

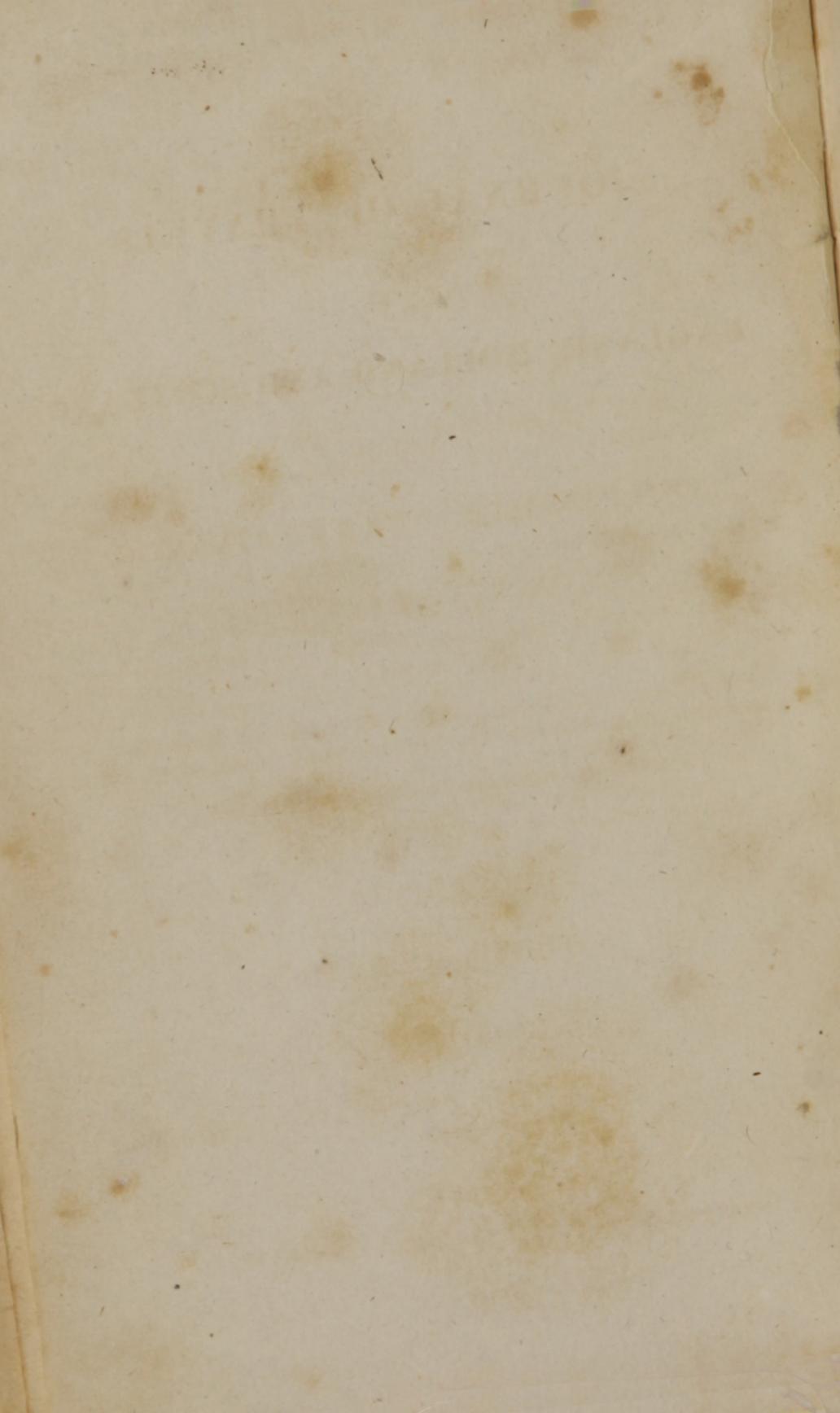
**Almira Williston.**

VOL III

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A  
**JOURNAL OF TRAVELS**  
IN  
**ENGLAND, HOLLAND AND SCOTLAND,**  
AND OF  
**TWO PASSAGES OVER THE ATLANTIC,**  
IN THE YEARS 1805 AND 1806;

WITH  
CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS, PRINCIPALLY FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS OF THE AUTHOR.

THIRD EDITION,  
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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NEW-HAVEN:  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. CONVERSE.

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1820.

DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, ss.



BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the nineteenth day of January, in the forty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:—

“A Journal of Travels in England, Holland and Scotland, and of two passages over the Atlantic, in the years 1805 and 1806; with considerable additions, principally from the original Manuscripts of the author. Third edition, in three volumes.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.”

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,

*Clerk of the District of Connecticut.*

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,

*Clerk of the District of Connecticut.*

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## CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.



### No. LXII.—AMSTERDAM.

	Page
Canals—The Stadt-House—Various objects and incidents— View from the Cupola—Chime of bells—Felix Meritis— Style of Naval architecture—The Kalver Straat—Leaning of the houses—Jews. . . . .	9

### No. LXIII.—RETURN TO ROTTERDAM.

Leave Amsterdam—Great breadth of the canal—Beauty of the country—Gouda—Crowd of paupers—High narrow road—Deleterious effects of the stagnant waters of Hol- land—Gin distillery—Cause of the perfection of the manu- facture. . . . .	16
---	----

### No. LXIV.—JOURNEY FROM ROTTERDAM TO ANTWERP.

The post waggon—An unexpected friend—Passage over the Holland's Diep—Anecdotes—Williamstadt—Steenbergen —A Dutch inn and Dutch kitchen—Bergen Op Zoom—In- creasing rigor of inspection—Dutch Brabant—Enter mod- ern France—Custom house—Antwerp—Suspected by the police, and sent back to Holland—Account of the inter- view and discussion. . . . .	21
--	----

### LXV.—RETURN TO ROTTERDAM.

Leave Antwerp—Gens d'armes—Breda—Dort—Zwyndred— Beautiful country. . . . .	42
---	----

### No. LXVI.—RETURN TO LONDON.

Prepare to return to England—Classical books at Lovy and Van Spaan's—Conversation in Latin—Hospitality—Re- turn of fishing vessels from Iceland—Rustic joy on the oc- casion—An unfortunate German—Embarrassments—Re- ligious sailors—Set sail and arrive in the Thames—Launch of the Ocean—Go up the river—Interesting objects—Cov- ent garden theatre—Mrs. Siddons in the Grecian daughter —Her farewell to the stage. . . . .	47
---	----

## LXVII.—LONDON.

A dinner at Clapham—A nobleman surprised that an American could speak English—Hon. Mr. Stephen—Lord Leven and Melville—Hon. H. Thornton—Manners of the nobility—Death of Capt. Leslie—Family scene—Comfort of an English gentleman's house—Criticisms on Americanisms—Hon. William Wilberforce—Conversation with him, and with Mr. Thornton—His feelings towards the United States, &c.—Exhibition of wax work—Panorama of the bay of Naples—Preaching—Gunpowder plot—Guy Faux—Doctor's Commons—Death of Lord Nelson. - - - 57

## No. LXVIII.—LONDON.

The great botanical garden at Kew—Extensive hot-houses—Beautiful orange and Lemon grove—The king's new palace—The royal gardens at Kew—The mob—Splendid illuminations for Lord Nelson's victory—Antiquarian Society—Lord Mayor's day—The grand procession—The ancient coach—Mr. Pitt drawn by the mob—Rev. Mr. Newton—Caricature prints. - - - - - 72

## No. LXIX.—LONDON.

A great brewery—Royal Institution—Professors Davy and Allen—Invasion of England—Domestic manners in London—Dangers in London—Funerals—Coffee-houses and seclusion in a great city—Booksellers and Philosophical instrument makers—Fruits—An incident—Reflections. - - - 84

## JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.

## No. LXX.—CAMBRIDGE.

Leave London—Epping forest—Autumnal hues—Old English houses—Cambridge—Incidents in the University—A supper with a Fellow—State of morals and discipline in the universities—An Anecdote—Chapel of king's college—Effect of the painted glass on Gothic windows—Environs of Cambridge—Town—University buildings—Library of Trinity College—Statue of Sir Isaac Newton—Dining-halls—Senate house—University library—Comparison between English and American colleges—Honours of the University—Number of students—A convivial party—A Fellow wonders that

	Page.
an American can speak English--View of this subject--Academic party at Whist--Botanical garden--Reflections--Laboratory--Novel course of instruction to illustrate arts and manufactures, by Professor Farish.	112

### No. LXXI.—RIDE TO YORK.

Evening ride to Huntington--Quiet of an English Inn--Stilton--Cheese--Barracks--Stamford--Monument of the Earl and Countess of Exeter--Newark--Effects of frost--Little West-India boy mistakes hoar frost for salt--Markham Moor--Remarks on English agriculture--A mode of fattening cattle--Race ground--Doncaster.	141
--	-----

### No. LXXII.—YORK.

The Castle--Instruments of murder--Knife and fork used to quarter the hearts of the Scotch rebels--Clifford's Tower--The Cathedral--The great window--Curious anachronism at Cambridge--The horn of Ulphus--Monuments, Population, &c. of York--Excursion to Holgate--Visit to Mr. Lindley Murray.	151
--	-----

### No. LXXIII.—RIDE TO NEWCASTLE.

Wolds of Yorkshire—Thirske—North-Allerton—Historical circumstance—Darlington—Durham—Incident—Newcastle—A coal mine—Plan and manner of working—Method of letting out noxious gases—Waggons travelling up and down hill without horses—Cottages of the miners—A glass-house.	159
--	-----

### No. LXXIV.—ALNWICK.

Accidental companions—Morpeth—Castle of the Duke of Northumberland—Genealogy of the Percies—Lord Percy fought at Bunker's Hill—Historical associations—Monument of Malcolm, King of Scotland—Belford—Fenwick—A Nunnery—Reflections—The hills of Scotland—Cross the Tweed—Berwick—Ayton—Dunbar—Arrive at Edinburgh	165
---	-----

### A WINTER IN EDINBURGH.

#### No. LXXV.—HOLYROOD HOUSE, &c.

Take lodgings with two Americans—Plan of living—Remarks—Holyrood House—French exiles—Gallery of portraits—	
--	--

	Page
Queen Mary's apartments—Murder of Rizio—Stain of his blood—Mary's toilet, &c.	172

### No. LXXVI.—EDINBURGH.

A beautiful place—Built on three hills—The new town connected with the old by bridges—The old town—A singular street—Height of some of the houses—The Castle of Edinburgh—ancient and famous—commanding situation—Apartment in which James VI. was born—Civility of manners in Edinburgh.	181
---	-----

### No. LXXVII.—EDINBURGH.

A meeting of the Independents—One of the Scotch establishment—Incident—Great attention to the Sabbath—Scotch version of the Psalms—Great attachment to it—First impressions in Edinburgh—Evening scenery in Edinburgh—Appearance of the Castle-hill—A masonic procession—National Thanksgiving—A bombastical sermon from a man of high station—The custom of New-England remembered.	188
--	-----

### No. LXXVIII.—EDINBURGH.

Hills—Salisbury Craig—Fine view from its summit—Society—Dinners every where formal—Scotch suppers—Great cordiality of manners—Family dancing—Oat-meal cakes—Instance of family affection for a promising youth—His death—Relatives of celebrated authors—Professional pursuits—Scotch learning.	196
---	-----

### No. LXXIX.—EDINBURGH.

Villages—dirty—Remark of Johnson to Boswell not unfounded—Want of decency in Edinburgh on a particular subject—Condition of servants and the poor—Height of the houses—Pentland and Morpeth hills—Chapel of Roslin Castle—Former grandeur of the Earls of Roslin—History of a pillar in the Chapel—Scenery around Roslin Castle—Ruins of the Castle.	206
--	-----

### No. LXXX.—EDINBURGH.

The Calton-hill—Lovers—Character of the Scotch—Fine views—Scenery around Edinburgh both grand and beauti-	
---	--

	Page.
ful—Pentland hills—A walk into the country—An ale-house—A salt manufactory—Musselburgh—Duddingstone A dinner—Mr. Murray—The new year—A ludicrous custom in Edinburgh—A dinner with a bachelor.	212

### No. LXXXI.—EDINBURGH.

Grand reservoir on the Castle-hill—Allan Ramsay's house— David Hume's Monument—A Bridewell on the plan of Howard—Arthur's seat—Basaltic rocks—The weather.	220
--	-----

### No. LXXXII.—EDINBURGH.

Craigmillar Castle—A religious solemnity—A review—Lord Moira—Leith—Botanical Garden—Leith walk—Beggars— Manufactory of glass.	225
---	-----

### No. LXXXIII.—EDINBURGH.

The University—Its buildings—A magnificent beginning— Professorships—Constellation of literary and scientific men in Edinburgh—Number of persons in the University—Dis- cipline—Grinders—Midnight.	234
---	-----

### No. LXXXIV.—EDINBURGH.

A funeral concert for Pitt, Cornwallis, and Nelson—The company—The music—An escape.	239
--	-----

### No. LXXXV.—EDINBURGH.

Professor Dugald Stewart's—An unceremonious supper— Gratifying freedom of manners—Literary society polished and enlightened—Lord Webb Seymour—Dr. Franklin— Lord ————An incident—A family scene.	244
---	-----

### No. LXXXVI.—EDINBURGH.

Custom when a person dies—Peculiar phraseology—Hospi- tality and friendly dispositions of the Scotch—Dram drink- ing—Hot toddy and its effects—Similarity of manners be- tween Scotland and New-England—Anecdote—A mar- riage ring—Scotch <i>good night</i> —Peculiar Scotch dishes— Porridge, Haggess.	253
--	-----

### No. LXXXVII.—EDINBURGH.

A friend of Dr. Witherspoon---Origin of the letters on education---Dr. Rush---An American duel---Walk to St. Catharine's Well---Sky Larks---Petroleum---Threshing machine. 258

### No. LXXXVIII.—EDINBURGH.

Low opinion entertained in Great Britain of the United States---Much ignorance on this subject---Americans have contributed to increase these impressions---American literature held very cheap---Opinions of a man of literature on this subject---Opinions of Mr. and Mrs. Liston, concerning the state of society, manners, &c.---A titled man a preacher---Edinburgh Review. 262

### No. LXXXIX.—DEPARTURE FROM EDINBURGH AND RIDE TO GLASGOW.

Regret at leaving Edinburgh---Linlithgow--Anciently a splendid place---Old church---Apparition---Ruins of the Palace of Linlithgow---Falkirk---Battles between the Scotch and English---The great canal---Glasgow---Situation---Buildings---Population---University---Library---Professorships, &c. 271

### No. XC.—PAISLEY—GREENOCK.

Paisley---The holy-mount---Manufacture of muslin---Condition of the manufacturers---The echoing chapel---Private hospitality---Familiar and affectionate manners--Greenock---Population---Different appearance of European and American towns. 277

### No. XCI.—PASSAGE TO AMERICA. 281

APPENDIX. - - - - - 303  
 Dialogue with a Philosophical Reformer. - - 304  
 Instructions for travelling and residing in England. - 308

# JOURNAL OF TRAVELS, &c.



## No. LXII.—AMSTERDAM.

Canals—The Stadt-house—Various objects and incidents—View from the cupola—Chime of bells—Felix Meritis—Style of naval architecture—The Kalver Straat—Leaning of the houses—Jews.

A SMALL toll was demanded of us at the gate, as is customary at Dutch towns after dark. We walked through a long street of lofty houses, and after travelling more than a mile in the city, arrived at a great hotel, called Wappen van Amsterdam, or, The arms of Amsterdam, where we found the best attentions and accommodations.

The next day being uncommonly fine, we walked out to look at some of the most interesting objects in Amsterdam. We found, as in other cities of Holland, spacious canals, bordered with trees, running through the middle of the principal streets. The houses are generally of brick, and a large proportion of them are built with one end towards the street, and that end is usually much ornamented. This appears to have been the ancient style of Dutch architecture, but at the Hague and at Rotterdam, the houses are generally placed as they are in our country and in England, with the proper front towards the street.

The Stadt-house was the first building that we visited. This stupendous pile is famous all the world over; it is a

noble structure, and appeared to me to unite a chastened elegance with grandeur and magnificence. The plan is that of two hollow squares; it is constructed of hewn stone, and the walls of the inner parts are adorned with beautiful Mosaic pictures. The pieces of marble are put together with such exquisite art, as to produce so perfect a gradation of colour, that the pencil could hardly delineate with more delicacy, the transitions from white to red, and from shade to light. The pavements are beautifully tessellated, and, in the grand passage, the ecliptic, with all its signs and constellations, done on a great scale, in brass, is inlaid in the marble floor; from the brilliant state of the brass, produced by the attrition of innumerable feet, it seems to have excited universal attention.

The building is five stories high; we ascended to the top, where we had a fine and distinct view of Amsterdam, of the opposite coast of North Holland, of the town of Zaardam, and generally of the Batavian country, as far as we could see, with a bright sun, and a very clear sky.

From this elevation, Amsterdam appears, as it is, a noble and magnificent city; its form is that of a half-moon; its population from two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand; its situation advantageous for commerce, and its churches, arsenals, and other public buildings, are numerous. Whatever may be said of the rigorous economy of the people of Holland in their private affairs, it must be allowed that on most occasions where the dignity of the nation has been concerned, they have been extremely munificent. Their public buildings and public works, of every description, are in a style of expense and dignity, which is worthy of an opulent and independent nation; alas! independent no more!

While we were in the cupola, we had an opportunity to examine a very fine chime of bells, with whose loud, but sweet tones, we had frequently been pleased while walking the streets; the bells are large, and chime every quarter of an hour. They are connected with a clock which, at stated intervals, produces a revolution in a large brass cylinder, and this, by means of the coggs upon its surface, gives motion in the manner of a hand organ, to a system of levers, answering in situation to the keys of a piano forte. The levers, being connected with wires which are fastened to the clappers of the bells, produce the effect of a proper succession of notes. Chimes of bells are found in all the large towns of Holland. Whether I mention the circumstance or not, you will take it for granted, that we were frequently saluted with this species of music. Its effect is very pleasant especially to a stranger, and what is enjoyed in most cities only on certain particular occasions, is the most common entertainment in the cities of Holland. It appeared to me also that their bells were remarkably sweet toned.

Lambert proposed to go with us to visit the arsenals and to see ships of war building or repairing, but after the indiscretion which I had been guilty of at Rotterdam, and the merited reprimand which it produced, we felt no inclination to be over curious on those subjects, and therefore gave them only a passing look.

I visited some of the classical bookstores, and found in them some good books, but the establishments were limited and I looked forward to a much better opportunity of selection in Paris.

We looked at a grand fair now holding at Amsterdam, and purchased, at very low prices, articles of woollen ap-

parel, now become very necessary in consequence of the increasing cold of the season.

We dined at an ordinary, where a great collection of people spoke nothing but French, and a great part of them appeared to be of that nation. We ate our dinners in quiet, and said nothing, for an English tongue is at present, on the continent, the greatest libel which a traveller can bring against himself. We were amused at the quantity of bread eaten at this dinner. It was not handed round as in England and in America in bread baskets, each guest being expected to take a slice, but a large roll, or a long narrow loaf, was laid by every plate; it was taken up by the left hand and held firmly against the body, while a drawing stroke from a knife in the right hand, cut off one thick slice after another, as it was wanted, and it was thrown into the mouth and devoured with astonishing rapidity. Fish, soup and meats were served, and there was nothing in the quality or preparation of the articles different from the same things in England.

Our countrymen are found in considerable numbers at Amsterdam, and we amused a leisure hour, by resorting to the coffee house which they frequent, and conversing with Captains and merchants from different American states.

Among the numerous public Institutions of Amsterdam, we have observed an extensive infirmary, and a house of labour for convicts; the latter had some large allegorical figures, in statuary, over the door, representing the objects of the establishment.

I have been so fortunate as to meet in the house where we lodged, Mr. Bourne, the American Consul, to whom I presented a letter of introduction.

He gave me all the local information which I needed, and, from a long residence in Europe, was able to impart to us some interesting views concerning the present momentous crisis of the affairs of the continent; it would give me great pleasure to do justice to his extensive information and superior intelligence, but, I have, all along, declined making my Journal a diary of politics. This kind of information is so frequently erroneous; human foresight so commonly runs wild of real events, and political subjects, although often highly momentous excite an interest so *transient*, that I have generally neglected to allude to them unless when they have been very important, or were connected with my story.

We have visited an Institution called the *Felix Meritis*, which is in a fine new building. Those around us were all Dutch; so that I could make no inquiries of them, and Lambert could give me no distinct account of the institution, except that all strangers went to see it; I concluded, however, that its object was the promotion of the physical sciences and of the fine arts. They took us into an elegant concert-room, and into several apartments, fitted up, as I suppose, for philosophical lectures and experiments. My impressions were confirmed by the sight of a fine philosophical apparatus, in excellent order. Among other things, there was a magnet, which then sustained thirty pounds, and was capable of sustaining eighty.

We saw also a room which was filled with copies in plaster of the fine statues which have so long been the trite subject of the eulogium of travellers; among them were the group of Laocoon, the Medicean, and the Grecian Venus, the Apollo of Belvidere, and many others.— But, as I expected to see most of the originals in Paris, I

did not look at these with so much interest, as I otherwise should have done.

From the *Felix Meritis*, we went to the port, and surveyed the harbour and shipping; the number of ships was still considerable, although, as we were assured, far inferior to what it used to be.

The style of Dutch naval architecture is most curious and singular. Their ships are round both at stem and stern, and seem to be contrived merely for strength and capacity, without any reference to elegance of form, or swiftness of sailing. They have flat bottoms on account of the numerous shoals upon the coast of Holland, and all of them, not excepting even the large ships, are furnished with a lee-board to enable them to sail by the wind, which they do very poorly at best; before a wind they do very well. They are gaily painted and adorned, although in bad taste; upon the top of the rudder there is usually a head, with a face of large and coarse features; we sometimes saw them with grinning mouths and large goggling eyes; and as the image necessarily turns with the helm, the effect is very ludicrous.

Their ships of war, so far as we observed, are built in the English style. On board of their coasting vessels, and of those which, by means of the rivers and canals, go into the interior of the country, it is usual for families to live. We saw some boats of this description at Rotterdam, which, by means of the Meuse and of the Rhine, go up to Cologne and other towns in that direction. They are at least one hundred feet long, and regular apartments, with all the conveniences of a house, are fitted up in them; in these places families constantly reside, and as they are never exposed to the violence of the waves, the waters on

which they sail being always smooth, this arrangement is attended with no hazard, and with comparatively little inconvenience.

At two in the afternoon we went on to Change. The exchange was extensive, and exhibited more of the appearance of business than any thing which we had seen in Holland; it was considerably crowded, and the merchants appeared very busy.

We walked through the city in a variety of directions, and, among a multitude of other streets, we visited the Kalver Straat, the most brilliant in Amsterdam. This brilliancy it owes to the highly ornamented style of architecture which prevails in it, and to the display of a great variety of merchandize, particularly of articles manufactured from the different metals. Amsterdam, you know, was built upon piles, and many of the houses indicate this, by their leaning in such a manner as naturally excites in a stranger the apprehension that they are about to fall.

It was the Jewish Sabbath; multitudes of Jews were crowding the streets, (for it is said that there are thirty thousand of them in Amsterdam); we visited one of their synagogues, and saw the arrangements for a species of worship, the existence of which, so far from Palestine, is a memorable confirmation of prophecy.

Evening came upon us, and we had but just begun to view the city of Amsterdam; we determined, however, to leave it in the morning, as the most urgent reasons induced us to hasten on to Paris without delay. Fatigued with the employments of an active day, we went home, and spent the evening by a good peat fire, which was rendered very acceptable by a frosty night. Our passports, which had been taken from us and sent to the municipali-

ty, when we first arrived at Amsterdam, were civilly returned at our request, nor were we in any way molested during our stay in this city.

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### No. LXIII.—RETURN TO ROTTERDAM.

Leave Amsterdam—Great breadth of the canal—Beauty of the country—Gouda—Crowd of Paupers—High narrow road—Deleterious effects of the stagnant waters of Holland—Gin distillery—Cause of the perfection of the manufacture.

Oct. 13.—The morning was one of those which, in America, are so frequent during the season of autumn.—The sky was without a cloud, and the cold was softened by a brilliant sun. At eight o'clock we left the city of Amsterdam, passing by a gate opposite to that by which we had entered; the wall was surrounded by a broad ditch filled with water.

In the Schuit, on board of which we were now to embark, there were two *decks*, that is, two apartments distinct from the hold; in the second one of these we passed the day without stopping for refreshments, as a cold collation had been prepared for us by Lambert.\* The canal was the broadest that we had seen, and appeared like a great river.

The country through which we passed, for the first eight or ten miles, was even more beautiful than any we

\* It consisted of a pair of fowls ready dressed; a bottle of claret, almost the only wine used in Holland; some bread, and a supply of peaches; articles of subsistence are abundant, and cheap in Holland.

had hitherto seen in Holland, but its beauty was of the same kind, and differed only in degree. I find very little in the circumstances and scenes that occurred in the course of this day, which is not so similar to what I have already described, that to particularize, would be only to repeat. With a morning so fine, with a constant recurrence of scenes so perfectly beautiful, and with the city of Amsterdam for many miles in view, yet continually retiring, till at last it vanished, we proceeded on our voyage, if voyage it may be called, which was as secure and tranquil as any scene by a parlour fire-side. We met great numbers of vessels, of considerable size, going on the canal to Amsterdam; as the wind was fair, they were urged along by sails; their lading was peat, vegetables, and other things for the supply of the capital.

Holland, at least in those parts where I have travelled, appears to be principally a grass country; it is too moist for corn, but the garden vegetables are in great perfection, finer, perhaps, than in any other country.\*

The villages through which we passed in the course of the day were so inconsiderable, that I did not even note their names, but our course was almost exactly south, and near sunset we arrived at Gouda. Here the canal terminated, and we were obliged to go in a post waggon to Rotterdam. A swarm of starving wretches crowded around us on landing, to contend for the privilege of carrying our baggage. Similar occurrences were frequent in Holland. Beggars were numerous, and so humble and degraded was their poverty, that *a doit* was always received with grati-

\* So late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the London markets were in a great measure supplied with green vegetables from Holland.

tude. It at first view appears very singular that beggars should so abound where provisions are in plenty, and cheap; but the almost total stagnation of commerce, in a country so eminently depending upon it, furnishes us with a solution of the difficulty.

While the post waggon was preparing, we walked to a famous old church which there is in Gouda; it was the hour of evening service, but, as it was in Dutch, it was unintelligible to us. This church is remarkable for a fine large organ, but especially for the painted glass of its windows, which are of a very great size, and the paintings on them are said to be the finest in Europe. Gouda is about thirty miles from Amsterdam; it is a neat town, without walls.

At Gouda is the great pipe manufactory, which, however, circumstances did not allow us to see.

At dusk, we took our seats in the post waggon, a decent kind of carriage, upon four wheels, and drawn by two horses. The road on which we travelled, like every thing else in Holland, had evidently been produced by much labour. It was raised about ten feet above the general surface; it was planted with two parallel rows of trees, and paved all the way to Rotterdam, a distance of nine miles. It was so narrow that when we met a carriage, we could merely pass, without an inch to spare; vicious horses would have exposed us to imminent danger. Yet, the people of the country travel on these roads without fear, and probably without frequent accidents.

At nine at night, we entered the gates of Rotterdam, having employed a very industrious day and evening in travelling forty miles; such is the tedious slowness of travelling in Holland.

*Oct. 14.*—During the night I was attacked with a severe illness, which deranged my health very much, for a week afterwards. The stomach, which was the principal seat of the complaint, was disordered to such a degree, that it changed the most simple and harmless food into an acrimonious mass, occasioning great distress. Mr. T—— had been attacked in the same way at Amsterdam, only with more violence. I should not mention these circumstances, were they not connected with an important fact. We were only paying to the country and climate a tax, which it seems is usually exacted from strangers during the first weeks of their residence in Holland; it is a kind of seasoning. At Rotterdam they impute it to the water's containing deleterious ingredients, which they say are expelled by boiling; cautious people therefore always boil their water, which process, as they find, or imagine, meliorates its qualities. A chemical examination alone can decide the correctness of this opinion; it is certainly not improbable, since there are no gushing fountains, nor clear running streams, as in other countries, but, the water oozes through, and pereolates one vast bog, which has been for ages the receptacle of every species of putrefying matter. It is true that the surface of Holland is no longer a bog, but the nature of the mass below remains unchanged by the cultivation and embellishment of the ground above. It is probable that a great deal must be attributed also to the humid atmosphere of Holland, arising from its numerous lakes, seas, marshes, and canals, and indeed from the solid ground also, which is really one great damp meadow, affording the most copious exhalations during a warm day, and abundant dews and vapours at night. Were the country as hot as Carolina, it would

probably be soon depopulated, and had any circumstance detained us in it a few weeks longer, we should have been in danger of intermittent fevers.

In the evening, being somewhat better, I went with Mr. T——, under the patronage of our fellow passenger from England, Mr. N——, to see a large manufactory of gin. The proprietor of the establishment was a friend of Mr. N——, and through this gentlemen's good offices, exerted in our behalf, we were conducted through the manufactory, and instructed in the most interesting particulars of the establishment.

The rye, most of which comes from Prussia, and the north, is ground, steeped in hot water, and the infusion, after proper fermentation, is distilled. The same grains are three times steeped, before they are rejected. But the process for forming and distilling ardent spirits, is too well known to need description, and probably few persons are ignorant that the peculiar flavor of gin, which distinguishes it from whiskey, is owing to the volatile oil of the juniper berry, with which it is impregnated.

The chief distilleries of gin in Holland are at Schiedam, a little below Rotterdam, and at Wasp. I am unable to inform you to what circumstance the confessed superiority of the gin of Holland is to be attributed. I endeavoured to satisfy myself by enquiring of the manufacturers, but the embarrassments, arising from imperfect translation, were too great to admit of many discriminating questions; and they would not, were it in their power, be very anxious to satisfy the inquiries of a foreigner on such points. There can be no doubt, however, that the perfection of these manufactures, after allowing to the adroitness of empirical practice, every thing which it deserves, must de-

pend on a consummate knowledge of the chemistry of fermentation, by which the spirit is formed, and of distillation, by which it is separated.

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#### No. LXIV. JOURNEY FROM ROTTERDAM TO ANTWERP.

The post waggon—An unexpected friend—Passage over the Holland's Diep—Anecdotes—Williamstadt—Steenbergen—A Dutch inn and Dutch kitchen—Bergen Op Zoom—Increasing rigor of inspection—Dutch Brabant—Enter modern France—Custom house—Antwerp—Suspected by the police, and sent back to Holland—Account of the interview and discussion.

*Oct. 15.*—Through the kindness of the American consul, our passports had been seasonably procured, and nothing remained to impede our departure for Paris. We had found Lambert so useful in our late excursion to Amsterdam, that we determined to take him with us; at seven in the morning the carriage was at the door, and we drove down to the Meuse, over which we were ferried to a small village, where the post waggon was soon prepared for our reception.

This post waggon was not the least remarkable thing among the curiosities of the country. It was a long carriage in the form of a coach, but the pannels, on the sides as well as at the ends, were curved inward, as the backs of ancient chaises are with us, and this absurd contraction, equally at war with convenience as with symmetry and elegance, left very little room for the feet. It was gaily painted, and ornamented with heavy carving and gilding, and on the plush velvet with which it was lined, there

were raised curious figures of birds and beasts ; but all this splendour did not compensate for the confinement of our limbs, and for the uncomfortable jolting movement of this ancient vehicle. Excepting the post-chaises, which are of a more modern construction, and occasionally a private coach, this post waggon was a fair specimen of the carriages which we saw in Holland. The chairs of the country people were precisely of the same stamp. The Dutch are at least a century behind the English, and indeed they are far behind our countrymen also, in the facilities of conveyance, and the art of living comfortably. Although there were six of us, and the roads were very deep, from the late rains, and the advanced season of the year, our carriage was drawn by two horses only.

We passed one or two small villages whose names I do not know, and, after travelling five or six miles, came to the old Meuse, a branch of the river of the same name, which we crossed at Rotterdam. The land which we had passed over, was an island, formed by the divisions of the Meuse ; its name was Ysselmonde.

A slight inspection of the map of Holland, will evince that it is but a collection of islands ; so we found it, for, in travelling about twenty miles we crossed five ferries.

We had two gentlemen for companions, neither of whom had, as yet, spoken any thing but French ; we afterwards found that one of them was the commander of a squadron of gun-boats at Boulogne, and had been honoured by having one sunk under him by the cannon of Sir Sidney Smith ; the other to our surprise and gratification proved to be an American, and we found in him an interesting and useful companion.

We journeyed on, and the country grew a little higher, and exhibited more arable land, but the roads were bad, although they had been formed with great expense and toil, and were elevated eight or ten feet above the general surface of the country; in short, we rode on the top of a broad and lofty dyke, and this is the general scheme of the roads in Holland, where they are meant to serve the year round.

After travelling twelve miles over the island which my map designates by the two names Beireland and Stryen, applied to different parts of it, we arrived at the Holland's Diep, on which we embarked at a little place, called Bluyte Sluys.

The Holland's Diep is an arm of the sea, near whose mouth, at the distance of about twenty miles below the place where we crossed it, lies Helvoet Sluys; it communicates, by branches, with the Meuse, and indeed there is hardly a lake, river or canal in Holland which does not, directly or indirectly, communicate with almost every other, by inland waters.

The Holland's Diep, at Bluyte Sluys, is five miles wide, and our passage across it was extremely unpleasant. The weather was chilly, and in a little open boat, without sails, we were exposed for an hour and an half, to an incessant rain. The Dutch boatmen insisted that we should drop our umbrellas, under the pretence that they made it hard rowing, but, as there was no wind, we persisted to consult our own health and comfort, in opposition to a demand founded only upon an invidious wish that we might become as wet as themselves; they even stopped rowing, and threatened to keep us there all day in the rain; when, however, we assured them that we could make ourselves

very comfortable with our great coats and umbrellas, they thought better of the thing, and plied the oars again, not without some surly looks, and with much grumbling. We were rather gratified to find even so much spirit left in this subjugated country.

We landed at *Williamstadt*, a fortified town, and being very cold, sought for a fire in a Dutch tavern, but we could find none, and the landlord refused to furnish any. Necessity is an excellent cure for diffidence, and we explored the house till we discovered a fire in a small back room, where a woman was employed in some culinary business; she scolded, but as it was in Dutch, we were not obliged to understand, although it must be confessed that the *visible* expression of domestic displeasure is much the same in all countries; we made free use of her fuel, and dried and warmed ourselves by the blaze. After we were in the post waggon, and on the point of departing, the landlord came out and demanded three stivers a piece for our warming; it was the only bill of the kind that I ever paid.

Setting out again with Dutch speed, that is to say, at the rate of about two or three miles in an hour, we travelled into Dutch Brabant; for, the Holland's Diep separates Holland proper from this province. After riding six or seven miles, we were again ferried over a river, although a small one, and passing through a village and territory, called Princeland, we crossed still another narrow ferry, and soon arrived at a strong fortified town, called Steenberg. Here we dined in a Dutch tavern;\* they were preparing

\* Our meal consisted of tea, poured into cups about as large as a hen's egg; of brown bread, made of rye meal which had never been bolted, and of some very poor cold roasted veal; but, as it was dinner hour, and this was the best the house afforded, we called the meal a dinner

for a ball to be given there that night, and we were pleased to see any proofs of gladness of heart in a house and country where there seemed to be so much more cause for mourning than for festivity and mirth.

Till lately, we had seen very little of Dutch inns; for the houses in which we lodged at Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague, were English, and most things were of course in the style of England. But we were now out of the region of English houses, and at the various Dutch houses in which we were, we found but indifferent accommodations. In all of them, however, we observed a punctillious attention to the showy parts of neatness. The *outside* of all the domestic utensils was bright as scouring could make it, and, as they were principally of pewter and brass, they made a very brilliant appearance. The arrangements of a Dutch kitchen are such as to display *all* the utensils of the family; the pewter and earthen plates are placed, singly, on shelves around the room, and every thing which has a handle to it, is suspended from the ceiling or walls, especially if it shines; we saw in this situation the shovel and tongs, the skillet and ladle, and even the warming pan itself.

In the course of our ride this morning we observed the peasants digging the madder root, which is much cultivated in Holland, and requires, it is said, three years to bring it to maturity; you know its important use in the art of dying, and it is also possessed of valuable medical virtues.

From Steenbergem we continued our journey with three horses instead of two, but they were all placed abreast, for no consideration would have induced our driver to have made one of them a leader. As we advanced, the country became more elevated, and began to assume a sandy

appearance, and to show, now and then, some stunted shrub oaks.

At twilight we approached *Bergèn Op Zoom*, once the strongest town in Holland. Such are the height of the walls, the depth of the ditches, and the number and extent of the out-works, that, to one who had never before seen any thing of the kind on such a scale, the fortifications of *Bergèn Op Zoom* appeared stupendous. We had scarcely arrived at the inn, before I was preparing to make the best use of the remaining day-light, by going out to survey the fortifications, and accordingly sallied forth with all the enthusiasm of my uncle Toby; at that instant the seven o'clock bell rang, after which hour, no one, except the centinels, is allowed to appear on the walls; and being assured that if I persisted I should certainly be arrested, I relinquished my purpose.

We were no sooner in our apartment, than a servant brought us a paper, upon which we were required to write our names, and a dozen other particulars relative to our persons, history, and views. We were told that this paper would be immediately sent to the police, and a copy forwarded to Antwerp. This, as we were assured, is always done at the public-houses, in countries subject to France, or under her immediate influence; the masters of hotels and inns are made responsible for their guests, and cannot, without endangering their heads, neglect to make an immediate return concerning them. This is a part of that great system of inspection which reaches every man's retirement, and watches his most private actions; the police have his whole history, and by means of an active correspondence, his fame precedes him, his arrival is expected, his recent are compared with his former accounts of

himself, and the smallest inconsistency, whether apparent or real, is remembered against him.

Although in most of the towns of Holland we had been required to give some account of ourselves, we could perceive an increasing rigour the nearer we approached France. To persons accustomed to freedom, in the highest practicable degree, these new responsibilities, leading to we knew not what unfounded constructions and imputations, did not seem very agreeable. But we were on the bourne of a country from which freedom, indignant at the atrocities committed under her name, had long since flown, with disdain, finding a retreat in only one little island and one favoured country beyond the ocean!

*Oct. 16.*—At six in the morning we left Bergen Op Zoom, which is thirty-six miles from Rotterdam. I could not leave the town without mounting its walls, and glancing at those bulwarks which so long defied the power of Louis XIV. whose numerous and finely appointed armies besieged it in vain, being daily cut off by the ordinary means of defence, destroyed by desperate sallies, and blown into the air by the explosion of mines.\* The capture of the place at last, filled Paris with exultation, and removed the principal obstacle to the conquest of Holland. But, when attacked by Gen. Pichegru, in the French revolution, it surrendered, like the other strong places of Holland, almost at discretion. Like the other fortified towns of Holland, and of Dutch Brabant, it is now dismantled; only a few cannon remain on the walls, and a place which could once have resisted one hundred thousand men, is

\* Military mines are said to occupy the country under ground for a mile or two around Bergen Op Zoom.

now no longer formidable ; the teeth of the lion are now broken, and his claws are paired even to the quick.

Our carriage this morning was a kind of curricule, and, with only a pair of horses, it was made to convey five persons and their baggage. Through the remainder of Dutch Brabant the country was almost a desert ; the deep sand, with hardly any soil or grass to prevent it from fluctuating with the wind, had been blown into large and numerous heaps ; with the unreasonable load that I have mentioned, our wheels laboured excessively, and, for ten miles, which brought us to the French lines, we never went faster than a walk. Between ten and eleven in the forenoon we crossed the boundary of modern France, at the village of Putten, and fell at once under the full rigour of Napoleon's imperial dominion.

Our baggage was examined with rigorous scrutiny ; bundles were unpinned, and papers unrolled ; but not finding an article that they could seize, they suffered our persons to pass unexamined. Our American companion had a good many articles seized ; his person was examined, and he was threatened with imprisonment.

He had just returned from England, to which country he had been on a short visit from France, which was his settled residence. At the request of a friend in Paris, he had brought over from England, a dozen pair of fine cotton hose, and being apprehensive that they would be seized at the examination which our luggage must undergo, on entering France, he took care, before we arrived at the line, to distribute them in different parts of his trunk, and in his pockets, and to conceal a few pair by wrapping them around his person beneath his dress. His management had well nigh involved him in trouble, for they soon

found the stockings which he had distributed in his trunk, and felt out those which were in his pockets; he had taken the precaution to have them washed and marked, but this was unavailing; they made prize of them with great avidity, for these searchers have a certain proportion of all they seize. Giving him a reprimand, they told him that they must then examine his person, and that should they find any concealed about him, they should arrest him and commit him to the charge of the gens d'armes. We, who knew that if rigorously examined, he must be convicted, trembled for his fate. They then took him into a private room, and felt of his limbs and body, from head to foot. but, mistaking the protuberance produced by the stuffing of stockings, for corpulency, they dismissed him, and he was so fortunate as to escape a prison.

You doubtless understand the object of all this rigour; it is a part of that system of policy by which Bonaparte endeavours to injure his great enemy, by excluding her manufactures from the continent. It is certainly vindicable by the laws of war, and were it enforced with reasonable lenity, could not be justly complained of. But the custom-house officers on this frontier of France are a crew of licensed pillagers; they have not even the appearance of respectable men; they have a ferocious aspect, and nothing of that suavity of manners for which the French are so generally celebrated.

Our examination being through, we were permitted to proceed, but, we had not travelled more than two miles, before we were stopped in a thick wood by three armed men; they had muskets, and being without a uniform, and very meanly dressed, we were somewhat startled at first, lest we had fallen into the hands of a banditti; but they

proved to be custom-house patrols. Although it rained hard, they obliged us to descend from our carriage, and notwithstanding Lambert's zealous but imprudent remonstrances, and his repeated asseverations that we had just been examined, they pulled up the cushions, and felt in every crevice and corner of our vehicle. They compelled the old Dutchman who drove us to lay down his pipe, and unbutton his waistcoat, but there they found nothing but his night-cap. Lambert lost all patience, and we were no sooner in our carriage again than he fervently cursed the French, from Napoleon down to these vagrants, and implored the vengeance of heaven upon them, but we bade him be quiet and continued our journey over a fine paved way, with a beautiful avenue of trees and numerous groves in the fields.

At the village of Kapelle we stopped and tasted some French Brandy, which from its superior quality and destitution of colour, indicated to us that we were approaching its native country.

This brandy was as limpid as water, and to the eye could not be distinguished from it. You know it is coloured, (usually I believe by burnt sugar) in the various foreign countries to which it is exported. Spirituous liquors when first distilled being, all alike colourless, but acquiring by time, when kept in casks, a yellowish or brownish hue, from the vegetable extract of the wood, and this tinge being in general deeper, the longer they have been kept, mankind have learned to associate the idea of this colour with that of good old spirit, and hence, evidently is the origin of the practice of tinging brandy. If that or any other distilled liquor were put

up in glass vessels before it had been put into wood, it would remain forever colourless.

We were amused with the change of the name of brandy, for the people call it *eau de vie*—(water of life) thus alluding at once to its colourless appearance like water, and to its tonic influence on the human system. *Eau de vie* undoubtedly it may be, if used with moderation in cases where its cheering powers are truly salutary, but as it is actually used by mankind it little deserves the name of *eau de vie*.

After travelling six or seven miles on the pavement, we descried the walls and towers of *Antwerp*.

At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the gate we were stopped by two soldiers, and our baggage was examined again, with a severer scrutiny than before; they even compelled Lambert to undress, as they suspected that he had concealed English goods beneath his clothes, but they were disappointed of their expected plunder.

We entered the gates of Antwerp, where our passports were taken from us, and we were informed that we should find them at the office of the prefect of the department, who would, as a matter of course, grant us new ones to proceed to Paris. We now supposed that our vexations and hinderances were all at an end, and that nothing more remained but to go on unmolested to Paris.

The day was very rainy, and we had but a limited opportunity of seeing the town, the appearance of which was dull, and it seemed to be built principally in the old Dutch style. Since the opening of the Scheld, and under the fostering care of Bonaparte, it has, however, begun to flourish again; a number of ships of the line, and of frigates, are now building here, but we did not see them, as

we did not care to appear very inquisitive on such subjects.

Antwerp was in mourning, for the conscript act had been recently enforced, and one hundred and fifty young men, among whom were members of some of the first families in the place, had been torn from their friends, and sent away to the army to perish in support of the tyrant of Europe. The conscription is enforced upon all ranks of people within certain ages, with the privilege of substitution, unless the conscript is five feet eleven inches high, when he must go in person. In the late requisition at Antwerp, there was one young gentlemen of this unfortunate height, whose mother by paying one thousand guineas, eventually succeeded in obtaining his release.

We were so unfortunate as not to find Mr. Ridgeway, the American Consul; he had gone to Paris, and his absence no doubt contributed very much to the embarrassments which soon thickened around us.

After a comfortable dinner we went to the exchange.—Possibly the violence of the rain which continued through the day prevented the merchants from assembling, for there were very few on change. Sir Thomas Gresham is said to have modelled the Royal Exchange of London, after this at Antwerp. If so, the structure erected by him (which was burnt down in the great fire) must have been, in point of elegance, much inferior to the present.

Wishing to proceed immediately for Paris, we sent to the prefect to know whether we were at liberty to make the necessary arrangements for our departure in the morning; he replied that we must do nothing of the kind till our passports should be granted, and appointed an hour for us to come to his office in the evening. We went ac-

ordingly, and our American companion was so obliging as to mediate and interpret for us, an office for which he was peculiarly well qualified, on account of his familiarity with the language, genius, and manners of the French.

The head of a department in France is called a prefect; he is of course a man of rank and consequence, and is considered as an immediate guardian of the life of the Emperor. All strangers passing into France from the north, are obliged to go through Antwerp, which is the first walled town on that side, within the boundary of what is now called France. A new prefect had been, within the three weeks preceding, appointed over the department of Antwerp; his name was Cochon; he was, in revolutionary times, a distinguished man in the police of Paris, and had acted also as a general in the armies.

We did not go immediately into his presence, but into that of a subordinate officer, who manages most of the details of business. He is called a sub prefect. This officer after calling our names told Mr. C — in very polite terms, that he might go on to Paris as soon as he pleased, nor, did he put a single question to him. He had come from England also, and even more recently than we, but they either did not choose to know that he had, or they were deceived by a French passport which he had brought out from Paris with him; it was signed by Talleyrand himself, and authorized the bearer to go to Holland and return to Paris within three months, and although this passport was not within rule because it had not been indorsed, "visèd," as they termed it, by the French Consul at Rotterdam, it answered his purpose. Their suspicions appear not to have been awakened concerning him, for he was treated not merely with civility, but with delicacy;

while we were informed in a rude and offensive manner, that our case was widely different from his, and the most injurious and unfounded insinuations were thrown out as to our views in going to Paris. These gentlemen (said the sub-prefect) are known to us, and we are satisfied that they have come from England. It will be useless for them to attempt to evade or deny it. Now I conjure them to declare *upon their faith and honour, yes or no*, whether they have come from England. This demand was unexpected, for no American, so far as I have learned, had ever been questioned in that manner before. But it was obvious that this question was not put for the purpose of gaining information: there can be no doubt that our history had preceded us, and that they had received official information from Rotterdam that we came from England, and stood ready to throw it in our faces in case we had denied it; such a denial would have fixed upon us the imputation of being spies, and would probably have given us a lodging in a prison that very night. Therefore policy as well as a regard for truth dictated a candid and authentic answer, and I promptly replied that we came directly from England, and had no wish to conceal it.—He then enquired when we left England—how long we had been in Holland—where we had been since our arrival &c.—to all of which questions I gave ingenuous answers, at the same time protesting that our views were innocent. Without giving us any decision, the officer withdrew for a little while, probably to consult his superior, and when he returned, he directed us to follow him up stairs, where we were ushered into the presence of the Prefect, M. Cochon himself. We found him in a spacious and splendid apartment; the insignia of the legion of hon-

our, decorated his breast, and he rose, with a polite air, as we entered the room.

Before he uttered a word he raised his shoulders with that significant French shrug which says, no ! in stronger terms than a double Greek negative, and we immediately concluded that we were not to see Paris. Our fears were not imaginary, for the prefect informed us that, as we had come from England, we must not proceed any farther, and in justification of this unreasonable decision, alledged the positive orders of his government, orders which he said, had been recently renewed, with the strongest injunctions of rigorous execution. I enquired whether there was any doubt of our being Americans. He replied "No ! not the least." What then are we to do ? "You may have your passports to return to Holland, or you may wait here till we can lay your case before the department of foreign affairs." How long before we can have an answer ? "It may be ten or fifteen days." Then we will have our passports to return to Holland. I had been assured, from the best authority, that very little attention is paid by the department of foreign affairs, to applications of this nature ; "they are thinking of their dinners, (said the remarker) and not of your passports, and week after week, may pass away while the detained stranger is looking in vain for permission to go to Paris."

Bowing with all submission we then went down stair again with the sub-prefect, where we entered into a full discussion of the merits of the case ; half an hour was occupied in a fruitless endeavour to procure a reversal of the hasty sentence which had frustrated our hopes, and every consideration that could tend to remove the unfortunate

prepossessions against us, was strenuously and minutely urged.

He commenced by enquiring in a very imperious and offensive manner, first of Mr. T. and then of myself, the places of our birth and residence—our occupations—views in coming to France and a variety of other particulars.—Mr. T—— told him that his object was merchandize. “What species of merchandize?” Silks. “Where do you expect to buy them?” In Paris. At this last answer he only snuffed, because I suppose Lyons and not Paris, is the usual place of buying silk goods, but still they may be bought in Paris as advantageously as Manchester goods in London. He sneered also at an appeal which Mr. T. offered to make for the respectability of his house and of his own character, to Ridgeway and Co. to whom by correspondence he had been a good while known.

I was next interrogated in a similar manner, and returned the proper answers, giving him my history with perfect frankness. As a last effort, I urged the pursuit which led me to Europe, and to which I was devoted in my own country, as affording the strongest ground to presume that my views were innocent, and appealed to the well known attachment of the French to science, and its various interests; I offered to submit my trunk and all my papers to examination, asserting that they would there find abundant proof, in my public and private credentials, and in recommendatory letters to and from men well known to the French government, that I ought not to be suspected; and I particularly mentioned Fourcroy, Morveau, and Cassenove, as men to whom I carried letters. Our examiner appeared now to grow somewhat milder; he expressed his respect for science, and his re-

luctance to do any thing to thwart its interests, and added, that he also respected Americans, having personally known many of them. He said, however, that even a member of the French national Institute had been the other day arrested, with his daughter, for having been in England, and that Frenchmen under our circumstances would be immediately arrested. I had no reason to doubt the truth of his statement; and I was moreover informed by an old acquaintance, an American, whom I unexpectedly found resident in Antwerp, that there were then twenty-five French merchants in prison there, whose crime was that they had been in England. This, however, was perfectly irrelative to us, and I observed to him, that the Frenchmen had been guilty of a crime in going to England in time of war, but it was not criminal in us to have been there. He added that my letters would be of use to me, and advised me to lay them before the Prefect; but, when I caught at the offer, and requested him to name an hour for the interview, he was guilty of a pitiful quibble to evade his own concession, and immediately denied me what he had granted the moment before.—Starting all of a sudden, he asked whether the letters which I had mentioned were addressed to Fourcroy, &c. or were written by them. He was answered that, being introductory, they must necessarily be addressed to them. O! he had misunderstood—that being the case, they would be of no use!

He now demanded of me in a menacing tone, whether I did not know that I had no right to come from England to France. I replied, that, as a neutral I had a right.—He next descanted on the law of nations, either perversely or ignorantly contending, that neutrals were forbidden

by public law from passing from one belligerent country to another. Then resuming his interrogatories—"Do you not know that people going from France to England are arrested in the latter country and thrown into prison?" I replied, I have a personal knowledge that the fact is not so; individuals with whom I am acquainted, have within a few weeks come to England from France, and make no secret of their history; they go at large in England, and are perfectly unmolested. I expected every moment that he would break out into a passion, but he at length conceded that nothing appeared *in proof* against us, but repeated, that although we were Americans, we might be in the employment of England, *with political views*, and added, with insulting politeness, *that the most honest and open countenance might cover a spy!*

The character of a spy was quite a new one to me; I smiled at his remark, but I believe my countenance expressed a mixed emotion of mirth, contempt, and anger, for I felt all three.

I ought however to have commanded my countenance better, for the Frenchman flew into a passion, knit his forehead into terrific wrinkles, struck it with the back of his hand, and with a violent gesture and a speech, which, if translated, I have forgotten, closed the interview, by handing us our passports to return to Holland.

Our servant was detained after we withdrew, and shamefully abused. He was asked how he dared to come on with such people: he replied, that his masters were respectable men, gentlemen, &c. and that he was only doing an honest thing to get his bread. He was told, however, that if he ever presumed to come on to Antwerp again with a German, an Englishman, or an American, they

would throw him into prison for life, and his masters with him.

Poor fellow, he came home in tears, it was really robbing him of his bread, he came up to our apartment, clasped his hands, threw up his eyes to heaven, and cursed the whole race of Frenchmen, and turning to me, he exclaimed, in a style which provoked a laugh, notwithstanding the grief of the speaker, and our own disappointment, "the French be very bad people, sir—terrible bad people, sir; *they smile in your face, but they cut you off the neck behind, sir*—(striking the outer edge of his hand violently and repeatedly on the back of his neck)—yes sir! that they do, sir!

We took a friendly cup of tea with our interpreter, without whose kind and able assistance I hardly know how we could have managed, for Lambert was not equal to such a perilous war of words, and his blunders or indiscretion might have produced even a worse result.

Instead of going on in the morning with our American companion to breakfast at Brussels,\* we took leave of him with many thanks for his delicate and judicious management of our cause, and engaged seats in the post waggon for Breda.

I might here frame a pathetic lamentation on my disappointment; for it *was sore*; it *was unfeigned*; it was *unlooked for*; but, like many things in the play, we will suppose this to be done behind the scenes. As things were situated, it was our business to submit; for, to proceed was impossible, and to complain useless; we therefore de-

\* We had already engaged a post chaise to carry us to Brussels to breakfast, and intended to go on with Mr. C—— in this manner quite to Paris.

terminated to set our faces towards Holland again with the best grace we could.

I think it probable that, had we waited in Antwerp till, through the agency of the American minister in Paris, and those to whom we were addressed in that city, we could have made interest with the department of foreign affairs, we might, eventually, have been suffered to proceed. But, engagements in England and Scotland absolutely demanded my speedy return to Britain; much of the short period of six weeks, originally allotted to this excursion, had been wasted by various delays; suspicions had been evidently excited concerning us, either by the occurrences at Rotterdam, which I have related, or by some other cause; and they would probably have been augmented by a *very short* stay in Paris; we had come from a country, against which, as the known instigator of the new continental war, they were excessively exasperated, and they were, consequently, jealous of every one from England; unfortunately for us also, insolence and exultation had been added to jealousy and anger, by the news, *that evening* received, of a signal victory just obtained over the Austrians; the recent imprisonment of our countryman, Mr. Amory, in the temple, on suspicions not better founded than those which had been thrown out against us, occurred to our minds; we knew not what unexpected incidents might still farther give an unhappy impression concerning us, and we therefore declined making the application, for which the prefect offered us time, and permission to remain at Antwerp for the purpose.

We went to the continent at an unfortunate crisis; had we been a month earlier, we should probably have gone on without difficulty, for our countrymen had passed all sum-

mer unmolested, and we were, I believe, the first victims of a more rigorous system.\*

As I have already hinted, it was no small thing against us that we carried in our mouths that dreadful libel of *an English tongue*; for whenever, in the French dominions, or even in Holland, we spoke in the hearing of the people of the country, we were eyed with evident jealousy. † What do these Englishmen here? was the apparent language of every countenance. Perhaps, however, you will say, that to “the jealous, trifles light as air, are confirmations strong as proofs from holy writ.” It is apparent from what I have already stated, that even the people of the country are miserably embarrassed in their most innocent journies, and even in their domestic movements.

I was again and again assured that no Frenchman can at present go more than three miles from his own home, about his ordinary business, without a passport. What think you then of French liberty!

\* After our return to England, we heard of several instances of capricious severity shown, about the time of our repulse, towards Americans; our countrymen had, from various causes, become, *in some instances*, objects of suspicion, and *generally*, of a degree of odium, which has been since rapidly increasing. I have conversed with several who have met with adventures somewhat similar to ours.

† Aug. 1818. I have always supposed that our repulse at Antwerp turned upon the unfortunate speech which I uttered on the bridge at Rotterdam, when inspecting the ships of war. The consul's remark on that occasion was probably correct, that that speech would be sent on to Antwerp, precede us to Paris, and be considered as evincive that if we were not English, we at least were actuated by English feelings.

## NO. LXV.—RETURN TO ROTTERDAM.

Leave Antwerp—Gens d'armes—Breda—Dort—Zwyndred—  
Beautiful country.

Oct. 17.—In the morning we left Antwerp, on our way to Breda, for we were not permitted to return by the route that we came. Our passports were examined at the gate; a woman who was without one, and ought to have been arrested, bribed the sentinel with a guilder, and was permitted to pass. We were in a very decent post-waggon, and at the first place where we stopped, one of the gens d'armes came up, and demanded our passports.

You are doubtless informed that the gens d'armes are the armed police of France; there was a similar establishment under the ancient government, but, I am informed that it is greatly extended under the new. All the gens d'armes whom we saw are men of great stature and robust frames;—"giants of mighty bone and bold enterprise;"—their dress and armour give them a terrific appearance; they are civil in their manners, but, in Lambert's pithy phrase, although "they smile in your face, they cut you off the neck behind." I am told that they are generally *veterans*, who, having served long and faithfully in the armies, and distinguished themselves by acts of personal bravery, have this station assigned them, as a kind of honourable retirement from public service. They are the ministers of oppression in its minutiae and details. When a new province is coveted, an army is sent to take it, but, if a suspected or obnoxious individual is to be arrested or exterminated, one of the gens d'armes would be

the instrument. For these purposes they are distributed over every square mile of France, and they hold the country in an anxious, death-like silence. The arrest is commonly made at such a time and place, as could not have been anticipated by the individual, or observed by any one; suddenly he disappears, and perhaps is heard of no more. The gens d'armes are all well mounted, and are commonly alone, or, at most, not more than two or three are seen together. When they seize a victim, they put him on horseback, and he is hurried away to some distant prison. In this manner the gens d'armes are constantly disposing of those who are obnoxious to the government, and the sighing of the prisoner and the groans of the murdered will one day ascend to the throne of God. It is no fiction. All Americans resident in these countries, and those who have travelled much of late in France, testify, with one voice, that this is the fact. It is a horrible state of things; this moment you are informed against by a spy, the next you are arrested, and the next disappear, perhaps to be seen no more. Had it been determined on the whole, that I was a dangerous man, and they had thought proper to stop me on my return, I should have been seized by one of these men, probably at some moment when I was by myself—I should have been put on horseback, and possibly that would have been the last that would have been heard of me. Mr. Amory, whose case I have twice mentioned before, was arrested by the gens d'armes at Milan in Italy, at the coronation of Bonaparte as king of Italy. He was sent to Paris, immured in the temple, and his friends did not know what was become of him, till at length, by accident it was discovered.

An American gentleman whom I saw in London, was lately in Paris, and while he was gone out from his apartments, his desk, which he left locked, was opened without violence, and a particular parcel of papers taken away. They contained nothing reprehensible, and were, he knows not how, returned to his desk again, and the desk locked as before. Had they contained even an indiscreet letter from some American at home, or the slightest questionable expression, he would have been arrested forthwith.

The first part of our way was over a pavement and through an avenue of trees, but the roads soon became sandy and deep; the country was barren, the weather raw and uncomfortable, our faces rather *graver* than usual, and our minds not perfectly at ease. When we met the gens d'armes, we were very glad to see them pass on, for we were not perfectly assured that we might not still be arrested.

Without any interesting event, we arrived at the village of Woestwesel, where we dined. Our passports were again inspected by the gens d'armes, and our trunks were opened for coin, which, beyond a certain small sum, it is unlawful to export from France. It is but justice to say that the examination was slight, and very civilly conducted.

Passing on, two or three miles from this village, we crossed the boundary line of France, and, with the treatment which we had received, we felt no reluctance at leaving a country accursed by heaven, with a most rigorous system of military despotism, as a just retribution for the enormities of its sanguinary revolution. It is not a despotism in the gross, reaching only the concerns of towns, cities, and provinces; it is minute, it is specific:

by means of the universal system of *espionage*, it reaches every man's bed-chamber and his closet; it exterminates social confidence, and realizes the prediction of scripture, that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

We arrived at *Breda* in the evening. For the last fifteen miles we rode in a waggon without springs, and covered with canvass laid on hoops, but so low that we could not sit upright; the roads were heavy; a few poor villages occurred on the way, and no event gave interest to the ride.

Oct. 18.—We lodged in a house called the Prince Cardinal, the master of which having learned our story from Lambert, came up stairs in the morning to know the particulars. He spoke English well, and appeared to be an amiable and friendly man.

Being extremely fatigued with travelling in post-waggons, we determined to go forward to Rotterdam in post-chaises, and at sunrise, were ready to depart. While the chaise followed, our landlord walked with us to the gates of the town, and, on our way, led us through the still beautiful gardens, formerly belonging to a palace of the Prince of Orange, in which he used to spend the heat of summer.

It was a favourite residence, but, the palace is now converted into a French hospital. Breda was one of the strong holds of Holland, but is now completely dismantled, although it is still very interesting on account of the magnitude and strength of its military works. I asked the landlord what had become of the cannon, as the walls were almost naked. He replied that they had been removed by the French, who, he said, took to themselves whatever they liked best in the country; the circumstance

appeared to interest his feelings strongly, and he expressed, with great freedom and vehemence, his abhorrence of the French yoke.

We passed out of the town through an angular zigzag passage having several gates, placed in such a manner that the turnings of the wall protected them from cannon shot, and the battering of one gate would have no effect on the next.

The morning was delightfully pleasant, and the country the very contrast of that through which we travelled yesterday; it was rich, verdant, and beautiful, and full of handsome villages.

At nine o'clock, we arrived at Maerdyk, the place from which we were to embark, on our passage over the broad ferry, the Holland's Diep, which, when we went on, we crossed about fifteen miles below. Our passage was accomplished in an hour, and we landed on the island of Dordrecht. Another post-chaise was soon in readiness, and a ride of five miles brought us to the large town of *Dort*. It is a port of some consequence, and stands on the Meuse. For two or three miles before we reached this town, the country was eminently beautiful, and we entered *Dort* through a long avenue of trees, where the branches interlocked from the opposite sides of the road, and formed a verdant arch. As we only drove in at one gate and out at the opposite, I shall say nothing more of *Dort*.

We crossed the Meuse without delay, and landed at Zwyndred in the island of Ysselmonde. While the carriage was preparing, we walked forward, and observed at leisure the numerous and interesting objects presented by a rich, populous, and beautiful country. The chaise com-

ing up, we took our seats, and through the whole of this island, a distance of six miles, similar scenes were constantly recurring. Our carriage was handsome, easy, and convenient; and we drove with a pair of spirited horses, at a rate altogether astonishing for Holland, and this too on one of those high giddy roads which I formerly described.

Crossing the only remaining branch of the Meuse, we found ourselves within two or three miles of Rotterdam; this short distance we walked, along a road upon the banks of the river, while a porter conveyed our baggage, and we arrived in safety. Our acquaintances were astonished at seeing us so soon returned, and we had, many times, to repeat our unpleasant and singular story.

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## No. LXVI.—RETURN TO LONDON.

Prepare to return to England—Classical books at Lovy and Van Spaan's—Conversation in Latin—Hospitality—Return of fishing vessels from Iceland—Rustic joy on the occasion—An unfortunate German—Embarrassments—Religious sailors—Set sail and arrive in the Thames—Launch of the Ocean—Go up the river—Interesting objects—Covent garden theatre—Mrs. Siddons in the Grecian daughter—Her farewell to the stage.

*Oct. 19.*—Our thoughts were now intent on returning, with all possible expedition to England. For this purpose, new passports from our consul, and a written permission from the French general were necessary. Every thing was accomplished in season, through the assistance of the consul, Mr. Alexander, whose kind and highly use-

ful attentions to us, while we were in Holland, have laid us under many obligations.

Our packet which was to have sailed this morning, remained one day longer, and this delay was happy for me, as it enabled me to purchase on very good terms, nearly all the books which I had expected to buy in Paris.— These I found in the hands of Lovy and Van Spaan of the Wyn Haven, who have a fine collection of classics. Eagerly embracing this unexpected opportunity, I spent the whole day in examining and selecting the books, and in making the necessary arrangements for their shipment.— Every thing was happily accomplished by evening. Mynheer Van Spaan appeared to be a polished gentleman and a man of literature. We commenced our treaty in Dutch and English under the mediation of *Lambert*; but, terms connected with classical literature were not exactly those with which this honest fellow was best acquainted; he could have translated much better had the treaty been concerning a post chaise or a bill of fare, for he had probably never before heard of the *Ciceronis opera omnia*, of *Lucan's Pharsalia* or of the *Oratores Græci*.

Observing Mr. Van Spaan to drop a word or two of Latin, I addressed him in that language; his countenance brightened, while he instantly replied, and thence forward the treaty sped very well.

His pronounciation was almost perfectly similar to what is now taught at the institution where we were educated; I allude particularly to the use of the second sound of the a, instead of the first, which last, as I am informed, is almost exclusively employed in Scotland, and pretty generally, I believe, in the United States with the important exception of Harvard University and perhaps of some others.

I suppose, we must not infer from this circumstance, that all Dutch Booksellers are able to speak Latin; this gentleman dealt almost exclusively in the ancient classics and therefore it is to be presumed, had become somewhat familiar with Latin; it must be confessed however, that there was, sometimes, "an aching void" in the conference, and very possibly a violation of some rule of gender, mood, or tense, if not of idiom; still our Latin answered our purpose extremely well, although I question whether it had all the elegance and purity of the Augustan age. The family all gathered around, and seemed much diverted at hearing a language which, being neither Dutch, German, French nor English, they had probably never heard spoken before. The interview took place in the family parlour and the books as I named them, were brought in by the servants from the rooms where they were stored, for it was strictly a magazine of classics and not an open shop or ware house. As this was the only opportunity which I enjoyed of being admitted into a private family in Holland, you will excuse me for adding that, although the meeting was one of business, it was evidently accompanied, on their part, by a generous feeling of hospitality, and possibly by some curiosity, since it is very probable they had scarcely formed any distinct ideas of Americans. The courteous attention which they shewed me during so many hours, formed such a striking contrast to the rude buffetings, which we had recently experienced, that I felt as if I had fallen among friends.—There was a family of smiling pretty children. Madame Van Spaan was very polite—she *curtesied* and I *bowed* again and again, but this was the extent of our communications.

She however, as evening approached, had tea prepared, and as *drinking tea* was the same thing both in Dutch and English, we had no difficulty in managing this part of the business.

The house was large and handsome—the furniture in every respect correspondent, and like that found in similar establishments, both in England and in America, and the ceremonial much the same. With real regret I took leave of this amiable and respectable family, while Mynheer Van Spaan with a warm pressure of my hand, uttered emphatically *Vale! Vale Domine!* and I re-echoed his adieu, with a *salutem sempiternam tibi domine!*\*

Mrs. Crabb an English woman, a very kind and attentive hostess, at whose excellent house we had lodged, both during our former and late residence here, was so obliging as to prepare for us at a very reasonable charge, an ample store of provisions for our passage; for we had fared so miserably in coming from England, that we were resolved, not to trust again to the generosity of a Captain, interested to give us as little as possible for the extra guinea paid for subsistence.

Oct. 20.—About nine in the morning we went on board the Catharine, Captain Zonneveld, bound to Embden, *alias* London. Our passports were also for Embden, agreeably to the farcical arrangements which I have already described. This thing is so well understood at

\* If the reader can pardon this little piece of garrulous narrative he will also forgive me for mentioning, that I have scarcely failed a year since my return, to hear of or from this worthy family, through some of those, whom, for purposes of business, I have introduced to them, and our little casual interview, has given them from this side of the water, some good correspondents for the purchase of classical books. Aug. 1818.

Rotterdam, that they say, in irony, there are three Embdens; great Embden, which is London, little Embden, which is Rotterdam, and the real Embden; passengers to and from England have no concern with the latter.

There was no wind, and we floated down the river with the tide; we passed Delsshaven and Schiedam, on our right, and when the tide failed us, we dropped anchor, off Vlaardingén, a village on the same side of the river.

Although it was Sunday the country people, principally women and girls, were to be seen in clusters, along the river, apparently gay and sportive. But, we soon perceived that there was a particular excuse for their hilarity. They had been led to the shore by the arrival of several fishing vessels from Iceland, and the northern ocean, on board of which they probably had fathers sons and brothers.

Ropes were carried from these vessels to the shore; they were towed principally by the women into a small creek or canal, leading to an inner harbour, and the vessels had no sooner arrived within leaping distance of the land, than the happy adventurers bounded on shore, with exultation, and were received with such rude but warm salutations, as befitted time, place and character. You may perhaps wonder, that in a time of war with England, and when her cruisers cover the ocean, any Dutch vessel should return in safety, or return at all; but, as one bright passage in the gloomy history of war, I am happy to record, to the honour of England, that the Dutch fishermen are not at all molested by her cruisers.

Our Captain dined on shore, but we were not permitted to land, and indeed we did not wish to do so, for we fared

well on board ; and we had been on Dutch ground quite as long as we wished to be.

At evening we dropped down to Maas Sluys, where we anchored for the night. Our packet was a very comfortable one, for she was built in England, in the cutter style, and was, during the late war, captured by the Dutch.

*Oct. 21.*—We were visited by the same officers who examined us when we entered, and with a repetition of pecuniary exactions. I am happy however to say that the custom-house officer behaved in a very honourable manner, for he neither troubled our baggage nor received any money, he was very courteous and enquired only for letters.

There was a German on board who had neglected to have his name inserted in the list of passengers to whom the general had given permission to sail. As France and Germany are now at war, he probably neglected it on purpose, hoping to escape unobserved ; but they sent him on shore, weeping bitterly, for he had good reason to expect a prison.

Travelling on this portion of the continent is now attended with the most vexatious delays, artificial impediments, and unexpected dangers, as I trust is sufficiently evident from the story which I have now related, with a degree of minuteness not greater I believe than a just exhibition of the subject demanded.

The greatest embarrassment of all arises from the incessant changes which the French make in their regulations. No man can say what they will be to-morrow. A gentleman in an official station on the continent said to me: “things have been for sometime, thus and thus, but you must not be surprised if the very next day, you find

them totally altered, and the new procedure directly opposite to that which preceded it."

How far his remarks were verified by our experience you are now able to judge.

Although we had been highly gratified with the *countries* which we had seen, we were heartily disgusted with a state of things so foreign from every thing to which we had been accustomed, and we now longed to be in England, as an imprisoned bird pants for the freedom of its native woods, and the range of its accustomed skies.

At ten in the morning we hoisted anchor, and began to float down the river; but, as if vexations were to attend us to the very last, a soldier appeared on the wharf, and presenting his musket, threatened to fire into us if we did not instantly drop anchor; after a violent Dutch scolding between him and the captain, which, as we were informed, was occasioned by the commandant's having forgotten to give the sentinel orders to allow us to sail, the thing was satisfactorily explained and the point was not urged any farther.

We had a Dutch soldier on board, marching the deck, with gun and bayonet, all the time we were at MAAS SLUYS. A few soldiers are retained in Holland to aid the police, but, almost all the troops, both Dutch and French, are gone to the Rhine and the Danube to aid the Emperor in this new war.

When the Dutch sailors sat down to dinner, today they all put their faces to their hats and each one, in whispers asked a blessing for himself. I have never before observed the least appearance of religion on board of a ship.—The people of this packet did not swear. A bible lay upon the captain's table, and on Sunday afternoon, I saw

the cook reading in it. Between three and four o'clock P. M. we put to sea.\*

As we left the Meuse we passed an inward bound packet, conveying to Holland, on his way to Madrid, our Ambassador Mr. Bowdoin and suite.

The wind was steady, strong, and fair, and the descending shadows of night, with the rough intervening waves, soon veiled the low-lying fields of Batavia from our view. Sleep made me forget the distressing sickness occasioned by an almost instantaneous transition from the smoothness of a sluggish river to the tumult of the ocean, and when we went on deck in the morning, we were in plain sight of the high chalky cliffs of Old England, which reflected upon us the rays of a bright rising sun. In the course of two hours we came up with Margate, and running along the southern shore of the Thames, passed Sheerness, the Nore, and the men of war lying there, among which was the late flag-ship of Admiral De Winter. A crowd of merchant ships, and many beautiful seats on the banks of the Thames, gave additional interest to our passage up the river, and at four o'clock we anchored at Gravesend.

\* I trust that on account of my having been present at Portsmouth, when Lord Nelson exchanged his last adieu with his countrymen, I may be excused for mentioning, that the moment of our sailing from the Meuse will ever be conspicuous in my recollections of past time, because it was the hour of the BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, probably the most memorable sea fight ever known, when thirty or forty thousand men poured death from four or five thousand pieces of the heaviest artillery, engaged almost muzzle to muzzle and Nelson in the very moment of victory fell with thousands less distinguished, both of friends and foes.

By the alien laws we were prohibited from landing till our passports (for which we immediately wrote) should arrive from London.\*

Oct. 23.—The next day we spent on board, along side of the *Christian VII.* a Danish sixty-four gun ship, taken by Nelson at Copenhagen.

Oct. 24.—In the morning we were released from our confinement, and having been, without loss of time, cleared at the alien-office and custom-house, ran up with a fair wind, in a Gravesend boat, to London. We were delighted with the beautiful views on the river, but shocked at seeing the mouldering skeleton of a man in gibbets.

As we passed by Woolwich, we saw thousands of people assembled to see the launching of the *Ocean*, a proud ship of ninety-eight guns, but pierced for one hundred and twenty. We had a fine view of her on the stocks; she is said to be the largest ship in the navy, and has been thirteen years in building. Thus her timbers have become most thoroughly seasoned and she will probably endure for many years, if not destroyed by casualty. She was very lofty and looked like a huge castle: she shewed three tiers of ports all around, and a part of the way four.

The hills of the Thames afforded a most pleasing and grateful contrast to the low meadows of Holland, and, on every account, we beheld them with satisfaction. We

\* Since it was indispensable that I should pass the winter in Britain, it was fortunate that we availed ourselves of the last opportunity to return. The packet that carried us, we were informed, was the last that was permitted to sail for many months. The next that attempted it was pursued and brought back to Holland; the passengers took to the boat, and succeeding in making their escape from the cruiser, got safely to England in their open boat.

passed Greenwich, Deptford, and an incredible number of ships in almost every part of the Thames, and, at two in the afternoon, arrived in London, sincerely blessing God for our safe return to a land of freedom and security.

In the evening I went to the Covent-Garden Theatre, that I might have an opportunity of seeing an exertion of the wonderful powers of Mrs. Siddons, (still unimpaired after twenty-five years of theatrical fame) in one of her favourite parts, the Grecian daughter, while her brother Kemble acted the father. My expectations were fully answered, but when I left the house I could not help feeling some regret that such a woman should have been an actress.

It was said that this was to be the last appearance of Mrs. Siddons, and that she was then to take leave of public life. Of course, although it was a rainy night, there was an overflowing house.

I have before remarked that Mrs. Siddons and her brother, John Kemble are very highly esteemed, as individuals, and are among the few theatrical people who are, in England, admitted into good society. It is said that Mrs. Siddons will never perform in a character in which personal endearments form any part of the action, unless her brother is selected to meet her in this manner, and then even, she is very sparing of caresses, and holds herself in stately reserve, as I witnessed to-night. In general the English actresses are by no means backward on these occasions.

Mrs. Siddons' personal appearance is still very fine—dignified and even comely—notwithstanding, as one of the public prints facetiously remarks, she is not so young as she was thirty years ago.

She resembles the pictures of her that are in circulation.

## LXVII.—LONDON.

A dinner at Clapham—A nobleman surprised that an American could speak English—Hon. Mr. Stephen—Lord Leven and Melville—Hon. H. Thornton—Manners of the nobility—Death of Capt. Lesslie—Family scene—Comfort of an English gentleman's house—Criticisms on Americanisms—Hon. William Wilberforce—Conversation with him, and with Mr. Thornton—Letter from Mr. Wilberforce—His feelings towards the United States, &c.—Exhibition of wax work—Panorama of the bay of Naples—Preaching—Gunpowder plot—Guy Faux—Doctor's Commons—Death of Lord Nelson.

## AN EXCURSION.

*Oct. 29.*—Several days have been engrossed by concerns of business, or by such unimportant personal occurrences as are not worthy of narration.

Among the letters of introduction which I brought to this country, was one to the Hon. Henry Thornton, member of parliament.

Circumstances, of which a satisfactory explanation was given, but which it is not necessary to repeat, had prevented me from being invited to his house before to-day. I took a boat to Wandsworth Common at one o'clock, and after spending some time at Mr. Guest's, walked one mile to Clapham Common, to the house of Mr. Thornton.

I was received with the usual civilities, and met a select party of Mr. Thornton's friends, among whom was Mr. Stephen, a celebrated ministerial member of parliament, and reputed author of a pamphlet which is now exciting a great deal of interest here, and entitled, WAR IN

DISGUISE, or the FRAUDS OF NEUTRAL FLAGS. Another gentleman was a learned Fellow of the University of Cambridge, a modest, intelligent, and interesting man. Lord Leven, and Melville, a Scotch peer, with his lady, who is sister of Mr. Thornton, was also present. It is by no means uncommon in these times, for British noblemen to marry into the families of opulent and distinguished commoners, and thus there is much more sympathy of feeling and approximation between these classes, than at any former period of English history. Noblemen appear in Britain much like other people; they ordinarily wear no badges of distinction; it is true their arms are quartered on their coaches, and their servants have a peculiar livery, but these remarks are true also of many of the commoners; in conversation with them, you will occasionally say, my lord, and your lordship, &c.; but it would be reckoned unnecessarily stiff to do this constantly, and in general no more is demanded than sir, and yes sir, and no sir, &c. as with other gentlemen. The good sense of the age allows them to remain on an elevation not perhaps too much distinguished; in a royal government, and notwithstanding titles, ancestry, and hereditary rank and estates, a *silly lord* is despised in Britain, and a *clever* (I wish the word in the English sense,) *commoner* may force himself into reputation, honour, office and opulence.

I happened to sit next to Lord Leven and Melville, whose polite and social behaviour induced a free conversation, to which some additional degree of interest was given, by the circumstance that Dr. Rush was one of his early friends, when that gentleman resided in Scotland, and of Dr. Rush I had some personal knowledge. He inquired whether I was acquainted with Princeton, and the

ground on which the battle was fought, near that place, during the American war. I answered in the affirmative; he then informed me that Capt. Lesslie, of the 13th British Regiment, who was killed there, was his brother, and it seemed to afford him a melancholy pleasure that I had been on the ground where the action was fought, and knew something of the minute circumstances that attended it.

After conversing with me for some time concerning America, his lordship abruptly asked me, "And pray, sir, do the Americans all speak English as you do?" "O yes, my lord, I speak the language as my countrymen do." From a man of his rank it was certainly a singular question, but similar queries and expressions of surprise on this subject are common in England, where, after all that has passed, most people are surprisingly ignorant of the real situation of America.

The party at table was uncommonly intelligent and agreeable. Mr. Thornton, with several of his friends, was very inquisitive concerning America, and it was a task of some delicacy to answer their numerous inquiries with frankness, without risking, at the same time, the suspicion, that love of country prevailed over love of truth, and led me to panegyric rather than description. Unfortunately the opinions of most of the English concerning us, are in violent extremes; with some, America is another name for barbarism and anarchy, and, with others, for overflowing liberty, plenty, and happiness. At present, political circumstances cause the current to run very forcibly against us; our neutral trade is considered as a covert mode of conveying the produce of the colonies to France; and it is the object of Mr. Stephen's pamphlet to render this trade odious. At the same time, he has fallen into errors

and misstatements respecting us, some of which do us great injustice. In the course of conversation, it was in my power, without any direct allusion to the "War in disguise," to correct some of these misrepresentations, and to state in strong terms, my sense of the injustice and ignorance with which American topics are treated in Europe, and how very imperfectly the real situation of things in the United States is known in Europe. The "War in disguise" states, for example, that the Americans can consume very little of the sugar which they obtain in the West-Indies, because *this frugal people use molasses in their tea and coffee, &c.* instead of sugar. I exposed this not very important, but rather irritating misrepresentation.

Mr. Thornton\* is a man of fortune, a member of the house of commons, and a strenuous friend to the king and the present administration. He possesses a taste for literature, and a considerable library; his lady is a woman of sense, dignity, and polished manners, and my stay with

\* Aug. 1818. This excellent and distinguished man paid the great debt of nature on the 16th of Jan. 1815. His character is very ably, and as far as I know, very justly given in the Christian Observer, for February, of the same year. In the abolition of the slave trade, in the colonization and christianizing of Africa, in the conversion of the heathen generally, and in every work of benevolence, patriotism, and philanthropy, he was foremost. He will long be remembered as the early patron and friend of the celebrated Dr. Buchanan, whom he educated at the university of Cambridge, at his own expense.

The Countess of Leven and Melville died February 13, of the present year. She possessed a character similar to that of her brother, and altogether worthy of a family, (that of the Thornton's of Clapham,) proverbial for liberality and excellence. She is commemorated in the Christian Observer for April, 1818.

them till the next day was rendered interesting by their easy, polished, and enlightened conversation.

You are familiar with Cowper, and need only recollect his descriptions of domestic society, and employments, in polished and virtuous English families, to have a perfect idea of the manner in which we passed the evening. Literary topics were most prominent—books furnished a part of our entertainment;—Mr. Thornton, with fine cadence and modulation, read passages out of Grant's *Revival of Learning in the East*; the increasing chills of autumn rendered the barred shutters and the fire very grateful; a family of smiling and healthy children gathered around; tea diffused its refreshing and social influences—we sat, stood, walked, read, or conversed, and distinctions of nobility, fortune, and learning, were blended with the refinements of enlightened female society. In such circumstances, it was impossible not to be interested and gratified, and I confess I thought it the perfection of human society.

The Gazettes of the day had brought intelligence of the defeat of the Austrians, and of the appalling successes of the French under Napoleon at Ulm. A fine atlas was produced, of such dimensions as almost to cover the table, and a painful satisfaction was experienced in tracing river, village, and fortress, signalized by the victorious progress of the modern Alaric. In these events, as you may well imagine, the English feel an interest, deep as their love of their own liberties and of their own domestic comforts.

Mr. Thornton is a religious man, and after supper the servants were all called in to family prayers. I counted fifteen domestics, and it was an interesting sight to behold them with the whole family on their knees, while Mr. Thornton, in the same attitude, offered up a prayer of

uncommon fervor, and almost scriptural elevation of language.

At no very late hour we retired to rest, and I found that the same attention to comfort, which is so striking a characteristic of English domestic establishments, was as conspicuous in the bed-chamber as in the parlour: not only was the "lectus ad quietem datus" of the best kind, but combs, brushes and all the little personal comforts and accommodations were abundantly furnished.

Oct. 30.—A fine autumnal sun shining full into my windows, called me, in good season, from my bed, and I walked in the extensive gardens of Mr. Thornton. They are laid out in that neat and beautiful manner, which a stranger has often occasion to admire, when viewing the fine country seats of England. Every thing indicates opulence and ease, taste, comfort, and a love of retirement among flowering shrubs and trees, covered with luxuriant foliage. The house itself is spacious and elegant, although a love of comfort is every where the most striking thing, and no sacrifices have been made to a spirit of ostentation. The house, like most of those in and about London, is of brick; it stands a little retired from the road, and an elliptical gravelled coach way leads to the front door.

The peer from Scotland and his lady, and the fellow of the University of Cambridge, having been also guests in the house, we had the pleasure of their company again this morning, and the social pleasures of last evening were renewed, and with even more freedom and ease.

After all the intercourse which exists between the two countries, Americans are still little known in English domestic circles, and are therefore regarded in some meas-

ure as curiosities. At breakfast, which we took sitting round the table, and with no peculiarity-different from our own habits, conversation turned on the manner in which the Americans write and speak English; a topic upon which you know we are esteemed very heretical by the English literary world. I took the liberty to ask the favour of the company, present, to stop me at the moment when they perceived any thing however trivial, in my conversation, which they would regard as at all peculiar.—They were kind enough to do so, and I will mention the things upon which they animadverted, that you may perceive how trivial they were. The word indecorous I pronounced with the accent upon the *c*; it was questioned whether it ought not to be laid upon the first *o*. In the course of conversation, I used the expressions *chalked out*, and *lay one's finger upon the thing*, in both instances however alluding to an intellectual and not to a physical use of this language. It was remarked that such phraseology, although good English, indicated a greater familiarity with physical than with intellectual objects—less of a habit of abstraction, and therefore a less *mature and mental* state of society. In the course of a free conversation, of considerable length directed to this subject nothing else was pointed out as peculiar. I leave the instances with you without remark.

As to the general topic of the standard of pronunciation, I may observe, however, that there is no essential difference between England and us, I mean among well educated people. The extravagancies of Walker are found among the same descriptions of people in both countries; in England, the players, cockneys and the lighter fashionables, caricature *fortune*, *virtue* and words of that class, while

those whom one would wish rather to imitate, give the *u* a somewhat fuller sound, than we do, but without running into the *chue*.

From my childhood I had been smitten with the highest respect and admiration for Mr. Wilberforce, and I well remember it as one of my earliest youthful aspirations, that I might one day visit England, and see this distinguished friend of mankind. He was to have been with us at dinner yesterday, but was prevented, and on my expressing regret for the disappointment, Mr. Thornton was so good as to invite him over to breakfast, for he lives at the next house. After breakfast had waited some time, he apologized by a note, but promised to call in as soon as he should be disengaged. Accordingly Mr. Wilberforce soon came in. His person is small and slender, and his countenance rather pale, but his eye is full of fire, and his voice uncommonly sweet; his manners are polished, and so conciliating, as to banish, any unpleasant restraint in his society, and to place a stranger at ease. He and his friend are on terms of such familiarity that they seemed like brothers, and he often addressed Mr. Thornton by the affectionate appellation of *Henry*.

I had the pleasure of spending several hours in the company of Mr. Wilberforce. He asked me a thousand questions concerning America, and particularly as to the state of literature, morals, and religion—the condition of the slaves, and the encouragement given to the slave trade; in all of which subjects, but especially in the three last, he manifested that strong interest which, from the tenor of his life and writings, and from the uniform character of his parliamentary exertions, you would naturally expect.

At the request of both gentlemen, I gave them a minute account of the state of our schools and colleges, and especially of the course of studies pursued, the discipline, the religious instruction, the preparatory steps, and the ultimate honours and distinctions. They were not satisfied with a merely general statement. They commenced with the A. B. C. school and wished a very minute and detailed account of our means of instruction from this humble beginning up to the honours of the university. I complied with their wishes with pleasure, and of course explained to them more particularly the situation and literary means of my own state and college, because with these I was best acquainted; I did not however omit those of the other states, and endeavoured to blend generals and particulars in the best manner I could. They requested a particular account of all the studies pursued in Yale College—of the authors read—the manner of reciting—the responsibility both of instructor and student—the examinations, and in short the whole machinery of the institution. I also explained to them the nature and extent of the school fund of Connecticut, and the manner in which it was applied.

They expressed great satisfaction at the account which I gave them, and said that they had totally misconceived the state of the case. They farther said (adverting to the course of collegiate education,) that upon the plan which I had detailed, our youth were more thoroughly instructed than the English youth were at the Universities of this country. They referred doubtless to what is *necessarily* done, rather than to what it is *possible to do*, with their extensive means.

I was very particularly interrogated as to our ecclesiastical system; the gentlemen seemed to think it strange that a country could sustain religion and morals without some foundation connected with government; they were desirous of being informed as to our morals, particularly in regard to the most interesting of the social relations; the manners of domestic life, and the morals of our villages, towns and cities. I trust I did nothing "extenuate or ought set down in malice," but I assured them that I had never seen any thing at home, in our largest cities, to compare with the immoralities of the London theatres, gardens and even of the public streets, although I was aware that much of the difference arose from the superior size of London.

I was enquired of as to the scale of income in America. "How large a part of your gentlemen (said Mr. Thornton) have an income of two thousand pounds sterling per annum? Have you any thing answering to the English *gentleman*—a character not known on the continent of Europe, and I believe almost peculiar to England." I assured him that this income although considered as ample in America, (in England it is only snug) was possessed by numbers, and much more than this by some, and that something very much like the English gentleman, formed the most common character among our men of superior intellect, property, worth and influence.

It would be I am persuaded interesting and useful to record the whole of a very active conversation during this interview, which was to me one of the most gratifying in my life, but it would occupy many pages, for, what the mind conceives and the tongue utters in a few minutes, the hand records with only a slow and laborious progress.

I have only to regret that I did not know Mr. Wilberforce sooner. He was so kind as to say repeatedly that he was very sorry, I had been made known to him only when I was on the point of leaving London, and, when he himself was to depart to-morrow for the North; he urged me to return to London in the spring, and in case I should, solicited me in a manner the most obliging to be familiar at his house.

Indeed every motive made it painful to me to realize that my acquaintance with both these gentlemen was to be so soon terminated, and it was not among the least that their kindness led them to offer me essential services, and a still farther introduction into that excellent and distinguished society of good as well as great men, which enrolls among its members the Thorntons, Mr. Wilberforce, and Lord Teignmouth. It is true their piety and active benevolence are rewarded by the sneers of a certain description of their countrymen, but this will not cause them to relinquish the glorious example which they now hold forth to the British nation.

Religion is now in some measure in fashion, and piety is more easily tolerated, in men of rank and talent, than at some former periods. I recollect however, hearing a man of very high consideration, in a remote part of the kingdom, and who appeared to entertain a very exalted opinion of Mr. Wilberforce, say "he is an excellent and most useful man, *but rather overdone with religion.*"\*

\* I trust that the publication of the following extracts from a letter from Mr. Wilberforce, dated January 28th 1811, while they do honour to his character and are calculated happily to influence public feeling, are not forbidden, by delicacy to him or to the pub-

I remained at Mr. Thornton's, occupied in conversation and occasional reading till three o'clock, P. M. when

lic; his letter contains allusions to a preceding one from me to which it is a reply.

"I do not like to call a subject of the United States, stranger or even foreigner though a member of a different community."

"I should have been happy to introduce you to Mrs. H. More, whom, besides respecting her as one of the most elegant writers and useful characters of our age, I have the pleasure, and indeed the honour, to number among my personal friends. The praise due to her for her writings is scarcely less, than that which she has justly earned by her humane and judicious labours, carried on now for many years, in educating and improving the lower orders of a populous country, which she found in a very rude and ignorant state."

"I cannot lay down my pen, though forced to draw towards a conclusion, without expressing my most earnest hopes, that, instead of mutual jealousy and recrimination, much more instead of an actual rupture, between our two countries, they may be long united together by the bonds of reciprocal esteem, confidence and affection. It cannot be that the well being of each is inconsistent, rather let me say, is not identical with that of the other. To admit the contrary supposition would almost deserve the name of Blasphemy against the great Creator of us both, and surely we can never so well fulfil his purposes, or provide for our common happiness, as by striving to maintain between us an unbroken peace and harmony. This may include in special cases, a disposition to forego, *on either side*, some temporary gain, but a gain to be far more than compensated by a greater and more durable benefit. I have no time to dilate, explain or qualify, but, trusting these effusions of the heart, to your candour, and may I not also hope to your fellow feeling—I remain," &c.

"P. S. I am now chiefly occupied (*inter alia*) in considering how best to enforce the act for abolishing the slave trade, which I grieve to say, is shamefully evaded, and I must add, by none so much as by your countrymen—I should however say by individ-

I took a seat with Mrs. T. in their carriage and rode into town, while Mr. T. rode on horseback. At the parting of the great roads, leading the one to Black Friars and the other to Westminster Bridge, I took my leave. From Mr. Thornton I had, in the course of my visit, received repeated invitations to spend two or three days with them before my leaving England and to go with them on Friday to dine with Lord Teignmouth, formerly Sir John Shore, and late Governor General of Bengal.\*

Oct. 31.—Passing through the Strand to day, I was attracted by an exhibition of wax-work, and went in to see it, not so much because I ever receive any pleasure from these cadaverous spectacles, as because I wished to compare it with similar things which I had seen in America. It was a circumstance of some curiosity that the exhibition was made in an apartment which, as they informed me, belonged to the Prince of Wales, when the court was held in this part of the town, in the reign of James I. What seemed to confirm it was that the ceiling was very

uials among them, for the Government of America has shewn an eager disposition to enforce your own laws against that wicked traffic.”

\* In a subsequent call upon this excellent family, I was so unfortunate as to miss seeing them, as they were out and I thus lost the opportunity of being at Lord Teignmouth's, for which they had made every arrangement and which the shortness of my time in London did not permit me to seek again. Mr. Thornton's kindness followed me however with letters of introduction to Cambridge and Edinburgh and with offers of others to his friends in different parts of England.

I trust that the detail of these circumstances (and I might still have augmented the list) will be forgiven, as they are very illustrative of the best kind of English character.

much ornamented, and in the middle of it there were impressed the initials P. H. for Prince Henry, with the crest and feathers of the Prince of Wales.

The exhibition was in a superior style; there were more than three hundred figures, comprehending dignities of all sorts, from Henry VIII. and his wives, and Macbeth and the weird sisters, down to Bonaparte, and the Duke of Gloucester, whose death I formerly mentioned. They have laid the poor man out in state, and his image lies from day to day, wrapped in its winding sheet, a spectacle both solemn and ridiculous. This sort of folly is not confined to England, for you will remember that General Washington himself was exhibited in the same manner, through the American states, and his pale corpse was surrounded by his weeping family, among whom his faithful old servant was the most conspicuous object.

*Nov. 2.*—I spent half an hour in the Strand, in viewing a grand panorama of the bay of Naples. The scenery of this bay, comprehending the town of Vico, and the romantic views around it; the volcano Vesuvius, as it appeared during its late eruption; the city of Naples, the island of Capua, and the capes Una and Miseno, is an eminently fine subject for the pencil, and for this species of painting so properly styled “the triumph of perspective.”

*Nov. 3.*—Having some times found occasion to censure preachers of the establishment, I with pleasure mention that I have to-day heard one in Holborn, whose discourse was replete with piety and good sense. It exhibited very forcibly the misery of that condition where a man has just religion enough to harrass him with remorse and fears, and not enough to give him hope and comfort. The kind of character which he aimed at describing, was that of a

man who is resolved to make the most of this world, and gain the other too. After the service, there was a charitable distribution of a considerable quantity of loaves of good wheat bread at the door of the church.

*Nov. 5.*—This day, which is famous in England as the anniversary of the gunpowder plot, is not even yet forgotten by the boys, who have been much occupied through the day in dragging about the streets the effigy of Guy Faux, which they treat with all sorts of indignities.

The day has been very appropriate to the occasion, for the smoke and fog have been so thick that it has been scarcely possible to see distinctly to find one's way about the streets. As this is the weather, and the month for hanging and drowning in England, it is better that the humour should be exhausted on Guy Faux, than on living people.

*Nov. 6.*—I was, this morning, in the Court of Admiralty, in Doctor's Commons, and heard a decision of Judge Scott, in a case extremely interesting to American commerce; it was one of those cases where the British say that the American flag is fraudulently employed to convey home the property of their enemies; the ship was condemned, and the decision excites much sensibility among the Americans in London, because the precedent is extremely important.

Judge Scott is a model of judicial correctness; his manner is clear, concise, and yet copious, but his voice is small, and I could not, without some difficulty, hear him.

While I was in this court, the news was whispered about, that Lord Nelson, in a great naval battle off Cadiz, had captured and destroyed twenty sail of the line belong-

ing to the combined squadrons of France and Spain, and that this unexampled victory had been achieved with the loss of his own invaluable life, which was destroyed by a musket ball aimed at his person, and fired from the tops of the Santissima Trinidad, with which, as well as others, his Lordship was closely engaged. He lived to hear victory declared, expressed his resignation to death, sent his farewell to Admiral Collingwood, and expired.

The news of this great victory, coming too in a moment of extreme national despondency, produced by the recent successes of the French at Ulm, excited no very distinct expression of joy in the metropolis. Every one was sensible that no event could have been, at this period, so interesting to England as this victory, but the death of Nelson threw a gloom over every countenance. Although his private life was not without its faults, his public character was all that is splendid and commanding; he was the very idol of this nation, and the terror of its enemies.

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### No. LXVIII.—LONDON.

The great botanical garden at Kew—Extensive hot-houses—Beautiful orange and lemon grove—The king's new palace—The royal gardens at Kew—The mob—Splendid illuminations for Lord Nelson's victory—Antiquarian Society—Lord Mayor's day—The grand procession—The ancient coach—Mr. Pitt drawn by the mob—Rev. Mr. Newton—Caricature prints.

#### KEW GARDENS.

I have been with a companion to see the botanical garden at Kew, but botanical gardens admit of only very im-

perfect description, and must be minutely surveyed by an amateur, in order that their beauty and value may be fairly estimated. That at Kew, covers eight acres, and is one of the largest, if not the largest in the world; it is very complete in all its arrangements and collections. The hot-houses are numerous and extensive, and the requisite temperature is maintained in them by fires below; the pots, containing the plants, are placed principally in tanner's bark, and the degree of heat in the apartments is indicated by thermometers. In these houses we wandered among shrubs, flowers, and plants, which, although natives of tropical countries, were here made to flourish in the forbidding climate of England. I have tasted a pine-apple of fine flavour, which was raised in Yorkshire by artificial heat.

We saw in the gardens at Kew, among an innumerable host of exotics, the bread fruit tree, the gum guaiacum tree, the camphor tree, the cedar of Lebanon, the cork-tree, and a great grove of very beautiful orange, lemon, and lime-trees. These last filled one extensive hot-house, and were so arranged that the taller trees rose, by an easy ascent, behind the shorter, like a grove upon the declivity of a hill; they were covered with exuberant foliage, of a deep and beautiful green, and the golden coloured fruit, thickly interspersed among the branches, exhibited one of the most brilliant sights imaginable. Such a grove is, however, in England, an object of mere beauty, for the fruit is insipid and worthless.

Every plant out of doors at Kew, is now in a state of decay, on account of the season of the year, but, notwithstanding this disadvantage, we found it a beautiful and interesting place.

From the botanical garden we went into the great garden connected with the king's new palace, which I have mentioned before. It is constructed in the Gothic style, and is, in reality, a huge, heavy castle. It has already been seven years in building, and probably will not be finished during this reign. The house in which the royal family actually reside, when at Kew, is an ancient pile, of a mean external appearance, and in no way deserving the name of a palace.

The royal gardens at Kew occupy about three hundred acres; they are covered with fine green sward, intersected by serpentine gravel walks, and shaded by lofty trees. They are embellished by a number of ornamental structures, the most remarkable of which is a lofty Chinese Pagoda. Kew itself is a pleasant village, neatly built around a handsome green, which lies rather low on the banks of the Thames. The place presents nothing particularly interesting, besides the gardens and palace.

In the evening, the mob paraded the streets of London, and obliged the people to illuminate their windows. I was writing with my windows darkened, but I soon found it necessary to place my candles where they could be seen, for the populace rapped at all the doors, and broke the windows of those who did not comply with their will.

*Nov. 7.*—This evening the illuminations have been general, and I have visited the most brilliant places to see this beautiful exhibition. The lamps employed were similar to those used at Vauxhall, and they were so arranged, in many instances, as to represent naval emblems, as for instance, anchors; and Lord Nelson's name, blazing in letters of living fire, was every where to be seen on the fronts of the public buildings. The mansion-house,

the admiralty, and St. Paul's, were most splendidly illuminated. But the rejoicing did not seem to be in good earnest, for the nation is in mourning even at the moment of victory.

Even the populace were grave, mute, and orderly; vast crowds were constantly rolling like a river through the streets; carriages were driving in every direction; the blaze of the illumination threw a noon-day splendour over the city, and rendered the countenances of the people distinctly visible; but their expression was sorrowful; the victory was won, but Nelson was dead, and every thing wore the aspect of a nocturnal funeral, lighted by death fires.

#### ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

Early in the evening, through the introduction of a friend, I attended a meeting of the Antiquarian Society, which holds its sittings in a spacious room in Somerset-House, where you will recollect that the Royal Society, the Royal Academy, &c. have their apartments. Lord Leicester, a nobleman, of a grave and plain appearance, was in the chair. The antiquities of England are still far from being exhausted, and this society is usefully employed in bringing them to light..

#### LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Nov. 9.—As I was walking to-day along Ludgate-hill, I observed the streets beginning to be unusually thronged, and all the windows full of faces. This brought to my mind that it was Lord Mayor's day, and I stopped to gaze, with the crowd, that were anxiously waiting the arrival of the grand procession. This consists of the mayor,

and mayor elect, and the sheriffs and great men of the city and government. In the morning it sets out from the mansion-house for Blackfriar's bridge, whence they proceed by water in the superb city barge, rowed by eighteen oars, decorated with colours, and gorgeously gilded, to Westminster-hall, where the mayor elect is inaugurated with due solemnities. They then return by water, in the same pomp, attended by a band of music. I saw them on their return, after waiting a long time, close wedged among the gaping thousands that thronged Blackfriar's bridge, and the avenues leading to it. Every spectator, however mean, seemed to feel some interest in the ceremony, and, although I did not expect to be, like Whittington, lord mayor of London, I felt a strong curiosity to see *the king of the city*, on this his day of pomp and glory.

After struggling long against both wind and tide, the splendid barge arrived at the shore, and the great men landed. The equipages both of the new and late Lord Mayor were standing at Blackfriar's bridge, ready to receive them; each of them had a coach and six. That which belongs to the Lord Mayor as chief magistrate of the city is one of the most splendid baubles that ever amused the great children of this world, or set the crowd agape.

It is an ancient machine, in a style of ponderous and clumsy magnificence. Its exterior is almost completely covered with gilding, and its pannels are adorned with fine paintings. On its top, gilded images are blowing trumpets, and its angles are supported by images that have not their prototype in earth, sea, or air. The horses were sumptuously caparisoned; plumes nodded on their

heads, and party coloured ribbons were interwoven among their locks. The coachmen, footmen, and postillions, looked as though they had been dipped in liquid gold, and sprinkled with fragments of diamonds.

There was a corresponding magnificence in the equipages of the nobility and great officers of government, who appeared in their respective carriages.

After the procession was formed it moved up Ludgate, and through Cheapside to Guildhall. In Cheapside the mob cried out—*off horses—off horses*;—this was a watch word for honouring Mr. Pitt, for, immediately his horses were unharnessed; his carriage was dragged by as many as could lay hold of it, and with shouts they conveyed the minister to Guildhall, where the procession terminated.

This unexpected effusion of popular admiration must, without doubt, be ascribed to the late splendid victory off Trafalgar, for Mr. Pitt has been by no means popular this summer.

This is an old frolic of the sovereign people, but, so far as I recollect, it has never been played off in America upon any of our *great patriots*.

At Guildhall the company dined, and the ceremony was concluded by a ball, which terminated the moment the clock struck twelve.

I am informed by one who was present at the dinner, that the memory of Lord Nelson was drunk with *three times three*; a solemn and profound silence ensued, and hardly a dry eye was to be seen in the room. I dare say that this apparent grief was real, for, in all the late rejoicings, gloom has covered the city, amidst processions, illuminations, and the peal of cannon.

## MR. NEWTON.

Nov. 10.—I have been this morning to a remote part of London, with my late fellow traveller, Mr. Townsend, to hear the venerable Mr. Newton preach; a man so well known by his writings, his singular life, and his intimacy with Cowper, that I need not inform you who he is. Mr. Newton is now about eighty-four years of age, and seems to be visited by a more than common share of the infirmities of declining life. His voice is feeble and low, and, because he is unable to support his own weight, he leans over the cushion, while a man stands behind him in the pulpit, to aid him in changing his position. I can hardly give a distinct account of his subject, for his discourse seemed to be little more than *the breathings* of his pious soul, already about to take its last flight. He hinted at his own imbecility, by a remark to this effect, that if any thing which he had uttered should prove useful to the soul of the meanest one before him, that person might consider himself as well rewarded, for coming to hear even such a poor *lisper* as he was. In his concluding prayer, he repeatedly mentioned the king, under the appellation of *our good king*, and he alluded to the slave trade, by praying that the parliament might be influenced to repeal laws contrary to the scriptures, and calculated to support cruelty and oppression. It is no wonder he should feel this subject lying with great weight on his mind, for, if he is not the only slave trader who ever became a good man, he is probably the only one who ever became a preacher. I was seriously gratified at having seen good old Mr. Newton; he will not stay much longer

in this world, for the flame of life is sinking into its socket, and even now trembles over the wick.

Mr. Newton has a church in the establishment in Lombard-street; the house is small, but neat, and the congregation to-day was not numerous.

#### CARICATURE PRINTS.

Nov. 12.—Notwithstanding the proverbial gravity and reserve of the English, perhaps no nation is more fond of humour, wit and even buffoonery. The productions of many of their writers prove that they have talents as well as taste for the two former, and the living manners of the country evince that they are not less fond of the latter, nor less qualified to excel in the various arts connected with it. Their clowns, harlequins, fools and merry fellows, of every description, so frequent in the theatres of London, cannot fail to disturb the gravest muscles, and there is a sort of broad palpable humour, not always the most decent, and never the most refined, connected frequently with a kind of *corporeal* wit, which never fails to obtain the applause, of at least a portion of the audience. I have seen instances of this *bodily* exercise, received with delight, which ought to have been hissed for their indecency. There is another manner in which the English manifest their love of mirth; I allude to the ludicrous pictures known by the name of caricature prints. It is not necessary to say what they are, for, after they have had their day in London, they are exported to other countries, and there is hardly a barber's shop in America, whose walls are not decorated with these visible effusions of wit. The English are famed, all the world over, for this species of

satire; and although they sometimes excite mirth at the expense of decency, it must be confessed they have a wonderful faculty at finding out, and exhibiting the ridiculous side of a subject. The daily novelties of this kind, hung out in the windows of the print shops in London, have often induced me to stop, when I ought to have gone about my business, and there is no species of exhibition in the town, which is more apt to collect a crowd of spectators. There is one shop, near the Exchange, which is famous for caricature prints; they not only display them at the windows, but a volume of these prints may be hired there for an evening's amusement. The license which is taken in this way with men in power, and people of rank and fashion, not excepting even the king and royal family, would be astonishing, did we not know the free spirit of the country; for an Englishman is not contented with the assertion and enjoyment of his rights; he must be allowed to make those ridiculous whom he hates or despises, and even the throne is not always sacred. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, are every where to be seen, and you will find all the spirit and character of their countenances, preserved in their caricatures.

The invasion has been a fruitful field of entertainment for the lovers of caricature, but, this theme has now become trite and the most recent political events have been of too solemn and momentous a character to admit of being made the subjects of mirth. Hence, caricatures on life and manners are at present, principally in vogue.—Among other things, ladies, riding on *donkies*, with their trails sweeping the ground, and a servant following to castigate the restive animal, are now seen in the windows.

The English do not spare their own national follies, and the points of ridicule which either truth or ill nature has connected with them; John Bull is a standing subject, and there is something in his honest but surly character, as well as in his grave phiz and clumsy person, which is displayed to great advantage in caricature.

There is one political circumstance, which has excited much attention in London, within the last six months; I allude to the charges of embezzling public money which have been brought forward, although not substantiated, against Lord Melville, better known with you, by the name of Harry Dundas. The satyrists of the town have not, however, waited for parliamentary investigation; a minister is always fine game, and if a Scotchman, as in this instance, so much the better; they have therefore exhausted this subject, by every possible form of ludicrous exhibition, and Scotland, which most Englishmen love to ridicule, has always come in for a share. The noble lord is made to appear in the highland kelt, plaid and cap, and at one time, he is running away with a bag of guineas upon his shoulder, and, at another, he is vomiting English gold, after receiving a draught of Mr. Whitbread's porter, for, Whitbread, the great English brewer, is a member of the house of Commons, and brought forward the charges against lord Melville.

I have purchased a few caricature prints to-day, some of which have amused me much.

One of them is entitled, *the plumb pudding in danger*. The globe, with its parallels, oceans, and countries, is turned out upon a plate, smoking like a plumb pudding, and Bonaparte and Mr. Pitt are sitting down to dine upon it. With lean and craving features, and eyes starting for-

ward with eager expectancy, they do not wait for ceremonies, but Mr. Pitt, with a stupendous knife and fork, is slicing off the oceans, while Napoleon with his sword, carves all Europe for himself.

Another presents a satire on life and manners, and the subject is not local or temporary. There are two pictures which form a pair. The first is courtship. It is a parlour scene. The happy lovers are elegantly dressed and the lady is singing a tender strain to the music of the harp, on which she is at the same time performing, while her admirer, with looks of devotion and delight, is holding the music book, and she is straining her neck to see the notes, which he, without perceiving what he is about, holds, just in the position which is most inconvenient for her. On the wall hangs the picture of the God Hymen—Cupid is joyfully assorting his arrows—the thermometer indicates a cheering temperature in the apartment—the oranges, shrubs and geraniums are verdant and flourishing—a pair of doves in a cage are billing and cooing, and the very dog and cat, as if smitten with the mighty influence, are looking at each other, and essaying feats of mirth and gaiety. The other picture presents a sorrowful contrast; it is entitled marriage. The married pair are exhibited in very negligent attire—he a sloven, and she a slattern; he lounging upon a sofa, in his gown and slippers, with the breakfast table by his side, is selfishly devouring his meal, and, at the same time poring over a newspaper, while she, with looks of discontentment, is violently thrumming a tune upon the piano, and singing to her own music, which, upon inspecting the book before her, we find to be “*matrimony, a dirge.*”

On looking for the picture of Hymen we find its face turned to the wall—Cupid is weeping—the doves are in a quarrel—the shrubs droop—the dog and cat are fighting—a frightful nurse is shaking a rattle, to still a crying infant, and the thermometer is sunk below cypher.

Punning is generally a contemptible business, but, I have seen a pun to-day, which appeared not to be below the dignity of a caricature print. You must know that among the English volunteers, raised to meet the threatened invasion, there is a considerable proportion of men, so corpulent that the country has full security against their running away, in the day of battle, for the very good reason that they cannot. Some of the officers would rival fat Sir<sup>n</sup>John. One of them, a major, of enormous bulk, has been recently drawn in caricature. They have given a full length portrait of the major, equipped for a review, at the same time exaggerating his size even beyond the common scale of extravagance, and underneath is written :

The *major*—part of a volunteer corps.

The political parties are often caricatured in the persons of their leaders. The celebrated orator Mr. Sheridan has a very florid face, which, whether truly or not, is by public opinion, imputed to conviviality. He is in the opposition and is a brilliant and facetious as well as eloquent man.

I have seen him caricatured thus. He is represented in the form of a bottle of wine, his likeness appearing upon the side of the bottle, which, in allusion both to his name and sanguine complexion, is labelled *old Sherry*.—Mr. Pitt is represented as drawing the cork, which he is doing with much grimace and effort, and as the cork, yielding to the force of the screw, begins to make a few

breathing holes for the imprisoned gas, (a liberty of the artist, for Sherry is not a sparkling wine) the foaming spray rushes forth to the ceiling in violent jets of froth and the diverging mist is labelled in different parts—*falsehoods—stale wit—bombast—borrowed puns, &c.* or other similar expressions. The piece is entitled **PITT UNCORKING OLD SHERRY.**

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### No. LXIX.—LONDON.

A great brewery—Royal Institution—Professors Davy and Allen—Invasion of England—Domestic manners in London—Dangers in London—Funerals—Coffee Houses and seclusion in a great city—Booksellers and Philosophical Instrument makers—Fruits—An incident—Reflections.

*Nov. 13.*—Among the numerous interesting things in London, the breweries had never, as yet, come under my observation. Not that I felt no interest in these important manufactories, but like many other objects of curiosity here, they had never been attended to, because no convenient season had occurred, and I believe I should have left London without seeing them at all, had not the wishes of a manufacturing friend in America led me to attend to certain particulars of the process.

I happened to possess the means of an easy introduction to the brewery of Meux and Co. and every thing was explained to me with the greatest civility. The process is substantially the same with that which is practised in our cities on a smaller scale.

The barley is first converted into malt, by steeping it in water, and spreading it out on a floor, where it lies till it has begun to vegetate; at a certain period of the vegetation, the farinaceous matter of the barley becomes converted into a substance resembling sugar, and, if the vegetation were suffered to proceed, this saccharine matter would become sour, but, before this takes place, the barley is removed to another floor, where, by a judicious application of heat, it is dried; the vegetation ceases, the chemical changes of the barley are arrested, and malt, the substance thus produced, although nearly the same in its external form, is totally different in its chemical properties. It contains substances of several kinds but the principal one and that which is chiefly important to the brewer, is sugar.

The malt is ground, and is then steeped in large tubs, with constant stirring, either by machinery or by hand; this process is called mashing. The infusion thus obtained is called wort, and this is mixed with hops and boiled, till the hydrometer indicates it to be sufficiently strong, when it is drawn off and placed in large shallow vats, to cool; the cooling is much accelerated by agitation, and by constant currents of air, admitted through proper apertures. After being cooled, it is again drawn off, and deposited in large vats to ferment, and yeast is added to enable the fermentation to begin.

Hitherto there is no spirit in the liquor; it is merely an infusion of malt and hops. Soon after being transferred into these vats, it begins to ferment; froth covers the surface, and carbonic acid gas is extricated in abundance.— This being heavier than common air, runs over the sides of the vats, in a constant stream, which immediately ex-

tinguishes a candle, and destroys any animal held in its course. If this fermentation be not stopped at a certain point, viz. that at which the spirituous principle is completely formed, an acid will be generated, and the spirit of wine will become vinegar.

To prevent this, it is necessary to cut off, in a great measure, the communication with the atmosphere, and therefore the liquor is drawn off into vats, where it is kept till it is put into barrels to be carried to the consumer.

The buildings, the machinery, and the various means necessary for accomplishing all this on the largest scale, formed the subject of my observation this morning. It will be unnecessary to enter into minute details, for a few facts will convince you of the magnitude of the establishment.

Except the transferring of the liquor into barrels and carrying it about the city, all the work of the brewery is performed by steam-engines, of which there are here two; one has the power of thirty horses, and the other that of forty-four; still one hundred and fifty men are employed, besides seventy or eighty dray-horses, which go about London to distribute the liquor, and do other services connected with the manufactory. When we speak of a London dray-horse, we must understand an animal which in size resembles an elephant rather than a horse; they are from sixteen to eighteen hands high, and wonderfully large in every proportion.

There are in this brewery seventy-one large vats to contain the beer after it is manufactured. The smallest vat contains about three thousand barrels, and the largest

twenty thousand.\* They are all about twenty-seven feet high; the largest is sixty-seven feet in diameter; a coach and four might turn round in it, and a vessel of one hundred tons might float on the surface of the liquor; it is begirt with iron hoops, the smallest of which weighs a ton, and the largest three tons; a numerous party has dined in the vat; it cost ten thousand pounds sterling; the liquor which it holds is worth forty thousand pounds, and, of course, when it is full it is worth fifty thousand. The year before the last, they brewed in this establishment one hundred seventy thousand four hundred and three barrels. After stating these facts, it is quite superfluous to expatiate on the magnitude of the manufactory.

There is only one in London on a more extensive plan; I allude to the brewery of Whitbread and Co.; this however is not much larger, and it has no vat of so great capacity. It has once brewed two hundred thousand barrels in a year, but does not generally brew more than Meux and Co's. It has a steam-engine of the power of seventy horses, and the cisterns for cooling the liquor, would, if extended on the ground, cover about five acres.

Besides a multitude of smaller breweries, there are in London twelve of these capital establishments; the two

\* Sept. 1818. A considerable number of persons have expressed to me their surprise, and some even their incredulity at the size of the porter vats mentioned in the text. I can do nothing towards confirming the statements by reasserting their truth, but an incidental confirmation may be within the recollection of most persons. It is not long since the public prints informed us of the bursting of some of these great vats; the consequence was an instantaneous and frightful deluge, which swept away some of the contiguous buildings—drowned several persons and suffocated others by the sudden extrication of carbonic acid gas.

most important I have already mentioned. Three of the others brew above one hundred thousand barrels per annum, and the rest from that quantity to thirty thousand.

Such are the establishments, which supply so large a part of the civilized world with the nutritious malt liquors.

The old prejudice in favour of the Thames water is perfectly unfounded; most of the water consumed in the breweries of both Meux and Whitbread comes from the new river, or from private pumps and springs. We must look to other considerations for the reason why London porter is really superior to that of other places. In such old and extensive establishments, there can be no doubt, that experience has taught them the best methods of malting, of making the infusion, of mixing and proportioning the bitter principle, and of regulating the fermentation; and when superior skill is carried through every department of a manufactory, and through every step of the processes, there can be no wonder that the result should be influenced in a correspondent degree. There is one circumstance which will, in all probability, continue to give the London breweries an advantage over all other establishments of the kind. The liquor is fermented in such large quantities, that this all important process is more perfectly performed than it can be in the smaller establishments of America, and of the British provincial towns. I allude more to the slow fermentation which goes on insensibly after the liquor is placed in the vats, than to the rapid change which first produces the alcohol.

Immense quantities of porter and beer are consumed in London; they are very cheap and nutritious, and nothing is more common than to see carmen and carriers in London stopping their work for a short time, and refreshing

themselves with a pint of porter and a lunch of wheat bread.

The porter drinkers of London reject the liquor unless it foams, or *has a head*, as they call it. It is said that it will not froth in this manner, unless about one drachm of copperas is mixed with every twenty-seven gallons of strong beer.

There can be little doubt that porter, from its nutritious qualities, contributes much to that florid and robust appearance which the English labouring people possess in so remarkable a degree, and which is found more or less in all ranks.

The common people of England drink but little ardent spirit, because its excessive dearness places it almost beyond their reach. Happy would it be for every country if it could be obtained only as a medicine, and were wholly banished as a beverage. In our country its effects are dreadful, because every man can procure it. It is not to be doubted that people may become intoxicated by malt liquors, and numbers of the common people in England are bloated and stupified in this manner; but to those who use them with any degree of moderation, they prove, in consequence of their saccharine, mucilaginous and other nutritious principles, highly friendly to life and only moderately stimulating, while mere spirit, scarcely capable of supporting life at all, except for a short time and in extreme circumstances, subverts the constitution, and draws after it an appalling train of moral and physical evils.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION AND PROFESSORS DAVY  
AND ALLEN.

I have esteemed it no small misfortune that PROFESSOR DAVY,\* who although a very young man, has already filled Europe with his well earned fame, has been absent from London, during the whole time of my residence in it, till within a day or two. He has been travelling abroad, and recently, in Ireland. This morning, under the guidance of a scientific friend, I went to the Royal Institution on purpose to see Professor Davy, and found him in his laboratory, surrounded by apparatus, and in the midst of the occupations of his profession. He received me with much ease and affability; his manners are perfectly polite, easy and unassuming. He enquired concerning Dr. Woodhouse of Philadelphia, who visited London in 1802, and whose pupil I had since been. I was not less pleased with Professor Davy, as a man, than I had before been interested in him as a chemist and philosopher. We spent a short time, in conversing on chemical topics and on his late tour in Ireland, and he shewed me a new article of apparatus which he had then recently invented. He is about twenty five, and his appearance is even more youthful than would be expected from his years. His reputation is very high here, and without doubt deservedly.

The obscure town of Penzance in Cornwall where you may remember I was on the 6th and 7th of September has the honour of giving him birth. Without a University education, he has, as I am informed, risen to his present em-

\* NOW SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, and since the date of my text, rendered illustrious, by many scientific labours and discoveries.—  
Sept. 1818.

inence from a humble situation ; he is now very much caressed by the great men of London, and by the fashionable world, and it is certainly no small proof of his merit, that he has so early attained such favour and can bear it without intoxication.

In the afternoon I heard at the Institution a perspicuous and interesting lecture from Professor William Allen, on the general properties of matter. This gentleman, whom I had before met in private society is much distinguished for talent, science and worth, and is highly esteemed in the Metropolis.\*

The audience was composed of people of all ages, and of both sexes ; about half were females and most of these were young ladies. There seems to be at present in London, a disposition to encourage a taste for the sciences, by giving them a popular air ; there can be no danger that the dignity of science will be degraded so long as this duty is committed to able hands, and it would certainly be happy if the attractions of literature and scientific recreation could effectually decoy the fashionable people of London away from scenes of amusement, where delicacy is perpetually violated, all serious impressions are banished, and frivolity and thoughtlessness take their place.

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Before leaving London finally, I shall make a few remarks, either upon topics not touched upon before, or in

\* This gentleman is one of the three quakers or friends whom the Emperor Alexander, during his visit to London in 1814, honoured with marks of his particular regard, and after whom he enquired with much interest while conferring in Paris with Mr. Clarkson, on the subject of introducing common schools into his empire 1818.

farther illustration of some already mentioned. In doing this, I shall bring together things unconnected with this part of my narrative, and often as little connected with each other; but this is in itself of little importance.

#### INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Ever since the commencement of the French revolution, the invasion of England has been threatened, by the successive factions and governments which have prevailed in France. The destruction of the French navy in various engagements, from the conflicts of single ships up to those of vast fleets, and the consequent almost complete dominion of the seas, acquired by Britain, had caused these threats to be disregarded, and although often repeated, and with increased violence of language, the attempt was so obviously quixotic, that the very word *invasion* became associated with ideas of ridicule and contempt, and was scarcely mentioned in England, but with a laugh or a sneer. Similar impressions you know existed in America; even those who wished the invasion of England, feared it would never happen; and those who, viewing England as the last refuge of liberty in Europe, foresaw in her destruction the extinction of the hopes of nations, quietly dismissed their fears, and confidently believed that the Gallic standard would never again wave over the fields of Albion.

The accession of Napoleon in 1800, revived this project, and although his angry and uncourteous menaces, addressed at his own levee, to Lord Whitworth, in 1802 or 1803, were considered as merely the effect of passion; the tremendous character of the man, and the still more tremendous resources at his command, a command which put in requisition all talent and science for counsel and

plan, and the entire physical force of his subjects, the complete sum of human muscle and bone, for execution, threw a secret dread over the minds of men, that the invasion, ceasing to be viewed as a farce, might still be acted in deep and awful tragedy.

The progress of the present war had been signalized by no events of magnitude; it was a state of comparatively quiet hostility; the opposite shores of the modern Rome and Carthage frowned defiance upon each other, and each reposed in the proud consciousness of its own strength.

The fleets of Britain indeed hovered over the shores of France; they looked in at her harbours, and sometimes threw their shot and shells into her maritime towus. But, they were never able entirely to prevent the sailing of ships, and even of squadrons, the remnants of the French navy, or those created by Napoleon. His efforts, directed with unceasing energy to this object, had already produced a large number of ships of war, and he aspired to nothing less than the empire of the seas. The achievements of the little Rochefort squadron, are still fresh in the minds of all. It was perhaps only a tentative effort, and it appeared now possible, that a French squadron should repeatedly traverse the ocean in safety.

The junction of a large French with a large Spanish division of ships being at length effected, the two formed a combined fleet, very formidable, both for numbers and efficiency. This fleet boldly put to sea, and I have witnessed, through this whole summer, the intense anxiety with which its destination, long a painful secret, was enquired for in England. In fact, for months, this country was, to the last degree, solicitous concerning this fleet, and her most renowned admiral, covered equally with

scars and honours, (both the legacies of victory,) with a large division of the best ships in the English navy, twice traversed the whole length of the mediterranean, and twice the breadth of the atlantic, without being able to come up with the formidable foe. Towards the end of summer, the safe return of this fleet to Europe was announced. It was in a fine state of preparation, with crews recently inured to the seas, and threatened to the English, they knew not what novel danger.

All these remarks have a direct bearing on what I am now to state.

The French emperor had prepared a vast flotilla at Boulogne, and other ports of France and Holland, contiguous to England. Armies which counted by hundreds of thousands, had, all summer, lined the French coast, and the array of war bristled and glittered from her maritime hills.

The troops were the best in the world, fully provided with the means of annoyance, and marshalled by officers of the first talent and experience. England, dimly visible from some points of the French coast, but intensely visible to the inflamed imagination of every soldier; hated with hereditary rancour, desired with immense cupidity; charged by France with a debt of blood, which for nearly a thousand years had scarcely ceased to flow; conquered once by a French invasion, and given in booty to the followers of the Norman;—England, contemplated with such feelings, was the prize held out by Napoleon to his armies, and from which they were separated only by a narrow sea.

It was true, it was not England distracted by faction, and led by a vacillating Harold; it was England, firm,

loyal and powerful, that was to be assailed ; but if the difficulties were immensely greater, so was the prize ; another doomsday book was already in imagination prepared ; and the palaces, villas, and manors of England, and above all, the unparalleled wealth of London, were, in anticipation, already divided among the followers of Napoleon.

The pursuit, after the combined fleet, had left the channel, in a singular degree, unprotected ; a battle gained over the pursuing fleet of England, or an unexpected return of the combined fleet to the channel, where there was no force equal to meeting it ; either of these circumstances would obviously favour the passage of the invading army, especially as it was to sail from several and from distant points, and a fair wind and thick weather, of a few hours continuance, might again bring an invading foe to the English coast, (an event, which Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans had before caused England to realize.)

At this crisis, that is, in July and August, while the combined fleet was unaccounted for, and the channel much less protected than common, while Napoleon, with his immense armies and flotillas, in high preparation, menaced hourly invasion ; it was then, (whatever may be thought of it in America,) that the English anxiously expected, for weeks, to hear the alarm of war. For weeks, hundreds of thousands of volunteers, all over the kingdom, mustered every day ; the government issued orders that every man should be at his post, and if any person, liable to do military duty, left his own house, even for an hour, he was required to leave a card stating where he might be found ; the government, in form, announced its expectation of invasion, and the people also, most evidently expected the event. At one time the bathing places

on the southern coast were deserted; the possessors of villas on the shores retired, or prepared to retire into the country, and the aspect of people in London was grave, collected and anxious. Carriages and horses of all descriptions, whether kept for pleasure, convenience, or mere utility, were held in constant requisition; they were numbered and registered, and at the moment of alarm would have been put into immediate activity to convey troops to the coast. An hundred thousand men could thus have been brought within a few hours to any point, and three times that number within as many days.

Telegraphs, and signal stations, and heaps of combustibles, occupied all the maritime heights, and similar modes of speedy, I had almost said of instantaneous communication, were established through the interior.

My own little concerns were arranged as far as possible with reference to a sudden departure from London, and places of refuge were contemplated.

During my late visit to the continent, I learned that on that side of the water the invasion was confidently expected to take place. It was stated to me from high authority, that the invading army was expected to sail in three divisions; one from Holland, to go north to Scotland; another to land about the Humber, and the main army to go directly across the channel; the two former divisions were intended, doubtless, to distract the country, and as diversions from the main attack, whose first object would have been London.

The division that was to have sailed from Holland, as I believe I have elsewhere remarked, was actually embarked, with their artillery, horses and baggage, and for weeks were every hour expecting orders to sail.

I have already stated, that the successful negotiations of Mr. Pitt, for whose issue the country has been anxiously waiting, had produced a new continental effort, and exposed France, in her turn, to the danger of invasion, by the Germans and Russians. The vast armies which were already collected in Germany, left Napoleon no alternative but to abandon the invasion of England, and without delay to direct every effort towards Austria.

Swift as an eagle, and fierce as a lion robbed of his prey, Napoleon, in fewer days than most leaders would have taken months, indignantly withdrew his armies from the coasts, and poured "the military deluge" towards the banks of the Danube. Already have we heard the astonishing result of the first act of the drama. An army of one hundred thousand men, discomfited and broken, and the rapid conqueror pushing his astonished enemies before him. Scarcely ninety days, and he menaced London—now he is all but in Vienna.

This anxious summer, probably one of the most anxious that has been for a long time experienced in England, was thus terminated by the signal defeat of the allies at Ulm; thus the fears of invasion, which the march of Napoleon to Germany in a great measure dissipated, were likely to be again revived, with additional gloom, and it is rare that the public mind is, in any community, more depressed, than it was three weeks ago, in this country.

The recent victory at Trafalgar, by which the combined fleet, the object of so much anxiety, is in a sense annihilated, has revived the spirits of the nation, and has probably done more to prevent any attempt at invasion, than any successes on land could have done.

Had the hostile armies actually effected a landing in England, it is not, perhaps, so easy as some imagine, to predict the result. Till the late expedition to Egypt, the English army was low in military experience; but the survivors from that affair, and from the various scenes of service, in both the Indies and on the continent of Europe, are few, compared with the entire aggregate of a great army. Indeed, most, even of the regular troops, are without experience, and the militia and volunteers are, of course, in the same situation.

If then even the regular army would have had sufficient reason to dread a meeting with the heroes of Lodi and Marengo, what could be expected from the militia and volunteers! The volunteers especially, (although no one can doubt their patriotism, their loyalty, and their hatred of the enemy,) how can they, with the habits of citizens, unaccustomed to privations, fatigues, and dangers, and without confidence in their officers, or in one another; how can they contend with men inured to hardship; familiar with danger and death, and possessing that artificial courage which arises from perfect confidence in their officers and companions in arms. Indeed, contemplating the volunteer corps, as I have often done at their reviews, I have thought with pain of the dreadful havoc which would be made among them by the myrmidons of Napoleon, and of the costly sacrifice of men, clothed with all the social relations, and encircled with all the ties of civil and domestic life, before they could possibly acquire the experience necessary to save them from being circumvented by the stratagems and manœuvres of regular war.

Thus, deviating from my usual course, I have sketched my views of this interesting crisis in the affairs of this

country, thinking it possible, that at the distance of three thousand miles, and through the imperfect medium of newspapers, you may not have viewed it exactly as it appears to myself.

I have little doubt that the energy and patriotism of England would ultimately triumph in such a contest, but who dares reckon the amount of woe which must precede the catastrophe.

Happily it is now in all probability averted, and it may be, that the summer of 1805 will be the last, in which the invasion of England will be even threatened by France.\*

#### DOMESTIC MANNERS IN LONDON.

In some of my former remarks, I have mentioned that English manners are commonly cool and distant towards a stranger. This is a trite complaint; in a qualified sense it is true, but we ought rather to speak of these manners as those of London, than as the manners of England at large. The immense size of London, and the vast resort of strangers to it, lay very heavy obligations of civility upon those whose situations require them to exercise hospitality. Impositions also, in many forms, are practised, and it is not surprising, that, from both causes, the Londoner should be habitually cool and circumspect, and that he should care very little to make himself interesting to persons who possibly bring him neither pleasure nor advantage, and who are forced upon his acquaintance by the laws of civility. If every allowance is made, I think we

\* Little was it at that time anticipated, that within nine years an English army would occupy Paris, and that Napoleon would become a solitary exile on a barren rock in the ocean. Sept. 1818.

ought to give them some credit for being as civil as they are. In many instances, however, a stranger experiences much kindness, and the most useful services. The men of science and learning are generally affable and polite, especially to strangers, and nothing can be more easy than the deportment at the literary levees of London. Except in a few solitary and peculiar cases, a stranger can acquire no domestic familiarity in London. He sees those to whom he is introduced at dinner only, or at evening routs, and there is no other access to families, except for morning calls; there is no such thing as a familiar evening call to pass an hour. I am aware that these are the manners of great cities every where, only they are observed with more strictness as towns are larger. In London, there are generally no handles on the doors of the houses; they are constantly bolted or barred, day and night, and a man cannot obtain access to his own house, except by knocking, or ringing for a servant.

In villages and country residences, the precautions are fewer, and the manners freer, and, as I have before stated, instances of spontaneous confidence even in strangers, are not uncommon.

Indeed, the manners differ so little from those of our country, that an American is quite at home, and he is amused to hear even the same forms of rustic salutation; the same sage remarks upon the weather and the news, and the same *good jokes*, wise saws, and mirthful stories, which at home he has often heard quoted as original.— Even the plays of boys and children are much the same, and blind man's buff is older than magna charta.

## DANGERS IN LONDON.

To a sober and circumspect man, the dangers of London are almost nothing. If you are going, by night, into crowds, or any where on foot, leave your money at home, except what you want for immediate use; either leave your watch, or drop the chain into the fob; if you have valuable papers or a pocket book, carry it in a pocket in the breast of your coat; button your coat, if in a crowd, and if danger be apprehended, fold your arms, and let one hand rest on the pocket book. The pocket handkerchief may be in danger, but the loss of this is not serious, and even this may be prevented by wearing it in a pocket opening within the skirt of the coat, or in extreme cases in the bosom. By observing these precautions, I have never lost any thing in London.

As to personal insults, I presume that to men in their senses, who resort to no improper places, and avoid occasions of offence, they are very few indeed. Engagements of civility and business, and at public places, have led me much over London on foot, at most hours of night, as well as day, and I never met with any adventure involving the smallest anxiety, or implying a disposition to injury or insult. None of our cities are safer than London.

## FUNERALS.

There is no tolling of bells or other public notice of funerals in London, except in the case of distinguished people. The great bell of St. Paul's tolls for the death of the Bishop of London, or of one of the royal family; but, in general, funerals pass quietly along, and almost unobserved, unless attention is attracted by the pageantry

which occasionally attends them. It is common, in great cities, that neighbours know little of one another. Yet the following circumstance struck me rather painfully. Coming out of the door of my lodgings I almost ran against a coffin, which they were bringing out of the next door, distant only a few inches, and separated by nothing but a partition wall. Yet the people in our house knew nothing of the death, nor even of the family which was so near to them.

Funerals are *got up*, so to speak, in much style, for those whose friends are able, and willing to pay the expense. You will occasionally meet a pageant of this kind. Long rows of coaches entirely black inside and out, without any bright metallic furniture, drawn by horses which are also perfectly black, and in black harness, black plumes nodding from their heads, and attended by long rows of undertakers and hired mourners in the sable livery of the grave, strike one with a solemn impression even in the bustle of London, and notwithstanding it is notorious, that the mourning coaches are often empty, and that most of those who appear as mourners, are really rejoicing at heart at an occurrence which is regarded in a light strictly professional, as a means of obtaining money. That this opinion is not very uncharitable, may perhaps appear by the following occurrence.

Just at evening, one day, I happened to pass through a church yard in London. Mourning coaches stood at hand, and some of the sable-dressed men who unfeelingly perform the last rites for the dead, were, at that moment engaged in lowering a coffin into the grave. Another undertaker accidentally came up, and stopped as I did. "Ah! (said he, addressing himself to the principal actor,) so

Jack you have got a *job* at last!"—"O yes! (was the reply,) *I have, at last*, but it has been hard times with me—I have not had one in a month before!"

That this was their state of feeling I could not reasonably doubt before, but one would not have expected so gross an avowal of it.

#### LONDON COFFEE-HOUSES AND THE SECLUSION OF A GREAT CITY.

It is often remarked, that a stranger may live in more complete retirement in a great town than in a small one. In London a man might if he chose, live and die without even having his name known, to the very persons who minister to his wants.

During six months that I have lived principally in London, I have dined when in town, more or less every week, at a particular Coffee-house. The master and the servants have become so familiar with me, that they know my preferences and habits as to food, and obviously consider me as a steady guest; with the countenances of many of the other guests I am also familiar, but I have no reason to suppose that an individual there knows me: that any question was asked regarding me when I came, or that any enquiry will be made for me now that I have dined there, as I suppose, for the last time. Thus, in London a man may appear and disappear, like an apparition rising from the ground and then sinking into it again, and with as little knowledge on the part of the observer, and with much less of interest as to his origin or destination.

This Coffee-house, which is in Leicester Square, and a genteel house, but not extravagant, is just such a place as

a man bent on business and improvement would wish to find. Dinner is ready at all times from two o'clock to six. Within those hours you may consult your own convenience as to time. Tables are placed in little alcoves or recesses, where you can be by yourself if you choose. You are served, as soon as you come in, with a printed bill of fare, containing all the articles which are ever prepared at that house: of course they will not all be ready on a given day; you know which are prepared, by the prices being filled out in writing against them. Thus a selection is made by the guest according to his choice, and he knows beforehand, what his bill will be. If he prefers dining for one shilling and sixpence, this will give him a cut of roast beef, potatoes, bread, and beer or porter; he may add a cauliflower for six pence more, and a tart for six pence more, and a half pint of wine for one and three pence, or one and six pence more; thus one shilling and six pence will give him a meal sufficient to sustain his strength, two shillings and six pence will afford him some delicacies, and three shillings and nine pence or four shillings, the comfort of wine. It is a very great advantage, compared with the habits of our boarding-houses, that in London, one can exactly consult his own ability, fancy, and convenience, and you are not obliged, at such houses as I have described, to call for more wine than you wish to drink, nor indeed for any if you do not choose to do it.

The expense of living very comfortably in London, and with the advantage of a suit of furnished rooms, and your breakfast and tea in them, at your own hours, and without intrusion, is not greater than that at our first boarding-houses in America, nor indeed so great as at the

*very first* houses—and one may so manage as to make it much less.

In the mean time, you are not encumbered by the gregarious assemblage of persons, with whom you are obliged, in our boarding-houses, to sustain some conversation, and to whom you and your affairs will become in a degree known.

It is true you miss also some opportunities of information, and some interesting interviews; these, however, are not entirely precluded in the English houses; you may, without being considered intrusive, seek conversation with those whom you casually meet at the Coffee-houses.

#### BOOKSELLERS AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS.

You need not be informed that in London the bookselling trade is very extensive, and, as happens with other kinds of business, where the state of society has attained great maturity, it is divided in many instances, into distinct departments. Thus one establishment is devoted to the classics—another to medicine—another to juvenile books, &c. Most however are miscellaneous. The highest example of this kind is Lackington & Allen's, Finsbury Square, where the successive stories of a great house are thrown into one vast room, and books occupy the entire sides from the ground to the garret, and are seen at one view in this mighty quadrangle. They are approached by galleries with suitable stairs, and the sight is enough to make one dizzy, and to fill him with despair, considering how short is life and how extensive is knowledge.\*

\* *Ars longa, vita brevis, &c.*—Lord Bacon.

This collection is said to contain fifty thousand volumes—not very select probably, but embracing much that is valuable, and affording often the convenience of completing broken setts. Their sales, exchanges, &c. are said to amount to five hundred thousand volumes per annum.

A stranger who visits London to collect books, and has formed his ideas solely from the London catalogues, will be much disappointed, when he examines the actual establishments. He will be very far from finding at once all that is advertised. In collecting about one thousand five hundred volumes of select books, during the summer, and with the aid of a very active and intelligent man deeply versed in the mysteries of the trade, I have found much difficulty in discovering no small number of books. In some instances they have not been found at last on the shelves of the booksellers, but in stalls in the streets, or in neglected garrets.

The prices are by no means uniform, in different establishments, and still less is a uniform discount afforded for large orders and cash payments. One man perhaps allows but ten per cent. from his retail prices; another tempts you with twenty-five; but, on comparing the prices minutely, it is very possible the latter may be the least advantageous offer. It is necessary for a stranger to be very circumspect, and not to be in haste to form his contracts, till by a good deal of examination and comparison, he has ascertained the actual state of things.

This remark is still more applicable to the philosophical instrument makers, among whom there is a strong spirit of rivalry, and among some of them no small spirit of detraction. Establishments of this kind are numerous

in London, and I have found few of those engaged in them who allowed much merit to rival artists. Some, whose shops are not showy, make excellent instruments, and others, whose catalogues are much more extensive, and whose names sound more abroad, are less confided in at home. One very distinguished artist, to whom science has been much indebted,\* I found in a very plain shop, with no appearance of show about him; he is conspicuous for accurate instruments, such as extremely sensible balances. I enquired of him what he would charge for one that would turn with one-thousandth part of a grain; after some hesitation he replied sixty guineas. A stranger coming to London with expectations founded on the catalogues of apparatus, which he may have seen at home, will be much disappointed. He will find only a small proportion of the instruments ready made, and he will not find their quality in every instance the best. If he needs many instruments, and especially the more accurate—the more complicated and costly ones, he must, in general, wait for them to be made, and if he does not almost daily visit the artists, and inspect the progress of the work, and push it forward strenuously, he will wait till his patience is exhausted. I obtained in my own name some instruments for a philosophical man resident in London, because he said that he being known to reside there, could not get them done within perhaps a year or two, but that a stranger who must leave the country within a limited time, would much more readily command the services of the artists. This delay and want of punctuality, arise principally from the fact, that the heads of these establishments are dependant upon workmen who work at different shops in London, and are sometimes very faithless

\* Mr. Troughton.

and profligate. A distinguished artist said to me: "my best workmen are drunkards: I pay them off on Saturday night—they are drunk on Sunday—on Monday they are good for nothing, and it is well if they return soberly to their work by Tuesday; and if there are holidays of any description, and they can obtain money, they are sure to have a drunken frolic. Thus I am always, more or less, in their power, and cannot pledge myself for punctuality." We must not however infer, that they are all drunkards. Some of them are very sober and worthy, and it is from this description that the heads of new establishments arise.\*

\* 1818.—From a person of this description, a very able artist, I received a letter in 1809, which contained the following passage, the publication of which will give pleasure to those who value the American character, and I trust will be forgiven by the respected gentleman to whom the extract principally refers. "I shall now do myself the pleasure of acknowledging the satisfaction your letter gave me, by the assurances you have given, as to the general state of perfection of the instruments, particularly as they received the commendation and approbation of the truly scientific Dr. Prince, because it has a double credit attached to it, he not only having scientific knowledge, but an abundance of mechanical genius, theoretical and practical. I am enabled to say thus much, having a piece of his work, (I believe of his own hands,) made perhaps twenty-five years ago, and sent by him to the late George Adams, of Fleet-Street, as a model for him to give both vertical and horizontal motions to the body of the lucernal microscope. This piece of ingenious and well finished work was delivered, as a pattern, to the master with whom I served my apprenticeship, and at his death fell into my hands with many other things. Should I ever hear from you again, I hope you will be able to confirm my statement, in order that I may most carefully preserve and highly revere this specimen of work by my American brother." At my request, a friend called

Our venerable countryman, the Rev. Dr. Prince, of Salem, is well known among the London artists, and his talents and skill appear to be appreciated highly. Both the air-pump and the lucernal microscope, with his alterations and improvements, are constructed in London.

London probably contains some of the best philosophical artists in the world. Orders are received here for philosophical apparatus, from every part of Europe, as well as of America, and even as I have been assured on good authority from Paris itself.

#### FRUITS OF ENGLAND.

In a country visited by so little heat as England, one is surprised to find fruits of such variety and excellence.—Even the pine apple, that native of the tropical regions, is reared in hot houses in England, and with no contemptible flavour; the oranges and lemons of the green houses are beautiful to the eye, but not possessed of their own peculiar richness and flavour. But, not to take our examples from the artificial summers of the hot houses; we find the strawberry—gooseberry—currant and cherry—plum—pear—peach and apricot, in great excellence and several

on Dr. Prince, and “ascertained that he is, *in the strictest sense*, the maker of the model mentioned, and the author of the improvement specified. As he can find no artist in brass sufficiently exact for his purpose, he is under the necessity, and has been in the constant practice of forming that part of his philosophical instruments with his own hands. The uncertainty concerning the author, probably arose from this circumstance: Mr. Adams sent the model out of his hands, with only mentioning that it was the work of a clergyman, and he died without giving any farther information.”

These facts have been duly communicated to the English artist:

of these in many varieties. The peach is dear—sixpence being the lowest price for one, and not unfrequently a shilling is asked; as rarities and early in the season, they will bring a guinea each, and indeed almost any price. Their flavour is fine and their size large. They are not a hot house fruit, but I believe require a favourable exposure and some protection on the cold side. Several of the small fruits are cheap, as plums, gooseberries, cherries, &c. The melon is not raised in England, unless by force.—Apples are poor compared with our best; good apples, there may be in England, in particular situations, but they are rare, and their cider is too acid. Their perry is fine, and is often served at dinners; it is frequently brisk and considerably resembles some of the sparkling French wines. The best American apples, (such for instance as the Newtown pippin,) are imported into Britain, and sell at a high price.

#### AN INCIDENT.

A very eminent dissenting minister, distinguished as a writer and as a man of vigorous mind, had recently conferred upon him by one of our American Colleges, the degree of D. D.

Of the diploma I was the bearer, but not having had it in my power to visit the town where the gentleman resides, I took the liberty of writing to him and of transmitting the parchment. Within a few days I received a letter from him, containing an order on his bookseller, to furnish me with a complete set of his works, which are considerably numerous, for the library of the Institution which had conferred the degree, but at the same time requesting me to apologize for his declining to accept the

honour, intended him, on the ground that the diploma described him as skilled in arts, sciences and languages, whereas he remarked with much point, that he understood no one art nor science, nor any language but his mother tongue !

I think you will say that he deserved the Doctorate for his rare modesty and high minded integrity.

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The few hours which I had now remaining in London, were engrossed by business preparatory to my immediate and final departure from it. Although I have every reason to believe that I shall now leave it for ever, I am not disposed to indulge, on the occasion, those sentiments of regret which I cannot but feel. It is true that the life of a stranger in London presents much less to interest and attach his heart, than to gratify his curiosity and instruct his understanding. Yet there are those in this city, to whom I owe many obligations of gratitude and who have no weak hold on my affections ; and after making London my home during almost half a year, I find some degree of attachment associated with the very houses and streets, which I have so often passed in my daily walks.

## JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.



## No. LXX.—CAMBRIDGE.

Leave London—Epping forest—Autumnal hues—Old English houses—Cambridge—Incidents in the University—A supper with a Fellow—State of morals and discipline in the universities—An anecdote—Chapel of King's college—Effect of the painted glass on Gothic windows—Environs of Cambridge—Town—University buildings—Library of Trinity college—Statue of Sir Isaac Newton—Dining-halls—Senate house—University library—Comparison between English and American colleges—Honours of the university—Number of students—A convivial party—A Fellow wonders that an American can speak English—View of this subject—Academic party at whist—Botanical garden—Reflections—Laboratory—Novel course of instruction to illustrate arts and manufactures, by Professor Farish.

*Nov. 14.*—Now that I am arrived at one of the great seats of the muses, perhaps you will expect me to assume a loftier style, and to disdain my humble every day prose, but I shall not affect an inspiration which I do not feel, nor imagine that I am in the temple of Apollo, while I am really writing in the chamber of an inn.

My ride to day from London, carried me out of the metropolis at Shoreditch church, and through Clapton, Epping forest and the village of Epping. Epping forest was once the seat of those manly sports, to which the less refined princes of England were so much addicted. This tract is said to be forty miles in circumference; there is still a great deal of wood upon it, and it is apparently

wild and unsubdued land, a fit region for deer, which are still found in Epping forest.

Not one considerable or interesting place occurred between London and Cambridge, nor did my companions in the coach, either attempt or encourage conversation. In Epping forest, we dropped a very civil old man, who seemed disposed to tell me all he knew of the country, and, from that time, all conversation ceased, and I was left wholly to my own reflections. The country seats were not numerous, but at Littlebury, we passed a magnificent one, called Audley-end, belonging to Lord Braybroke. It was anciently a monastery.

The face of the country was so far varied with hill and dale, as to afford variety of views, and the soil appeared generally good. But nature is putting on *her sober livery*, and the forests and groves, already changed by the autumnal frosts, present a great variety of hues, while the evergreens, exempted from the general decays of vegetable nature, afford a striking contrast to the russet leaves around them. The weather is becoming cold, although the sun has shone to day with brilliancy.

The houses which occurred on the road, were constructed principally in the ancient English style, that is, with walls of earth, filling up the intervals between the timbers; in many instances they were covered with lime, and the stories projected one over another. The roofs of such houses are usually thatched; the windows are small, and are glazed with diamond glass set in lead. Indeed, we do not need the evidence of history to prove that two or three centuries have produced a wonderful change in the comfort of living in England, for a modern English house

scarcely admits of a comparison, in this respect, with an ancient one.

It was nearly dark when we entered Cambridge, and as we passed rapidly by, I could merely distinguish the buildings of the university from those of the town.

After tea, I took a guide and went to the apartments of a man well known to the philosophical and literary world. Unfortunately for me, he was engaged, and I spent only a few minutes in his society. But those few minutes were sufficient, to convince me that one of the most common "*miserics*" of a college life—*unwelcome and inconvenient interruption*—is experienced here with equal frequency, as in our colleges, and that it is not always borne with more patience and courtesy. I mention this trivial circumstance, because being the very first thing that occurred to me in the University, it struck me forcibly as peculiarly appropriate, while I mean to cast no censure on the highly respectable individual, who did just as, probably, almost all college men sometimes do.

Arrived at the door of — College, I was shewn up stairs, where a single lamp imperfectly lighted a long entry, at the termination of which, my name was announced, by the servant of the house, as I entered a room, where a large grave looking man sat writing behind a tin screen that intercepted the light and put the rest of the room and myself in eclipse. Who! exclaimed this gentleman (as the servant dropped my ill sounding name) and his voice and manner indicated extreme impatience, for I dare say he supposed me some intrusive pupil.

By this time I had advanced up to the desk, and presented my letter to the Dr. in his seat which he never quitted. I said nothing, already heartily wishing myself any

where else. "Who is it from?" continued he, in the same tone and manner and with a loud voice. I replied, from Mr. ———, mentioning a name which I knew would command his respect. Oh! said he, as he broke the seal, and with a voice and manner wonderfully softened, "sit you down," "sit you down." I did so—the letter was read and a little conversation ensued—an apology was made for not seeing me longer at that time, because of the necessity of finished letters before the post should go out. The introductory letter which I brought was enclosed to one of the Professors, to whom it contained a request from the writer that I might be introduced, and I was desired to call on *him*. An invitation was given that I would again call on himself "tomorrow or at any other, time"—"taking my chance," as he expressed himself, of seeing him.—My lodgings were not enquired for, and I felt no very strong disposition to encounter any more *chances*, under the same circumstances. I immediately withdrew, fearing that if all the University men should be equally engaged, and equally frank, I should hardly have courage to make my way among them.\*

We went next to the apartments of Mr. C———, a Fellow of Bennet College, to whom also I came introduced. He was not to be found, and while the servant went to call the college porter, to inquire for him, I remained waiting at the door. It was very dark, and as I heard some one coming down stairs, I withdrew towards the middle of the court, that I might not excite suspicion by loitering in the passage, without any ostensible object. The person who came down followed me slowly, with an

\* Five minutes finished my acquaintance with this gentleman for I heard nothing more of him.

appearance of caution and apprehension; at length he ventured up to me, and with a loud and menacing voice, demanded, "*who's there?*" A glimpse of such an athletic figure as that from which the voice came, would have made me civil, had I been otherwise disposed, and I at once informed him who I was, and whom I sought, and you may easily believe that I was gratified, when he informed me that he himself was the man. This singular introduction proved a very pleasant circumstance, and produced a degree of familiarity, which made us acquainted at once. We resorted to Mr. C——'s apartment, and his cordial and polite deportment gave me a favourable impression of the manners of the university.

As I had another call to make, I withdrew, after a pleasant interview, and an appointment was made for meeting again.

An introduction to Mr. ——, a Fellow of Caius, or, as they here pronounce it, Key's College, led me to that institution, where, not finding him in, I left my card, and retired to my Inn. There being no fire in the parlour, I ordered one in my bed chamber, and was quietly writing by it, when a servant brought me a message from the Fellow upon whom I had last called, saying that he was now at home, and wished me to call on him. As it was by this time past nine o'clock, I returned for answer, that I would call in the morning. This gentleman's politeness would not, however, let the thing rest there. Within a few minutes the servant announced that he was below; as it was a frosty night, and, as I have remarked, no fire in the parlour, I was obliged to see him in my bed chamber. A tall genteel man, of thirty or thirty-five, was shewn into my apartment, and, as he entered, I was amused with his

form of expression. "Sir, (said he,) I must confess that you *have the advantage of me*, for I do not remember ever to have had the pleasure of seeing you before." I then asked him if he had not, some months ago, received a letter from me, in London, enclosing an introductory one in favour of myself, which I forwarded, because, from its being sealed, I presumed it might be proper it should be received before I could deliver it in person. He instantly recollected the circumstance, and received me with great courtesy. When I apologized for seeing him in my bed chamber, he replied, that Englishmen, it was true, were too apt to be over punctilious about such things, but that for his part, by being much away from England, he had got over them, and never troubled himself with useless ceremony.

It was in vain that I declined his invitation to go over to his apartments to sup with him; he would accept of no refusal; so I dismissed my slippers and pen, and returned with him to Caius College.

The establishments of the Fellows, judging from these examples, are genteel; their apartments are large, handsome, and well furnished, and apparently as comfortable as those in private houses. Our supper, according to the general habits of living in England, among people who are not dissipated, was frugal, but still ample and excellent in its kind; it was brought in, ready prepared, by a servant, and consisted of a pair of roasted chickens, with the appendages of porter, wine, and a tart. It was in all respects as well prepared, and the furniture, &c. was in as good order as it ever is in any private house. I was the only guest, and the interview was rendered interesting to me, by the communications of the polished and enlightened

man who was my host ; although he had been bred in the university, his manners were those of a man of the world, in the best sense of that phrase, for he had travelled and visited other countries, and exhibited nothing of those prejudices which have been so often charged to the English character. He had been a good while in Malta, and other eastern mediterranean countries, and his conversation exhibited the highest order of intelligence. It was an opportunity which I had long wished to enjoy ; it seemed peculiarly favourable for the obtaining of information, which I thought he must possess, and I knew no reason why he should not impart it freely. As a stranger I therefore took the liberty of making numerous inquiries concerning the university, its courses of instruction, its police and discipline, and other interesting circumstances.

I was particularly solicitous to know how far any control was exercised over the young men, and particularly over men of rank, and how far they were rendered responsible, both for their studies and deportment. As I was prosecuting these inquiries, with perhaps too eager curiosity, my host all of a sudden put his foot on my toe, with too much force to leave me in doubt whether it was accidental.

As he had before assured me that he was unceremonious, I could not doubt that the conversation was unpleasant to him, and therefore waved it. Obvious as it was, it had not occurred to me that his servant might hear and tell tales. As soon as he was out of the room, Mr. ——— said to me with some earnestness, “ you must pardon me, sir, for stopping you, but really we cannot trust our servants, and never feel any security that they will not report all that they hear and see.” “ But, to answer your ques-

tion, as regards men of rank, you will easily understand that much control must be very difficult; we have here sons of the first men in the kingdom, and they themselves will shortly assume the same rank. You will then easily appreciate the difficulties of our situation."

A certain number of the Fellows perform duties very similar to those which the tutors discharge in our colleges, and on them I understand that the burden of instruction principally devolves; they meet their classes at appointed hours and places, and text-books of the different subjects are prescribed to the classes, from which they are expected to obtain such information as is necessary to qualify them for a proper appearance before their instructors.

There is so much declamation in America, on the subject of the corrupt morals and dissipated lives of the youth at the English universities, in consequence of the alledged laxness of discipline, that, although debarred as it seemed by delicacy, from pressing my inquiries on this subject as far as I could have wished, I, on the whole, concluded that it had been greatly misrepresented—that the majority of the youth are moral and studious, but, that the particular personal inspection into the habits of every individual member of the colleges, which is so rigorously practised in most of the American institutions of the kind, is here, in a great measure, unknown. The youth appear to be left more to their own discretion, and if no gross indecorum, offensive to good manners and sound morals, become public, I suppose the government will not interfere. There are, however, beyond a doubt, particular examples of a degree of dissipation and scandalous immorality, which, if they were taken as fair specimens of

the whole society, would justify the highly coloured pictures which have been so often drawn on this subject.

There can be no question that there is a difficulty in the English universities, which is almost unknown in the American colleges; I mean that which arises from the tacit but powerful sway produced over the minds of men by hereditary titles, honours, fortune, and expectations of various kinds; as there are, it seems, in these universities, sons of the first men in the empire, who are themselves, ere long, to fill the places of their fathers. That such men should not always be the most manageable subjects of academic discipline, and the fairest examples of sobriety and studious industry, is certainly not so extraordinary, as that there should be any youthful mind which is proof against allurements which have always drawn mankind with a syren influence. I believe that gross licentiousness is still obliged to make use of the veil of secrecy, and that some vices at least, here as well as elsewhere, shrink from observation.

It is said, that a short time since, some mischievous young men in the university, privately circulated a report among the amateurs of pugilistic combats, that there would be one, at a particular time, within sixteen miles of Cambridge; great secrecy was enjoined, that the officers of the university might not be alarmed, and the secret was so well kept, that every gig and saddle-horse in the town was engaged for the occasion, when the spectators, with a degree of punctuality, which, there is reason to believe, they had not often observed in their college exercises, assembled on the spot, but—no combatants appeared, and the whole turned out to be an imposition; they were ashamed and afraid to complain, but the thing transpired, and they

were persecuted with such severe ridicule, that it was quite unnecessary to add any academic censure.

This love of sport, without much regard to the means by which it is excited, appears therefore to pervade the English universities as well as the American colleges.

*Nov. 15.*—I called on Mr. C——, at an early hour, and he was so kind as to take me to see most of the colleges, and many of the most interesting things in the university.

The chapel of King's College first attracted our attention. It is famous all over Europe, and is allowed to be the most perfect and magnificent monument of Gothic architecture in the world. Its dimensions are—length three hundred and sixteen feet; breadth eighty-four feet; height of the top of the battlements ninety feet; to the top of the pinnacles one hundred and one feet; to the top of the corner towers one hundred forty-six and a half feet.

The inside dimensions are—length two hundred and ninety-one feet; breadth forty-five and a half feet, height seventy-eight.

It is all in one room, and the roof is arched with massy stone; the key-stones of the arch weigh each a ton, and there is neither brace, beam, nor prop of any kind to support the roof, all the stones of which are of enormous magnitude. Modern architects, and Sir Christopher Wren among the number, have beheld this roof with astonishment, and have despaired of imitating it; it is reported of Sir Christopher, that he used to say, he would engage to build such an arch, if any one would but show him where to place the first stone.

When you realize the magnitude of this room, the roof of which is sustained entirely by the walls, buttresses, and

towers, you will say, that it is a wonderful monument of human skill and power. The interior is finished in the very finest style of Gothic architecture. The roof is fretted with many curious devices, raised on the stones, and the walls are adorned with massy sculpture, where the figures appear as if growing to the solid structure of the building, for, while they project into the room on one side, they remain on the other joined by their natural connection with the stones from which they were originally carved. The windows are superbly painted, and the subjects are principally from scripture history.

The panes of glass are separated only by very narrow frames, and the figures painted upon them often extend over a great many panes, without any regard to the divisions; it often happens therefore that the figures are as large as the life, and they are always so large as to be distinct at a considerable distance. The windows in Gothic structures are commonly covered in a great measure with fine paintings, the colours of which are extremely vivid and beautiful. You can easily conceive therefore, that, on entering a Gothic church, the eye must be immediately arrested and engrossed by these splendid images; they are rendered very conspicuous by the partial transmission of the light, which they soften and diversify, without impairing it so much as to produce obscurity, while, at the same time they give the interior of the building an unrivalled air of solemnity and grandeur.

When the spectator retires to one end of the chapel, of which I am speaking, and casts his eyes along its beautiful pavements, tessellated with black and white marble; along its roof, impending with a mountain's weight, and along the stupendous columns which support the arch, survey-

ing at the same time the gorgeous transparencies which veil the glass, he is involuntarily filled with awe and astonishment.

I lament my inability to convey any adequate idea of the grandeur and massy magnificence of the Gothic architecture. A very imperfect impression may be obtained from prints and paintings, but, the effect produced by an actual view, *especially of the inside*, of its most complete and magnificent productions, can be realized only by inspection.

From King's Chapel, we went into the walks in the spacious grounds behind King's and Trinity Colleges, whence is a very fine prospect of these beautiful buildings.

Avenues of lofty trees, planted in fine verdant meadows, form academic retirements, which must be peculiarly grateful, during the season of summer; nor are they without interest and beauty, even now, when the falling leaves begin to cover the grass, and the chilly winds rather persuade one to seek the close room, and the fire-side.

The river Cam passes through these grounds, and although it is but a small and sluggish stream, yet, as it is water, and has a neat bridge, it affords a degree of variety, and augments the beauty of the scene, which is very little inferior to that behind Christ's College at Oxford.

But, if I may be allowed to give an opinion from so short an acquaintance with Cambridge, and a still more limited one with Oxford, the latter town is much superior in its general appearance, and particularly in the magnificence of its academic buildings; but several of those at Cambridge are certainly elegant, and some of them grand.

The town itself is not handsome ; the University buildings stand about in it, here and there, without any general plan of arrangement ; the streets are narrow and intricate, and the houses are far from being elegant ; the town contains about ten thousand inhabitants.

The University buildings, both here and at Oxford, are constructed, generally, upon the old plan of the hollow square, that is, the building completely surrounds a portion of ground, which forms an interior court, to which there is access through a handsome arched passage. Sometimes these courts are very beautiful, especially when they have clean gravel walks and a share of verdure, but they are too frequently dismal enclosures, where damp air accumulates and becomes stagnant.

We visited the library of Trinity college. It contains about thirty thousand volumes, arranged in recesses resembling alcoves, in a very long and beautiful room, of the age of Charles II. which produced many fine buildings in England.

In this apartment I saw the cobra de capello, the fatal snake of the East Indies ; also a very beautiful chameleon and an Egyptian mummy.

One obtains but little satisfaction from looking at an Egyptian mummy, because it is completely enveloped by the funeral vestments, but they have here another object of curiosity extremely similar to the Egyptian mummies, which is not veiled by any covering. I allude to a dried body of one of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Madeira islands. The hair, which is black, and curled, is undecayed, and perfectly covers the head ; the skin is unbroken, and covers the body and limbs completely ; it is of a dirty, whitish colour, and is dried in ridges and wrin-

kles, in consequence of the shrinking of the flesh beneath.

When one beholds these frightful remnants of mortality, he feels very little disposition to regret that the moderns are less perfectly acquainted, than the ancient Egyptians were, with the art of embalming. It is a miserable effort of man to evade the edict of heaven, *dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*

Who can soberly wish that his body should escape the general law of decay and dissolution, that it may remain a hideous spectacle for posterity, the phantom of a form, attractive no longer when life has fled, and fit only to be committed to the dark and narrow house !

At the foot of the stairs there were a number of Grecian antiques, with Grecian inscriptions.

In the chapel of Trinity College we saw a much admired statue of Sir Isaac Newton, who was educated in this institution.

By adverting to biographical memoirs of this, and of the sister University, any one will become convinced, that a very large proportion of the great men of England, for centuries past, have been derived from the two Universities, and by examining the records of the individual Colleges, it will also be evident that most of those who afterwards became distinguished in life, obtained the honours and distinctions of the University. It would be easy to establish both these positions by catalogues of names, illustrious in science, in the professions, in politics, and even in war, and the present age affords a list not less extensive and renowned, than any one that has preceded.

The popular position, that a regular public education is not more favourable to eminence than a private one, and that no conjecture concerning a young man's ultimate success, can be formed from his standing at college, is, therefore, as unfounded as it is unreasonable. It is true that a youth, who has been distinguished in academic life, may, from indolence, vice, or misfortune, sink into obscurity, and a dull boy may, after he has left the classes, emerge, and discover talents that no one thought he possessed. A vigorous mind may also surmount the obstacles of a limited and imperfect education, and astonish mankind by displays of intellect and science far transcending the common standard of the schools; but, from such examples, no general consequences can be safely drawn, and we must admit that the thorough discipline of the mind is most successfully effected in the regular processes of an extensive academic education.

The dining-halls of a number of the colleges came in our way; the young men receive their dinners at these public tables, but take their breakfast and tea at their own apartments. The arrangements of the halls appear in general very similar to those in our colleges, but, there is more neatness and comfort, and even a considerable degree of elegance.

We saw the Senate-house, a magnificent building, in which the examinations and commencements are held.

The last public room which we visited, was the university library.\* It contains more than ninety thousand vol-

\* One of the Fellows remarked to me that the university library was not, in his view, well selected, and that it contained a great deal of trash.

umes; but, I hardly know a more unsatisfactory spectacle to a transient visitor than a great library. It is rather distracting than gratifying merely to look at the backs of long rows of volumes, or just to inspect the titles. Examination of their contents is usually forbidden, or if indulged, is of little use, for, what can an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, or even a life, effect towards reading one hundred thousand volumes. It is still highly important that such collections should be formed as great magazines of science and literature, whence the inquisitive and industrious may draw materials to be worked up in their various pursuits.

They shewed us an Egyptian book, written on the papyrus. The papyrus was flattened, and, the characters being traced in the cuticle by an instrument, a black powder was rubbed over, which stained the incisions permanently; the leaves were preserved by thrusting wires through them as they were laid face to face, and the whole was defended by two pieces of wood.

We now took a general walk about Cambridge, and visited the various colleges. There are sixteen in the whole. Each institution is independent of the rest, as to its internal discipline and courses of instruction; it has separate officers, and is, in every respect, a distinct establishment, except, that the chancellor and other university officers have a general superintendence of the whole. The immediate instruction is performed principally by a certain number of the Fellows, who are appointed tutors. The gentleman with whom I was walking was both a Fellow and a tutor, and, by making many and various inquiries, which were answered with politeness and intelligence, I was enabled to form something like a comparison be-

tween this university and our more circumscribed institutions in America. The latter are *comparatively* more respectable than I had imagined, although in many things certainly inferior.

I am not disposed to pursue this comparison into details, both because I am deficient in the necessary information, and because it would be invidious with respect to the American institutions. For, we have in no instance, a collection of independent literary societies, located in one place, and united under one head, to form a university, although most of the liberal arts and sciences are taught, more or less extensively, in our most respectable colleges. If the comparison were made at all, it would therefore be more proper to draw a parallel between some one of our colleges and some one or more of the individual colleges of the English universities. If this were done, our institutions would have less reason to shrink from the comparison.

In classical learning and philological literature, we are certainly far behind the English institutions, but, in mathematics, ethics, and the physical sciences, some of our institutions are probably equal to them. Indeed it is scarcely possible to say any thing on this subject in terms merely general, without involving material errors, for one American institution is distinguished for one species of knowledge, and another for another. Even the two great universities of England build their fame on foundations somewhat different. At Oxford classical literature is cultivated to the comparative prejudice of mathematical learning, and preeminence in the former is the great criterion of distinction; while at Cambridge the greatest stress is laid on theoretical mathematics and natural philosophy.—

While every judicious American will, of course, discountenance that spirit of ostentation and vanity, which has sometimes infected our writings, and made us ridiculous in the eyes of Europe, he may still, with confidence, indulge this conviction, that, considering our youth, and various circumstances as a people, we have no occasion to be ashamed of our literary institutions, or to despair of their ultimately attaining every thing which can be useful to our country.

The degrees and honours of the university of Cambridge are not granted as a matter of course: take the following account of this subject from an English book.

“The system of education pursued is liberal, and the incentives to emulation, and the rewards of merit, are very numerous. In this last respect, Cambridge is, perhaps, superior to Oxford, where, generally speaking, the opportunities of rewarding merit, by open foundations, are not so great as in the sister university.

“The grand examination of students is that which precedes the degree of bachelor of arts. It takes place in the Senate-house, on the first Monday in Lent term, and the three following days. The candidates from all the colleges, having gone through their respective courses of study, their examinations in their own societies, and their exercises in the schools, are here examined impartially in public. The chief stress in these examinations, is laid upon mathematics and natural philosophy; and the greatest proficient in these are placed highest in the list of honours. When the examination is completed, the candidates are arranged in classes, according to their respective merits. The first class are called *wranglers*, and the senior wrangler is considered as the first man of his standing in

the university. The two next classes are called *senior* and *junior optimes*, and these are all the degrees of honour. The rest of the candidates, if their ignorance is not too glaring, are suffered to have their degrees in a sort of multitude; and are sometimes jocosely denominated by their fellow students ‘*οι πολλοι*.’”

The number of persons in the different colleges varies extremely;—in some there are not more than from forty to sixty; in the greater number there are probably from seventy or eighty to one hundred and fifty; and in two of the colleges there are sometimes five or six hundred in each; the two to which I allude are St. John’s and Trinity; the latter has usually a more numerous society than any other, for it is the college to which the nobility and young men of fortune resort more than to any other.

I know not how to reconcile this statement of the numbers of the University with what I heard at Cambridge in conversation. I was assured both by masters and Fellows in the University, that there were not more than eight or nine hundred students in all the colleges; the masters and Fellows were of course excluded; if they were added, they would probably carry the number beyond one thousand.—It is possible that the term, student, might have been used in some limited sense, and confined to a particular description of persons, constituting only a part of the whole society, but this I can hardly believe, because the word is used in England as with us, to describe persons of whatever standing, who are gaining a liberal education. It is well known, that at the English universities there are various gradations of students; as, scholars who are maintained more or less, on the foundations of the respective colleges; greater pensioners who are noblemen or men of fortune,

and from their dining with the fellows, they are called also fellow commoners; the lesser pensioners take their food with the scholars, but at their own expence; the sizars or exhibitioners are not regularly on the foundations of the colleges, but receive aids of various kinds called exhibitions, and in this manner they are enabled to support themselves while receiving their education; these constitute a very numerous class.

Both the officers and students of the universities wear academic gowns, and the ancient academic hood;—some minute variations in this dress, not easily distinguishable by a stranger, serve to mark the different descriptions of persons. I did not observe that the students paid their officers any external token of respect when they met them; both officers and students passed each other as if they had been entire strangers.

For the promotion of social and convivial enjoyment, there is a custom existing among the officers of several of the colleges, which gives a stranger an opportunity of seeing them under very pleasant circumstances. They dine, on particular days, at each others houses, in regular rotation, and the evening is devoted to relaxation. By the politeness of Mr. C——, I was introduced at one of these dinners, and met a party consisting principally of masters or presidents, professors, and fellows.

Our sitting lasted for hours; my seat was next to Mr. C——, and, in the course of a very free conversation, he took occasion to observe, that it was impossible that any man born and educated three thousand miles from England, should speak the language so perfectly, that even an Englishman could not distinguish the difference between the stranger's speech and his own. This, he

was pleased to say, was just the case between us; and he then, with much good nature and urbanity, insisted that I had been all the while amusing him with the story that I was an American, when it was so evident that I must be an Englishman, or must, at least, have been educated in England. I succeeded however, at length, in removing this gentleman's incredulity, although not his surprise.—Probably every American traveller in England can relate similar occurrences with which he has been personally acquainted. We must not infer from them that the English do not know that their own language is spoken in the United States. Although we may pardon a Russian, or an unlettered Englishman, for such a mistake, we must look for more correct information in a peer of the realm and a learned Fellow of one of the universities. They, and all well-informed people in England, unquestionably know that the Anglo-Americans speak the English language; but they imagine that it is a colonial dialect, with a corrupt and barbarous pronunciation, and a vocabulary, interspersed with strange and unknown terms of transatlantic manufacture. That this is the result of prejudice or of ignorance, is proved by the fact that a well-educated American may travel from London to John a Groat's house, and thence to the Land's-end, and every where pass for a Londoner; this is the universal presumption concerning him, as will appear from the incidental remarks of the people of the country, and from their questions concerning the news of the day.

I am well aware, that in the lapse of almost two centuries, since the first permanent English settlements were formed in America, the language must have undergone some changes. Words, then used in England, have since

been dropped, and being in some instances still used in America, appear obsolete to an Englishman. In a new world, and under circumstances entirely novel, some new words and phrases have been invented; others, in common use in England, have been forgotten in America; old words have acquired additional significations, or have been stripped of their primitive, with the substitution of new meanings, and, in the mean time, similar changes have been taking place in England. But, after all, one is surprised that so great a similarity, I had almost said, such a perfect identity of language, exists between the enlightened people of both countries. The best informed people of America speak the language (with a few unimportant exceptions) as the people of London do. It must be allowed, however, that the literary men of England speak and write the language with more purity and correctness than most people of the same description in America; and, in England, gross blunders at the bar and in Parliament are not so common as in the American congress and courts of law. But, if you compare England in the gross, comprehending all classes of people, with the mass of the people of the United States, there cannot be a doubt that the latter have the advantage on this subject. The provincial dialects, which render the language of the common people of one county in England in a considerable degree unintelligible to those of another, and which, in many instances, incumber the style, even of the country gentlemen with so much of the local *Shibboleth*, that they are instantly recognised in London, are almost wholly unknown in America, and the people from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, speak a language perfectly intelligible to each other, and to every English traveller.—

Without therefore denying or entirely admitting, for the present, the charges of corrupting the style of fine writing, which is so often urged against us, I am clearly of the opinion that *the English language is more correctly spoken at this time by the mass of American, than by the mass of the English nation*, and that it has not undergone more rapid mutation in America, since the era of its settlement, than languages commonly suffer in the same period of time, in the natural course of things.\*

Our dinner presented no other incident worthy of notice ;—conversation turned on various and common topics,

\* 1818. The Quarterly Reviewers in remarking upon this subject as treated in the text, urge that no provincial dialects exist in America, and that those of England cannot be regarded as corruptions, but as remnants of antiquated forms of speech ; they do not exist in America because the emigration was promiscuous, and they are there “melted down into the general speech which is common English.” Of vulgarisms which they consider as the real blemishes of a language, they contend, that we cannot have fewer than they have. They seem however to have forgotten that there may be *provincial* vulgarisms, as well as general ones, and if the two nations have an equal share of the vulgarisms of common English, *they* must have the provincial vulgarisms for their own.

The following sentiment from the same review is equally candid and singular: “With regard to Americanisms as they are called, it would be unphilosophical in the extreme to condemn them by wholesale as contraband.”

“The vocabulary of a living language can never be limited ; new words will frequently be set afloat, and if they are struck in the mint of analogy, if the standard be lawful and the die good, they must become current coin. Such words whether we receive them from America or America from us, enrich the language of which we are joint heirs and which is the common property of both.”

*Quarterly Review, July, 1816.*

and the manners of the gentlemen, although decorous and correct, were characterized by a degree of convivial ease and freedom.

In the evening we joined the ladies above stairs, and tea being over, I was invited to join several of the reverend masters and professors, in, what do you think? — A disquisition concerning the Hebrew points, the quadrature of the circle, or the possibility of perpetual motion? — No—I was invited to join them in a rubber at whist! not a gambling match, but a pastime.

It is somewhat remarkable that I should be invited to play at cards, for the first time in England, with academic gentlemen; they were so polite, however, as to excuse me, nor am I inclined to judge them with severity, only, it struck me as somewhat unfortunate that the usual instruments of gambling should be found in the hands of the guardians and instructors of youth, who are commonly prompt enough at finding out and applying to their own justification, the precedents derived from the conduct of their officers, while they will always have it in their power to plead amusement to repel the charge of gambling.

*Nov. 16.*—Mr. C——, to whose unwearied attentions, all the while that I stayed in Cambridge, I am indebted for most of the pleasure and information I received, called on me, immediately after breakfast, and took me to the Botanical Garden, where I spent some time very agreeably.

At this season of the year, when the approach of winter robs trees and plants of their foliage, or tinges the leaves that remain with a thousand sickly hues, a botanical garden is seen under great disadvantages. But the green houses are not affected by the changes of the exter-

nal air, and the garden of which I am speaking possesses some very fine green houses, where exotics, natives of warm climates, are cherished with artificial heat, and protected from the chilling influences of a damp and capricious sky.

This collection of exotics is uncommonly extensive and fine, and among them, I observed the mahogany tree, the passion flower, the night blowing cereus, and the Indian banana and bamboo.

The economy and arrangement of these green houses appeared to be precisely the same as at Kew.

Near the green houses, fires are maintained, from which heated air is distributed by proper flues, through every part of the rooms; the plants are contained in pots, filled with earth, and these pots are, generally, placed in tanner's bark, which, for several months, affords a competent degree of heat. The temperature is commonly between 60° and 70° of Fahrenheit.

This garden covers about four acres, and no more than three men are employed in taking care of it; they perform all the labour.

Nothing but money is wanting, (or rather the disposition to bestow it on public objects, for we have money enough) to give us Botanical Gardens in America. I am aware that we have some infant establishments of this kind, but none that have attained to the maturity and perfection of those in Europe.

Indeed after the first establishment the annual expence is no great affair. We have ability to accomplish much more than we are likely soon to attempt. The commercial spirit, which pervades our country, in many instances, either overlooks or despises the interests of science, and

sees no advantages in a well informed mind, and a control gained over nature by physical researches, which can at all compare with the more immediate benefits of insurance shares and bank stock. One will sometimes be chagrined to find that science and all other considerations are immediately brought to the touch stone of loss and gain, and casual remarks even on other subjects, will often evince that this sordid spirit is every where uppermost.— Indeed, when a mind unfurnished with materials for thought and conversation, derived from a good early education, *becomes devoted to the acquisition of money as the great business of life*, and especially when the means of acquiring it are not conducive to the improvement of the understanding, and the cultivation of good moral affections, it is wonderful how soon this “*sacra fames auri*” acquires the complete dominion of the man, and lives and breathes and speaks and acts in all he does. Not a few commercial gentlemen, I am aware form honourable exceptions to these remarks, and without being less attentive to business or less successful in it, believe that money is not the only valuable thing, and in conversation exhibit a cultivated understanding, a chastened taste and ennobled affections. But, after all, except in some very peculiar states of society, of which the world has seen few examples, money will generally go for more than knowledge, talent, taste and the noblest moral qualities. The man who has spent his youth and diminished his resources, in forming his mind to a high standard of intellectual dignity, may perhaps discover with mingled grief, surprise, and anger, that the world cares little for him and all he knows, and will most feelingly realize the truth of that

comprehensive line, from Horace, which Smollet has prefixed as a motto to the life of Roderick Random :—

“ Et genus et virtus nisi cum re vilior alga est.”

But, to return from this cynical digression—having sufficiently surveyed these interesting objects, we went from the Botanical Garden, to the Castle-hill. I wished to survey Cambridge from an eminence, that I might gain a correct idea of its geographical situation. For this purpose I had before ascended to the top of the chapel of King's College, but the morning was hazy and the view was by no means so good as to-day from the Castle-hill. This hill derives its name from an ancient castle, one of whose gates is still remaining, and is said to have been erected by William the Conqueror. The remains of the castle are contiguous to the hill, and not upon it.

Cambridge is situated in the midst of a vast plain, bounded by remote hills of no great height. The city of Ely was in view, and a number of villages, but the University formed the most striking object in the prospect.

Returning into town, we called on Professor Farish, to whom I had introductory letters, but whose absence had prevented me from seeing him before. I found him a very clever,\* intelligent man, with the most frank and friendly manners.

He took me to the laboratory, and displayed every thing to my inspection. The laboratory is a good one, and the apparatus is extensive.†

\* Clever in both the English and American sense.

† The University is said to possess very little apparatus and that the Professors draw principally on their own purses for the purchase of instruments.

Besides Mr. Farish, there is another professor of Chemistry, Dr. Wollaston, who delivers a course of elementary chemistry in the usual manner, but the course of Mr. Farish is somewhat peculiar. He demonstrates by experiment all the most important applications of chemistry and of mechanics to the arts of life, and particularly to the manufactures of Great Britain, many of the establishments of which he has, for this purpose, visited in person.

He is furnished with a complete collection of models and machines, adapted to this extensive plan, and the chemical apparatus of his colleague, Dr. Wollaston, is used for the chemical demonstrations.

He has a small steam engine which serves, in the first place, to illustrate the theory and construction of this instrument; and having put it in motion, he applies the moving power, thus produced, to work the rest of his machinery. He has a paper-mill and manufactures paper; a carding and spinning machine, with which he forms rolls and thread; he drives down piles, in the manner practised in the construction of bridges and wharves; he makes a hat, manufactures nitric acid, and, in short, exhibits to the young men all the leading applications of chemical and mechanical philosophy to real use. It is certainly a most happy plan, and, in the hands of so able a professor, must prove highly useful and interesting; and, it is said that Mr. Farish, enjoys the honour of having invented and executed so important an improvement in education.\*

Professor Farish is much beloved and respected in England and is forward not only in promoting science but every good and useful thing.

\* I am told that Mr. Vauquelin gives a similar course in Paris.

From this gentleman I received every attention of civility and kindness, as well as from the fellows to whom I had been introduced, and they all were so good as to endeavor to protract my stay, but I found it necessary to proceed, which I confess I did with reluctance, for I began to feel interested in a society where I found so much to inform my mind and to gratify my feelings.

Indeed I have rarely passed two days more pleasantly, than at Cambridge, and I deeply regretted that I could not spend two months there. My access would now have been easy to every person and thing, and I should have been much pleased by an opportunity to attend some of their exercises.

Among distinguished men, whom I saw, or to whom I was introduced, I must not omit to mention Professor Vinee, whose printed works on mathematics and astronomy bear a very high character. Like many men of superior merit his appearance is modest and even diffident.

I left Cambridge with very pleasing impressions, and now regretted, more than ever, that circumstances had prevented my return to the sister University, and had limited my stay in Cambridge to two days.

But, it was already time for me to be in Scotland, and I therefore determined to go on that night.

## No. LXXI.—RIDE TO YORK.

Evening ride to Huntingdon—Quiet of an English Inn—Stilton—Cheese—Barracks—Stamford—Monument of the Earl and Countess of Exeter—Newark—Effects of frost—Little West India boy mistakes hoar frost for salt—Markham Moor—Remarks on English agriculture—A mode of fattening cattle—Race ground—Doncaster.

Cambridge lies off from the great north road, and it was necessary to go to Huntingdon, as the nearest point where I could join the stages from London for Edinburgh. I started at evening, in a gig, with a man to drive me, and travelled sixteen miles over a level country, in which we passed only one hamlet, Fenny Staunton. Darkness soon came upon us, but the stars shone with uncommon lustre, and the air was very cold.\* We met no one to molest us on our journey, but something white, crawling under a bridge, frightened the horse so much, that he jumped al-

\* I found it necessary to put on a cloak over my *surtout*. It is perhaps worth remarking, that the word *surtout*, although found in English dictionaries, appears to be unknown in this country in common intercourse. I never found a servant understand me when I called for my *surtout*: they call this garment great coat. What we call great coat is, in England, not a gentleman's garment: it is worn by coachmen, common soldiers, and servants, but particularly by coachmen; and although a gentleman might perhaps wear one in travelling, (I never saw this however more than once,) he would never appear in the streets of a town with a great coat, in our sense of the word. Both are called great coats in England, but one is the gentleman's—the other, the servant's great coat. The climate is so mild that, in general, our *surtout* is sufficient, except for those who are particularly exposed to the weather. Cloaks are rarely seen in England.

most into the ditch, and his driver seemed little less alarmed, and imagined that he saw something of monstrous size. The night was so cold, that, by the time we had arrived at Huntingdon, I was very glad to make use of the comfort of a good inn, and a solitary fire, with that quiet and retirement which one is almost sure to find in the public houses of England.

Huntingdon was the native place of Oliver Cromwell; the house in which he was born, remains to this day, as does the family seat, a little out of the town; the latter is now possessed by Lord Sandwich. Cowper resided a long time at Huntingdon, and here he formed his intimacy with the family of Unwin. When I crossed the Ouse last evening, on entering Huntingdon, the very name was associated with interesting impressions concerning this most instructive and alluring poet, and highly excellent, although singular man. It was my wish to visit Olney, his principal residence, where every scene has by his verse been rendered classical, but I could not do it without deviating thirty miles from my course, and this would require too much time for a mere matter of feeling.

*Nov. 17.*—Early in the morning I left Huntingdon, and walked on, a few miles, till the stage came up, which soon carried me to Stilton, a little place that gives name to a species of cheese, much esteemed in England. It is made principally in Leicestershire, and is brought to Stilton, as being conveniently situated for communication with London. The Stilton cheese is extremely rich, and is more pleasant to my taste than any other kind.

At Stilton I saw barracks for one thousand two hundred men; they are now occupied by two regiments of militia.\*

The country through which we rode to-day, was apparently fertile, and generally level, or only slightly varied with hills. In some parts of the route there were no hedge-rows, but the lands were enclosed by walls made of stone, which is dug from quarries, for the surface is free from stones.

Just before our arrival at Stamford, we passed the splendid gate leading to the seat of the Earl of Exeter, who now inhabits the house in which Cecil, Lord Burleigh, secretary to Queen Elizabeth, formerly resided.

I remained at Stamford through the rest of the day. This town is the first in Lincoln, after leaving Northamptonshire, and is situated on the river Welland, over which there is a stone bridge. Stamford has been famous in Roman, Danish, and Saxon history, and antiquaries still trace the foundations of castles and of other fortifications. The town is large and populous; it is built of stone, and has a considerable proportion of good houses. There is a small manufactory of silk here, and a trade in malt, sea-coal, and free-stone. Here the barons met to wage war against King John.

In St. Martin's church, where the great Cecil lies interred, I saw a splendid monument to the memory of the Earl and Countess of Exeter. It was done at Rome, and

\* But by the word militia, you will not understand what we mean by it. The militia of this country are in every respect regular troops, with this difference, that they cannot, like the regulars, be sent out of the kingdom, although on particular occasions they have been known to volunteer.

consists of a Sarcophagus, on which the figures of the Earl and Countess, as large as the life, are reclining, and at the ends of the Sarcophagus stand two large allegorical figures; behind is a lofty obelisk; the marble is beautiful and the sculpture fine.

It is now evening, and I am writing, in my room, in the Swan and Talbot inn. I have no acquaintances in Stamford, and do not see any thing in the place to detain me longer. I therefore intend, after sleeping three or four hours, to proceed in the coach, which starts at 11 o'clock, to go on all night.

*Nov. 18.*—We did not however set out till midnight, and morning was fully disclosed at Newark, forty-five miles from Stamford. Of the intermediate country I can therefore say nothing, and very little of the towns; indeed there were none of much importance. We passed near Woolsthorpe, where Sir Isaac Newton was born, and it was still dark when we arrived at Grantham, a town containing about seven or eight thousand people; by the light of the coach-lamps, we could see that the houses were old, and constructed principally in the ancient English style.

While the horses were changing at Newark, I stepped into the church-yard, and glanced at the church, one of those venerable Gothic structures which have so often gratified my curiosity, and excited my astonishment in this country. This church has a very lofty spire, which was erected by Henry VI. Newark contains about seven thousand people. It stands on the river Trent, and has been famous in military history, particularly for the repeated sieges which it endured in favor of Charles I. Roman urns and coins have been frequently found here.

The night had been one of the coldest that I have experienced in England; we were obliged to close the windows of the coach entirely, but still my feet suffered considerably. Soon after we left Newark, the sun had so far penetrated a very thick cloud of congealed vapour, which hovered over the surface of the ground, that the severity of the air began to soften a little, and the increasing light of the sun discovered to us the trees, the hedges, and the fields, and all other objects which had been exposed through the night, covered with a hoar frost, so thick, that, had not the sky been perfectly clear, one would have supposed that there had been a fall of snow. Leaving the coach, I ran forward a mile to quicken the circulation of my blood, which, from a long night of cold and confinement, had become very torpid; the exertion produced the desired effect, but, on stepping into the coach again, I found that my hat and breast were covered with hoar frost. The coachman and guard, who had been all night in the open air, were completely encrusted, and looked as hoary and venerable as mount Atlas, with his envelope of ice and snow.

There was in our coach a little boy of four or five years of age going down\* into the country to school. He

\* Up and down, when geographically used, generally have reference to the course of rivers; but in England, *down* means *from* London, and *up*, *to* London: they speak of going down into the country, no matter in what direction. The Londoners talk of going down to Scotland. Is this a figure of speech unconsciously adopted because London is the great fountain supplying all the kingdom with streams of wealth and knowledge? Perhaps the country might dispute the claim. In a more local sense, the words *up* and *down* are used in the common geographical acceptation.

was a native of Tobago, and, although the son of an Englishman, carried in his countenance marks of African blood. He now beheld, for the first time, the effects of frost, and, when we lowered the glass and permitted him to look out into the fields, he exclaimed in broken English, and, with every appearance of surprise and delight, that they were all covered with *salt*; he seemed to feel as if he was again in the West-Indies. I told him that it was not salt, and then made him pronounce after me the words *ice*, *snow*, but he had evidently no conception of their meaning. I brought him a twig covered with hoar frost, and told him to taste it and see if it was salt; on touching it, he shrunk as if frightened, and said it was cold. This little incident furnishes a pleasing illustration of the most common operation of the human mind in acquiring new ideas; the child and the philosopher pursue the same path; the new object is compared with those already known, to which it is most similar, and this is the basis of logical distinction, and of all sound and correct arrangements, whether of science or of common concerns.

We passed through a number of little hamlets, and breakfasted at Markham Moor, in a solitary house, on the verge of a bleak and barren common.

English inns are, in general, very neat; but here, a dirty servant brought me foul and offensive water, in a dirty bowl;—when I complained to the landlady, she said that the water of the country was hard, and that this was soft rain water;—but it must have been very long since it descended from the clouds.

We were now in the county of Nottingham; the next considerable place that we passed was East-Retford, a neat town on the river Idle; it sends two members to

parliament; it is constructed of red brick, which I observed beginning to prevail on the road. The recent parts of London, and most of the villages around it, are built of yellow brick, which, in this country, are esteemed the most beautiful. Both these colours probably proceed from iron, in different states of oxidation, for the colour of pure clay is white, and oxids of iron are the most usual colouring matters of earths and stones.

That part of Nottinghamshire through which we passed was so nearly level, that it was rarely necessary for the horses to walk. The land is good; the surface is free from stones, but there are numerous quarries from which the materials for the fences are frequently derived.

At Bawtry, a market-town, we entered Yorkshire.—The appearance of the fields, which were in many instances, covered with thick stubble, evinced that the harvests had been abundant in these counties as well as in other parts of England.

The good land of England is much more productive than that of America, and this superiority is probably derived, not so much from greater original strength of soil, as from more skilful agriculture, depending mainly on two great facts, *faithful tillage*, and *faithful manuring*.

The English farmer does not believe that there is any thing necessarily inherent in the nature of a good soil, which makes it productive, independently of nutritious matter and foreign aliment returned to it by the cultivator, as a compensation for the crops it has yielded. Hence his first, his principal care, is to collect and form manure from every possible source.

Nothing is more common, when one is travelling in England, than to see in the roads adjacent to the fields,

heaps of compost, consisting of turf, tops of vegetables, as of turnips and carrots, the stubble from the wheat fields, which is cut up by a second reaping, after the crop has been removed; dead animals, the offals of the barn-yards and stables, and in short, every thing which would otherwise be lost, and which is capable of being converted by putrefaction into vegetable mould.

It is, therefore, because this business of manuring is so perfectly understood, and so diligently practised in England, more than from any other cause, that their lands are so much richer than ours. Indeed is it any thing more than an imitation of the economy of nature?

New countries, when first cleared of their forests, are generally fertile, for the obvious reason that the annual growth of vegetable substances has been, for ages deposited on the surface, and there left to putrefy and form a soil. By imitating this natural process, the most barren spot may be rendered fertile; by counteracting it, that is, by removing every thing in crops, and returning nothing in manure, the most fertile spot may, in a few years, be perfectly impoverished.

Moreover the rich mould thus formed, is cultivated, with the most faithful and skilful tillage. An English field, when it is ready to receive wheat, looks like a garden. It is ploughed till there are no large masses of earth left unbroken; it is raised into ridges, which vary from six to twenty feet in breadth, with intermediate drains for the water; and, for accomplishing all this, they have ploughs, rakes, harrows and other implements of various forms, and fitted up with every contrivance, which skilful mechanics can supply, for rendering the operations easy, expeditious and exact.

The ploughs and harrows frequently run on wheels, and can thus be made to go deep or light, according to the nature of the soil and the intended crop.

The most important result of this thorough tillage is fine crops, and, what is not to be disregarded, the utmost neatness in the appearance of the country; for, no balks are to be seen near the hedges, filled with weeds and bushes.

I am not ignorant that, in our country, individuals are sufficiently aware of these few simple and efficacious principles of agriculture, and the effect is abundantly evident in the superior appearance and produce of their land; but in general, our farmers push a good soil till it is impoverished, and cultivate, in an imperfect manner, extensive tracts, a small proportion of which, if properly managed, would yield them more and better produce.

There is one circumstance connected with the fattening of sheep and cattle, which struck me as worthy of imitation. The English sow a great many of their fields with turnips, and they grow to an astonishing size; the greater part of the bulb is above ground. At this season of the year they enclose their cattle and sheep upon these turnip fields; there is a moveable fence, which confines them to a particular small portion of the turnip-ground, and when the cattle or sheep have eaten the turnips down to the ground, and even below it, which the sheep easily do, they are removed to another part of the field, and in this manner the whole crop is consumed. That part of the root which remains in the ground goes for manure, and thus nothing is lost.

Turnips are also laid up as provender, and form, during the winter season, no inconsiderable portion of the food of sheep and cattle.

Lime-stone occurred very frequently in Yorkshire; the fences are made of it, and the roads are repaired with the same substance. Deep pits also, in which the lime-stone is burnt for the preparation of quick-lime, were often to be seen along the road.

Near Doncaster, I observed the extensive race grounds for one of the favourite amusements of the English.

In this instance, an elliptical space, two miles in circumference, was enclosed by a fence; the horses run around this space on a fine green sward, and are kept from flying off, by an exterior railing.

Contiguous to the ground there is also a large building which serves as a kind of office or stand for the gamblers of the turf, who are very numerous in Yorkshire. But, racing is fashionable, all over England, and is even encouraged by parliamentary and royal countenance, for the alleged purpose of improving the breed of horses.

The breed of *race* horses is probably the only one which is improved by the encouragement given to races, but, even if it were a general improvement, extending to the useful horses of the country also, and could be promoted in an equal degree in no other way, would it not be at least questionable whether the advantage gained would be a sufficient compensation for the wide spreading corruption of morals, and dissipation of time and money, which is produced by this fascinating amusement.

Doncaster is a beautiful town, built principally with stone, and in a fine style of architecture; the population is about six thousand. At the entrance of the town there is a hand-

some column, with an inscription, but I do not know what it commemorates.

At Ferry Bridge, we crossed the river Aire over a magnificent stone bridge, newly erected; in strength and beauty it almost rivals those of London.

We had now about twenty miles to ride; night soon came upon us, and prevented my seeing the town of Tadcaster, through which we passed, and I laid myself down to sleep on a vacant cushion, till the rattling of the coach wheels on the pavement aroused me again, and I found myself safely arrived in the city of York.

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## No. LXXII.—YORK.

The Castle—Instruments of murder—Knife and fork used to quarter the hearts of the Scotch rebels—Clifford's Tower—The Cathedral—The great window—Curious anachronism at Cambridge—The horn of Ulphus—Monuments—Population, &c. of York—Excursion to Holgate—Visit to Mr. Lindley Murray.

*Nov. 19.*—On account of my recent fatigues, I did not rise till a late hour this morning, nor did I go abroad till noon.

I then walked out into the country, and on my return stopped to view a building which they call the Castle. It is now used as a prison, and appears to differ in no respect from other prisons. Within a common wall, enclosing all the structures, are two new and elegant buildings for debtors, and one for the courts of justice.

My guide shewed me a magazine of chains and manacles, with a collection of deadly weapons, which had, at

various times, been employed by robbers and murderers, in the execution of their infernal purposes.

Among these instruments were dirks, clubs, hammers, swords, pistols, and even implements of mechanism and of agriculture.

There could be no deception in the case, as these weapons had been brought into court at the respective trials, and were preserved here by public authority. It was a most painful comment on human nature, and afforded at once a palliative reason, and at least a plausible justification of the sanguinary penal code of England.

Here was also a very large knife and fork, which are said to have been employed in quartering the hearts of the Scotch rebels in the year 1745. Such an outrage on a dead body, like that of the drawing and quartering of traitors, is at once so barbarous and childish, that it ought not to have been tolerated in a refined country, and at an enlightened period of the world. It is idle to suppose that such enormities will aid in preventing treason and rebellion.

Clifford's tower, a curious ruin, stands near the castle. It was erected by the Conqueror, on a vast artificial mound, and is the only remnant of a more extensive fortification. I ascended to its top, which is still practicable, although in the year 1684, the magazine caught fire, and blew up the whole, except the walls, which remain to this day, and now form a very striking object. The name of this tower was derived from that of the first governor, who was placed here by the Conqueror; its form is circular, or, rather, it is composed of four segments of circles.

The next object of curiosity which I visited, was the celebrated Cathedral Church of York.

With this I was extremely gratified.

It is more than five hundred feet long, and when the spectator stands at one end of the main aisle, and looks down to the other, the effect of perspective in reducing all its dimensions is very striking.

And now, what shall I say of this cathedral, the pride of antiquity, and the wonder of modern ages !

To inform you that it is vast, grand and beautiful, is only to convey general impressions ; and to describe aisles, vestries, chapter-houses, and choirs, is to be tedious without presenting any very distinct images, or conveying any very satisfactory information.

Nor is it easy to give one who has never seen a Gothic structure an intelligible idea of this kind of buildings ;—in America we not only have no Gothic edifices, but we have nothing resembling them. From prints and paintings, however, some aid may be derived, and, as there are very good prints of York Cathedral, I must refer you to them.

The windows of this church are of amazing magnitude and indescribable beauty.

The largest is more than seventy feet high, and is, probably the most magnificent window in the world ; it is splendidly painted with so many historical scenes from the scriptures, that it may be considered as almost a hieroglyphical representation of them ; this window is at the eastern end of the Cathedral, and nothing of the kind can exceed it in beauty and richness of colouring.

All the windows are superbly painted, and although they have been for hundreds of years exposed to the action of the light, they remain unfaded and possess a degree of distinctness and brilliancy, which defy modern imitation ;

for, the colours which modern artists lay upon glass, do not endure the action of the light, but lose their beauty.

There is a window in one of the public rooms at Cambridge which is considered as a fine specimen of modern painted glass; the painting cost five hundred pounds, but in point of brilliancy it is already very much injured, although it was, I believe, executed in the present reign.— There is a curious anachronism in the scene which it represents.

His Majesty George III. is sitting on a throne beneath a royal canopy, and a number of allegorical beings are present; but it was not this mixture of shadows and substances, of real beings and of creatures of the imagination, which struck me so singularly, as the introduction of Sir Isaac Newton and Lord Bacon to the royal presence, a circumstance which never did, and from the nature of things, never could happen.

In this cathedral are many monuments of nobles, archbishops, and other distinguished men. In the year 1736, when the pavement of the church underwent a repair, they disturbed the ashes of several of the bishops, and found the rings which had been buried with them; some of them had been interred five hundred years.

They shewed me a curious drinking vessel, made from the tooth of an elephant; it is hollowed out so as to resemble a horn, and is called the horn of Ulphus. The following legend is related concerning it. Ulphus, who was governor of the western parts of Deira, being apprehensive that, after his death, his sons would quarrel about the division of his estate, forthwith pursued this course to make them equal, He took this horn, which was his usual drinking cup, and proceeded without delay to York,

where, having filled the horn with wine, he kneeled before the altar, and bestowed all his lands on God and St. Peter. "These lands are still called de terra Ulphi." The horn was lost or stolen, but was recovered by General Fairfax, and returned to the cathedral by Henry, Lord Fairfax, his son. It had however, been stripped of its ornaments of gold, but it has been decorated anew, and a Latin inscription placed upon it, commemorative of the foregoing history.

During the civil wars, this cathedral was plundered of the silver images of saints and apostles which used to stand in the niches.

There is a multitude of monuments in the cathedral.— Among these, one of Sir George Saville is uncommonly beautiful. It is a full length figure of him, in the attitude of presenting a petition to parliament, from the county of York, which he represented, praying for peace with America.

There is also a monument to archbishop Sterne, great grand-father of Yorick, of sentimental memory; and one to a lady who died at thirty-eight years of age, having been the mother of twenty-four children.

After surveying the inside of the cathedral, I ascended to the top, where I enjoyed a minute view of the town, and an extensive prospect of the country.

York contains about sixteen thousand inhabitants, and stands on the east side of the river Ouse. It is built principally of red brick, and is a place of great antiquity. It was a conspicuous place in the time of the Romans. Severns held his court and died here, and here Constantine the great who happened to be at that time in Britain, received the dying farewell of his father Constantius Chlo-

rus. Three Roman military ways passed through this city and here the sixth and ninth legions were stationed.

Perhaps no place in England has suffered more from the ravages of war and of domestic broils than York. It has been repeatedly sacked, burnt and almost razed to the ground, and, if we may credit the accounts of history, the modern city is much inferior to the ancient.

Even now York is completely enclosed with walls constructed of hewn stone; although they are falling into decay, they have still much neatness and beauty; from the top of the cathedral they are visible in their whole extent.

There is a particular tower at one of the angles, and a massy arch, at the Mickle gate, which are believed to be Roman work.

I have seen no town in England, excepting Portsmouth, whose walls are so complete as those of York; the entrances are still through gates and beneath arches.

Towards evening, I went out on horseback to Holgate, a village in the vicinity of York, for the purpose of seeing a countryman of ours who is well known to the world, both by his writings and by the excellence of his character. I carried an introductory letter, which procured me the kindest reception possible, and all unnecessary ceremony being waved, I was seated at once between Mr. and Mrs. Murray. Mr. Murray, I need not inform you, enjoys a distinguished literary reputation, and this, although well deserved, is by no means the most enviable distinction of his character; for he is an eminently good man.

Being afflicted with a muscular weakness in his limbs, he, about twenty years ago, removed from New-York to England, hoping for relief from the temperate climate of this island. The expected benefit, he has not been so

happy as to obtain; his debility still continues to such a degree, that he can walk only a few steps at once, and frequently not at all.

I found him sitting on a sofa, to which he has been generally confined for many years; in fine weather he sometimes rides abroad, but most of his life is spent within doors. Although unable to benefit mankind by active exertions in any of the common pursuits of business, he has made full amends by the labours of his mind. In the chaste, perspicuous and polished style of his writings, in the pure and dignified moral sentiments which they contain, and even in their simple and yet elegant typographical execution, one may discern proofs of the character of the man. He belongs to the society of friends, but both he and Mrs. Murray, have so tempered the strictness of the manners peculiar to their society, that they are polished people, with the advantage of the utmost simplicity of deportment. I was fortunate in finding Mr. Murray able to converse with freedom, for, at times, he is unable to utter even a whisper, and is compelled to decline seeing his friends.

Our conversation related principally to literature, morals, and religion, and the state of these important subjects in the United States and in England.

I asked him if he had relinquished the idea of returning to his country, and of observing the great changes which these things had undergone in a period of twenty years? He said that he still cherished a faint hope of seeing his native land again, but, that hope was, like a star, often obscured, but twinkling, now and then, to revive his spirits. I replied that I hoped this star would never set.

One would suppose that a situation so peculiar as that of Mr. Murray, would naturally induce a degree of impatience of temper, or at least of depression of spirits; but, I know not that I have ever seen more equanimity and sweetness of deportment, joined with a more serene and happy cheerfulness, than in this instance. When the painful circumstances of his situation were alluded to, he expressed his gratitude to heaven for the many comforts and alleviations which he said he enjoyed under his confinement.

You would not judge from his appearance that he is an infirm man, for his countenance is rather ruddy and fair, and it is animated with a strong expression of benevolence. His person is tall, slender, and well-formed, and his manner of conversing is modest, gentle, easy and persuasive.

Being afraid of inducing him to converse beyond his strength, towards the close of the evening I reluctantly rose to come away, and was solicited, in the most gratifying manner, to protract and repeat my visit.

Declining the former and having no prospect of the latter, I took a cordial farewell of these excellent people, and rode back into York with impressions of the most agreeable kind.

Who would not rather be Mr. Murray, confined to his sofa, than Napoleon, the guilty possessor of an usurped crown, and the sanguinary oppressor of Europe.

## No. LXXIII.—RIDE TO NEWCASTLE.

Wolds of Yorkshire—Thirske—North-Allerton—Historical circumstance—Darlington—Durham—Incident—Newcastle—A coal mine—Plan and manner of working—Method of letting out noxious gases—Waggons travelling up and down hill without horses—Cottages of the miners—A glass-house.

*Nov. 20.*—Early in the morning I left York, in the stage, and, after passing Easingwold,\* a distance of thirteen miles, the high hills, called the Wolds of Yorkshire, began to appear on our right. On the tops of these wolds, which spread into barren downs or plains, the Yorkshire gentlemen train their horses for the turf.

Yorkshire is, in general, a fine agricultural country, and the land through the whole day's ride, appeared very good.

Ten miles from Easingwold, we passed through Thirske, an ancient borough-town, and at the same distance beyond Thirske, we came to North-Allerton, a considerable market-town, built on a single street, which we found filled with people, as it was market-day.

\* At the house where we stopped to breakfast at Easingwold, a print caught my attention. It was a figure of a gentleman, with a sword by his side, walking with arms folded, a measured pace, eyes turned obliquely upwards, but with no definite direction, and an expression of deep thought and discontent. The following hobbling stanza is inscribed beneath :—

“ As I walked by myself, and talked to myself,  
 And thus myself said to me :  
 Look well to thyself, take heed to thyself,  
 For no body cares for thee.”

I never saw a more striking representation of a cynic.

Near this place, in the year 1138, the English gained a victory over the Scots. The fate of the battle turned on a singular circumstance.

The English had erected a banner with a cross, upon a pole, which was borne aloft, and around this ensign they had formed themselves into a firm, compact body, to receive the first assault of the enemy.

The onset was made with such impetuosity, that the English were thrown into confusion, while the Scots broke through to their rear.

At this crisis, when the English were upon the point of giving up all for lost, an old soldier of their army cutting off the head of a man, stuck it upon his spear, and cried out, "Behold the head of the Scotch king." By this spectacle the one army was so much dispirited, and the other so much encouraged, that the English gained a decisive victory.

Passing by a number of small places, we crossed Croft-bridge, over the river Tees, which divides Yorkshire from the county of Durham.

We dined at Darlington, a borough and market-town, containing six thousand inhabitants; it sends two members to parliament.

Soon after we left Darlington, night covered every thing with darkness, and I could perceive nothing more than that we were travelling through a country of hills, which became more frequent as we proceeded north.

Durham is an ancient town, containing about seven or eight thousand inhabitants; it stands on the river Wear.

The only circumstance which gave any degree of interest to this ride, was the sympathy excited for the distress of mind, exhibited by a woman in the coach, who said

that she had recently lost her husband, and was then going to Durham to see her son, who had been dreadfully burnt, and almost destroyed, by the sudden inflammation of some chemical compound, to which, as an apothecary, he was attending. The afflicted mother seemed to feel as if all the judgments of heaven were falling at once upon her. I have rarely seen a stronger exhibition of grief, nor have I often experienced more sensible pleasure, than at seeing the son, when we arrived at Durham, run joyfully out to receive his mother, assuring her, at the same time, that he had sustained no serious injury from the accident.

No town of much importance occurred between Durham and Newcastle. On our approach to the latter, the numerous fires from the coal mines made a brilliant appearance, and reminded us that we were in the vicinity of one of nature's great magazines of fuel.

We arrived at ten o'clock, P. M. having travelled eighty two and a half miles from York.

#### NEWCASTLE.

*Nov. 21.*—Having a few hours to spare, I took a guide, and went out to see as much of Newcastle as I could within the short space of time which I could command.

The coal mines, for which Newcastle is famous all over the world, naturally attracted my attention first. I went immediately to one of the principal mines, with the intention of descending, as I had done before at Redruth and Castleton, but, finding that the adventure would occupy the whole day, I was compelled to relinquish my purpose, as my arrangements for leaving Newcastle in the afternoon had been made. I was therefore obliged to

content myself with viewing things on the surface, and with interrogating the colliers as to the matters below ground.

The country about Newcastle is full of lofty hills, which present many romantic views; among them the river Tyne winds along, and affords the means of conveying the coal to the sea.

The general plan of working the coal mines, is, I believe, the same in all instances. In the first place, the hills are bored, to ascertain the certain existence of a stratum of coal. Next, a pit or shaft is dug, resembling a large well, and the walls of it are constructed of brick or stone. A steam engine, with all the machinery necessary to the business, is erected on the surface, and large sums of money are expended in preparations.

One half of the mouth of the mine which I saw, was covered so as to be tight, and a partition extended perpendicularly down the shaft to the bottom or near it. Down that part which is open, men, horses, implements, and all other things needed below, are conveyed by means of ropes connected with the steam engine, and worked by it. Two baskets alternately rise and fall through the same aperture, and convey the coal to the surface.

The other half of the shaft is contrived so as to convey off the deleterious gases which infest the mine; they are let out through a lateral orifice, terminating in a tall chimney, where a fire is constantly maintained; it is not suffered to go out by day or by night, in summer or in winter. It is obvious that the effect of this fire must be to create a double current; the rarefaction produced by the fire of the chimney will cause a current of the foul air of

the mine upward, while, from the same cause, the fresh air from above will rush down from the open part of the shaft.

There are pipes or tubes to bring the foul air *from*, and to convey the fresh air *to* every part of the mine. This foul air is chiefly an inflammable gas, and as it is constantly pushed up into the fire place, it is there slowly burned, without hazard or inconvenience.

If these precautions, or others of a similar kind, are neglected, the inflammable gas accumulates, and mixes with the common air of the mine, and, when the miners descend with lighted candles, the mixture explodes with all the noise and violence of gun powder, blowing up the mine, and with it, men, horses, machinery, and every other moveable thing, forcing them, with fatal velocity, along the narrow chambers, the sides of which, when they do not give way, act like the tube of a gun to increase the effect. Accidents of this kind have been too frequent in coal mines. In the year 1708, there was an explosion in a coal mine in this part of England, which killed sixty-nine persons.\*

The shaft of the mine which I saw was about six hundred feet deep, and they informed me that the coal lies in strata of three or four feet in thickness.

By a very simple contrivance the coal is conveyed, in waggons, half a mile from the mine to the river. The waggon runs on an iron way, with which the wheels are made to tally, that the carriage may not deviate from its course. A strong rope, passing from the waggon, is con-

\* Sir H. Davy, by the invention of the safety lamp, has now removed this danger, and acquired a new triumph for himself and for science. 1818.

nected with proper machinery, and falls down the shaft of the mine, where it is fastened to a great weight. As the road is down the declivity of a hill to the river, it happens, that whenever the waggon, with its load of coal, becomes sufficiently heavy, it pulls so hard on the rope, that the weight begins to rise, and the waggon to descend, which it continues to do, till it arrives at the river's brink, where the machine is unloaded, and now, the weight again preponderates, and draws the waggon back with velocity. Thus time and the labour of horses is saved, and there appears a curious exhibition, a waggon running up and down hill, but *seemingly* without any moving power.

I looked into the cottages of the miners, and was gratified at seeing every indication of comfort, and a great degree of neatness, which, considering the nature of their employment, was the more remarkable.

Returning into town, I visited a glass-house, where they were going through some of the more curious operations of the art. There is an astonishing degree of ductility and of flexibility in glass when hot. One of the artists, at my request, held a lump of glass in his pincers, while another drew out a thread from it, and ran more than once around the chimney, still drawing it finer and finer, till at last, it was nearly as fine as sewing silk, and, although it was more than eighty feet long, it did not break.

Newcastle is the seat of many manufactories, and all those in which the aid of fire is wanted, are carried on here with great advantage.

My time did not permit me to make an excursion of fourteen miles, to see the remains of the wall of Severus,

which are still visible in some places, between Newcastle and Carlisle.

I saw the Pandon-gate, the arches of which are believed to be Roman.

Newcastle is a populous town; it contains about thirty seven thousand inhabitants, but it is not handsome, for its numerous manufactures give it a smoky appearance.



### No. LXXIV.—ALNWICK.

Accidental companions—Morpeth—Castle of the Duke of Northumberland—Genealogy of the Percies—Lord Percy fought at Bunker's Hill—Historical associations—Monument of Malcolm King of Scotland—Belford—Fenwick—A Nunnery—Reflections—The hills of Scotland—Cross the Tweed—Berwick—Ayton—Dunbar—Arrive at Edinburgh.

I left Newcastle early in the afternoon, in a post-chaise, with some persons who, like myself, had been disappointed in obtaining seats in the stage-coach. Our whole number was four, one more than a full complement for a post-chaise, but a mutual disposition to be civil rendered the inconveniences of our situation very tolerable, and we arrived at Alnwick, which is thirty-three miles from Newcastle, at eight in the evening.

Morpeth, a borough town, was the only considerable place that occurred on our ride, and my companions informed me that it was the birth place of Admiral, now Lord Collingwood, who recently distinguished himself so much at the great battle of Trafalgar.

There was nothing novel in the face of the country, or in the incidents which occurred during this afternoon's ride.

People so close pent up together as we were, necessarily became acquainted, and a considerable degree of interest was excited by this casual meeting. A lady and her son, belonging to Sunderland, formed two of our number. They were amiable and interesting people; we spent the evening together at the inn, in Alnwick, and I parted with them, regretting that it would never be in my power to accept the offers of hospitality which they kindly made me.\*

*Nov. 22.*—The Duke of Northumberland permits his magnificent castle to be seen by strangers, only between seven and nine in the morning. I repaired to it at eight, and was readily admitted. Alnwick castle, which, for five hundred years, has been the proud residence of the Percies, is, at this day, maintained in all its ancient strength and grandeur. It is true that only a small part of the original structure remains; but, in the thorough repairs which the castle has undergone, a religious regard has been paid to the preservation of the exact form of every part, so that it now appears as it did when “Percy of Northumberland” sallied forth to Chevy Chase. As a perfect specimen of the finest of the ancient castles of

\* In these kind people who, belonging to the middle class of society were still polished and enlightened, I found another proof of the remark which I have already made, that there is no want of frankness and affability in England. We were acquainted almost immediately—and they informed me that the object of their visit at Alnwick, was to obtain the place of private secretary to the Duke of Northumberland for the young man, an attempt in which I believe they succeeded.

England, it was to me a most interesting and gratifying spectacle.

It is beautifully situated on a hill, whose sides slope with a fine green declivity to a river, and the surrounding country presents a great variety of scenery, for it rises into bold and lofty hills.

A wall, of massy hewn stone, twenty or thirty feet high, and very thick, surrounds the whole, including a space of five acres. Sixteen square towers, with lofty battlements, rise in different parts of the wall, all around whose top within, there is a platform, upon which and upon the towers the warriors, armed with missile weapons, stood to defend the castle.

I entered under a vast and heavy arch, said to be Saxon, where there were anciently six gates, one behind another, and the groove in which the portcullis used to fall, and the furrow made in the stone by the catch that sustained it, are still perfectly visible.

Having arrived within the walls, I saw the castle itself. It is a vast pile of stone, crowned with battlements; ten circular or rather octagon towers form a part of its circumference, which completely surrounds an interior court, to which there is no access, except through a gate, the arches of which also are Saxon.

On the top of the castle, and on the summit of the walls and towers, are placed a host of figures sculptured in stone; they are as large as life, and represent warriors in ancient armour brandishing arrows, spears, swords, stones, and clubs, and the other weapons of a barbarous age.

I entered the inner circle of the castle, and the servants conducted me through this superb palace; for such, in-

deed, is its interior, which is finished in all the splendour and taste of modern times; the external part of the castle alone is preserved in its pristine condition.

In the chapel, which is moddled after that of King's College at Cambridge, the genealogy of the Percies is displayed in golden letters on the wall. It modestly begins with Charlemagne, and runs down through five or six French emperors and kings, till it deviates into a line of noblemen.

The present earl is the same who, as Lord Percy, fought at Bunker's Hill, but, he is now deprived by the gout, of the use of his limbs and cannot stand. Against such an enemy, what can avail his princely revenue, his heroic name, whose very sound recalls the age of chivalry, his venerable castle, and his royal pedigree!

The present duke is one of the richest subjects in the kingdom; popular report makes his income one hundred thousand pounds a year.

After surveying the castle, I walked around the walls\* and ascended one of the towers. Here I transported myself back, in imagination, to the age, when one might have seen the Scottish spears rising over the hills, and Douglass or Malcolm advancing to assail the towers of Alnwick castle.

This fortress has been memorable in the wars of the borders, and a history of all the events with which it has been connected would include an account of no small part of that period of rapine and violence which made the frontiers of England and Scotland so long a scene of blood.

\* The walls are so thick that they contain rooms for the servants.

Alnwick castle has been fatal to the kings of Scotland. Malcolm was slain before it in the year 1093, and his son Edward fell on the same ground, not long after, in attempting to avenge his father's death. In 1174, William was taken prisoner here, and, with his feet bound under the horse's belly was carried away.

But, those barbarous days are past. Northumberland has ceased to smoke with the blood of Scottish and of English kings and nobles, and Alnwick castle, no longer bidding defiance to an invador, or affording a refuge from hostility, stands merely a monument of an age when war was the only path to glory.

Alnwick itself is a small town, it was formerly walled, and three of its gates are still standing.

I left it at ten in the morning, in the stage coach, and, a little way out of town, mounted the roof, that I might enjoy the best views of the romantic country through which I was travelling.

We passed close to a stone monument, erected by a noble lady, a descendant of Malcolm, on the spot where he was slain. He had reduced the castle to great extremity, when it made a show of surrendering. An English soldier named Hammond, rode out of the castle on a fleet horse, carrying the keys of the fortress on the point of his spear. As he approached the royal pavillion, the too credulous monarch advanced incautiously to receive the keys, and the soldier watching his opportunity, treacherously gave him a fatal thrust; aided by the swiftness of his horse, he then made good his retreat into the castle, swimming the river on horseback at a place, which from that circumstance was called Hammond's ford.

We rode through a country generally hilly and not very fertile; on our right appeared the castles of Dunstanborough and Bamborough, near the coast, and farther on towards Scotland, that of Holy Island.

After travelling fourteen miles we passed through the small market town of Belford, and at Fenwick, which is a few miles still farther on the road, a young lady who was in the stage, pointed out *a nunnery* in full sight. She said that it contained between thirty and forty nuns, of English and Scotch origin, who had gone into French nunneries before the revolution, and when they were driven by that event from the continent, they took refuge in their own country, where they are protected and treated with respect; she represented them as women of polished minds and affable manners. I did not before know that there was a nunnery in England, but, I am since informed that there is another in Cornwall.

An asylum for *unfortunate and unprotected females* is, without doubt, a desirable thing, but it should be filled by *such alone*, and not by those who are actuated only by erroneous views of the nature and claims of piety.

Is innocence of mind the peculiar inmate of "those deep solitudes and awful cells" which the lonely sisterhood inhabit? No! Innocence is as frequently found in the interesting scenes of domestic and social life, where virtue is fortified by action, and the discharge of duty is rewarded by the hourly exercise of the best affections.

At this period of the world, one would not have expected to find, in England, any victims of that strange infatuation, which seeks to serve the Creator by the abandonment of every social duty, and the voluntary assumption of vows which preclude the most interesting and important

of human relations, and confine the useless victims of this delusion to cold contemplations, and gratuitous and thankless austerities.

The hills of Scotland now came into view. I glanced at them with strong emotion, and beheld with much interest, the waters of the Tweed, which was so often forded by the armies of the ancient kings of the two rival countries, and whose banks were so frequently the scene of the predatory excursions of the borderers, and of the exploits of the heroes of England and Scotland.

We crossed this celebrated river without any interesting incident, and, at two in the afternoon, entered Berwick, where we dined, and whence we proceeded without delay.

Berwick is surrounded by walls, and the remains of its castle are still to be seen. It has a great trade with London, and its population is about seven thousand; but, if the contiguous villages are included, it contains twice that number.

Berwick is a town and county by itself, and is considered as belonging to England.

After travelling about three miles beyond it, we crossed the boundary-line, and entered Scotland. The country began to look barren, and the hills abounded with heath.

We passed the village of Ayton, which is pleasantly situated in a valley, and soon after, night came upon us, and it was quite dark when we drove into the large town of Dunbar. Circumstances prevented my remaining here till the next day, as I had intended; I therefore went on in the coach, and had to regret that the darkness concealed from my view the country of the East-Lothian, which is said to be the finest in Scotland.

At midnight I espied the lights of Edinburgh, and was carried to an inn in the new town.

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A WINTER IN EDINBURGH.

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No. LXXV.—HOLYROOD-HOUSE, &c.

Take lodgings with two Americans—Plan of living—Remarks—Holyrood-House—French exiles—Gallery of portraits—Queen Mary's apartments—Murder of Rizio—Stain of his blood—Mary's toilet, &c.

Nov. 23.—In the morning I found myself in the midst of a great city, where every object and every face was new. I took a guide who was acquainted with the town, and, in the first instance, called on two Americans,\* to whom I had been made known by a friend in London. As I intended to remain a good while in Edinburgh, my first object was to settle myself in lodgings, and as there was still vacant room in the house where my new acquaintances were fixed, I gladly accepted their invitation to join their society, and make a third at a common table. This circumstance was particularly agreeable to me, as I knew their characters. I therefore left the hotel without delay, and in two hours was domesticated in Edinburgh.

\* Now Rev. John Codman of Dorchester and Professor John Gorham, M. D. of Boston. 1818.

Having settled myself in lodgings I made haste to despatch the next preliminary labour, I mean that of delivering my letters of introduction. It is possible that you may hereafter know something of those with whom they bring me acquainted.

Our plan of living is the same that is adopted by most single men in this town, and indeed with little variation, it is common to most of the great towns of Europe. We hire furnished apartments, each having his own suite, where he is completely retired, and master of his own hours. The people of the house provide our food for us at our expence, and under our direction, but our table is set in one of our apartments, where we eat by ourselves, and have no manner of connexion with the family except to call for their services, and to pay their bills.— Their gain is derived solely from the use of their apartments and furniture, for, the food is charged merely at what it costs. Boarding, is here, and in London, almost unknown, and, in the few instances in which it exists, is scarcely a comfortable or respectable mode of living, but, nothing, except the comfort of a well regulated family of ones own, can be more desirable than the method of living which I have described; any person who has once adopted it, will return with extreme reluctance, to the habits of an American boarding house.

Now, my dear brother, I am settled for the winter, and my time will be devoted to sedentary and studious employments. In such a life, there is very little to excite interest, or to gratify curiosity; it is destitute of adventure, and presents little of that variety which constitutes a principal charm, in the narrations of travellers; a history of the operations of the understanding, in the investigation

of truth, will not gratify even the curiosity of friendship, and few would be willing to read a diurnal account of the state of the weather, and of its influence on the spirits of the writer.

Actuated by such considerations, I should feel a strong disposition to abandon my journal, had I not persevered in it so long, that I am reluctant to desist in the midst of my work, and to leave that unfinished, which has imposed upon me a daily returning obligation to industry, and served to give form and distinctness to impressions that might have been otherwise often too slight for permanency.

I am aware, after all, that a diary must include a multitude of things which are common to all mankind. Even when the individual, whose story it gives, is divided by an ocean from his country and his friends, when he treads on ground rendered memorable by great events, and over which history has shed a charm, which grows more powerful with the lapse of time; when he sees men, whose names are renowned in other lands, and whose fame will descend with glory to future ages; when he contemplates the venerable monuments of ancient architecture, or the more beautiful, but less impressive productions of modern ages; still, his story will often flag, and he will find, that even in Britain, common thoughts and common things fill up the greater part of the life of man. We cannot be forever engaged in scenes which powerfully interest the affections, warm the imagination, excite the understanding to vigorous effort, and call for splendid, pathetic or sublime description. In every country, we must come down at last to life, *as it is*, and we shall every where find, that *to provide for the necessities of the passing hour*, if not the

most interesting, is the most constant occupation of the species.

Although my principal motive for undertaking this journal was to gratify my friends, and to renew my own pleasures at a future day, still I should, long ago, have thrown by my work, had I not been aware that the composition, which one is not willing, at the time, even to re-peruse, may, at a future and distant day, when oblivion has drawn a veil over the little irritations of the moment, and memory looks back with all the interest of novelty, still afford pleasure even to its author, and possess some interest in the eyes of his friends.

These motives, strengthened by a wish to be able to recal with precision, facts and impressions, which are too prone to elude the custody of memory, have prevented me from desisting, and will still induce me to persevere.

You may therefore expect some account of such interesting objects as may arrest my attention in Edinburgh, connected with any peculiar traits of local manners, which I may observe, and joined with something of my personal history.

#### HOLYROOD-HOUSE.

*Nov. 25.*—As I was returning this morning from a walk, I accidentally arrived at Holyrood-House, and made use of this opportunity to see this celebrated place, which was a royal residence, when Scotland swayed a rival sceptre in this part of Britain.

Holyrood-House does not appear to have been used as a palace before the reign of James V. since which period it has been twice burnt, and as often rebuilt. The present structure was erected in the reign of King Charles

II. except that part of the palace which contains Queen Mary's apartments. This is a portion of a more ancient structure, and remains as it was in the time of the unfortunate queen. King David I. founded Holyrood-House in the year 1128, for a society of religious persons.

It is a stone building of considerable magnificence; its form is quadrangular, including a handsome court, but its apartments are less ornamented than those of the English palaces.

All the ancient part of the palace is now occupied by the Duke of Hamilton, who is its hereditary keeper, and the rest by the Count d'Artois, brother of the late king of France, and by other noble French exiles. These apartments are hung round with pictures, and with tapestry of the gobelins. There is a view of St. Maloes, an original painting, done by Elizabeth, sister of the late king of France, while she was a prisoner in the temple.

On the north side of the palace there is a gallery, one hundred and fifty feet long, which contains more than a hundred portraits of the kings of Scotland, from Fergus I. down to James VI. The pictures nearly cover the walls, and it is said that they were much defaced while the English troops were quartered here in 1745.

In this room the election for the sixteen peers of Scotland is held, and it is now used as a chapel by the Count d'Artois and his friends.

I hastened with eagerness to that part of the palace which contains the apartments of that unhappy queen, whose history will ever excite the strongest sympathy, and cause every one to regret that she had not been as innocent as she was beautiful and unfortunate. No one can fail to be

deeply interested in her tragical story, while compassion for her fate, and indignation at the hypocrisy and meditated cruelty of her rival, aided by the peculiar interest which is excited by her beauty and accomplishments, naturally induce us to wish to conceal the blemishes of her character.

In Westminster Abbey the monuments of Elizabeth and of Mary are near each other, and I was forcibly struck, when last there, with the circumstance that the ashes of those, whom one island could not contain in peace, now repose quietly together in the great mausoleum of English sovereigns; envy no longer survives, and the proud oppressor of her more beautiful rival lies as low as she.

There are three apartments now remaining, substantially as they were when Mary left them. The smallest is that in which the queen was sitting at supper with the Countess of Argyle and the favourite Rizio, when the conspirators entered. This tragical story is so well known, that it is scarcely necessary to relate the circumstances of the event. It was undoubtedly culpable in the queen to admit this Italian favourite to the indecorous familiarity of a private supper, and this instance of indiscretion, preceded as it had been by a course of similar conduct, might well have been expected to inflame the jealousy of a man so weak and capricious as Darnley. The blind infatuation which led Mary to marry a man whose beauty was almost his only recommendation, seems to have been the principal cause of all her misfortunes. I should not have imagined, however, from the portrait of Darnley, which is still preserved in the palace, that his personal attractions could have been such as to have fascinated the youthful queen; he was ungracefully tall; and his thigh bones, which, with

the remains of several of the Scottish sovereigns, were shamefully dragged out of their coffins some years ago, by a mob, were till lately exhibited to those who visited the palace, and were contrasted with a pair of common dimensions. I did not see these bones, but I saw the boots and spurs, the gloves, and the spear and armour of Lord Darnley.

They correspond to the size of his person, and are preserved in a small apartment, in one of the old round towers of the palace. This room is not more than twelve feet square, and is the very one in which the queen was sitting at supper when Rizio was sacrificed. In an adjoining apartment there is a secret door in the wall, opening to a narrow, dark, and winding flight of stairs, which communicate with the apartment below. I went down and up, and found them so steep that some caution was requisite to avoid falling.

By these stairs Lord Darnley and his bloody coadjutors ascended; they seized Rizio as he was sitting by the queen's side, and dragged him through her private bed-chamber and her bed-chamber of state, into the next room, where they murdered the poor victim, piercing him with fifty-six wounds.

His blood flowed out on to the floor, and left a stain, which is superstitiously believed to be indelible, because it is the stain of murder; it has, they say, resisted every effort to wash it out.

According to the popular impression, this is the reason why it has remained to this day; but those who would be thought more knowing, sometimes ask the guide how long since the blood has been *fresh painted*.

To me, however, it appears very credible, that on boards not exposed to the weather, the stains of blood (without attributing any thing peculiar to that shed by murder,) might remain uneffaced for any length of time, and the spots which are now shewn in Holyrood House, have certainly the appearance of ancient stains of blood. When the British troops burnt Fairfield, in Connecticut, during the American war, a soldier wantonly stabbed a black man who was unarmed and unoffending; he leaned over the fence at his master's door, while the blood ran down the boards and produced a stain, which, although it had remained continually exposed to the weather, was visible when the fence was removed, within my recollection, many years after the conclusion of the war. The blood of domestic animals also frequently stains the boards of barns and slaughter-houses, so that years of exposure to the weather will not entirely efface it.

I am therefore disposed to believe that Rizio's blood is still visible in Holyrood House; the point, it is true, is unimportant, but it is very gratifying to be able to trace such legible memorials of the tragical events recorded in history.

They assured me that Mary's apartments were preserved, as they appeared at the period of this barbarous deed. The chairs, the tables, and all the antique furniture remain as then.

There is her bed, the curtains and ornaments of which were wrought by her own hands, as was her sofa, which is beautifully inlaid with silver thread.

Her toilet remains uninjured; I opened her dressing-box, which contains her pin cushion, the little vessels for perfumes, and other articles of various kinds.

There is also a beautiful cabinet of ebony, inlaid with tortoise shell, which she brought with her from France;\* its drawers still exhale the sweetest perfumes.

There is, in her dressing-box, a miniature painting of Mary, a copy from an original portrait; it exhibits her as peculiarly beautiful.

Unfortunate queen!—called from the refined elegance of the French court, to rule a turbulent and unpolished people—surrounded by traitors—compelled to be a spectator of murder in her very palace, even at a period when, *from her peculiar situation*,† she was entitled to every

\* Sept. 1818.—It is well known, that at this period of the history of Scotland, a very intimate connexion subsisted between this country and France. Mary was educated in France, and married a French Prince, who died and left her, still in the bloom of youth and beauty. It is not surprising that her own feelings were strongly wedded to France. Her subjects partook largely in this sentiment, and for a long course of years, not only the most intimate connexion, but the most active sympathy also, existed between the two countries. It is very interesting to observe, even at this day, French words mixed with the talk of the common people. Passing through the streets of Edinburgh, I heard a common man call the public clock *horloge*; there can be no doubt that this word was adopted into the Scotch common speech, at the time when the French were almost as much at home in Edinburgh as in Paris.

Scotland hated England as sincerely as France did, and with much more reason, for, till the union, England was often her oppressor. Even now, Scotch *national feelings* are not extinct. Talk to them of Robert Bruce, Sir William Wallace, and Edward the first—and of Bannockburn, and Floddenfield, and Falkirk, and you will see the Caledonian blood mount warmly into their faces, while they remember the wrongs, the valour, and the exploits of their fathers.

† Just before the birth of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland.

attention of affectionate solicitude—hunted by a sagacious rival queen—wasting nineteen years in prison—a captive in her hands, and dying at last beneath the axe of the executioner!

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## No. LXXVI.—EDINBURGH.

A beautiful place—Built on three hills—The new town connected with the old by bridges—The old town—A singular street—Height of some of the houses—The castle of Edinburgh—Ancient and famous—Commanding situation—Apartment in which James VI. was born—Civility of manners in Edinburgh.

### SKETCH OF EDINBURGH.

*Nov. 26.*—I find that Edinburgh is a city of a most singular, romantic, and I may add, beautiful appearance. I have run over it with the eager curiosity of a stranger, and in my walks have been much indebted to the politeness of Mr. Codman, one of our family, who has been so obliging as to lead me to the most interesting points of view, in and about the town.

It stands nearly two miles from the river Forth, on three hills, which are separated by very deep and abrupt valleys. The new town is built on the northern hill, which is comparatively low; and when viewed from the high ridge on which the old town is erected, appears to stand only on an elevated plain;—but the ground is high compared with that between it and the Forth, and is much more elevated than the valley which divides it from the old town. This new town has been built within the last

half century, and is very beautiful; the houses and public buildings are in a fine style of architecture;—they are constructed of light coloured free-stone, similar in appearance to that of which Bath is built. There are several handsome squares, spacious, regular, and clean, intersecting each other at right angles; the houses are uniform in their height and construction; there are very few shops, or places of labour; and no appearance of decay, meanness, or poverty. The valley prevents the new town from being blended with the old, and, all these circumstances concurring, make the new town of Edinburgh a very handsome, complete, and gratifying object; among the British towns it is second in beauty only to Bath. The valley, between the old and new town, was once occupied by a lake, which is now dry; the eastern part of this valley is covered with houses, but the greater part of it is a grass plat.

This valley might with more propriety be called a deep gulf, for the ascent from it into the old town is steep and arduous; the communication is facilitated by two bridges, one of solid earth, and the other an elegant structure of hewn stone. It is very lofty and rests upon fine arches, the sight of which makes one regret that such a magnificent bridge should be without a river. The spectator may look down from it upon houses, people, and streets, below him in the valley—as in an inferior world.\* The

\* This bridge once fell very suddenly, and proved fatal to some persons. One of the professors of the University—mentioned to me, that just before this event, a gentleman with two ladies was about passing the bridge, when one of the ladies facetiously remarked, what if the bridge should fall while we are crossing! It did so indeed, and she with the gentleman perished in its ruins,

old town occupies the two other hills; the middle one is much the highest, and is really a lofty ridge, rising from the east towards the west, till it terminates abruptly in a perpendicular precipice of naked rocks, several hundred feet high. From the castle, which is situated on the verge of this precipice, at the western extremity of the middle ridge, a great street extends eastward for a mile, quite down to Holyrood Palace, which stands at the foot of the hill;—and a great number of lanes and alleys proceed from it, at right angles, to the north and south, till they terminate in the two valleys. The declivities of the hills, on both sides, are thickly covered with rows of lofty houses, commencing in the valleys, and rising continually, one above another, till they reach the summit of the hill. The old town extends southward also on to the next hill, and the valley between is very populous; a high bridge connects the two hills, and here a most singular scene is exhibited. I viewed it again and again, before I distinctly comprehended the circumstance, which I will now endeavour to render intelligible.

Suppose yourself walking along through the principal street of a great town, when, all on a sudden, you perceive a chasm in the houses, on each side, as if a new street had intersected that in which you are; you would naturally cast an eye to the right and left, to ascertain the fact; suppose you did not at once find a street, and while you are pondering on the circumstance you happen to look downwards, and discover a street passing directly beneath you. This is the circumstance to which I alluded. There while the other lady escaped. The period of this catastrophe and the names of the persons were mentioned, but I did not treasure them up.—1818.

is, in this valley, a narrow, populous, compact, and bustling street, which passes under the high bridge that I mentioned. It is a mere conjecture, but I should think that it is eighty or one hundred feet below the level of the upper street and of the bridge; it crosses their course at right angles, and looks as if it had been sunk to its present situation. The houses in this street are exceedingly lofty; they rise so far above the upper street, that they sometimes shew three stories above its level, and it thus happens, that at the points of intersection, the same house is in both streets at once;—it begins in the lower one, and rises far above the upper;—looking at it from the latter, you would take it for a house of the common height, belonging to the street in which you are, but, on examining farther, you discover that you had seen only the pinnacle of this giddy edifice. The old town is by no means destitute of good buildings, but its general appearance is rather rude, and some parts of it are very dirty. But as I become better acquainted with Edinburgh, I shall be able to give you more particular views, and shall be in less danger of falling into mistakes. I therefore dismiss the subject for the present.

#### THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.

I am afraid you will be sick of ancient castles; I am not yet tired with visiting them, for I contemplate these venerable monuments of the heroic ages with real and unaffected emotion. How can it be otherwise with an American in whose country there are no such monuments, and whose early curiosity has been fired with the history of ages, when heroes, and castles, and feats of gallantry and personal valour, threw an air of romance over the

whole course of events. What boy on the other side of the Atlantic has ever read of feudal barons, and of thanes and clans and border warfare, and has not longed to see a castle!

I have been with a friend to see the castle of Edinburgh. It has been, for many centuries, a celebrated fortress, and has experienced almost every fluctuation of domestic and foreign war. To recount its history minutely, would be to advert to many of the most interesting crises of the affairs of Scotland. There are credible accounts of it for more than seven hundred years. It has served as a royal residence for the sovereigns of Scotland; it has been used as a prison for them when they have been in the power of their rebellious subjects;—a monarch, distinguished by the union of two crowns in his person, was born in this castle; it has endured the pressure of regular sieges both in ancient and modern war; it has been demolished and built again; it has been taken by surprise, by stratagem and treason, and still maintains a garrison within its walls.

You cannot easily conceive of any thing more commanding than the situation of Edinburgh castle. It perfectly overlooks the town of Edinburgh, into almost every house of which cannon balls might be fired from this fortress, and the surrounding country, within the reach of shot, lies equally at the mercy of the garrison. In ancient war, it must have formed an almost impregnable hold, but military men assert that it would not hold out a day against a modern siege, although it is now fortified with cannon.

I have already mentioned that the castle stands on the western extremity of the high ridge upon which the old town is built. The termination of this hill is perfectly

abrupt, and presents a lofty perpendicular precipice of rock, which springs up from the bottom of the gulf or valley that divides the old town from the new.

Walking to-day through the valley, at the foot of the Castle Rock, we were forcibly struck with the grandeur of the cliffs, and with the imposing aspect of the castle on their summit; most of its buildings, both ancient and modern, stand on the giddy verge of this eminence. As we stood at the bottom of the precipice and looked upward, the rude front of naked rugged rocks, impending from the pinnacle, with an aspect which, in many places, threatened a fall, and the walls and towers of the castle standing on the very brink and even projecting over our heads, filled us with impressions of awe and sublimity.

By a winding foot-path, we clambered up to the castle, entered its double gates and ascended to its highest platform. I shall not pretend to describe minutely its buildings and batteries, its magazines, towers, walls, and various means of defensive or offensive war. Its circumference is not quite one thousand feet. From every part of it there are the finest views of Edinburgh, particularly of the new town, and the country to the west and north, with its plains, hills, and mountains, and the river of Forth is all before the spectator. The day however was not favourable to prospect, and I promised myself a repetition of this pleasure under more favourable circumstances.

I could not leave the castle without going to see the apartment in which James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, was born.

In the year 1566, soon after the murder of Rizio, Queen Mary, having good reason, on account of the insult offered to her person in Holyrood House, to entertain appre-

hensions for her personal safety during a critical hour which was approaching, sought an asylum in the castle from the numerous factions with which Scotland was then torn.

On the nineteenth day of June, 1566, the expected event happened, in a little apartment, which remains to this day nearly as it then was. We found it filled with soldiers; the apartment is about twelve feet long, eight broad, and ten or twelve high, and situated in the highest part of the castle. It is mentioned as a remarkable circumstance, that most of the rooms exhibited as having been either refuges or prisons of Mary, are mean. The walls of this are painted with coats of arms and insignia of royalty, and there is an inscription in gilded letters, recommending the infant prince to the care of his Saviour.

On the ceiling, beneath the figure of a crown, are the initials M. R. for Maria Regina, with the date 1566, and beneath another crown, the letters J. R. or Jacobus Rex. All these decorations were, of course, added after the event which has signalized an apartment, probably before, one of the most obscure in the castle.

They shewed us a window through which it is said that the infant monarch was handed out.

## No. LXXVII.—EDINBURGH.

A meeting of the Independents—One of the Scotch establishment—Incident—Great attention to the Sabbath—Scotch version of the Psalms—Great attachment to it—First impressions in Edinburgh—Evening scenery in Edinburgh—Appearance of the Castle-hill—A masonic procession—National thanksgiving—A bombastical sermon from a man of high station—The custom of New England remembered.

## THE SABBATH.

*Dec. 1.*—This morning the hills on the other side of the Forth are white all over with snow, and we begin to feel the influence of winter.

I have been into a meeting of the Independents, and heard a weak, incoherent, and extravagant effusion from one whose piety was under a most unfortunate disguise, and whose zeal was certainly without knowledge. I was told that he was accidentally present, and that the regular preacher in that house is one of a very different character.

In the forenoon I went, with a companion, to a church of the Scotch establishment, where we heard a discourse which formed the perfect contrast of that of the morning, and it was delivered with warmth, but with correctness and modesty.

After the usual services were through, the preacher reminded his people of the national thanksgiving, which is to be celebrated on the fifth, to render praise to heaven for the late victory over the combined fleets; with much felicity of expression and impressiveness of manner, he urged upon his hearers the duty of contributing liberally

for the relief of the widows and orphans of those brave men who had devoted their lives to avert the war from these shores, and to procure for the people of these islands a continuance of the numerous blessings which they enjoy.

Edinburgh exhibits, on the Sabbath, indications of much more seriousness than London; decorum on the Sabbath seems to be enforced by the state of public opinion, and probably a man's character would suffer here by any very gross violation of it. There is comparatively little appearance of recreation, and, at the hour of divine service, the streets are thronged with the people going to the various churches, which are, so far as I have seen them, very well filled. I was in a church last Sabbath, where, on account of the crowd, it was not possible to obtain a seat.

To-day, when we entered the Canongate Church, the prospect was more promising; there were vacant seats enough, and wishing to interfere with nobody, we resorted to a vacant pew, apparently unclaimed by any one, and thought we must be right, as a man kindly went before us and opened the pew door. But, we were no sooner seated, than the same man put his mouth to my ear, and whispered, "pray," "pray sir, are you the man whose child is to be baptized to-day?" a startling question to a bachelor! I need not say how much I was surprised by it, nor how it was answered. In short I discovered that we had taken seats in the pew which is devoted to those who present their children for baptism. Our mistake was discovered by others, as soon as by ourselves, and we were obligingly conducted to a very good seat among the elders of the church, who have an appropriate pew.

Every individual is provided with a Bible and Psalm Book ; with the former they follow the preacher in his references to scripture, and with the latter they all join in singing.

The common people appear, on this day, well dressed, and form a great proportion of the congregation ; they all join in the singing, which is apparently devotional, notwithstanding the jarring of discordant sounds, proceeding from the united voices of a great assembly, and the dreadful barbarisms of the Scotch version of David's Psalms, to which they are wonderfully attached ; it is very tame prose, fettered with something like metre, in which the freedom, beauty, and sublimity of the original are entirely lost, while, to compensate, there is not a distant approach to euphony or melody of versification.

The apology for retaining it is that it adheres more strictly to the spirit of the original than the elegant and fervent translations of Watts ; attempts have been made to introduce these along with some of his hymns and those of Doddridge and others, but, thus far, it has been attempted in vain ; the common people cannot be reconciled to the measure.

I went a day or two since with a companion to the parliament close, a square rendered famous by having been the place where the parliament held its sessions when Scotland was independent. In the centre of it, there is a noble equestrian statue of Charles II. The memory of the unfortunate house of Stuart is still dear to the Scotch, and you know it is little more than half a century, since they proved that they were still ready to shed their blood for the heir of this house. Culloden is still remembered

with grief and bitterness in Scotland, and persons are still living here, who remember that disastrous and bloody day.

Our object in parliament square was to present ourselves before the lord Prevost of Edinburgh, which as aliens it was our duty to do. The lord Prevost answers to the lord Mayor of London. He is a personage of great dignity, and wears a triple gold chain around his neck.— We were treated with much politeness and every thing was made easy to us. Indeed one cannot have been a week in Scotland, without very favourable impressions of the good nature and obliging disposition of the Caledonians. I have already met with many instances of kindness shown without the remotest prospect of reward.

If you ask even a common man in the streets, the way to any place he answers in the most obliging manner, and will even lay down his spade or drop his wheel barrow, and go to the next corner that you may not mistake, and if you go wrong he will even run after you, and put you right. All this is done with much *heart* and earnestness, and it is well if the Caledonian words and phrases which will flow abundantly from his lips, and more than all the peculiar and almost *chiming* tone with which the common Scotch utter every thing, and especially if much interested, does not raise a smile upon your features.

Arriving in Edinburgh at midnight, I saw nothing of its inhabitants except the servant who shewed me a bed, and when after breakfast the next morning I issued forth into its busy streets, the town broke upon me, as suddenly, as a new scene is disclosed on the stage by the rising of the curtain. These peculiarities then struck me with so much force, and I was at the same time so much delighted and amused, that I found it difficult to preserve my gravity,

and that even for some days, in the midst of what seemed to be almost a comic farce. Many of the Scotch gentry and especially the men of learning are free from these peculiarities, and speak and pronounce English very correctly; *wood* and *woody*, &c. however, they almost invariably pronounce —*ood* and —*oody*.

#### EVENING.

*Dec. 2.*—My residence is in the old town, and I often walk in the new. I was there this evening, and was forcibly struck with the beautiful appearance which Edinburgh exhibits at night. The town is well lighted, and the circumstance that gives it peculiar splendour, is the hilly and almost mountainous nature of the ground, which enables one, at a single view, to see the lights in every direction; and sometimes the ground rises so much, that the lamps can be seen quite to the farther end of the street.

In passing from the old town to the new, there is a beautiful row of lights, visible for a mile along Prince's-street. This is a fine walk, running near that part of the new town which is contiguous to the old; it is limited on one side by the houses, which are arranged in a continued right line of a mile in length; on the side next to the old town it extends to the intervening valley, and, on that side, there are no houses, so that a spectator from the bridge has a full view of the street from one end to the other.

From Prince's-street, the appearance of the old town is, by night, still more beautiful; as one casts his eye over the valley, the old town rising abruptly with its lofty houses, row above row, presents such a multitude of brilliant lights, from the windows, that it looks like an illu-

minated mountain, while on the pinnacle of the hill the towers of the Castle, with a few lamps, shew the faint images of this majestic fortress, and, not unfrequently, the French horn sends its shrill notes winding down the rocks, and echoing along the valley. As I have been walking from the new town back to the old, I have frequently heard the French or bugle horn, sounding late in the evening from the Castle. I do not know whether it is for the sake of the music or as a signal for the garrison; the effect of these fine wind instruments at such an hour, and from such an eminence, is very gratifying.

As I was returning home, I saw a splendid masonic procession, marching between rows of soldiers, who stood with guns and bayonets; they had flaming torches, which reflected a terrific light from their arms, and cast a gleam of splendour over the crowd assembled on the occasion.

The populace were amusing themselves by throwing rockets, squibs, and crackers, and the same kind of fireworks was also played off from the windows of the adjacent houses, for the sake of terrifying and scattering the crowd.

I believe this masonic procession was made in celebration of some anniversary solemnity, a part of that frivolous although solemn pageantry, by which this society has so long succeeded in setting the world agape, and in impressing on mankind an idea of something almost more than human in the mysterious ceremonies of their nocturnal meetings.

#### THE THANKSGIVING.

*Dec. 5.*—This is the day which has been set apart for the expression of national gratitude on account of the

great victory of Trafalgar. Although a stranger here, I could not view the solemnity with indifference; the occasion was highly interesting, and it was gratifying to me, to trace in this island the original of a custom which has so uniformly distinguished the States of New-England.

I went to the High Church where the Lord Provost, the Lords of Sessions, and other distinguished dignitaries, with many of the nobility and gentry, have their seats, and, on an occasion like the present, when patriotism superadds its claims to those of religion, one might naturally expect to see them in such an assembly. Accordingly, I saw most of the distinguished persons to whom I alluded.

The church is an ancient Gothic structure, of some elegance; and appropriate seats, decorated with coverings of scarlet and other ornaments, were occupied by the Provost, magistrates, and military officers.

Among the latter, in the front gallery, sat Earl Moira, under a splendid canopy. This is the same man who, when Lord Rawdon, fought successfully at the battle of Camden, in South-Carolina, and, on many other occasions, by his courage, activity, and talents, rendered his name formidable to our armies. He is one of the oldest and most distinguished officers in the British army, and his countenance indicates the firmness and hardihood without the decays of age.

The discourse was delivered by a man whose high literary *station* led me to expect what I did not find, a performance of superior merit. His object was to exhibit the benefits of war, or to prove, at least, that its evils are less dreadful than is generally imagined; the sentiments were any thing but Christian, and the style was all that

the decorum of the place, the station of the speaker, and the decisions of correct taste, would forbid.

We were made to see shepherds reclining on the green grass, by the side of purling streams, while, astounded by a sudden thunder-storm, bursting over their heads, and striking the impending mountain, they hugged, closer than ever, nature's verdant carpet. We were told of odoriferous buds, buried beneath the snow, and bursting forth again, when it melted, to delight the senses with their beauty and fragrance. The versatile pencil of this great painter, with a few master-strokes, sketched to our eyes the genius of Britain, sitting on her sea-girt throne, and frowning Napoleon into dismay and insignificance. We heard much of the triumphs of fortune, but nothing of the smiles of Providence, and the victories of the christian were eclipsed by the glories of the warrior, whose achievements were made his passport to heaven.

In short, this production, with a text from the bible, was a tumid bombastical oration, to whose theology Cicero could have made no objection, while he would have rejected the inflated style and puerile ornaments with which it was clothed.

Returning home, I found both of my companions disposed, like myself, to remember the good old custom of New-England, our common country; and although we were in a land of strangers, we called our own, with all the friends whom it contained, to mind, while with more ample provision than usual, we partook of the bounties of the table. We did not forget that pumpkin-pies were an indispensable article in a New-England Thanksgiving, but, as they are unknown in Scotland, we substituted a plum-pudding in their stead.

## No. LXXVIII.—EDINBURGH.

Hills—Salisbury Craig—Fine view from its summit—Society—Dinners every where formal—Scotch suppers—Great cordiality of manners—Family dancing—Oat-meal cakes—Instance of family affection for a promising youth—His death—Relatives of celebrated authors—Professional pursuits—Scotch learning.

## SCENERY.

*Dec. 7.*—Edinburgh not only stands on hills, but it is almost surrounded by them. Some are abrupt, and terminate in peaks, on which the clouds are often seen resting; others slope with gradual declivity, and even at this sober season of the year, have not entirely relinquished their verdure and beauty.

I have to-day ascended one of these hills, which, from its height, may very properly be denominated a mountain; it stands at the very edge of Edinburgh on the east, and is called Salisbury Craig. The precipice is three or four hundred feet high, and presents a bold front of rude perpendicular cliffs, which form a barrier on that side of the town. Salisbury Craig bears a most striking resemblance to the east mountain near New-Haven.\* I need not say

\* 1818. Sept.—It not only resembles it in its picturesque features. It is the same kind of rock; that is, secondary trap—the secondary green-stone of the Wernerian school. Like Salisbury Craig, and other similar eminences around Edinburgh, both the east and west rock at New-Haven, and the continuous chains of trap mountains, that cross the State of Connecticut, north and south, repose upon sand-stone, and there are other geological features in the structure of these districts, that are extremely similar.

that so grand an object, in such a situation, has a most commanding effect; it is so near the town, that it almost impends over some part of it, and the palace of Holyrood-House stands very near its eastern extremity. From the summit of Salisbury Craig, I enjoyed a view, extensive, various, beautiful and sublime; embracing mountains, valleys, barren hills, and luxuriant champaigns, the ocean, the Firth of Forth, the adjacent county of Fyfe, and the town of Edinburgh. One is surprised at seeing the fields still green, in  $56^{\circ}$  of north latitude, at a season of the year when the sun rises but a few degrees above the horizon, and sheds only a faint beam from the south; even at noon he hardly looks over the tops of the houses, and is gone before the hour of dinner.

The scenery about Edinburgh is very interesting; at this season of the year it is remarkable, principally for its boldness and grandeur; while it will not suffer in this respect by the return of summer, I have no doubt that it must assume a high degree of beauty.

In the vicinity of London one may find beautiful scenes, without number, but there is nothing grand or sublime. This again depends on the geological structure of the country, which every where imparts peculiar features to landscape.

#### SOCIETY.

*Dec. 18.*—You will by this time begin to inquire whether I have seen any thing of Scotch society. During the short period that I have spent in Edinburgh, my opportunities for mixing in family circles have not been sufficiently numerous to form the basis of very extended observations concerning manners, and yet I have not been wholly

without opportunities of this nature. The introductory civilities are so perfectly similar to those which exist in England, and in our country, that I can mark no difference. They are, of course, followed by an invitation to partake of the hospitality of the house to which the stranger is introduced.

At the first dinner at which I was present as a guest in Edinburgh, I confess my impressions were not of the most agreeable nature. My host behaved with great civility, but some of the guests engrossed the time with conversation concerning their own personal concerns.

But, formal dinners are, every where, less favourable to freedom of manners, and the natural flow of conversation, than those more easy meetings, where eating and drinking are not the principal object.

The Scotch have a very pleasant mode of seeing their friends, at a frugal and unceremonious supper, given at nine o'clock. No such exertion is made as to impose unreasonable trouble on the family, or to oblige the guest, from civility, to stupify his faculties with viands and delicacies, which he does not need or desire.

At the first supper of this kind at which I was present,\* I was invited, on the score of a friend, who was familiar at the house, at which I had never been before. The diffidence and reserve so natural to a stranger were immediately banished by a cordiality of manners, and a winning affability, which every where form the greatest charm of society; it was impossible not to feel at ease; the lady of the house, as well as her husband, shook hands with the guests, with an air of familiarity which implied friendship,

\* At Rev. Mr. Black's.

and encouraged every proper freedom. Conversation was easy, natural, and yet often adapted to the particular history of the persons present.

Lindley Murray and his excellent grammar were the subject of eulogium, and, after our host had committed himself, by pronouncing it the best grammar extant, it was remarked, that perhaps the English would now grant that Americans might write the language correctly, since one of them had actually given a grammar to England itself, which was confessedly the best that had ever been written. The ingenuity of our host, however, extricated him from this dilemma; he replied, with perfect good humour, that Mr. Murray, during a residence of twenty years in England, had learned the language, and it was therefore no wonder that he should write it well.

The pleasures of conversation beguiled the time, and detained us to a late hour. These little social meetings are often protracted from nine till twelve, but rarely beyond that hour. They drink *good night*, in an affectionate manner, as the last thing before they retire.

The supper is not, however, always marked by this perfect ease and freedom; sometimes it is more formal and more expensive, and a more precise ceremonial of manners is observed. I have been present at a party of this kind, at the house of one of the professors of the University,\* a man eminent in science, but free from that academic stiffness, which came originally from the monasteries, where learning was associated with an austerity of manners, which passed for sanctity of life. He, like many of the men of literature and science whom a stranger sees in

\* Dr. Thomas Hope, Professor of Chemistry, &c.

this country, could not be distinguished from other men of intelligent minds and polished manners; indeed, why are not science and a reasonable degree of academic gravity perfectly consistent with manners which bear the stamp of ease, and present none of the peculiarities of literary retirement?

At the house of the professor I met a party of gentlemen, and although their manners were not as easy and cordial as those of the people whom I met in the other instance, they were polite, affable, and agreeable.

The social suppers which I have been describing are not made for gentlemen alone; sometimes ladies are invited, and then it happens not unfrequently, that the supper is preceded by dancing. I am acquainted with a family, where there are several young ladies, who, a few evenings since, saw in this way, a mixed party of their friends and acquaintances. They met at an early hour, and there was much ease and affability of manners. Instead of forming a great demure circle, where the ladies were congregated in a knot in one part of the room, and the gentlemen in another, (as is almost every where done,) one of the young ladies sat down at the piano, while the rest of the party amused themselves with dancing Scotch reels.\*

The attachment of the Scotch to music is, you know, proverbial, and their music is of a kind which fits it peculiarly to be accompanied by dancing, and they join with great glee, in an amusement of which they are uncommonly fond; their very movements on the floor have a peculiar correspondence with their music; they appear to be natural dancers, and even the most polished among them

\* Dr. Duncan's senior, one of the Professors of the University.

are less distinguished by an adherence to the rules of art, than by a certain native ease, gracefulness and spirit.

The dancing was concluded by a supper at ten ; the sitting, which lasted till twelve, was very social and pleasant, and the master of the family, a man of great respectability, made himself merry with some of the peculiarities of Scotland, particularly with their *oat meal cakes*, which are always upon their table, even at ceremonious parties ; from this circumstance they often jocosely call their country *the land of cakes*.

I cannot see, however, that the food of that class of people with whom I have, thus far, been conversant in Scotland, is less abundant or desirable, than that of the English, notwithstanding the prejudices which exist among the latter upon this subject. But both in England and Scotland, there is more economy in the supplies of the table than with us, although there is certainly not less comfort ; there is always enough ; it is excellent of its kind, and it is prepared in the best manner ; but a stranger will rarely meet with that unnecessary and oppressive variety, and that profusion of good things which is so common in our great towns. This is a distinction that does not redound to the honour of our country, which, considering its age and its means, holds a disreputable pre-eminence in luxury and extravagance.

There was one little circumstance which gave me a great deal of pleasure at this party ; I allude to an uncommon exhibition of domestic happiness, arising from the strong interest which the members of the family manifested in one of their own number. This was a youth of fourteen, a son of our host. Master Henry Duncan was one of the most interesting youths whom I have ever seen ; he

had a person graceful, and natively genteel, with a countenance possessing all the beauty which symmetry of features and harmony of colour could produce; a penetrating black eye was softened by the utmost mildness of expression, and a fine intellect was beginning to dawn in his face. He danced with the ladies; he played the tambourine, while his sister performed on the piano; he sung with much judgment and effect, and displayed in his answers and remarks, a degree of information and intelligence which would have done honour to a maturer age. It was not necessary for a stranger to be informed that the family doated on him, for as we sat at table I could mark his father and his sisters following his singing with involuntary but corresponding expression of features. I felt no disposition to censure their fondness, for it was well merited, and surely no spectacle can be more gratifying to a stranger than the exhibition of family happiness, manifested by those strong and grateful affections, which give life its greatest interest, and with which the heart of every man, whether born in America or in Britain, must strongly sympathize.\*

I was recently in a circle where there was present a brother of a celebrated female author, and a son of a man who has blended the charms of poetry with the doctrines of philosophy. In such cases we naturally look for exhibitions of mental superiority and demand more before we

\* A few days after the circumstance which gave occasion to these remarks, I was grieved to hear that this promising youth was no more. After an illness of only four days, he died of the croup, and left a most disconsolate family.

He was generally known in Edinburgh, and the highest expectations were formed of his future attainments.

can bestow our good opinion than we require from mankind in general. Unfortunately, in this instance neither of the gentlemen conversed at all; but we have no right to infer dulness from taciturnity; the latter is, in many instances, both the proof and the effect of wisdom; still, as we meet in society for the purposes of conversation, it is to be regretted that a communicative disposition does not always accompany a superior and enlightened mind, and that the garrulousness of vanity and folly cannot be always effectually repressed.

These peculiarities however are not confined to England and Scotland; they probably exist in all countries, and certainly in ours. They are, without doubt, to be attributed, in many instances, to the want of the habit of conversing on general topics, rather than to barrenness of information or to a disposition to be unsocial. Few men are so happy as to unite polished manners and highly social dispositions, with such superiority of understanding, ease of expression and extent of information, as to afford inexhaustible resources for conversation, in which every intelligent stranger can join.

#### PROFESSIONAL PURSUITS.

I must beg leave to say something of my professional pursuits, because they furnish my best apology for doing less for your information and entertainment than if I were more at leisure. The fact is, I now rarely allow myself to visit objects of curiosity, or to seek society in families, except when relaxation or civility absolutely demand it. My time and efforts are almost exclusively devoted to professional studies. In a town where learning is honoured and its votaries are very numerous, where public lectures

are given in almost every department of human knowledge, and commerce and dissipation are comparatively in the background, a stranger almost necessarily inhales in the very atmosphere, the spirit of the place, and wishes to be, or at least to appear to be, a lover of knowledge. There is Scarcely an hour in the day, that is not filled with a lecture on some subject, and the difficulty to a stranger who wishes to obtain as much information as possible is, not to know where to begin, but to know where to stop. A mental repletion is as injurious to the intellect as a physical one to the body. I have known a young man, who wishing to learn *every thing*, attended every lecture he could hear of, and the consequence was he acquired nothing accurately or completely. Considering that some of the subjects are not new to me, I have thought myself tolerably moderate in the number of lectures which I attend, although my entire amount of duty is rather severe. — Take the following as a specimen of academic life in Edinburgh. I rise at seven o'clock and walk several miles before breakfast, which is over about nine o'clock. I then attend a lecture on the practice of medicine, by Dr. Gregory, till ten, and then one by Dr. Hope, on chemistry till eleven. A walk succeeds and calls when necessary. Then study occupies the time till three o'clock P. M. ; a lecture on materia medica, by Mr. Murray succeeds till four o'clock. Dinner is served between four and five o'clock. At six o'clock I hear a lecture on anatomy by Dr. Barclay. At seven o'clock, we have tea, and at eight o'clock I hear Mr. Murray on chemistry and mineralogy till nine o'clock. Then I have three hours at my books and pen, and my rule is to stop at midnight, but not unfrequently I am up till one o'clock A. M. Occasionally I hear other distin-

guished lecturers, as Professor Stewart, Dr. Thomson, Professor Playfair, &c. The severest part of my labour is in the composition of my own lectures, about which I am employed all the time that I can redeem from the other objects of my pursuit.

I am obliged to consult many books; in physical as well as in legal investigations, authorities must be examined, and cited for every important fact, for although the methods of investigation are different, truth is in both cases the object. If the elements of nature, like Owen Glendower's spirits, will not always come when summoned to appear—if they will not voluntarily confess where they have been and what company they have kept—if like cunning witnesses they sometimes impose upon their interrogators by false appearances, still *the ordeal by fire and water*, which although long since banished from the courts of law, is still practised in chemistry, generally brings to light their real character.

The Scotch have done much for science and learning generally. You know the extent to which they have pushed metaphysical and ethical investigations. They are eminent also in philology.

The mathematics are prosecuted with great effect.—Rhetoric also is not a little indebted to Dr. Blair, and other gentlemen of the Scotch Schools.

Medicine has been vigorously and successfully investigated here in all its branches.

Physics and chemistry have been in former periods greatly advanced by Black, Irvine, Robinson and others, and at present Playfair, Hope, Thomson, Lesslie and

Murray, are doing (each in his respective department) much for the promotion of physics, chemistry and mathematics.

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## No. LXXX.—EDINBURGH.

Villages—Dirty—Remark of Johnson to Boswell not unfounded—Want of decency in Edinburgh on a particular subject—Condition of servants and the poor—Height of the houses—Pentland and Morpeth hills—Chapel of Roslin Castle—Former grandeur of the Earls of Roslin—History of a pillar in the chapel—Scenery around Roslin Castle—Ruins of the Castle.

### EXCURSION TO ROSLIN CASTLE.

Dec. 24.—The attractions of an uncommonly fine day for this season of the year, induced Mr. Codman and myself to go on horseback to visit the interesting ruin of Roslin Castle, which lies south-east from Edinburgh, at the distance of seven miles, and near the village of Roslin.

Our ride led us through a fine country, which in the season of verdure, must vie in beauty with the finest parts of England.

We passed through several villages in which the houses were generally low, with thatched roofs and chimneys of mud; they appeared scarcely comfortable and very dirty. Indeed the capital itself will come in for a share of this last opprobrium.

Before I visited Edinburgh, I thought that Johnson's remark to Boswell, when they arrived *by night*, in that city, was only one instance of the spleen and unreasonable

prepossessions against North Britain, for which the great English author was so much distinguished; but, *I have changed my opinion.*

There is a particular and most shameful deficiency in the accommodations of the town, which renders the environs at all times offensive; in the morning the nuisance exists in the streets, before the very doors of the houses; and, in the more obscure streets, it is not removed till a late hour in the forenoon; I can hardly write upon the subject without offence, nor think of it without disgust; and the circumstance is the more surprising, as the contiguous, sister country is distinguished for a punctilious attention to every point of comfort and decency.

The lower class of people in Scotland, so far as I have seen them, appear less comfortable than in England.— Even now, in winter, some of the female servants in Edinburgh walk about the streets, over ice-cold pavements, or through mud and snow, *without shoes or stockings*; in London I never saw girls in service so destitute. But it is not surprising that in Edinburgh they should not be able to obtain necessary clothing, for their wages are only three guineas a year, and in some of the lodging houses, they are obliged to give an account to their mistresses of all the money which is given them, by the lodgers, that it may be deducted from their wages. We have no examples of such poverty in America; even a southern negro is better provided for; still, these poor girls can read and write and cast accounts, and they are the most civil and attentive of servants, and are often pious.

The steps, doors, and common passages of the houses in Edinburgh, excepting the houses of the gentry, are extremely dirty. This, however, arises principally from

the fact that most of the houses are occupied by a number of families at once; they live in different stories, or, as they here call them, *flats*, of the same house, and go out and come in through a common door, which is always open; it thus happens very frequently that families live in the third or fourth story; the kitchen, and all their apartments, are at this height, and, of course, there is a great deal of labour in carrying articles up and down so many stairs; the stairs, as well as the houses themselves, are of stone. Families that live under the same roof, and use constantly the same passage, have, often, no connexion with each other.

The height of the houses in Edinburgh is proverbial, and the use of so many stories is very evident. On this subject there is some exaggeration. It is true that some houses rise to the astonishing height of fourteen stories, and I have repeatedly seen them of nine and ten; but these very lofty houses are always (as far as I have seen them) erected on the steep declivities of hills, where on one side, that nearest the summit of the hill, there will not be more than three or four stories, while on the other, there may be more than twice that number. The average height through the whole town is probably not more than five or six stories; for, in the new town, and in the most genteel parts of the old, the houses are not, generally, more than three or four stories high.

On our road to Roslin, we passed at the foot of the Pentland-hills, and the range called the Morpeth-hills appeared farther off on our left. The summits and declivities of all these mountains were covered with snow, and presented a striking contrast to the naked desolation of the plain country beneath.

Having arrived, we went first, into the Gothic chapel, belonging to the territory and the castle; it stands at a considerable distance from the latter on a hill. This chapel, which is about three hundred and sixty years old, is a most beautiful and perfect miniature of those stupendous cathedrals which I have so often mentioned. It was erected by William St. Clair, one of the Earls of Roslin. Of him I find it mentioned that, "a great concourse of all degrees and ranks of visitors resorted to this prince, at his palace of the Castle of Roslin; for he kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Direleton being his master-household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, and Lord Fleming his carver; in whose absence they had deputies to attend, viz. Steward, Laird of Drumlanrig, Tweedie, Laird of Drumerline, and Sandilands, Laird of Calder. He had his halls and other apartments richly adorned with embroidered hangings. He flourished in the reign of James II. and his princess Elizabeth Douglass was served by seventy fine gentle women, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvet and silks, with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys; and if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of the Blackfriars-wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her."

Ten of the Lords of Roslin now lie interred in the family vault beneath the chapel, and it is said that on account of the dryness of the place, "their bodies have been found entire, after eighty years, and as fresh as when first buried." Of this circumstance I was not informed till we had left the place, and I did not descend into the vault.

Our guide, who was an old woman, had a long story to relate, concerning the wonderful things of the place.—The business of shewing curiosities is, in Europe a regular trade.

She pointed out to us a wonderful pillar of curious structure and fine workmanship, for the copy of which she said that the master mason went to Rome; while he was gone, his apprentice anticipated the design and built this pillar; when the master returned and saw the presumption of his apprentice, he struck him dead with his hammer; and, to prove it, she shewed us the apprentice's head, with a bleeding wound, in rude statuary on the wall, and the master's face in the opposite corner, looking ruefully at the apprentice. This story was very *pathetically* told, and with great minuteness.

It is a specimen of the sort of entertainment, which is common in places of this kind. The guide always repeats the same story, word for word, and stops not till he has told the whole tale. It is done with oracular solemnity; a wand points out the objects, the history of which, if tragical, as it usually happens, is detailed with much whining gravity of voice and ruefulness of visage. When I have been repeatedly at the same place, I have never failed to hear the lesson recited *verbatim*.

You must ask no questions, for a single query, or doubt expressed, if you happen to know any thing of the matter, dissipates the charm, and, in a twinkling, the lips of the narrator are sealed in silence.

From the chapel, we proceeded down a gentle declivity, to the ruins of Roslin Castle. We crossed a stone bridge, where the draw-bridge anciently was, at the gate of the fortress. Here we were struck with scenery of uncommon

grandeur and beauty. The river North Eske winds, with a serpentine course, through a vale, which, in front of the castle, spreads into a beautiful and luxuriant meadow, of no great extent; for, it is bounded by the Eske, and by ranges of lofty and abrupt hills, which almost deserve the name of mountains; the view is therefore confined; but, for that very reason, the particular objects are the more impressive.

Immediately at the castle the river forms a very sudden curve, and the included peninsula is a lofty mound, on whose summit stand the tottering towers of Roslin Castle. As the river is passing by the castle on the north, the high hills on both sides approach so near, as to form a very deep and narrow abyss, through which the river murmurs along.

The castle itself stands on the verge, and, as we entered the gate, we looked down from this giddy height, into a dark gulf, where the Eske, with its white foam, was making its way through the rocks.

Although the castle stands so high, yet the view from its scite is every where intercepted by lofty hills. The parts immediately opposite to the castle are covered with wood, in the openings of which, where the sides of the hills were exceedingly steep, we could see a few sheep, picking among the rocks and leaves, for the spires of green grass; they looked like little white spots among the withered foliage.

The castle is now in ruins, and its walls are standing only here and there. The only apartments which remain entire, are subterranean, consisting of guard-rooms, prisons, and dungeons. We went through these and found them in good preservation.

The castle is of high, but unknown antiquity, and, if we may judge from the deep furrows worn in the walls, it must have stood the storms of ages. It is probable, however, that the structure, of which the ruins are now visible, was erected after the year 1554, when an English army, sent by Henry VIII. devastated the country in this part of Scotland, and burnt Roslin Castle. I know nothing else remarkable of its history. The uncommon beauty of the country is probably the reason why it was selected as the scene of the favourite song and air of Roslin Castle. A house has been erected on its ruins, and is inhabited by one of the Sinclairs. The present Earl of Roslin is now in Ireland as a commander of his majesty's forces.

Most of the day was spent in our excursion, and it was quite dark when we arrived again in Edinburgh.

The walls of Roslin Castle are composed of sand stone of which I brought away specimens.

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## No. LXXXI.—EDINBURGH.

The Calton-hill—Lovers—Character of the Scotch—Fine views—Scenery around Edinburgh both grand and beautiful—Pentland hills—A walk into the country—An ale-house—A salt manufactory—Musselburgh—Duddingstone—A dinner—Mr. Murray—The new year—A ludicrous custom in Edinburgh—A dinner with a bachelor.

### FINE VIEWS.

*Dec. 26.*—As an excursion for exercise, I have ascended the Calton-hill, in company with a friend. This is a

fine conical eminence, immediately contiguous to Edinburgh on the north-east, and so near, that some of the streets pass along at its basis. It is much higher than the most lofty buildings in the town, and, from its summit, one can look into the chimneys of houses that are nine or ten stories high, and stand at the foot of the hill. Among all the fine situations for prospect which Edinburgh and its environs afford, this is thought to be the finest, and accordingly, it was from this place that Barker took that very interesting view of Edinburgh which is now exhibited in London as a panorama. I saw it in Leicester-square, and never was a copy more perfect. Indeed Edinburgh and its environs present a scene of unrivalled beauty and grandeur; very rarely are these two attributes of fine scenery so perfectly combined, without injury to the boldness of the one or to the delicacy of the other.

There is a walk, passing spirally around the Calton-hill, and terminating near the summit, upon which there is a signal station for ships, and a pile of combustibles, to give notice (I suppose) of the invasion if it should happen at night. There is here also an astronomical observatory, but it is entirely neglected, and is in a miserable state of decay.\*

During our ramble which was just at evening, we fell in with a young gentleman and a young lady, slowly walking arm in arm up the Calton-hill, and apparently so engrossed with each others society, that they were insensible to the cold and strong wind which swept the bleak summit of this naked eminence. The gentleman was reading a paper to the lady, which the rude wind "ever

\* Upon the Calton-hill there is now a fine naval monument to the memory of Lord Nelson, 1809.

and anon" almost snatched from his hand. Believing that they were lovers, we turned our course that we might not intrude, and left them to themselves. I trust you will not consider such a conclusion as rash in a country where poetry, music, and love are indigenous. Indeed, you will say, in what country are they not? True, but Scotland may call them peculiarly her own, and with them the love of liberty, religion, and learning, and a high minded valour. They are a noble people, and poor and narrow as is the tract of earth allotted them; cut up by friths—enfiladed by mountains and girded with a belt of stormy islands, Scotland may proudly challenge the nations whom the Creator has located in more favoured climes, to produce higher examples of all that adorns and ennobles the human character.

*Dec. 27.*—In another excursion, I have been, with a companion, to the Pentland-hills, which form a pretty extensive range, generally two or three miles distant from Edinburgh on the south. We ascended one of these hills, and enjoyed a new view of scenery, which, from other heights, we had often admired before.

The principal difference between views of this kind in Great Britain and in the United States, arises from the superior cultivation of this country. While, with us, the effects of cultivation are intermixed with the wildness of woods, and other unsubdued tracts, in this country you will not often see any thing but cultivated fields, almost without a shrub or a tree, except such as grow in the hedgerows, and the fields are every where covered with crops or grass.

From these remarks it is obvious, that I except wild mountainous regions and barren heath lands, such as I have on several occasions before described.

#### A WALK INTO THE COUNTRY.

*Dec. 30.*—I have been, with a friend, on a little pedestrian excursion. It was directed to the sea-shore, along which, by the side of the Forth, on the hard sand between high and low-water mark, we walked for several miles. The scene reminded us of our country, as the sea-shore always does, and with puerile sportiveness, we amused ourselves by writing favourite names in the sand, and with gleaning pretty shells and pebbles which the ocean had chafed into smoothness and beauty.

Recovering the main road, leading to London, we pursued it to Musselburgh. On our way, we stopped at an ale-house, which both fatigue and curiosity rendered welcome, and in the true pedestrian style, reckless of clerical or academical dignity, we refreshed ourselves with ale from a finely painted mug.

It is one of the advantages of being a perfect stranger in a country, that one may step into any place which does not involve guilt, and survey life in ale-houses, as well as in palaces. This is, however, the first time in my life that I have been in an ale-house.

We were shown into a little apartment, floored with brick, neat in its appearance, ornamented with china and earthen-ware, and furnished with some of those ancient oak chairs, in which sat the heroes of Robert Bruce's days, and having, in a corner of the room,

“The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door.”

Two decent-looking common men were already in possession of the room when we entered, but they immediately rose, with an air of respectful civility, saying, without being asked, that they would give way to us, which they did. Their language was, "we will give way to the gentlemen." This fact marks a striking difference of manners between Europe and our country. Most of our people would not have stirred for lord or lady. In most parts of our country, people of their station in life would have made it a point of honour to maintain their ground, lest it should have been supposed that they thought themselves inferior to the strangers; but here the common people universally manifest the deference and respect of which this occurrence affords an example.

Leaving the ale-house, we walked forward, till a salt manufactory attracted our attention, and we went in to see it.

The salt is obtained by evaporating sea-water, at a boiling temperature; the operation is performed in large iron pans, by the aid of a coal fire.

A large circular stone cistern is constructed near the sea-shore, and the sea-water flows into it by a conduit pipe, passing below ground, to the sea; from the cistern it is pumped up into troughs, which conduct it to the evaporating pans; the salt crystalizes in the bottom, as the evaporation proceeds; they rake it out every morning, and obtain from twenty-five to thirty bushels for every pan; the pans appeared to be about twenty feet by twelve in diameter, and twelve or fifteen inches deep.

The salt commands eight shillings a bushel, but, they informed me, that not less than six shillings of this are duty!

Musselburgh is a considerable town, standing on the Eske, five miles from Edinburgh. It was the seat of a bloody battle between the English and Scotch in 1547, when the latter were totally defeated with such slaughter, that it is said the Eske literally ran crimson with Scottish blood.

We returned by the village of Duddingstone, which stands on a beautiful lake, or loch of the same name; it is within a mile of Edinburgh, and here the citizens amuse themselves with skating, when the ice will bear. Skaiting is a very favourite recreation in Britain; nor is it confined to gentlemen; ladies also are seen on the ice, darting "swift as the winds along." I have not yet witnessed this singular spectacle, but the London papers, the other day, informed us, that during the late frost, the honourable Miss ——, and the honourable Miss ——, (whose names I have forgotten,) appeared, with wonderful grace, skating on the serpentine canal in Hyde Park.

In the church-yard of Duddingstone, we saw a fine sepulchral monument to the memory of a Captain Hardane, who was lost on the Scilly rocks. On one side of this monument there is a singularly fine exhibition of a sea-storm. The ship, the men, the boat, and the raging billows, are all admirably sculptured, and the marble waves look as if they were in motion.

Near Duddingstone we passed the grounds and country-seat of Lord Moira, and, at dark, arrived at our home, which a walk of ten or twelve miles rendered sufficiently welcome.

*Dec. 31.*—I dined with Mr. Ross, a respectable bookseller of this city, who says that he remembers Dr. Johnson's visit to Edinburgh; that his dress was extremely

plain, that he wore a brown wig, and brown coat and breeches, with blue stockings. The Scotch will never forgive Dr. Johnson, for saying that their country has no trees, and that "the pleasantest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to London."

At Mr. Ross' we met Mr. Murray, lecturer on chemistry, whom I found to be not less the polished gentleman, than I before knew him to be an acute and industrious philosopher.

I am now writing in the last hour of the old year, for it wants but twelve minutes of 12 o'clock at night. I was last year at this time, more than three thousand miles from my present residence, contemplating the voyage which has brought me hither. In reviewing the year, I have much cause for gratitude. Mercies innumerable have attended me. I have crossed the ocean in safety—hitherto, in foreign lands and among strangers I have been preserved, and I trust that before another year, I shall be reunited to the society of my early friends.

#### THE NEW YEAR.

*January 1, 1806.*—My dear brother, in compliance with ancient custom, and with the dictates of my heart, I wish you a happy new-year. Such wishes, so natural in all countries, are expressed here even with more cordiality and freedom than with us, and the birth of the new-year is celebrated in this town, with some ceremonies that are peculiar, I believe, to Edinburgh.

I was almost a stranger to sleep last night, for the clock had no sooner struck twelve, than crowds of people began to parade the streets, and kept up an incessant noise till

morning ; there were such tumultuous movements and loud vociferation, that one might have supposed the city had been stormed.

It seems that it is the custom to give dinners on the last day of December ; the sitting is frequently protracted till midnight, and the moment the new-year begins, such of the guests as are more fond of *high sport*, than of decent manners and seasonable sleep, sally out, to celebrate the joyful event. Their heads are half turned with wine, and the mob in the streets, stimulated with whisky, and ripe for deeds of brilliancy, are ready to follow or even to anticipate their example. The watchmen of the night relax their usual vigilance ; the police take no concern in the matter, and no impediment is raised, from any quarter, to the full effusion of the joyous emotions which owe their existence quite as much to the convivial bounties of the old year, as to the moral excitement produced by the new.

The civilities of the night are particularly directed to the other sex, and every lady whom too presumptuous curiosity or accident has brought into the streets, is sure to receive the salutation of lips, still humid with the juice of the grape. Resistance is vain, and flight impossible ; even the close shut coach is no adequate security, for several carriages were stopped last night, and the ladies received, from they knew not whom, the first compliments of the new year. In short, in plain language, the custom authorizes any gentleman to kiss any lady who may be abroad that night, after 12 o'clock.

Such are the ceremonies of the new-year in Edinburgh.

I dined to-day with a gentleman of the law—a writer, as they are called here ; that is, those of a certain descrip-

tion are so called. It was a dinner of some style, for a company of about twelve. In a free conversation on the expense of living, and in answer to an enquiry, he informed me that such a dinner could not be given under twelve or fifteen pounds sterling; the company however drank a good deal of wine. This gentleman is a bachelor, but keeps house in elegant style, as I find many others do in Scotland as well as in England.

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### No. LXXXI.—EDINBURGH.

Grand reservoir on the Castle-hill—Allan Ramsay's house—David Hume's Monument—A Bridewell on the plan of Howard—Arthur's seat—Basaltic rocks—The weather.

#### OBJECTS OF CURIOSITY.

I have been with a party to the Castle. I have nothing new to add concerning it, except that there is a fine area between it and the town, which is used as a walk by the citizens, and as a parade by the military.

On the same hill there is a grand reservoir, which supplies Edinburgh with water. It is fed by cast iron pipes, which bring the water from the Pentland-hills, three miles off; it is higher than the town, and, of course, on a well-known principle, the water can be made to rise into the houses, from subterranean pipes, communicating with the receptacle, which, when I saw it, was empty, I suppose for the purpose of being cleaned.

As we descended the hill, we saw the house, where Allan Ramsay, the sweet pastoral bard, formerly lived.

His Gentle Shepherd contains so many fine allusions to Scotch scenery and Scotch manners, blended with so many exquisite touches of nature, that it would be universally read by the lovers of poetry and of the simplicity of rural life, were it not unfortunately so much obscured by the frequent introduction of words and phrases entirely local to Scotland. Yet, after one has learned their meaning, and their sound has become familiar, they rather add to the peculiar attractions of the poem ; and the same remark may be applied to many of the effusions of Burns.

RANsay's house is a neat little octagonal lodge, well adapted to the moderate wishes, and still more to the moderate means of a poet ; for, there seems to be no communion between mammon and the muses, and the gifts of fortune have rarely been lavished on those who have felt the *mighty inspiration*.

We next went to the Calton-hill. There is a graveyard upon it, in which we saw the mausoleum of David Hume ; it is perhaps twenty feet high, and ten feet in diameter. There is an inscription over the door, containing his name, with the time of his birth and death, and this is all. Hume lies buried beneath the monument, and will be remembered as long as fine talents shall command admiration, or the prostitution of them excite regret.

Hume left no child, but a nephew of his, of his own name, was his heir, and now occupies the chair of professor of law in the University of Edinburgh ; he is said to be a superior man.

On the Calton-hill there is a Bridewell, an institution which was admirably contrived and is excellently managed. This will not appear surprising, when you learn that it was planned, and the concerns of the house are admin-

istered, upon the scheme of Howard, a name which is justly dear to humanity. The greatest neatness prevails in every part, and I have never seen any thing of the kind which was apparently better managed.

There was one circumstance with which I was particularly pleased. A large proportion of the inhabitants of this Bridewell are female night walkers, who abound in Edinburgh, and there is a peculiar contrivance which secures their industrious attention to the tasks prescribed them.\*

The cells in which they work are so arranged, as to be completely visible from one particular point, while the overseer himself is invisible. The thing is effected in this way; the building is circular, and there is a range of apartments next to the outer circular wall, where the lodging rooms are; next within, there is a circular passage or entry, running parallel with the lodging rooms, and, last of all, there is an interior circle which contains the working rooms. At a considerable distance, still within, and near the centre of the circle, there is an apartment where the overseer stands, and looks through small narrow windows; thus he can observe every woman at her work, for the front of the working cells is merely an iron gate, which does not intercept the view; there are five or six stories of these cells, all of which can be seen at a glance, by the spectator in the centre. The space between the central apartment and the circular cells is covered at the top with a roof of glass, which serves at once to exclude the weather and to admit the light. The space itself is fitted up as a chapel, where the wretched

\* Of about seventy convicts, more than sixty were females.

inhabitants of the house assemble, at stated periods, for divine service.

I am sorry to add, that no permanent reformation is usually effected in the subjects of this discipline; they are dismissed after a temporary confinement, and the scorn of society concurring with the force of necessity, and with previous depravity, soon makes them more fit subjects than ever for the correction of Bridewell.

#### ARTHUR'S SEAT.

*Jan. 8.*—This morning I took a solitary ramble, and climbed the eminence called Arthur's Seat.

It is much higher than any mountain in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and is said to be seven or eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. It consists of a collection of hills, one of which is by far pre-eminent, and rises into a sharp and lofty cone of basaltic rock. With considerable labour I reached the summit, and enjoyed a very fine view. The wind blew with such force that I could hardly stand, but, to compensate for this inconvenience, it cleared the horizon from smoke, and exposed the city of Edinburgh in a very distinct and pleasing manner.

I have already mentioned Salisbury Craig; Arthur's Seat stands immediately behind this eminence, and overlooks it completely.

All the fine objects to which, in my sketches of the scenery around Edinburgh, I have so often alluded, are perfectly visible from Arthur's Seat. This mountain, with a considerable extent of country in its vicinity, was formerly a part of the royal park connected with the palace of Holyrood-House. It affords the finest views from its summit, and is also itself a fine object, from whatever

point it is seen. It is, however, like most of the hills near Edinburgh, perfectly destitute of trees, presenting nothing but a bleak naked eminence. I am not disposed to rail, with Johnson, because it does not abound with trees, yet it is not easy for an American to consider any prospect as perfect of which trees do not form a part.

The southern side of Arthur's Seat is a precipice of rocks, which impends in a frightful manner over a foot path that passes along its base, to Duddingstone. On the front, basaltic pillars, resembling those of Staffa and Ireland, project from the mountain, in distinct prisms of six sides; three of the sides are visible, and three adhere to the mountain, as a pilaster to a building.

#### THE WEATHER.

*Jan. 9.*—The winter has been, thus far, extremely mild. In a few instances only has water been frozen, and generally the streams have not been arrested, nor the lakes covered with ice. Rain has fallen in abundance, but, to day, it has been snowing incessantly, and the snow has melted as fast as it has descended. This kind of weather is, however, far from being healthful; it has often been attended by bleak chilling winds, which, coming from the northern ocean, and sweeping the unprotected hills on which Edinburgh stands, are extremely uncomfortable.

As a natural consequence, colds, coughs, croup, and other diseases, which are either troublesome or dangerous, have been very prevalent, and I have hardly been free from an oppressive cough since I arrived in Edinburgh.

## No. LXXXII.—EDINBURGH.

Craigmillar Castle—A religious solemnity—A review--Lord Moira—Leith—Botanical garden—Leith walk—Beggars—Manufactory of glass.

## CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.

A fine day induced me to walk into the country. I was alone, and directed my ramble to one of those interesting ruins, the contemplation of which is so grateful, especially when solitude induces a degree of pensiveness approaching to melancholy.

Craigmillar Castle was once a royal residence. Queen Mary resided here after her return from France, and it is said that a small village, in the neighbourhood, at which her French retinue was lodged, is still, from this circumstance, called *Petit France*. It is not known when this fortress was erected. In its day of pride, it was, probably, one of those strong holds in which the ancient barons of Britain resided, when quarrels between rival chieftains, depredations for spoil and revenge, and occasional rebellion, called forth the martial talents of a barbarous age, and rendered every nobleman's seat a castle. It is now a fine ruin. It stands on a beautiful eminence, of a moderate height, about three miles south of Edinburgh. I walked half a mile from the main road through the fields, before I arrived at the gate, where I found a threat of prosecution painted on a board, and the entrance of visitors strictly prohibited. My curiosity was, however, stronger than my fears, and I went over the whole ruin.

Like other castles, it is surrounded by lofty walls of stone, which, as well as the castle itself, are crowned with battlements, and fortified by towers at the angles. The castle is not now inhabited; its apartments were numerous, and although the roof has, in many places, fallen in, and the walls have, here and there, crumbled down, enough remains to give one a distinct impression of the plan. I ascended what appeared to have been the main stair-case; it is constructed of free stone, in the spiral form, and is still entire and beautiful; it led me to a lofty room, with an arched ceiling, which had probably been the scene of many a sumptuous feast, and of many a story of warlike achievements. But it is now inhabited only by a flock of pigeons, which flew out with loud flapping of wings as I entered.

From this elevated situation I could look down upon almost every part of the ruin. It was a kind of funeral monument, of noble, royal, or heroic names, and a melancholy memorial of ages that are gone.

It is not easy to say how much of Craigmillar Castle has claims to high antiquity, for it was burnt by the English in the year 1554, and therefore some parts of it must be modern.

The whole ruin appears, however, to have seen centuries roll away, and the high grass waves on its walls, as it once did on those of Balclutha.

#### A RELIGIOUS SOLEMNITY.

*Jan. 12.—Sabbath.* I have attended worship to-day, at a private chapel founded by lady Glenorchy, and was present at the administration of the sacramental supper.

It was conducted, with circumstances calculated to make the ordinance very impressive and affecting.

The forms are much the same as in the Presbyterian churches of our country, but the sacrament is not administered in Scotland so frequently as with us, and when it is done the service is performed with peculiar solemnity. Little pieces of metal, called tokens, are distributed to the communicants, at a preparatory service, and on the morning of the communion day; a stranger, by the interference of any religious friend, can obtain a token without any particular formality. The administration occupies a great portion of the day. The communicants, in successive parties, take their seats at tables placed in the aisles, and, after the tokens have been returned, the elements are distributed by the proper officers. The congregation stay during the solemnity, and it would be regarded as an indecorum should any one, although not a communicant, leave the house. In the mean time, prayers and affectionate addresses and exhortations are made by the ministers, of whom there is a considerable number present.

The preaching to-day was of the kind which is usual in the Scotch churches, at least as far as my observation extends; that is to say, it was exhortative, and addressed principally to the religious affections of the assembly. A minister of the church of Scotland once expressed himself to me on this subject, in nearly the following words:—  
“ We usually take the Christian religion for granted, rarely entering upon doctrinal or historical discussions, but addressing ourselves to the hearts and consciences of our audiences.”

I have heard them censure some classes of ministers for entering too much into a refined speculative theology, where metaphysical systems, elaborated with great subtlety of reasoning, and recommended by plausible analogies, are substituted for the plain dictates of the word of God ; this they think has a tendency to foster the pride of intellectual superiority, while it freezes the benevolent affections, and narrows the heart ; they regard it also as somewhat presumptuous to fill up any apparent chasms in revealed religion, by mere inferences of the human mind, however ingenious, and they reluctate against a merely professional effort to construct a *complete* system of theology often so complicated, and founded in many instances so much on a train of of logical inductions, that plain men are soon bewildered in its mazes, and none but a metaphysician can comprehend the plan, or draw the practical consequences, which are to guide our conduct in life, and prepare us for a better world.

A distinguished minister of the church of Scotland, eminent equally for talent, piety and zeal, said to me that he feared the American clergy were too much given to metaphysical speculations which he thought dangerous in religion. He had perused Dr. Hopkins' system, and some others of our more elaborate writers on theology.

What I have said of the preaching in the Scotch churches must not be understood with so much strictness as to admit of no exceptions ; I mean merely to describe the general character of the sermons. There is an exhortation which is usually given in form in the morning as an introductory service ; it is commonly founded upon an explanation of some passage of scripture ; to this succeeds some intermediate exercise, as singing or prayer, and then

comes the sermon. All this however makes the service very long. In the afternoon, the exhortation is omitted and a sermon only is given.

#### A REVIEW.

Jan. 18.—As I was this morning walking in the new town, I fell in with a military spectacle of some magnitudē. The regulars and volunteers were undergoing a general review, before Lord Moira, the commander in chief in Scotland. I happened to be near to his lordship and suite, while some thousands of men passed inspection, and afforded a spectacle both grand and beautiful. So large a body of men, with all the apparatus and pomp of war, cannot but give one a very impressive idea of those dreadful scenes so falsely called the fields of glory.

The highlanders still retain some badge distinctive of their country. I observed one regiment dressed like English soldiers, except that they wore plaid caps. But, both here and in London, considerable numbers of highlanders are to be seen who adhere fully to the indecorous and uncomfortable dress of their country. It consists of a plaid cap, a kelt, which is a kind of short petticoat, and a plaid or cloak, thrown loosely over the shoulders, with a smart military negligence, which gives them a very gallant appearance. They wear also, plaid hose reaching half way up the leg; but, even now, in the depth of winter, they have no other covering on the limbs. In a bleak and cold country, and at a period of the world when the comfort of apparel is so generally understood, and when also *decency* of personal appearance is so commonly regarded and practised, it is surprising that the highland dress, however graceful it may appear, should not be wholly, as I am told

it has been in part, rejected from the army. But, I am aware that mankind are tenacious of national customs, however trivial. Peter found it less difficult to civilize the Russians, than to cut off their beards.

#### LEITH.

*Jan. 27.*—On a walk to Leith I visited the Botanical garden. It is extensive and beautiful, but so similar to other gardens of the kind, that I shall make very few remarks upon it. It possesses however one peculiar beauty. The surface is varied with a gentle acclivity which exhibits every thing to great advantage.

There is a monument to the memory of Linnæus, which was erected by Dr. Hope, the late professor of botany, and father of the present celebrated professor of chemistry; it is distinguished from most sepulchral monuments by the conciseness and chasteness of the inscription:

“Linnæo posuit C. Hope.”

The walk to Leith is the finest in the vicinity of Edinburgh; it is a clean raised way, covered with hard gravel, and is more than a mile in length; the ground slopes all the way to Leith, and besides the Botanical garden, a number of pleasing objects, among which are nurseries of fruit trees, and beautiful fields, contribute to render it peculiarly desirable.

On this walk beggars take their stations to solicit alms. They are not permitted to beg in the streets of Edinburgh, and therefore resort to its environs. There is, however, a poor blind woman who sits almost continually on the north bridge, but she never begs; she merely attracts the attention of those who pass, by playing on the

violin, while a little boy sits with a hat to receive the pence that may be dropped.

Leith is the port of Edinburgh, and stands immediately on the shore of the Firth of Forth. It is an ancient place; I observed one house to day with the date of 1555 over the door. The streets are narrow and dirty, and there is a good deal of the stir and bustle of commerce.— It has a noble stone pier running off into the Firth, and they are now employed in constructing a large dock, similar to those of London and Liverpool.

Leith is celebrated for an extensive manufactory of glass. This morning I have been admitted into the glass-houses, through the mediation of a friend; and the head of one of the establishments, who was a very civil and intelligent man, gave me every facility in viewing the different operations.

To a person who has not seen them, it is almost inconceivable with what facility the artists mould the fluid mass into every form which can subserve utility, or gratify the demands of taste and splendour. Passing over subordinate operations, I will allude only to that by which window glass is made, as it is possible, on account of the rare occurrence of such manufactories in our country, that you have not seen it.

The artist dips his iron tube into the pot which contains the melted metal,\* and turns it around, repeatedly, till a sufficient quantity of glass, forming a red-hot globular knob, adheres to the further end of the tube; he then withdraws it from the fire, and rolls the glass upon an iron plate, till it has obtained an uniform density and roundness. He next begins to blow through the tube, and the

\* The artists call melted glass, metal.

solid mass, by repeated blowing, heating, and turning, is gradually inflated and expanded, till it appears on the end of the tube a great hollow sphere. Nothing can appear more remote from the form of window-glass, and the operation by which this sphere becomes a flat extended surface, is the most curious of the whole. It is effected in this manner :

The tube to which the globe of glass adheres is made to rest horizontally upon a firm support, while another tube, with a piece of red hot glass upon it, is stuck to the other side of the globe ; the first tube is now detached by a slight and dexterous blow, and by the application of a little cold water to the neck of the sphere, which is thus made to crack in two ; the second tube still adheres and forms a convenient handle, while on the opposite side, there is now of course an orifice ; upon this orifice the whole business depends.

For, the globe is now held at the mouth of a flaming furnace, with the orifice in the fire. At the moment when the glass is red hot, the artist causes the tube and globe to assume a rapid, but steady, rotary motion, and the centrifugal force makes the sphere flatten rapidly at the poles, while the orifice dilates and grows, every instant, wider and wider, till, in a twinkling, the globe vanishes, and the orifice, with a kind of flash, unfolds into the broad circumference of a wheel. The tube is its axis, and by means of this, the artist keeps it rapidly whirling, while he carries it through the cold air to the annealing furnace ; this is a large oven, where a low heat is maintained, which allows the glass to consolidate slowly, and thus prevents it from cracking. These wheels are afterwards cut with the diamond, into squares, of which the middle one is the thick-

est; there is a knob or protuberance in the centre of it, which one may often see in the entry windows of old houses in the United States.

It is not easy to conceive of any thing more brilliant than the appearance of the red-hot glass at the moment when the globe becomes a wheel; the workmen, in allusion to this circumstance, call the operation *the flashing* of the glass.

I saw the blowing of porter-bottles; but this process I have already described. It requires three hands; the first man merely dips the iron tube into the pot, takes out the glass, and rolls it on an iron plate, to give it a proper form; the second man blows it, and the third forms the mouth; each workman is confined to his particular province, and does nothing else towards making the bottle.

Their operations are performed with so much rapidity, that a common workman is required to blow seven hundred and forty-four bottles every day, or he does not receive full wages; they usually blow about eight hundred a day, and their wages are from twenty to twenty-four shillings sterling a week.

Jan. 29.—The last night was cold for this climate; the thermometer was  $12^{\circ}$  below freezing, viz. at  $20^{\circ}$ , which however is with you only temperate winter weather. The air to-day has been cold and piercing, there has been an inch or two of snow on the ground and the walking has been slippery and hazardous. The hills around Edinburgh are not unfrequently covered with snow when there is little or none in the town.

Jan. 30.—This being the anniversary of the (so called) martyrdom of Charles I. all business in the University has been suspended.

## No. LXXXIII.—EDINBURGH.

## THE UNIVERSITY.

Its buildings—A magnificent beginning—Professorships—Constellation of literary and scientific men in Edinburgh—Number of persons in the University—Discipline—Grinders—midnight.

*Feb. 3.*—“The University of Edinburgh was founded in the year 1582, by Queen Mary and James VI.”

Although it is comparatively a modern institution, it has acquired a reputation, so extensive and well-deserved, that a stranger naturally looks for its buildings the moment that he walks out for the first time in Edinburgh. He will find them in the old town; the more ancient buildings are low and mean, and make no figure; but there is a magnificent front of hewn stone, facing a principal street of the old town, and forming a part of an extensive plan of university buildings, which they began to erect, a few years ago; this front, with a part of the wings, was completed, but their means failed, and this splendid monument of poverty and pride, rendered more impressive by an inscription commemorative of the royal origin of the University, remains a reproach to Scotland, and will soon, if neglected, become a ruin. It is said that they are waiting for the termination of the present arduous struggle with France, when they hope to complete the plan. I have heard it facetiously remarked, that the completion of these buildings would be a serious misfortune to the professors, for as they would live in them, it would take all their salaries to furnish the apartments with carpets.

The salaries of the professors are small, but the most valuable part of their compensations is derived from the fees paid for tickets of admission to their respective courses of lectures. This circumstance proves a great stimulus to exertion, and there is, as might be expected, a great disparity in the emoluments of the different professors. I believe there are no fellowships, and that the instruction of the University is performed by the professors alone.—These are very numerous; about twenty-four or twenty-six, if I am correctly informed. Almost every branch of science is taught; the medical courses occupy the most distinguished rank, but there is even a distinct professorship of agriculture.

Edinburgh presents a constellation of scientific and literary men, and in proportion to its population holds, in this respect, a rank superior to that of any town in Britain, or perhaps in the world. The University embraces no small proportion of those who contribute to give Edinburgh this honourable distinction, and among these Professor Dugald Stewart, undoubtedly holds the most conspicuous place, as a man of general literature, and of impressive classical eloquence.

Dr. Gregory, professor of the practice of medicine, does honour to the memory of his father, the late Dr. Gregory, author of the *Father's Legacy* to his daughters.

Dr. Hope, successor of the late Dr. Black, fills the chemical chair with much ability; he gives a complete and learned course, and exhibits an unrivalled example of neatness and beauty of experimental illustration.

The professorship of anatomy is still in the family of the Munroes; the present professor, who is now far advanced in life, has been a very distinguished man, but he

has almost relinquished the active duties of the station, and has transferred them to his son, who has been nominated his colleague and successor.

Professor Playfair is very able in the department of physics, and Mr. Leslie promises to fill with reputation the place of his illustrious predecessor Dr. Robinson. I do not pretend to give a complete account of the ornaments of the University, or of those of the town of Edinburgh. I ought not to omit, however, to mention Dr. Barclay, an able private lecturer on anatomy, Dr. Thomson, the author of a celebrated system of chemistry, and Mr. Murray, a private lecturer on chemistry, a young man much distinguished for a clear philosophical mind, and a happy flow of luminous language.

Dr. Anderson has been rendered famous by his edition of the British Poets and by his various literature; the Bells are celebrated for their surgical works, and Dr. Brown and the two Dr. Duncans are well known to the medical and philosophical world.

Literature and science here receive the approbation and attention which constitute one of their most powerful supports, and most gratifying rewards, and Edinburgh appears to have less of the spirit of *mercantile selfishness* than such large towns generally possess.

The buildings of the University do not contain chambers for the students; they afford merely lecture rooms, a library, and other public apartments. The professors generally have houses in town. One of them has a house at the college gate; it covers the spot of ground on which the building stood that contained Darnley, Queen Mary's husband, when he was blown into the air, by the explosion of gun-powder.

There are at present in the University of Edinburgh, about fourteen hundred students in all the classes, and, of these, about five hundred are medical students, who are collected from almost every civilized country. Most of them are from the British islands, but there are numbers from the continent of Europe, from the West-Indies, and the United States. Of the latter description there are at present twenty-five in Edinburgh, and most of them are from States south of New-England.

I was present this morning at Dr. Gregory's lecture, and sat next to a young Hindu who is here, as a student of medicine. He is a young man of a genteel appearance and an intelligent countenance; you would hardly think it possible that an olive complexion could afford so handsome a face.

The lecture happened to be upon the diseases of Europeans in the Asiatic countries, and I could perceive this young man's countenance change, every time that Hindustan was mentioned.

I do not know what degree of discipline is exercised among the younger classes of students in this University, but there appears to be none among those belonging to the medical school. They lodge in private houses in town, and spend their time as they please, nor does there appear to be any responsibility, except that created by the ultimate examination for the honours of the University, a distinction for which only a small proportion apply.

The examinations are conducted in Latin, and as it is not every candidate who is a sufficient adept either in this language, or in the several branches of medical science, to meet the ordeal with safety, recourse is had to the aid of a class of men, known here by the appellation of *grin-*

*ders.* They teach young men to learn by rote, the series of Latin questions and answers which experience has shewn, may be commonly expected, and by *grinding* them (as it is called) in this manner, from day to day, they at last enable ignorance and dulness to blunder along, through an examination. I received this account from an American, who was then himself undergoing the honourable operation of *grinding*.

The family of the Munroes have been so long conversant with anatomy in this university, that they have collected a fine anatomical museum; it is less extensive than that of Hunter in London, but, so similar in its plan, that I shall make no particular remarks upon it.

Dr. Hunter, the professor of theology has a class of about seventy.

*Feb. 4. Midnight.*—The weather is very cold for this country. The watchman has just passed under my window, and in the monotonous and distorted voice which these people every where use, cries “past twelve o’clock, and a cloudy morning.”

The wind blows and the shutters rattle, and it is just one of those nights when Ossian would have heard ghosts screaming in the flying clouds, or have seen the spirits of indignant warriors flitting over the barren heaths. In the country of Ossian (or at least of Ossian’s heroes) one may at such a time be pardoned, for being somewhat poetical and heroic, but fatigue inclines me more to repose: so I will leave you with Ossian and his ghosts while I wish you a good night.

## No. LXXXIV.—EDINBURGH.

A funeral concert for Pitt, Cornwallis, and Nelson—The company—The music—An escape—Danger of being crushed by a fall of rocks from Salisbury Craig.

## A FUNERAL CONCERT.

*Feb.* 15.—The people of these islands have been recently called to mourn for three of their most distinguished men; one illustrious in the cabinet, one in the field, and one on the seas; it is hardly necessary to add that I allude to *Pitt*, *Cornwallis*, and *Nelson*.

The occasion has been seized, by an Italian here, of the name of Corri, to persuade the fashionable world of Edinburgh, that no method of honouring the illustrious dead can be so proper as to pour two hundred guineas into Mr. Corri's purse. To afford the best opportunity of doing it, in an agreeable way, he opened his spacious rooms, which are fitted up in an elegant style, for public concerts, and invited the town to come and mourn, or hear him and his fiddlers do it for them. I will not be so ill-natured as to suppose that none of the audience sympathized with the dirges of Mr. Corri; there were doubtless many sincere mourners, but, probably the musicians were not in the number.

In company with a friend, I attended a few ladies of our acquaintance to this concert, and the occasion gave me an opportunity of seeing most of the beauty, fashion, and rank of Edinburgh.

There was a great collection of people, but there was nothing in their appearance which could distinguish them

from other fashionable assemblies, unless it was a greater proportion of handsome faces than is common.

Many of the Scotch ladies are pretty; they have generally fine complexions, with a profusion of colour proceeding from good health, which is much promoted by their uncommon activity, for they walk a great deal and very fast.

The company were all in mourning, the gentlemen in black, and the ladies in the same colour, or, in white with mourning ribbons and trimmings.\*

The music was, of course, solemn, and there were two pieces in particular, that were uncommonly impressive.— In one of them which began thus; “The trumpet shall sound”—the trumpet did sound, and excited emotions (one day to be realized) of the most awful, grand and affecting character. In the other piece; “Forgive blest shade the tributary tear”—the soft and plaintive air of the music awakened feelings of an opposite but not incongruous character.

We retired with our friends to supper at the house of ———, and sat down to a most friendly, social and de-

\* Among the distinguished persons present on this occasion was young lord Duncan, the Son of the admiral of the same name, who was ennobled for his victory over the Dutch, off Camperdown. Admiral Duncan was a man of great stature and size, and very handsome; his family resemble him in these respects, and even the ladies are persons of uncommon stature. One of them particularly, was so tall as to be easily distinguished moving in an assemblage of one thousand people. But she is a lady of a very fine dignified appearance. Another lady was present who has for many years been the Belle of Scotland, and the Queen of fashion, gaiety and beauty. Her beauty is now in the wane, but she has still the air of a fine woman; she is recently married.

lightful repast; it was with real regret that I heard the great bell strike twice six, and the watchman cry "past twelve o'clock!"

*Feb. 22.*—We had some of our countrymen to dine with us, as it was Washington's birth-day, and drank to the memory of the man; "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

#### AN ESCAPE.

*March 5.*—A very fine morning induced me to spend several hours in exploring Salisbury Craig, for the purpose of investigating its mineralogy. As I have mentioned it before, I shall now add nothing more concerning its form, than that it consists partly of huge perpendicular columns of ragged rock, reaching from its summit down a variable depth, which, I should suppose, may be from seventy to one hundred and twenty feet. Immediately at the foot of the perpendicular cliffs, there commences a sloping but almost perpendicular descent, formed by the accumulated ruins of the higher parts of the mountain, which have been gradually worn away, or violently broken, by frost, rains and wind, till they have, in the long progress of time, formed an acclivity of perhaps two or three hundred feet.

My path was along the foot of the perpendicular cliffs, and immediately on the summit of the sloping part of the mountain. You will have a perfect idea of the scene, by calling to mind the east and west mountains near New-Haven, and magnifying their size considerably.

I ascended at the eastern extremity, and pursued a broad road made by the stone diggers, till it terminated in a very narrow foot path, where immediately over my

head, were the perpendicular cliffs, and below my feet, a giddy descent to the bottom of the mountain. Stopping frequently to examine the rocks, and selecting whatever was curious or instructive, I pursued my course at leisure, not without some solicitude, lest a false step, or a stone faithless to my foot, should throw me down.

Coasting along the front of the mountain, I had nearly reached its northern extremity, when I was induced by some promising appearances to clamber up, over a great mass of loose and broken stones, where I pursued my observations at leisure, and had collected some interesting fossils. The aspect of the cliffs that hung over me was here particularly threatening; being ragged and ruinous, they were full of fissures, and seemed ready to fall. I confess the thought crossed my mind, that this might happen while I was there, and the occasional fall of a fragment made me watchful, although it did not seriously alarm me.

At this moment I heard a crack from above, and looking up, saw, with consternation, a mass in the act of splitting from the cliff. Happily, there was, a little before me, a rock, projecting from the side of the mountain, in such a manner, as to afford behind it a little recess or shelter. With a desperate effort, I sprang forward over the stones and took shelter behind the friendly cliff, till the desolation had passed by.

One large fragment struck a few feet above where I had stood, and, rebounding, flew, with amazing velocity, down the mountain, passing, at about the height of a man's breast from the ground, directly over the place which I had occupied.

In my flight I had lost my cane and the minerals which I valued most. While I was debating whether I would

venture back after them, and was already stepping forward for the purpose, another mass which must have weighed several tons, broke off from the cliff, and came thundering down, with a terrible noise, filling the air with dust, fragments and flying rocks, and covering with ruin and desolation, all that tract of the mountain where I had been, and to which I was returning. Had it, only for an instant, delayed to fall, I should have been in the midst of the space which it swept, and some one else would have related my story.

After this second rupture, I had no disposition to return, and with unfeigned gratitude for my preservation, I made safe my retreat, with all possible expedition.

Such was the noise produced by this fall of rocks and stones, that the people in the vicinity and about the palace of Holyrood-House, came running out to learn the cause.

By this incident, comparatively trifling, I was led to realize, very forcibly, the horrors of those dreadful Alpine avulsions, where peaks of mountains fall, and bury plains, valleys, and villages, in awful and instantaneous ruin.

## No. LXXXV.—EDINBURGH.

Professor Dugald Stewart's—An unceremonious supper—Gratifying freedom of manners—Literary society polished and enlightened—Lord Webb Seymour—Dr. Franklin—Lord ——  
An Incident—A family scene.

## A SUPPER.

I was invited, not long since, with the gentlemen who are my immediate companions, to a supper at a private house in Edinburgh, and it was one of the most pleasant that I have ever seen. There was a circle of ladies and gentlemen, but the formality of mixed parties was entirely banished by the manner in which this was conducted. Instead of sitting down in a solemn circle, the company sat, stood, or walked, as they pleased, without the smallest embarrassment or restraint, and thus every person had an opportunity of conversing with every other.

Two or three tables, in different parts of a large room, were spread with a cold collation. Each person partook of the refreshments when he pleased, and thus conversation was made the principal entertainment.

The distinguished professor,\* at whose house we were, is the pride and ornament of the University, and of Scotland. With a countenance strongly marked with the lines of intellect; with an expression of thought, approaching almost to severity, but, in conversation, softened with great benignity; and with manners, uniting every thing of dignity and ease, he, even at first sight, impresses a stranger forcibly with an idea of his superiority.

\* Dugald Stewart.

When he speaks, whether in his lecture room or in conversation, he draws forth the resources of a highly enriched and polished mind; he charms the hearer by the beauty of his language and the fine cadence of his voice, and arrests his attention by the energy and boldness of his eloquence.

By far the most interesting and gratifying opportunities which a stranger enjoys of seeing society in Britain occur at meetings of men of this description. Ladies are not always excluded, and one sees talent, high intelligence, dignity, moral elevation and polished manners all displayed at once. Under no circumstances have I been so favourably impressed with regard to the national character. It is no small point gained toward the comfort of social meetings, when the company get into motion—are no longer held as if by enchantment to their chairs, and circulate freely among one another. Our distinguished host conversing upon American topics, mentioned, that in Paris, soon after the American war, he had known Dr. Franklin, of whom he spake in terms of the highest respect.—Indeed, Dr. Franklin's name is every where in Europe, considered as entitled to rank with those of the first philosophers.

Conversation turned upon American literature and the topic was treated with much delicacy and politeness, although it was very evident, as it always is, when this subject is spoken of in Europe, that we are not considered as possessing much merit in this respect. Our poems were enquired for, and I found on enumerating the principal productions of this class, that most of them were not known even by name to the distinguished men by whom I was surrounded.

Lord Webb Seymour was present, a nobleman who is distinguished as a mineralogist, and who is well known here among men of science. He is a modest, affable, and intelligent man, plain in his dress, and free from any appearance of assumed superiority. Conversing with him on the relations of science to the arts, he mentioned some practices in certain arts in this country, where there is much loss from ignorance of chemical principles. I beg leave to repeat what I have already said in substance, that, as far as I have had opportunities of observing, there is much affability of manners, and freedom from ostentation, in the people of rank in this country; on common occasions they cannot be distinguished from other people, and such is the good sense of the age and country, that the merits of a commoner may render him illustrious; and nobility and hereditary fortune will not save a weak or foolish man from contempt.

Some of the nobility carry their plainness of dress even to a fault. I once met a nobleman in this island who was a striking instance of the truth of this remark. His dress was scarcely decent, being very rusty, apparently old, and spotted with snuff.

Having heard of his great affability, I was not surprised at finding him, the moment I had been introduced, advance quite up to me, and thrust his face so near to mine, that our noses were not three inches asunder, and had I been a lady, I should have been led to suspect that his lordship intended me an honour which might have been more flattering than agreeable.

In this attitude, without preface or apology, he told me that he had sown all his turnips, that no man in the country could raise such turnips as himself, and in a fluent

harangue of some minutes, he detailed to me the history of his agricultural proceedings for the season. Not accustomed to such close contact with nobility, I retreated, but his lordship followed so closely upon me, that I was soon driven to the hearth, where I surrendered at discretion, and remained, close pressed, between his lordship and the fire. You cannot imagine a more ludicrous exhibition; his face was so near mine, that I could not distinctly see his features, for he was within the limit of perfect vision, and there he continued to pour forth such an uninterrupted effusion about turnips, John Bull, Mr. Pitt, General Washington, and twenty other topics, that I could find time to utter only a few interjections of admiration and wonder. All this time I had a severe task to preserve the gravity of my muscles, and was greatly relieved, when his lordship's wit, of which he gave several specimens, enabled me to relax my features into a laugh. When we were seated at table, he continued an unceasing strain, the most extraordinary specimen of sense and nonsense, brilliancy and dulness, acuteness and absurdity, that I have ever heard. I am told that this was always in some measure the character of his mind.

#### AN INCIDENT.

Private history is rarely a safe or proper topic of discussion. The following circumstances, however, as they reflect only honour on those concerned, and are sufficiently curious, may I believe be mentioned without impropriety. You will, without doubt, remember, that from our infancy the following romantic story has been current with us, and has often been repeated for the amusement of our early years.

Before the American war, a British traveller, a young man of affluence and of noble connexions, travelling through a town in New-England on the Sabbath, was compelled by the magistrate to stop. Attending public worship in the place, a beautiful young woman in the gallery, caught his eye, at a moment when he was looking, it would seem, not at the minister. Captivated by her beauty, he, much to his honour, conceived for her a virtuous tenderness, and so much in earnest was he, that he was not in the least deterred from his purpose, by the discovery, that although herself estimable, as well as lovely, she was the offspring of a father, who was in the humblest circumstances possible, and whose family were involved in hopeless poverty. Most young men of his class would have spurned at such a connexion, or have pursued it from the worst motives. But this noble minded young man, (it would be but a small compliment comparatively, to call him a *nobleman* merely,) made proposals of honourable marriage, and under such circumstances, as to leave no doubt as to his sincerity. They were accepted, and the fortunate lady was placed at school, and every effort made to prepare her for her unexpected and sudden elevation. In due time the marriage was consummated, and the happy husband, with claims on the gratitude and esteem of his bride, which have rarely been surpassed, bore away his prize to his native shores. Report always said, that the daughter, not rendered giddy by prosperity, and cherishing some of the best of the social affections, continued to remember her parents;—wrote affectionately to them, and remitted them annually, the means of rendering their lives comfortable and happy.

This story, you will remember, sounded in our ears, when children, like the tales of the Arabian Night's Entertainment, although no doubt was entertained that it was true.

Now it has been my fortune since I have been in Britain, to meet this singular pair. I presume their history is not known in this island, any farther than that she is an American lady, and it was as an American, that I was invited into a social party, where she and her husband and daughter were to be present. The course of conversation, (probably without their perceiving it, and without any intended disclosure,) let me into their history, and I was not a little gratified by the incident. Although thirty years have elapsed since their marriage, they are still very well looking people, and she, especially, has very regular features and a good deal of personal dignity. Their conversation was very intelligent and agreeable, and was sustained in part by the daughter, who is a young lady of good appearance.

Fewer facts than these, and less extraordinary in their nature, might serve for the foundation of a novel or romance, and especially with the addition of various circumstances, which I have omitted to mention.

I think you will join with me in wishing them health and long life, and a continuance of the harmony which still appears to attend their connexion.

#### A FAMILY SCENE.

*April 1.*—The objects which principally arrest the attention of a traveller in a country like this, are such as gratify his curiosity and enlarge his information, rather than interest his affections and attach his heart. Gene-

rally, his residences are too short, and his transitions too rapid, to admit of much intimate familiarity with private life.

Hence, public objects will command most of his time, and he will be found, most frequently, surveying towers, castles, cathedrals, fields of battle, museums, theatres, and landscapes. But, pictures of such objects, although generally gratifying, will not entirely satisfy your mind, my dear brother. You will wish to go with me into the quiet scenes of domestic life, and to observe how far the people of a foreign country think, act, and feel, like those with whom we have been accustomed to associate at home; and thus the most minute delineations of private manners, and the most unreserved communications, will become interesting to you. This is a species of information which is the least of all accessible to a stranger, and, when obtained, requires some discretion in the communication, even to one's friends.

The state of society in Edinburgh is such, that *it is* possible for a stranger, under favouring circumstances, to become an inmate of family scenes, and, in some measure, a partner in domestic confidence. It has been my fortune to be familiar in several families, and almost domesticated in one. I came here with the cast of feeling and deportment which had been naturally induced by being for some time conversant with the reserved and cautious manners of London; nor was I prepared to expect any other welcome than that of civility and general politeness. It happened that one of my earliest introductions was at a house where there were ladies. At my first visit, the mother only was at home, and although I should not have been disappointed had it been otherwise, I was much

gratified by an unexpected cordiality of manners which produced assurance and ease. At a subsequent visit I was introduced to an interesting young lady, a daughter of the matron whom I had seen before. I had no idea of any thing more than a respectful and somewhat distant civility, and bowed accordingly, as she entered the room from the opposite side ; but when she advanced with the same air of ease and frankness as her mother had exhibited, and offered me her hand in token of welcome, I felt at once gratified by the circumstance, and still somewhat ashamed of the reserve which I had manifested. Yet I had no reason to consider this deportment as being in the least peculiar, but only as a fair specimen of the cordial and gratifying manners so common among those families in Scotland, which have not been tinctured with foreign ideas and fashionable ceremony.

A few days after, I was invited to take tea and supper in the same family ; I found a mixed circle of their friends, principally young people, and the evening was passed in dancing Scotch reels to the music of the piano, upon which the young ladies performed successively. The utmost affability, ease, and cordiality, characterized the manners of the company, and it was pleasing to see parental dignity going hand in hand, with that degree of familiarity which makes parents not the severe censors, but the companions of their children.

The party retired at a seasonable hour, and when they came to bid good night, which the Scotch always do in an affectionate manner, they joined hands in a circle, and sung in concert a little farewell song. It was impossible to be present at such a scene with feelings of entire indifference.

From that time I was so familiar in this family that the usual observances of ceremony were, in a great measure, dispensed with, and my visits were made without a very punctilious regard to fashionable rules. In short, I found their manners almost identified with those which prevail in New-England, and if I was sometimes disposed to smile at their Scotch words and Scotch pronunciation, it was still more frequently in their power to retaliate, by puzzling me with questions and phrases which have rarely been heard by a transatlantic ear. It was never done, however, unless I had provoked it, and then it was always accompanied by sportiveness and good nature. This was a religious family; their seat at church was always at my service, and when I supped with them I was occasionally present at the family worship. Among religious families here, it is usual, before supper, to attend prayers; a hymn is previously sung, besides reading a chapter, and all the family kneel upon the floor, while the master of the house prays.

I was present to-day at a dinner in this family with an American friend; we met a large party, and were much gratified with their cordial manners. "Perpetual peace and friendship between Great Britain and the United States," was given as a toast by the head of the family, and was promptly echoed by the company. The Scotch appear to be very averse to the idea of war with us, and all those with whom I converse, express their wishes that the existing differences may be amicably adjusted. Our host, alluding to my companion and myself, remarked that it was a very delightful thing to see people born and educated three thousand miles from each other, sitting down in friendship at the same table, and finding a common language, mutual feelings, and identical manners.

In the evening I was one of a party from the same house to visit the assembly rooms; they are spacious and elegant, and as it was a public evening, there was a great crowd of people as spectators. The dancing was elegant, but, a French dancing master had taught them so many feats of activity, that the young ladies might have been mistaken for opera dancers. It is an unfortunate thing to encourage a taste for a species of dancing, which can hardly be contemplated with pleasure even in an actress.

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## No. LXXXVI.--EDINBURGH.

Custom when a person dies—Peculiar phraseology—Hospitality and friendly dispositions of the Scotch—Dram drinking—Hot toddy and its effects—Similarity of manners between Scotland and New-England—Anecdote—A marriage ring—Scotch *good night*—Peculiar Scotch dishes—Porridge, Haggess.

### INCIDENTS AND REMARKS.

Some weeks ago I received a *written* notice of the death of a gentleman in this city to whom I had been indebted for some hospitable and gratifying attentions. I know not whether this custom is peculiar to Edinburgh, but I have not met with it in any other place; it seems that when any person dies here, all his friends and intimate acquaintance receive notes, communicating the painful information. This gentleman was a clergyman, and was much revered and beloved in Edinburgh; and with very good reason, for he was an excellent man; he had a winning affability, and an affectionate familiarity of manners,

that secured the hearts of those around him, while the living power of Christianity shone in his life and conversation. The morning after his death (before I had been informed of it) I sent over a servant to inquire concerning him; she came back with a sorrowful countenance, and said, "he is gone to his rest sir!" a peculiar phrase which is used here to convey the distressing tidings of death.

After what I have already said, it is quite superfluous to inform you that the Scotch are a friendly and hospitable people. Of this I see more and more evidence, the longer I am among them; their attentions are often spontaneous, unexpected, and highly useful. Not long ago a gentleman\* belonging to Glasgow, a particular friend of one of our friends, called at our lodgings, for the purpose of making our acquaintance, that he might shew us civilities when we should visit Glasgow.

I brought but few letters of introduction to Edinburgh, because I did not wish to create too many demands upon my time, but I have found my acquaintance constantly extending, and it has been necessary to decline civilities tendered, in many instances, without previous obligation, and therefore the more honourable to the hospitality of the one party, and the more gratifying to the feelings of the other.

There is a custom in Scotland, which would appear somewhat singular to American ladies. Immediately after the cloth is removed, rum, gin, whiskey, or other ardent spirits are placed upon the table, and the lady who presides offers each guest a dram; the thing is not veiled

\*The Rev. Dr. Balfour, a very distinguished preacher in the Scotch Church.

under any polite periphrasis, for the question is put in palpable terms; will you drink a dram? The answer is commonly in the affirmative, and a glass of raw spirits is poured out, without water, and passed from one to another, each individual drinking successively from the same glass, which is replenished as fast as it is emptied. This practice is general, and nearly as common among ladies as gentlemen, but the dram is always drunk with moderation, and seems to be merely an interlude, before the regular round of wine drinking commences. Healths are drunk with wine during dinner, as with us, and this is common in England also. Both dinners and suppers, when they are meant to be hospitable, are here concluded by the drinking of hot toddy. A pitcher of hot water is placed upon the table, and each guest is furnished with a large foot-glass holding nearly a pint, in which he mixes his water, spirits, and sugar, in such proportions as he pleases; whiskey is preferred on these occasions, but that of the highlands, which is the best, is so expensive, in consequence of the excise, that it is not universally used.

Each foot-glass has a small wooden ladle, which is employed to dip the hot toddy out, into wine glasses, from which it is drunk.

The ladies are not supplied with foot-glasses, but the gentlemen occasionally lade out some of their own hot toddy into the wine glasses of the ladies, who thus partake of this beverage although with much moderation.

You will perhaps infer that such habits must lead to intemperance; it cannot be doubted that they have a bad tendency, and, although I have never seen a single instance of excess, in this way, it may well be presumed that the fumes of such a hot inebriating mixture, must occasionally

turn the brains of parties not restrained by considerations of decorum or of religion.

And indeed, among the most sober people, it is easy to perceive some exhilaration produced by the hot toddy, as they sit and sip from hour to hour, and it sometimes happens that a circle, before mute, becomes suddenly garrulous and brilliant.

We know sufficiently well, that there is, and that there must necessarily be, a general similarity of manners between two nations descended from a common stock, and when we find this similarity existing in the minuter as well as the more important traits, it is peculiarly gratifying.

I was a guest in a party not long since, when dinner was served in the usual manner, and the ladies retired from table into the drawing room; the gentlemen soon followed, and tea was sent round as with us; the gentlemen and ladies intermingling their chairs, engaged in easy conversation, and music soon followed; and here again the similarity holds good, for music was made to speak the voice of love, while both instrumental and vocal harmony coincided to give effect to the gentle solicitation:—

“Tarry a while with me my love!”

Surely there ought to be something real in a passion whose praises are celebrated equally on the banks of the Forth, the Ganges, and the Connecticut. The same interest is manifested here in every thing connected with this subject as with us, and Scotland adds one more proof that “love extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found.” The same sportive allusions, the same reports of supposed partialities, the same credulity in admitting,

and the same imprudence in circulating them, give here a cast to the conversation of young people, which proves that the human heart is every where actuated by similar feelings.

I have been at a private party at a village near Edinburgh, where the favourite Scotch amusement of dancing was concluded by a supper of more than common style and ceremony. When the desert came on, we were given to understand that a marriage ring was concealed in one of the custards, and I need not assure you that the custards were in much demand, nor that they were eaten with more than common avidity; the prize came to a young lady, and it was considered as a happy hymenial omen.

The manners of the Scotch are full of affection and cordiality;—on parting, after their little social interviews, they all shake hands with each other, and with the strangers who may be present; the ladies do it as well as the gentlemen, nor is it a mere formality, but the frank and warm expression of generous feelings; one hearty Scotch *good night* is worth a thousand bows of ceremony.

The food which is seen at genteel Scotch tables is very similar to that used in England, and with us, but they still retain some of their own national dishes. I have often, at supper, met with what they call porridge; it is made in the same manner as our hasty-pudding, only oatmeal is used instead of the flour of Indian corn; the porridge is eaten with milk, and although it is not unpleasant, it is much inferior to the hasty-pudding. A few years ago, during the great scarcity, American Indian meal was imported into Scotland, but the Scotch considered it as inferior to their oat-meal.

At the house of a Scotch clergyman, with whom I was familiarly acquainted, I happened to mention that I had never yet met with the haggess in Scotland, although its praises had been sung by their favourite poet Burns. Not long after I was invited to dine at the same house, and the haggess was produced smoking upon the table. I cannot tell you its composition better than in the words of Johnson: it is "a mass of meat, made of the entrails of sheep, chopped small, with herbs and onions, suet and spices, and enclosed in the maw." This singular compound is boiled and brought to the table without being stripped of its envelope; it is cut into slices, like pudding, and eaten without any addition. Its taste is fat and heavy, nor did I feel any regret that the haggess was not an American dish.

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### No. LXXXVII.—EDINBURGH.

A friend of Dr. Witherspoon—Origin of the letters on education—  
 Dr. Rush—An American duel—Walk to St. Catharine's well—  
 Sky larks—Petroleum—Threshing machine.

#### ANECDOTES, &c.

*April 3.*—I have been favoured with the acquaintance of a very venerable and respectable man here, who was an early and intimate friend of Dr. Witherspoon. He informs me that those letters on the education of children, which are printed in Witherspoon's works, were written originally to himself, and that they took their rise in this way: Mr. ——— had an infant son, and his mind be-

gan of course to be directed to the subject of education ; he expressed his solicitude to his friend, as they sat, one evening, conversing together, and requested his advice, which was so readily and ably given, that he was immediately urged to commit his sentiments to writing ; this he did in the epistolary form, and such was the origin of some of the best observations that were ever made on this subject ; I have had the pleasure of seeing the original manuscript, which is still in the hands of the gentleman to whom it was addressed.

He was intimate with Dr. Rush, when he was a student of medicine in Edinburgh thirty years ago, and spoke of him to me in such terms as could not but be grateful to an American. This distinguished physician must have given early indications of the superiority which he has since exhibited, for this is not the only instance in which I have met with a person in this country who was impressed with sentiments of admiration for one who was then a youth, and unknown to the world.

A circumstance has occurred during my residence in Edinburgh, which has excited some conversation here.—The *sentiment of honour* which flourishes so vigorously in the breasts of many of our countrymen at home, does not always remain inactive when they travel abroad. It produced, not long since, a challenge between two of our young Americans, members of the Edinburgh medical classes. I do not know the cause. The magistrates interfered, and bound them to keep the peace ; but the young heroes were too full of *honour* for that, and away they posted to England, with their seconds, who were also Americans. When they arrived on the ground, they stripped themselves, according to the most approved cus-

tom of duellists, of all their clothes as far as the waist, that the balls might not carry into the expected wounds any irritating fragment of cloth. It seems, however, that there was a secret understanding between the seconds, that no blood should be shed on the occasion, and, after the combatants had fired *powder only* at each other a sufficient number of times, their honour was declared to be purged, and they returned to Edinburgh, covered, as they imagined, with glory. The thing however transpired, and, as you may suppose, excited much ridicule.

The conduct of too many of our countrymen abroad, is such as to give no very favourable impression of our social refinement, or national morals; nor can we wonder at the disadvantageous opinion of the American character which prevails too generally in Europe. It is not long since a young man, originally from the West-Indies, but educated at a New-England college, killed a fellow-student here, a youth from Ireland, in a duel; the deed was done within a mile of Edinburgh, and the survivor was compelled to fly; he secreted himself in the country, till an American vessel, sailing from Greenock for New-York, afforded him an opportunity of escaping.

Duels are uncommon in Scotland, and they are viewed much in the same light as in New-England. I have heard of only one here this winter, and that was fought, a few days since, on the sand-flats at Leith, by two merchants of that place. Whether *they also fired powder only*, I do not know, but neither of them received any injury.

#### WALK TO ST. CATHARINE'S WELL.

*April 4.*—We had the pleasure of the company of the Rev. Mr. Dickson, one of our most esteemed Scotch

friends, at breakfast this morning, and soon after, he went with the gentlemen of our family, and myself, on a circuitous walk of ten miles, into the country.

The morning was one of the finest of the season, and, on every side, the sky larks were singing, and mounting higher than the eye could distinguish them.

The sky lark of this island, so much celebrated by the poets, is much smaller than our meadow lark; it is of a brown colour, and possesses a melodious voice and a never ceasing variety of notes. They do not mount with a rapid motion, but with a kind of hovering and winnowing of the air, still rising perpendicularly, and soaring to the very clouds.

Our principal object was St. Catharine's well, a spring about three miles from Edinburgh, on whose surface the mineral oil, or petroleum, is usually found floating. We carried out a little apparatus for the purpose of collecting some, but we did not find it flowing in sufficient quantity. It covered the water, however, with a beautiful film, which reflected various hues of light from the sun beams. Having engaged a man who lived on the spot to collect a quantity of it for us when it should flow in greater abundance, we continued our walk along the foot of the Pentland-hills.

As we were passing a farm yard, we stopped to see a threshing machine, then in operation, which, being worked by two horses, performs the whole business of threshing, winnowing, riddling, and delivering out the straw, and with such rapidity, that two or three hundred bushels are but a moderate day's work.

The remainder of our walk, although delightfully pleasant, afforded nothing more interesting than finely diversified views, from the tops of several hills which we ascended.

## No. LXXXVIII--EDINBURGH.

Low opinion entertained in Great-Britain of the United States—Much ignorance on this subject—Americans have contributed to increase these impressions—American literature held very cheap—Opinions of a man of literature on this subject—Opinions of Mr. and Mrs. Liston, two distinguished people who had travelled in America, concerning the state of society, manners, &c.—A titled man a preacher—Edinburgh Review.

## OPINIONS CONCERNING AMERICAN LITERATURE AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

*April 19.*—There is one acquisition which an American traveller in Britain will necessarily make, that will, in all probability, be very different from any thing he had anticipated; I mean a stock of humility, or at least of mortification, derived from the low opinion which he will find entertained on this side of the water, concerning many things in his own country.

I know there are individuals, and they are considerably numerous, whose admiration of America knows no bounds; whose language concerning us is always that of extravagant encomium, and who heap odium upon their own country, in proportion as they exaggerate the advantages of ours.

A few, (I am sorry to say, that as far as my observation extends they are very few,) possess correct information, and make that rational and candid estimate of the United States, which an unprejudiced American can hear without displeasure. People of this description are less numerous in England than in Scotland, where there is much more

kindness towards us, and some share of real knowledge concerning the American republics.

But, the general fact is otherwise. The greater number of people in both England and Scotland have but a very vague and incorrect notion of our geography, institutions, history, political divisions, and state of society and manners; and they listen, apparently with incredulity and impatience, to any accounts of the country which exhibit a favourable representation of it, especially if there be an express or implied comparison to the disadvantage of this. Nor, indeed, is it very extraordinary that this should be the case; we have ourselves been instrumental in bringing it about. We have exhibited so much of the *flatulency* of national vanity, and have made so many arrogant demands upon the admiration of the European world, that it is no wonder they have been disgusted. In our newspapers, in our anniversary orations, in many of our congressional speeches, and even in occasional sermons, we have praised ourselves with so little decency, and have monopolized with so little reserve every attribute of freedom, heroism, intelligence, and virtue, that we cannot be surprised if other countries should be somewhat reluctant to concede what we so indecorously demand. They even doubt whether there can be much reality where there is so much vaunting, and in too many instances they do us the injustice to believe, that our manners have the coarseness and turbulence of the barbarous ages, and that our political liberty is little less than general licentiousness.

Our literary reputation is even at a still lower ebb. Of this no one needs any proof who reads the literary journals and reviews of Britain. I do not derive my impressions on this subject from the splenetic and captious spirit which

too many of them exhibit towards *every* American production, but from the accidental droppings of conversation, and the general impression which is easily discovered by associating, with freedom, in British circles.

I called this morning upon a literary man\* in this city, and the conversation turned upon American literature. He was pleased to allow the Americans much genius, much keenness and energy of intellect, and a considerable share of information, but he thought we had not yet *attained to taste*, and that most of our literary productions were turgid and bombastical. I admitted that the charge was, to a considerable degree, well founded, but, took the liberty to assure him that there was much sound literature and correct taste in the country, of which the European world had no evidence; because many of our writers are ardent young men, too often, little qualified for the tasks which they undertake, while most of those who are able to do us honour, are too busy, too diffident, or too indolent to commence authors.

There is a serious impression existing in this country that we are in the childhood of literature; that we have no taste for the manly beauties of correct composition, and that the tinsel of epithet, and the sound of pompous declamation are alone acceptable to us. It must be confessed that the impression is not wholly unfounded; but the thing has been greatly exaggerated, and some of our best productions have been very little read on this side of the Atlantic.

It is, without doubt, an interesting thing to Americans, to know in what estimation they are held in the old coun-

\* Dr. Anderson, Editor of the *British Poets*.

tries of Europe. It is however difficult to find those who are well qualified to judge; and he who forms his opinion of us from the fastidious decisions of uncandid criticism; from the *petulant* volumes of European travellers in America; or from the popular bias of the majority in these islands, will be as far from the truth, as he who listens to our own inflated orators, or to the profuse and undistinguishing panegyric of our European admirers.

*April 25.*—I have had an opportunity of conversing to-day with two persons, who are very correct judges of these subjects.

You may remember that among my letters of introduction, was one from Col. Pickering to Mr. Liston late Ambassador from Great Britain, to the United States. Partly from my numerous avocations this winter, and partly from my being erroneously informed that Mr. Liston was in London, I had hitherto made no effort to see this gentleman. Finding that my venerable friend Mr. R. S. Moncrieff, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Thornton, was particularly intimate with Mr. Liston, I accepted the tender of his good offices to introduce me, and rode out with him this morning, on horseback, five miles to Milburn, where Mr. Liston resides. We were received with great politeness by his lady, whom we first met, and a servant was immediately dispatched for Mr. Liston. This gentleman soon arrived and made us abundantly welcome. Although he has been minister or envoy at so many courts—at Constantinople, at Madrid, at the Hague, at Copenhagen, at Stockholm, and at Philadelphia, he now covets the shades of private life, as he is drawing towards the evening of his own. Mrs. Liston has a little American garden, where she cultivates, with much care, a consider-

able collection of American plants, shrubs and trees ; she is very fond of this garden, and admits nothing into it which is not of transatlantic origin. These interesting people live in all the simplicity and retirement of a country life. Their house is only a neat cottage ; it is a small stone building, only one story high, with a thatched roof and a few handsome rooms. It is situated in the midst of a farm which Mr. Liston cultivates with assiduity, and not without personal toil. He is a very intelligent man, and possesses that polished simplicity of manners which an extensive intercourse with mankind usually produces in men of superior minds, while his deportment is so affable as to give a stranger assurance in his society. Mrs. Liston appeared like a superior woman possessed of extensive and various information, and manners corresponding to those of her husband. We took breakfast in a little octagonal apartment resembling a ship's cabin, and lighted from above. From among the interesting topics which occupied the morning, I will repeat a few observations concerning America.

In reply to a remark of my companion, that, on account of the prevalence of faction, the American constitutions of government could not long subsist, Mr. Liston expressed his conviction that they might continue, perhaps, for centuries ; because, from the constant flowing of the tide of population, westward, to the unsettled countries, (a current which, for hundreds of miles was not opposed by any obstacle,) a very long period must elapse before the population of the cities would so far accumulate, as to afford the circumstances most favourable to rebellion ; and this accumulation could not be expected till there should

be a reflux of the tide of population from the west to the east.

He remarked that the Americans were an agricultural people, dispersed over a great extent of territory, not gathered into manufacturing towns of vast population, but occupied in their own concerns, and little disposed to leave them for the sake of interfering in government.

Mrs. Liston added, in confirmation of these remarks, that the Americans were a very mild people, and not inclined to turbulence and riot. She applied the observation especially to the better orders of society, the mildness and suavity of whose manners, she thought were as remarkable as the rudeness of the lower orders; she complained much of the insolence of our inn-holders and servants, and generally of that class of society upon which the rich are dependent for their comfort. She thought that we suffered our national character to be degraded by receiving, with opens arms, the outlaws of Europe, and by admitting foreigners to manage our finances and to influence the enaction and frustrate the execution of our laws, while desperate adventures reviled our best men with impunity.

They observed that the Americans possessed the power of expressing their thoughts with a degree of facility which, when they first heard it, astonished them. It made little difference whether the speaker understood his subject or not, whether he were a man of sense or a fool; in either case there was a copiousness and elegance of expression which seemed to pervade all ranks.

They had listened with surprise, to hear young ladies, in particular, convey their ideas with such beauty and fluency of diction, as was rarely found in the old world;

and they did not confine this observation to high life; for, in North-Carolina, they had heard a poor woman, who, with a husband and five children, inhabited a miserable hut, with only one room, deplore her sufferings in such language as a lady of the Court of St. James would have been proud to equal.

They said, that in travelling through the United States, from north to south, and from east to west, they had never met with an individual who stuttered, stammered, or hesitated.

They thought that the New-England states, (and especially Connecticut,) were distinguished by superior decency and sobriety, better morals and more attention to religion. In Connecticut especially, said Mr. Liston, there is a voluntary respect manifested for magistrates; people of the lower orders pull off their hats to a gentleman; and, although they are decided republicans, they are opposed to unqualified liberty and equality, and friends to subordination and social order, for which they are called aristocrats by their southern brethren.

I will not suppress the following remark however it may be presumed to gratify myself. "You cannot conceive even in imagination (said Mr. Liston addressing himself to my venerable companion) of a more beautiful place than New-Haven in Connecticut. I have never seen one more so in Europe or America."

After breakfast we went around the farm with Mr. Liston to witness his plans and improvements and after solicitations for a repetition of our visit and expressions of regret that it had not been sooner made, we returned to town.

I went a few days since to hear a Scotch baronet preach. You will probably smile, for, nothing can appear more singular to an American than that a titled man should voluntarily become a preacher. I assure you, he is not tinctured with enthusiasm, but, on the contrary, exhibits every proof of a very sound and excellent mind, and of rational although ardent piety. I have heard him several times with pleasure, and I am told that the meritorious example which he has exhibited is not unprecedented among titled men in Scotland. He still retains his title, and is never called *the Rev.* but *Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood*. He is a settled minister here, and, with a young man of much promise, and the most excellent character, for his colleague has the charge of the West Kirk. This gentleman, the Rev. David Dickson is one of the best preachers in Edinburgh.

#### EDINBURGH REVIEW.

You will hardly pardon me for omitting till this time, to say any thing concerning the Edinburgh Review, a publication almost unrivalled in its way, both for talent and learning. Its reviews are in fact treatises on the given subject, and often the author is the least of the reviewer's concern.

Through the kind offices of a friend, I have had some very good opportunities of becoming acquainted with the origin and plan of this work, and although it is not in my power to impart every fact with which I have become acquainted, the following which I believe are not subjects of confidence, may perhaps interest you.

The Edinburgh Review was projected towards the end of the year 1801, and a number of gentlemen of the first

standing, supplied its pages gratis for the first year. After that time, the plan was changed, and a pecuniary compensation was paid to the writers, (to such at least as chose to receive compensation.) The sum was such as to command the first talent, and was three or four times as much as had been ordinarily paid for similar productions, a price for literary property before unknown in Britain or in the world. This is the true secret of the great success of the work. The editor has also a regular salary. More than five thousand copies of this Review are now circulated, and it is constantly increasing.\* Not that I would impute mercenary motives to those who write for its pages, for it is not reasonable to expect that gentlemen will gratuitously devote their time and efforts to such an extent, without ample compensation. Great extent of learning, or of investigation, is often necessary to the production of such articles as appear in the Edinburgh Review, and it is plain that some of them must have cost their authors weeks of labour. The list of writers for this Review is one of the most respectable that can well be imagined, and includes men of the first talent and acquirements in the various departments of science and literature. Most of them reside in Edinburgh, but some are in the country, and a number in England. I have mentioned that of the Edinburgh Review five thousand copies are published annually: Of the Farmer's Magazine, another quarterly Journal, four thousand are published; of the Edinburgh Medical Journal, (quarterly) two thousand one hundred; of the Scot's Magazine, (monthly) one thousand three hundred; and of the fourth edition of the Encyclopedia, three thousand.

\* Report says it is now two or three times that number.—1820.

No. LXXXIX.—DEPARTURE FROM EDINBURGH  
AND RIDE TO GLASGOW.

Regret at leaving Edinburgh—Linlithgow—Anciently a splendid place—Old church—Apparition—Ruins of the Palace of Linlithgow—Falkirk—Battles between the Scotch and English—The great canal—Glasgow—Situation—Buildings—Population—University—Library—Professorships, &c.

*April 26.*—It is impossible that any one should associate long among so warm hearted and friendly a people as the Scotch, without permitting his feelings to become interested in their social circles. Mine have become so, in no small degree, and I could not remain unaffected by numerous instances of civility, kindness, and friendship. Accordingly, I have contemplated with pain the period of my final departure. Although happy to return to my country and friends, I cannot fail to realize with regret, that I shall never again behold those who have made my residence here so happy. But such is the condition of human life. If we would avoid the pain of separating from our friends, we cannot have any, for, in proportion as they are more endeared, the anguish of losing them is increased, and he who would shun the suffering, so closely allied to the highest pleasures of the heart, must be a stranger to those pleasures also.

The influences of spring are now sensibly felt; verdure is fast returning to the trees, the hedge-rows, and the fields, and, at a period when the face of nature is about to assume its most beautiful livery, I am to commence my exile on the desolate ocean.

I had arranged all my affairs; my passport, after suffering some of the usual delays of office, had been granted by the Lord Provost; I had called on most of my friends, and exchanged with them those parting expressions of kindness, which, although depressing, are still grateful to the feelings; and I had seen, probably for the last time, but without taking formal leave, that family in which I have found so much cordiality and friendship, that I shall never cease to remember them with mixed emotions of pleasure and regret.

The forenoon was engrossed by the usual labours of packing, and a little after noon, I was ready to depart.

The two gentlemen who had been my immediate companions through the winter, determined to proceed with me to the western side of the island; the one to embark along with myself for America, and the other to travel in the highlands of Scotland.

We stepped into a post-chaise, and with a very fine day, proceeded seventeen miles through a beautiful country, to Linlithgow.

Linlithgow was formerly a place of considerable splendour, but has declined very much since the union. While the horses were changing we visited the ancient church, and, an old woman, who attended us, pointed out the aisle where, as tradition reports, a spectre appeared to James IV. before the battle of Floddenfield, to warn him of his impending fate; he was slain in that battle. In the same church we saw the sepulchral vault of the Earls of Linlithgow, and the leaden coffins, containing the bodies of the dead.

Near the church, stand the walls of the ancient Palace of Linlithgow, once a favourite residence of the Scottish

monarchs. It was preserved in good repair, till about sixty years ago, when it was accidentally burnt by the king's troops. It is now a very fine ruin, and, in its days of grandeur, must have been a delightful residence; for it stands on a hill contiguous to a handsome lake, and commands an extensive view of a very beautiful country. In this palace the unfortunate Queen Mary was born.

In contemplating this residence of ancient royalty, now a ruin, a stranger cannot but feel some degree of melancholy and regret, blended with emotions of solemnity and grandeur; for "the glory is departed" from Scotland, and she has become only an appendage of the country to which she gave a monarch.

From Linlithgow we proceeded through a delightful country, which was somewhat hilly, and ornamented with country seats.

At *Falkirk*, we dined on salmon;\* salmon are caught in abundance in the rivers of Scotland, and are in the market eight months out of twelve; from *Berwick* they form a great article of export to London; they are packed in ice, and both ice and fish bring a good price on their arrival.

*Falkirk* stands about two miles from the Forth, which here becomes narrow, and presents a series of mountains on its opposite bank. The appearance of the town is rather mean; it contains about four thousand inhabitants, and is said to derive no small part of its support from the sale of highland cattle, and from the vicinity of the celebrated Carron iron-works; one of the most extensive

\* A dinner of salmon and beef steak was afforded us at two shillings each.

manufactories of the kind in the world. Strangers are absolutely excluded from seeing them, and therefore we did not make the attempt.

Near Falkirk, in the year 1298, Edward I. defeated the Scotch under Sir William Wallace; the carnage on the side of the vanquished was dreadful, and this unfortunate battle led to the subjugation of Scotland.

Almost on the same ground, the English were defeated by the Scotch in the year 1746; this gallant people fought with great bravery in support of the prince commonly called the Pretender, whom they regarded as their lawful sovereign.

Soon after leaving Falkirk, we passed under the famous canal, which connects the Forth and the Clyde, and thus forms a communication between the German ocean and the Atlantic. An arch of stone is turned over the road, in the manner of a bridge; the bed of the canal is supported on the arch, and thus a river passes over the head of the traveller.

We here met with a little gratification, which we had wished for, but hardly expected. As we came within view of the place where the canal crossed the road, we saw a sloop upon it, under full sail, but not quite arrived at the point of intersection; silver was applied to the post-boy, and the whip to the horses, so that we came up at the next moment, and had the pleasure of passing under the arch, while the sloop sailed over our heads.

This canal, which does honour to the spirit of the country, and is a great public benefit, was begun in 1768, and finished in 1790. It is thirty-five miles long, without including some branches. "The summit of the canal is one hundred and forty-one feet above the level of the sea.

The number of the locks is twenty on the east, and nineteen on the west. The medium breadth of the canal at the surface is fifty-six feet, and at the bottom twenty-seven. Vessels of eighty or ninety tons may be navigated through, and are fit for voyages by sea."

We stopped to take tea at a place called the half-way house, and, without any interesting incident, reached Glasgow at ten o'clock at night, and received, on our arrival at the Buck's-head, those fawning attentions which are usually bestowed on those who travel in post-chaises.

#### GLASGOW.

*April 28.*—It was my intention to spend a few days in the city of Glasgow, but I find myself obliged to hasten on to Greenock, or incur the risk of losing my passage. My knowledge of Glasgow is therefore extremely superficial.

I spent several hours in walking through the town in various directions, and was much pleased with the beauty of the buildings. They are constructed, as in Edinburgh, of fine free-stone; most of them are lofty and handsome, and the whole town presents a very advantageous appearance. Its situation is however principally on level ground, and therefore it does not afford those fine romantic views with which Edinburgh abounds. It stands chiefly on the west bank of the river Clyde, over which there are three bridges. The Clyde is, however, at this place a shallow river, and admits only very small sloops up to the town. Glasgow is more than twenty miles from the sea-shore; the shipments of the merchants are made at Port-Glasgow and Greenock, which lie a good way down the river.

The population of Glasgow is about seventy-seven thousand;\* it has numerous manufactures of glass, cotton-goods, pottery, &c. and is the great emporium of the western parts of Scotland. It is one of the handsomest towns in Great-Britain, and is the seat of a celebrated university.

Through the kind offices of a gentleman to whom we were introduced by one of our Edinburgh friends, Mr. Codman and I had an opportunity of seeing this institution.

The structures are very much like those of the English universities, that is, in the form of the hollow square. Their appearance is venerable and impressive. There is a fine library of about seventy thousand volumes, which are arranged very advantageously in a large room. They are now erecting a magnificent Grecian edifice, for the reception of the anatomical museum of the late celebrated John Hunter, of London. It was bequeathed by the distinguished man who formed it, to the university of Glasgow, and is soon to be transferred to the building which is preparing for it.

The university of Glasgow is abundantly endowed; I am told that it has about twelve professorships, and, in point of real utility, it is said to equal any institution in the island. The number of young men is about seven hundred, and there is a respectable medical school connected with the university. I did not observe any thing remarkably different from what is commonly seen in other institutions of the kind, except that the young men wore

\* 1820.—It is now stated to me by a citizen of the town to be one hundred and twenty thousand, it being the second city in the island.

gowns of scarlet cloth, most of which were so old and rusty, as to give them a slovenly and ludicrous appearance.

I had not the pleasure of seeing any of the professors; I had letters to two of them, but they were abroad at the time.



## No. XC.—PAISLEY—GREENOCK.

Paisley—The holy-mount—Manufacture of muslin—Condition of the manufacturers—The echoing chapel—Private hospitality—Familiar and affectionate manners—Greenock—Population—Different appearance of European and American towns.

### PAISLEY.

Wishing to visit Paisley, I left my companions, who preferred proceeding by the direct route to Greenock. My ride of seven miles to Paisley presented nothing more interesting than a fine champaign, wonderfully well cultivated, and hardly inferior in beauty and fertility to the finest parts of England.

The spring is far advanced; verdure every where meets the eye, and a few weeks will bring to perfection that beauty which is already so conspicuous.

I called upon a family, with one of the heads of which I had been acquainted in Edinburgh, and although I had deposited my baggage at the inn, and intended to return to the same house to lodge, the hospitality of my friends would not allow them to listen a moment to that arrangement; my trunks were immediately sent for, and myself

detained, with such marks of kindness, that it was impossible even to wish to be away.

Mr. S——, at whose house I was, took me out, at my own request, to see the town. We went first to the *holy-mount*. This handsome eminence, which derives its name from a church upon its summit, stands in the midst of the town, and commands an extensive view of a very fine plain country, which, at the distance of many miles, is bounded by lofty hills.

You do not need to be informed that Paisley is the place where a great part of the muslins, carried from Scotland to America, are manufactured. There are in it about thirty thousand people, who are, for the most part, employed in this business. The operative manufacturers live in the town, which is composed of a very compact collection of houses, which, although comfortable, are rather mean in their appearance; but among them are interspersed, houses of considerable magnificence, which belong to the proprietors of the manufactories.

The labourers are well paid; a first rate weaver can earn nine shillings a day, and others in proportion; but they are described as being, in general, a very improvident class; they spend as fast as they earn, and make no provision for a future day.

Girls who, on common days, appear barefooted in the streets, are seen on Sundays, flaunting in silk stockings and muslin. This representation is said, however, not to be universally true; some are so provident that they become possessed of comfortable circumstances, but most of them are thrown into immediate distress, by any unfavourable turn in their business.

In the course of our walk, we passed the church where the venerable Dr. Witherspoon used to preach. We visited also what is regarded as one of the greatest curiosities in Paisley; I allude to an ancient Gothic chapel, that formerly served as a place of interment for a noble family; it is remarkable for a singular echo, which is produced when the door is shut with force; it is so loud as to resemble thunder, and yet it is very distinct. It is said that musical tones, whether from an instrument or from the voice, produce a very sweet echo in this place.

When it became so dark that we could see nothing more, we returned to the house. Domestic music, which is as common in Scotch families, as in those of our country, entertained us during a part of the evening; a young lady, a member of the family, sung in concert with the piano. A religious service succeeded, and then we sat down to supper, with one of those familiar and gratifying conversations, so frequent on such occasions in Scotland, in which the head and the heart both concur, and the social pleasures of the moment are not alloyed by any thing which may produce regret in the recollection. The usual affectionate *good night* terminated the interview, and the morning produced a repetition of the enjoyments of the evening.

But there was a painful drawback, arising from the certainty that I must, in the course of two hours, leave these interesting people, without the smallest probability of ever seeing them again. As I would not, however, have you imagine that I am writing a "sentimental journey," I assure you that I sat down with cheerfulness to breakfast, and the time was beguiled by conversation, till, at nine o'clock, the sounding of the coachman's horn gave the

signal for *farewell*; we parted with a warm expression of the best wishes, and as the coach darted forward, we interchanged the last *waving of the hand*.

After travelling five or six miles, we arrived on the banks of the Clyde, which had now become a considerable river; the country, on the opposite shore, appeared mountainous and rugged, while that on the side where we travelled was fertile, highly cultivated, and beautiful.

The Clyde became wider as we advanced; we passed Dumbarton Castle, which is situated on a barren and lofty rock in the middle of the river, and Dumbarton itself, a considerable town, lying immediately contiguous, on the northern shore; we soon arrived at Port-Glasgow, a small trading place, three miles above Greenock, and reached the latter town at noon.

#### GREENOCK.

My companions soon arrived from Glasgow; we found out our Captain, and went on board his ship, the *Fanny*; found her accommodations excellent, and spent the remainder of the day in preparations for our passage.

*April 30.*—In the morning we took leave of Mr. Codman, who crossed the Clyde to travel in the highlands.

Greenock is a commercial town, situated on the southern bank of the Clyde, at the foot of a range of high hills. It contains about twenty thousand people. You must not, however, judge of the apparent magnitude of European towns, by comparing them with places of the same population in America. They do not make half the figure in point of extent. The houses are often so high, and always so compactly built, and so filled with inhabitants, that a vast population is contained within very moderate

limits. Greenock, although it has four times as many inhabitants as New-Haven, in Connecticut, appears like a smaller town, and Edinburgh is inferior in extent to Philadelphia, and Glasgow to New-York. European towns have the appearance of more solidity and durability than the American, but the latter are more airy and agreeable.

I dined with a merchant of Greenock, Mr. M'Goun, to whose more than polite attentions I had been indebted for most of the preparatory arrangements of my passage, which had been settled principally by correspondence. It is almost unnecessary to add, that I met with all that hospitality and kindness which every where distinguish the private circles of this country.

*May 1.*—An incessant rain kept us within doors the next day, and prevented me from making any additional observations upon Greenock and its environs.

The sailing of our ship, which was fixed for this day, has been deferred till to-morrow, when our captain promises that he will positively put to sea; and from the state of his ship, I am inclined to believe he will go.

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## No. XCI.—PASSAGE TO AMERICA.

### CONCLUSION.

*May 2.*—Accordingly, at noon we embarked, and at two o'clock, set sail in a storm of wind and rain; the wind was fair, and about dark we pushed out of the Clyde, and bade Great-Britain adieu. The banks of the river

are lofty; almost mountainous, and in a fine day must present many interesting views, which on this occasion were obscured by clouds and rain. The Clyde affords a fine haven; the entrance is sufficiently wide; it has a good depth of water, and is well protected by the land.

We passed a small village lying on the left bank of the river, and near its mouth. As the village came into view, I observed the people, men, women, and children, running down to the shore; where they stood, intently gazing upon the ship. I was not long held in suspense as to the cause. There was a Scotch gentleman on board, who placed himself in a conspicuous part of the deck, where, although it continued to rain hard, he remained, looking earnestly at the little cluster on the beach; he was silent, but the tears rolled down his cheeks, and when the ship came abreast of the village, the people on the shore gave three cheers, which he endeavoured to return. A fair wind soon carried us out of sight of land, and beyond the hidden rocks which abound in these seas, and had occasioned us some apprehension.

*May 5.*—A storm succeeded on the following day and night; a very cold wind, with a driving rain, and a rough opposing sea, that frequently broke over our bow, rendered us very uncomfortable, although, as we had sea room enough, there was no cause for alarm. I remained on deck till a late hour of the night, when the increase of the sea made every thing so wet that I was compelled to retire. But, a ship's cabin, except in fine weather and with smooth seas, is to me a gloomy refuge, and, in a storm, I always prefer being on deck; for, the unrivalled grandeur of the scene and the astonishing exhibitions of intrepidity and skill which give so much facility in the management

of a ship, even in the most tempestuous weather, afford an occupation for the mind, that is always interesting, when danger is not imminent.

This storm was succeeded by a listless calm, which, for two days, left us in a state of languor and inactivity, hardly tolerable even with the delightful weather that attended us; the calm however was one of the winds only, for the sea had a vast and distressing fluctuation, (the effect of the recent tempest) and, without a breeze, the sails could afford no aid in preserving the ship from that deep rolling motion which usually attends a calm, coming immediately after a storm.

Most of our passengers had, by this time, recovered from sea sickness; the razor was applied, with advantage, to faces, which five days of suffering and negligence had rendered both forlorn and squalid, and better spirits began to shed their cheering influences over our ship.

*May 7 to May 13.*—This distressing swell of the ocean gradually subsided, and on the afternoon of the 7th, a fine fresh breeze sprang up, which was perfectly fair, and we pursued our course so prosperously, during the night, that sleep took undisturbed possession of our cabin.

The next morning was the finest imaginable, and our pleasant breeze had increased to a vigorous wind, which, blowing from the north east, a little *abaft the beam*, filled all our canvass, and sent us rapidly on our course. No one who had not been personally concerned, would easily conceive what alacrity of spirits such a happy state of things produces on board a ship. It is quite unnecessary for me to detail separately, the history of a number of successive days, that were all so prosperous and so similar, that they presented very little variety.

During this period, our yards were never shifted, and hardly a rope was pulled; our sails were constantly inflated, with a wind that had all the steadiness, and more than the force, of the tropical breezes; with few exceptions we had bright suns and fine skies; our log-book gave us, most of the time, a reckoning of from one hundred and eighty to two hundred miles in a day, and while we were sailing at this rapid rate, the ship ran through the water with so steady and smooth a motion, and the sea was so quiet, that we could read, write, or walk the deck with perfect safety and convenience, and not a glass was overturned, or a drop of wine spilled upon the table.

Our captain declared that the *Fanny*, although she had been a remarkably favoured ship, and was then crossing the Atlantic for the fifty-eight time, had never met with so fine a run westward before.

To fill a portion of the vacuity of time, I read several novels which constituted a part of the captain's library, and such was the dearth of entertainment, that even the scurrilous volumes of Peter Pindar were frequently my companions.

One evening two little land birds which we supposed to have been driven off from shore by a gale, after fluttering for some time around the ship, as if afraid to alight, settled on the main chains, and, on account of their extreme fatigue, were easily taken. The next day when we gave them their liberty, one flew overboard and was drowned, while the other, after making short excursions, returned; it appeared quite tame; readily picked up the grains of oats that were thrown in its way, and amused us by the dexterous manner, in which, with its bill alone, it instantly stripped the kernel of its husk, before it swallowed the oats.

The little bird took roost in the mizen chains, but, was probably washed overboard in the night, as it was missing in the morning. We felt somewhat grieved at the circumstance, for, we intended to give the little straggler a passage to America, and to amuse ourselves with feeding it, and learning it to be familiar with human society. On the tenth, we had more land birds, flying about the ship and lighting, occasionally, upon the rigging. It is singular that, at the distance of eleven hundred miles from land, they should be able to keep constantly on the wing; one would suppose that their fatigue would have caused them, long before, to fall into the water where they must of course drown.

On the 13th, the wind changed to the south, the temperature became mild, and every thing was so agreeable, that the very fish seemed to be animated by unusual gaiety.— For, towards evening, we were honoured with a grand retinue of the monarchs of the ocean. At various times during the progress of the day, we observed single whales, spouting here and there, upon the surface, but, just before night, a large school of them played about the ship for some time. They were occasionally within a few yards of us, and afforded no small amusement, when they showed their backs and fins above the water, as if in sport.— As they are warm blooded fishes they are obliged to come up, at short intervals, to breathe, so that when a whale has once been observed to spout, you are sure to see him again, within a few minutes, and within a short distance, of the place where he was first discovered. Thus they may be followed for miles, with the eye, till they are so far off that the spray can no longer be discerned. When they are

not very remote, you can distinctly hear a kind of snorting noise which they make in breathing.

I found that I had received exaggerated impressions of the spouting of whales; they do not throw the water so high, nor in so large a stream as I had imagined. I doubt whether any of those which we saw on this occasion, raised the water higher than fifteen feet, and it was in the form of a copious spray or shower, rather than in that of a stream. This was the effect of common and easy respiration. When they are wounded and dart downward with violent exertion, there can be no doubt, that, on their return to the surface, their breathing must become rapid and laborious, and of course, the jet d'eau will be increased.

They seemed not to be afraid of the ship, of which, as far as I could judge, they took no notice.

But, these were not all; we received the compliments of Neptune's lighter troops as well of his huge and unwieldy forces.

Some hundreds of porpoises attended us, for an hour or two, near the close of the day. They were very familiar, swimming all around, within a few feet of the ship, and playing off their awkward gambols incessantly. If I may be allowed the expression, they tumbled out of the water, and tumbled in again, with a lazy but sportive motion; sometimes, however, they jumped into the air, completely, at a single effort, and were visible in their whole form at once.

They appeared particularly fond of swimming under the bowsprit, in the foam produced by the ship's motion; from the lattice work, around the image, I could almost reach them with my hand.

The porpoise is, like the whale, a warm blooded fish, and therefore comes to the surface to respire, and the snorting of his nostrils also can be heard, when he is within a few yards. Most fishes breathe quietly because they respire through their gills; they are cold blooded, and therefore the small portion of air, which water always contains is sufficient to maintain their languid flame of life, while warm blooded fishes, amphibious and land animals, and man demand an unimpeded respiration, and free access of air.

I know not whether this formidable host of whales and porpoises came to congratulate the Fanny on so pleasing an event as an addition to the number of her family. For one of our highland women, in the steerage, the day before, presented her husband with a son, which, from his marine birth, his father proposes to call NEPTUNE. I know not how our young cosmopolite will describe the place of his birth, unless by the latitude and longitude.—It is true that the laws of nations will regard him as an American, but, as he was really born in no *particular country*, he is a genuine citizen of the world.

May 14.—The last night gave us powerful gusts, with copious showers, and this morning, we have a hollow rolling sea with very little wind and that little directly ahead. We are now approaching the banks of Newfoundland. We wished to avoid them entirely, and for that purpose, our captain has been steering as far south as possible, during the whole passage to this time; but we find we must cross them, and two men were stationed in the bow, during the last night, to look out for the ice, and the captain himself was on deck till almost morning. You will not wonder that we should feel some anxiety on this subject.

Time hangs heavily; we are at this moment tumbling about in a dead calm, and the sails are flapping, with their own weight against the spars and masts; a gale would be less disagreeable provided it were fair.

We had not long, much reason to complain of the languor of a calm, for, towards evening a fine breeze arose which pushed us on very rapidly; a dark night succeeded and the ship carried a flood of fire under her bow, and for many a yard around her sides. It was so beautiful that I remained on deck till midnight to see it,\* and also to look out for the ice, as we were now in that part of the ocean where we might naturally expect to meet with this formidable danger.

\* 1818.—The phosphorescence of sea water is now ascertained to be owing to animalculæ; they have been separated from the water, and figured and described (see Tillock's Philos. Magazine.) With respect to the allusions of the poets, I have been favoured by a friend with the following memorandum.

Falconer in the Shipwreck, and Crabbe in the Borough, have characteristic and striking allusions to this appearance; but as I have neither of the works at hand, I cannot quote or refer to the passages. Scott, in his Lord of the Isles, page 18, has a passage, which, although by no means in his best manner, as I think you may be pleased with it, I will transmit.

Awaked before the rushing prow,  
The mimic fires of ocean glow,  
    Those lightnings of the wave;  
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,  
And, flashing round, the vessel's sides  
    With elvish lustre lave,  
While, far behind, their livid light  
To the dark billows of the night  
    A gloomy splendor gave.

May 15.—Between one and two in the morning, a tempest came on from the south-west; we were obliged to take in most of our sails, and to lash in our dead-lights, as the sea became very heavy. I was on deck at half past two, when it was blowing furiously; I remained there till the dawning of the day enabled me to see that there was no ice, and then retired to my birth, but the motions of the ship were so violent that it was impossible to sleep.

The gale increased so much that we could not keep our course; we were already two or three degrees farther north than we ought to have been, and were still rapidly falling off, in the same direction. Under these circumstances, the only alternative was, *to lie too*, which we did, with the smallest quantity of canvass possible.

The day was, throughout, a dismal one indeed; a very heavy sea was constantly running, and of course there was much motion; there was a cold searching wind with frequent rain, and the spray, from the waves that broke over

It seems as if old Ocean shakes  
From his dark brow the livid flakes  
In envious pageantry,  
To match the midnight light that streaks  
Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

And lastly, in a note upon the above, Mr. Scott quotes the following from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

Beyond the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd the water-snakes,  
They mov'd in tracks of shining white,  
And when they rear'd, the elvish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

the ship, fell in copious showers; these circumstances rendered the deck extremely uncomfortable.

As the dead-lights were in, the cabin was very dark and gloomy; a coal fire and a few rays from the sky-light, shed only a faint gleam; no food could be prepared, and we therefore remained without refreshment; reading was out of the question, and conversation almost equally so, for the greater part of the passengers were sick or asleep, and those who were up had enough to do, to preserve their limbs from being broken, by the sudden jerks of the ship.

Towards evening, the gale was so far moderated, that we made sail and stood nearly on our course.

*May 16.*—The next day we had a calm, and the passengers, weary with doing nothing, contrived to “give time a shove,” by firing bullets at an empty bottle, which was tied to a string and towed astern of the ship; the bottle however remained uninjured, but the gulls which were flying over us were not equally fortunate; three of them became the victims of the humane pastime of my companions, and with their lives paid for their ignorance of our gentle dispositions. It is curious that a gull is no sooner shot and falls into the water, than the rest of the gulls, with much clamour, come flocking around, and alight close to their bleeding companion; they then fly away and then return; so that there is no surer way to draw a plenty of gulls, than to shoot one and let it remain in the water.

The day was foggy, damp, and uncomfortable; a true specimen of Newfoundland weather.

We spoke a sail, and some solicitude was excited on the score of impressment, among the British subjects on

board, (of whom we had between thirty and forty,) until it was discovered that the ship *had no teeth*, as the sailors say, when they mean great guns : she proved to be an American.

The succeeding night was very dark, cold, and stormy, and as we were certain that we were very near the banks, we felt considerable anxiety lest our rapid motion should bring us into a fatal rencontre with the islands of ice ; but morning returned and no ice was to be seen in any direction.

*May 17.*—There was a heavy sea and a strong north wind ; the ship was so close hauled that she was constantly fighting with the waves, which broke over us almost incessantly, and more than once gave some one of the passengers a shower bath ; a circumstance which never failed to excite much merriment on board. It was so cold that the thickest covering of winter was not sufficient to keep one comfortable on deck ; the ship's motions were so violent that we could not sit with comfort below, and the bed was the only refuge from the numerous inconveniences of our situation.

On account of the great cold, the numerous sea fowls, the abundance of whales, the peculiar appearance of the water, and our reckoning, no doubt remained that we were running over the banks of Newfoundland. As the wind was favourable we did not stop to fish, for we wished to get beyond the region of the ice as soon as possible, and at evening we flattered ourselves that we had passed the banks.

*May 18.*—Towards evening the temperature, which had been uncomfortably cold, became milder ; the sky

was perfectly clear, and we remained on deck awaiting the moment when the sun should dip below the ocean.

On account of the inequalities of surface which usually terminate our circle of vision on land, the setting of the sun is rarely seen there so perfectly as at sea; for, in the latter case, when the water is smooth there is nothing to terminate our view but the great curve of the earth, and the glorious luminary sinks beneath the horizon with the utmost beauty, regularity, and grandeur.

Immediately after the sun had set to us on deck, some of the passengers ran up the shrouds, and declared that they had overtaken the sun; I followed, but was too late for this amusing discovery.

*May 19.*—We have an excellent ship and very comfortable accommodations. Our cabin is convenient, sufficiently spacious, and uncommonly handsome; the panels, which are all of mahogany, are ornamented with carved work and gilding. As I was the first, in order of time, on the list of passengers, it is my good fortune to have a large state-room to myself.

Our mode of living is rather profuse and luxurious, as it is on board of most the regular American ships, where they expect to carry passengers. We have every necessary, and many delicacies not usually seen at respectable tables on shore. I have often wondered that with the numerous inconveniences incident to a sea life, food can be so well prepared as we have it, for, as to the greater number of articles, I can perceive no difference between our living and that on shore.

My companions are all civil and obliging in their deportment, and our captain, on account of his uniform kindness, and freedom from every degree of asperity and pet-

ulance in his treatment of us, is much a favourite. He sails his ship with great address, making the best use of a wind by spreading as much canvass as can be used with safety, and yet he is vigilant to take it in in season, when danger approaches.

We are not wholly destitute of mirth and gaiety in our little cabin parties. One of our companions has been a soldier, and having become disgusted with military life, has turned his eyes towards America, where he expects to find quiet, liberty, and innocence. He is a man of much comic humour, and has the gay negligent manners of the profession which he has abandoned; he often amuses us with some merry turn of thought or some ludicrous image, the creation of his own brain.

We have another who is the very Falstaff of our party. Thirty-six years of his life have been spent at sea, and seven of those years in the British navy. He has been in eleven naval actions; has been twice wounded, and has partly lost his hearing, from the effect of the discharge of cannon. He is one of the most singular compounds of wit, drollery, blunder, seriousness, and levity, that I have ever seen; and as he does not always make the troublesome distinction, whether we laugh with him or at him, merriment is very safe in his presence, and it seems to please him equally well whether he is witty himself or is the cause of wit in others. His never-failing good nature is commensurate to any trespass upon his patience, for, in one way and another, he is the hero and the harlequin of most of our cabin scenes. His life has been one of so much adventure that he is full of interesting anecdote, and his whims and peculiarities, (for he is an old bachelor,) give an air of ludicrous gravity to his character. He is

one of those sailors who believe in lucky days, and was not a little troubled at our sailing on Friday; he very seriously related to me several cases of ships that sailed on Friday and were lost. Probably there are no men more whimsical than some who are found among sailors. We had a foul wind a few days ago, and the captain, by way of charm, threw overboard one of this gentleman's old boots, and two of his own old wigs; the fair wind immediately sprung up, and of course no doubt could be entertained that Neptune had been appeased by the offering which was made. I must however do our commander the justice to say, that he is a man of too much understanding to believe in such nonsense, but the common sailors give credit to some things not less ridiculous.

They have a notion that when a pig is killed at sea, a storm will succeed, and it so happened that the heaviest gale which we have had, came on the very night after we had killed our first pig.

They unite some strange contrarieties in their character; they are constantly exposed to danger, and yet most of them are impiously wicked; they are intrepid and daring almost beyond belief, and still they are the subjects of the most weak and silly superstition.

Who has not heard that they nail a horse-shoe to the mast to bring good luck, and to frighten away the devil!

*May 20 to 25.*—You have seen that we have been, of late, somewhat checked by calms and strong adverse winds. We have had however the greatest reason to felicitate ourselves on our progress, but we have endured our recent detention with less patience than we should have done, had we not, just before, been favoured with such a long continued course of fine winds as is not often

experienced in sailing westward over the Atlantic. Frequently, within these few days, has the wish been expressed: O that we could have such another period of fine winds; we should then be in New-York before the first of June.

Few I believe thought that we should be gratified, and therefore the return of the wished-for wind was as unexpected as it was grateful. About two, on the morning of the 20th, a fresh breeze came out of the north-east, and when I went on deck, our ship was pressing forward under a cloud of canvass, with the fairest and the best wind that could blow.

We sailed in this manner for five days, without a moment's cessation, and almost without any diminution of the wind; the weather, although rather cold, was generally serene and comfortable; during most of the time a child could have walked the cabin floor without falling, and we might have supposed that our sails were filled by a monsoon of the Indian ocean. I need not say that all was life and spirits on board, and we were never tired of felicitating each other on the happy circumstances that surrounded us.

On the 23d we supposed ourselves within two hundred miles of the coast of Nova-Scotia; the weather was pleasant, and the sea so smooth that we discovered abundance of rockweed floating by us; a probable, although not a certain indication that we were drawing near to some country.

All hands were busily employed in scraping the decks and masts, and in painting our boats; circumstances which sufficiently prove that the captain does not expect to be long at sea.

On the twenty-fourth, by comparing our reckoning with that of a ship from Dublin which we spoke, we were satisfied that we were within three hundred miles of New-York, and were led to hope that we might drop our anchor within three or four days.

But I indulge no sanguine expectations, endeavouring to keep myself constantly prepared for disappointment; for, human hopes are no where so often mocked, as on the ocean. It is the region of storms;—the passenger is embarked on a plank, which the fire may consume, the rock may dash in pieces, or the tempest overwhelm with mountains of water. Surely in no situation should *that sense of dependence on superior protection* which ought never to desert the breast of the good man, be more active or more grateful than at sea.

During this period of fine weather, I finished the perusal of the works of Peter Pindar in five volumes octavo, which I read through in course. As serious study was impossible, the light reading and short pieces of which Peter's works are usually composed were well enough adapted to amuse one under the tedium of a voyage, and I wished to form an opinion for myself of the real merits of a writer who has enjoyed such extensive popularity.

As a satirist, Peter has, undoubtedly, considerable talents, but his satire is not the polished and elegant reproof of Horace, nor the serious, dignified and vehement invective of Juvenal. Although he is often extremely pungent, he always discovers himself to be a *blackguard*, and if he wounds, he never leaves the subject of his chastisement at all humbled in his own opinion, or in the least disposed to correct his foibles.

If one would give himself up to merriment, without enquiring at what expence of truth or decency it is pur-

chased, he would certainly be much amused at the king's visit to Whitbread's Brewery, the tales of the mouse trap and of the dumplings, of the journey to Weymouth, of sir Joseph Bancks and his boiled fleas, of sir Joseph and the butterfly, the tales of the Hoy and some other pieces.

But, after all Peter's egotism and incessant puffing of his own performances, a vast proportion of them are dull in the extreme, and I could wish no one a greater literary penance than to toil through them as I have done.

As a poet, this writer certainly ranks above mediocrity. In some few instances, when for a moment, he seems to have forgotten his usual strain of licentious, personal and scurrilous wit, he rises *to the highest flights* and he delights us by the beauty of his images and the melody of his verse. But, these instances are few, very few indeed compared with the whole extent of his writings.

As a moralist it is impossible to censure him too much; many of his productions are nauseous and offensive, and I am astonished that his grossly corrupt moral principles and his blasphemous freedom with the supreme being, should not have shocked every reader. He has had a popularity in America which is disgraceful to us.

Many of his little amatory odes would be highly beautiful and tender, were it not for a vein of licentiousness which runs through them all. He is every where the panegyrist of vice and the satirist of virtue.

His works are no acquisition to society; nor, when dying, will the writer himself be able to say, that he has never written "one line which he could wish to blot;" or, to solace himself with the well founded conviction of the great English moralist, that he has endeavoured to give "ardour to virtue and confidence to truth."

*May 24.*—In the evening of the twenty-fourth we sounded, and found bottom at sixty-seven fathoms.

On the twenty-fifth we were enveloped in a thick fog, so that we could scarcely see one hundred yards; and we felt some apprehension, lest we should run upon the land, before we could discern it; this apprehension was increased, when we sounded again, and found the water diminished to forty-five fathoms.

The sun occasionally pierced through the fog and enabled us to see a short distance; in one of these intervals, we discovered a brig so near us that we conversed easily without any trumpets. There was no occasion for doubting the assertion of the Captain of the brig that he was a Yankee, for he talked much of this 'ere and that 'are, and offered *to bet a bowl of punch* that he would out-sail us.

In the evening, the moon so far overpowered the fog and mist, as to produce several beautiful halos.

Our soundings at midnight gave us twenty-two fathoms, and we supposed that we must be within sixty or seventy miles of New-York.

*May 26.*—The fog and mist still hang around us, but, the sun now and then gives a look through his watery veil, and the air, although somewhat damp, is mild and agreeable.

There was very little wind, and the sea being smooth, we fished for mackerel in the usual way, by trailing lines from the stern of the ship. The bait which is composed of a piece of linen with a red woollen rag, floats on the surface, and the fish mistake it for food.

In the course of the afternoon, we caught mackerel in considerable abundance. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the colour of this fish when first drawn from the water.

Its back is striped with green and black, and its sides are of a resplendent silvery whiteness.

The number of mackerel which we caught, the numerous sloops and other small vessels that were plying about us in all directions, our soundings rapidly decreasing, and the warmth and softness of the wind, which, blowing from the west, brought off with it the smell of smoke, all concurred to convince us that we were close in with the shore, and that the fog, and mist alone prevented us from making the desired discovery.

The evening of the twenty-sixth was uncommonly grateful. Instead of the cold and piercing northerly winds, that had been so frequent during our passage, the air had a balmy softness and fragrance; the water was all smooth and glassy, as if it had been one great mirror, and, in confident security, and not a little alacrity of spirits, from the near prospect of our port, we had spread every sail to the breeze, and dreamed not of danger. But, in the twinkling of an eye, the wind chopped round to the east, and we saw the water rippling and foaming before it, as it came on. In an instant, it struck our top-sails, and before we felt it at all on the deck, the ship suddenly reeled to leeward with so much force, that the people in the cabin came running up in much alarm, supposing the ship to be oversetting. The full violence of a gale of wind now struck us, and immediately all was hallooing and exertion on board, to hand the sails. Happily, as the watch had not been set for the night, the crew were all on deck, and, in a few minutes, the ship was eased of so much canvass, that our apprehensions of immediate danger were removed. But, I never saw such an instantaneous transition from the mildness of a summer sea, to the fury of a tempest, and the coldness of March.

It continued to blow hard all night, and we stood off and on, till the day dawned; for, having learned from a small sloop, that we were within seven leagues of Sandy-Hook, we did not dare to proceed on our course, lest we should run upon the land.

Being somewhat solicitous for our safety, I only lay down for a short time, in my clothes, but, refreshing sleep was unattainable, as my mind was alive to every noise, and the roaring of the wind, the tossing of the ship, and the stamping and hallooing of the sailors on deck were incessant; the moon however favoured us, and the night passed away in safety.

*May 27.*—About day-light the gale was reduced to a fine stiff breeze, and the ship went rapidly on before it for New-York.

At 6 o'clock, I went on deck, and with an eager glance and a thrill of joy, fastened my eyes on the high hills of Never Sink in New-Jersey, now in full view! \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Every moment they became more distinct; the wind was as propitious as we could wish, the water became smooth, the day was uncommonly fine, and by ten o'clock we were so near the shore that the pilot came on board.

The green trees and the green fields of Long and Staten Islands, which, when they were first discovered, threw only a faint shade of colour over the skirts of the horizon, now began to present distinct and delightful images. While the contemplation of my beloved country filled my mind with pleasure, my eyes were constantly occupied with the many beauties presented by the full maturity of spring; beauties which those alone can see in perfection, who have

been confined for weeks to the dreary desert of the ocean.

We entered the narrows, and with every circumstance to render the termination of our passage agreeable, were wafted along by a strong tide and a favouring wind; the ocean receded from our sight, and the parting view produced no painful emotions; serene waters succeeded, surrounded, every where, by a verdant and beautiful country; the spires of New-York, with its grove of masts, appeared over the land, and the buildings of the city soon became distinctly visible; the boats of the news-men clustered around us to learn what was doing in the old world, and we had hardly time to tell them, before we dropped our anchor, at noon, opposite to one of the slips of New-York.

Thus terminated a highly prosperous and pleasant passage. I need not say with what emotions of gratitude and pleasure I placed my foot, once more, on American ground, or with what satisfaction I received the welcome of the friends whom I met.

As I have not, like Johnson, "protracted my work, till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave," I cannot say, like him, that I "dismiss it with frigid tranquility."

On the contrary, while it will afford to myself a review of some of the scenes of my life, I shall be greatly gratified, should my friends not find it wholly incapable of affording amusement, or of imparting information.

Should it answer these purposes, it will fulfil the principal object that has induced me to persevere in an undertaking, which has not been accomplished without some labour, and some invasion of the hours of relaxation from business, and of repose from fatigue.

If, however, I have failed to interest, to inform, or to amuse, an apology derived from the frequent embarrassments to which a daily writer is exposed, on account of the hurry of business, and the frequent barrenness of the passing hour, may possibly merit some attention, and justly claim a share of indulgence.

## APPENDIX.

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*Remarks.*—When I left New-Haven, on my way to England, I proceeded directly to New-York, and afterwards to Philadelphia, and then returned to New-York, to await the sailing of the vessel. All this occupied a fortnight. So when I arrived from Britain, four or five days more elapsed before I was reinstated in my place at New-Haven. My original Journal was kept fully through both these periods, but, thinking it would not be sufficiently important or interesting to my countrymen, I have in all the editions suppressed these portions.

From that which preceded the commencement of the voyage, I have now selected the following singular dialogue, (which is given as nearly as possible verbatim,) because it furnishes a striking specimen of the theoretical delusions which occupied the minds of not a few men, towards the close of the late century, and without any reference to the individual from whom the thoughts proceeded, it may be a curious document when the memory of those times is past.

From among the documents and papers relating to my tour, which I carried to Europe, I have also published in this appendix, some communications containing instructions and information which I found very valuable to myself. Other travellers to whom they have been repeatedly communicated, have found in them similar advantages, and as most of the topics are such as are nearly exempt from change, they may probably, still be of use, to future travellers.

## DIALOGUE WITH A PHILOSOPHICAL REFORMER.

We soon espied a singular figure coming into one of the gates leading to the battery. Friend Perkins told me that it was the famous pedestrian, S——, and offered to make me acquainted with him. This singular man is now about sixty years of age, and has been exploring the different regions of the globe, *on foot*, ever since he was seventeen years old. He is at least six feet high, muscular, bony and well proportioned; but he stoops considerably as he walks, and appears to be a little stiff in his limbs; this is probably owing to his mode of life. Still however, he continues to walk six hours every day, by way of keeping the wheels of life all in motion. He is an Englishman by birth, and commenced his travels by going to Hindustan. He has explored that country and the adjacent one of Tartary; the continental parts of Europe; Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope, into the interior, and Aboriginal as well as European America. Mr. Perkins stepped aside to him, informed him who I was, and what were my present pursuits and destination, and solicited the honour of his acquaintance for me. We soon met, and with our quaker companions for auditors, entered into conversation.

St—— said that he understood I was bound for Europe, in pursuit of knowledge. I answered that I was, and that I felt myself particularly fortunate in falling in with one whose great experience, and deserved celebrity as a traveller, rendered him a very proper adviser for one in my situation. He very civilly bowed and our dialogue went on nearly as follows.

St——. You have been educated Sir, I understand regularly in a college, and have doubtless imbibed those notions of mankind which are usually taught in such places;

you will have much of this knowledge to unlearn before you can profit by travelling.

Si——. 'Tis certainly very unfortunate Sir, that false lights should be held out to us early in life ; to a ship coming in from sea, a false beacon is worse than none.

St——. Your simile is very happy Sir, but such is the fact a great part of that which is taught is false ; an error once introduced soon grows venerable, and thus is handed down from age to age.

Si——. Pray Sir, may we not hope that mankind will be favoured with some account of your travels?

St——. Indeed Sir, the world would be much disappointed in their expectations on this subject. I cannot condescend to follow in the ordinary track of travellers. They have employed themselves in mere description.— Botanists have delineated, with great accuracy, the form and colour of leaves and flowers. Zoologists have classed and described the various species of animals. Geographers have traced the origin, course, and termination of rivers, and have fixed the situation, and ascertained the height of mountains. But for me, this is a task too humble ; of what consequence is it to the world to know that this savage wears a feather on the *right*, and that on the *left side* of the head ; that this draws a bow, and that throws a javelin. These and a multitude of other particulars of the like kind, have been said, over and over again, by travellers, and may be found in books already published. But I have soared above all these local and particular considerations ; I have aimed at great transcendental moral truths, derived from an extensive survey of the human character, and I think I have obtained some entirely new views of the human mind. Because they are

thus new, they will shock the prejudices of mankind, and I cannot expect a patient and candid hearing.

Si——. May I presume Sir to ask you to exhibit some of the leading ideas of your plan. In me, at least, you shall find an attentive hearer.

St——. I have divided mankind into five great classes—first, savage man—second, pastoral man—third, agrestic man—fourth, scientific man—fifth civic man. Under the first class I comprehend all aboriginal America, &c. here man is seen in his most savage state; he has no gleams of moral truth—there is little sense of justice; every man is his own judge and his own avenger, and war and the hunting of wild beasts are the only employment. Under the second head, or pastoral man, I include Tartary, Arabia, &c. Here the employment, which is the feeding of cattle, softens the character, introduces some ideas of property and rights, and considerably improves the comfort of living. Under the third class, or that of agrestic man, I include Africa, Hindustan, &c. The human character is here considerably improved, by agricultural employment, and serious advances are made toward moral light. Scientific man, the fourth class, embraces almost all the continent of Europe. Here you see the highest improvement in the sciences of nature, and in the arts which are subservient to utility, ornament and luxury; but Sir, their astronomers—their natural philosophers and chemists, are merely *busy triflers*, and all their science has not advanced them one step toward the character of moral beings. France tried to assume this character; the national convention decreed freedom and laws and rights, but the guillotine soon became the measure of truth, and the excesses into which they ran, proved beyond controversy, that they had not a man sufficiently enlightened

by moral truth *to sit on a jury or on a bench of justice*. This is the great characteristic of *civic man*, the fifth class, and he is found only in Great Britain and the United States. In these countries every man is fit to be a juror or a judge; his mind is enlightened by moral truth, and he has independence to act as a moral being.

Si——. Then before the savage nations you have mentioned, can attain to the character of civic man, they must pass through all the intermediate states, and become successively, shepherds, agriculturalists, philosophers, and finally moralists.

St——. By no means. The time I trust is coming, when even the savage will perceive the force of truth, and will embrace it as soon as it is presented to him; but moral truths are not like those of natural science; the latter are fixed, unchangeable, and easily apprehended; but the former are dubious in appearance, evanescent in form, and difficult to be retained. 'Tis by straining after them with an indistinct and uncertain vision, that the human intellect is improved. Some one has asserted that a state of doubt is painful, but it is the very state in which a philosopher ought to be; to weigh doubtful probabilities, to gaze through a mist, at uncertain phantoms, to strive to-day without success, to recall the image which yesterday was distinctly presented to his view, these are his peculiar employment—the means by which his intellect is improved, and the dark and crooked passage, by which he gains the bright summit of truth.

We now ended our walk. St—— proposed that we should every morning resort to the battery, which we would call our *peripateea*, and ourselves, like the antients, we would call *peripateticks*. Here gentlemen, said he, we will come—let every man bring his light, and by con-

centrating all their rays, we shall illuminate the darkness of moral truth. I replied, it is our misfortune Sir, that while you bring a *brilliant flambeau*, we can produce nothing *but little tapers*. Well said he, all that I have to ask, is that you will not spit on my light, and thus extinguish it. Thus my dear brother, I have detailed this conversation to gratify your curiosity, concerning so singular a man. 'Tis plain, I think, from what I have recorded, that to travel, is not always to become wise.

St—— I think, is really a modern philosopher, of the French school, although he affects to censure the French revolution. He is an eloquent man, with a deep commanding voice, and appears to possess considerable talents, but is visionary and sophistical in the extreme."

#### INSTRUCTIONS FOR TRAVELLING AND RESIDING IN ENGLAND, &c.

When I was in New-York, in January, 1805, I asked the advice and instructions of a gentleman of high standing and much experience on a number of topics. He requested me to digest the subjects on which I wanted information, into interrogatories. These being communicated to him in writing, he promised to answer in the same way, that thus I might keep them by me, and occasionally review them, as circumstances might require. When I went to New-York in March, to embark, I presented the interrogatories in writing, with large blank spaces, which he was so obliging as to fill. I copy them, as well as two other and somewhat similar papers, because they contain much useful information.

And first the paper presented to —— with the answers.

Questions for ——, with his answers.

*Question 1.*—What is the most eligible mode of travelling in Great Britain?

*Answer.*—I should recommend generally the stages or the mail—the latter for expedition—the *day* stages, for economy, safety, comfort and the advantage of seeing more the face of the country. A Post Chaise may be called *more genteel*, but if you travel alone, it is very expensive and solitary; with a companion the expense is indeed diminished, and in that way it may be well sometime to travel Post—the reception you meet with at the Inns, is pretty exactly proportioned to the style in which you arrive; he who travels in a Post Chaise is treated with more civility, but of course must pay for it—the humble stage traveller passes unnoticed, but is in less danger of imposition.

*Question 2.*—What dangers and impositions will a stranger be liable to in Great Britain, in travelling, at public houses, and particularly in London?

*Answer.*—A stranger, in any country, must expect to pay more, for every thing he wants, than an inhabitant—you will of course be exposed to this vexation on the road and in Inns, but I think not more in Great Britain than in other countries; of robberies, I think the danger very trifling, having never met that adventure in near twenty years of residence in that country—in London there is danger of having your pockets picked, if you mingle much in crowds, and those who walk the streets late at night, may be in some danger from thieves, especially when in liquor, but to a man in his senses, the risque is very trifling.

*Question 3.*—What mode of living in London will most effectually unite economy and respectability?

*Answer.*—Your best mode will be to take a neat lodging, where you will be furnished with your tea, by the people of the house, (at your additional expense) and dine at a Coffee House, when you have not an engagement out, —the streets leading from the Strand to the river, such as Norfolk or Surry street, are desirable as being equally near to the Exchange and City Coffee Houses, and to the Royal Society and Institution—a lodging of a guinea a week will be all you will want.

*Question 4.*—Is it necessary to retain a servant in London?

*Answer.*—I should think not—the servants of every lodging house, or at least their dependants, will do for you all the little offices for which you will have occasion.

*Question 5.*—What civilities may one expect in Great Britain from those to whom he carries letters of Introduction, and what returns is it proper for him to make?

*Answer.*—When you arrive in London, and are settled in your lodging, it will be proper to deliver your letters, and if you should not find the persons to whom they are addressed, at home, do not fail to leave your card, with the number of your house and street; your visit will be returned of course; but you may not be at home; in which case repeat your visit; by those who keep house you will be invited to dine; but it will not be expected that you should return dinner. The manners of Great Britain differ little from ours—except in what results from the greater size of cities. You will generally find that cordial civility on your part, will be cordially returned.

*Question 6.*—Will the answers to the preceding questions be correct if applied to the Continent, and particularly to France and Paris, and if not, what is the difference?

*Answer.*—Mr. Williams and Sir Charles Blagden will be better able to inform, on the manners of the Continent than I am, after having been so long absent.

*Question 7.*—Is it safe for one to keep a private Journal in France, with the same freedom which he would use in England.

*Answer.*—On subjects relating to the arts and sciences, I presume it would be safe to write in France, but I should think it dangerous to touch on government, or political characters or conduct.

I have written to Sir H. Englefield and Sir C. Blagden, who are members of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies and the Royal Institution—they are both learned, amiable, friendly men, who will I trust, take pleasure in presenting you to their learned friends.

Sir Charles Blagden, has been in this country, which will afford another field of conversation. Mr. West is a man of amiable manners, devoted to his profession, who has it in his power, and I trust, will take pleasure to show you whatever is most worthy your notice in the arts. He can also, I presume, procure you access to the Royal Library, British Museum, &c.—At the latter place ask him or Mr. Vaughan, to introduce you to Dr. Planter, one of the keepers, and a very worthy man. Mr. Vaughan is a West India merchant, his mother was a Bostonian. He possesses considerable and various knowledge, is acquainted with a number of literary characters, and will take pleasure in being useful to you. Mr. Williams is from Boston, lately the American Consul in London—a most excellent man, on whose advice and information, you may place the most entire reliance.

Mr. Vaughan has much to do with the docks now forming in London—these are magnificent works, and worthy your particular attention—he will be happy to con-

duct you to see and examine them. He can give Sir Charles Blagden's place of residence which I do not know exactly.

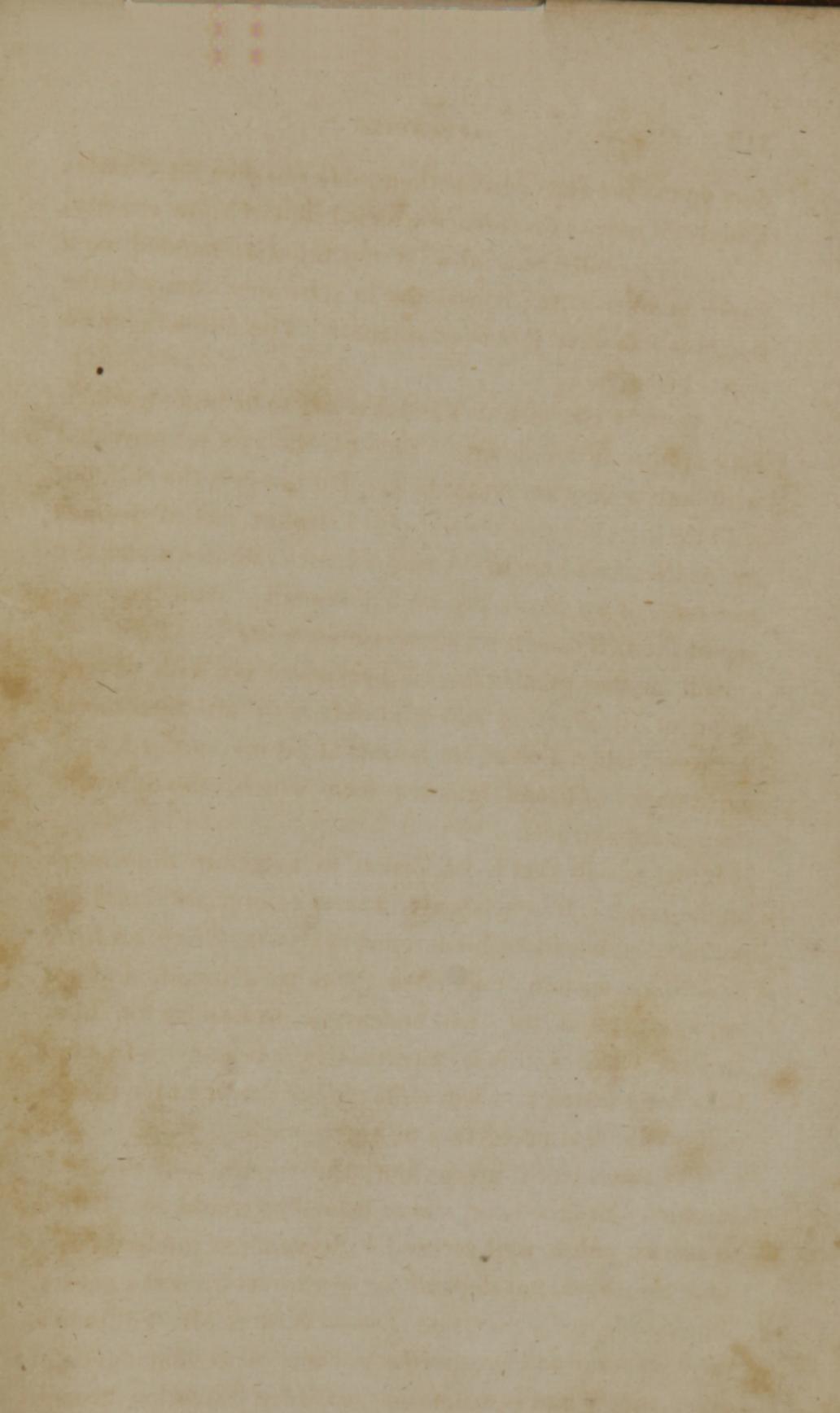
Another gentleman, also, at my request, handed me a paper in New-York, containing in substance many of the things which have just been related. The following is an extract from it.

“ Another circumstance is necessary to be hinted, which may appear insignificant. The houses are all provided with both a knocker and a bell. Do *not* pull the bell, but with the knocker give several rapid strokes, as this denotes the *gentleman's* knock. A *single* knock denotes a *strange servant*. Two blows denote a post-man. And the *ringing* of the bell denotes a *domestic servant*.”

Still another gentleman, who favoured me with several letters of introduction and who obligingly attended me to the vessel when I went on board, of his own accord, gave me a paper of useful minutes from which, the following clauses are extracts.

“ Mr. S. will find it important to ascertain the *usages* on the road. If he wishes to travel comfortably, and expeditiously, it will be his interest to give the drivers a *little* more than custom authorises them to demand, and not *much*, otherwise they will endeavour to impose on him. In Post Chaises, this is particularly necessary. In Mail Coaches a little extra fees either to the driver or the guard, will be the best protection to his baggage.

“ Without such precaution, the rogues will throw it carelessly into the boot, where travelling trunks are chafed to pieces, unless well secured. Servants at public houses have no wages, but depend on gratuities from the guests. The rate is easily ascertained.—Wishes Mr. Silliman a safe, pleasant and prosperous voyage, with abundance of grace, mercy and peace, from the God of Salvation through the dear Redeemer.”





A Journal of Travels, vols. 1,2, & 3

Silliman, Benjamin

New Haven, 1820

National Library of Medicine

Bethesda, MD

CONDITION ON RECEIPT:

The three full tree-calf leather bindings were worn, particularly at the corners, edges, and joints. The leather on the spines was split from head to tail. Some leather was missing including most of two leather labels. The front board of volume 1 was detached. The internal hinges were broken. The text blocks were sewn two on. The sewing was weak in all volumes. Most of the pages were in relatively flexible condition even though they were dirty, discolored, and acidic. Some pages were foxed. A few pages were torn. A few gatherings extended beyond the text block. Provenance notations and book plates appeared on the exterior leaves.

TREATMENT PERFORMED:

The pH was recorded before and after treatment: before 4.0, after 8.5. The volumes were collated and disbound retaining the original sewing. The head, tail, and pages were dry cleaned where necessary; the pages were nonaqueously buffered (deacidified) with methoxy-magnesium methyl carbonate solution. Tears were mended and folds guarded where necessary with Japanese kozo paper and wheat starch paste. The sewing was reinforced. The bindings were repaired by rebacking using calf leather which was colored with acrylic pigment. Title information and lines were tooled in gold leaf onto the spines.

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