

**COLLECTION**  
**OF ANCIENT AND MODERN**  
**BRITISH AUTHORS.**

---

**VOL. CCLXXXIX.**

---

---

**THE CLOCKMAKER.**

**A NEW SERIES.**

**WITH**

**THE LETTER-BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN, ETC.**



# THE CLOCKMAKER;

OR,

THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF

SAMUEL SLICK, OF SLICKVILLE.

*Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.—Juv.*

Folks say that natur' is one thing, and wisdom another, but it's plaguy odd they look so much alike, and speak the very identical same language. ain't it.—S. S

A NEW SERIES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE LETTER-BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN;

OR,

LIFE IN A STEAMER.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.



PARIS,

BAUDRY'S EUROPEAN LIBRARY,

3, QUAI MALAQUAIS, NEAR THE PONT DES ARTS;

AND STASSIN AND XAVIER, 9, RUE DU COQ,

SOLD ALSO BY ANYOT, RUE DE LA PAIX; TRUCHY, BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS;

GIRARD FRERES, RUE RICHELIEU; LEOPOLD MICHELSEN, LEIPZIG;

AND BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.

—  
1841.





# CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.	
THE DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE	PAGE 1
CHAPTER II.	
PLAYING A CARD	8
CHAPTER III.	
BEHIND THE SCENES	19
CHAPTER IV.	
THE BLACK BROTHER	28
CHAPTER V.	
THE GREAT UNKNOWN	38
CHAPTER VI.	
SNUBBING A SNOB	46
CHAPTER VII.	
PATRIOTISM, OR THE TWO SHEARS'S	55
CHAPTER VIII.	
TOO KNOWING BY HALF	64
CHAPTER IX.	
MATRIMONY	72
CHAPTER X.	
THE WOODEN HORSE	81

	PAGE
CHAPTER XI.	
THE BAD SHILLING . . . . .	91
CHAPTER XII.	
TRADING IN BED . . . . .	103
CHAPTER XIII.	
KNOWING THE SOUNDINGS, OR POLLY COFFIN'S SANDHOLE . .	115
CHAPTER XIV.	
AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE . . . . .	124
CHAPTER XV.	
THE UNBURIED ONE . . . . .	132
CHAPTER XVI.	
DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN . . . . .	141
CHAPTER XVII.	
LOOKING UP . . . . .	151
CHAPTER XVIII.	
THE OLD MINISTER . . . . .	159
CHAPTER XIX.	
THE BARREL WITHOUT HOOPS . . . . .	169
CHAPTER XX.	
FACING A WOMAN . . . . .	179
CHAPTER XXI.	
THE ATTACHE . . . . .	191

# THE CLOCKMAKER.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### THE DUKE OF KENT'S LODGE.

THE communication by steam between Nova Scotia and England will form a new era in colonial history. It will draw closer the bonds of affection between the two countries, afford a new and extended field for English capital, and develop the resources of that valuable but neglected province. Mr. Slick, with his usual vanity, claims the honour of suggesting it, as well as the merit of having, by Argument and ridicule, reasoned and shamed the Government into its adoption. His remarks upon the cruelty of employing the unsafe and unfortunate gun-brigs that constituted the line of Falmouth packets, until they severally foundered and disappeared with their gallant crews, are too personal and too severe to be recorded in this place; and the credit he claims for having attracted the attention, and directed the indignation of the public, to this disgraceful sacrifice of human life, is so extravagant, that one would suppose this obvious and palpable error had escaped the observation of all the world but himself, and was altogether a new discovery. But, whatever praise he may deserve for his calculations and suggestions, or whatever blame is to be attached to the Admiralty for their obstinate adherence to the memorable "coffin-ships," I prefer looking forward to dwelling on a painful retrospect, and indulging in pleasing anticipations of the future, to commenting on the errors of the past.

This route, by its connexion with that of New York, will afford an agreeable tour, commencing at Halifax, passing through the colonies, and terminating at the Hudson. It will offer a delightful substitute for that of the Rhine, and the beaten tracts on the Continent. As soon as it was announced that Government had decided upon adopting Mr. Slick's designs, I wrote to him informing him of the fact, and of my intention to proceed to St. John, the State of Maine, New England, and New York, and requested him to meet me as soon as possible and accompany me on this journey, as I proposed taking passage at the latter place in a steamer for Great Britain. I left Halifax on the 10th of May last, and embarked on board of the *Great Western* in July. It was the third, and will probably be the last tour on this continent performed in company with this eccentric individual. During the journey there were few incidents of sufficient novelty to interest the reader, but his conversation partook of the same originality, the same knowledge of human nature, and the same humour as formerly; and whenever he developed any new traits of character or peculiarity of feeling, not exhibited in our previous travels, I carefully noted them as before, and have now the pleasure of giving them to the public. As a whole they form a very tolerable portrait of an erratic Yankee trader, which, whatever may be the merit of the execution, has at least the advantage, and deserves the praise, of fidelity.

The morning I left Halifax was one of those brilliant ones that in this climate distinguish this season of the year; and as I ascended the citadel hill, and paused to look for the last time upon the noble and secure harbour, the sloping fields and wooded hills of Dartmouth, and the tranquil waters and graceful course of the North West Arm, which, embosomed in wood, insinuates itself around the peninsula, and embraces the town, I thought with pleasure that the time had now arrived when this exquisite scenery would not only be accessible to European travellers, but form one of the termini of the great American tour. Hitherto it has been known only

to the officers of the army and navy, the former of whom are but too apt to have their first pleasurable impressions effaced by a sense of exile, which a long unvaried round of garrison duty in a distant land so naturally induces; and the latter to regard good shelter and safe anchorage as the greatest natural beauties of a harbour.

After leaving Halifax the road to Windsor winds for ten miles round the margin of Bedford Basin, which is connected with the harbour by a narrow passage at the dockyard. It is an extensive and magnificent sheet of water, the shores of which are deeply indented with numerous coves, and well-sheltered inlets of great beauty.

At a distance of seven miles from the town is a ruined lodge, built by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces in this colony, once his favourite summer residence, and the scene of his munificent hospitalities. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fences the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that pervade everything around, all bespeak a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures, and the transitory nature of all earthly things. I stopped at a small inn in the neighbourhood for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralising musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing, object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe exhibit the remains of great strength, and, though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of depart-

ed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay; concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet finds no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank, and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, and repulsive. Even the faded colour of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings, and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitation. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of the elements! A few years more, and all trace of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels; and that long, luxuriant clover grew in the eaves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of coarse grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood, and the flat surface of its top, imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nou-

rished it. (1) I had no desire to enter the apartments ; and indeed the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials, informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skilful hand been led over several precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved, and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea ; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appeared to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices, as well as the ornamental buildings, had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in, and mouldered into dust ; the doors, sashes, and floors had disappeared ; and the walls only, which were in part built of stone, remained to attest their existence and use. The grounds exhibited similar effects of neglect, in a climate where the living wood grows so rapidly, and the dead decays so soon, as in Nova Scotia. An harbour, which had been constructed of lattice-work, for the support of a flowering vine, had fallen, and was covered with vegetation ; while its roof alone remained, supported aloft by limbs of trees that, growing up near it, had become entangled in its net-work. A Chinese temple, once a favourite retreat of its owner, as if in conscious pride of its preference, had offered a more successful resistance to the weather, and appeared in tolerable preservation ; while one small surviving bell of the numerous ones that once ornamented it, gave out its solitary and melancholy tinkling as it waved in the wind. How sad was its mimic knell over pleasures that were fled for ever !

The contemplation of this deserted house is not without its beneficial effect on the mind ; for it inculcates humility to the

(1) This was the case when I was there in 1828 ; since then porch and tree have both disappeared.

rich, and resignation to the poor. However elevated man may be, there is much in his condition that reminds him of the infirmities of his nature, and reconciles him to the decrees of Providence. "May it please your Majesty," said Euclid to his royal pupil, "there is no regal road to science. You must travel in the same path with others, if you would attain the same end." These forsaken grounds teach us in similar terms this consolatory truth, that there is no exclusive way to happiness reserved even for those of the most exalted rank. The smiles of fortune are capricious, and sunshine and shade are unequally distributed; but though the surface of life is thus diversified, the end is uniform to all, and invariably terminates in the grave.

"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres."

Ruins, like death, of which they are at once the emblem and the evidence, are apt to lose their effect from their frequency. The mind becomes accustomed to them, and the moral is lost. The picturesque alone remains predominant, and criticism supplies the place of reflection. But this is the only ruin of any extent in Nova Scotia, and the only spot either associated with royalty, or set apart and consecrated to solitude and decay. The stranger pauses at a sight so unusual, and inquires the cause; he learns with surprise that this place was devoted exclusively to pleasure; that care and sorrow never entered here; and that the voice of mirth and music was alone heard within its gates. It was the temporary abode of a prince,—of one too, had he lived, that would have inherited the first and fairest empire in the world. All that man can give or rank enjoy awaited him; but an overruling and inscrutable Providence decreed, at the very time when his succession seemed most certain, that the sceptre should pass into the hands of another. This intelligence interests and excites his feelings. He enters, and hears at every step the voice of nature proclaiming the doom that awaits alike the prince and the peasant. The desolation he sees appals him. The swallow nestles in the



empty chamber, and the sheep find a noon-day shelter in the banquetting-room, while the ill-omened bat rejoices in the dampness of the mouldering ruins. Everything recalls a recollection of the dead; every spot has its record of the past; every path its footstep; every tree its legend; and even the universal silence that reigns here has an awful eloquence that overpowers the heart. Death is written everywhere. Sad and dejected, he turns and seeks some little relic, some small memorial of his deceased prince, and a solitary neglected garden-flower, struggling for existence among the rank grasses, presents a fitting type of the brief existence and transitory nature of all around him. As he gathers it, he pays the silent but touching tribute of a votive tear to the memory of him who has departed, and leaves the place with a mind softened and subdued, but improved and purified, by what he has seen.

The affectionate remembrance we retain of its lamented owner may have added to my regret, and increased the interest I felt in this lonely and peculiar ruin. In the Duke of Kent the Nova Scotians lost a kind patron and a generous friend. The loyalty of the people, which, when all America was revolting, remained firm and unshaken, and the numerous proofs he received of their attachment to their king and to himself, made an impression upon his mind that was neither effaced nor weakened by time or distance. Should these pages happily meet the eye of a Colonial Minister, who has other objects in view than the security of place and the interest of a party, may they remind him of a duty that has never been performed but by the illustrious individual, whose former residence among us gave rise to these reflections. This work is designed for the cottage, and not for the palace; and the author has not the presumption even to hope that it can ever be honoured by the perusal of his sovereign. Had he any ground for anticipating such a distinction for it, he would avail himself of this opportunity of mentioning that, in addition to the dutiful affection the Nova Scotians have always borne to their monarch, they feel a more lively interest in,

and a more devoted attachment to, the present occupant of the throne, from the circumstance of the long and close connexion that subsisted between them and her illustrious parent. He was their patron, benefactor, and friend. To be a Nova Scotian was of itself a sufficient passport to his notice, and to possess merit a sufficient guarantee for his favour. Her Majesty reigns therefore in this little province in the hearts of her subjects, a dominion of love inherited from her father. Great as their loss was in being thus deprived of their only protector, her faithful people of Nova Scotia still cling to the hope that Providence has vouchsafed to raise up one more powerful and equally kind in her Majesty, who, following this paternal example, will be graciously pleased to extend to them a patronage that courtiers cannot, and statesmen will not give. While therefore, as protégés of her royal house, they claim the right to honour and to serve the sovereign of the empire as "*their own Queen*," they flatter themselves her Majesty, for a similar reason, will condescend to regard them as "*the Queen's own*."

## CHAPTER II.

### PLAYING A CARD.

I HAD lingered so long about these grounds, that the day was too far spent to think of reaching Windsor before night, and I therefore determined upon wiling away the afternoon in examining, by the aid of a diving-bell, the hulls of several ships of a French fleet, which at an early period of the history of this country took shelter in Bedford Basin, and were sunk by the few survivors of the crews to prevent their falling into the hands of the English. The small-pox, at that time so fatal a scourge to the human race, appearing among them soon after their arrival, nearly depopulated the fleet, destroyed the neighbouring village, and swept off one third of the whole tribe of Nova Scotia Indians. So dreadful a

mortality has never been witnessed on this continent; and the number of strangers thus suddenly smote with death at this place exceeded by several thousands the amount of the population of the country in which they were interred. Of one of the most powerful armaments ever fitted out by France, a few hundreds of persons only survived to return to their native land to tell the sad tale of their misfortunes. The ships are still distinctly visible in calm weather, and the rising ground in the neighbourhood where the Duke d'Anville and his mighty host were buried is again clothed with wood, and not to be distinguished from the surrounding forest, except by the inequality of the surface, caused by numerous trenches cut into it to receive the dead. The whole scene is one of surpassing beauty, and deep and melancholy interest. The ruined Lodge, the sunken fleet, the fatal encampment, and the lonely and desolate cemetery of those unfortunate strangers, form a more striking and painful assemblage of objects than is to be found in any other part of British America.

On my return to the inn I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Slick, who was on his way to Halifax, for the purpose of arranging the details of our journey. In the course of the evening I succeeded in obtaining his consent, not merely to attend me to New York, but to accompany me to England. He was in great spirits at the idea of transferring the scene and subjects of our conversation to the other side of the water, where, he said, he could indulge in greater freedom of remark than he could here, having always been afraid of wounding the feelings of his own countrymen, and alienating the affections of his old friends the colonists, for whom he professed great regard.

On the following morning, when the little light travelling-waggon was driven round from the coach-yard, I was delighted to see that the Clockmaker had brought his favourite horse, "Old Clay," with him. Come, step in, squire, said he, as he held the reins; "Old Clay" is a-pawing and a-chawing like mad; he wants to show you the way to

Windsor, and he is jist the boy that *can* do it. Hold up your head, mi old *gi-raffe*, said he, and make the folks a bow; it's the last time you will ever see them in all *your* born days : and now off with you as if you was in rael wide-awake airnest, and turn out your toes pretty. Never stop for them idle critturs that stand starin' in the road there, as if they never seed a horse afore, but go right over them like wink, my old snort, for you 'll be to Conne'ticut afore they can wake up the crowner and summon a jury, I know. There's no occasion to hurry tho' at that rate, or you 'll set my axle a-fire. There, that will do now, jist fourteen miles an hour. I don't calculate to drive faster on a journey, squire, for it sweats him, and then you have to dry him arterwards afore you water him, so there is nothing gained by it. Ain't he a horrid handsome horse, a most endurin' quickster, a rael salt, that's all? He is the prettiest piece of flesh and bone ever bound up in horse hide. What an eye he has!—you might hang your hat on it. And then his nostrils! Lord, they open like the mouth of a speakin' trumpet. He can pick up miles on *his* feet, and throw 'em behind him faster than a steam doctor a-racin' off with another man's wife.

There now, squire, ain't that magnificent? you can hear him, but can't see him; he goes like a bullet out of a rifle, when its dander is up. Ain't he a whole team that, and a horse to spare? Absquotilate it in style, you old skunk, from a squerrel's jump to the eend of the chapter, and show the gentlemen what you *can* do. Anybody could see he ain't a blue-nose, can't they? for, cuss 'em, they don't know how to begin to go. Trot, walk, or gallop is all the same to him, like talkin', drinkin', or fightin' to a human. Lord, I have a great mind to take him to England, jist for the fun of the thing, for I don't know myself what he *can* do. When he has done his best, there is always a mile an hour more in him to spare : there is, upon my soul. But it takes a man to mount *him*. Only lookin' at him goin' makes your head turn round like grindin' coffee :—what would ridin'

him do? And now, squire, here goes for Slickville, Onion county, state of Conne'ticut, United States of America. Here's for home.

The very mention of Slickville awakened in my mind a desire to see its venerable and excellent pastor, Mr. Hope-well, so often quoted and so affectionately remembered by Mr. Slick. Every saying of his that I had heard, and every part of his conduct, in private or public life, recorded in the previous volumes, had been marked by such a benevolent and Christian feeling, and by such sound sense and good judgment, that I was fully prepared to honour and to love him. Indeed one of the best traits in the Clockmaker's character was the great affection he always expressed for his old friend and preceptor, whose opinions and maxims he had carefully treasured as rules of conduct that were infallible. With natural shrewdness, Mr. Slick, like most men of his class, was eminently gifted; but the knowledge of men and things which he derived from his learned and exemplary friend made him a wiser man, and more of a philosopher, than is usually found in his station of life.

It made him "*a great card*;" a saying of his with which I was furnished in the following whimsical conversation. In the course of our morning's drive, I happened to ask him if he interfered much in politics when he was at home at Slickville. No, said he, not now. I was once an assembly man, but since then I ginn up politicks. There is nothin' so well taken care of as your rights and privileges, squire. There are always plenty of chaps volunteerin' to do that, out of pure regard for you, ready to lay down their lives to fight your cause, or their fortins, if they had any, either. No; I have given that up. Clockmakin' is a better trade by half. Dear, dear, I shall never forget the day I was elected; I felt two inches taller, and about a little the biggest man in all Slickville. I knew so much was expected of me I couldn't sleep a-tryin' to make speeches; and when I was in the shop I spiled half my work by not havin' my mind on it. Save your country, says one; save it from ruin; cut down sala-

ries.—I intend to, says I. Watch the officials, says another ; they are the biggest rogues we have. It don't convene with liberty that public sarvants should be the masters of the public.—I quite concur with you, says I. Reduce lawyers' fees, says some ; they are a-eatin' up of the country like locusts.—Jist so, said I. A bounty on wheat, says the farmer, for your life. Would you tax the mechanic to enrich the agriculturist ? says the manufacturer. Make a law agin' thistles, says one ; a regulator about temperance, says another : we have a right to drink if we please, says a third. Don't legislate too much, says a fourth—it's the curse of the state ; and so on without eend. I was fairly bothered, for no two thought alike, and there was no pleasin' nobody. Then every man that voted for me wanted some favour or another, and there was no bottom to the obligation. I was most squashed to death with the weight of my cares, they was so heavy.

At last the great day came, and the governor, and senate, and representatives all walked in procession, and the artillery fired, and the band of the caravan of wild beasts was hired to play for us, and we organized in due form, and the Governor's message was read. I must say that day was the happiest one of my life. I felt full of dignity and honour, and was filled with visions of glory to come. Well, says I to myself, the great *game* is now to be played in rael airnest, and no mistake : *what card shall I play ?* The presidential chair and the highest posts is open to me in common with other citizens. What is to prevent me a-comin' in *by honours*, or, if I have good luck, *by the odd trick*. What shall I *lead off* with ? I laid awake all night considerin' of it, a-rollin' and a-tossin' over, like cramp in the stomach, not knowin' what to do : at last I got an idea. *Extension of suffrage*, says I, *is the card I'll play*. That will take the masses, and masses is power, for majorities rules. At that time, squire, we had the forty shilling freehold qualification, and it extended no farther ; so I went for universal suffrage ; for, thinks I, if I can carry that, I can go for governor first, on

the strength of the new votes, and president arterwards; and it *did* seem plausible enough, too, that's a fact. To all appearance it was the best *card in the pack*.

So out I jumps from bed, a-walkin' up and down the room in my shirt tail, a-workin' away at my speech like anything, and dreadful hard work it was, too; for it is easier to forge iron any time than a speech, especially if you ain't broughten up to the business. I had to go over it and over it ever so often, for every now and then 'd stick fast, get bothered, and forget where I was, and have to begin agin; but when day was e'en about breakin', I was just drawin' to a close, and had nearly scored and rough-hew'd it out, when all of a sudden I run agin' the bed-post in the dark, and nearly knocked my brains out. Well, next night I worked at it agin, only I left the candle burnin', so as not to be a-stumblin' up agin' things that way, and the third night I got it all finished off complete; but I got a shockin' cold in my head, a-walkin' about naked so, and felt as weak as a child for want of sleep. I was awful puzzled to fix on what to do on account of that plaguy cold. I didn't know whether to wait till it got better, or strike while the iron was hot and hissin', for I warnt sure sune o' the speech wouldn't leak out, or the whole get flat, if I kept it in too long; so as soon as the house opened, I makes a plunge right into it; for what must be, must be, and it 's no use a considerin'.

So I ups and says, Mr. Speaker, says I (Lord, how thick my tongue felt; it seemed to grow too thick for my mouth, like the clapper of an old horse,) let me perpound this resolution, sir, said I; all men are free and equal. No one doubts it, Mr. Slick, said an old member: no one denies that; it's a truism. I didn't somehow expect that interruption; it kinder put me out, and I never got a-goin' altogether right agin arterwards, for I lost my temper; and when a man ain't cool, he might as well hang up his fiddle, that's a fact. Have I freedom of speech, sir, said I, or have I not; or is that last rag of liberty torn from the mast of the constitution too? I stand stock still a-waitin' for your answer, sir.—Oh, sartain, said

he, sartain; you may talk for ever, if you like : go on, sir ; only no man doubts your proposition.—It's a lie, sir, said I, it's a lie writ.—Order ! order !—chair ! chair ! says some. Knock him down !—turn him out !—where did you larn manners ? says others. Hear me out, says I, will you ? and don't be so everlastin' fast : what's the use of jumpin' afore you come to the fence. It's a lie written on the face of the constitution.—Oh, oh ! says they, is that it ?—Yes, says I, it is, and contradict it if you darst. We are not free ; we are slaves : one half of us is tyrants,—unremorseless, onfeelin', overbearin' tyrants, and vile usurpers ; and the other half slaves,—abject, miserable, degraded slaves. The first argument I advance, sir, is this—and the cold in my nose began to tickle, tickle, tickle, till I couldn't hold in no longer, and I let go a sneeze that almost broke the winders out. Oh, Lord, what a haw ! haw ! they sot up. The first argument is this, sir ; and off went both barrels of my nose agin like thunder : it fairly raised the dust from the floor in a cloud, like a young whirlwind in the street afore rain. It made all spin agin. Why, he is a very ring-tail roarer, says the members, a regular sneezer ; and they shouted and roared like anything. I thought I should a-died for shame one minit, and the next I felt so coonish I had half a mind to fly at the Speaker and knock him down. I didn't jist cleverly know what to do, but at last I went on.—Did the best blood of the land flow for forty shillings ? Was Bunker Hill fought out to loosen British chains, merely to rivet American ones ? Was it for this the people died covered with gore and glory, on the bed of honour ? Was it the forty shillings alone that fought the revolution or the Polls ? I am for the Polls. Taxation and representation should go hand in hand, and freedom and equality likewise also. How dare you tax the Polls without their consent ? Suppose they was to go for to tax you without your consent, why, who would be right or who wrong then ? Can two wrongs make a right ? It is much of a muchness, sir,—six of one, and half a dozen of the other.

What's that feller talkin' about ? says a member.—A vote



to help the Poles agin' Russia, says the other : what a cussed fool he is. It put me quite out, that, and joggled me so I couldn't make another line straight. I couldn't see the Speaker no longer, for my eyes watered as if I had been a-stringin' inions for a week, and I had to keep blowin' my nose the whole blessed time, for the cold in it corked it up as tight as a bottle. Who calls them fools? says I : who dares insult free citizens because they are not forty shillings? You couldn't treat them wus if they was nasty, dirty, dispisable niggers ; and yet you boast your glorious constitution. Will any member answer me this? Have they blood in their veins?—and if they have, it must be free blood ; and if free, it must boil. (Tickle, tickle goes my boscis agin, and I had to stop to sarch my pocket for my noserag.) The honorable gentleman, says some feller or another, for most on 'em were strangers to me, means a blood puddin', I suppose. Ah! I thought I should have gone ravin' distracted mad. I knew I was talkin' nonsense, that I had run off the tracks with all steam on, and was a-ploughin' thro' the mud in the fields like anything. Says I, I'll have *your* blood, you scoundrel, if you dare to say that agin, see if I don't, so there now. Oh dear, such shoutin', and roarin', and clappin' of hands I never heerd : my head run round like a spinnin' wheel ; it was all burr, burr, burr, buzz, buzz, buzz. I bit in my breath to keep cool ; I felt I was on the edge of a wharf, and only one step more was over head and ears chewallop in the water. Sam, says I to myself, be a man ; be cool,—take it easy : so I sot off agin, but I was so confused I got into my other speech on agricultur' that I had larned by heart, and mixed the two together all in a ravel. Thistles, says I, is the bane of all good husbandry. Extirpate them from the land ; they are usurpin' the places of grain, and all Slickville will be filled with Polls. If they have no voice in this assembly, how can you expect them to obey the laws they never made. Compel folks to cut them down in the full of the moon, and they'll all die ; I have tried it myself with universal suffrage and the ballot.

Well, artillery is nothin' but a popgun to the noise the members now made,—it was an airthquake tipped with thunder and lightning. I never heerd nothing like it. I felt I was crazy; I wished I was dead a'most, or could sink through the floor into the middle of the sea, or anywhere but where I was. At last cousin Woodberry took pity on me, and came over to where I was, and said, Sam, said he, set down, that's a good feller; you don't know what you are a-doin' of; you are makin' an ass of yourself. But I didn't hear him. Confound you! said he, you look mean enough to put the sun into eclipse, and he laid hold of the skirts of my coat, and tried to pull me down; but instead of that he pulled 'em right off, and made an awful show of me. That sot me off agin, quite ravin' as bad as ever. I won't be put down, says I, Mr. Speaker; I fight for liberty and the Polls: I stand agin' the forty shillingers. Unhand me, you slave! said I; touch me not, or I'll sacrifice you on the altar of my country; and with that I ups fist and knocks Woodberry over as flat as a pancake, and bolts right out of the hall.

But I was so blinded with the cold in my head and rage together, I couldn't see no more nor a bat, and I pitched into several members in the way out, and 'most broke their necks and my own too. It was the first and the last of my speechmaking. I went by the name, for years arterwards, in our town of "Free-and-equal Slick." I wish I could wipe out that page of my follies from my memory, I tell you; but it's a caution to them that navigate in politicks, that's a fact.

Nothin' on this side of the water makes so big a fool of a man, squire, he continued, as goin' to the house of representatives without bein' fit for it. Them that hante jist got the right weight of ballast are upsot in no time, and turned bottom upwards afore they know where they be. Them that are a little vain by natur' get so puffed up and so con-saited, they become nothin' but laughin'-stocks to all the world, most ridiculous fools; while them whose principles ain't well anchored in good holdin'-ground, let the rogue

peep out o' their professions plainer than they are a-thinkin' on. The skin of the beast will show through, like an Irishman's elbow, though he has three coats on. But that ain't the worst of it, neether. A man is apt to become bankrupt in business, as well as in character, by it. Doin' big and talkin' big for three months in the year, and puffin' each other up till they are ready to burst with their importance, don't convene with sellin' tape by the yard, or loadin' on carts, when they return home to their business. In short, squire, a country ought to be a rich country, with larned men in it, and men o' property to represent it, or else assembly work is nothin' but high life below stairs, arter all. I could point you out legislatures on this here continent where the speakin' is all kitchin' talk, all strut, brag, and vulgar impudence. It's enough to make a cat sick to hear fellers talk of independence who are mortgaged over head and ears in debt, or to listen to chaps jawin' about public virtue, temperance, education, and what not all day, who spend the night in a back room of a market tavern with the key turned, drinkin' hail-storm and bad rum, or playin' sixpenny loo. *If mankind only knew what fools they were, and how they helped folks themselves to fool them, there would be some hope of them, for they would have larnt the first lesson of wisdom.*

But to sum-totalize my story : the next time I went to poor old minister's arter that, says he, Sam, says he, they tell me you broke down the other day in the house of representatives, and made a proper gag of yourself. I am very sorry for you, very sorry indeed ; but it is no use now a-cryin' over spilt milk. What can't be cured must be endured, I do suppose ; but I do wish with all my heart and soul you had a-taken my advice and left politicks alone.—Don't mention it, minister, said I ; I am ashamed to death of myself, and shall leave Slickville till it's blowed over and forgot : I can't bear to hear of it ; it fairly makes me sick. *It was a great card I had tho', if I had only played it right,* says I, *a very great card indeed.* In fact it was more than a card, — it was high, low, Jack, and the game. — What was it, said he, that was worth all that are

nonsense?—Univarsal suffrage, says I.—Sam, said he, (and I know'd I was in for a lectur', for he knit his brow, and looked in rael right down airnest,) you don't know what you are a-talkin' about. Do you know what univarsal suffrage means?—To be sure I do, says I; it's every man havin' a vote and a voice in makin' those laws that is to govern him; and it comports with reason, and stands to common sense. —Well, says he, what's all that when it's fried? why, it amounts to this, and nothin' more nor less: *Now men of property and character make laws to govern rogues and vagabonds, but by your beautiful scheme of univarsal suffrage, rogues and vagabonds will make laws to govern men of property and character.* It is revarsin' the order of things: it is worse than nonsense; it is downright madness.—We are fast approaching this state without your aid, Sam, I can tell you; and when we do arrive at it we shall be an object for the finger of scorn to point at from Europe. We shall then have wound up the fearful tragedy of our revolution with as precious a farce as folly and licentiousness ever produced.—Minister, says I, I don't know how it is, but you have such a short-hand way of puttin' things, that there is no contradicthin' of you. You jistsqueeze all the argument up in a ball, as easy as dough, and stop a feller's mouth with it. How the plague is it that you seem always right?—Because *I never play a card*, Sam. I never consider what is *expedient*, but what is *right*; never study what will *tickle the ears of people*, but what will *promote their welfare*. You would have been all straight, too, if you had only looked to the right and wrong of the measure; but you looked to *popularity*, and that sot you to *playin' of a card*. Now the upshot of this popular gambling, or *card-playing*, is patriotism; and mark my words, Sam, mark my words, my boy, for I am an old man now, and have read the human heart well,—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, *patriotism is the trump card of a scoundrel*.

## CHAPTER III.

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Slick had ever made such an absurd exhibition of himself in the Legislative Hall of Slickville, as he thought proper to pourtray in the anecdote related in the last chapter. He was evidently a man of too much tact and natural good sense, to have rendered himself so ridiculous; nor must we, on the other hand, attribute his making himself the hero of the tale to an absence of vanity, for few men had a greater share of it than himself. It probably arose from his desire to avoid personalities, and an amiable anxiety not to furnish a traveller with names that might hereafter appear in print to the annoyance of the real actors. Indeed, so rich did he think himself in experience and knowledge of the world, that he felt he could afford to draw at will on his own reputation. How true to nature is the graphic sketch in the last chapter, and how just the reflections to which it gave rise! I can call to mind so many instances, even in my own limited sphere of observation, to which his remarks are applicable, that I recognise at once the fidelity of the picture and the hand of a master. Upon my expressing to him an intention to record his illustration of "playing a card" as a valuable lesson in life,—Ah, sir, said he, with the air of a man who felt he had a right to boast, I have learned to "look behind the scenes." Major Bradford taught me that airy in life. It was him put that wrinkle on my horn. He was the gentleman that traded in calves and punkins for the Boston market, him that you 've got down in your first series, that took me to the Tremont House, the time the gall lost her runnin'-riggin' in the crowd. Well, one arternoon, havin' nothin' above pitikilar to do, I goes and dresses myself up full fig, and was a-posten away as hard as I could leg it, full chisel down by the Mall in Boston to a tea and turn-out to Sy Tupper's. Sy had an only darter called Desire; she warn't a bad-lookin' piece of farniture neither; folks said she would have fifty thousand dollars, and to tell

you the truth I was a-thinking of spekelating there, and was a-scoulerin' away as hard as I could leg it to the party. Who should I meet on the road but the Major a-pokin' along with his cocoanut down, a-studyin' over somethin' or another quite deep, and a-workin' up the baccy in great style, for nothin' a'most will make a man chaw like cypherin' in his head to himself.—Hullo, Major, said I, who's dead, and what's to pay now? why what's the matter of you? you look as if you had lost every freend you had on airth.—H'are you, boy? said he: give us your fin, and then tell us which way you are a-sailin' of this fine day, will you.—But jist as I was a goin' to take hold of his hand, he drew back the matter of a yard or so, and eyed me all over from head to foot, as if he was a-measurin' me for a wrastlin' bout.

Says he, I 'll bet you a five-dollar piece, Sam, I know where you are a-goin' to-night.—Done, said I, it's a bargain: now, where?—A-whalin', says he.—A what? says I.—On a whalin' voyage, said he.—Hand out your five dollars, says I, for you missed your guess this hitch anyhow. I am a-goin' down to Sy Tupper's to tea and spend the evenin'.—Exactly, said he, goin' a-gallin'; I know'd it, for you are considerably large print, and it don't take spectacles to read you. She is rich in iles, that gall; her father made his money a-whalin'; and folks call her "Sy Tupper's spermaceti." Bah! she smells of blubber that greasy-faced heifer; let her bide where she be, Sam. You hante been "*behind the scenes* yet," I see, and that screech-owl in petticoats, Mother Tupper, is an old hand. She will harpoon you yet, if you don't mind your eye; now mark what I tell you. Come with me to the the-*atre*, and I'll show you a gall of the right sort, I know. Helen Bush comes on in tights to-night. She is a beautiful made crittur that, clean limbed and as well made as if she was turned in a mould. She is worth lookin' at, that's a fact; and you don't often get such a chance as that are.—Dear, dear, said I, in tights! well if that don't beat all! I must say that don't seem kinder nateral now, does it, Major?—Nateral! said he, what the devil has natur' got to do with

it? If she followed natur' she wouldn't wear nothin' at all. Custom has given woman petticoats and men pantaloons, but it would be jist as nateral for woman to wear the breeches and men the apron-string, and there is a plaguy sight of them do it too. Say it ain't modest and I won't non-concur you, but don't talk about natur', for natur' has no hand in it at all. It has neither art nor part in it, at no rate. But take my advice, my green-horn, and study natur' a bit. Folks may talk of their Latin and Greeck till they are tired, but give me natur'. But, to study it right, you must get "*behind the scenes*;" so come along with me to the house.

Well, I never was to a theatre afore in all my life, for minister didn't approbate them at no rate, and he wouldn't never let me go to 'em to Slickville; so thinks I to myself, I don't care if I do go this once; it can't do me no great harm I do suppose, and a gall in tights is something new; so here goes, and I turns and walks lock-and-lock with him down to the play-house. Well, I must say it was a splendid sight, too. The house was chock full of company, all drest out to the very nines, and the lamps was as bright as day, and the musick was splendid, that 's a fact; for it was the black band of the militia, (and them blacks have most elegant ears for musick too, I *tell* you), and when they struck up our blood-stirrin' national air, it made me feel all over in a twitteration as if I was on wires a'most, considerable martial.

But what gave me the gapes was the scenes. Lord, squire, when the curtain drawed up, there was Genesee Falls as nateral as life, and the beautiful four-story grist-mills taken off as plain as anything, and Sam Patch jist ready to take a jump in the basin below. It was all but rael, it was so like life. The action too was equal to the scenes; it was dreadful pretty, I *do* assure you. Well, arter a while, Helen Bush came on in tights; but I can't say I liked it; it didn't seem kinder right for a gall to dress up in men's clothes that way, and I sorter thort that nothin' a'most would tempt me to let Sister Sall show shapes arter that fashion for money. But somehow or somehow-else, folks hurrawed and clapped

and cheered like anything. It was so excitin' I hurrawed too, at last, as if I was as well pleased as any of them, for hollerin' is catchin', like barkin' among dogs, and you can't help it no how you can fix it. Well, arter legs lost their novelty, a whole lot o' dancin' galls came forward and danced *quod*-drills, gallop-pards, hornpipes, and what not, the most beautiful critturs, I think, I ever laid my eyes on,—all young and bloomin', and graceful and light as spirits a'most. They seemed as if they e'en a'most belonged to another guess world from ourn, only the rosy cheeks and bare necks, and naked arms, and dear little ankles, all smacked of real life.

What do you think of *them*? said the Major; hante they fine glass-spun heels, them critturs. I guess you don't often see such fetlocks in Slickville as them; for your galls, if I don't mis-remember, are rather beefy about the instep: what do you think of them, my boy, eh?—Think? says I; why I never seed the equal of it. Where the plague did they pick up such a lot of elegant galls? they are horrid pretty, I must say: are they foreigners or natives?—Natives, said he, *genuine* Jonatheenas, all raised in Conne'ticut, and silverskinned inions every soul of them.—Would you like to be introduced to them?—Well, says I, I would, that's a fact, for its enough to set a feller crazy a'most, actilly ravin' distracted mad with pleasure, the sight of so many splendid little fillies, ain't it?—Well, come along with me then, said he, jist foller me, and I'll take you round there. So out we goes into the entry, and follers along into a dark passage, a pretty difficult navigation it was too, among trap-doors, and boxes, and broken steps, and what not; and arter a while we enters a great onfurnished barn of a room alongside of the stage, and there was the players, and dancers, and singers, and ever so many actin' people. Well, it was a wonderful sight too; p'raps in all my born days I never see anything to equal it. I never was so staggered. I don't think all *my* starin' put together would come up to the great big endurin' stare I then gave. I was onfakilised, that's a fact. I stood for the whole blessed space of five minutes without movin' or speakin'. At last



one of the dancin' galls came a-figerin' up to me a hornpipin', and a-singin', and dropt me a low curtshee.—Well, my old rooster, said she, the next time you see me, I hope you will know me; where did you larn manners, starin' so like all possest.—Well, I warn't much used to town-bred galls, and it took me all aback that, and struck me up all of a heap, so I couldn't stir or speak.—Oh fie, Julia, said another, how can you? and then comin' up and tappin' me on the shoulder with her fan, to wake me up like, said she,—Pray, my good feller, "Does your mother know you're out?"—The whole room burst out a-larfin' at me; but no, move or speak I couldn't, for I was spell-bound, I do believe. There I stood as stiff as a frozen nigger, and all I could say to myself was, "Heavens and airth!"

At last another gall, the best and lightest dancer of them all, and one that I rather took a leetle fancy to on the stage, she was so uncommon spry and *active*, took a flyin' lep right into the middle of the room, and lit down on one foot; and then, balancin' herself as she did on the stage with her hands, stretched the other foot away out ever so far behind her. Well, arter perchin' that way a minit or so, as a bird does on a sprig of a tree, she sprung agin, right forrard, and brought herself bolt upright on both feet jist afore me.—What will you give me, my young Coon, said she, if I show you the way?—What way, said I at last, a-scratchin' of my head and a-pluckin' up spunk enough to find my tongue.—The way out, said she, for you seem as if you sorter lost your road when you came in here. I thought every one in the room would have gone into fits, they larfed so: they fairly screetched till they most loosened their teeth, all but her, and *she* looked as quiet as a baby.

Well done, Angelica, said the Major; what a wicked little devil you be! and he put his arm round her waist and kissed her; and then said he, waiter, half-a-dozen of iced champagne here to pay for Mr. Slick's footin'; and if he and them galls didn't tuck in the wine in great style it's a pity, that's all. Well, a glass or two of liquor onloosed the

hinges of my tongue, and sot me all right agin, and I jined in the joke and enjoyed the larf as well as the best of them ; for it won't do to get cross when fellers are running of their rigs, it only makes them wus.

Arter a while we left the theatre to go home, and as we progressed down street, says the Major to me, well, Slick, says he, how did you like them little angels, the dancin' galls? you seemed as amazed as if you was jist born into the world, and looked rather struck with them, I thought, pitikilarly Angelica; a neat little article that, ain't she? There's no nonsense about her; she is as straight as a shingle in her talk, right up and down, and no pretence. I guess she has put "Sy Tupper's spermaceti" quite out, hante she?—It puts all creation out, said I; I never was so stumpt afore since I was raised from a seedlin'. Heavens and airth! only to think them nasty, tawdry, faded, yaller, jaded, painted drabs was the beautiful dancin' galls of the theatre? and them old, forrerd, impudent heifers was the modest, graceful, elegant little cherubs that was on the stage an hour afore; and then to think them nasty daubs was like Genesee Falls, Lord, I could paint them pictur' scenes better myself, with a nigger wench's housemop, I could, I snore.—Exactly, says the Major; you have been "behind the scenes," you see, Sam, and you have got a lesson not to trust to appearances altogether.—Rael life is one thing and stage representation is another. The world "behind the scenes," and what is exhibited on the boord is as different as day is from night. It tante all gold that glitters in this life, I can tell you. Jist so it is with "Sy Tupper's young spermaceti;" for I see you want to spikilate in iles there.

When you double Cape Horn, as yer in hopes for to do,  
There's a-plenty of sparm-whale on the coast of Peru.

What a life for a man, to be the wick of an ile lamp, ain't it? and have your wife snuffing you with her fingers. It's as bad as having your onquestionable ugly nose pulled.—Oh yes, take her by all means, only get "behind the scenes" first; you have only seed her yet of an evenin', and then

she was actin' rigged out for a party, a-smilin' and a-doin' sweet and pretty, and a-wearin' of her company-face, and singin' like a canary-bird. But go into "the green-room," see her of a mornin', get a peep at a family scene, drop in on 'em of a sudden, onexpected like, and see the old cat and her kitten a-caterwaulin' and clapper-clawin' each other till they make the fur fly, and you will be jist as much dumbfounded as you was at the dancin' galls: you won't know her, that's a fact; you'll find that your beautiful "spermaceti" has turned out nothin' but tallow, and damn bad tallow too. Such critturs run more nor half away to waste, and give more grease than light, by a long chalk. But come, said he, s'posin' you and me settle our little account, for short reckonings make long friends, as the sayin' is. First, there is your five dollar bet; then six bottles of iced champagne, at three dollars each, is eighteen dollars more; and then two dollars for tickets, makes a total of twenty-five dollars; do you undercumstand? Come into the iseter shop here, and plank the pewter, and I will go sheers with you for a supper of iseters. It's a considerable of a dear lesson that; but it's the best you ever got, I know.—Dear! said I, a countin' out of the money to him, I guess it is dear. If all my schoolin' in town-ways is to cost at that rate, I guess I'll have more larnin' than capital when I get thro' my trainin'. Twenty-five dollars for bein' made a fool on, for them dancin' galls to laugh at for two hours, what a pretty go that is, ain't it? I must say, I don't thank you a bit, Major; it warn't pretty at all.—Who the devil axed you for thanks? said he; you have done better, you have paid for it, man, and boughten wit is always the best; but you *will* thank one for it some o' these days, see if you don't. It's better to be made a fool on for two hours than for life. I have known a feller silly enough to marry a dancin' gall afore now; but then he'd never been "behind the scenes," as you have; yes, it's a valuable lesson that. Your old fogey of a parson that you are always a-talkin' of, old Hop, Hope, something or other, may preach away to you till he is blind, but he

can't larn you anything equal to that. It's a lesson from life, and a lesson from life is worth a hundred sarmons. In everything a'most, Sam, in this world, consider you are either deceived or liable to be deceived, and that you can't trust even the evidence of your own senses, unless you "look behind the scenes." But come, said he, preachin' is not my trade, let us walk into half a bushel of these iseters; they are rael salts, they come from Nova Scotia, and better than any we have, or the British either: and we sot to and did justice to them, at least *he* did, you may depend. He walked 'em into him as a duck does a June bug. He could open, pepper, and swallow a dozen to my one, for somehow I never could get my knife into the jinte of one until arter half an hour's bunglin'—I hadn't got the knack.—You don't seem to like them, said he at last, a-drawin' breath and a-swallerin' a gill of pure whiskey; p'raps you are too patriotic to eat blue-nose's iseters, and perfer the free citizens of our own beds?—No, said I, it tante that; I can't open them, they are so oncommon tight about the jaws.—Hem! said he, I forgot that. You never seed an iseter, I do suppose, or a dancin' gall nother afore to-night. Do as I do, younker; this is the way, freeze down solid to it, square up to it, as if you was a-goin' to have an all out-door fight of it, and he slipped 'em out o' the shells into his mouth as fast as a man dealin' cards, until he fairly finished all we had. You don't drink, said he, now that's not wholesome; you ought to take enough of the neat liquor to make 'em float light on the stomach; and he jist tipt off the balance of the whiskey without winkin'. Ah! said he, making a wry face, that's no go; that last iseter was not good, it's upsot me a-most, call for some more, and I'll be in agin in a minit; I must go into the air, for I feel dizzy.—Well, I called for some more iseters and some more whiskey, and I sot and worked away at my leisure, and waited for him to come back and pay his share of the shot. Well, I waited and waited for ever so long, till I e'en a'most fell asleep, and still no Major. At last I began to get tired, so I knocks on the table with the handle of a

knife for the nigger help. Snowball, says I, have you seen anything of the Major? where on airth is he? I'm waitin' for him to settle the bill.—Massa hab to wait den, one berry long time, sar: de last iseter, sar, he always fix Major's flint, sar, and make him cut his stick. You won't see him no more, sar, and he grinned from ear to ear like a chessy-cat. De bill is four dollar, massa, and a quarter-dollar for Snowball.—Hem! says I to myself, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse: I see it now, I'm bilked; so I paid it, and said no more on the subject. That was another "peep behind the scenes," that "he who incurs jinte expenses should look to the honesty and solvency of his partners."

I didn't grudge the money for what I larned that night, altho' it came to a horrid sum, too—twenty-nine dollars and a quarter—for it's worth every cent of it, that's a fact. But what did touch me to the quick was this: he drew the wool over my eyes so about Desire Tupper that I gin up a-going there, and then he cut in there and got the prize hisself—he did upon my soul! All that talk about her temper was made out of whole cloth, and got up a-purpose, along with her nick-name of "Spermaceti," to put me out of consait of her, and it answered the purpose most beautiful. Yes, he did me most properly all the way through the chapter; but, p'raps, it will all turn out right in the long run, for I was too young then to marry, or to handle so much money, for light come is plaguy apt to turn out "light go;" but, at the time, I was most peskily ryled, I tell you; and if I had a-seed him while I was so oncommon wrathly, I do believe, in my soul, I should have tanned his jacket for him, so that he would have been a caution to behold. I am a good-nater'd man, and can bear spittin' on; but hang me if I can stand and have it rubbed in that way. I didn't know what to do when I got home, whether to tell the story or not; but I knew it would leak out, and thought my own varsion of it would be the best, so I jist ups and tells father all about it, from first to last.—He is a nasty, dirty, low-lived, mean feller, says father, and a disgrace to the com-

mission, though one comfort is, he ain't a reglar and never seed sarvice, and I dispise an officer that has never smelt powder. No man in the country but a veteran desarves the name of soldier, and them, it ain't no vanity to say, are the first troops in the univarse,—for the British have whipped all the world, and *we* whipped them.—Yes, he is a scoundrel, said the old man; but still the information you got is worth havin'. It is a knowledge of the world, and that is invaluable; although, from what I've seed in the wars, I am most afeerd a man of the world ain't a man of much heart in a ginerall way. Still the knowin' it is worth the larnin' it. Acquire it, Sam, if you can; but you musn't pay too dear for it. Now the Major gin more for his wit than you.—Possible? said I; why, how is that? Why, says father, he bought his at the expense of his character, and the leastest morsel of character in the world is worth more nor all that is to be larnt “*behind the scenes.*”

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BLACK BROTHER.

Yes, squire, said the Clockmaker, there is nothin' like lookin' “behind the scenes” in this world. I rather pride myself on that lesson of Major Bradford. It came airly in life, and was, as he said, the best lesson I ever had. It made me an obsarvin' man. It taught me to look into things considerable sharp. I've given you a peep behind the scenes in assembly matters, so that you can judge how far patriots and reformers show the painted face; and at the theatre what devils little angels of dancin' galls turn out sometimes; and now I'll tell you a story of “the Black Brother,” to show you how cantin' fellers can carry two faces also, when they choose, for I've been “behind the scenes” there, too. I mentioned to you afore, if you recollect, that we had a split once to Slickville in our congregation, about the voluntary, and that some of the upper-crust

folks went off in a huff, and joined the "Christian band," as they called themselves, or the awakeners as we call 'em. Well these folks went the whole figur', and from bein' considerable proud men, affected great humility, and called each other "Brother," and only associated with each other, and kept the rest of mankind off at arm's length, as if they were lost ones, and it would contaminate them, like, to keep company with them. It broke poor old minister's heart a'most, for they parsecuted him arterwards most dreadful; there was nothin' too bad for them a'most to say of the old church, for in a ginerall way them that secede *don't go off in peace, but go off armed for a fight, as if they expected to be chased and brought back again. Pride and temper is almost always at the bottom of schism, you will find.* Ahab Meldrum was one of these superfine overly good men, and jist about as parfect a specimen of a hypocrite as I e'en a'most ever came across in all my travels. Well, I was to Ahab's one day a-settlin' some business with him, and a pretty tough job I had of it—for you might as well drag out an eyetooth, without lancin' the gum, as to drag a debt out of these whitewashed gentlemen—and who should come in but a scentoriferous black man, his woolly head all done up in roll curls like cotton in the cardin' mills, and a large shovel-hat in his hand, and wearin' a fine frill shirt, and dressed off to the very nines, for a nigger is as fond of finery as a peacock is of his tail. They are for spreadin' it out and a-struttin' about in it for ever and ever a'most. If there was a thing on airth that Ahab hated like pyson, I do believe it was a great bull-nigger, so seein' him come in, in that free and easy manner, he looks up at him quite stiff—for the better a man is, the prouder he grows in a ginerall way—and, without biddin' him the time o' day, (which wouldn't a-hurt him one morsel, tho' the crittur was as black as Comingo,) or movin' from his chair, or axin' him to sit down, says he, Well, sir, what brought you here? what's your business? It made me laugh, for I *knew humility was the dress coat of pride*, and that we was a-goin' to have a scene, for I seed by the cut

of the feller's jib that he was a preacher. O massa, said he, I is a broder labourer in de Lord's wineyard, de onworthy (and he made a bow at that word, as much as to say there is a peg for you to hang a compliment on if you like), de onworthy shepherd ob de little flock of free color'd Christians to Martin Vanburinville. I jist call'y, massa broder, to cossult you about some business ob "our little Christian band."—Sit down, sir, if you please, says Ahab, a colorin' up like anything, for he seed his own professions was set like a fox-trap afore him, and he knew it was nuts to me, and that I wouldn't spare him one mite or morsel. Sit down, sir.—Tankey, sar, tankey, said Dr. Query, for that was the nickname the crittur went by; how is all your consarns, and your leetle flock? I hope dey is all well, and none on 'em jumpin' de fence, and gittin' out o' de fold, among neighbour's sheeps: mine gib me great bodder dat way, werry great bodder indeed. Mine all shockin' fond ob musick, and go whereber dere is de best singin'; but I believe we may stump any sec for dat, and werry fond ob Greek too.—Of Greek! said Ahab, who was dumbfounded at the turn things took; did you say Greek?—Yes, massa, said the Doctor, of Greek: and he took an old well-worn grammar from his pocket, and openin' it, said, Broder, said he, what you call him? pintein' to a pitikilar word.—That, said Ahab, who I seed was a gittin' of his dander up quite fast, that is "*eureka*."—Ah, said the Doctor, I know him by sight, but I no recollect his name; by golly! but Greek him werry hard, werry hard indeed. I try to larn a few words, for dey sounds well in de pulpit, and look grand. Colored people no tinkey you know nottin, if you no gib em hard words sometimes; and Broder Sly, he teach me to say em. Well, Broder Meldrum, he says, at last, I is glad I "eureka" you at home; here is de superscription for de new meetin' house; put your fist to dat, broder, and come down like a man, hansum.—Poor Ahab, he shrunk from the touch as if it was hot iron, and from the subscription paper too as if it was his death-warrant. Brother, said he,



and that word brother stuck in his crop so he had to cough twice afore he could get it out, and smelt so strong in his nose he had to take out his handkerchief, all scented with musk, to get clear of the fogo of it, here are two dollars.—O massa brudder, said Blackey, only two dollar! By golly! but I ginn five myself. Member, sar, he what gibs to de church, lends to de Lord. Come, brudder, mend de figure, dat's a good soul; you won't be one mossel de poorer of it in de long run, you may depend.—But Ahab was tough. Stickin' a subscription paper into a very strait-laced man, even for building a schism-shop for his own folks, is like stickin' a needle behind an ox's ear, it kills him dead on the spot. The labourer is worthy of his hire, broth—broth—he couldn't come it a second time, so he ginn it up in despair; worthy of his hire, sir.—You were wrong, very wrong, sir, to do it: the congregation should do their own work themselves.—Well, well, said Blackey, a good deal disconsarted at the failure of his application; p'raps you is right, brudder, p'raps you is right; you noes better den us poor colored folks does. I has seed a great deal of trouble lately, brudder, said Query. My congregation is the most difficultest to manage I did ever see (pitikilarly de fair sec), and has had a split in it. Dat everlastin' sinner, and crooked 'sciple of a nigger, Ben Parsons, dat is too lazy to work hisself, de good-for-notten feller, he tink he preach better nor me, de consaited fool! and he sot up for hisself, and seceded, and I lose twenty dollar a year of my livin' by him, and some o' my best singers too. Cato Cooper's three daughters, Cleopatra, Portia, and Juno, all left to foller arter de young preacher, and dey had most superfine voices, better nor most nigga wenches has, and sing as well as *teatre* women, dey did. Yes, it 's lucky for massa Ben, I is a Christian man, dat uses no carnal weapon, or I'd feel his short ribs for him, and take my change out of his hide, de villain.

De Raccoon ginn to scratch and bite,  
 I hitty once wid all ma might,  
 I bungy eye and spile his sight,  
 Oh, *Ise* de child to fight!

But I is a new man now wid de ungenerate heart, and only fight old Scratch, old Adam, or old sin, but not a brudder in de flesh—no, naber, I ain't goin' get mad no more.

For little childer neber let  
De angry passions rise,  
Your little hands were neber made  
To tear each oder's eyes.

Nothin' else save him from catchin' it, for I is de boy dat could do it. Lord, I'd run him foul of a consternation, afore he know'd what was de matter of him, Temper, him werry trong, and say cuss him, bung up both he eye, and put in de dead lite; but I is a preacher now, and religion advise werry different, and say, "let him go to de debil his own way, de willain." He ain't worth powder and shot, and dat is de fack, for he is more crookedder in his ways nor a dog's hind leg, or ram's horn, the ungenerate, ungrateful beast. Den I hab great trouble to home too; I lost Miss Venus, my wife, last week; she died of de ribilious cholic. But she died happy,—werry happy indeed, screetchin' and screamin' for joy, and made a most lovely corpse. I tink she was de most beautifulest corpse I ever did see—it was a pleasure to look at her. Broder Sly improved de occasion, and spoke four hours and a half widout stopin', werry powerful did de leetle man; we had a werry refreshin' time of it and beautiful singin'; oh by golly, but it was grand! Yes, I hab great trouble, and I 'most fear I will ab go to sarvice agin, for troubles rise up as de sparks do: and if I do gin up preachin' agin, if I don't pitch into Ben Parson's ribs like a tousand of bricks, it's a pity, that's all. I'll make hawk's meat ob him, Cryin' over spilt milk is no use tho,' s'pose we conclude our talk with a varse of musick; and before Ahab could recover from amazement at the freedom of his new brother, and the mortification of my witnessing the scene, he was struck speechless with vexation at Dr. Query pulling out a flute from his pocket, and putting the parts together, with a great many flourishes, and a lot of babooneries, wettin' the threaded ends in his mouth, and forcin' them toge-

ther with main strength. Now, brudder, said he, spittin' on the eends of his fingers to make 'em stop better, if you and de entire stranger dere, pointin' to me, will strike up a varse of musick, ticklin' metre, I will jine you wid de flute,—

Adam was de fust man,  
Eve was de tudder,  
Cain was a wicked man  
Cause he killed him brudder.

Abel wasn't name right, was he, for he warnt "able" for Cain, by no manner of means. But it makes beautiful musick, very beautiful indeed; you have no notion of it, no more nor a child. It is the forty elebenth varse of Brudder Sly's new ode: and he immediately commenced playing the air. Come, brudder, said he, begin, and I will pitch it for you.

I thought Ahab would have fainted, he was so struck up all of a heap. He knew I would tell the story all round the town, and he was as mad as a hatter; for nothin' makes a man boil over so quick as to have to put the cover on and keep the steam in. He was jist ready to bust, and make all fly agin with rage. At last, said he, a tryin' to bite in his breath,—this gentleman, Mr. Slick, has some business of importance to transact this mornin' with me. I am afraid I cannot now join in the exercise; but some other time will have the pl—pleas—. I will try to do it.—Oh, says I, don't mind me, Ahab, I beg; I should like it above all things. There is nothin' I am so fond of as psalmody in consart with the flute. Dr. Query is right: it makes excellent superior musick; so come, says I, let's try: our accounts has kept for three years, they'll keep for half an hour longer; don't disappoint the gentleman.—Yes, said Blackey, by golly, but it's grand, dat is de fack. "Adam was de fust man;" and he sot off in a voluntary agin.—Brother, said Ahab, for he was obliged now to bolt that word,—my friend is not in a frame of mind: he is not a man of *experience*. Put up your instrument. Let us take another opportunity.—Well, the poor divil felt he warn't wonted there at all. He seed Ahab

was ashamed of him, and that pride, not business, was the stumblin'-block ; so he separated the joints of his flute, put them in his pocket, and rose to depart.

Now, squire, continued the Clockmaker, p'raps you don't know, for you can't have seed much of the blacks, but what I 'm goin' for to tell you is a fact, I assure you. When a nigger is frightened or vexed, there is a parfume comes from him that 's enough to stifle you. If you don't believe me, ask Lord—Lord—what the plague is his name, that was out to the West Ingees. Well, dancin' the emancipation dance with a black heifer there, e'en a'most killed him. It did, upon my soul, it all but pison'd him. It 's awful, that 's a fact. Well, this crittur Query so filled the room with it, it most choked me. I was glad to see him get up for to go, I tell you ; but what does he do but come round to Ahab to take leave of him. Brudder, said he, fare-de-well, peace be wid you, my lubbin' fren'; and he held out his great ily black paw to shake hands with him. Poor Ahab ! he looked like a crittur that is a-goin' to be put in the stocks, resigned to his fate because he couldn't help himself, but mean enough too. He prided himself on his hand, did Ahab, it was so small and so white. He used to say it was 'ristocratic, and that it would be a fortin for a single man like him to England; and he actilly slept in gloves lined with pomatum to keep the freckles off ; I hope I may be shot if he didn't. He was top-gallant-sail proud of them, I tell you : so he looked at the great piece of raw nigger meat that was afore him with horror ; and arter makin' all sorts of wry faces at it, as a gall does when she takes physic, he shut his eyes and dropped his hand into it. Oh, it was beautiful ! It did me good to see the hypocrite worked up that way. Query shook and wrung away at it, as a washwoman does at a wet towel, for ever so long ; and at last he let go his hold and went off ; and Ahab drew out his hand all stained yaller, as if it had been dipped into tobacco juice. He held it out from him at arm's length, as a feller does that falls into the dirt, and a bitin' in his breath, and curlin' up his nose as mad as a bear with his tail

shot off, and went into the bedroom, and washed and scrubbed away at it like anything. When he was gone, I opened the winders and ventilated the room; for it smelt as bad as one of the narrer alleys in Old Town Edinboro', or a slave-ship: it was shocking nosey, I tell you. As soon as he came back, says he, Sam, that poor feller means well, but he has mistaken his calling: he has too much levity, I fear, for a minister.—I give you joy, says I, of your new "brudder" and "feller-laborer in de wineyard." It sarves you right, so it does. If you had a-stuck to your own church, you wouldn't a-had to endure what you jist went thro', I know. No bishop would ordain that man; for he would see with half an eye he had no sense, and warn't no way fit for it at all, except to make things look ridikilous: but, if anybody can go and choose preachers that please, as they do hogreeves at town meetin's, why can't niggers elect whom they please too? it's a bad rule that won't work both ways. This comes o' schism: one error always leads to another. Now don't, for goodness' sake, make such everlastin' pretences as you do, unless your *practice* keeps up to your professions. I hate hypocrites, and I won't spare you. Whenever folks talk of you and the Slickville schism, hang me if I don't tell 'em of *the Black Brother*.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

WELL, squire, said the Clockmaker, I'm glad you are goin' to England too. I can guide you thro' Britain as well as I can thro' the States, or the Provinces, for I've been there often; I know every part of it. They are strange folks them English. On pitikilars they know more than any people; but on generals they are as ignorant as owls. Perhaps there ain't no place in the world such nonsense is talked as in parliament. They measure every one by themselves as father did about his clothes.

*He always thought hisn ought to fit all his boys, and proper laughing-stocks he made of us.* Yes, you have made the Yankees and the blue-noses, squire, look pretty considerable foolish in them are two books of yourn. Stand on t'other tack now, and take a rise out of the British; for fair play is a jewel, that 's a fact. John Bull had been a-larfin' at us until his sides heaves like a broken-winded horse: clap the currycomb on him now, and see if his hide is thicker than ourn; for he is always a-sayin' that the Yankees are the most thin-skinned people in the world. There is a grand field in that country, you may depend, and a noble harvest for you. Walk right into 'em with your sickle, and cut and bind 'till you are tired; you will find employment enough, I tell you. We may have our weak points, and I should like to know who the plague hasn't; but John has both his weak spots and soft spots too, and I 'll pint 'em out to you, so that you can give him a sly poke that will make him run foul of a consternation afore he knows it. I 'll show you how to settle his coffee for him without a fish-skin, I know; so begin as soon as you can, and as much sooner as you have a mind to.

On my own part, I was no less pleased to have him with me; for few men in British America have so intimate a knowledge of the character, feelings, and prejudices of the people of the colonies as Mr. Slick, or a more clear conception of the policy that ought to be pursued towards them by the mother country. So strongly was I impressed with this conviction, that I could not help expressing to him a hope that circumstances might arise during our visit to England to bring him in contact with some of the leading members of parliament, as I felt assured he could give most valuable and useful information on a subject which, though of immense importance, was but little understood.—Lord, sir, said he, I 've seen some on 'em when I was there afore (for I 've been three times to England), and know it well; but they didn't want the right information, and so I bammed them: they

didn't want facts to make opinions on, but facts to tally with opinions formed, like British travellers in the States, and I always stuff such folks. I had a most curious ventur' when I was last to London.

I had been down city all day a skullin' about, and tram-poosing everywhere a'most to sell some stock in the canal that is to run through the pine barrens in the Quahog Territory, that I bought for half nothin', and wanted to put off to advantage, and returned to my lodgings awful tired, and as wet-footed as a duck. I had jist drawed off my boots, got snug afore the fire, with a cigar in my mouth and my feet on the back of a chair, a-toastin' of them to the coals, when the sarvant maid opened the door and a gentleman entered a-bowin' very ginteel, and sayin', Mr. Slick, I presume.—Well, says I, I won't say I ain't; but won't you come to an anchor and be seated: you must excuse me, says I, a-gittin' up, for my feet is wet. Well, he sot down and eyed me from head to foot, as if he thought I was a little onder baked, or not altogether right farnished in the upper story.—Our humid climate, says he, at last, must be very different from the cloudless sky and pure air of Nova Scotia.—Very, says I, it rains here for everlastingly. I have only seed the sun once since I came here, and then it looked as if it had the cholera in the black stage; but my feet is what I complain of most. Now to home I wear Ingian rubbers; but they don't do on the pavements here; for they make you slide about as if you was on the ice. I had to leave them off, for I pitched into every one I met a'most, and it warn't pretty at all.—How long is it, said he, since you left Nova Scotia?—Thinks I to myself, what in natur' is this crittur after. I'll jist draw him out by doin' simple. Now *that is natur', squire*. If ever you want to read a man, do simple, and he thinks he has a soft horn to deal with; and, while he s'poses he is a-playin' you off, you are puttin' the leake into him without his seein' it. Now, if you put on the knowin' it puts him on his guard directly, and he fights as shy as a loon. Talkin' cute looks knavish; but talkin' soft looks sappy.

Nothing will make a feller bark up a wrong tree like that : so, without answerin' to the pint, (that I might bring him to his business,) says I—for wet feet there is nothin' like toastin' them afore the fire : it draws the cold out and keeps it from flyin' to the stomach, and saves you a fit of the mul-ligrubs p'raps. I larnt that from the Ingians; they always sleep with their feet to the fire, and at night lays all in a circle round it like the spokes of a wheel. I never yet seed an Ingian with a cold in his nose.—How *very* good, said he, what a close observer of natur' you are, sir. I shall remember that recipe of yours; it is excellent.—As much as to say, well, if you don't beat Solomon, I bean't nobody. Thinks I to myself, I dare say you will mind it, but more to laugh at than foller at any rate.

At last, says he, thinkin' it was time to come to the pint, I am desired, sir, by a distinguished friend of mine, to request the favour of you to give him an interview whenever it may be convenient to you, as he has heard much of your knowledge of the provinces, and is anxious to get all the information he can previous to the Canada question coming on for discussion.—Hem! says I to myself, I wonder whether this is fact or bam. It don't seem to hang very well together nother, but it mought be a bee for all that, as the old woman said when she looked in the hornet's nest for honey. So to prove him, says I, as to convenience, let me see—I must consider a bit,—to-morrow I go to Bristol, by Great Western Railway, and next day I make tracks for New York, so if I go at all I must go now.—Now? said he. —I seed it posed him, that he didn't expect it so soon.—Now? said he agin, and he mused a bit; and then said he, I am sorry the time is so short, sir, but if you will be so kind, my carriage is at the door, and I will drive you there as soon as you are ready, for my friend would be much disappointed in not having the pleasure of seeing you.—Civil enough too, thinks I, and as I never seed a parliamentary big bug, I should like the chance, if it was only, like a colony delegate, to have it to brag on arter I got home; so



I goes into the chamber, puts on a clean shirt-collar, slips on a pair of dry boots, and runs the comb through my hair. Now, says I, when I comes back to the sittin'-room, let's up killock and off, for it's getting on considerably well in the arternoon, and is a'most daylight down, and if he sets me a-goin' on colony subjects I won't know when to leave off, for it takes time to spin them yarns, I tell *you*. So we showed a leg right off, trotted down stairs, and into the coach in no time, and says he to the driver "home."—"Home!" says I to myself; why who the devil can this crittur be? Is he member's son, or his writin' and cipherin' clerk, or a lover of one of the galls? or who is he that he says "home," for he must live there, that's sartain? Well, I didn't like to ask him direct, for I knew I'd find it out soon, and so I let it pass. And, squire, said he, among the wrong notions the British have of us Yankees, one is about our eternal curocity, and axing questions for ever about nothin' a'most. Now, it happens to be jist the revarse; we are not famous for *axing questions*, but for never answerin' them. Arter a while the coach stopped, and afore I could look round I was in the hall, surrounded by officers of the Life Guards, drest in most beautiful toggery, at least so I took them to be, for their uniform was splendid; I never see anything to equal it except the President's on reviewin' the troops on the 4th July day. It made me wish I had brought my militia dress, for I didn't like one of our citizens to be out-done that way, or not to do credit to our great nation when abroad.

Excuse me a moment, said my guide friend, till I announce you; and presently out comes another man dressed in plain clothes, and they stood there a space a-eyin' of me and a-whisperin' together.—He won't do, said the new-comer: look at his boots.—It can't be helped, said the other; he *must* see him, he sent for him himself.—Who the devil is he? said the stranger. Is he a delegate or a patriot member of assembly, or what is he, for he is the queerest lookin' devil I ever saw?—Hush! said guide, he is the celebrated

"Sam Slick," the Yankee clockmaker; and, said he, they may talk about that feller's shrewdness as much as they please, but he is the d—st fool I ever saw.

Well, says I to myself, this is rather pretty too, ain't it? I guess you think flashin' in the pan scares ducks, don't you? One thing is sartain, tho' you don't often look in the glass, anyhow, or you 'd know the face of a fool when you see one, which is more, I estimate, than you do at this present time. With that, guide said to one of the sodger officers that was a-standin' in the hall a-doin' of nothin', Show him up. So one of them, a very tall handsome man with his head all covered with powder, like a rat in a flour barrel, come up and said, your name, if you please, sir?—Well, says I, I don't know as it matters much about names, what's yourn? Thomas, sir, said he, a-bowin' and a-smilin' very perlite.—Well then, said I, friend Thomas, mine is Mr. Slick, to the backbone.—I no sooner said the word than he bawled out Mr. Slick in my ear as loud as he could roar, till he made me start again, and then every officer on the stairs, and there was several of them there, kept repeatin' after each other "Mr. Slick," "Mr. Slick," "Mr. Slick."—Don't be in such an everlastin' almighty hurry, said I, I am a-comin' as fast as I can, and if you do that are agin I won't come at all, so there now; for I began to get my Ebenezer up, and feel rather wolfish. When I came to the foot of the stairs the officer stood back and made room for me; and, says I, after you, sir; but he hung back quite modest (seein' that an American citizen ranks with the first man livin')—so not to be outdone in manners by a mere Britisher, I took him by the arm and pushed him on.—I can't think of goin' afore you, sir, said I, but don't let's lose time in ceremony; and besides you know the navigation better than I do, for I never was here afore; and then he went on first.

As I mounted the stairs I heerd guide friend say again to the other man in plain clothes, Didn't I tell you he was a fool!—Madman, I should think, said the other.—Presently a door opened, and I was showed into a room where mem-

ber, who was nothin' but a common-sized man arter all, was standin' by the fire, and three or four young gentlemen in plain clothes was a-writin' at a table, as hard as they could lay pen to paper. The officer that opened the door roared out again, "Mr. Slick!" as loud as he could, and I raily felt so dander, I do believe I should have knocked him down if he hadn't a-stept back out of reach; but member came forrard very perlite, and shook me by the hand, and said it was very kind of me to come at such short notice, and that he was very happy to have the pleasure to see me. Then he jist gave a wave of his hand and pointed to the door, as a hunter does to his dogs, without speakin', and the people writin' got up and went out backward, keepin' their faces to him and howin'. Arter they were gone he said, take a chair, sir, if you please : so I took one for myself and lifted one for him, sayin', it was as cheap to sit as to stand, and every bit and grain as easy too; but he said he preferred standin', and kinder sorter looked at me, as much as to say, he was too good or too proud for that; so there he stood, his elbow on the mantel-piece and his head restin' on his hand. Well, my bristles began to stand right up, like a dog's back : I didn't like the talk of the guide friend he sent for me; I didn't like the way the officers kept bawlin' out my name and snickered in the entry, and I didn't relish the way I was sot down on a chair alone, like a man to be shaved in a barber's shop. I felt as if I could chew him right up, I was so mad, and I was detarmined to act as ugly as him, for my coming was his seeking and not my own; and, as there was nothin' to be made out of it, and no trade spiled, I didn't see as I had any occasion to put up with his nonsense, do you? for there is nothin' I hate so much as pride, especially when any of them benighted insolent foreigners undertake to show it to a free and enlightened American. So I jist put up my feet on his fender, free and easy, to show him he couldn't darnt me by his airs and graces, and then spit right atween the polished bars of the grate on the red hot coals till it cracked like a pistol. Well,

he jumped a yard or so, as if he was shot, and if you had seen the tanyard look he gin me, it would have made you split a-larfin'. Don't be frightened, Lord, said I,—for I didn't know which house he belonged to, so I thought I'd give the tittle, as we call every stranger citizen Kurnel,—Lord, said I, I won't hit you; I could spit thro' a keyhole and not wet the wards; but as you stand, I believe I will too, for talk atween two don't come kinder nateral, unless both sit or both stand; and now, says I, as time presses, what may your business be with me, Lord? Well, he stood back two or three feet, as if he was afeered I would touch him, and then he entered into a long parlaver about the colonies, and asked me if the people was contented with the Government. Mr. Stranger Lord, said I, they are not, and that's a fact.

He brightened up when he heerd that; he seemed as if it pleased him, as if he would raither hear that than that they were satisfied. Thinks I to myself, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. I see what you be; you are an agitator, and want grievances to work on; but you got the wrong sow by the ear this time, any how.—Ah, said he, your testimony is valuable, Mr. Slick, for you are an impartial man, and have had great opportunities of knowing the condition of the people. Do you attribute this discontent to the government that has prevailed there since the American revolution, or to causes over which we have no control?—To the Government, said I, some part, and some part to other causes, but to none over which you have no control.—Precisely, said he; that is exactly my view of it. Will you allow me, said he (a-tryin' to lead me on by doin' the civil,) to offer you some refreshment, sir; I ought to apologise to you for not having offered it before. Have you lunched yet?—Thank you, Lord, said I, I have dined, and harnt no occasion for nothin'.—Then what remedies do you propose? said he: how would a union do?—Cure all evils, said I: you have hit the right nail on the head; it's exactly the right medicine.—How singular, said he; and he rubbed his hands,

and walked up and down the room several times, lookin' very pleased; and I thought I heerd him say, What will the Duke say to this? You have heerd, no doubt, said he, of responsible government; pray what is your opinion of that?—It is not only a good government, said I, but no country can be either happy or contented without it. It is absolutely indispensable; you will lose the colonies without you introduce it.—Mr. Slick, said he, I have heered much of your sagacity from others, and your conversation fully confirms the high opinion I had formed of you. I am delighted to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. When do you leave town? (English folks always begins that way, afore they axe you to take pot luck with them.)—In the mornin', bright and airy, said I: have you any commands that way?—No, thank you, said he; but would you have any objections to my ordering up those gentlemen you saw here jist now, to hear this very gratifying confirmation of my opinions?—Not the least in the world, said I; I don't care if all London hears it. So he rang the bell, and who should answer but the self-same officer that showed me in.

Tell those gentlemen, said Lord, that I desire their presence immediately; and here, you feller, don't let me hear any more laughing out there: don't you know I never permit any one to laugh in my house; and he looked as wicked as a meat-axe at him. He said nothin', but bowed down a'most to the carpet, like a Chinese tea-marchant, and backed out wrong eend foremost. Oh! dear, dear, said I to myself, what a fool *I be*; I might have known them was sarvants if I hadn't a-been a born idiot, and that rich parliament men could afford uniform for 'em, if they liked; but we must live and larn, and everything must have a beginning, I do suppose. While the sarvant was gone, says the entire stranger, Mr. Slick, the party I belong to is a small but very influential one. It holds the balance between the other two. It occupies the centre, and keeps the others at equal distance, whose weights retain us in our place. By this means, whichever way we incline, we turn the scale. Your infor-

mation therefore is all-important.—Exactly, says I, if you can only manage to keep 'em jist so, and no farther, it will work beautiful; but if they pull apart ever so little, whap you come to the ground, like a feller atween two stools, and stand a chance to break your neck, and I hope to heavens you may not hurt yourself, if you do fall. He looked as striped as a rainbow at that; but he brightened up at the close, with a look as much as to say, you Yankees put your words very far apart, very far indeed; it makes things sound odd like.

When the gentlemen came in, Lord said, Mr. Slick fully confirms my views. He admits the discontent in the colonies, much of which he attributes to Tory misgovernment: he approves of the Union, and says nothing will calm the country but responsible government.—I do, said I; and, by your leave, I will explain what I mean.—Do, said he; but pray be seated; allow me to give you a chair: and we all sot down, and he among the rest. He forgot his pride that time. How strange it is, squire, no man is so haughty and overbearin' as a democrat or radical; and they do tell me some even of the liberal lords beat all natur' for pride, actilly the highest in the instep of any of their order. *That comes of pretence now; a man that stoops lower nor he ought in some things, is plaguy apt to straighten himself over the perpendicular in others, to make up for it again.*—Now, says Lord, I wish you to hear this man's (gentleman's, says he, a-catchin' himself as quick as wink,) this gentleman's opinion yourselves. It is very satisfactory to have such good authority in our favour.—Discontent, says I, prevails to an alarmin' extent. It exists everywhere, (I'll move to have this feller examined before a committee, said he, a-whisperin' to my guide friend; the scoundrel is quite a god-send to us,) it pervades all classes, says I.—Good heavens! said he, I wasn't prepared to hear such a fearful account; but it's very satisfactory, very satisfactory indeed. Go on, sir; I am quite delighted.—Paradise wasn't good enough for some folks, says I: how can the colonies be? Them critturs there are not satisfied with the

dispensations of Providence; how can you expect them to be so with the Government. They would like to have a Government to cost nothin', to have their bread grow'd ready baked, to be paid for eatin' it, and be fed with a silver spoon. *Union*, says I, that you inquired about, is most desirable, for it would heal all differences; but not a union of the provinces, for that would only open new sources of strife, and eend in your losin' 'em body and breeches; but a *responsible Government*, says I, is indispensable. Jist thin I took a squint out of the corner of my eye, and I see he began to smell a rat, and to look all adrift; so on I went, knee deep, and a foot deeper, a-pokin' it into him like fun. Men who rebel, says I, and commit murder and arson, ought to be held *responsible* for it, or you might as well be without any law at all, unless you like Lynch law best. Wherever you see loyalty, encourage it; and disloyalty, discourage it. Whatever changes is right, make them, and then tell them, now, that's the form that's settled; if you don't like it, leave the colonies, and go where you can find things more to your mind; but if you do stay there and rebel, you will be hanged, as sure as you are born. You shall have responsibility, *but it shall be the responsibility of crime to law, and of offenders to justice.*

Heavens and airth! if you had a-only seed stranger Lord, or whatever he was, how he looked, it would have done you good. It was as grand as a play. Oh, he was as mad as a hatter, and the madder because he couldn't help himself nohow he could fix it. He actilly looked as small as the little eend of nothin' whittled down. He was so bungfundered he couldn't speak, and t'other fellers looked as if they were afeerd of their lives to speak either. They seemed, them critturs, as if they darsn't call their souls their own, he kept them in such awe. Oh dear, what a bam it is for such men to talk liberal, when they actilly don't believe that they are made of the same clay as other folks. At last things began to look rather serious for a joke; so says I, risin' up and takin' my hat, I believe I must be a-movin', Lord, says

I ; and if I don't sail, as I some expect, I shall be back next week ; and if you want to see further into matters, jist send for me, and I will come with pleasure ; or if you want to examine me before that committee, tip the scoundrel a subpener, and he'll testify through a three-inch plank for you. Do you take ? (It made his teeth grit that, like two mill-stones ; he grinned like a fox-trap : fact, I assure you.) Yes, says I, send for me, and I'll come ; for you and I, I see, agree in opinion about them colonies 'zactly. Indeed you are the only man I've met since I came here that talks a word of sense about them. Good day. And I turned and walked out, guide and his companions follerin' me.—What a d—d hoax, said guide, a-whisperin' to the other. That feller is no fool, after all ; he is more rogue than dunce that. He has given him a fit of the jaundice.—Do you know the name of the nobleman ? said I ; for I cannot conceive from your description who it can be, for there are many proud lords, and many wrong-headed ones too. No, said the Clockmaker, I can't even give a guess, for his coach carried me home, and I was so full of the bam I played off on him, I didn't mind to look at the name of the street ; and he never sent for me agin, as you may calculate. I guess one dose was enough to do his business for him. I don't know nother whether he was a senator or a representative. Indeed, I don't know any lord to England. Some on 'em I hear brag that they were quite intimate with me when I was there ; but that's only their boastin' to look big. No, I don't know his name, or whether he was upper or under-crust ; but when I tell the story I call him the—*Great Unknown*.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SNUBBING A SNOB.

ON our arrival at the inn at Windsor we were shown into a spacious apartment, in some respects answering in appear-



ance and use to an English coffee-room. At the upper end, near the window, sat a stranger, looking at rather than reading a newspaper.

Look there now, said Mr. Slick in an under-tone, jist look there now, for goodness gracious sake ! Did you ever see the beat of that ? That is a Britisher ; I know him by the everlastin' scornny air he wears—for them benighted English think no one can see in the dark but themselves. He is what they call a snob that, and a full-fed one too ; for when nuts grow ripe, hogs grow fat. He is a-doin' a bit of Paris that man, to astonish the weak narves of the natives with. He has been across the Channel, you see ; and he has got a French barber to make him look like a bigger fool than he was afore he left home. Look at his hair, divided like on the top of his head, combed down straight over each ear, and fallin' full and curly on the cape of his coat ; his mustachios squared out at each eend like the brush of a weasel's tail, and that little tuft of hair a-hangin' from his onder lip, like a turkey-cock's beard. Ain't he enough to charm the heart of a kitchen broomstick, that's all ? He looks for all the world like one of them ancient heads in the old picturs at the Jews' shops to London. Then see that chalky, white, bleached hand he is passin' leisurely over his mouth to show the flash rings on his fingers ; and how slow he passes his eye from the paper over the room, to meditate knowin' like as if he could see what's what, and take it all in at a draft. That goney is half puppy, half philosopher, I expect. How I would like to walk into him ! It's such fun to "*Snub a Snob*," ain't it ? and to knock the rust off of him ! Oh, dear ! I suppose we shall get some rael travellers at last, that *do* know somethin', for the dirt always goes before the broom. Jist so it is to Florida : a horse won't live there on a new farm, so they have to use asses till the pasture gets old and good, and the feed sweet. And I suppose, now we have got steam and good inns, these asses of travellers will get a walkin' ticket, and men of sense will take their place. I must say, if he only had a good strong horse sense, I'd like

to show him how to tell a wood-chuck from a skunk ; but he hante, that's clear ; so I'll jist set him off on a hand-gallop, and then *snub him*.—He accordingly walked over to that end of the room, and commenced making his acquaintance.

The conversation that ensued turned on the value of the North American Colonies ; and although a native and a resident of one of them myself, I am free to admit I was not aware of the unlimited extent to which they are dependent on England for their manufactures, until my attention was drawn to it by the lively and pointed sketch of Mr. Slick. His utterance was so rapid that I fear I have missed some parts of his illustration, although I committed the substance of it to paper the same afternoon. I have only to regret that some of the opponents of the Colonies were not present to hear so triumphant a vindication of these neglected and undervalued possessions.

Tabular accounts few men read, and still fewer know how to appreciate. A personal application like the present, which shows the practical working of the trade, could it only be given in his own words, and his own peculiar manner, is worth a hundred of the dull speeches, and still duller articles of the modern political economists, for it establishes beyond all doubt this important fact, that these provinces are as much dependent on England for every article of manufacture used in them, as Oxford or Cambridge is, and that a colonial market is strictly and literally a home market.

I suppose, said Mr. Slick, you didn't come by the Great Western, did you?—I did, sir.—How was rice when you left England, and cotton? Have they riz in markit? How was they quoted when you quit? Biddle made a great spec' in cotton, didn't he. I guess some of the Liverpoolers will pass out of the leetle eend of the horn afore they are done yet, won't they?

These interrogatories, and many others, were all answered with great good-humour by the stranger, who appeared much amused with the ease and freedom of the Clock-

maker's manner. At last Mr. Slick put the never-failing American question, "How do you like the country?" To this Snob replied in terms of great admiration of the beauty of the scenery and the fertility of the soil; but, being of the reform school of politicians, could see nothing that did not require change, and denounced all colonies in general, and the North American ones in particular, as useless and expensive incumbrances; stated his conviction that the day was not far distant when they would demand their independence; that the sooner both parties separated the better it would be for them, and that true wisdom, as well as their mutual interest, dictated immediate separation. He concluded by asking Mr. Slick if he did not concur in that opinion?

Well, said the Clockmaker, I will give you my opinion, free gratis for nothin', if you won't be offended.—Oh! certainly not, said Snob. I shall not only not be offended, but most happy to hear your views; the object of travelling is not to disseminate one's own opinions, but to hear those of others.—Well, then, said Mr. Slick, like begets like in a gineral way, for it's a law of natur'. Horses, do ye see, beget horses, owls beget owls, and asses beget asses—it never fails: and stupid parents seldom nor ever have wise children. Now I ain't a-goin' to say that John Bull is a cussed, stupid, thick-headed old goney, (for I don't mean no offence, stranger, but only to argue it out plain, and nothin' parsonal, and because it wouldn't be pretty talk that,) but I estimate he *is* a considerable some tho', and if Blue-nose is a leetle soft like, a leetle onderbaked or so, why it's no great wonder considerin' the stock he comes of. John Bull has got a'most a grand estate in these colonies, and a'most an excellent market, too, and don't know nothin' about either—fact, I assure you; and if it warn't they speak better English here than the British do, you would fancy yourself at home a'most, *for, everything you hear, see, or touch here, is English.* Jist look at Blue-nose, and see what a woppin', great, big, two-fisted crittur he is: you won't find such a made man nowhere a'most. He is more nor six foot high in

his stocking feet, (and he has got 'em to put on, too, which is more nor half the British have,) as strong as a horse, and as supple as an eel. Well, when he is born, he isn't much bigger than a kitten; a squallin', squeelin, kicken, ongainly little whelp as you ever see a'most. Now, what is the first thing they do with him? Why, they wash the young screetch owl in an English bowl; wrap him up in English flannel, and fasten it with English pins; and then dress him in an English frock, with an English cap trimmed with English lace. If the crittur is sick, they give him English physic with an English spoon; and the very first word he larns to speak is "*English*." As soon as he begins to use his trotters, and run about, he has an English hat, shirt of English linen, coat of English cloth, and shoes of English leather. Arter that they send him to school, an' he writes with an English pen, made from an English quill by an English knife, uses English ink out of an English inkstand, and paper made in your country, and ruled with an English pencil. He spells out of an English dictionary, and reads out of an English book. He has hardly learned what Ampersand means afore they give him a horse, such as it is, and he puts an English bridle into his mouth, and an English saddle on his back, and whips the nasty, spavin'd, broken-winded brute, with an English whip; and when he stumbles, and throws him off, he swears a bushel of horrid English oaths at him. He trims the great, shaggy, bairy beast with English scissors; combs his nasty thick mane with an English comb, and curries his dirty hide with an English curricomb; and then ties him up in his stall with an English halter. Then comes sportin'; and, to give the crittur his due, he ain't a bad shot nother, seein' that he is fond of fowlin', or troutin', or anything but work. Gunnin' is his delight; and a wild-duck, a moose, or a caribboo, when they see him a-comin' to parsecute them, know it's gone goose with them. But where does his gun come from? and his powder? and his shot? and his flask? and his belt? why, clean away from England. Even his flint comes from there, for there ain't a flintstone in all Nova

Scotia ; and if there was, the crittur couldn't cut it into shape so as to be any use. He hante the tools ; and if he had, he don't know how. That 's the reason, I suppose, any one a'most can " fix his flint for him." It's more nateral this should be the case in gunnin' than in fishin' ; but even here the chap can't help himself. Tho' the country is covered with wood, he imports his rod, his net, his line, his leads, and even his flies. He does, upon my soul ! altho' the forest is filled with flies big enough and strong enough to bite thro' a boot. As soon as his beard comes, (and sometimes afore, for I have known boys actilly shave *for* a beard,) why he goes and gets a British glass to admire his young mug in ; he lathers his chin with an English brush and English soap, a-lookin' as big as all out doors, and mows away at it with an English razor, sharpened on a British hone, and stropped on a British strop ; then he puts on an English collar, and ties it up with an English stock, and I hope I may be skinned if he don't call himself an *Englishman*. A chip of the old block he is too : and young Blue-nose is as like old John as two peas, the same proud, consaited, self-sufficient, know-nothin' crittur ; a regular gag, that's a fact.

Why really, sir, said Snob, who was much and very justly offended at this indecent language, I don't understand ——. —Oh ! but you will understand, said Mr. Slick, if you only hear me out. In a giniral way, 'bout this time he begins to feel raither pitikilar, and he pays a visit to the "'tropolis," to see the world, for a man that hante been to the capitol has see'd nothin' ; so, instead of taking a continental trip, as British boys do, he takes a coastin' trip in his father's shollop to that are great city of great men, Halifax. He fills his first office in this life, supercargo of two or three jags of fire-wood, a dozen birch brooms, a basket of bad eggs, a sick calf, and a measly pig ; and, when he has squandered all the proceeds of the plunder a-larnin' to drink and swear like a man, he comes to tell of the wonderful sights he has see'd, and talk reform politics. But look to his vessel, ropes, sails, blocks, anchor, bolts, copper, iron,

compass, and all the other fixin's—where do they come from? Why, from where every part of the vessel except the sappy, buggy, dry-rotted wood she is built with comes from—from England. Look at the old battered watch he is rigged out with, the case half lead, half pewter, that he swapped his wood for on the wharf with a woman with a painted face and dirty stockings, who cheated him by calling him “captain,” and “squire,” and “your honour;” where did that watch, and that old trull come from?—from England, like the rest.

The next thing the sinner looks out for is a gall, for few created critturs go a-gallin' so early as he does. He is hardly cleverly growed up and cut his mother's apron-string afore he is spliced. He never waits till he has a place to put his wife in, or anything to support her with; he trusts luck for that, catches the bird first and then makes the cage. Well, see how he goes about that; he cuts down the trees to build it with an axe of English iron, saws it with an English saw, planes it with an English plane, puts its together with English nails, driven by an English hammer, and then paints it with English paint and an English brush. The sashes has English glass, kept in by English putty; the doors are hung upon English hinges, and secured by English locks (against British thieves tho', for they forgot to reform them afore they shipped them out); the floor is covered with imported carpets, the windows with imported curtains, and the fire made in imported stoves, and fixed with imported tongs and shovels. When he gives a house-warmin' to his friends, for he is rather amorous of a frolick, the plates, knives and forks, decanters and glasses, and everything else, is English, and when the boys and galls go for to dance, hear the musick, that's all! Pretty musick it is too, afore tunes came in fashion, I guess; but hear it. English fifes, English flutes, English drums, English pianos, and English fiddles (not to mention Scotch ones, of which mum is the word). But what's the use of talkin'. If I was to tell you what they have got that they have to send to Britain for, it would take a month; but I'll

tell you what don't come : wood, water, stone, and airth, is all that they can call their own, that doesn't come from England, unless it be a few thousand wooden clocks I introduced here, to let 'em know when grog time of day comes. Well, the next house Blue-nose gets into is a small one, where his nose and his toes touches the roof. You'd think he was done with England now, and that he could take nothin' out of the world with him, no more than he brought into it; but he ain't finished yet. The goney wouldn't die happy if this was the case. He don't like to be separated from English manufactures even in death, for he is so used and so attached to the Old Country, that he calls his own native land Nova Scotia, and England he calls—what do you think now? why, he *calls it "home:"* he does, upon my soul! No, sir, the grave don't part 'em, nor death shut his pan nother, for, as soon as he is stiff, he is dressed in an English shroud, and screwed down with English screws into his coffin, that is covered with English cloth, and has a plate on it of English ware, for the worms to read his name and age on, if they have larned to spell. The minister claps on an English gownd, reads the English sarvice out of an English book, and the grave is filled up agin with airth shovelled in with an English shovel, while every man, woman, and child that bears his name pulls out an English handkerchief, to wipe their eyes and blow their noses with, and buy as much English black cloth, crape, and what not, as would freight a vessel a'most; for, havin' larned the multiplication table airly in life, the number of his descendants would make you stare, I know. His children run the same rig round the same course, till they eend by being packed up in a snug pill-box in the same grave-yard. And yet, John Bull says, colonies are no good. Why the man is a drivelin', snivelin', divelin' idiot, an everlastin' born fool, that's a fact.

This second outbreak was more than the goodnatured stranger could endure, and though amused myself at the rhodomontade style of his argument, I could not but participate in the annoyance he felt at these gross national reflections.

Really, sir, said Snob, this is too much.—I——I'll cut it short then, said Mr. Slick, again misunderstanding him; but it's true, sir, for all that. Now how is colonist *able to pay for all* this almighty swad of manufactured plunder, seein' that he has no gold nor silver; why, mainly *by his timber*, and yet them onfakilised onderbaked goneys, the British, actilly want to tax it and reform out the trade, so as to give a preference to Baltic timber. We don't want colony timber, says they.—Don't you tho', says Blue-nose, then I hope we may be tetotally extinctified if we want your manufactures.—What's the name of your great gun to Canada?—Do you mean Sir John Colbourne? said Snob.—No, replied Mr. Slick, I don't mean the "man-o'-war," I mean the "marchant man." Oh! I have it, Pullet Thompson. Well, Pullet will larn somethin' to Canada about timber he never knew afore, or it ain't no matter. When you see him, stump him; friend Pullet, says you, when a log is hewed and squared, can you tell the south side of it? and if he don't answer it right off the reel (and I'll go my death on it he can't), tell him to send out the Board of Trade, ay, and the Board of Works too, to Sam Slick the Clockmaker, to go to school for a spell, for he is jist the boy can teach 'em something that ain't sot down in the Reform Bill, knowin' coons as they be. Yes, sir, if ever you was to Antwarp, you'd see what it is to lose colonies. When that place belonged to Holland, and had colonial trade, five thousand marchants used to meet on 'Change; now the Exchange is left, but the marchant is gone. Look at the great docks built there at so much expense, and no shipping there. Look at one man-of-war for a navy that has a pennant as long as from to-day to the middle of next week, that can't get out for the Dutch forts, is of no use in, and if it did get out has no place to go to. Bonaparte said he wanted ships, colonies, and commerce; one fool makes many! Every delegate, patriot, and humbug, that goes from here to London, if he gets by accident to a public dinner (for folks to see he ain't black), and is asked for a toast, rises up, lookin' as wise as a donkey, and



says, "Ships, colonies, and commerce!" till it becomes a standin' toast. Bonaparte was a fool, and didn't know what he was a-talkin' about, for *colonies means all three*. Them that lose colonies will lose the other two along with them. Yes, John Bull is a blamed blockhead, a cus—— Excuse me, said the stranger, rising and effecting his escape at last; but really, sir, your language is so offensive you must permit me to retire, and he very properly left the room. —Well, I didn't mean to offend him nother, said Mr. Slick, I vow. There was no occasion for him to hop about as mad as a parched pea that way, was there? I am sorry he kicked afore he was spurred tho', for I was only speakin' in a giniral way like. I wish he had a-heerd me out too, for I was only a-breakin' of the crust when he began to look all wrath that way. I hadn't got rightly into the subject; I only spoke of manufactures, but that is merely one item; there are many other political ones that he never heerd of, *I* know. But what can you expect of such critturs? all they can do is to grunt like a pig at corn time. The way they don't know nothin' is most beautiful, and them that make speeches to England about the colonies too. There ain't, p'raps, no one subject there is so much nonsense talked about as these provinces: it's ridiculous, it makes me larf so it actilly busts my waistcoat buttons off; it fairly gives me a stitch in the side; and I must say I do like, when I get a chance, to "*Snub a Snob*."

## CHAPTER VII.

### PATRIOTISM, OR THE TWO SHEARS'S.

As soon as the conversation related in the preceding chapter had ceased, I committed the heads of it to paper, and as I intended to proceed on the following day to New Brunswick, I retired early, in order to secure a good night's rest. In this expectation, however, I was disappointed. The bar, which adjoined my bed-room, now began to fill with strangers,

travelling to and from the capital, and the thin wooden partition that separated us was insufficient to exclude the noise of so many voices. After a while the confusion gradually subsided, by the greater part of the persons withdrawing to their several apartments, and the conversation assumed a more distinct and intelligible shape. The topic appeared to be the delegation sent from Canada on the subject of alleged grievances, and I was glad to find that, with the exception of one or two noisy illiterate persons, every individual deplored the agitation that had recently affected the colonies, and denounced the system of "grievance-mongering" that had prevailed of late years, as having a tendency to retard the real improvement of the country, and discourage the loyal and respectable portion of the inhabitants.

Jist so, said a person, whose voice I at once recognised as that of Mr. Slick's—jist so, stranger : you are jist about half right, and there is no two ways about it. Delegations are considerable nice jobs for them who want a ride across the Atlantic at the public expense, for nothin' ; for demagogues, place-hunters, and humbugs that want to make the natives stare when they get back, by telling how big they talked, and what great things they did, to the great people and to the big-wigs to home. *I* did this,—*I* did that,—and soon. That's what Mackenzie did when he told his folks to Canada, when he returned from delegatin', that he seed the King, who was very civil to him, and took a glass of grog with him ; and told him he was sorry he could not ask him to dine with him that day, for the Queen was very busy, as it was whitewashin' day to the palace, and they was all in hubbub. —For, Mac., said he (smilin' like a rael salt-water sailor), these leetle things, you know, must be done for kings as well as subjects, and women is women, whether their petticoats are made of silk or cotton, and the dear critturs will have their own way,—eh, Mac. ! Our washin' we put out, but house cleanin' must be done in the house or not done at all, and there is no two ways about it : you understand one, Mac. ? Tell my people, when you return, if my governors don't

behave better, d—n 'em, I'll hang one or two of them as an example! Good-b'ye, Mac.—And some on 'em was fools enough to believe the goney and his everlastin' lockrums, that's a fact. Yes, delegations play the very old Nick with a country. They hurt its credit, stop emigration, reform out decent folks, and injure its trade. People are afeer'd of a country where there is agitation, for agitation is what the doctors call in cholera the premonitory symptom; a sign that if *active* measures are not taken, rebellion ain't far off. But you colony chaps are gulled from year's eend to year's eend, hang me if you ain't. You are a nation sight too well off, so you be, and if you was taxed like us Yankees, or the ignorant British, and had to move round and mind your stops, so as to make two eends cleverly meet together when the year is out, it would be better for you, I guess. One half of you don't know what you are talkin' about; and t'other half are goin' the whole figur' for patriotism.

Lord, I shall never forget a rise I once took out of an old Colonel, to Bangor, the Honorable Conrad Corncob. He rose to be a gineral arterwards, but then he was only a kurnel, and it's very odd, but you can tell a kurnel as far as you can see him. They're all got a kind of schoolmaster look, as much as to say, I am bothered to death with my boys, and will wallop the first one I catch like blazes that comes with his "please, sir, may I go out?"—"Master, here's Pete a-scroudgein," and so on. It's all wrote as plain in their face as a handbill. Well, he was ravin' about the disputed territory, a-blowin' up Mr. Harvey, the Governor of New Brunswick, sky high, and sayin' what he would do agin' the Britishers; and, at last he says, a-turnin' to me, and a-rollin' up his eyes like a duck in thunder—Mr. Slick, says he, "*dulce est pro patria mori.*"—What in natur' is that? says I, gineral, for I've forgot what little Latin minister larned me to night-school; and, in fact, I never was any great shakes at it, that's a fact.—Why, says he, "it's a sweet thing to die for one's country."—Well, I don't know, says I, what you may think, but somehow or another, I kinder

think it's a plaguy sight sweeter thing to live by one's country ; and besides, says I, I don't translate that are Latin line that way, at all.—Possible? says he : I don't see no other meanin' to it, at all.—I do then, says I, and this is the way I turn it into English : “*mori*” the more I get, “*pro patria*” by the country, “*dulce est*” the sweeter it is. And that's what I call patriotism in these days.—Says he, Mr. Slick, and he looked all round to see nobody was within hearin', and then puttin' his fingers on his nose, says he, Mr. Slick, I see you are up to snuff, and that it ain't easy to pull the wool over your eyes ; but atween you and me and the post, it wouldn't be a bad thing to be on full pay as a gineral for the winter months, when a body can't do no business in the timber line to home, would it? and my two sons on the staff, one on 'em with the rank of captain and the other of major ; do you take?—To be sure I do, says I. I take well enough ; and if them Maine folks will be such almighty “*maniacks*,” as I call 'em, as to send out troops to the Brunswick line, you'd be a fool if you didn't make your ned out o' them as well as anybody else, that's a fact.—But, Mr. Slick, said he, mum is the word, you know ; keep dark about it, and I'll show you how to put the leake into folks ; and then turnin' round and puttin' himself in the fix of Webster, Clay, and some o' them great guns, he made as if he was addressin' of an assembly of citizens. Now, said he, I'll show you how I talk into them about the boundary. “*Will you sell your birth-right, my fellow citizens? will you sell your birth-right to the proud and insolent British? I await your answer. Will none speak? Then none will be so base. Will you tamely submit to have your sacred soil polluted by benighted foreigners? No ; let Maine answer indignantly, No ; let Florida echo it back ; let the mountains and valleys, the lakes and the rivers, take it up, and reverebrate in thunder, No ! No, fellow citizens, let us rather rally round the star-spangled banner of our great and glorious country. Let us, choosing that day that is consecrated to fame by the blood and heroism of our ancestors, the great*

day of independence, plant our flag on the territory, and rampart it round with the bodies of our free and enlightened citizens. ‘Dulce est pro patria mori.’”—And then he bust out a-larfin’, and staggered like over to the sophy, and laid down and haw-hawed like thunder.—Well, Slick, said he, when he came to, what darned fools mankind are, to be so easily gulled by that are word patriotism! ain’t they? It fairly beats all, don’t it?—Now, strangers, said the Clock-maker, that’s pretty much the case with delegations. As long as them missions are profitable things, delegates will be as plenty and grievances as thick as hops. If I was the minister I would receive them folks very civilly, and attend to their business if they had any, *and was recommended by the Governor*: but I never would encourage agitation, and hold out a premium for it, by rewardin’ *agitators themselves* with appointments. *A trade won’t be followed long that ain’t a profitable one, that’s a fact.* I’ll tell you a story.—Do, said the company; let’s hear your story: and the motion of the chairs indicated a closing in of the listeners round the speaker.—About forty years ago, or thereabouts, I think it is, said Mr. Slick, if my memory sarves me right, there was a rebellion to Ireland. Patriots were as thick as toads, arter a rain storm; they was found in every man’s path a’most, and they stirred up a tempestical time of it, you may depend. They began with grievances and speech-makin’, and all that are sort of thing, jist as they did t’other day to Canidy, and it eended the same way. It was put down arter a good many poor deluded critturs lost their lives in the field. Then came the day of reckonin’, and they caught some o’ the leaders and hanged them, tho’ most of the first chopmen cut and run, as they always do in such like cases, considerable cranky. Among the rest that they nabbed was two brothers, the two Shears’s. Well, folks pitied these two men a good deal, too; they said they raily was in airnest, and had no private eends to sarve, like most of the patriots, but was led astray by artful men. They said that nothin’ could excuse the horrid murders, and blood, and distress caused by their

doin's; but still, somehow or another, there was so much courage and darin', and eloquence, and elevation of mind like, about these men, they did railly grudge the gallus its due, that time, anyhow, and kind o' sorter felt as if they 'd a-been glad if they had got off. But no. Nothin' would do. Government said a just severity would be marcy in the eend, for it would deter men from follerin' sich a bad example, and they was jist hanged and beheaded. It excited quite a sensation like. People felt considerable streaked about it, pitied 'em, mourned 'em, and, as usual, forgot 'em. Well, last summer I was to Dublin, and, arter I had finished my trade there, havin' a little time on my hands, I goes about to see the Castle, Custom House, College, and what not of curosities; for Dublin is worth seein', I tell you; it takes the shine off of most cities, and at last I heard there was a place under St. Michan's church where bodies never decayed one mite or morsel, but kept as fresh as the day they died, and as sweet as a pot of butter in an ice-house. So, thinks I, that's curous too; hang me if I don't go and see it. I have heerd tell of such a thing, but I never see the like of that, and it must be worth lookin' at. So off I sot, with an old East India Captain, that was a-stayin' there, to the Shelburne Inn, to Stephen's-green—quite a spooney old boy as you'd see in a hundred—and when I got to the church, I hired the old saxton woman, or whatever they call her, to let me in. What does she do but lights two candles; one on 'em she gives me, and t'other one she keeps in her own hand, and, onlockin' the door, down we goes into the vault. Well, there warn't any onpleasant smell in it at all, tho' the floor seem covered with fat crumbly black soil like, that felt greasy onder foot, and, as far as I know, might a-been human; and railly, as I am a livin' sinner, I hope I may die this blessed minit if the corpses warn't jist as nateral as life. Well, there were three on 'em on the floor: two on 'em, that was men, had their heads off; but the third was a woman; and the coffins had rolled off and fallen away to powder; and they had nothin' over them at all, but there they laid on the floor

like dead dogs, as naked as when they was born. Well, says I to the woman, says I, if that don't beat all, too : why nothin' has decayed about them men, but the chords of their necks. Their heads is off; how strange that is, ain't it? what made their heads go for it? and no other part? what on airth is the meanin' o' that?—Here another general move of the chairs in the bar-room showed the increasing interest of the company in his narrative, as they closed in still further, and contracted their circle.—Why, their heads ain't gone, your honor, said she (for all Irish people say your honor to you when there is anything to be got by it), they have got them in their laps, and are a-holdin' of them in their hands : see, and she lifted up one of their heads, and turned its ghastly face round towards me, and its eyeless socket stared horrid; while the mouth, all contracted, showed the teeth and looked wicked ugly, I tell you, with an expression o' pain and sufferin' that was dreadful to behold. I didn't get *that head* out o' *my head* one while, I tell you. It fairly harnted me; and I fancied I seed it arterwards, when I went to bed, for the matter of two or three nights, one arter the other. Dead bodies ain't very pretty things at no time; I can't jist say I am fond of them, and I 'most wonder somehow, how doctors don't get sick of them too. Brother Eldad was always a-buyin' of them, jist for the pleasure of whitlin' of them, with his knife, and every draw and trunk he had, a'most, had an arm, or leg, or somethin' or another in it. I believe in my soul, he never buried one agin' that he dug up, for he seemed to owe the worms a grudge, so he did; but, as I was a-sayin', they had their heads in their laps. Well, says I to the old woman, says I, is that St. Denis? for he is the only man I ever heerd tell of that undertook to walk off with his head onder his arm arter that fashion—who onder the sun is he?—Why, says she, them two men are two brothers : they was hanged and beheaded in the rebellion; they are "*the two Shears's*;" hante they kept well intirely. Now give that cratur next to your honor, said she, a prod with the foot and turn him over, and see how beau-

tiful the corpse looks, where the air ain't come to the back. No, says I, not I indeed; I always feel kinder onswoggled like, at dead bodies; it makes my flesh crawl all over, and I won't lay foot to him for nothin', a'most, for it's ondecant to kick 'em about with your foot that way, as if it was a carcass of pork.—Why they won't bite your honor, said she, tho' they do show their teeth; and, by the powers, I am not afeered of any man that ever was, dead or alive; so I'll give him a roll over if you'd like to see the other side of him. He is as light as a baby, he is so dry.—No, says I, jist let him be; it don't seem jist altogether right. Let him be where he is.—Well, then, said she, obsarve, your honor, how nateral the limbs look. See the great toe, how it forks out, strainin' as if seekin' for support for the body, when hangin'; and the chords of the legs, how hard and cramp't they be. The hands, too, are convulsed, and the fingers clenched in the agonies like of a violent death. It's a beautiful sight entirely. People say they are great curositites, them, and that it's worth goin' many a long mile to see, and a crown piece to get a sight of them. Most gentlemen give me five shillings for my trouble; and once, Lord Argent gave me a sov—

Well, well, says I, a-stoppin' of her gab about the pay, for women in a general way never lose sight of the main chance one blessed minit—well, says I, “is this the reward of patriotism,” to be hanged and beheaded, and then left kicking about here on the floor, like dead rats? Lawful heart! why don't them patriots (for some on 'em are at the top of the pot now) why don't they clap 'em into a coffin, bury 'em decently, and put a monument over them, and show their pity or their gratitude, if they have any. If it ain't fit to make a fuss about folks that was hanged, and they actilly did desarve what they caught that time, why on airth hante they the decency to inter 'em privately, and jist put up a stone with their names on it, to show where they be, and who they be? It's enough to make a man sick of patriotism this, I'll be hanged myself if it ain't. It is hard to say which



is wus, to see patriots forgit their country, or the country forgotten patriots, for it happens both ways.—Don't call it patriotism, said the Sea-Captain, who stood all the time a-sniflin' and a-snivelin' like a child, (he did, upon my soul!) don't dignify the crime o' rebellion, which is an offence against the laws of God and man, by such a name. The innocent blood which they caused to be poured out like water called for the just but heavy retribution of shedding their own.—Well, says I, them whose cause they took hold on might bury 'em, at any rate. It wouldn't hurt 'em one mite or morsel to do that much, I am sure.—Patriots, said he, in gineral, are too busy in consartin' schemes for their own aggrandizement to have time to think of the dead, or care for the livin' either. The very name of patriot awakens no other idea than that of the cowardly assassin, or midnight incendiary. Patriotism and the worst species of crime have become synonymous.—Call 'em *Pat-riots*, then, says I, if you please, or christen them anything you like; but they ought to be buried, anyhow.—So they had ought, said he. Poor unfortunate men! the victims of your own folly, and the villany of your more subtle and designing accomplices, I pity you—I pity you from my heart, and will ask permission to perform the last sad office for you, and see that your bodies repose in peace at last. Ah! my good friend, said he, had they read their Bible more, and seditious pamphlets less, they might have escaped this ignominious end. They would have observed the precept of the Psalmist. “Fear God, honour the King, *and meddle not with them that are given to change.*”—Stranger, said I,—for I didn't see what right he had for to go for to preach to me,—as for fearin' the Lord, says I, I guess I was always brought up to that since I was knee high, or so, to a chaw of tobacco; and as for a king, we hante got none, and ain't likely to have one. We have nothin' but a President, and he is a divil outlawed, for he is nothin' but a miserable despicable Loco Foco. Now, says I, if you can find anywhere that an everlastin' miserable skunk of a Loco Foco is desarvin' of honour, why——; but

he wouldn't hear me out, but jist walked away a bit, a-sayin' of oh! oh! oh! as if he had a fit of the cholic, and a-wavin' of his hand up and down, as a freemason does at a funeral. The crittur was a considerable of a spooney, that's a fact; but, greenhorn as he was, he warn't far out in his latitude about politics, I tell you. Whenever I hear how sweet it is to die for one's country, patriotism, and such stuff, I always think of them two Shears's, and the reward they got at the time, and now receive from posterity, "*for meddlin' with them that are given to change.*"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### TOO KNOWING BY HALF.

INSTEAD of embarking at Windsor in the steamer for New Brunswick, as we had originally designed, Mr. Slick proposed driving me in his waggon to Horton by the Mount Denson route, that I might have an opportunity of seeing what he pronounced to be some of the most beautiful scenery in the province. Having arranged with the commander of the boat to call for us at the Bluff, we set out accordingly a few hours before high-water, and proceeded at our leisure through the lower part of Falmouth. Mr. Slick, as the reader no doubt has observed, had a good deal of extravagance of manner about him, and was not less remarkable for his exaggeration of language, and therefore I was by no means prepared to find a scene of such exquisite beauty as now lay before me. I had seen at different periods of my life a good deal of Europe, and much of America; but I have seldom seen anything to be compared to the view of the Basin of Minas and its adjacent landscape, as it presents itself to you on your ascent of Mount Denson: and yet, strange to say, so little is it known or appreciated here, that I never recollect to have heard it spoken of before as anything remarkable. I am not writing a book of travels, and shall not

attempt, therefore, to describe it. I am sketching character, and not scenery, and shall content myself by recommending all American tourists to visit Mount Denson. It is an old saying of the French, that he who has not seen Paris has seen nothing. In like manner, he who travels on this continent, and does not spend a few days on the shores of this beautiful and extraordinary basin, may be said to have missed one of the greatest attractions on this side of the water. Here, too, may be studied the phenomena of tides, that are only presented to the same extent in one other part of the world ; while the mineralogist and geologist will find much to employ and interest him. It possesses, also, the charm of novelty. It lies out of the beaten track, and is new. In these days of steam how long will this be the case anywhere ? While musing on this subject my attention was directed by Mr. Slick, who suddenly reined up his horse, to a scene of a different description.

There, said he, there is a pictur' for you, squire. Now that's what minister would call love in a cottage, or rural felicity, for he was fond of fine names was the old man.—A neat and pretty little cottage stood before us as we emerged from a wood, having an air of comfort about it not often found in the forest, where the necessities of life demand and engross all the attention of the settler. Look at that crittur, said he, Bill Dill Mill. There he sets on the gate, with his go-to-meetin' clothes on, a-doing of nothing, with a pocket full of potatoes, cuttin' them up into small pieces with his jackknife, and teachin' a pig to jump up and catch 'em in his mouth. It's the schoolmaster to home, that. And there sets his young wife a-balancin' of herself on the top rail of the fence opposite, and a-swingin' her foot backward and and forrerd, and a-watchin' of him. Ain't she a heavenly splice that ? By Jacob's spotted cattle, what an ankle she has ! Jist look ! a rael corn-fed heifer that, ain't she ? She is so plump she'd shed rain like a duck. Them Bluenoses do beat all in galls, I must say, for they raise some desperate handsome ones. But then there is nothin' *in* that crittur.

She is nothin' but wax-work—no life there ; and he looks tired of his bargain already,—what you called fairly onswaggled. Now don't speak loud, for if she sees us she'll cut and run, like a weasel. She has got her hair all covered over with paper-curls, and stuck thro' with pins, like a porcupine's back. She's for a tea-squall to-night, and nothin' vexes women like bein' taken of a nonplush this way by strangers. That's matrimony, squire, and nothin' to do ; a honeymoon in the woods, or young love grow'd ten days old. Oh, dear ! if it was me, I should yawn so afore a week, I should be skeerd lest my wife should jump down my throat. To be left alone that way idle, with a wife that has nothin' to do and nothin' to say, if she was as pretty as an angel, would drive me melancholy mad. I should either get up a quarrel for vanity sake, or go hang myself to get out of the scrape. A tame, vacant, doll-faced, idle gall ! O Lord ! what a fate for a man who knows what's what, and is up to snuff ! Who the plague can live on sugar-candy ? I am sure I couldn't. Nothin' does for me like honey ; arter a while I get to hate it like sin ; the very sight of it is enough for me. Vinegar ain't half so bad ; for that stimulates, and you can't take more nor enough of it if you would. Sense is better nor looks any time ; but when sense and looks goes together, why then a woman is worth havin', that's a fact. But the best of the joke is, that crittur Bill Dill Mill has found out he "knows too much," and is most frettin' himself to death about it. He is actilly pinin' away, so that it will soon take two such men put together to make a shadow ; and this I will say, that he is the first feller ever I met that actilly was "*too knowin' by half.*" But time progresses, and so must we, I guess.

The noise of the waggon, as Mr. Slick anticipated, soon put the young bride of the woods to flight, and a few hasty and agile bounds carried her to the house ; but her curiosity proved quite as strong as her vanity, for the paper head was again visible, peeping over the window-blind. The bridegroom put up his knife with an air of confusion, as if he was half ashamed of his employment, and, having given a nod of

recognition to Mr. Slick, turned, and followed his wife into the cottage.

That is the effect, said Mr. Slick, of a want of steady habits of industry. That man lives by tradin', and bein' a cute chap, and always gitting the right eend of the bargain, folks don't think it a profitable business to sell always to a loss; so he says he is ruined by *knowin' too much*.—Ah! said he to me the other day, I don't know what on airth I shall do, Mr. Slick; but I am up a tree, you made depend. It's gone goose with me, I tell you. People have such a high opinion of my judgment, and think I *know so much*, they won't buy nor sell with me. If I go to an auction, and bid, people say, Oh, if Bill Dill Mill bids, then it must be cheap, and it goes beyond its valy right away. If I go to sell anything, every one thinks I wouldn't sell it if I hadn't a very good reason for it, for I am *too knowin'* for that. If I offer to swap, I only stamp a valy on the thing I want, and put it right out of my reach; for the owner wouldn't let me have it at no rate, but doubles his price, and goes and says, Bill Dill Mill offered me so much for it, and everybody knows he only offers half a thing is worth. I can't hire a help for what anybody else can, for the same reason; and I had to marry before I was ready, or had quite made up my mind to it; for I knew folks would think twice as much of my gall as soon as they knew I was after her. Darn it, said he, if they said I was a fool, I wouldn't a-minded it a bit; or said it was luck, or anything. Indeed, I don't know as I wouldn't as lif they'd call me a rogue, as say for ever and ever, *Oh, he is too knowin' by half*. It's the devil, that's a fact. Before this misfortin came I used to do a considerable smart chance of business; but now it's time for me to cut dirt and leave the country. I believe I must hang out the G. T. T. sign.—Why what the plague is that? says I.—Gone to Texas, said he. What else on airth shall I do? I have nothin' to see to, and the day seems twice as long as it used to did.—Ah! says I, I have heerd folks say so afore, when they was jist new married. But I see what you want;

you want excitement. How would politics do? It's a wide field, and some considerable sport in it, too. Agitate the country; swear the Church is a-goin' to levy tithes, or dissenters to be taxed to support them, or that the Governor is a-goin' to have martial law. Call office-holders by the cant terms of compact cliques and official gang, and they will have to gag you with a seat in the council, or somethin' or another, see if they don't.—No, said he, a-shakin' of his head; poor business that; there is nothin' to be made by it, as far as I see, but inimies; and, besides, people are fond of a change; they get tired of professions at last, and jist as you are a-going to reap the advantage another feller outbids you and carries off the prize. No, that won't do.

Well, preachin', says I, how would that answer? Take up some new pinte, and you will have lots of folks to hear you; and the more extravagant the better. Go the whole figur' for "religious liberty;" is has no meanin' here, where all are free, but it's a catchword, and sounds well. You don't want ordination now-a-days; it's out of fashion; give yourself a call; it's as good as any other man's call. A man that can't make himself a preacher is a poor tool, that's a fact, and not fit to make convarts.—Hem! says he, I was a-thinkin' of that, for ministers fare well in a gineral way, that's sartin; and a travellin' about, and a-livin' on the best, and sleepin' in the spare bed always, ain't a bad move nother; but I hante the gift of the gab, I am afeerd, and I couldn't come it no how I could fix it.—Well, 'tis awkward, says I, to be thought *too knowin' by half, too*; did any one ever accuse you of bein' too *industrious by half*?—What do you mean by that? said he, a little grumpy like.—Nothin', says I, but what I say. Get a spinnin'-wheel for your wife, and a plough for yourself; work more, and trade less; live by your labour, and not by your wits; and the day, instead of being so 'tarnal long, won't be long enough by a jug-full. Instead of bein' "*too knowin' by half*," you don't "*know half enough*," or you 'd know that.

Fact, I assure you, squire; if that crittur had really been

a knowin' one, the name of it wouldn't a-fixed his flute for him, for there is always a why for every wherefore in this world. There is a thousand ways for managing that. Now I got the name myself. Them tricks in the clock-trade I told you, I didn't think you would go right away and publish; but you did, and it put people on their guard, so there was no doin' nothin' with them for some time hardly; and if I went to say a civil thing, people looked shy at me, and called out, "Soft Sawder." Well, what does I do? Instead of goin' about mopin' and complainin' that I was "too knowin' by half," I sot myself about repairin' damage, and gitten up something new; so I took to phrenology. "Soft Sawder" by itself requires a knowledge of paintin', of light and shade, and drawin' too. You must know character. Some people will take a coat put on by a white-wash brush as thick as porridge; others won't stand it if it ain't laid on thin, like copal, and that takes twenty coats to look complete; and others, agin, are more delicates still, so that you must lay it on like gold leaf, and that you have to take up with a camel's hair brush, with a little pomatum on the tip of it, and hold your breath while you are a-spreadin' of it out, or the leastest grain of air from your nose will blow it away. But still, whether laid on thick or thin, a cute person can tell what you are at; though it tickles him so while you are a-doin' of it, he can't help showin' how pleased he is. But your books played the divil with me; folks wouldn't let me do it at all arter they came out, at no rate; first civil word always brought out the same answer. Ah! now, that's your "Soft Sawder;" that won't do.—Won't it tho', says I. I'll give you the same ingredients in a new shape, and you will swaller it without knowin' it, or else I am mistakend, that's all. So now, when I enter a location, arter a little talk about this, that, or the other, I looks at one of the young grow'd up galls airnest like, till she says, Mr. Slick, what on airth are you a-lookin' at?—Nothin', says I, my dear, but a most remarkable developement.—A what? says she.—A remarkable developement, says I, the most remarkable,

too, I ever seed since I was raised.—Why, what in natur' is that? says she.—Excuse me, Miss, says I, and I gets up, and puts my finger on her crown. What benevolence! says I, and firmness of character! did you ever!—and then, says I, a-passin' my finger over the eye brow, you ought to sing well, *positively*; it's your own fault if you don't, for you have uncommon pitikilar powers that way. Your time is large, and tune great; yes, and composition is strong.—Well, how strange! says she; you *have* guessed right, I swear, for I do sing, and am allowed to have the best ear for musick in all these clearin's. How on airth can you tell? If that don't pass!—Tell! says I; why it's what they call phrenology, and a most beautiful study it is. I can read a head as plain as a book; and this I will say, a finer head than yourn I never *did* see, *positively*. What a splendid forehead you have! it's a sight to behold. If you was to take pains you could do anything a'most. Would you like to have it read, Miss? Well, arter hearin' me pronounce aforehand at that rate, she is sure to want it read, and then I say I won't read it aloud, Miss; I'll whisper it in your ear, and you shall say if I am right.—Do, says she; I should like to see what mistakes you'll make, for I can't believe it possible you can tell; it don't convene to reason, does it?

Nothin', squire, never stops a woman when her curocity is once up, especially if she be curous to know somethin' about herself. Only hold a secret out in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat; she'll jump, and frisk, and frolic round you like anything, and never give over purrin' and coaxin' of you till she gets it. They'll do anything for you a'most for it. So I slides out my knee for a seat, and says, it's no harm, Miss, you know, for Ma is here, and I must look near to tell you; so I draws her on my knee, without waiting for an answer. Then gradually one arm goes round the waist, and t'other hand goes to the head, bumpologizin', and I whispers—wit, paintin', judgment, fancy, order, musick, and every good thing a'most. And she keeps a-sayin'—Well, he's a witch! well, how strange!



lawful heart! Well, I want to know!—now I never! do tell!—as pleased all the time as anything. Lord! squire, you never see anything like it; it's Jerusalem fine fun. Well, then I wind up by touchin' the back of her head hard (you know, squire, what they call the *amative* bumps are located there,) and then whisper a bit of a joke to her about her makin' a very very lovin' wife, and so on, and she jumps up a-colour-in' and a-sayin'—It's no such a thing. You missed that guess, anyhow. Take that for not guessin' better!—and pretendin' to slap me, and all that; but actilly ready to jump over the moon for delight. Don't my clocks get fust admired and then boughthen arter this readin' of heads, that's all? Yes; that's the beauty of phrenology. You can put a clock into their heads when you are a-puttin' other fine things in, too, as easy as kiss my hand. I have sold a nation lot of them by it.

The only thing ag'in phrenology is, it's a little bit dangerous. It's only fit for an old hand like me, that's up to trap, for a raw one is amazin' apt to get spooney. Taking a gall on your knee that way, with one hand on her heart, that goes pitty-pat, like a watch tickin', and the other a-rovin' about her head a-discoverin' of bumps, is plaguy apt to make a fool of you without your knowing of it. Many a bird has got fascinated so afore now, that, do what it would, it couldn't get away. It might flutter and struggle a little; but at last it would fall as helpless as anything, right down. But then a fool is a fool all the world over. For my part I am not afeerd of none of them. This, squire, is what I call reason, and knowin' the world. A wise man is never taken at a nonplush. But Bill Dill Mill is a noodle, and such a one, too, as it would take seven fools and a philosopher to make, and even then they wouldn't make no part of a primin' to him. He has got everything to larn yet, that feller, for a crittur that is "*too knowin' by half*" may know too much for other folks' good, but he don't know "*half enough*" for his own, that's a fact.

## CHAPTER IX.

## MATRIMONY.

TALKIN' of that young bride of Bill Dill Mill, and phrenology, continued the Clockmaker, puts me in mind of a conversation I had with minister about women, jist afore I came down here the last time. The old man was advisin' of me to marry, and settle down to Slickville, into what he called "a useful member of society." Poor old crittur! he is so good himself, he thinks no harm of no one, and looks on a gall as a rose without a thorn, or an angel in petticoats, or somethin' of that kind; but book-larned men seldom know nothin' but books, and there is one never was printed, yet worth all they got on their shelves, which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves of, for they don't onderstand the handwritin', and that is—human natur'. On most subjects no man could advise better nor minister; but on the question of woman he is as dreamy as a poet, chock full of romance and nonsense, and actilly talks blank varse, where the rhyme is left out. It's considerable of a long yarn, but it will give you some idea what an innocent, pure-hearted, dear old crittur he is; indeed, among our ministers he is actilly at the top of the pot. He is quite "a case," I do assure you.

One arternoon, as we was a-sittin' together smokin', says he, awakin' up out of one of his bouts of cypherin' in his head, Sam, says he, it 's most time you was thinkin' of settlin' yourself in the world. By all accounts you are considerable well to do now, and have made an everlastin' sight of money among the Blue-noses to Nova Scotia: you should look round for a help-mate, and pick yourself out a rael, complete, right-down good wife. There is nothin' like matrimony, nothin' like home, nothin' on airth to be compared to a vartuous woman. They are somethin' better than men, and somethin' jist a little less than angels, when you can fall in with one of the right kind. Oh, a right-minded, sound-minded, and pure-minded woman, is the greatest and best work of

God. Man was made out of gross materials, of nothin' but clay and spittle; but woman, she was made out of the rib of man, twice refined and remoulded, as it were, from a substance that had been cleared of its dross by a process of previous formation. She was the last work of creation; the best, the most finished, the most beautiful. Man is aithenware, coarse, rude, rough, and onseemly. Woman is porcelain, a crittur highly finished and delicate. Man was made for knockin' about, he is tough and strong; but woman, to be taken care of and handled gently. What a sweet thing is innocence, Sam; how beautiful to contemplate, how lovely to associate with! As a philosopher, I admire purity in the abstract; but, as man and a Christian, I love it when personified. Purity in a child, of such is heaven; purity in woman, of such also is the realms of bliss; but purity in man—oh, Sam, I am most afeerd, sometimes, there ain't much of it any where now a days, I snore: but matrimony, Sam, is a state ordained by God, not only to carry out his great purposes that is above our comprehension, but also for our happiness; yes, it is a nateral state, and a considerable of a pleasant one too, when well considered and rightly entered upon. Don't put it off too long, Sam; don't wait till the heart ossifies.—Ossifies! says I; why what the plague is that, minister?—Why, Sam, says he, you ought to be ashamed to axe that are question. I do believe, in my soul, you have forgot all you ever learned while tradin' among them benighted critturs in the British Provinces. Ossifies, means growin' into a hard substance like a bone.—Oh, says I, now I see, and that's the reason of the old sayin' when a man licks his wife like a sack, "I've got a bone to pick with you, my dear," says he, and shows the crittur's heart is ossified. There are some men, I know, that would find it the luckiest thing that ever happened them to have their hearts ossified, if it took that turn sometimes. You may rave as much as you please, minister, about purity, and porcelain ware, and vartue, and all that are sort of thing, till you are tired, but there are some

women I've seed that have more of the devil and less of the angel in 'em than you are a-thinkin' on, *I* can tell you. Regular built bruisers too; claw your eyes right out, like a Carolina geuger, and walk right into you afore you know where you be.—Well, said he, p'raps so; it mought be the case since the fall, but that's mostly our own faults, our own bringin' of them up: but I was a goin' to explain to you about the heart. As we grow old, it hardens, and loses its feelin'. When we are young it is as sensitive as anything; you can't hardly touch it without givin' it pain or pleasure. It is so cute, and beats so strong and quick that its sensations are plaguy powerful. Well, as we advance in years, the outer coverin' of it hardens; and gets as rough as the bark of a hemlock tree, and when you peel that off, then there is a hard, close, tough rind all round it, and inside that another, they call the inner *cu—tickle*. Ingratitude, and disappointment, and onkindness, and the wear-and-tear of the world, does this, so as to defend the heart from sufferin' pain all the time. I guess it's a wise provision of natur', a marcfil dispensation that. If we don't feel so much pleasure, we feel less pain; we *have less and less heart*, until we get gradually weaned from airthly things, and put our affections on things above. The passions cease to play, and reason begins to dominate in their place. We are less the critturs of feelin', and more the subjects of wisdom. You apprehend me, Sam, don't you?—It's as plain as a pike-staff, says I, and as clear as mud. That ossified skin you talk of puts me in mind of them nasty, dirty, horrid critturs, the Scotch and Irish peasants. They don't wear no shoes and stockings, but go barefooted, and their soles become as hard as the hoofs of jackasses; and them little, short-legged, hairy Highlanders kick every bit as hard, and twice as wicked, as donkeys too. They are shockin' critturs them, for if there's a part about a man or woman that's not fit to be seen at no time, it's the foot. Women that go that way put me in mind of a divin' duck there is to Labrador, that has a red shank and a black-webbed foot; our sailors call 'em the immigrant

ladies; and them ducks act exactly like the galls, too, a-flirtin' and a-frolickin' about like fun. You 'll see a duck now, minister, sailin' round and round about her mate, ever so slow, to attract his attention, like; and when he sees her and makes up to her, smirkin' and courtin', she jist downs with her head and ups with her legs, and away she dives right out of sight in no time, leavin' him alone, starein' and wonderin' like a fool. That gets his dander up immediately, and when he sees her come up agin, off he sets arter her hot foot, and she gives him the dodge agin; and when they get tired of that fun, they sail off together a-liftin' up their heads and a-gabblin' away like anything, so pleased. Rompin' seems kinder nateral to all created critturs, and the female is every where a-tormentin', wicked, teasin', little toad. Natur' is natur', that's a fact.—Well, Sam, said he, larfin', for a man that minds the main chance tolerable well as you do, I never seed one yet so amazin' full of nonsense as you be; you have such strange ideas as never entered into no soul's head but your own, I do believe: and yet, as you say, mirth and playfulness does seem kinder nateral: the Latin poet, Virgil, if you hante forgot all you ever larned to night-school with me, has beautifully illustrated that. He then said some Latin about a gall peltin' her spark with apples, but I misremember the words.—Perhaps he quoted the lines, said I,

Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella  
Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.

Ay, said Mr. Slick, them's the very identical ones.—Now, says minister, that is natur', for he was natur's poet, was Virgil.—Natur', says I; I guess it is natur'. A little innocent rompin', (it must be innocent tho', minister, said I, and I looked up to him as demure as you please,) is what I call *primitive* and nateral, and I must say, I am shocking fond of a little of it myself.—You are right, said he, to say innocent, Sam, for nothin' that's not innocent ever gives real pleasure; nothin' that's impure can be happy. The fact is, I don't jist

altogether like that word rompin'; it's a coarse thing, and a vulgar thing, and only fit for such benighted critturs as them in the British Provinces; say mirth, innocent mirth, and then I agree with you: *that* I do approbate. I delight in *that*; it's a sign of a sweet disposition, a pure mind, and a light heart. But mirth is different from rompin'. It don't admit, as rompin' does, of obstropolus noise, nor ticklin', nor screamin', and things that don't seem quite decent; call it mirth, and I won't non-concur you.—You may call it what convenes you, minister, says I, but still it's the identical same thing, that's a fact. It puts life into a body. It piques you, and raises your dander like: I must say, I like a romp dearly. Now, that's the reason married folks are so everlastin' striped; they never romp. It makes me feel skery of matrimony, to see it so heavy and sour: I don't wonder so many folks to Slickville have got the dyspepsy; the only thing I wonder at is, how they can digest it at all. I guess, now, if a married woman was to imitate that are divin' duck, give her husband the dodge now and then, and, whenever he came near hand to her, jist race off and let him chase her, she'd—Ahem! says minister, ahem! Sam, we won't illustrate, we won't enter into details, if you please; where was we when we got off into this rompin' digression. —Why, says I, you was advisin' of me to get married afore my heart got bonafied.—Ossafied, said he, I didn't say bonafied. I wish it was a bona fide one, that's a fact. True, Sam, marry airly, marry before the feelin's become blunted, and before you grow suspicious and cold. All our young emotions are good and generous; but we become jealous, selfish, and mean, as we advance in years. At first we see nothin' but the roses and flowers of life afore us, and our young eyes are so good, and our vision so cute, the colours all look bright and beautiful, and we can distinguish all the tints and shades ever so far off, as plain as can be. Well, away we go to gather them, to make 'em into garlands and weave 'em into wreaths, and never think of the ten thousand million of thorns that are onder the leaves, and are all over

the bushes. Well, first we tear all our clothes to tatters, and then we prick our fingers, and inflammation and fester comes; and run 'em into our feet, and contraction and lameness comes; and scratch our little faces till the tears run down our cheeks and mingle with it. But that ain't the worst of it by a long chalk, neither; for many a time, jist as we pull the rose, and go to put it to our bosoms, away goes all the leaves, a-flutterin' off to the ground; it was too full-blown to bear rough handlin', and we get nothin' but the stem in our hand, and ever so many prickles a-stickin' into the skin. And if we do succeed in gettin' the rose arter all, and take it to home, why, next mornin', when we wake up and look at it, oh, the leaves are all edged with brown and dirty yaller, and the sprig is all wilted, and it looks flabbergasted like, and faded, and it's only fit to be throwd out of the windur; for nothin' looks so bad a'most, as a wilted flower. Jist so is the world, Sam; only the world has its thorns for the heart, and that's more than the rose has; and who shall heal them? Philosophy may give its styptics, and religion its balm, but there are some wounds in *that* place, Sam—and he clapt his hand on his breast, and did look dreadful bad, poor old crittur, and I pitied him from the bottom of my soul, for I knowd what he was leadin' to—there are some wounds here, Sam, said he, that the eye cannot see, nor the hand reach; which nothin' a'most can cure. They may heal over and get cicatrised, and seem all right agin, but still they are so tender, you can't bear to touch them without wincin', and every now and then they open of themselves, like old scars do in the scurvy, and bleed, and throb, and ache, oh! how they ache!

When my elders discharged me, Sam, and reformed me out, and took a Unitarian in my place, I actilly thought my heart would a-burst with grief;—and his voice quivered and trembled like anything, and a great big tear-drop rose up in the corner of his eye, and swelled, and swelled, till it bust, and run over, and trickled down one of the furrows of his cheek, but he wouldn't let on he know'd it, and wouldn't

wipe it off, hopin' I wouldn't see it, I suppose. It actilly a'most made me pipe my eye to see him, it was so affectin'. —So, says I, I know it all, minister, says I; we won't talk of that; what's done is done, but the loss is theirs, and it sarves them right. But it didn't stop him, he went right on. —For, oh! Sam, said he, the fountain of love lies in the deepest recesses of the human heart. It may cease to gush over, as it does in youth, when it is fed by a thousand rills of emotion. The wintry frosts of old age may dry up some of its springs, and the lacerations of ingratitude may drain off and limit its supply; but deep and far down is the well, Sam, where summer-heats and wintry frost cannot penetrate, and its water, what little is left of it in old age, is as pure, and sweet, and pellucid as ever, and there it remains till the temple that covers it, (that's the body, you see, Sam,) crumbled and mouldered by time, totters to its fall, and chokes it in its ruins. But, oh! Sam, if our friends, them that we dearly loved, basely desert us at last, and meanly betray us; if them we admitted to our confidence, and folded with affection to our bosoms, pour into that fountain the waters of bitterness, and pollute it at its source, better, far better that we had died first. I could have met my eend as became my vocation and my principles, had the blow been dealt out by enemies, Sam; but, oh! it came from my friends, from them that I loved as brothers, nay, more than as brothers, as children. It was too much for my narves. It overpowered my strength, and I hid my face in my hands as Cæsar did in his mantle, and wept like a child. *Et tu*, said I,—for I couldn't help a thinkin' of that are old republican hero, for it was jist the way them are pretended reformers sarved him out —*Et tu*, says I, *et tu, Brute!*—You might well say a brute, says I, and if I had a-been near hand to them, I'd a sarved them like a brute, too, I know. I'd a cropt their ears, and branded them on the rump, as they do a horse that's turned out on the common in the fall. I'd a marked them V. B., (the voluntary brutes!) hang me if I wouldn't. I'd a-kicked them till I kicked their western cends up to their shoulders,



and made 'em carry 'em there like a mason's hod. "Such a gittin' up stairs you never did see."—Sam, said he, you actilly frighten me, you talk so savage; it makes my blood run cold. Let us leave the subject, and go right back to what we was a-talkin' of; and he passed his hand over his face hard, as if to shove back the expression o' pain and sorrow that was there, and keep it out of view; and then, said he, a-lookin' up all bright agin, Where was we, Sam? for my mind goes a wool-gatherin' sometimes, and gets confused. Where was we?—A-talkin' of the galls, says I.—Exactly, says he; it's a pleasanter topic that, and the contemplation of the dear critturs softens our naturs, "*nec sinit esse feros*," nor suffers us to be ferocious. Nothin' tames a man like a woman.—I guess so, says I.—Yes, my son, said he, get married, and marry soon; it's time you were a-thinkin' on it now in air-nest.—Well, I feel most plaguilly skeered, minister, says I, to try, for if once you get into the wrong box, and the door is locked on you, there is no escape as I see; and besides, women are so everlastin' full of tricks, and so cunnin' in hiden 'em aforehand, that it's no easy matter to tell whether the bait has a hook in it or not; and if you go a-playin' round it and a-nibblin' at it, why a sudden jerk given by a skilful hand may whip it into your gills afore you know where you be, and your flint is fixed as shure as there are snakes in Varginy. You may tug, and pull, and haul back till you are tired; but the more obstropolous you become, the faster the hook is fixed in, and the sorer the place is. Nothin' a'most is left for you but to come up to the line, and submit to your fate. Now if you go for to take a widder, they are shocking apt to know too much, and are infarnal sly; and if you take a maid, it's an even chance if you don't spile her in breakin' her in, and she don't bolt and refuse a heavy pull. If they are too old they are apt to be headstrong from havin' had their head so long; and, if they are too young, they are hardly way-wise enough to be pleasant. Which, now, do you recommend, minister, widdur or maid? Poor old crittur! I know'd well enough he didn't know no-

thin' about it, havin' had no experience among women any more nor a child ; but I axed him to humour him, for most men like to be thought knowin' on that subject. —Why, says he, a-lookin' up wise-like, that's a matter of taste, Sam ; some perfers one, and some perfers the other. —(So like human natur' that, warn't it, squire? You never heerd a man in your life, when axed about woman, say, that 's a subject I ain't jist altogether able to speak on, and yet plaguy few know much more about 'em than that women wear petticoats, and men don't.)—It 's quite a matter of taste, said he ; but, as far as my experience goes, says the old man, I am half inclined to opionate that widders make the best wives. Havin' lost a husband, they know the slender tenure we have of life, and are apt to be more considerate, more kind, and more tender than maids. At all events, there is enough in the idea to put them on equal terms. I guess it's six of one and half-a-dozen of t'other, not much to choose any way. But, whichever it be, you must prove their temper first, and their notions ; see what sort o' sisters and darters they make ; try—but, dear me ! how late it is, said he, a-looking at his watch, how late it is ! I must go, for I have a sick visit. I still visit my dear lost flock, as if they hadn't a-used me so ill, Sam. I forgive them, all of 'em. I don't harbor any hard thoughts agin' any of them. I pity 'em, and always remember 'em in my prayers, for our religion is a religion of the heart, and not of the head, as political dissent is. Yes, I must go now ; but I'll give you a word of advice at partin', my dear boy. *Don't marry too poor a gall, for they are apt to think there is no end to their husband's puss ; nor too rich a gall, for they are apt to remind you of it onpleasant sometimes ; nor too giddy a gall, for they neglect their families ; nor too demure a one, for they are most apt to give you the dodge, race off, and leave you ; nor one of a different sect, for it breeds discord ; nor a weak-minded one, for children take all their talents from their mothers ; nor a—*O lord ! says I, minister, how you skeer a body ! Where onder the sun will you find a nonsuch like

what you describe? There ain't actilly no such critturs among women.—I'll tell you, my son, said he, for I'd like afore I die to see you well mated ; I would, indeed ! I'll tell you, tho' you talk to me sometimes as if I didn't know nothin' of women. You think nobody can't know 'em but them as romp all their days with them as you do ; but them, let me tell you, know the least, for they are only acquainted with the least deserving. I'll gin you a gage to know 'em by that is almost invariable, universal, infallible : *The character and conduct of the mother is a sure and certain guarantee for that of the darter.*

## CHAPTER X.

### THE WOODEN HORSE.

No person on entering the harbour of St. John, for the first time, could suppose that it was the outlet of one of the largest rivers on the American continent, as it is in no way to be distinguished in appearance from any of those numerous inlets of the sea that render the coast of the British provinces everywhere accessible to ships of the largest class. As soon, however, as he gets a view of this noble stream, and becomes acquainted with its magnitude, he feels that Saint John is destined by nature, as well as the activity and intelligence of its inhabitants, to become the next largest city to New York on this continent.

Sensible folks these Brunswickers, said Mr. Slick : rael right down men of bisness, and no mistake. They don't take it all out in talkin' as some people do. If they have any politicks to do, they do it, as they load a vessel, as fast as they can to do it well, and a-done with it. They are jist a pattern to them Canada goneys to cut their garment by, if they had the sense to follow it. I met old Jeremiah Sterling this mornin' ; you have heerd tell of him, squire ? he is the richest man in the city. He is an O.F.M., as we call Our

First Men among us.—Well, says I, friend Jeremiah, how do you kinder sorter find yourself to-day?—Why, kinder sorter, midlin', says he, Mr. Slick; what you call considerable nimble and spry. We are gitten on well here, very well indeed. We have a good many 'sponsible men grow'd up here since you was this way, and our credit is good. We stand No. 1, letter A.—Well, says I, if it is, it won't be that way long, I can tell you; the less you talk about 'sponsibility the better the English marchants and Wall-street brokers will trust you, I know.—Why, says he, what on airth are you a-talkin' about? I don't onderstand you; you are at your old trick of ridlin'?—Why, says I, responsible government, to be sure. Didn't you say you had a good many 'sponsible men grow'd up here, lately?—Well, that's notable, said he. Lawful heart! if that don't beat ginerall trainin'! How could you suppose I meant such cattle as them? No, says he; come with me, and I'll indicate what 'sponsibility is, for the street is no place to talk over such matters in, and he took me into his countin' room, and touchin' a spring, opened a great iron door, and then on-locked another of the same kind, and showed me a great iron safe, on wheels like a gun-carriage. Well, it was chock full of doubloons and sovereigns, and splendid American eagles; it was actilly good for sore eyes to look at 'em! and then he opened another, filled half way up to the top with bank paper, notes of hand, bonds, and mortgages, and stuff of that kind. He stood for the whole endurin' space of five minutes a-contemplatin' of it, without sayin' of a word, only smilin'. At last, says he, Slick, (and he let down the lid with a slam that smelt of thunder,) that's what I call '*sponsibility*'. I didn't airn that little lop of specie a-talkin' over *politicks*, you may depend, but talkin' over customers. Your 'sponsible men want no indorsers, do you twig? Now, who has most interest in takin' care of that "stake," that it don't go for it by fire, or sympathisers, or what not,—me, or that are chatterin' jawin' watchman of mine?—Why you, says I, you, of course.—Exactly, says

he; and so it is in politicks. *Them critturs that race about like a runaway steam-boat, callin' fire! fire! and disturbin' all honest folks in their beds, cuss 'em! they have nothin' to lose by a fire if it does come: but in the scramble they generally find somethin' or another to pick up that they didn't work for.* Now them chaps, patriots, Durhambites, arsondaries, and what not, to Canady, remind me of our engine-men. Any engine that gets to a fire first, if it's only a chimbley a-blazin', gets five pounds out of the pockets of the people. *Cryin' fire is a profitable trade in more things than one.*

Jeremiah was right, squire. It's a pity Government ever listened to colonial agitators. It was erroneous considerable. It would have been better for England, and better for the colonies too, if they hadn't, and that they 'll find some o' these days, or my name is not Sam Slick. But John wants a commission o' lunacy taken out; the foolish old crittur actilly seems possest. Concession never stopt agitation since the world was first squeezed out of a curd; it only feeds it. Throwin' sops to varmint only brings 'em back agin; and when you have nothin' more to throw to 'em, they are plaguy apt to turn to and tear you to pieces. It puts me in mind of the wooden horse to Java.

That time I took the whalin' trip, we stopt to Java: well jist then there was a *native* chief there, that almost drove the Dutch off the island. He cut off their outposts, broke up their settlements, druv away their cattle, seessed their galls, and kicked up a regular built tornado. The Dutch governor, old Vandam, who was as fat and as heavy as a December bear, was fairly explunctified: he didn't know what onder the sun to do. He was in a most awful feese. All he could say, when people came with news, was "Tousand Teyvils;" and the chief gave him news enough to say it all day long, until finally the outlaw-gentleman went by the nickname of "Tousand Teyvils." At last the Governor took a tub of tobacco, and a keg of good hollands; and a dozen of his best pipes, and shot himself up in his castle for two whole days and two whole nights, to study the inns and outs of the

matter alone; for talkin'; he said, always put him out like a wrong figur' in the first part of a sum, and he had to go over it all agin from the beginnin'. Well, at the eend of the two days and two nights the Governor opened the door and ordered in more pipes and more skidam and schnap-glasses, and then sent for his council, and nodded to them to set down; for he was a man of few words, was old Vandam, his maxim bein', that them that talked well was seldom good for nothin' else; and the councillors squatted low and didn't say a word. Then he looked at the liquor, and then at the glasses, and the servant filled them up chock full; and then he looked at the door, and the servant went out and shot it to after him. A Dutchman's eye don't often speak much; but when it has any expression in it, it speaks to the pinte, you may depend. Well, he motioned to them to drink, and they drank off their hollands and smacked their lips: for if his liquor warn't good, I want to know whose was, that's all.—Oh, mine Cot! says the Governor, takin' the pipe out of his mouth, and lettin' go a great long roll of smoke, as big as what comes from a steam-boat,—oh, Goten Hymmel! I have got von idea, and you shall see what you shall see; and he winked to them knowin' like, and sot down agin.

It was a long speech for the Governor; but he got thro' it, for he had made up his mind; and when once a Dutchman makes up his mind, I have always observed you might as well think of turnin' Niagara as turnin' him. Well, the councillors sot there awaitin' for the Governor to illuminate 'em on the subject of his idea, and drank and smoked till they drank and smoked all that was placed afore them, when the council always broke up. And when they rose to go, the Governor shook his head and said agin,—“You shall see varte you shall see.” Well, next day I was woked up by a most riprorious noise in the street, folks beatin' drums and blowin' horns, and rattlin' arms and all sorts of things a'most; so I jumps out of bed in an all-fired hurry, and ups with the winder and outs with my head. Hullo! says I, what in natur' is all this to do about? who is dead, and what 's to pay now?

— Oh! says they, there is somethin' wus than galls in the bushes. The Governor comes out to the head of his army to fight Tousand Teyvils,—and they was very full of courage, was the Dutch, for they was more nor half-shaved then. Says I to myself, there will be sport to-day, see if there ain't, and you had better go and see the fun. So, thinks I, I don't much care if I do; and I dresses myself as soon as I could, and runs down and joins them.

It was a most mortal hot day, and people actilly sweated to that degree, it laid the dust: indeed, where I was, in the rear, it began to be muddy a considerable some. I actilly thought I should a-died with the heat, it was so brilein', and was beginnin' to repent comin', when orders came to halt; and glad enough I was to hear 'em, you may depend.

We campt near a most a-beautiful meddow at the foot of a mountain, with good shade and lots of nice cool water, and we turned to to wash and make comfortable. Presently the horns blew a long lively blast, and in a few minutes they was answered by another from the mountain. Then ten mules was brought out, and loaded with money and goods and what not; and a captain and his guard proceeded with them to the mountains, along with one of the councillors, and in two hours' time they returned, and then a ginerall salute was fired by the whole line, for they had bought a peace with the *native* chief. Every one was delighted; they not only noddod to each other, but actilly spoke. Some said goot, others said fary goot, and some hot-headed young fellows said, tam coot. Then a report came Tousand Teyvils was to dine with the Governor; and an invitation came to me, as representin' our great nation, to be present at the feed too. Well, we all formed into line to see the chief that people was so afeerd on; for no one knew whether he was man or devil, no one havin' ever dared to show anything but a back to him; but he kept us waitin' for ever so long, for great men, I have obsarved, always arrive late at dinner; it's only common people that jist come to the time, or may be a few minutes before, to make sure. Well, while we

was waitin', the Governor goes into the dinner-tent to see all was right; and arter walkin' all round it ever so slow, he turns to the head-waiter and gives a grunt, "Eu-gh," says he, which is the Dutch for it will do very well, I am satisfied with your arrangements. It is a beautiful language for a hot climate like Java is the Dutch, so little of it goes so far. It is like cayenne, the leastest spoonful in the world does the bisness. Then the Governor says, Casper, says he, (that was the feller's Christian name, and it's very odd I never seed a Dutch sarvant that warn't named Casper,) says he, ven I takes out my noshe-viper to blow my noshe after mit dog guesser (which is low Dutch for dinner, 'cause it sets the dogs guessing and barking like mad), that is a shine to you to do varte I told you for to do. Now, if you neglects, my coot Casper, then—and he drew his finger across Casper's throat—which is the Dutch for sayin' I will have your head cut off.

Poor Casper lifted up his hand to put it on his heart; but he was so tarnation frightened, he didn't get is no higher than his breeches; and thrustin' it into his pocket, which was big enough to hold a quart bottle, he bent over it and bowed down to the ground, which is the Dutch way of sayin' I onderstand you, old boy, and will take devilish good care to mind my eye and save my head. Jist then the guns fired a salute, which was a sign Tousand Teyvils was a-comin'; and sure enough there he was, a regular snorter by buth and edication, a tall, strappin', devilish, handsome feller, with a cap and plumes stuck sideways like on his head. Well, as he marched along in the double line, folks seemed as amazed as if they was jist born, and hung back like as if it was old Scratch himself a-goin' to give 'em a taste of his breed, and they looked as skeered as if they had seed a rifle lookin' at 'em eend ways, and Tousand Teyvils curled up his upper lip, jist as you have seed a pug-dog do his tail, with a slight twitch of his nose too, as much as to say, ain't you a pretty set of mean-spirited rapscallions to come and buy your peace like cowards, instead of fightin' it



out to the bat's eend like brave men? Cuss you! you hante an idea above your nasty, muddy, stinkin' canals and flag-ponds; and all you care for is your tärnal schnaps and tobacco. Phew, you paltroons, how you stink of sour crout!

He had a most audacious eye, I tell you; it looked exactly as it was forged out of lightnin'; it warn't easy to look into it, that's a fact. It seemed to say, I am a pickaxe, and will dig you out of your hole like a badger, I hope I may be gouged if I don't. Well, the Governor advances two steps to meet him, which is a great way for a governor to go, especially a Dutch one, and, takin' him by the hand and bowin', says he,—“ Mine goot frient—my prave frient,” and then he suddenly began to stop, and his eyes swelled, and the whole expression of his countenance altered, and the water came to his lips, and he began to lick his chops, as if he was a boa constrictor, and was a-goin' to slaver him for swallerin' whole.

I never see such a treacherous face afore. Tousand Teyvils didn't seem to like it nother, for he cut this mummery short by sayin',—“ How am you was,” (for he didn't speak good Dutch at all,) “ how is you been, my old Bullock?” and he squeezed his cornstealers till the old ginerall began to dance like a bear on red hot iron.

When he got clear of him, he blowed his fingers as if they was scalded, and howled and moaned like a wounded dog. It was pitiable to see him, for he was a caution to behold. If all the crooked Dutch oaths he muttered that time was straightened out, they'd reach across the Hudson, I do believe.—Oh, mine Cot! says he, to Casper, who came in for orders (and it railly did seem to hurt him beautiful), how shall I use my noshe-viper? I can't blow my noshe no more as a child, my nails have grow'd one whole inch longer. Varte shall I do? Est is sharder (I am sorry).

Well, arter a while they all sot down, and they eat and drank, and drank and eat, till all was blue agin: they fairly pulled off their coats to it, as if they were in rael wide-awake

airnest; and arter the cloth was removed, says the old Governor,—Mine hears, (which means my dummies, or fellers that hear but don't speak,) mine hears, fill your glasses. Well, they all filled their glasses and rose up.—I have von toast, said he, ahem! and he took out his noshe-viper (which is the Dutch for a pocket-handkerchief) and tried to blow his nose, but he couldn't, for his fingers were all lame, they was crushed so; and then he took his left hand that warn't squeezed, and you may depend that are wind-instrument, his nose, let go in great style, it sounded like a conch-shell. That was the signal: in rushed Casper and the guard, and come down on poor Tousand Teyvils like fallin' stars, and tied him hand and foot, and carried him in old Vandam's carriage down to town, and rowed him off to a fortified rock at some distance from the land, where they imprisoned him like Bonaparte, and where he is livin' to this day chained like a dog. Fact, I assure you.—Coot, farry coot, tam coot trick, the company all said agin; and then they turned to smokin' and drinkin' till all was blue agin. They didn't get drunk, tho' they had a considerable of a muddy time of it too, because nothin' will make a Dutchman drunk; but they sucked in the gin till they couldn't move hand or foot, or hear, or see, or speak, but sot bolt upright, starin' and gapin' like a house with the windows and doors knocked out. Now, instead of bein' ashamed of such a nasty, dirty, unperlite, sneakin' trick as that they played poor Tousand Teyvils, they boasted of it; for nothin' ever I seed made a Dutchman ashamed, except forgettin' to carry his bag of tobacco.

Tam dat old tief! dat Tousand Teyvils, said the old Governor, (and he blarted like a calf jist weaned, as if somethin' was the matter of him; but what can you expect of a Dutchman?) “Ich Rharter,” which is the Dutch for I guess; Ich Rharter, when he next has de high favour to shake hands mid a governor, he don't squeeze his hand like von lemon: and they all said “Ach yaw!” which is the Dutch shorthand way for sayin' that is a capital joke of his highness the Governor. Well, there was great rejoicin' to Java over

this bloodless victory, and the Governor ordered a pint of gin, a pound of tobacco, and two pipes to be served out to each soldier in camp for his bravery; and two days afterwards there was a grand review of the Dutch army. Pretty lookin' soldiers they were too, squire; it would have made you died a-larfin' to have seed them. Either they had fell away greatly in that hot climate, or hadn't fattened up as they intended to do afore they died, for their trowsers hung so loose on 'em they could have stowed away their knapsacks, 'coutrements, and all in 'em, instead of carrying them on their backs. Howsumdever, they was satisfied: and if they was, seein' that they had to carry them and not me, I didn't see as I had any right to find fault, do you? for my rule is to let every man skin his own foxes. Well, they marched, and countermarched, and fired, and all that are sort of work, jist as if they was in airnest; and the boys shouted, and the women smiled, and the blacks grinned, and all went on swimmingly, like a house a-fire. Presently a great heavy piece of ordnance was fired off, and a booth was thrown open, and out came a'most an almighty big wooden hoss, a London brewer's shafter wouldn't make the smallest part of a circumstance to him. He had a splendoriferous saddle-cloth, that nearly covered his body, all trimmed with gold, and a bridle all of polished worked steel, reins and all; and he was led by ten soldiers, five on one side and five on the other, and mounted by a *native* rider superbly clad. His very jacket must have cost enough to set up a common man like me in the world. The hoss looked so big and so fierce you'd think these ten men couldn't hold him; but as he was on wheels, I guess they pulled him instead of holden of him. Well, every now and then the hoss, that had machinery in it, would up-head and snort and neigh, jist like natur', and out came gingerbread, and tarts, and sugar-candy, and fruit, and all sorts of good things. Such a scramble you never did see, fellows tumblin' head over heels, and fighting and quarreling for a share of the goodies. Well, then he'd progress a little a-further, and then go thro' the same menouvres, and move his head

as exact like a live hoss as ever you did see in all your life, and then came the pure gin. Oh, dear, it was as good as a play to see them holdin' their hands, cocoa-nut shells, and hats, to catch the liquor as it came from the hoss.

Rejoicin', like everything else in the world, must have an end at last, (and Dutch rejoicin' don't last long at any time, as far as ever I seed, especially when there ain't no smokin' in it,) and so did their review. The people all went home pleased. The wooden hoss was a grand idea. It was worked out by General Vandam himself, that time he shot himself up in his castle for two whole days and two whole nights, a-studyin' over this matter of Tousand Teyvils, and shows plain enough, to my mind, that a Dutchman can think, arter all, if you only give him time enough.

The day arter the review I walked out over the exercisin' ground, and there lay the poor old hoss, his ribs broke in, his body ripped up, and his tail pulled out. While I was musin' over the fate of the hoss, who should I see but a little nigger boy. So says I, come here, you little imp of darkness, you spawn of the old one, you, and tell me how this is? Is Tousand Teyvils loose again? Who killed the Governor's hoss?—Why, says he, massa, (for he spoke very good English, as he lived as help to a gentleman that kept a bumboat,) him Dutchman comed here last night in crowds, with carts and hogsheads and kegs, and they got old horse and patted him, and "soft sawdered" him, (you know dat word, massa, him Yankee word all same as blarney.)—Yes, says I, I have heerd tell of him afore.—Well, they coaxed him. Come, good hoss; beautiful hoss; a little drop more skidam; dat is good hossy; a little more sweetmeat, dat's a pretty hoss! Well, dey holdy up his head, and lift up him tail; but no, dat no go—hossy no gib any. At last him dutchmen get angry. Dunder and blitzen! he say, if you no gib him by fair means you gib him by foul: and wid dat dey fall too and rip him up, to see what is in him. Well, massa, you see dem old iron chains, and rusty wheels, and dem ugly pipes. Well, dat is all dey found dere. Den dey turn to and abuse old

Gobernor like sin. Tam old Ginerál, dey say ; he one old big coward, one “ Erbarmlick ! ” (dat’s Dutch, massa, for awful bad,) one Erbarmlick cheat ! Tousand Teyvils worth a hundred such old fools and knaves ! He no solda that. Oh, massa, noting a’most was too bad for him tongue to say of old Gobernor—Well, says I, here’s sixpence for you, you young suckin’ Satan you, now make yourself scarce ; and he scampered off as smart as a two year old.

Now, squire, said the Clockmaker, it’s a considerable of a long story that, and I am most afeerd I have tired you ; but *John Bull* and his *Colony Patriots* remind me of them Dutchmen and their wooden horse. As long as he will neigh and whinner, and hold up his head, and give ’em cakes and candy and sweetmeats to eat, and skidam to drink, they are full and runnin’ over with praises and professions of loyalty ; but as soon as he stops, then those same patriots, those M’Kenzies and Papineaus and divils have knives ready to rip him up. *John Bull don’t know and don’t valy his rael friends enough.* All are well disposed to him, except them noisy critturs that run about, as old Jeremiah says, cryin’ fire—fire ! but, cuss him, he is so near-sighted he never sees a whip till he feels it. *The railyly loyal people, like railyly religious people, don’t talk of it for everlastin’ly. They seldom make professions, unless called for, and ain’t found rebelin’ like patriots, even when provoked. Their loyalty hante a condition to it like a mortgage. It ain’t cupboard love, like that of the Dutchman to the Wooden Horse.*

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BAD SHILLING.

It was late at night when we arrived at one of the frontier towns of the state of Maine, which, to avoid local offence, I shall designate as Quimbagog. There was so much noisy disputation relative to politics and religion in the coffee-room

of the inn, that I retired early to bed, with a bad headache, and not without some misgiving that, by visiting Maine first, I had entered the States, to use an expression of the Clock-maker's, by the wrong door. In order that the sketch which I am now about to give may be fully understood, it may be necessary to request the reader to recollect that Mr. Slick is a *Yankee*, a designation the origin of which is now not very obvious, but it has been assumed by, and conceded by common consent to, the inhabitants of New England. It is a name, though sometimes satirically used, of which they have great reason to be proud, as it is descriptive of a most cultivated, intelligent, enterprising, frugal, and industrious population, who may well challenge a comparison with the inhabitants of any other country in the world; but it has only a local application.

The United States cover an immense extent of territory, and the inhabitants of different parts of the Union differ as widely in character, feelings, and even in appearance, as the people of different countries usually do. These sections differ also in dialect and in humour as much as in other things, and to as great, if not a greater, extent than the natives of different parts of Great Britain vary from each other. It is customary in Europe to call all Americans Yankees; but it is as much a misnomer as it would be to call all Europeans Frenchmen. Throughout these works it will be observed, that Mr. Slick's pronunciation is that of the *Yankee*, or an inhabitant of the *rural districts* of New England. His conversation is generally purely so; but in some instances he uses, as his countrymen frequently do from choice, phrases which, though Americanisms, are not of Eastern origin. Wholly to exclude these would be to violate the usages of American life; to introduce them oftener would be to confound two dissimilar dialects, and to make an equal departure from the truth. Every section has its own characteristic dialect, a very small portion of which it has imparted to its neighbours. The dry quaint humour of New England is occasionally found in the west, and the rich gasconade and

exaggerative language of the west migrates not unfrequently to the east. This idiomatic exchange is perceptibly on the increase. It arises from the travelling propensities of the Americans, and the constant intercourse mutually maintained by the inhabitants of the different states. A droll or an original expression in thus imported and adopted, and, though not indigenous, soon becomes engrafted on the general stock of the language of the country. In using the term "language of the country," I mean that of the classes in humble life, of which Mr. Slick is a member, as I hope I have never been so misunderstood as to render it necessary for me to say, that I have no intention of imputing these idioms to any other. This explanation, while it accounts for an erratic man, like Mr. Slick, occasionally using some few phrases which are not native Yankeeisms, will enable the reader the better to understand the difference between the plebeian of the west and the east, as exhibited in the following sketch.

During the stroll after breakfast on the following morning, Mr. Slick said, Did you never mind, squire, how hard it is to get rid of "a bad shillin'," how everlastin'ly it keeps a-comin' back to you?—I said, I had never experienced any difficulty of that kind, never having endeavoured to pass one that I knew was spurious.—No, I suppose not, said he, because you are a careless kind of a man that way, and let your shillin's desart oftener than they had ought to. But what would I have been, had I been so extravagant? and as to passin' bad money, I see no harm in it, if you have given valy for it, and received it above boord handsum, in the regular way of swap, trade, or sale. Cheatin' is givin' a thing of no valy for somethin' that is. Now, a bad shillin', that has cost you as much as a good one, can't be said, no how you can fix it, to be a thing of no valy. S'pose any gentleman that keeps a pike was to give you a bad shillin' in change, you would have a right to pass it then, cause it had cost you a shillin'. The odds make the difference—do you take? I'd like, he continued, to go into committee with you on that matter (as we used to say to the house of Rip's),

but there ain't time for it jist now, as the pirate said to the hangman when he was a-tyin' of the knot. Howsumdever it is so, and there is no two ways about it. I fell in with a bad shillin' last night, arter you went to bed, that I thought I had parted with to New Orleans five years ago, for ever. I had been sittin' down talkin' over roads and travellin', and the clearin's, and what not, to Nova Scotia, last night, with a gentleman that owns a free-trader to Quimbagog, the Honorable Lucifer Wolfe. I misremembered him at first, and I don't think I filled his eye chock full nother, for he *sartain-ly* didn't know me when we first began our pal-*larver*. He was a tall man, over six foot high, all bone and muscle, and not an ounce of *superfluous* flesh on him. I seed at once he warnt a *native* of Maine, but a ringtail roarer from the West. He was all made of fox-traps and bears-claws, and as springy as a saplin ash. Havin' been a considerable some in the African trade, a dealin' in niggers, he was very swarthy like, wore a most ungodly pair of whiskers, and had more hair than head, tho' that was none of the smallest nother. His eyes was full and hawk-like, and close together, but they squinted awful; one on 'em mounted guard on his tumbler and t'other on you, as if his fightin' and drinkin' liked keepin' company. His nose was hooked and thin, like the back of a jackknife; and a scar across one side of his face from the cut of a sword or a boardin'-pike, made the plump part of the cheek to scuttle down to the level of his jaw, and gave him a very savage kilniferous kind of look. He wore his neckcloth loose like a sailor's, which showed a rael bull-dog neck; and, as he turned his head on its hinges, you could see the silver hilt of a bowie knife that laid hid onder the cape of his coat, ready for use. I couldn't help a-thinkin' of sister Sall when I seed it, for she used to say she liked things that appealed to the heart. I wonder whether she'd call a bowie knife pathetic or not, for few things sink as deep as they do. Then the two large padded flaps like watch-pockets to his frock coat, showed pistols was concealed there. His shirt had two



or three large gold brooches in it, and a chain of the same genuine material, as thick as a gall's finger, was suspended round his neck as a watch-guard, and his waistcoat was made of spotted calf's skin, tanned with the hair on, and the shaggy side showin' out. He looked half landsman half seaman, with a strong dash of the fire-eater. Altogether he was a caution to look at, that's a fact. All at once he recollected my phiz, and jumpin' up and catchin' hold of my hand, which he squeezed as if it was in a vice, he roared out—Why, it ain't possible! said he. Lawful heart alive, if that airn't you! Where on airth did you spring from, since you gin' over livin' whar you used to did? Whar do you lead your life now? Why, you have become quite a big bug lately by your writins': penmanship, I take it, is a better bisness than clockmakin'; but come, let's liquor; I want to wet up; the sight of an old friend warms my heart so, it makes my lips dry. What will you have? cocktail, sling, julip, sherry cobbler, purl talabogus, clear sheer, or switchell? name your drink, my man, and let's have a gum tickler, for old acquaintance, somethin' that will go down the throat like a greased patch down a smooth rifle. Well, says I, I am no ways pitikilar; suppose we have brandy cocktail, it's as 'bout as good a nightcap as I know on. Done, said he, with a friendly tap on the shoulder that nearly dislocated my neck; I like a man that knows his own mind. Most of our folks make as much fuss about choosing, as if their throats had any taste in them, and they actilly knew the difference; but they don't, that's a fact. New England rum takes the skin clean off, and they can't taste nothin' that's weaker. I'll go and speak for it to one of the gentleman to the bar.—With that he swiggled his way thro' the crowd, to the counter, and, says he, Major, says he, I guess you may let one of your aidy-conks bring us a pint of cocktail, but let it be letter A, No. 1, and strong enough to loosen the hinges of a feller's tongue.—Well, we sot down and chatted away till we finished our liquor, and now, says he, Slick, answer me a few questions, that's a good feller, for I

am a free-trader now. I have got a'most an angeliferous craft, a rael screamer, and I'm the man that sez it. The way she walks her chalks ain't no matter. She is a regular fore-and-after. When I hoist the foresail she is mad, and when I run up the mainsail she goes ravin' distracted. I can beat her up the harbour, when there is rips, raps, and rainbows under her bow; ay, walk her like a lady right into the wind's eye. Chips! chips! and they know it a-bed. Heavens and airth! jist lookin' at her will take away the breath from them white-livered, catfish-mouthed, dipt-candle-lookin' scoundrels the Brunswickers. She goes right on cend like a rampin' alligator. She'll go so quick she'll draw their wind out: go ahead! cock-a-doodle-doo! And he crowed like a rael live rooster.—Go ahead, steam-boat—cock-a-doodle-doo! and he smashed my hat in, most ridiculous over my eyes, a-flappin' so with his hands, like wings. It was a caution to see, that's a fact. Now, said he, Slick, my bully, I think I see a smart chance of doin' a considerable stroke of business to Nova Scotia, in the smugglin' line.

Is it true the British have made Hudson in Nova Scotia, a free port?—It is.

Is it true that from Parsboro', at the head of the Basin of Minas, up to Windsor it is thirty-five miles?—It is.

Is it true the tide runs out so, you can lay aground any-whar you darn please, on the mudflats, with safety?—It is.

Is it true you ain't bound to call at no customhouse till you get up to Windsor?—It is.

Is it true they can't see you to Windsor till you come within two miles of it?—It is.

Is n't Windsor almost clear across the province, no more than thirty-five miles from Halifax Basin?—It is.

Then, says he, a-givin' me a most powerful slap on the thigh with his open hand, enough to make a beefsteak tender; then, said he, and he grinned like a red-hot gridiron, the crittur was so pleased, I defy all the Blue-noses, John Bulls, Brunswickers, and devils that ever was, to prevent

smugglin'. Old Nick is in the die if, in thirty-five miles of river and basin, you can't find an honest feller on one side or another of it, near whom you can lay aground by accident and run your goods. I am intarmined to fill that are country, called Nover Scotiar, with smuggled goods, as full as a dog is full of fleas, ay, and as hard to be coteched, too, as them nimble-footed little gentlemen be. Ain't the British awful fools, too? said he; they do beat all : I actilly believe they are the biggest fools livin' this day, on the blessed airth.— Well, says I, I won't say they are jist the biggest fools nother, for them are colony chaps are pretty much of a muchness with them, six of one and half-a-dozen of t'other, and no great to choose nary way. But the next time, friend Wolfe, clinch the argument on your own thigh, that's a good soul, and not on mine, for I feel it tingle clean away down to the tippeends of my toes : and now I 'll tell you somethin' you ain't axet yet, for you don't know all things, cute as you be. They used to have to the east, when I fust know'd it, an excise officer and a custom-house officer to each port; now, I hear it is talked of to have one man to do the work of both ('cause savin' is popular), and he will be kept so busy he won't have time to leave his home one etarnal minit, so there won't now be no custom-house at all in a manner, and that only for form's sake. It's a free-trade now, a'most, and we are a-goin' to have the whole supply afore long, see if we ain't; and one thing I have often remarked, Yankee trade brings Yankee notions. All we got to do is, to be quiet. They call all change reform, them fellers; it's a sort o' party catch-word they larnt from the English, and all changes they make will help us and hurt them.—The devil a hair I care, says Lucifer, what they do. I am no politician, and I hate politicks. I am no great hand at makin' laws; but one thing I *do* pride myself on : I never seed the law yet that could tie my hands, for I am a rael scroudger : I can slip them thro' any clauses you please. Build up four square walls of laws round me, and I 'll whip thro' the keyhole. The way I 'll run goods into that are country is a caution to steam-boats

and rail-roads, and them plaister-diggin', shingle-weavin', clam-feedin' Blue-noses, may do their prettiest, cuss 'em. I'm for free-trade, and them that wants a fleece for revenue must first catch the sheep, that's my maxim; and if he is cotched, why he must jist submit to be sheared, that's all, for bein' such a born fool. But no one hadn't better go foolin' with me, for I've got a loadin' iron, "speechifier" by name, that never missed her man since Lucifer Wolfe owned her. She'll let daylight shine thro' some o' them Blue-noses, I know, so they can't tell a sneeze from a blow'd-up boat, she's so quick on the trigger. I'm a good-natured man, but it don't do to rise me, I tell you, for it's apt to make me sour in hot weather.

But come, said he, that cocktail and your news is considerable excitin', and has whetted my appetite properly; I guess I'll order supper. What shall it be, corn bread and common doin's, or wheat bread and chickin fixin's? But we must fust play for it. What do you say to a game at all-fours, blind-hookey, odd and even, wild cat and 'coon, or somethin' or another, jist to pass time? Come, I'll size your pile.—Size my pile! says I, why, what the plague is that? I never heerd tell of that sayin' afore.—Why, says he, shell out, and plank down a pile of dollars or doubloons, of any size you like, and I'll put down another of the same size. Come, what do you say?—No, I thank you, says I, I never play.—Will you wrestle, then? said he; and whose ever throw'd pays the shot for supper.—No, says I, since I broke my leg a-ridin' a cussed Blue-nose hoss, I hante strength enough for that.—Well, then, we are near about of a height, says he, I estimate, let's chalk on the wall, and whoever chawks lowest liquidates the bill.—If it warn't for the plaguy rhumatiz I caught once to Nova Scotia, says I, a-sleepin' in a bed the night arter a damp gall lodged there, I think I would give you a trial, says I; but the very thoughts of that foggy heifer gives me the cramp.

I jist said that to make him larf, for I seed he was a-gettin' his steam up rather faster than was safe, and that he could

jist double me up like a spare shirt if he liked, for nothin' will take the wiry edge of a man's temper off like a joke : he fairly roared out, it tickled him so.—Well, says he, I like that idea of the damp gall ; it's capital that : it's a Jerusalem bright thought. I'll air my wife, Miss Wolfe, before the fire to-night ; I hope I may be kicked to death by grasshoppers if I don't. I'll heat her red-hot, till she scorches the sheets. Lord ! how she'll kick and squeell when I spread her out on the close-horse. How it will make her squinch her face, won't it ? She nevers hollers unless she's hurt, does Miss Wolfe, for she is a lady every inch of her, and a credit to her broughtler-up. A damp gall ! Come, that's good ! it accounts for some on 'em bein' so wretched cold. But, stop, said he, it's no use a-sittin' here as still as two rotten stumps in a fog. I'll tell you what we'll do ; here's two oranges, do you take one, and I'll take the other, and let us take a shy among them glasses to the bar there, and knock some o' them to darned shivers, and whoever breaks the fewest shall pay for the smash and the supper too. Come, are you ready, my old coon ? let's drive blue-blazes thro' 'em.—No, says I, I'd be sure to lose, for I am the poorest shot in the world.—Poorest shote, said he, you mean, for you have no soul in you. I believe you have fed on pumkins so long in Conn'eticut, you are jist about as soft, and as holler, and good-for-nothin', as they be : what ails you ? You hante got no soul in you, man, at all. This won't do : we must have a throw for it. I don't valy the money a cent ; it ain't that, but I like to spikilate in all things. I'll tell you what we'll do,—let's spit for it ; and he drew his chair up even with mine. Now, says he, bring your head back in a line with the top rail, and let go ; and whoever spits furthest without spatterin' wins.—Well, says I, you'll laugh when I tell you, I dare say, but I've gin up spittin' since I went down to Nova Scotia ; I have, upon my soul, for nothin' riles them Blue-noses more. Spittin' would spile a trade there as quick as thunder does milk. I'm out of practice. They'll swaller anything, them fellers, they are such gulls,

but they keep all they get : they won't let out, for they are as hard as the two sides of a grindstone.—Well, then, what the plague will you do? said he.—Why, says I, a-takin' up the candle, and a-yawnin' so wide and so deep you could hear the watch tickin' thro' my mouth, I'll guess I'll go to bed, says I, for I hadn't the leastest morsel of sleep in the world last night.—Mr. Slick, says he, a-risin' up, and a-clappin' both arms a-kimber, lookin' as fierce as a wild-cat, and jist crowin' like a cock agin, give me leaf to tell you, Mr. Slick, says he, that you are no gentleman, and he show'd his teeth as wicked as if he could grin a nigger white.—I never said I was, said I, so we won't quarrel about that.—But I'm not a-goin' to be baulked that way, said he; you'll find me jist a leetle the ugliest colt you ever undertook to brake; there is no back out in me, for I'm a snappin' turtle, so you'll fight or play, that's flat, and no two ways about it, so take your choice, for I feel most intierly wolfish and savagerous, and have half a mind to give you a tickler in the ribs that will make you feel monstrous amiable, and set you a-considerin', I tell you.—Says I, friend Wolfe, for I seed there was a smart chance of a row, play I won't, so there is an eend of that matter, and as you are a-goin' to embark considerable capital in the smugglin' line, to Nova Scotia, (and I put my finger on my nose and winked, that there might be no mistake about what I meant,) I guess it would be jist about as well for us not to quarrel. So don't kick afore you are spurred—do you take? Lord, it laid his bristles in a minit that, for the crittur's feelin', like some people's respectability, was all in his pocket.—Ah, said he, spoke like an honest man, that, and not like a cussed Yankee pedlar, and they ain't no better than an onsarcumcised Ingian, or an odoriferous nigger. There is some sense in that; give us your flipper, old boy; but let's have a drop of wet to drown it. I never sleep well unless words is either foughten out or washed out, and grog makes me feel as good-natured as a sooped eel.—Lord, how glad I was to find it takin' that are turn, for I was actilly in a piled-up-agony, and the chilly

ague began to crawl all over me. Only thinkin' of fightin' such a ringtail roarer as that, nearly broke two of my ribs short off. What shall it be, said I.—Apple toddy, said he.—Apple toddy then let it be, said I; and I ordered a pint o' the best, and so we slinged. Arter discussin' it out, we parted, on the best possible terms, for ever I hope : *but cuss them bad shillin's, they are always a-comin' back to you*, there is no gettin' quit of them at no rate, for they won't take the mitten if you do try to cut them.

Such is the loose, good-for-nothin' loafers, cheats, smugglers, and outlaws, squire, the Bluenoses are a-goin' to have among them, by their beautiful free ports, for the trade won't pay regular marchants, and, unless I am much mistaken'd, when once these "bad shillin's" are imported they'll find it no easy matter to drive them out of circulation agin. The advantage is all on our side. The reason why Windsor hasn't growd more of late years is, they have had a lot of poor little miserable coasters, that either didn't know the way, or was afraid to go beyond the American lines, so Windsor built Eastport. Now they have got bigger vessels, are makin' money hand over hand in airnest, and jist as they have got it to work right, they must have a reform free port, and give the carryin' trade to us. If it warn't that puppies can't see till they are nine days old, one would wonder they were so blind, but the wust of it is, they are plaguy apt, afore they do find their sight, to get their ears cropt and their tails cut. It reminds me of father and neighbour Outhouse Pipes. Father had a hundred acres lot in the rear of his farm, that was used as a pastur', and a capital one it was too, well watered, well shaded, and well covered with beautiful white clover, and sweet grasses, and what not; but it cost considerable to keep up the fence round it. So said he, one day, to Outhouse Pipes, neighbour, says he, that partition fence costs a great deal of time, money, and trouble, every year, and poles is gittin' almighty scarce. I'm a-most afeerd we shall run out of wood afore long; suppose we pastur' in common, and let that fence down, the poles would do for

other fences, and be quite handy. Well, says Pipes, quite careless like, so as not to let father see how pleased he was ; well, says he, I was a-thinkin' myself it would be more neighbourly, and every bit and grain as good too. I don't care if I do. Well, what does Outhouse Pipes do, for his stock was more nor twice as large as father's, what does he do, but turns in all his cattle, hogs, and sheep, and father's pastur' being the best, they all in course went into his field, and when dry time in summer come, his tarnation lookin' cattle, cross bull, and breachy oxen, 'most worried all father's dairy cows to death, and finally druv 'em all out into the township barrens. There never was no findin' them when you wanted them, and in a little while they fell off in the milk, got thin and mangy, and looked like old scratch. Well, bimeby father got tired of this fun, and wanted Outhouse Pipes to fence again on the division line ; says he, I guess you have eat sour grapes, and your sons' teeth are on edge, ain't they ? He said it warn't reasonable at all to be so peskily whimsical and crotchical ; that it was none of his seekin' to pastur' in common ; that we had used up all his share of the poles, and didn't know where to get any more ; and, arter five years' 'crastination, vexation, and trouble, father, to eend the dispute, went and put up the whole line himself, his own and neighbour Pipes' too. Cuss them cattle, Sam, says father, they have done me more nor a hundred pounds damage, but I guess, when a man has a good field of his own, containin' all he wants in the way of feed, shelter, and water, he had better snug up his fences strong and tidy, and keep it to himself. But father's trouble warn't eended so easy as he was a-thinkin' on. Havin' once got a taste of the good grass, the nasty onruly brutes of Outhouse's were for everlastin'ly a-breakin' in and chasin' our beasts from one eend of the pastur' to the other. As for father, poor old soul, he spent most of his time a-runnin' and a-hollerin' arter them stray critturs, and drivin' of them out. Well, if this don't beat the bugs, he'd say ! What a spot o' work this is sartainly. They are like a bad shillin', them breachy devils, you can't git rid of them at no rate.



Put them out as often as you please, they are for everlastin'ly a-comin back to you.

I am a-thinkin', said the Clockmaker, the Blue-noses will find that arter a while, usin' the trade in common with us is like father's pastur'; their neighbours have two craft to their one to put in it, and bein' the strongest of the two, will gradually drive them off altogether, while shutting them out again is easier talked of than done, and that when actilly debarred, the onruly ones will occasionally break in and cause 'tarnal trouble and expense. *Changing one thing for another is not always reform, as they have found out to England, to their sorrow, in more things than one.* But them who change often and unnecessary, are apt sometimes to find to their cost, when it's too late, that they have incautiously got hold on "*a bad skillin'.*"

## CHAPTER XII.

### TRADING IN BED.

DURING one of our former journeys a circumstance occurred, that I did not understand at the time, but which Mr. Slick now explained to me. On our return from Chester in Nova Scotia to Windsor, we stopped at a small house on the road-side, near a saw-mill, for the purpose of feeding our horse, and in the course of a conversation which it appeared to me was designedly introduced, relative to the stream and the adjoining timber-land, Mr. Slick extolled the "water power," "mill privilege," betterments, and convenience and value of the place in terms of such extravagant praise, that the owner proposed to sell it to him, an offer which was immediately accepted.

You see, said Mr. Slick to him, I ain't jist prepared to pay you right down on the nail in hard pewter, not expectin' any such trade, but "*I' ll bond it;*" that is, do you bind yourself

in a bond to give a title, upon my payin' you five hundred pounds within two years. If I pay it, why then the land is mine; and if I don't do so, why there is no harm done: you take, don't you?—Well, I don't know as I do, said Blue-nose (who appeared puzzled at this novel mode of selling property, in which the bond was to be given to the wrong man). Why don't you give me a bond, said he, for the purchase-money, and I'll give you a deed? I'll trust *you*, for you are good for more nor that.—Why, I'll tell you, said the Clockmaker. It's altogether for your advantage, and saves trouble and expense, you see. Accordin' to your plan, if I didn't pay my bond when it's due, why you'd lose the land: now this way, you don't part with the land till you get the money: for you hold on till you are paid and finger the cash. It's safer and better for *you*, and I must say I do like a fair deal. So now, do you take the pen and write the bond yourself to prevent mistakes, and I will tell you what to put into it. The bond was accordingly written, duly executed, and delivered, and we proceeded on our journey. As this transaction had taken place some time ago, and never again been referred to by Mr. Slick, it had nearly escaped my memory; but the opportunity having now occurred of making an advantageous use of it, he unfolded his object without reserve.

We are now, squire, said he, in the state of Maine, the head-quarters of land spekulators, and I'll put off my Chester friend's bond to an advance. I never had no notion of buyin' that are feller's land. I don't want it no more nor my old waggon does a fifth wheel. I've been spekilatin' on his capital. If I don't sell the bond, I lose nothin', for I have paid nothin'; if I sell it, I gain all I can get for it. It is one of the best and prettiest modes of trading I know on; but the difficultest part is all to do yet, and that is to sell it. Anybody can put the leake into a Blue-nose, or a John Bull, for they are a *primitive* unsuspectin' sort of folks, not jist exactly up to snuff, but to walk into a down east-land jobber requires great skill, I tell you, and a very considerable knowledge of human natur' and of bisness. If your hook ain't well covered,

and the bait well chose and suited to the season, they won't so much as look at it. If you pull at a nibble, you never get another one, for there is nothin' so bad as eagerness. A quick eye, a steady hand, and cool temper, is not do-withoutable. Tantalise 'em, play 'em on and off, let 'em see the bait and smell it, then jist raise it a little out of sight till they have to look for it, and then let it float down stream for them to foller, and when they get to it, snub it short till they pass it, and have to turn back and make up agin' stream. They don't see so clear then for the drift stuff, air bubbles, and what not; and when you find them makin' right at it full split with their mouths open, slacken up a little, and jist as they snap at it, draw it forward an inch or so, and then rest a bit. The next grab they make they will take in the bait, hood, sinker, and all, and maybe a part of the line, then give it a back pull (not forrard, for that is blundersome, and may pull it out agin p'raps, but back) with a short turn of the wrist, and it whips the hook right into the jaw. O, it's beautiful play, that! it sharpens the wit, pints the eye teeth, and raises a man in the scale of intelligence. I never see a human yet, unless he was one of our free and enlightened citizens, that had the science—never, and I must say my hand is 'most out. I want practice; for in them British provinces the folks are as simple as the partridges be, and they are so tame and so stupid, it's no fun a-goin' out a-gunnin' arter them, for you can shoot 'em like hens at a roost. Floorin' one of them afore the eyes of the others never starts the flock, it only 'mazes them.—But stop, said he, tapping me on the shoulder, stop, squire, and look out o' that are winder. Do you see that are tall, limber-timbered, slinky-lookin' man with the blue cloak and two long black cords a-hangin' from it with almighty big tassels a-danglin' to the eend of it like the lamp-rope there, a-carryin' part of the cloak folded on one arm like a Roman senator, and t'other arm kimber, with his hat cockaded military like?—well, that is General Conrad Corncob. He is the greatest spikilator in these parts. He made a hundred thousand dollars in eastern

lands last year, and ten thousand to New Brunswick this season. He thinks no small beer of himself, that man, and boasts that he never put his foot in it in his life. If I don't lighten him of two thousand dollars afore to-morrow mornin', say my name is not Sam Slick. I'll walk right into him, tight as he is, I know. I'll bam him so he 'll be a caution, I hope I may be shot if I won't. There is nothin' like fishin' for the leadin' trouts of the hole—no, nothin'; there is some fun in that, somethin' worth holdin' out the landin'-net for—beautiful spots of gold on them fellers—lick, it makes my mouth water. It's excitin'—it's dreadful pretty; it caps all, that's a fact. I shan't see you now agin till mornin', squire, for it 's considerable well on in the evenin' now, when daylight's down, and I shouldn't wonder if I had "*to trade in bed*" afore I bring *him* to tarms; so good-night. I'll play 'possum with you in the mornin', and be ready to start with you as early as you please.

The following morning Mr. Slick put a small piece of paper in my hand, and said, with a smile of triumph on his face,—Read that, squire, if you please.—“To the cashier of the Bangor Bank. Sir, please to pay to Samuel Slick, Esq. two thousand dollars and ninety cents, and charge the same to yours, etc, Conrad Corncob, Lt. Genl.”—I did him, said he, exultingly, I did him; but it was no easy matter, I tell you. I had to play him up and down stream more nor once, and shift the colour of the fly till I tempted him; but he is bagged for once, anyhow. It was a'most a-difficult piece of bisness; and I must say, tho' I say it that shouldn't say it, that I don't think there is another man this blessed day in the States would have done it but myself, not one. But come, we must be a-movin'; and as we drive on, I'll tell you how it was.

Arter I left you, I seed him in a line with the stable; so I jist walks out and makes for the boss-stalls, lookin' down in a hurry like, and seemin' chock full of bisness, and not lettin' on as if I know'd that he was there, for there is nothin' like a non-committal, and he calls out,—Why, Slick, if that ain't

you, as I am alive! why, how do you do, eh? who on airth would have expected to have seed you here.—So I looks up, 'mazed like, like a feller that's lost his road, and, says I,—Stranger, you have the advantage of me, I guess.—Possible, said he, not know me? oh, for ever!—Why, says I, I know your voice, and know your face, and *ought* to know your name; but——.—Well, if you think you *ought*, said he, you *shall*. Don't you mind Ginerall Conrad Corncob, him that was kyurnal last war on full pay?—Corncob? says I. Let me see, said I. Corncob—Corncob!—and then I scratched my head, like a dog in sarch of a flea,—oh! ay! to be sure I do, and glad to see you too.—I thought, said he, Slick, you was down to Nova Scotia, a-tradin' among them tatur-headed Blue-noses; and d—n them fellers, they talk rather warlike about the boundary line. I shouldn't wonder if they'd like a war, the villains; for they'd find it a plaguy sight easier, I estimate, to come and grab our vessels than build them for themselves. Halifax always goes ahead by a war. Have you done anything out of the clock line down there lately? Is there any room there for a spec' in the land way on a large scale?—Well, I jist look'd up at him and eyed him hard in the face, without sayin' of a word for a space, dubersome like, as if it was a dangerous thing to let one's tongue run too fast, and then said, a-holdin' of my head down, as if I had concluded to keep dark,—Well, I must say, said I, I haven't done bad in clocks, that's sartain.—Fire and tow! have you done anything in the timber line? said he, for that is a rising property.—Well, I made as if I didn't hear him, so as to 'cite his curoosity, and, says I,—Ginerall, that are boundary line will cause trouble yet, I reckon. You Maine folks have been talkin' a leetle too fast lately, a leetle too much bush. You won't frighten Blue-nose so easy as you are a-thinkin' on, I tell you.—Well, says he, we 've talked and bragged so much lately about it, I 'm tired and sick of the subject; but I see you have made a hit, I know you have, you are so infarnal costive. I 've seed folks carry a heavy secret afore to-day.—What is it?—Governor Fairfield has been too rash, and talked

too big, says I. We have suffered in the eyes of foreigners.—The devil take the eyes of foreigners, and Governor Fairfield, and the boundary too, says he. Fire and tow! your spec', what is it? And he opened his cloak and put his arm inside of mine and walked on.—What's the tune, said he, two or three hundred thousand dollars, eh?—Well, says I, gineral, there is no evadin' you, you are so everlastin' cute. I believe you could see a hole in a millstone if it was no bigger than the pint of a needle, providin' you picked yourself. Who told you I had made a spec'? tell me now how it leaked out.—Oh! says he, I knew it from your manner, I hope I may be shot if I didn't. Fire and tow! It tante no easy matter to blind me.—Well, then, says I, I have made a spec', gineral, that's a fact, and such a spec', too, as ain't often made now-a-days nother. It's a top sawyer one, I do assure you; but I can't avail it. I am afraid this Britisher that's here will be the ruin of me yet; for he has made me promise to make tracks with him this summer, and I am 'most afeerd I shall lose the chance of gettin' up a company by it, and it's a pity, too, for there ain't such a location atween the poles hardly. I got it for half nothin', a mere song; it's grand, that's sartain. Now, says I, if you would give me a little advice how to work it, I'll give you some hints about property in Nova Scotia that will clear two hundred per cent.; but it's a long story, and walls have ears, so I will turn in with you, if Miss Corncob, your wife, ain' here, and we'll talk it over in bed. If we can agree, I will give you an agency that will be worth while.—Well, says he, do, for there is nothin' like "*tradin' abed*," and I will council you to the best of my abilities; but is it refuge or superfine, clear stuff, or only marchantable.—Oh! says I, there is no mistake, it's for myself, and not to put off agin; it's the rael solid thing, and not holler, or lackered, or plated, but jist ginowine. If it was a bam, there would be no need of advice, I reckon; but it's how to go the whole figur'.

Well, arter walkin' about a trifle from the house, for a while, and talkin' about indifferent subjects, we took jist a

dust of rael good mint julip, and turned into bed.—Says he, Slick, excuse me, but I must turn my back on you, for, as I chews a good deal, I'd have to spit across you in the night, which ain't very genteel, so I can't lay spoonbill fashion.—Now for the spec'.—I seed his curosimy was up, so, not to appear in a hurry, I said, Ginerall, says I, nothin' but business would ever make me sleep with a man. I got frightened out of a year's growth once, by goin' to bed with a Britisher. It was second or third stage out of Buffalo, Canady way. When I arrived it was late to night, and I had to dig thro' the woods considerable sharp to get there at all. The house was full, and every bed had two in it, all 'xcept one, and that an Englishman had, who carried on and swore so 'bout sleepin' two in a bed that they gave him one all to himself, more to save the bother of havin' a quarrel with him than out of any love for him; for them English are the devil when travellin', they give so much trouble, and do what you will are never satisfied.—Exactly, said the Ginerall, most commonly their manners are rude, overbearin', and tyrannical. They want their flints fixed for 'em as we did last war; but, fire and tow! let's have your spec' afore we get a-noddin'; I shall go for it soon, for I am considerable sleepy, I tell you —Well, says I, so they jist told me to take up with the Englishman, and I ondressed in two-twos, outs with the candle, and into bed in no time. The crittur was a-lyin' with his back to me, a-snoring like a bull, and more nor once I had a mind to wake him, so that we might have a fair start for it; but then, I thought it would only eend in a fight, so I let him be. But jist as I was a-droppin' off to sleep, the crittur fell too and kicked like a jackass. Lord, I thought he would have kicked me out of bed, or broke my leg, he kicked so like all possessed. Thinks I to myself, what on airth shall I do? shall I give him a stockdolager onder the ear and wake him up, or shall I turn to and kick him in return agin? I didn't actilly know what to do; at last I gets upon my knees, jist lays hold of him by the shoulders and turned him over, with his face to me, and his back to the

outside of the bed. Now, says I, kick away till you are tired, will you, my hearty, and you won't hurt nothin' but the wall. Well, if he didn't snore and kick away in great style, it's a pity, but as he didn't touch me no more, I dropped off a-sleep, and left him a-batterin' away at the wall with his heels like a paviour's rammer. In the mornin' he was quiet enough; but oh, such an ugly ungainly lookin' beast I never seed. He had his mouth wide open, a-showin' of his snags of teeth like a hoss when he sneezes, and there was dry froth on his nose and lips from snortin' so. His eyes was open too, (for some men sleep with their peepers open, like the Dutch overseer of the niggers with the glass eye, in the sugar-house,) and they stared like the eyes of an owl, and had jist sich a glassy, filmy, onmeanin' look. His hands, like most Britishers, was as white as chalk, but the nails was blue, and so was his lips. The nostrils were pinched in, and his nose looked pointed; altogether he was a perfect pictur' of an ugly man. Hullo, shipmate, says I, how's your heels this mornin'? I guess you must have hurt 'em agin' that are wall last night, for you kicked like all vengeance; but he was as sound as a top. With that, I throw'd down the clothes on *my* side, and was a-gittin' out of bed, when one leg touched him, and his skin was so cold and so clammy; I turned round and took another survey of him, and then put my ear close to his mouth, and I hope I may be shot if he warn't as dead as a herring. He was, I swear. It was an apperplexity fit he had, that made him kick so, like mad. It made me quite sick; I didn't get that crittur's ugly mug out of my thoughts for one while, I know. It was horrid now, warn't it!—Well, fire and tow! it was horrid, that's a fact, said the Ginerall, and if your bed-fellers are apt to be so confounded onlucky, I must say I'm 'most afceerd to go to bed with you. I don't like to hear about them things at night, they kinder skeer away sleep and set me a dreamin'; let's hear about your Nova Scotia estate; what is it like?—We had a crowner's inquest on the body, says I, and the crowner, who was a bit of a wag, returned a vardict, “died



of fright, a-sleepin' along with a Yankee." He did, upon my soul. Fact, I assure you.—Who the plague cares, says Corncob, what the great fat porter-drinkin' hog died of; do, for gracious' sake, let him be. Did you say your land was in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick? Come, gin' over foolin', that's a good feller.—I seed he was very anxious to hear about the bond, so to tease him and pique him, says I, I had another curious adventure once with a man in bed.—What a devil of a long-winded feller you be, Slick, says he; why don't you come to the pinte at once? if you want advice, ax it; if not let's go to sleep, for your stories are dismal. Fire and tow! I shall see that dead man in a night-mare yet.—Well, says I, this one will make you larf, anyhow, for it took a different turn from t'other one altogether. When I fust went out in the clock line, up Huron way, I used to be subject to the cramp, violent fits of the cramp, and nothin' a'most gave me relief but holdin' up a roll of stick brimstone in my hand, and I used to place it every night under the pillar of my bed to have it handy. Well, one night (and most sincerely cold it was too) I was a-bed along with Plato Frisk, a jumpin' Quaker, a terrible cross-grained cantanker-some crittur as ever I seed. He had a beard like a goat, it hung down to his waist a'most, and he had the power of raisin' it up with his chin, and whiskin' it as an ondocked crittur does its tail. A switch of it across your face was as bad as a blow from a bunch of stigin' nettles; it made it smart agin, like all wrath. It was a caution to look at. His nose was long, thin, and rounded, like the shape of a reapin' hook, and his eyes as black and small as a weasel's; they looked like two burnt holes in a blanket, they was so deep. He actilly was an awful-lookin' crittur, as shaggy as a two-year old, and jist about as ontamed too. Well, I woke up in the night half dead with the cramp, and screamin' like mad, and I jist out fin and felt for the brimstone, and I no sooner seized it than Frisk he roared like a bull too, and folks came runnin' and troopin' in from the other room, to see what on airth all the hubbub was about; and I hope I

may die this blessed minit if I hadn't got him by the nose in mistake for the brimstone (a'most an endless one it was too), and was a-squeezin' away and a-hangin' on to it like grim death to a dead nigger. It made me larf so, when the lights come in and I seed the ugly faces the goney made, that it cured the cramp, hang me if it didn't. Well, the Ginerall he haw-hawed right out, like thunder.—Why, Slick, said he, what a droll feller you be! that was a mistake done a-purpose, I know it was, for you was always full of the devil when a boy; but for gracious' sake let my nose alone, at any rate, for I hante much to spare, I tell *you*. Upon my word you ain't over safe to sleep with, are you? But, fire and tow! let's go to land, as the feller said when the boat upset, let's get to land. Let's have bisness first, and jokes arterwards.—Well, there is reason even in roastin' an egg. I know'd I might push this too far, and that it was time to stop afore he smelt a rat. So I jist began at the beginnin', by tellin' him the land warn't for sale at no rate, but for a company, in shares to be called "Chester lakes Mill Company," and to be incorporated like other companies, so that they needn't pay their debts if they hadn't a mind to. Then I laid out afore him how grand the water powers was, and what noble timber there was all around on the Queen's land that was to be had for takin', and the great lakes for raftin' of it, and Windsor river for shippin' of it, and Mahone Bay on t'other side for exportin' of it, and so on, and then offer'd him a bonus of four hundred dollars, and a commission of ten per cent. to sell shares. All the time I was a-talkin' of this, I heerd old "fire and tow" a-workin' of the weed in great style, and when I got this far, he put out his hand and felt onder the pillar for his baccy. I seed he was a-beginnin' to nibble at the bait, and that he was fairly on the scent, and I calculated I should have him afore long, if nothin' didn't skeer him. Says he, why not sell out and out and have done with it? I think I could show you how to put it off.—Sell it, says I, catch me a-sellin' of it! why it's onfit for sale.—Onfit! says he: how so? I thought you said it was parti-

cular jam.—So it is, says I, and that's the reason it's onfit; it's the rael right down thing itself.—You know best, says he, but if I was to presume to offer an opinion to a man o' your judgment, I should say, sell. Companies is cumbrous, full of liabilities, and troublesome. Sales is short and snug, and they eend the bisness, so you can turn the money quick, and are ready for a fresh start.—Exactly, says I, when it's a bam sell by all means; but when it's got a bottom my rule is to hold on.—Says he, look here, Slick.—What on airth is the use of lookin', says I, for it's as dark as Egypt; I can't see if I do look.—Fire and tow! said he, listen, if you can, for you are like a sheep's head, all jaw. I'll give you two thousand dollars at a word, for your bargain; what do you say now, go or no go? Say the word, bargain or no bargain! —I'll give you an answer in the mornin', Ginerall, says I. I don't want to part with it, and I must sleep upon it. The fact is, selling shares to a company would bring more nor twice that are sum. Let me cypher over it a little, for I have got hold of a rael pitikilar smart chance, and the right eend of the rope too, and if I am too greedy to turn it at once, I know I shall repent it to my dying day.—No, said he, I like a man to be up to the notch, and stand to his lick-log; salt or no salt, say the word, or it's no offer.—Dear, dear, said I, you put the leake into every one, a'most, Ginerall; other men beat the bush, but you catch the bird; say ninety cents more, for I have made a vow I wouldn't look at two thousand dollars, and it's yourn.—Fire and tow! then, done, said he, and now I'll show you how I do business; and with that he jumps out of bed and lights a lucifer, and openin' of his desk, says he, write you a short assignment of that bond, Slick, and I will write the cheque; and in less than twenty minutes the bond was in his trunk, the cheque in my portmanter, and we was both in bed agin, back to back, as sociable as you please. Well, Ginerall, says I, as you say business fust and jokes arterwards, now I'll tell you another story of two fellers sleepin' in one bed, a'most as good as t'other one.

The house they was a-sleepin' in took fire, and they jumps up in an all-fired hurry, and seesin' one pair of trousers atween them, half asleep and half awake as they was, each put a leg in it, and they rolled down stairs tied together kickin' and squeelin' like two pigs, and were half trod to death and 'most killed. I'll tell you how it was.—Do be quiet, says he; I believe in my soul you'd talk all night; and when I larf so much, I can't go to sleep arterwards, it sets me a-coughin' so. Good-night, and he was off in a hand gallop of a snore in a little less than half no time.—Thinks I to myself, (half larfin' in my sleeve till I a'most snickered agin,) you are right, Ginerall, bisness first, and jokes arterwards; that's jist exactly what you have been doin', only you don't know it. You'll find this night's work a capital joke some o' these days, or I am mistakened, that's all. You'd rather a-had the dead Englishman here alongside of you in bed than me, I know. You might a-got an odd kick from him, but I'll be hanged if you'd a-been *bit*. The crittur hadn't sense enough for that at no time. Oh! it was done pretty, that, squire; it made me feel good all over. It was what I call workmanlike. Bed is the place for doin' bisness in arter all. You ain't bound to hear all that's said in bed; and if you hesitate, and boggle a little, why it looks sleepy like, and not stupid. There ain't time too for chafferin' and higglin' too long; and a funny story throw'd in for spice keeps a feller in good humour. Then there ain't no fear of interruption or observation, and nothin' to distract attention. Bundlin' or courtin' in the new clearin's is done the same way. It's the best place for makin' a sarmon in too, or an oration, or any difficult piece of bisness; but as for dealin' and traffikin' that requires skill; depend on it, squire, if you are only wide awake and duly sober, there is nothin' like “*tradin' in bed.*”

## CHAPTER XIII.

## KNOWING THE SOUNDINGS, OR POLLY COFFIN'S SANDHOLE.

THE reckless speculation occasioned by an equally reckless issue of paper money, which has of late years appeared in the United States, has had a far more injurious operation than any one who has not carefully watched its progress and effects could possibly suppose. The first apparent change it produced was to raise the price of real and personal property far beyond their value, and to cause the unhappy delusion, that this feverish excitement was a healthy condition. That a great alteration had taken place was obvious to all; and those who were profiting by it found it by no means a difficult task to make men believe it was the natural result of republican institutions, of a free trade, a fertile soil, and an intelligent spirit of enterprise. In this opinion they were unfortunately confirmed, by finding the liberal party among the English and the Colonists constantly repeating the same absurd theory, and contrasting the high prices of the United States with the sounder and more rational condition of Canada, as a proof of the superior advantages of elective governments over a monarchy. They all affected to be unable to attribute the difference in the price of land on the opposite sides of the boundary line to any other cause than the ballot, universal suffrage, and annual elections. The consequence of all this has been, that the Americans have suffered immense losses in their trade, while the colonists have suffered no less in their peace and happiness, by the introduction of wild theories of government by those whose rank and influence gave a mischievous weight to their opinions. In the States, however, the great pecuniary loss they have sustained is by far the least injury they have incurred from this unfortunate error. *They have suffered in their morals.* A wild and unprincipled speculation like this has no pretension to be dignified by the name of trade or enterprise. It is one of the worst species of gambling,

inasmuch as it originates in deception, and is contaminated with fraud throughout. The preceding sketch, which is *founded on fact*, shows with what care even clever and experienced men like General Corncob can be duped, when their caution is disarmed by the eagerness of speculation; and how readily a man like the Clockmaker can reconcile himself, by the aid of a little sophistry, to a fraudulent transaction.

Had you no compunction, said I, Mr. Slick, in palming off upon the General that worthless bond, and in taking from him so large a sum of money as two thousand dollars without giving him any equivalent whatever?—Compunction, said he, in great astonishment, why no, squire, why should I? This ain't tradin', it 's spekilatin'. It makes all the difference in the world. For instance, I make a throw, you see, and he buys it. Well, if it wins, he gets whatever we raffled for, and if he don't, he loses, that's all. Great gains cover many losses. If one land spekilation in ten turns out well, and is rael jam, it makes a man's nest. Oh, no! if it was trade, why, honour bright! but it tante, it 's spekilatin'; and you might as well call loo, or put, or all-fours, or any other game, trade. It tante givin' valy for a thing, *it's buyin' a chance*. Now, there is no more harm done in settin' off a chance to advantage than in platin' a candlestick, or gildin' a frame. It's puffin', that's all, and that's done every day every where; so it is in smugglin'—do you suppose there is any harm in that? If you smuggle clever, you win; if you don't, it's seized, and there is an eend on it; you lose the trick, but the game is not immoral.

It would be difficult to believe that so sensible a man as Mr. Slick could be the dupe of such shallow nonsense, if daily experience did not prove how much easier men can deceive themselves, where their interest is concerned, than satisfy others, and how soon the morals of a country are damaged by this sort of national gambling. The explanation was disagreeable. I was reluctant to permit him to lower himself in my opinion, and I changed the conversation by a refer-

ence to colonial subjects. These were topics on which I admired to hear him talk, as his observations were generally correct, often original, and always amusing.—Yes, said he, I must say, without a morsel of vanity, I estimate I have picked up a few notions of men and things in a ginerall way that every one can't boast of. Now, there's them colonies and colony chaps, Lord, I know their ins and outs better than they do themselves. Oh, dear! I wish I had the berth Lord Sir John Russell, Queen's Prime Minister for immigrants, has, for jist one month. The way I'd show him how to handle the ribbons ain't no matter, I know. I'd larn him how to set on the box, how to hold the whip atween his teeth, and to yawk the reins with both hands, so as to make each hoss in the team feel he had a master that was none o' the scariest, and that wouldn't put up with no nonsense. A cross-grained ongainly crittur wouldn't frighten me by layin' down and refusin' to draw, I tell you. I'd jist start the rest of the cattle into a handsome lope, and give him a drag over the gravel till I scratched his hide for him a considerable sum, and see how double quick he'd get tired of that fun, up on his pegs, and go as quiet as a lamb. Lord, I'd come down on him like a duck on a June bug; I'd make him wake snakes, and walk his chawks, as the western folks say, I know. Nothin' vexes an ouruly beast like takin' no notice of him, but jist movin' on as if it was all the same to you what he did, as you know how to fix his flint. I have an idea that no man can be a good statesman that can't drive well. There's a great deal to be larned from hosses. Natur' is natur', that is a fact; but the natur' of a hoss ain't human, that's all, and he can't talk; study *him*, therefore, and man comes easy arter that. There ain't no part of a hoss I don't know, stock, lock, or barrel. No man can't cheat me in a hoss. As for a John Bull, or a Blue-nose, I never seed one yet that I couldn't walk right into like a pumkin-pie. They are as soft as dough, them fellers. No, sir; a steady arm and a light hand is what is wanted, not givin' them their head one minit, and curbin' them the next, and most throwin'

'em down. That 's no way to drive, but jist the way to spile their temper ; but bein' afeerd on 'em is the devil, it ruins 'em right off. Oh, dear ! if I was only alongside Lord Sir John on the state-box, I 'd teach him in six lessons so that he could manage them by whisperin' ; but you might as well whistle jigs to a milestone as to an Englishman, they are so infarnal sot in their ways. The first thing to know how to get safe into port is to study the soundings. I mind a trick I played once on old "Tarnal Death," as we called Captain Ebenezer Fathom, the skipper I went to South Sea with. He know'd every inch of the American coast as well as he did of his own cabin ; and whenever he throw'd the lead, and looked at what sort of bottom it showed, he know'd as well where he was as if he was in sight of land. He did beat all, that's a fact, and proper proud he was of it too, a-boastin' and a-crackin' of it for everlastingly. So, afore I goes aboard, off I slips to a sandpit on Polly Coffin's betterments, where they got sand for the Boston iron foundaries, and fills a bag with it and puts it away in my trunk. Well, we was gone the matter of three years on that are voyage afore we reached home ; and as we neared the Nantuckit coast, Captain Ebenezer comes down to the cabin and turns in, and says he,—Sam, says he, we are in soundin's now, I calculate ; run on till twelve o'clock, and then heave-to and throw the lead, for it is as dark as Comingo, and let me see what it fetches up, and, tarnal death ! I'll tell you to the sixteenth part of an inch what part of the thirteen united univarsal worlds we be in.—What will you bet, says I, you do?—I'll bet you a pound of the best Varginy pigtail, says he ; for I am out of baccy this week past, and have been chawin' oakum until my jaws fairly stick together with the tar. Yesterday, when you turned in, I throw'd out a signal of distress, and brought a Britisher down on us five miles out of his way ; but, cuss him, when he found out I only wanted a pig of tobacco, he swore like all vengeance, and hauled his wind right off. What tarnal gulls and fools they be, ain't they ? Yes, I'll bet you a pound of the best.—Done, says I, I'll go my death on it you don't tell ;



for I never will believe no soul can steer by the lead, for sand is sand everywhere; and who can tell the difference?—Any fool, said he, with half an eye, in the pitchiest, inkyest, lampblackiest night that ever was created. I didn't get here into the cabin by jumpin' thro' the skylight, as national officers do, but worked my way in from before the mast. Tarnal death to me! a man that don't know soundin's when he sees it is fit for nothin' but to bait shark-hooks with. Soundin's, eh? why, I was born in soundin's, sarved my time out in soundin's, and made a man of in soundin's, and a pretty superfine fool I must be if I don't know 'em. Come, make yourself scarce, for I am sleepy; and he was a-snorin' afore I was out of the cabin.—Well, at twelve o'clock we hove-to, and sure enough found sand at fifty fathom, as he said we would. What does I do but goes and takes another lead, and dips it into the water to wet it, and then stirs it in the bag of sand I had stowed away in my trunk, and then goes and wakes up the skipper. Hollo, shipmate! says I, here's the lead: we have got a sandy bottom in fifty fathom, as you said.—Exactly, says he, didn't I tell you so. I can feel my way all along the coast when it's so dark you can't hear yourself speak. I know every foot of it as well as if I made it myself. Give me the lead.—As soon as he took it and looked at it, he jumpt right up an cend in bed.—Hollo! said he, what the devil's this? give me my spec's, that's a good feller, for I don't see as well as I used to did.—So I goes to the table and hands him his spectacles, and says I, I knew you couldn't tell no more than any one else by the lead. That are boast of yourn was a bam, and nothin' else. I'll trouble you for your pound of Varginy pigtail; jist enter it in the log, will you?—Heavens and airth! said he, a-mut-terin' to himself, old Nantuck is sunk; an airthquake, by gum! What a dreadful pretty piece of bisness this is!—He looked as white as chalk: his eyes started most out of his head, and his hair looked a hundred ways for Sunday. Lord, how frightened he looked, he was quite onfakilised.—Tarnal death to me! says he, bring the candle here agin; and then

he wiped his eyes fust, and then his spec's, and took another long look at it, as steady as if he was a drawin' a bead on it fine with his rifle.—After a space, he jumps right out of bed on the floor, and bawls out as loud as thunder to the hands on deck,—“‘Bout ship, boys! said he, 'bout ship for your lives, as quick as wink! old Nantuck has gone for it as sure as rates, it has by Gosh! I hope I may die this blessed instant minute of time if that are lead hasn't gone right slap into old Aunt Polly Coffin's Sandhole. What a spot o' work this is! Poor old Nantuck!” and he was jist ready to cry a'most, he seemed so sorry.—Stop, says I, captain, I'm'most afeerd I've made a mistake; I do believe I've gin you the wrong lead: look at this, a-handin' up to him and a-showin' of him the right one.—Ah! says he, fust a smilin' and then bustin' out in a hoss-laugh, you thought to catch me, Sammy, did you, my boy? but it's more nor you nor any livin' soul can. None o' you can put the leake into me where soundin's is consarned. I defy all creation to do that. Nothin' but an airthquake can do that. “Let her off two pints, and hold on that way till daylight.” Nobody had better not go foolin' with me; and then he swung round and fixed for a nap, agin makin' a chucklin' noise, half grunt, half larf. Catch me, catch the devil, will you? Think I don't know the bar grit from Polly Coffin's Sandhole? Oh! of course I don't, I don't know nothin', nor ever did; I never had no eyes nor no sense nother. Old folks never know nothin', and never will; so, tarnal death to you! teach your grandmother to clap ashes, and your daddy how to suck eggs, will you?

Now, squire, I know the soundin's of them are colonies as well as Captain Ebenezer did Nantucket bottom, and could put his royal highness Lord Sir John Russell up to a thing or two he don't know, that's a fact. He ought to go and see for himself, how else *can* he know whether folks are drawin' the wool over his eyes or no, or whether it's proper to 'bout ship or not? Do you think he could tell now, or any other British minister that ever stood in shoe-leather, from the days of old Captain Noah of the Ark whaler down-

wards, how many kinds of patriots there are in the colonies? no, not he. It's a question that would pose most men, unless they had sarved an apprenticeship to state teachin'. Well, there are jist five. Rebel patriots, mahogany patriots, spooney patriots, place patriots, and rael genuine patriots. Now, to govern a colony, a man ought to know these critturs at first sight; for they are as different from each other as a hoss is from a jackass, or a hawk from a handsaw.—A *rebel patriot* is a gentleman that talks better than he fights, hantegot much property in a gineral way, and hopes to grab a little in the universal scramble. He starts on his own book, looks to his rifle for his support, and shoots his own game. If he got his due, he would get a gallus for his reward.—A *mahogany patriot* is a crittur that rides like a beggar a-horseback: you'll know him by his gait. As soon as he begins to get on a bit in the world, he is envious of all them that's above him, and if he can't get his legs onder the mahogany of his betters, is for takin' his better's mahogany away from them. To skin his pride over and salve his vanity, he says he is excluded on account of his politicks and patriotism, a martyr to his vartue. This chap mistakes impedence for independence, and abuse for manliness: he is jist about a little the dirtiest and nastiest bird of the whole flock of patriots. This feller should be sarved out in his own way: he should stand in the pillory and be pelted with rotten eggs.—A *spooney patriot* is a well-meanin' silly Billy, who thinks the world can be reduced to squares like a draftboard, and governed by systems; who talks about reforms, codifyin', progression, schoolmasters abroad, liberality, responsibility, and a pack of party catchwords that he don't know the meaning of. This chap is a fool, and ought to go to the infarmary.—A *place patriot* is a rogue: he panders to popular prejudice, appeals to the passions of the mob, and tries to set them agin' their richer neighbours, and attempts to ride on their shoulders into the government, and to secure place will sacrifice everything that is valuable, and good, and respectable. He

is a philosopher in his religion, and a rascal in his philosophy. He is wilful, and acts against conviction. This man is the loudest and most dangerous of all, and should go to the workhouse.—*The true patriot* is one who is neither a sycophant to the Government nor a tyrant to the people, but one who will manfully oppose either when they are wrong, who regards what's right, as minister said to me, and not what is popular; who supports existin' institutions as a whole, but is willin' to mend or repair any part that is defective.—Why, Mr. Slick, said I, in the most unfeigned astonishment, I never heard a republican hold such language before: why, you are a Tory, if you only knew it. Are you merely talking for effect, or do you really mean what you say? for your picture of a true patriot is nothing more or less than a picture of a consistent Tory. Any person must see the resemblance to the Duke of Well——. —Why, squire, said he, interrupting me, you don't know our soundin's from Polly Coffin's Sandhole as well as I do, or you wouldn't ax that are question, at no rate. I am a Federalist when I am to home, tho' I somewhat guess you are a Consarvative; but a monarchist in a republic, and a republican in a monarchy is jist about on a par,—a pair of rebels that ought to be chained together, that they might have time to argue it out. Our government suits us best, yourn suits you best; a good citizen stands by his own. I don't care who looks like the pictur'. I drewed one of a true patriot, and you may give him what nick-name you please; but I hante done yet. I want to show you the soundin's of the colonial Tories, for mind, I ain't no partyman. I don't care a snap o' my finger who's up or who's down; I'm a *Yanke*, and my name is Sam Slick; at least, they tell me so. Now, the colonial Tories, compacts, officials, divine succession men, cliques, or whatever they are,—for they have as many aliases as the Spanish pirate had that was hanged to Boston,—are about the best folks goin', to my mind, to trade with, and the nearest up to the notch; yet there are three sorts of them.

*Whole hogs*, who won't hear of no change, good or bad, right or wrong, at no rate. These critturs are of the donkey breed. They stick their head into the fence, and lash away with their heels right and left, till all is blue agin.—*Fashionable ones*, who don't care much about politicks, but join that side because the upper-crust folks and bettermost people are that way of thinkin': jackdaw birds, that borrow feathers to strut in. If the great men or the governor was a radical, these critturs would be radical too. *They take their colour from the object they look up to.*—Then there is *the moderate ones*: now extremes meet, and a moderate colonial compact chap and a true patriot are so near alike it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell 'em apart. I shouldn't like to let on that I said so: for, cuss 'em, if it hadn't a-been for them the patriots or reformers, winter afore last, would have throw'd Canada into our hands as slick as grease; and I wouldn't a-said to others what I have said to you for nothin' a'most. Now, if I was John Russell, (for them almighty long tails worn afore a man's name instead of behind it always bother me, and it comes handier to me not to use them), if I was him, I'd jist slip off on the sly to the provinces without sayin' of a word, and travel as plain Mr. Russell, (and, I guess, nobody would take him for a lord unless he told 'em so, for he ain't overly tall, that's a fact,) and jist take the soundin's of these folks myself. He'd hear the truth then, for some patriot folks say *one thing to a governor and another to the world*. He'd know, too, when influence was character, or when it was *trick*. When he returned again to home, to the state-house in Downin'-street, and a colonist brought him a lead to look at, he'd tell with half an eye, like Captain Ebenezer, whether it had sand on it from the *rael bottom*, or *Polly Coffin's Sandhole*.

If them jawin' Jacks to Parliament had half the sense my poor old mother had, they'd know what to say when them patriot critturs come home, with their long lockrums about grievances, with an everlastin' lyin' preface to it about loyalty. They'd say, as she used to did, poor old crittur, to me when

I boasted what a good boy I was a-goin' to be: *Sam, she'd say, I'd a plaguy sight sooner see it than hear tell of it.* It puts me in mind of what an Ingian once said to a British governor afore our glorious revolution. He was a great hand was the Britisher (like some other folks I could tell you of) to humbug with talk, and was for reformin' everything a'most, and promised all sorts of things, and more too, that he did not mean; but all his speeches would *read both ways*, so that he could intarpret them as he liked: so, which ever way things eventuated, he was always right. *A regular politician that!* One day he called his red children together, as he called the Ingians, and made *them* a speech too. It was a beautiful speech, I tell you, all in bad English, that it might be understood better and sound Ingian-like. Bimeby, when he had done, up rises an old chief, a rael salt, and as cunnin' as a fox, for he was quite a case that feller, and, says he, Mr. Gubbernor.—Let my son speak, said the Governor, and his great father will open his ear and hear him, and he will keep his words in his heart; and he clapt his hand on his breast, and looked as spooney as a woman does on her first child.—Very good jaw that, Mister Gubbernor, said he; you speak'um dam well; now, Mister Gubbernor, try and *actum* well, for that is more better.—That's exactly the language John Russell ought to hold to colony patriots when they boast of their loyalty; he should say, “actum well, for that's more better still.” Whenever he does that, I shall think he knows “the rael soundin's from *Polly Coffin's Sandhole*;” won't you, squire?

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

HAVING travelled this day from Parnassus to Thebes, (1) a distance of thirty-five miles, we concluded to remain where

(1) I have used these names instead of the real ones, as well on account of avoiding local offence, as of their absurd adoption in the States.

we were, although there were some two or three hours of daylight yet to spare, and to resume our journey on the following morning. Thebes is a small town, nor does there appear to have been any grounds whatever for supposing that it could, by any possible contingency, ever attain the size or imitate the splendour of that whose name has been thought so appropriate as to be transferred to this little assemblage of wooden houses and log huts. The town appeared to have been abandoned by its inhabitants for some temporary purpose, for the houses, though all closed, bore marks of recent occupation. The shops and taverns were open, as if in readiness to receive the returning population, while the scaffolds, heaps of mortar, and unloaded waggons of timber, all exhibited signs of a hasty desertion of the workmen. The silence and melancholy that reigned through the streets constituted the only point of resemblance to its great prototype. So unusual an occurrence naturally excited my curiosity, and upon inquiring its cause, I was informed there was a gathering, or a religious bee, at a short distance, which was most numerous attended by people from a distance as well as the immediate neighbourhood ; that there was a great "stir," and a preacher of more than common eloquence, called a "Corcornite," who was breaking up all the old congregations, and proselyting the whole country to his new notions.

It is a nervous fever, said my informant, the innkeeper, with an air of satirical severity. All nations have their peculiar excitements. The Chinese have their opium, the South Sea people their chew-chew, the Dutch their skidam, the Indians their tobacco, and the Irish their whiskey ; but we have a combination of them all—we go ahead of most folks in that line. We have rum, strong tea, baccy, politics, and fanaticism. We are the most excitable and excited people in the world. One mistake, stranger, naturally leads to another. They are Puritans that came out of your country to this, proscribed all amusements, all innocent festivities, all gaiety of the heart, and held that the more wretched and

melancholy they were the more acceptable they would be to the Lord. They were no half-measure chaps them. When they began to dissent from the Church they went the whole figur'. They gave up all the Church allowed, and retained all the Church disapproved. The Church prayed for the King; they beheaded him. The Church taught a cheerful countenance betokened a happy heart; the Puritans called it the face of a malignant, and so forth. Well, what was the consequence of all this? why, as pretty a set of hypocrites was begotten as you'd wish to see. I take your Cromwell to be jist a superline sample of them, and the breed is tolerably pure yet; cold, canting, sour pharisees who appropriate heaven to themselves, and quietly consign all the rest of the world to the devil. This feeling has tinged every one of the hundred thousand sects that have sprung up to oppose the old Church of Old England. I am a colonist by birth myself; I was brought up an Episcopalian, and so was my wife; but my children have all seceded. One is a Hixite, another a Universalist, a third a Unitarian, and a fourth a Socialist. Religion, instead of being a bond of union in my house, is the cause of discord, and doctrinal points are never-ending sources of dispute and disagreement. Christianity, sir, is fast giving place to philosophy, and we are relapsing into what these new lights call "rational thinkers," or, in plain English, Atheists. It makes me sick to think on it; but you had better go and see for yourself, and then tell me if such disgraceful work is religion. This fellow that is drawing such crowds after him belongs not to any of the great sects of Episcopals, Methodists, Baptists, or Papists, but is called a "Corcornite." His doctrine is simply this, that a state of future punishment exists, but exists only for those who do not embrace his creed,—a comfortable sort of faith, which, I fear, his sect is not the only one that propagates.

The meeting was held on the betterments of a new settler, near a bridge, to which several roads led, and which, from its central situation, was easy of access from various parts of the country. Waggons, gigs, and cars without number,



were stationed near the fences, and along the line of the forest, the horses belonging to each carriage being unharnessed, and severally fastened by a halter to the axletree for security. Here and there were tents and booths, giving the field the appearance of a military encampment; and on the edge of the woods, and under the shade of the giants of the forest, were numerous conical wigwams, made after the fashion of the Indians, and resembling one of their summer fishing-establishments. In the centre of the clearing was a large barn, which was filled by a mixed and mottled multitude of people listening to the wild declamation of the preacher, whose voice was occasionally heard over the whole field, as he screamed out his frightful denunciations. Groups of men were scattered about the field, seated on the huge stumps which here and there dotted the surface of the ground, or perched on the upper rails of the wooden fence, discussing business or politicks, or canvassing the doctrines or merits of the preacher; while others were indolently lounging about the refreshment-booths, while away the time with cigars and mint julip until they should be joined by their fair friends at the hour of intermission.

After some difficulty, Mr. Slick and myself forced our way into the barn, and fortunately obtained standing-room on one of the seats, from which we had a view of the whole interior. One preacher had just ceased as we entered. He was succeeded by another, a tall, thin, and rather consumptive-looking man, who had a red silk pocket-handkerchief tied about his head, and wore no neckcloth. There was something quite appalling in his look. There was such a deep dejection in his countenance, such a settled melancholy, such a look of total abstraction and resignation to the endurance of some inevitable fate, that I was forcibly reminded of the appearance of an unfortunate criminal when led out for execution. Instantly all was hushed, every eye was upon him, and every ear in anxious solicitude to catch the almost inaudible whispers that fell from his lips. Now and then a word was heard, and then a few unconnected ones, and shortly a few brief sentences or maxims. Pre-

sently his enunciation was clear and distinct, and it gradually increased in volume and rapidity until it became painfully loud, and then commenced gesticulation, emphasis, and raving. It was one unceasing flow of words, without pause or interruption, except for an occasional draught of water from a stone pitcher that was placed beside him. Even this, however, was insufficient to prevent exhaustion, and he removed his coat. He then commenced the great effort of his eloquence, a description of the tortures of the damned. It was a studied and frightful piece of declamation, in which he painted their wild demoniac shrieks, their blasphemous despair, their unquenched and unquenchable thirst,—the boiling steaming lake of brimstone—their unwilling tenacity of existence, and increased sensibility of pain. When all the figures of speech and all his powers of imagination were exhausted, he finished the horrible picture by the introduction of fallen angels, who, with expanded wings, hovered for ever and ever over this awful abyss, whose business and pleasure was, as the boiling of the infernal caldron brought any of the accursed to the surface, with spears of heated glowing metal to thrust them deeper and further into the burning flood.

The groans, screams, and hysterical laughter of the female part of the audience was so frightful and appalling an accompaniment to this description, that my feelings became intensely painful, and I was about leaving the building, when his voice suddenly dropped from the unnatural pitch to which he had strained it, and sunk into a soft and seductive tone, in which, in the mildest and gentlest manner, he invited them to accompany him to Paradise, which he described, after the manner of the Mohammedans, as an abode furnished with all the delicacies and pleasures most suited to their senses and corporeal enjoyments. He then represented the infernal regions as the doom of those who belonged not to the “band” of which he was the head, in the absence of its persecuted founder, “Corcoran,” and invited his hearers to fellowship.

Enough, said I, to Mr. Slick ; and more than enough. I am disgusted and horrified ; let us go.—I 'most wonder you staid so long, said he ; it is awful hot here, and that crittur talked so of sulphur I've actilly got the taste of it in my mouth ; my tongue is all warped and curled up like singed shoe-leather. I must have a brandy cocktail to cool it. But I've seen that feller afore ; I know his voice and the cut of his jib as well as anything, but to call his name out, to save my soul alive, I can't. They call him Concord Fisher, but that is not his rael name, that's a bam. Where on airth have I seen that goney, for seen him I have, by gum !

The following morning he said,—Who do you think that are preacher was, squire ? I told you I know'd I had seen him afore, for I never forgot a face yet ; tho' names are considerable slippery, and it ain't jist so easy to keep hold on such soapy things. It was that everlastin' skirmudgeon, Ahab Meldrum ; it was, I swear. Last night, jist as I was a-turnin' in, who should slip into my room but Ahab.—Sam, says he, I seed you to the great " stir," and know'd you in a minit ; you are jist the man I want to see, for I need your advice ; but, for the love of Heaven, give me some brandy and water, for I am e'en a'most dead,—and he gave a kind of tan-yard grin that went right straight to the heart.—We have to preach tee-totalism here, for nothin' else will go down ; but it's easier to preach than to practise that : give me some grog, or I shall die.—It sarves you right, says I, for bein' such a 'tarnal hypocrite : why the devil don't you take your grog like a man, if you need it, above-board, off-hand handsom, and let them that don't like it lump it, that's my way ; I don't approbate no nonsense. Well, I goes and gets some brandy and water, enough to make a nightcap for two, and, says I, swig away till you are tired, now, will you ; you are safe with me ; I won't blow you, you may depend. Well, I pitied the poor crittur too, for he looked as pale and as white about the gills as a scalded nigger ; I actilly thought he would have fainted, he was so weak. Take a drop of it neat, says I, water only spiles it ; and I poured him out a gill

of the pure grit, which brought his colour back and revived him a bit. When he come to, says I, Ahab, what onder the sun brought you here? what made you leave Alabama? You was gittin' on like a house a fire there, a soft-sawderin' the women there, with your new rule in grammar, that the feminine gender was more worthy than the masculine, and the masculine more better nor the neuter, and so forth. I hope you hante been illustratin', eh? no more Polly Bacons, I hope, eh? you was always a sly feller that way : what was it?—Sam, says, he, I've been a fool, and it sarves me right ; I was doin' the smartest chance of preachin' there of any man in the state, and I throw'd it away like an ass. I am punished enough, anyhow; spare me, for I am as weak as a child, and can't stand Jobeing. Spare me, that's a good crittur, and don't you bark agin' me, too, or it will drive me crazy; and he put his hand to his face and boohood right out.—Why, you poor crittur, says I,—for a touch of old times come over me, when we was boys to school together, and I felt kinder sorry to see him that way, lookin' so streaked—why, you poor crittur, says I, you've worn yourself out a-screachin' and a-screamin' that way, and yellin' like a ravin' distracted bed bug; let me mix you a pitcher of egg-nog, stiff enough to stick to your ribs as it goes down, and it will make a man of you agin' in two-tuos. So away I goes and gets a lot of eggs and sugar, and some brandy, and mixes up a dose that would float a dollar a'most, and made him drink it : now, says I, for your new rule in grammar; how did it work?—Well, says he, it's no use concealin' anythin' from you, Sam; it didn't turn out well in the eend, that's a fact. People began to talk considerable hard and Lynchy about their galls comin' so often to a single man to tell their experience, and to wrestle with the spirit, and so on; and the old women began to whisper and look coonish, and, at last—for I don't want to go into pitikilars, for it ain't an overly pleasant subject—I got a notice to make myself scarce from Judge Lynch, and, as I know'd a little grain more about the matter than they did, and guessed the

secret would soon be obleeged to be known, I felt my jig was up, and I jist took the hint and made tracks. Then I hooked on to the Corcornites, and here I am among them, I must say, rather takin' the lead. Folks actilly *do* say I take the rag off quite, all along up and down Maine and Varmont, and a piece beyond ; but I can't stand it ; I shall die ; the excitement is too much for me. I have endured more already than a dead nigger in a doctor's shop could stand. Livin' so long in a hot climate I hante strength for it, and, I am fairly used up and worn out. What do you think of Socialism ? it seems as if it would go down, that. It's gittin' kinder fashionable. Owen writes me word he has been introduced to Court to England, of which he is proper proud, and a nation sight of people patronise it since, a complete swad of them. He says it will trip the heels of the Church yet, let the Bishops do their prettiest, for Socialists have votes as well as other folks, and must be courted, and are courted, and will be courted all through the piece. He seems quite up in the stirrups, and jist dares them to prosecute him. I have had liberal offers from the sect here, for whatever is the go to Europe will soon be the chalk here, and to tell you the truth, I feel most peskily inclined to close with them, for them rational religionists live like men, and ain't so everlastin' strait-laced in matters of the heart as others be, nother. In fact, they are jist about the most liberal sect I know on. Now, tell me candid, has it a bottom, or is it a bam ? Will it stand, or will public opinion be too strong for it ? for I don't want to embark on board a leaky ship ; when I spikilate I like to have the chances in my favour.— Well, Ahab, says I, you make me crawl like all over, to hear you talk so loose, so you do ; what a devil of a feller you be, you are actilly bad enough to be nigger-in-law to old Scratch, you are so bad ; you have tried every sect there is, a-most, and now you talk of turnin' infidel, as coolly as of turnin' into bed. Give up preachin', you ain't fit for it, nor never was, and, more nor that, you hante strength for it. If you don't mind, you'll go for it yet. Go where you ain't known, and

either 'go tradin' or go farmin'.—Too hard work, Sam, said he, too hard work ; but Socialism strikes me as rather genteel, while the work is light, the pay good, and *religious liberty* great. Jist hand me the brandy tho', that's a good feller, please. I must take some clear, for that egg-nog is cold and heavy on the stomach,—and he drank off near about half a pint without winkin'. No, said he, no ox-carts for me, Sammy, boy ; no, nor baccy, nor cotton nother ; they are low, very low, them. Corcoran, the head of our sect, is in jail. They are a-goin' to give him a birth in the states prison. It's all day with him now ; and I must say it kinder sarves him right for not takin' up his killock, when he seed he was a-gitten into such an almighty frizzle of a fiz. What's the use of legs but to absquotilate with, like a jumpin' bull frog, when traps are sot for you. What I want to know is, whether So—so—social—Socialism ca—an stand or no?—Not much better than you can, I expect, says I, for he was blind drunk now, and as dumb as a wooden clock, two years old, and I lifted him on the bed with all his runnin' riggin' on, and there he was this mornin' when I got up, a-snorin like a sizeable buffalo. Oh, squire, said the Clock-maker, that are Ahab has made me feel dreadful ugly, I tell you. Old times kinder touches the heart ; I look on my old class-mates like brothers, and I don't feel sorter right when I see one on 'em actin' like old Scratch that way. *A bad man is bad enough, the Lord knows ; but a bad minister beats the devil, that's as plain as preachin'.*

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE UNBURIED ONE.

As we approached Boston, Mr. Slick said, Ah, squire ! now you will see as pretty a city as we have this side of the water. There is a good many folks worth seein' here, and a good many curositities of natur' too. There's the State House, and Old Funnel, and Charleston College, and the

Market-place, and the Wharf they give to the British steamer (an act of greater liberality p'raps than you'll find, I estimate, in the world), and ever so many things. Then there is Mount Auburn. Lord, the French may crack and boast as much as they please, about their "Pair o' Shaise," but it's no touch to it. Why, I never was so disappointed in anything in all my life, since I was broughten up, as that are Paris buryin' ground. *It looks for all the world like an old ruined town, where the houses are all gone, and the porches, and steps, and dog-kennels are left.* It hante no interest in it at all, except the names o' them that's buried there; but Mount Auburn is worth seein' for itself. It's actilly like pleasure ground, it's laid out so pretty, and is the grandest place for courtin' in I know on, it's so romantic. Many a woman that's lost one husband there has found another in the same place. A widower has a fine chance of seein' widders there, and then nobody ever suspects them of courtin', bein' that they are both in black, but takes 'em for mourners, and don't intrude on 'em out of pity. I'll go a bet of a hundred dollars the women invented that place, for they beat all natur' for contrivances, so they do. Yes, squire, if you have a mind for a rich young widder, clap a crape weeper on your hat, and a white nose-rag in your hand, and go to Mount Auburn, and you'll see some heavenly splices there, I tell you, in some o' them are shady walks, that will put all the dead in creation out of your head a'most. Them saller-lookin', garlick-eatin' French heifers, you see to "Pair o' Shaise," may have better top gear, and better riggin' in giceral than our galls, and so they had ought, seein' that they think of nothin' else but dress; but can they show such lips, and cheeks, and complexions, that's all, or such clinker-built models? No, not them, nor any other women of any other nation in the univarsal world. If they can, it's some place that's not discovered yet, that's all I can say, and you must go a leetle further than the eend of the airth to find them, for they ain't this side of it. You must see Mount Auburn

to-morrow, squire, that's a fact; but then, leave your heart to home, to the *Tremont*, as folks do their watches when they go to the *theatre* to London, or you will lose it as sure as you are born. O, there is a 'sartain somethin' about Boston that always makes an American feel kinder proud. It was the cradle of our liberty. The voice of our young eagle was first heard here, and at Bunker's Hill, which is near the town, it gave the British the first taste of its talons.

Newbury port's a rocky place,  
And Salom's very sandy,  
Charleston is a pretty town,  
But Boston is the dandy.

I guess the English must feel most awful streaked when——

To divert him from a topic on which his national vanity always made him appear ridiculous, I observed, that I believed there was but one opinion among strangers about Boston, who were always much pleased with the place, and its society, but that I was not myself fond *of cities as cities*. Long streets, and broad streets, said I, walls of brick and mortar, and stones heaped on stones, have few charms for me. Even architectural beauty is, after all, but the effect of a judicious arrangement of poor materials. It is good of its kind, but not one of those things I most admire. It may have many component parts of beauty, it may combine lightness, strength, proportion, and so on. The general effect may be good, criticism may be satisfied, and the eye dwell on it with complacency. You may be willing to concede to it the usual terms of praise. You may say it is grand, or magnificent, or exquisite, or beautiful. You may laud the invention, the judgment, and skill of the architect; you may say, in short, that your artificial and acquired taste for architectural beauty is gratified and content, (an admission, by the by, which it is very rare to hear,) but still it is but the work of the hodsman and mason. I do not mean to underrate its importance, because, as a great part of mankind must dwell in cities, and all must live in houses, few things are of greater consequence than the appearance of



those cities and houses ; and order, symmetry, and the general adaptation of the parts to each other, and to the whole, are matters of deep interest to us all. I merely mean to say, that the most beautiful building is but a work of art, and that, as such, it gives me less pleasure than many other works of art, and that it falls so immeasurably short of the works of nature, of which I am a great admirer, I fear I do not derive all that pleasure from it that it is capable of affording. I like cities, therefore, not for themselves, but as a gregarious animal for the greater number of my own species they contain, and for the greater opportunity they afford me of meeting the *idem velle* and *idem nolle* people, among whom, only, we are told, by a very competent judge, is to be found true friendship. But, even in this case, I am not sure I do not lose in quality as much as I gain in quantity ; for I fear that though there be more refinement in the citizen, there is less heart than in the countryman. Before you can impart its brightness to steel, you must harden its texture, and *the higher the polish the more indurated you will find the substance*. By this process it loses its pliability and acquires brittleness, and its strength is diminished in proportion to its beauty. It is a gay deceiver. It flatters your vanity by its devotion to yourself. Its smooth and brilliant surface will reflect your image while present, but the very operation of refinement has destroyed its susceptibility of an impression. It is your own smile that is returned to you, but it refuses to retain it when you cease to look upon it. As a lover of nature, therefore, I love the country and the man that inhabits it. I find more of beauty in the one, and of generous impulses in the other, than I find in cities or in courtiers.

I reciprocate that idee, said the Clockmaker. Give me the folks that like "human natur'" and "soft-sawder." Them critturs in towns, in a gineral way, have most commonly cut their eye teeth, and you can't make nothin' of them. There is no human natur' in them to work on ; and as for soft-sawder, they are so used to it themselves, it seems to put 'em on their guard like. They jist button up their pockets,

and wrinkle up their foreheads, and look on you with their eyes wide apart, onmeanin' like, as if they warn't attendin', and bow you out. Nothin' makes me feel so onswoggled as one of them "I guess-you-may-go kind of stares;" it's horrid. But as for country folks, Lord, you can walk right into 'em like nothin'. I swear I could row a boat-load on 'em cross-handed right up again the stream in no time. Boston is a fine town, that's sartin, tho' I won't jist altogether say it's better nor Edinboro', nor Dublin nother; but it's——. —Talking of Dublin, said I, reminds me of the singular story I overheard you telling some countryman in Nova Scotia of the remarkable state of preservation in which the dead bodies are found under St. Michan's church, and especially the anecdote of the two Shears's; was that a fact, or one of your fanciful illustrations given for the sake of effect? —Fact, squire, I assure you, said he, and no mistake: I seed it with my own eyes no longer than two years agone. Gospel, every word of it.—You mentioned there was a female exhibited with them in the same perfect state: who was she?—Oh! she was a nun, said he; she had been there the matter of the Lord knows how many years a-kickin' about, and nobody knew her name, or who her folks were, or where the plague she come from. All they know'd was she was a nun that wouldn't let no one see so much as the colour of her eyes while she lived, but made up bravely for it arter she was dead. If you had only a-heerd how it made the old sea-captain rave like a mad poet at the full of the moon, it would have made you laugh, I know. I sot him a-goin' a-purpose; for nothin' pleases me so much as to see an old feller try to jump Jim Crow in an oration. So, says I, captain, says I, that are nun warn't a bad-lookin' heifer in her day nother, was she? a rael, right down, scrumptious-lookin' piece of farniture, and no mistake; but what in natur' was the use of her veilin' her face all her life to keep off the looks of sinful carnal man, if they won't veil her arter she is dead, and no one wants to look at her. Oh, dear! oh, dear! if she could only wake up now and see us

two great he fellers a-standin' starin' at her full in the face, what an everlastin' hubbub she would make, wouldn't she? If she wouldn't let go, and kick, and squeel, and carry on like ravin' distracted mad, it's a pity, that's all. I say, Miss Stranger, said I, a-turnin' to our female guide, and a-chuckin' her onder the chin, now what do you estimate is the first thing that are gall would do in that case—would she——? but the old ongainly heifer pretended to take a fit of the modest all at once, and jist turned towards the door, and by bringin' the lamps closer to her body, threw the corpses and that corner of the cellar into darkness, and then, axin' us if we 'd like to see the next vault, led us right up into the churchyard. When we got out into the air, says the old sea-captain,—I agree with you, Mr. Slack.—Slick, sir, if you please, is my name.—Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. Clack, then.—No, nor Mr. Clack nother, says I; it's Slick—Sam Slick is my name! a-raisin' of my voice till the buildin' actilly gave an echo agin, for the crittur was as deaf as a shad. I am from Slickville, Onion county, Conne'ticut, United States of America.—Well, Mr. Slick.—Ah! now you have it, said I; you 've got it to a T.—To a T! said he, (the old soft horn,) how is that? I really don't onderstand how you have a T in it at all.—Oh dear! said I, no more we have; it's nothin' but a sayin' of ourn, a kind of provarb; it's a cant phrase.—Ah! cant is it? said he, with a face a yard long: then you must permit me to obsarve, that you are one of the very last men, judging from your remarks, that I should have supposed to have had anything about you approaching to cant; but I fully concur with you that the exhibition of this female is not decent. I should not have observed myself, unless you had called my attention to the corpse, that is was a female.—No, I suppose not, says I; and there's not one mite or morsel of cant in that, I suppose, at all. How innocent we are not to know a hawk from a handsaw, ain't we?—Speak a little louder, said the old man, if you please, sir, for I have the misfortin' to be a leetle hard of hearin'.—I was a-sayin', sir, said I, that I don't know as I

should nother, if that are woman that showed 'em to us hadn't a-said, beautiful crater, your honour, that same nun must have been in her day. The jontlemen all admire her very much entirely. They say she looks like a statue, she does.

Well, well, said the captin, kinder snappishly, whoever she was, poor crittur! the exhibition is improper. She has the reputation of having been a nun, who, whatever may be the errors of their creed, that induce them voluntarily to quit a world into which they are sent with certain social duties to perform, have at least the merit of a sincere devotion, and their motives are to be respected. As in life they are scrupulous in the observance of all the most minute proprieties of conduct, they, of all others, seem to have the greatest claim to be exempted from this degrading exposure after death. Decay, however, has now commenced, and will soon remove all trace of humanity. Corruption, according to that beautiful idea of Scripture, will assert its claim of kindred, and the worm proclaim himself her brother. Alas! where now are the gay and thoughtless crowd that thronged to witness the gorgeous and solemn spectacle of a young, beautiful, and innocent sister, assuming that veil that was to separate her from the world for ever? Where are the priests that officiated at the altar?—the sisterhood that rejoiced in receiving?—the relatives that grieved at surrendering this sacrifice? and they, too, whose voices pealed forth the hymn of praise, and poured out the tide of sacred song to the echoing aisles—where are they? All, all have passed away! and none, no not one, is left of all that assembled crowd to disclose her lineage or her name. Their rolls have perished with them, and all that now remains is this unclaimed, unknown, nameless one. Poor thing! has indignant humanity asserted its rights? hath the vindictive world rejected thee, as thou rejected it? or why art thou here alone, unhonoured and unknown? Alas! is there no distinction between the gallows and the cloister? is it fitting that thou, whose life was a life of penance and of prayer, whose pure mind communed only with heavenly objects, should now consort with convicted

criminals, and that thy fair form should be laid with the headless trunks of traitors? Ah, me! thou has returned, poor houseless thing! to thine own, and thine own knows thee no more! I have seen the grave open to receive its tenant, and the troubled sea its dead, and the green turf and the billowy wave fold them in its bosom, to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. All have their resting-place, save thee! Ambition has its temple, and wealth its tomb, while even the poor are cared for; but thou, how is it, fair one, that thou alone of all thy sex should be left the "unburied one"? the greedy sexton's show, and the vile scoffer's viler jest. Who art thou? History can find a place for treason and for crime; could it afford no space for self-denying virtue such as thine? Was there no pious hand to grave thy name on unpretending monumental stone? none of all thy father's house to perform the last sad rites of affection—to restore to the earth what was earthy—to the dust, dust—and ashes to ashes? All, all are silent! and even tradition, garrulous as it is, has but one short word for thee—a nun!

Arter spinnin' this yarn, the old sea-captain turned off to examine the tombstones in the church-yard, and I mounted the car to the gate, and drove off to the hotel. There was some feelin' and some sense too in what he said, tho' he did rant a few, warn't there? but as for his goin' to make believe he didn't know she was a woman, that is what I must say, now, I call a most superfine bam that. Old fellers always *think* young ones fools; but young fellers sometimes *know* old ones is fools. Now who'd a-thought, squire, he continued, that that are old boy would have flowed right off the handle that way for nothin' at all, at seein' that queer, parchment-coloured, wilted, old, onfakilised nun. I think, myself, they might as well bury her; and if they'd ship her out to minister, I don't make no doubt he'd bury her his self in Mount Auburn; or to brother Eldad, and he'd stick her up in a museum for a show, as they do Mother Barchell, at Surgeon's Hall to London; but as for her name, who the plague cares what it is? I am sure I don't. I

wouldn't give a cent to know, would you? It sounded kinder pretty, that talk of his too. Lord! I wish sister Sall had a-been there; if she had a-been, he'd a-sot her a-boo-hoo in no time, I know; for she is quite romantic is Sall, and a touch of the pathetic is what she does love dearly. Whenever she comes across a piece of dictionary like that are, she marks it with a pencil, and gets it by heart, and goes a-spoutin' of it about the house like mad.—Ain't that fine, Sam, says she? ain't it splendid? it's sublime, I declare; it's so feelin' and so true.—And if I won't go the whole figur' with her, she gets as mad as a hatter.—You hante got no soul in you at all, Sam, says she, I never seed such a crittur; I do believe in my heart you think of nothin' but dollars and cents.—Well then, I say, says I, don't be so peskily ryled, Sally, dear; but raily now, as I am a livin' sinner, I don't jist exactly onderstand it; and as you are more critical than I be, jist pint out the beauties, that's a dear love, will you, and see if I don't admire it every mite and morsel as much as you do, and maybe a plaguy sight more. Well, I get her to set down and go over it all ever so slow, and explain it all as clear as mud, and then she says,—Now do you see, Sam, ain't it horrid pretty?—Well, says I, it does sound grand-like, that I must say—and then I scratch my head and look onfakilised—but how did you say that was, dear? says I, a-pintin' to the top line; I don't jist altogether mind how you explained that.—Why, you stupid crittur, you, she says, this way; and then she goes over it all agin, word for word. Now do you onderstand, says she, you thick head, you? Ain't that beautiful? don't that pass?—Yes, says I, it does pass, that's a fact, for it passes all onderstandin'; but you wouldn't jist explain once more, would you, dear? and I looks up wicked and winks at her.—Well, now, if that ain't too bad, she says, Sam, I declare, to make game of me that way.—If I hadn't a-been as blind as a bat, I might have seed with half an eye you was a-bammin' of me the whole blessed time, so I might; but I'll never speak to you agin, now, see if I do; so there now, and away

she goes out of the room a poutin' like anything. It's grand fun that, and don't do a gall no harm nother, for there is nothin' like havin' a string to a kite, when it's a-gittin' away up out of sight a'most, to bring it down agin. *Of all the seventeen senses, I like common sense about as well as any on 'em, arter all ; now, don't you, squire ?*

## CHAPTER XVI.

### DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

ON our arrival at Boston we drove to the Tremont House, which is not only one of the first of its kind in the United States, but decidedly one of the best in the world. As our time was limited, we proceeded, as soon as we could, to visit the several objects of interest in the city and its neighbourhood, and among the rest Bunker's Hill, where, Mr. Slick observed, "the British first got a taste of what they afterwards got a belly-full." The hill was surmounted by an unfinished monument, which, he said, it was intended should exceed in height the Monument in the city of London, as the Yankees went ahead of the English in everything.

As his father had been present at the battle, it was natural the Clockmaker should feel a pride in it ; for, by proving our army to be both mortal and fallible, it had a great effect on the subsequent events of the war. In his exultation, however, he seemed to forget that he was talking to a British subject, who, if he now had any feeling on the subject, could only have wished that the prudence of the general had equalled the bravery of the King's troops. As Bunker's Hill was the scene of a victory won by British soldiers under the most difficult and trying circumstances, I was pleased to see the erection of this monument, as it is a tribute to their valour which they have justly merited. Why the Americans should have thought of putting it there I am at a loss to know, when there are many other places where their gallantry was not

only equally conspicuous but crowned with signal success. In this case, however, they have not merely selected a spot where they were defeated, but one which is, perhaps, more remarkable than any other on this continent for that indomitable spirit and reckless courage that distinguishes the English.

On an examination of the ground it would appear, that a slight detour would have enabled the troops to have routed the rebel army with great ease and but little loss, and at the same time effectually to have cut off their retreat. Instead of adopting this obvious mode of attack, the troops were ordered to charge up the steep ascent of this hill upon an enemy securely protected by their entrenchments, a service which they performed under a most murderous fire, which from the nature of the ground they were unable to return with any effect. This successful effort is as deserving of commendation as the conduct of the officer in command is of reprehension, in thus wantonly sacrificing his men, out of mere bravado, in the attainment of an object which could be followed by none of the usual consequences of a victory. A monument to perpetuate the recollection of this gallant feat of those intrepid men, by whomsoever erected, is a most desirable thing, and it is to be hoped that means will not be long wanting to complete it in the same handsome style in which it is begun.

On our return to the hotel, as we passed the bar, Mr. Slick, according to his usual custom, stopped to take some refreshment, and when he joined me again, he said,—Squire, do you know Peter Barr to Quaco, where we stopt one night? Well, he is Bar by name and Bar by natur', for he is the waiter to a most excellent one, the Reneficacious House. I reckon he is the most gentlemanlike man in all New Brunswick. He *sar-tain-ly* is a polished man that; his manners are about the best I ever fell in with. It does one good to see him enter a room, he does it so pretty; in fact, I call him as near about a finished gentleman as I know on, don't you, now?



I said I had seen the person he alluded to, but it was not customary to call servants finished gentlemen, and that I had never heard the term applied in that manner before; that he was no doubt a very attentive and civil waiter, and I believe an honest and excellent servant, but that finished manners referred to a very different state of society from that of the attendants on a bar-room.

Ah! said he, now there peeps out the pride of the Englishman and the effect of your political institutions. Now with us we are all equal, and in course the polish extends very considerable thro' all the different grades of society, especially among them that live on the sea-board.

How, said I, can you have different grades if you are all equal? I do not exactly comprehend that.—No, said he, the fact is you do not understand us. Now, take my grade; it's what you call a clock pedlar in the scornful way you British talk of things, merely because my trade extends over the whole country; but take my grade (I won't speak of myself, because "praise to the face is open disgrace.") Well, I estimate they are as gentlemanlike men as you will find in the world, and the best dressed too, for we all wear finer cloth in a general way than the British do, and our plunder is commonly more costly than theirs: this arises, you see, from our being on a footing with princes and nobles, and received at all foreign courts as natural noblemen, free and enlightened citizens of the greatest empire on the face of the earth. Now, I could go where despicable colonists couldn't go. If I went to France I should go to our Ambassador and say, Ambassador, I've come to see the ins and outs of Paris; and a nasty, dirty, tawdry place it is, it ain't to be named on the same day with Philadelphia, New York, or any of our first shop cities; but, as I *am* here, I'd like to see some o' their big bugs,—show us their king, he kept school once to our country, but we kinder thought he didn't speak as good French as the New Orleans folks; I wonder if he has improved any. Well, he'd take me and introduce me to the palace without any more to do

about it, and king and me would be as thick as two thieves, a-talkin' over his old scholars, frog soup, and what not of the ups and downs of refugee life. *Embassador* darsn't refuse *me*, or we'd recall him for not supportin' the honour of the nation. *King* darsn't refuse *him*, or we'd go to war with him for insultin' the Union—fact, I assure you. Creation! If he was to dare to refuse, he'd see our hair rise like a fightin' cat's back. We wouldn't pine and whine about it as the English do at gittin' their flag insulted by the French and us great folks, and then show their spunk on them outlandish petticoated Chinese, like a coward that first refuses a challenge, and then comes home and licks his wife to prove he ain't afeerd; no, not we indeed, we'd declare perpetual non-intercourse with France, as the only dignified course, and they might keep their silks and champagne for them as wants them; we can manufacture both of them as good as they can. Now this gives us a great advantage over the *natives* of Europe, and makes it work so that any man of my grade (I don't speak of the upper-crust folks, because them that eat their pork and greens with silver forks are the same all the world over, all they have to larn is how to spend their money ginteelly, but of my class, that has to larn fust how to make it and then how to keep it,) is generally allowed to be as much of a gentleman as you'll see in any rank in Europe, partikilarly when he sets out to do the thing in best style. Of course, when people are at their work they must have their workin' dress on, but when they undertake to put on their bettermost clothes and go the whole figur', I want to know where you'll see a better drest man than one of my craft, take him by and large, from his hat clean away down to his pump-shoes; or a man more ready when his dander is up to take offence at nothin' a'most, and fight or go to a first-rate hotel and pay five dollars a-bottle for his wine. Country folks will be country folks, and can't be expected to be otherwise, seein' that they don't go out of the bush, and can't know what they don't see; but a tradin' man, that roams from one eend of the States to

t'other eend of the provinces, a-carryin' his own wares in his own waggon, and a-vendin' of 'em himself from house to house, becomes a polished man in spite of his teeth, and larns to despise spittin' on carpets afore company or whitlin' his nails with a penknife, as much as count this or lord that. There is a nateral dignity about them, arising from the dignity of freedom. So there is about the Ingians; minister used to say, there was an ease and elegance of motion about an Ingian that nothin' could give a white man but constant intercourse with the best society, and was seldom equalled and never surpassed even at courts. The crittur is unconstrained. They go on the *nil admirari* system, he used to say (for, poor old man, he was always introducin' neck-and-crop some fag-eend of a Latin line or another, his head was chock-full and runnin' over with larnin'). The meanin' of that is, they don't go starin' and gapin' about the streets with their eyes and mouths wide open, like musketeer-hawks, as if they never seed anything afore. Now, that's the way with us. No man ever heerd me praise any thing out of my own country that took the shine off of anything *we* had.

I've often heerd the ladies say to England,—Why, Mr. Slick, nothin' seems to astonish you here: you don't seem to praise anything; you have no curoosity about you. What do you think of that noble structur', St. Paul's Church? —Pretty well, said I, jist as if we had a thousand such; but it's gloomy and not so big as I expected.—But Westminster Abbey, says they, don't that surprise you? for you have no abbeyes in America, and we think that must appear to you very wonderful.—Well, says I, quite cool, like a corney-sewer, it's costly, but unconvenient for a large congregation. The finish is rather gimcrack, and so is its farnitur', and them old tattered banners in the chapel look for all the world like old rags we tie to sticks in the corn-fields to Slickville to frighten away the crows. They ain't fit for a meetin'-house like that are; and if they must have flags hung up in it, as we do them we took from your frigates in a ball-

room, they might as well have new ones.—Oh! says they, did you ever? Then, says they, the delightful parks round the noblemen's seats, ain't they very beautiful? you must be astonished at them, we think. Were you not struck on entering them with——. —Struck! says I; oh yes! and most delightfully skeered too. I am a narvous man, and sometimes sing out afore I am hit. Few people is so skittish and shy so bad as I do. Struck, indeed! No, Miss, I warn't struck. I'd like to see the best lord that ever trod in shoe-leather strike me for enterin' his park, or so much even as to lay the weight of his finger on me. I'd soon let him know there was a warrant out arter him. Heavens and airth! I'd chaw him right up like mincemeat, titles, stars, garters, and all. I'd knock him to the north eend of creation in less time than a cat takes to lick her paw. *Struck!* why the very thorts of it sets my blood all in a gallopin' boil. I don't think he'd take the trouble to do it a second time; for I'd make him cut dirt as if he heerd a whole team of thunderbolts arter him. *Me* struck, and *him* alive to brag of it! Well, I sorter guess not. No one never struck me, Miss, since I first sot foot in England, nor for many a long day afore nother. That pleasure is to come yet. Strikin' a stranger ain't thort friendly with us, and I didn't think it was the fashion here.—Why, Mr. Slick, says they, hante you got that word "struck" in the States? it means astonished, strongly affected.—Oh yes! says I, to be sure, "struck up all of a heap;" it's common when used in jinein' hand that way, but never stands alone except for a blow. The truth is, I know'd well enough what she meant when she said it, but I answered that way jist to give her a high idea of my courage; for I suppose she thought honour was only found in Europe, and mainly among officers, the bulk of whose business is to fight when they can't help it. Then, says I, to answer your question, Miss, I have seed a nateral park, says I, to home, stretchin' clean away across from the Atlantic right slap thro' to the Pacific Ocean, all filled with deer, and so big, these English parks of dwarf trees look like

a second growth of sprouts on the edge of a potato diggin' in a new clearin', or a shelter grove in a pastur'. Then, says I, your lakes is about as big as our duck-ponds, and your rivers the bigness of a siseable creek when there is no freshets.—But, says they, we know natur' is on a large scale in America, and your rivers and trees exceed in magnitude anything of the kind in Europe; but look at the beautiful English landscape, the rich verdure, the high cultivation, the lawns, the shrubberies, the meadows, and the groves, so interspersed as to produce the greatest and best effect. If the sun ever shined on it, said I, it would be scrumptious enough, I do suppose; but it's heavy, melancholy, and dull; it wants light in the landscape, and you hante water to give it, nor sun nother.—We are sorry, says they, England has nothin' to please you.—Haven't you tho', says I,—for it don't do to run down everything either, especially to the ladies,—so, says I, haven't you tho'. Oh! says I, the ladies, I must say, are quite equal to ourn. It was a whapper that tho', but they didn't know no better; and who has a better right to lie than them that pays taxes? It wouldn't be patriotic to say they were superior, and not perlite nor true, nother, to say inferior, but they *are* equal, says I, that's a fact; and that's no poor compliment, I can tell you, for our ladies lick! but I say nothin'.

Now that's what I call about right, squire. To go wanderin' and starin' about, and admirin' of everything, shows a man has nothin' to home worth braggin' of or boastin' about, or hasn't seed nothin' of the world. It would make Europeans vain, and, cuss them, they are vain enough and proud enough already, especially the English; besides, it tainte good breedin', and ain't patriotic. I like to sustain the national character abroad, and give foreigners a proper idea of our enlightenment and freedom. Bein' stumpt is a sure mark of a fool. The only folks among us that's ever non-plushed, is them just caught in the woods, and some o' them, I will say, are as ignorant as a Britisher; but then it's only them as never seed nothin' but bears and Ingians.

I mind once a gall we hired as a house help. They was agued out of the west was her family, and them that the Ingians left the fever was doin' for ; so they cut and runs and come to Slickville. Well, she stared and pawed at everything a'most, and actilly was the most ongenteelest crittur ever was broughten out from among the rattlesnakes. Father axed her one day at dinner to hand him some bread.—Did yau baul for anything, old man? says she, or was it the old woman that yelled? for yau and granny Slick speak so much alike, I can't tell, unless I see yaur jaus a-movein', which it is.—I asked for some bread, says father.—Well, what does she do but ups with the head of the loaf, and stretchin' out her arms, takes aim and let's fly right at him ; and, if he hadn't a-been pretty active in fendin' off, it would have hit him right in the face, and taken his nose off so clean he wouldn't have missed it till he went to blow it.—Why, Suckey, says he, what on airth do you mean by that are! why don't you hand it?—Hand it ! says she ; I never heerd of such a way as that. Father always says pitch, and when we want a thing we always shy it. How onder the sun could yau onload a cart of bricks if you didn't pitch and catch? why it would take a month of Sundays. If people always carried everything that everybody wanted, they might be a-carryin' to all etarnity. Didn't I pitch the loaf fair for yaur bread-basket? where the plague would yau have it, eh?—Then she was always axin' what a thing cost.—Is that solid silver? said she, a-lookin' at one of our spoons.—To be sure, said I, rael genuwine, and worth five dollars.—Well, I want to know, said she : you don't. Half a dollar would buy a spoon, and four dollars and a half two lambs. Why yaur silver spoons are a rael airthquake ; what a power of money they do swaller up!—Then she got hold of the gilt pictur'-frame I had minister's likeness in.—Dear, dear, said she, how grand ! Now, is that all solid gold and no bam? why it would buy Deacon Hiram Grumble's over-shot sawmill at little big Snipe Swamp ; it would, I vow, timber-ranges and all. Why it would be a fortен to a poor

gall like me. I'd gin all I have in the world for that, or ever shall have ; but, then, all I have is a featherbed, a side-saddle, a yearlin' colt, and a rifle. Now declare solemn, that's a good soul, Sam, is that all solid clear gold, without cheatin', or only pinchback, like the earrings that stingy beast Pardon Brag gave sister Ambrosia when he was snuffin' ashes with her afore they was married?—Why, you foolish crittur, no, said I, it ain't. Who ever heerd tell of a gold frame.—Ay, ay, my young coon, said she, or a silver spoon either. I'll take my davy it's only pewter, and good enough too. I guessed yau only said so to appear grand.—She knowed no better, poor crittur, for she was raised to the swamps to the west among the owls and catamounts, and warn't much more nor half-baked at no time nother. We couldn't make nothin' of her, her independence was so great, and her ways so countrified. When she come, she had but one frock, and when she washed it at night, she laid a-bed all day for it to dry ; she did, upon my soul.

One time we had a tea-squall to our house, and Susan handed about the tea. Well, she got through this well enough ; but what does she do arterwards but goes round among the company with the sugar-bowl in one hand, and the cream-jug in the other, sayin',—How are yau off, yau stranger with the factory-coat, for sugar? and old woman with the yaller petticoat, shall I milk yau? and so on. When she came to me I couldn't hold in no longer, and I bust out a-larfin'.—"Kiss my foot, will you," said she, "Mr. Sam ; and mind what I tell yau, if yau go for to cut any of yaur high shines with me, I'll fetch yau a kick in yaur western eend that will give yau the dry gripes for a week, dod drot my old shoes if I don't, for yau are a bigger fool than I took yau to be." She felt equal to any of the company, and so she was, politically speaking, and nothin' darnted her. It tante more nor half convenient always, but it's the effect of our glorious institutions. She felt conscious she might be the mother of a president of our great nation, and it infused a spirit in her above her grade. In

fact, no one, male or female, can forget that fact, that their child mought be an Albert Gotha for eight years. As for me, he said, I never was abashed before any man since I was knee high to a goose; I hope I may be skinned if I was. I do actilly believe, if your Queen was to ax me to dine with her, I should feel no more taken aback nor if it was Phœbe Hopewell. The fixin's of the table mought be a little grain different from what I had ever heern on, seein' that she is so much richer than I be; and havin' lords to wait behind cheers at dinner would seem at first strange, I do suppose; but I should jist cut my eye round like wink, and see how others did, like a well-bred man, and then right and left and down the middle, as they did, as onconsarned as if I had been used to it all my life. Afore you go, I'll pint out to you some smart men in the same grade as myself, travellin' clock-venders, or in the tin line, who are men of great refinement in dress, and considerable taste in hoss flesh, and perfect gentlemen, who pride themselves on havin' the handsomest gall, the best trottin' beast, and the dearest coats in the city, and wouldn't let no man say boo to them for nothin'. Let a British duke ax one o' them to a party without fust callin' and gittin' introduced, as one of them did to another citizen of ourn not long ago, and see if he wouldn't make him a caution to behold. I'd trouble an old gouty lord to go a-hobblin' up stairs afore 'em, a purpose to keep 'em back, and mortify 'em, 'cause they were Americans. I guess they'd give him a lift with the tip eend of their toe that would help him to mend his pace, that's all. What your idea of a gentleman is, I don't know, but I suppose nothin' onder an airt is one in your eyes; but my idea of a gentleman is jist this, one who is rich enough, willin' enough, and knowin' enough, when the thing has to be done in first-rate style, to go the full figur', and to do the thing ginteel. That's what I call a gentleman!



## CHAPTER XVII.

## LOOKING UP.

THE Clockmaker had an extensive and accurate knowledge of human nature. The wandering life he had led, and the nature of his business, which sent him into every man's house, afforded him a favourable opportunity of studying character, a knowledge of which was the foundation of his success in life. Like most clever men, however, he prided himself less upon what he did, than what he did not, know, and was more ambitious of being considered a man of fashionable manners, than a skilful mechanic, an expert salesman, or a shrewd intelligent man. It was one of his weak points, and the more remarkable in him, for it was natural to suppose that his quick perception of the ridiculous, and his power of humour, would have enabled him to see the absurdity of such a pretension quicker than most men. Admitting the truth of his assertion, that all men, women, and children, are open to the influence of his universal and infallible soft-sawder, I have no doubt that a dose of it skilfully applied to him on this point would have proved the accuracy of the remark, by showing that he was no more exempt from its operation than the thousands of dupes whose caution he had disarmed, and whose favour he had won by it himself.

Yes, squire, he continued, it's a great advantage we possess in manners. It enables us to visit the log-huts of the down east settler, and the palace of the nobles on free and easy terms, to peddle in the one, and do first chop in the other. I rather pride myself on my manners, for I have seed more of the world than most men. That, you see, has provided me with small-talk for the women, and you might as well be without small change in tradin' as small-talk in courtin' the galls. There is nothin' a'most pleases womenkind like hearin' men talk glib to them, unless it be to hear the sound

of their own tongues. Then, I larnt psalmody to singin' school, and havin' naturally a good voice, can do base to the nines, and sing complete. Beautiful tunes some o' them meetin' house ones are too. There is old Russia; now that's one you never get tired of; and Washington's march is another, and so is Jim Crow Zionised. Lookin' on the same musick book with the ladies brings heads together, and if you don't put your hands on their shoulder or their waists you can't see straight, or stand steady to read. Many a match has been made afore now in the night singin' schools. There is where I got my first lesson in manners, tho' father was always a-preachin' up of manners to me too. Father, you know, was one of the heroes of Bunker's Hill. He was a sargeant at that glorious battle, and arterwards rose in Slickville to be a kurnel in the militia. He had quite a military air about him had the old man, and was as straight as a poker at seventy, and carried his head as erect as the cap of a gate post. He always used to say, march,—halt,—right wheel,—left wheel,—quick step, and so on, to his hosses, to the last. He used to say, you could always tell a military man by his walk, his talk, and his manners. In his walk he was stately, for it looked hero like; in his talk, he swore a few, for it was the way of the camp; and in his manners, he was humble servant to the ladies, and haughty to the men, because one you fought for, and the other you fought with. Poor old man, he was always a-dingin' this lesson into my ears. *Always look up, Sam; look up in manners, and look up in politicks.* In manners, said he, a man that looks down ain't safe at all. It's a sure sign of roguery and treachery. Such a crittur will either lie, cheat, or steal, or do some bad thing or another, you may depend. Never trust a man that don't hold up and look you in the face; such a crittur knows his heart is bad, and is afeerd you should see into it thro' them are winders, his eyes. Have nothin' to do with him on no account. Look at Lawyer Slyware: well, he is the most pious lawyer and the most extortionate man in all Slickville. You'd think butter wouldn't melt in that feller's mouth, and yet,

when he is onder the protection of the court, there ain't anything too bad for him to lay his tongue to in abusin' folks, and where money is consarned, he is mean and onreasonable. Some folks say his piety is jist a cloak, and nothin' more, to hide his claws; how that is, I won't say; but this I know, he looks down, and looks sideways, or any way but right up like a man at you full in the face; and such corn-crackers as that, let them be who they may, arn't over safe in the dark, or in the woods, I know. You recollect old Southey Crowe, don't you? Well, I'll tell you a story about him. He was one of those down-lookin' skunks I was a-speakin' of, and a more endless villain, p'raps, there ain't this blessed day atween the poles than he was; but you musn't let on to any one about it that I said so, for he has left some children behind him that are well to do in the world, and different guess chaps from him altogether, and it would be a sin and a shame to hurt their feelin's by a revival; but it's true as gospel for all that.

When minister was first located here to Slickville, he thought his hoss was the most everlastin' eater he ever seed, for he used to eat more nor any two hosses in all the town, and, says he, to me, one day, *kuyrnel*, says he, what's good for a hoss that has an onnatteral appetite, do you know? says he, for my hoss eats near a ton of hay a-month.—It's worms, says I; nothin' will make a hoss eat like the botts.—Well, what's good for botts? said he.—Well, says I, chopped hoss-hair in their oats ain't a bad thing, nor a little tobacco, nother; but I'll look at him and see what it is, for I never heerd tell of a hoss eatin' at that rate, at no time. Well, the next mornin' I goes out to the stable along with minister, to see the hoss, and there had fallen a little chance of snow in the night, and there was the tracks of a man quite plain, where he had carried off hay, and the seed and dust of the clover was scattered all about after him. Minister, says I, there's the botts sure enough; they have carried off the hay by wholesale, but they've tookt it afore the hoss got it tho', and no mistake: look at them are tracks.—Dear, dear,

said he, only to think of the wickedness of this world ; who on airth could that be that was so vile?—Southey Crowe, said I ; I'll put my head agin' a cent it's him, for in a gineral way, I suspect them rascals *that look down always*. These are dark nights now, I guess, for it's in the old of the moon, and jist the time for rogues to be up and doin'. I'll keep watch for you to-night, and see who he is. I'll catch him, the villain, see if I don't.—Well, don't use your sword, nor your pistols nother, *kuyrnel*, said he ; don't apprehend him, nor slay him, or hurt him, but jist admonish, for I'd rather lose hay, hoss, and all, than not forgive the poor sinner, and reclaim him. Oh, how my heart rejoices over a repentin' sinner!—Minister, says I, for I felt my pride touched at his talkin' that way of an officer's sword, as if it was nothin' but a constable's thief sticker, and had half a mind to let the hay go to old Scratch, for all me—Minister, said I, in a dignified manner to him, my sword, sir, has been draw'd in my country's cause, and it shall never be disgraced by a meaner one. It is consecrated to everlastin' fame, and not to be defiled by the crop and gizzard of a scoundrel.—Well, at night, I takes my lantern, the same I had to dress by in the wars, and goes and off shoes, and hides away in a vacant hoss-stall near the door, and I had hardly got all snugged away in the hoss litter, and done swearin' at the parfume of it, (for it ain't pretty to sleep in,) when, who should come in but Southey Crowe. Well, he ups into the loft in little less than half no time, and pitches down a considerable of a lock of hay, and then ties it up in a bundle fit for carriage, and slips it over his shoulder like a knapsack, so as to have his hands free to balance with in runnin', and to help him climb the fences. Well, as soon as he was ready he goes to the door, and opens it ; but his bundle was a little grain too wide, and stuck a bit, and jist then, I outs candle, and sets fire to his load in several places. As soon as he sees the light, he gives a jerk, forces the bundle thro' the doorway, and runs like old Nick himself, as fast as he could cut dirt, for dear life, and fancyin'

there was some one a-pursuin' of him; he never stopt to look behind him, but jist streaked it off like a greased thunderbolt. At last, the poor crittur was singed in airnest, and 'most suffocated, and he yelled and screamed most awful; he was a caution to hear; and the faster he ran, the faster the flame burned, till at last the chord give way, and down fell the burnin' bundle. A few days arterwards he came to minister, and confessed that he was the man, and said Heaven had sent down fire to burn the hay on him as a warnin' to him of the punishment to come for robbin' a minister. Well, what does minister do, the old goose, but ups and tells him human means was used, as it was my lantern. He said he didn't want to encourage superstition by pious frauds, and I don't know what all. It made me hoppin' mad to see him act so like an old fool. Well, what was the consequence of all this nonsense? Why, Southey got over his fright, seein' the Devil had no hand in it, and went right at stealin' agin. He was one of them fellers *that always look down*, was Southey. Cuss 'em, there is no trustin' any of them.

Then he used to say, always *look up in politicks*, Sam. Now we have two kind of politicians, the *Federalists* and the *Democrats*. The *Federalists look up*, and are for a vigorous executive, for republican institutions such as Washington left us, for the state-tax for religion, and for enforcin' law and order—what you may call consarvitives, p'raps; and *they* appeal to men of sense and judgment, and property, to the humane, liberal, and enlightened upper classes, and they want to see the reins of Government in the hands of such folks, because then we have some security things will be well administered. Then we have the *Democrats*, fellers that *look down*; who try to set the poor agin the rich, who talk of our best men with contempt, and hold 'em up as enemies to their country; who say the Federalists are aristocrats, tyrants, and despots, and appeal to the prejudices and passions of the ignorant, and try to inflame them; who use the word *Reform* as a catchword to weaken the hands of the Government, to make everything elective, and to take all power of good from

the venerable senate (whose voice they call an aristocratic whisper), under pretence of restraining their power for evil. These are mob politicians. They first incite and discontent the mob, and then say the people must have a change of officers; and when they get into office, they sacrifice everybody and everything to keep in. This comes o' *lookin' down*.

These party leaders call the mob *their tail*, and they know the use of a tail too as well as neighbour Dearborne's rats did. Neighbour Dearborne used to wonder how it was all his casks of molasses had jist five inches draw'd off, exactly, and no more, out of each cask. His store was well locked, and well barred, and fastened up all tight and snug every day, and he was fairly stumpt to know how the thieves got in, and why they stole no more than jist five inches out of each; so what does he do but goes and gets up on the roof of the store, and watches thro' the skylight. Well, he watched and watched for ever so long, all to no purpose, and he was jist about givin' it up as a bad job, when he thought he seed somethin' a-movin', and he looked, and what do you think he *did* see? Why, a few great, big, overgrow'd rats come crawlin' along the tops of the casks, and they jist dipt their tails thro' the bungs into the 'lasses, and then turned to and licked 'em off clean. They did, upon my soul!

This is jist the way in politicks. Democrat or liberal leaders make the same use of their followers, *their tail*. *They make use of them to get a dip into the good things, but they lick all up so clean themselves nothin' was ever seen to stick to the tail*. See, too, what a condition religion is got into among these *down-lookin' gentry*. The Bible has got turned out of the common schools all thro' Slickville, because it offends the *scruples of them who never read it, and don't know what it contains*. To be religious is out of fashion now, it ain't liberal. It ain't enough with these demagogues to let every man worship his own way, but you must lock up the Bible from schools for fear it will teach little children to be bigots. Now, Sam, minister would say, see here: these same critturs, all over the world, belie their own politicks in their own con-

duct. Let one of our democrat-movement men go to England, or any place where there are birds of the same feather, and ask credit for goods, and take a certificate of character from the patriots, demagogues, and devils to home, and see what his reception will be. Sorry, sir, but have more orders than we can execute; don't know these people that have sartified your character; may be very good men, but don't know them. Busy, sir,—good mornin'. But let a man *look up*, and take a recommendation from the first pot-hooks on the crane; from the Governor and select men, and the judges, and minister, and me, the honourable Colonel Slick, commander-in-chief of the militia forces (a name well known in military circles), and see what they'll say.—Ah! this damned Yankee, (they *will* swear a few, for they are as cross as a bear with a sore head since the lickin' we give them last war,) *he* comes well sartified, most respectable testimonies, all upper-crust folks. High characters all. We can trust *him*, he'll do: t'other feller's papers were *rather* suspicious; this one's will pass muster.—And yet, Sam, our democrat liberals tell the poor ignorant voters that these men whose *sartificates will pass all the world over, all the same as if they was onder oath, ain't to be trusted in politicks at home*. Fie on them, they know better, and I wish with all my heart they was shipt clean out o' the State down to Nova Scotia, or some such outlandish place.

I fixed one feller's flint that came a-canvassin' the other day for a democrat candidate, most properly. Says he, *Kuynel*, says he, did you hear the news? that infarnal scoundrel Coke, the mayor, is nominated for governor; he is a cussed Federalist that, he is *no friend to his country*; I wouldn't vote for him for a hogreave.

Upright magistrate, warn't he? says I.—Why, yes, to give the devil his due, I must say he was.

Brings his family up well, don't he?—Well enough.

Good neighbour, ain't he?—Why, yes; but what's that to do with it? he ain't *no friend to his country*.

Not a bad landlord, is he? I never heerd of his distressin'

his tenants, did you?—Why, no, I can't say I did; but what's all that when it's fried?

A good deal of money passed thro' his hands, did you ever hear of any complaints?—I made no inquiries. I dare say if there was, he hushed them up.

A great friend to intarnal improvements, ain't he—rail-roads and them sort of things?—And well he may be, he owns a good deal of land in the state, and it will benefit it. The devil thank him!

Sees a good deal of company to his house : was you ever there?—Why no, says he, your Federalists are too proud for that; but I wouldn't go if he was to ask me; I despise him, for he is *no friend to his country*.

Ah! says I, the cat's out of the bag now. This is mahogany patriotism; but who is your candidate?—Well, he is no aristocrat, no federalist, no tyrant, but a rael right down reformer and democrat. He is *a friend to his country*, and no mistake. It's Gabriel Hedgehog.

Him, said I, that there was so much talk about cheatin' folks in his weights?—That was never proved, said he; let them prove that.

Exactly, says I, your objection to Coke is, that you never got so far as his front door yet; and mine to Gabriel Hedgehog, that I wouldn't trust him inside of mine at no rate. The Federalist, it appears, is an upright, honourable, kind, and benevolent man, discharging all his public and private duties like a good man and a good member of society. You say he is a friend to intarnal improvement because he owns much land; for the same reason, if for no higher or better one, he will be a friend to his country. *He has got somethin' to fight for, that chap, besides his pay as a member and his share of the plund.r.* I always look up in politicks. Them are the sort of men to govern us. Your man's honesty is rather doubtful, to say the least of it, and you and him want to level the mayor, and all others above you, down to your own level, do you? Now, I don't want to cut no one down, but to raise up (we had cuttin' down enough, gracious knows, at Bunker's



Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard, in cuttin' down the British). Now, I know, it's easier to cut others down than to raise yourselves, but it tants so honourable. Do you and Hedgehog turn to and earn the same reputation the mayor has, and as soon as you have, and are so much respected and beloved as he is, I'll vote for either or both of you, for my maxim always is to *look up in politicks*.

Now, says I, friend,—attention—eyes right—left shoulders forward—march! and I walked him out of the house in double quick time; I did by gum! Yes, Sam, always look up,—*Look up in manners, and look up in politicks*.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE OLD MINISTER.

As we approached Slickville, the native town of the Clock-maker, he began to manifest great impatience and an extraordinary degree of excitement. He urged on old Clay to the top of his speed, who, notwithstanding all the care bestowed upon him, and the occasional aid of a steam-boat whenever there was one running in the direction of our route, looked much thinner for this prodigious journey than when we left Halifax. Come, old Tee-total, said he, you are a-goin' home now, and no mistake. Hold up your old oatmill, and see if you can snuff the stable at minister's, if the smell of these inion fields don't pyson your nose. Show the folks you hante forgot *how* to go. The weather, squire, you see, has been considerable juicy here lately, and to judge by the mud some smart grists of rain has fell, which has made the roads soapy and violent slippery; but if he can't trot he can slide, you 'll find, and if he can't slide he can skate, and if he breaks thro' he can swim, but he can go some how or another, or somehow else. He is all sorts of a hoss, and the best live one that ever cut dirt this side of

the big pond, or t'other side other; and if any man will show me a hoss that can keep it up as he has done in the wild wicked trot clean away from Kent's Lodge, in Nova Scotia, to Slickville, Conne'ticut, and eend it with such a pace as that are, I'll give him old Clay for nothin', as a span for him. Go it, you old coon you—go it! and make tracks like dry dust in a thunder storm. There now, that's it, I guess! hit or miss, right or wrong, tit or not tit, that's the tatur! O squire, he *is* a hoss, is old Clay, every inch of him! Start him agin for five hundred miles, and you'll find he is jist the boy that *can* do it. He'd make as short work of it as a whole battalion does of a pint of whiskey at gineral trainin'. If you want to see another beast like him in this world, put your spectacles on, and look as sharp as you darn please, for I reckon he is too far off to see with the naked eye, at least I could never see him yet.

But old Clay was not permitted to retain this furious gate long, for recognition now became so frequent between Mr. Slick and his old friends, the people of Slickville, that the last mile, as he said, "tho' the shortest one of the whole bilin', took the longest to do it in by a jug full." The reception he met with on his return to his native land was a pleasing evidence of the estimation in which he was held by those who best knew him. Nothing could exceed the kindness with which he was greeted by his countrymen. An invitation to a public dinner, presented by a deputation of the select men, as a token of their approbation of his "Say-ing and Doings," was, however so unexpected an honour on his part that his feelings nearly overpowered him. Perhaps it was fortunate that it had that effect, for it enabled him to make a suitable reply, which, under any other circumstances, his exuberant spirits and extravagant phraseology would have disqualified him from doing. He said he was aware he owed this honour more to their personal regard for him than his own merits; but tho' he could not flatter himself he was entitled to so gratifying a distinction, it should certainly stimulate him to endeavour to render

himself so. In our subsequent travels he often referred to this voluntary tribute of regard and respect of his countrymen in terms of great satisfaction and pride. He said there were but three days in his life that he could call rael tip-top ones : one was when he was elected into the House of Representatives, and made sure he was to be President of the United States ; the second when, after finding his mistake, he ceased to be a member, and escaped out of the menagerie ; and the third, when he found himself thus publicly honoured in his native land.

The reception he everywhere met with was most kind and flattering ; but Mr. Hopewell, the ex-minister of the parish, embraced him with all the warmth and affection of a father. He pressed him most cordially and affectionately to his bosom, called him his good friend, his kind-hearted boy, his dear and dutiful son. They were both affected to tears. He thanked him for having brought me to his house, to which he welcomed me in the most hospitable manner, and did me the favour to say, that he had looked forward with much pleasure to this opportunity of making my acquaintance.

The appearance of this venerable old man was most striking. In stature he exceeded the ordinary standard, and, though not corpulent, he was sufficiently stout to prevent an air of awkwardness attaching to his height. Notwithstanding his very great age, his voice was firm, and his gait erect. His hair was of the most snowy whiteness, and his countenance, though furrowed with age and care, gave evidence of great intelligence and extraordinary benevolence. His manner, though somewhat formal, like that of a gentleman of the old school, was remarkably kind and prepossessing, and the general effect of his bearing was well calculated to command respect and conciliate affection. Those persons who have described the Yankees as a cold, designing, unimpassioned people, know but little of them or their domestic circles. To form a correct opinion of a people, it is necessary to see them at home, to witness their family reunions,

the social intercourse of friends, and, to use Mr. Slick's favourite phrase, "to be behind the scenes." Whoever has been so favoured as to be admitted on these intimate terms in New England has always come away most favourably impressed with what he has seen, and has learned, that in the thousand happy homes that are there, there are many, very many, thousands of kind, and good, and affectionate hearts in them, to make them so. The temperature of Mr. Slick's mind was warm, and his spirits buoyant, and therefore, though overcome for a time by various emotions, on the present occasion his natural gaiety soon returned, and the appearance of Mr. Hopewell's sister, a maiden lady "of a certain age," who resided with him, and superintended his household, afforded him an opportunity of indemnifying himself.

Is that aunt Hetty, sir? said he, addressing himself to "the minister" with much gravity.—Why yes, Sam, to be sure it is. Is she so much altered that you do not know her? Ah, me! we are both altered—both older than we were, and sadder too, Sam, since you left us.—Altered! I guess she is, said Mr. Slick; I wouldn't a-know'd her nowhere. Why, aunt Hetty! how do you do? What on airth have you done with yourself to look so young? Why, you look ten years younger?—Well, if that don't pass! Well, you ain't altered then, Sam, said she, shaking him heartily by the hand, not one mite or morsel; you are jist as full of nonsense as ever; do behave, now, that's a good feller.—Ah! he continued, I wish I could alter as you do, and that are rose-bush of yourn onder the parlour winder; both on you bloom afresh every month. Lord, if I could only manage as you do, grow younger every year, I should be as smart as a two-year-old soon: then, lowering his voice, he said, "Brought you a beau, aunty,—that's the squire, there,—ain't he a beauty without paint, that? The sarvant maid stole his stays last night, but when he has 'emon, he ain't a bad figure, I tell you. The only thing against your taking such a fat figure is, that you 'd have to lace them stays every mornin' for him, and

that's no joke, is it?—Now, *Sam*, said she, (colouring at the very idea of a gentleman's toilet,) do behave, that's a dear! The intire stranger will hear you, I am sure he will, and it will make me feel kinder foolish to have you runnin' on that way: ha' done, now, that's a dear!—Set your cap for him, aunty, he said, without heeding her; he is a Blue-nose to be sure, but rub a silver-skinned onion on it, and it will draw out the colour, and make him look like a Christian. He is as soft as dough, that chap, and your eyes are so keen they will cut right into him, like a carvin'-knife into a punkin' pie. Lord, he'll never know he has lost his heart, till he puts his ear to it like a watch, and finds it's done tickin'. Give me your presarves, tho', aunty, when you marry; your quinces, and damsons, and jellies, and what not, for you won't want *them* no more. Nothin' ever tastes sweet arter lips. O, dear! one smack o' them is worth—.—Do get along, said Miss Hetty, extricating, at last, her hand from his, and effecting her escape to her brother. What a plague you be!

It was a happy meeting, and at dinner Mr. Slick's sallies awakened many a long-forgotten smile on the face of his old friend, the minister. It is delightful to witness the effect of a young and joyous heart upon one that has become torpid with age, or chilled with the coldness and neglect of the world; to see it winning it back to cheerfulness, warming it again into animated existence, and beguiling it of its load of care, until it brightens into reflecting on its surface the new and gay images that are thus thrown upon it.

After the cloth was removed, the conversation accidentally took a more serious turn.—So you are going to England, *Sam*, are you, said Mr. Hopewell?—Yes, minister, replied the Clockmaker, I am a-goin' with the squire, here. 'Spose you go with us. You are a gentleman at large now you got nothin' to do, and it will do you good; it will give you a new lease of life, I am a-thinkin'. The allusion to his having nothing to do was, to say the least of it, thoughtless and ill-timed.—Yes, *Sam*, said he, evidently much distressed, you say truly, I *have* nothin' to do; but whose fault is that? Is it

mine, or my parishioners'? When my flock all turned Unitarians, and put another man in my pulpit, and told me they hadn't no further occasion for me or my sarvices, was it the flock that wandered, or the shepherd that slept? It is an awful question that, Sam, and one that must be answered some day or another, as sure as you are born. I try to make myself believe it is my fault, and I pray that it may be so considered, and that I may be accepted as a sacrifice for them; for willingly would I lay down my life for them, the poor deluded critturs. Then, sometimes I try to think it warn't the fault of either me or my flock, but the fault of them are good-for-nothin' philosophers, Jefferson, Franklin and them new-school people, that fixed our constitution, and forgot to make Christianity the corner-stone. O, what an awful affliction it is for a country, when its rulers are not attached to the Church of God! If poor dear old Ginerol Washington had a-had his way, it would have been different, and he told me so with tears in his eyes. Joshua, says he, for him and me was very intimate: Joshua, says he, the people ascribe all the praise of our glorious revolution to their own valour and tome, because I am one of themselves, and are a-going to build a great city for a capital, and call it after me, Washington; but for *Him*, Joshua, said he, a-pintin' up to the skies with one hand, and devoutly oncoverin' his head with the other, but for *Him* who upheld us in the hour of battle and in the day of trouble—for *Him*, to whom all honour, and praise, and glory is due, what have we done? why, carefully excluded the power to endow Christianity from every constitution of every state in the Union. Our language is at once impious and blasphemous. We say the Lord is better able to take charge of his clergy than we are, and we have no doubt he will. Let him see to them, and we will see to ourselves. Them that want religion can pay for it. The state wants none, for it is an incorporeal affair, without a body to be punished or a soul to be saved. Now, Joshua, said he, you will live to see it, but I won't — for I feel as if they was a-goin' to make an idol of *me* to worship, and it kills me —

you will see the natural consequence of all this in a few years. We shall run away from the practice of religion into theory. We shall have more sects than the vanity of man ever yet invented, and more enthusiasm and less piety, and more pretension and less morals, than any civilised nation on the face of the earth. Instead of the well-regulated even pulsation, that shows a healthy state of religion, it will be a feverish excitement or helpless debility. The body will sometimes appear dead, as when in a trance; a glass over the lips will hardly detect respiration; it will seem as if the vital spark was extinct. Then it will have fits of idiocy, stupid, vacant, and drivelling; then excitement will inspire zeal, genius, and eloquence, and while you stand lost in admiration of its powers, its beauty, and sublimity, you will be startled by its wildness, its eccentric flashes, its incoherences; and before you can make up your mind that it has lost its balance, you will be shocked by its insanity, its horrible frantic raving madness.

Joshua, said he, we ought to have established a Church, fixed upon some *one*, and called it a *national* one. Not having done so, nothing short of a direct interposition of Providence, which we do not deserve and therefore cannot hope for, can save this great country from becoming a dependency of Rome. Popery, that is now only a speck in these States no bigger than a man's hand, will speedily spread into a great cloud, and cover this land so no ray of light can penetrate it: nay, it is a giant, and it will enter into a divided house and expel the unworthy occupants. We tolerate Papists, because we believe they will inherit heaven equally with us; but when their turn comes, will they tolerate us whom they hold to be Heretics? O, that we had held fast to the Church that we had!—the Church of our forefathers—the Church of England. It is a pure, noble, apostolical structure, the holiest and the best since the days of the Apostles; but we have not, and the consequence is too melancholy and too awful to contemplate. Was it for this, said he, I drew my sword in my country's cause? and he pulled the blade half

out. Had I known what I now know,—and he drove it back with such force, I fairly thought it would have come out of t'other eend,—it should have rusted in its scabbard first, it should, indeed, Hopewell. Now, Joshua, said he,—and he uncovered his head agin, for he was a religious man was Washington, and never took the Lord's name in vain,—recollect these words : “visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of *them that love me.*” May the promise be ours; but, oh! far, far be the denunciation from us and our posterity! Franklin, Joshua, has a great deal to answer for. Success has made him flippant and self-sufficient, and, like all self-taught men, he thinks he knows more than he does, and more than anybody else. If he had more religion and less philosophy, as he calls scepticism, it would be better for him and us too. He is always a-sain' to me, *leave religion alone*, Gineral : leave it to the *voluntary principle*; the *supply* will always keep pace with the *demand*. It is the *maxim of a pedlar*, Joshua, and unworthy of a statesman or a Christian; for in religion, unlike other things, the demand seldom or *never precedes*, but almost *invariably follows*, and increases with the supply. “An ignorant man knoweth not this, neither doth a fool understand it.” I wish he could see with his own eyes the effects of his liberality, Joshua, it would sober his exultation, and teach him a sad and humiliating lesson. Let him come with me into Virginia and see the ruins of that great and good establishment that ministered to us in our youth as our nursing mother,—let him examine the ninety-five parishes of the State, and he will find twenty-three extinct, and thirty-four destitute, the pastors expelled by want, or violence, or death.

His philosophy will be gratified too, I suppose, by seeing the numerous proselytes he has made to his enlightened opinions. In breaking up the Church, these *rational* religionists have adopted his maxims of frugality, and abstained from destroying that which *might be useful*. The baptismal



fonts have been preserved as convenient for watering horses, and the sacred cup has been retained as a relic of the olden time, to grace the convivial board. There is no bigotry here, Joshua, no narrow prejudice, for reformers are always men of enlarged minds. They have done their work like men. They have applied the property of the Church to secular purposes, and *covered their iniquity under the cant of educating the poor*, forgetting the while that *a knowledge of God is the foundation of all wisdom*. They have extinguished the cry of the Church being in danger by extinguishing the Church itself. *When reformers talk of religious freedom as a popular topic, depend upon it they mean to dispense with religion altogether*. What the end will be I know not, for the issues are with Him from whom all good things do come; but I do still indulge the hope all is not yet lost. Though the tree be cut down, the roots are left; and the sun by day and the dew by night may nurture them, and new shoots may spring up, and grow luxuriantly, and afford shelter in due season to them that are weary and heavy-laden: and even if the roots should be killed, the venerable parent-stock on the other side of the water, from which ours is an offset, is still in full vigour: and new layers may yet be laid by pious hands, which, under the blessing of Heaven, shall replace our loss.

Yes, even I, though lately in arms against the English, may say, long may the maternal Church live and flourish! and may the axe of the spoiler never be laid upon it by sacrilegious hands; for I warred with their King and not against their God, who is my God also.

Washington was right, Sam, continued Mr. Hopewell. We ought to have an establishment and national temples for worship; for He has said, who is truth itself, "where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee." Somehow, I fear his name is not legibly recorded here; but whose fault was this desertion of my flock, mine or them philosophers that made the constitution?

I availed myself here of a slight pause in the conversation to give another turn, for the excitement was too much for a

man of his great years and sensibility. So I said that I perfectly agreed with General Washington, of whom I entertained as exalted an opinion as he did; but that the circumstances of the times were such, and the prejudices against everything English so strong, it would have been utterly impossible for the framers of the constitution to have done otherwise than they did; but, said I, with reference to your visiting England, since steam navigation has been introduced, the voyage has been stripped of all its discomforts, and half its duration; and I am confident the trip would be as beneficial to your health as your company would be instructive and agreeable to us. Have you ever been there?—Often, said he: oh, yes! I know, or rather knew, dear Old England well—very well; and I had a great many friends and correspondents there, among the bishops many dear, very dear, and learned friends; but, alas! they are gone now,—and he took his spectacles off and wiped them with his handkerchief, for a tear had dimmed the glasses,—gone to receive the reward they have earned as good and faithful stewards. Let me see, said he, when was I there last? Oh! my memory fails me. I'll jist step into my study and get my journal; but I fear it was to give vent to feelings that were overpowering him. When he had gone, Mr. Slick said,—Ain't he a'most a beautiful talker, that, squire, even when he is a little wanderin' in his mind, as he is now? There is nothin' he don't know. He is jist a walkin' dictionary. He not only knows how to spell every word, but he knows its meanin', and its root as he calls it, and what nation made it first. He knows Hebrew better nor any Jew you ever see, for he knows it so well he can read it backward. He says it's the right way; but that's only his modesty, for I've tried English backward and I can't make no hand of it. Oh! he'd wear a slate out in no time, he writes so much on things he thinks on. He is a peg too low now. I'll jist give him a dose of soft-sawder, for old or young, men or women, high or low, every palate likes that. I'll put him up if I can another note or so; but he is so crotchied, and flies off the handle so, you hardly

know where to touch him. The most curious thing about him is the way he acts about the stars. He has gin 'em all names, and talks of 'em as if they were humans; he does, upon my soul. There is his Mars, and Venus, and Saturn, and Big Bear, and Little Bear, and the Lord knows what all. I mind once I put him into a'most an allfired passion when he was talkin' about 'em. I never see him in such a rage before or since, for he didn't speak for the matter of three minutes. When he is mad, he jist walks up and down the room and counts a hundred to himself, and that cools him, for he says it's better to have nothin' to say than sumthin' to repent of. Well, this time, I guess, he counted two hundred, for it was longer than common afore he had added it all up and sumtotalised it. I'll tell you how it was. Him and me was a-sittin' talkin' over nothin' at all, jist as we are now, when all at once he gets up and goes to the winder, and presently sings out, — "Sam, says he, put your hat on, my boy, and let's go and see Venus dip to-night; but here he comes. I'll tell you that are story some other time, for here comes *the Old Minister*."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE BARREL WITHOUT HOOPS.

SUCH is the charm of manner, that it often happens that what we hear with pleasure we afterwards read with diminished satisfaction. I cannot now give the words of the Minister, for the memory seldom retains more than the substance, and I am quite aware how much these conversations lose in repeating. He was, as Mr. Slick observed, "the best talker I ever heard," and I regretted that my time was so limited I had it not in my power to enjoy more of his society at this place, although I am not altogether without hopes that as I have enlisted "aunt Hetty" on my side, I have succeeded

in persuading him to accompany us to England. How delightful it would be to hear his observations on the aspect of affairs there, to hear him contrast the present with the past, and listen to his conjectures about the future. With such a thorough knowledge of man, and such an extensive experience as he has had of the operation of various forms of government, his predictions would appear almost prophetic. When he returned from his study, Mr. Slick rose and left the room in search of amusement in the village, and I availed myself of the opportunity to ascertain his opinions respecting the adjoining colonies, for the constant interruption he received from the Clockmaker had a tendency to make his conversation too desultory for one whose object was instruction. I therefore lost no time in asking him what changes he thought would be desirable to improve the condition of the people in British America, and perpetuate the connexion with England.

Ah, sir, said he, that word change is "the incantation that calls fools into a circle." It is the riddle that perplexes British statesmen, and the rock on which they are constantly making shipwreck. They are like our friend Samuel, who changes his abode so often that removal has become necessary to his very existence. A desire for political change, like a fondness for travel, grows with the indulgence. *What you want in the colonies is tranquillity, not change—Quod petis hic est.* You may change constitutions for ever, but you cannot change man. He is still unaltered under every vicissitude, the same restless, discontented, dissatisfied animal. Even in this pure unmixed democracy of ours he is as loud in his complaints as under the strictest despotism, nay, louder, for the more he is indulged the more intractable he becomes. The object of statesmen, therefore, should be, not to study what changes should be conceded, but the causes that lead men to desire change. The restlessness in the colonies proceeds not from grievances, for, with the exception of a total absence of patronage, they do not exist; but it is caused by an uneasiness of position, arising from a want of room to

move in. There is no field for ambition, no room for the exercise of distinguished talent in the provinces. The colonists, when comparing their situation with that of their more fortunate brethren in England, find all honour monopolised at home, and employment, preferments, and titles liberally bestowed on men frequently inferior in intellect and ability to themselves, and this invidious distinction sinks deeper into the heart than they are willing to acknowledge themselves. Men seldom avow the real motives of their actions. A littleness of feeling is often in reality the source of conduct that claims to spring from a virtue. A slight, an insult, or a disappointment, jealousy, envy, or personal dislike, often find a convenient shelter in agitation, and a more respectable name in patriotism. A man who quits his church in temper would have you believe he has scruples of conscience, which he requires you to respect; and he who rebels in the hope of amending his fortune ascribes his conduct to an ardent love of country, and a devotion to the cause of freedom. Grievances are convenient masks under which to hide our real objects. The great question then is, what induces men in the provinces to resort to them as pretexts. The cause now, as in 1777, is the absence of all patronage, the impossibility there is for talent to rise—want of room—of that employment that is required for ability of a certain description; at least, this is the cause with those who have the power to influence,—to lead—to direct public opinion. I allude only to these men, for the leaders are the workmen and the multitude their tools. It is difficult to make an Englishman comprehend this. Our successful rebellion, one would have supposed, would not easily have been forgotten; but, unfortunately, it was a lesson not at all understood.

This was so novel a view of the subject, and the assertion that all the recent complaints were fictitious was so different from what I had apprehended to be the case, that I could not resist asking him if there were no real grievances in 1777, when his countrymen took up arms against us?

No, sir, said he, none; none of any magnitude except the

attempt to tax for the purpose of revenue, which was wrong, very wrong, indeed; but if that which was put forth as the main one, had been the real cause, when it ceased the rebellion would have ceased also. But there was another, a secret and un-avowed, the more powerful cause, *the want of patronage*. I will explain this to you. Statesmen have always been prone to consider the colonies as a field reserved for the support of their dependants, and they are, unfortunately, so distant from the parent state that the rays of royal favour do not easily penetrate so far. Noisy applicants, mercenary voters, and importunate suitors at home, engross the attention and monopolise the favour of those in power, and provincial merit is left to languish for want of encouragement. The provincials hear of coronation honours, of flattering distinctions, and of marks of royal favour; but, alas! they participate not in them. A few of the petty local officers, which they pay themselves out of their little revenue, have long since been held their due, and, within these few years, I hear the reformers have generously promised not to deprive them of this valuable patronage in any case where it is not required for others. Beyond this honourable parish rank no man can rise, and we look in vain for the name of a colonist, whatever his loyalty, his talent, or his services may be, out of the limits of his own country. The colonial clergy are excluded from the dignities of the Church of England, the lawyers from the preferments of the bar, and the medical men from practising out of their own country, while the professions in the colonies are open to all who migrate thither. The avenues to the army and navy, and all the departments of the imperial service, are *practically* closed to them. Notwithstanding the intimate knowledge they possess on colonial subjects, who of their leading men are ever selected to govern other provinces? A captain in the navy, a colonel in the army, a London merchant, or an unprovided natural son, any person, in short, from whose previous education constitutional law has been wholly excluded, is thought better qualified, or more eligible, for these important duties than a colonist,

while that department that manages and directs all these dependencies seldom contains one individual that has ever been out of Great Britain. A peerage generally awaits a Governor-General, but indifference or neglect rewards those through whose intelligence and ability he is alone enabled to discharge his duties. The same remedy for this contemptuous neglect occurs to all men, in all ages. When the delegate from the Gabii consulted Tarquin, he took him into his garden, and drawing his sword cut off the heads of the tallest poppies. The hint was not lost, and the patricians soon severally disappeared. When our agent in France mentioned the difficulties that subsisted between us and Britain, the king significantly pointed to a piece of ordnance, and observed it was an able negotiator, and the meaning was too obvious to be disregarded. When Papineau, more recently, asked advice of the reformers in England, he was told, "Keep the glorious example of the United States constantly in view;" and an insurrection soon followed, to destroy what his friend called "the baneful domination."

The consequence of this oversight or neglect, as our revolution and the late disturbances in Canada but too plainly evince, is, that ambition, disappointed of its legitimate exercise, is apt, in its despair, to attempt the enlargement of its sphere by the use of the sword. Washington, it is well known, felt the chilling influence of this policy. Having attained early in life to great influence by the favour of his countrymen, not only without the aid but against the neglect of the Commander-in-chief, he saw a regular, and sometimes not a very judicious, advancement in the military operations of America, of every man who had the good fortune not to be a colonist. He felt that his country was converted into one of the great stages at which these favoured travellers rested for a time to reap the reward of their exile, and resume their journey up the ascent of life, while all those who permanently resided here were doomed to be stationary spectators of this mortifying spectacle. Conscious of his own powers, he smarted under this treatment, and he who

became too powerful for a subject might, under a wiser and kinder policy, have been transferred to a higher and more honourable position in another colony. Progressive advancement, to which his talents, and at one time his services, gave him a far better claim than most governors can exhibit, would have deprived him of the motive, the means, and the temptation to seek in patriotism what was denied to merit and to loyalty. History affords us some recent instances, in which the administration in the parent state have relieved themselves of "an inconvenient friend," by giving him an appointment abroad. Ambitious men who attain to this inconvenient eminence in the colonies might, with equal advantage to the country and themselves, be transferred to a more extended and safer sphere of action in other parts of the empire. No man now pretends to deny, that it was the want of some such safety-valve that caused the explosion in these old colonies, that now form the United States. Patriotism then, as in all ages, covered a multitude of sins, and he who preferred, like a Washington, a Jefferson, or an Adams, the command of armies, the presidential chair of a great nation, and the patronage and other attributes of royalty, to the rank of a retired planter, a practising provincial barrister, or an humble representative in a local legislature, easily became a convert to the doctrine that a stamp act was illegal, and a tax on tea an intolerable oppression. When loyalty, like chastity, is considered, as it now is, to be its own great reward, and agitation is decorated with so many brilliant prizes, it is not to be wondered at if men constantly endeavour to persuade themselves that every refusal of a request is both an arbitrary and unjust exercise of power, that denial justifies resistance, and that resistance is a virtue. Instead of conceding to popular clamour changes that are dangerous, it is safer and wiser to give ambition a new direction, and to show that the government has the disposition to patronise, as well as the power to punish. It is unjust to the Queen, and unkind to the Colonists, to exhibit the image of their Sovereign in no other attitude than that



of an avenging despot exacting obedience, and enforcing dependence. Royalty has other qualities that appeal to the hearts of subjects, but parliamentary influence is too selfish and too busy to permit statesmen to regard colonists in any other light than the humble tenantry of the distant possessions of the empire. Grievances (except the unavowed one I have just mentioned, which is the prolific parent of all that bear the name of patriots,) fortunately do not exist; but ambitious men like hypochondriacs, when real evils are wanting, often supply their place with imaginary ones. Provincialism and nationality are different degrees of the same thing, and both take their rise in the same feeling, love of country, while no colony is so poor or so small as not to engender it. The public or distinguished men of a province are public property, and the people feel an interest in them in an inverse ratio, perhaps, to their own individual want of importance. To those who have the distribution of this patronage, it must be gratifying to know, that when this is the case, *an act of justice* will always appear *an act of grace*.

Here we is agin, said Mr. Slick, who now entered the room. How am you was, squire, how is you been, as Tousand Teyvils said to the Dutch Governor. Well, minister, did you find the date? When was it you was to England last?—Nothing could be more provoking than this interruption, for the subject we were talking upon was one of great interest to a colonist, and no opportunity occurred of reverting to it afterwards. The change of topic, however, was not more sudden than the change of Mr. Hopewell's manner and style of speaking, for he adopted at once the familiar and idiomatic language to which Mr. Slick was more accustomed, as one better suited to the level of his understanding.—It was in '85, said Mr. Hopewell; I haven't been to England since, and that's fifty-five years ago. It is a long time that, isn't it? How many changes have taken place since! I don't suppose I should know it agin now.—Why, minister, said Mr. Slick, you put me in mind of the Prophet.—Yes, yes, Sam, said he, I dare say I do, for you

are always a-thinkin' on profit and loss. Natur' jist fitted you for a trader. Dollars and cents is always uppermost on your mind.—O, dear! he replied, I didn't mean that at all, I mean him that got on Pisgah. You have attained such a height as it mought be in years, you can see a great way behind, and ever so far ahead. You have told us what's afore us in our great republic, now tell us what's afore England.—First of all, said he, I'll tell you what's afore you, my son, and that is, if you talk in that are loose way to Britain about sacred things and persons, you won't be admitted into no decent man's house at all, and I wouldn't admit you into mine if I didn't know your tongue was the worstest part of you, and that it neither spoke for the head or the heart, but jist for itself. As for the English empire, Sam, it's the greatest the world ever seed. The sun never sets on it. The banner of England floats on every breeze and on every sea. So many parts and pieces require good management and great skill to bind together, for it tante a whole of itself, like a single stick-mast, but a spliced one, composed of numerous pieces and joints. Now the most beautiful thing of the kind, not political, but mechanical, is a barrel. I defy any one but a rael cooper to make one so as to hold water; indeed, it tante every cooper can do it, for there are bunglin' coopers as well as bunglin' statesmen. Now, see how many staves there are in a barrel,—(do you mean a barrel organ, said the Clockmaker, for some o' them grind some very tidy staves of tunes, I tell you.—Pooh! said Mr. Hopewell)—how well they all fit, how tight they all come together, how firm and secure the hoops keep them in their places. Well, when it's right done, it don't leak one drop, and you can stand it up an eend, or lay it down on its side, or roll it over and over, and still it seems as if it was all solid wood. Not only that, but put it into a vessel and clap a thousand of them right a-top of one another, and they wont squash in, but bear any weight you choose to put on them. But, he continued, but, sir, cut the hoops and where is your barrel?—(where is the liquor? you should

say, said Mr. Slick, for that is always worth a great deal more than the barrel by a long chalk; and while you are a-talkin' about cooperin', I will jist go and tap that are cask of prime old East Ingy Madeira Captain Ned Sparm gave you.—Do, said Mr. Hopewell; I am sorry I didn't think of it afore; but don't shake it Sam, or you'll ryle it.) Well, sir, where is your barrel? why, a heap of old iron hoops and wooden staves. Now in time, the heat of the sun, and rollin' about, and what not, shrinks a cask, as a matter of course, and the hoops all loosen, and you must drive them up occasionally, to keep all tight and snug. A little attention this way, and it will last for ever a'most. Now, somehow or another, the British appear to me of late years to revarse this rule, and instead of tightening the hoops of their great body politick, as they had ought to do, they loosen them, and if they continue to do so much longer, that great empire will tumble to pieces as sure as we are a-talkin' here.

Now, one of the great bonds of society is religion—a national establishment of religion,—one that provides, at the expense of the State, for the religious education of the poor,—one that inculcates good morals with sound doctrines,—one that teaches folks to honour the King, at the same time that it commands them to fear God,—one that preaches humility to the rich, deference to the poor, and exacts from both an obedience to the laws,—one that seeks the light it disperses to others from that sacred source, the Bible; and so far from being ashamed of it, from excluding it from schools, says to all, “Search the Scriptures,”—one, in short, that makes people at once good men, good Christians, and good subjects. They have got this to England, and they are happy enough to have it in the Colonies. It's interwoven into the State so beautiful, and yet so skilful, that while the *Church is not political*, the *State is religious*. There is nothin' like their Liturgy in any language, nor never will be agin; and all good men may be made better for their Book of Prayer,—a book every Protestant ought to revere,—for them that com-piled it laid down their lives for it. *It was written in the*

*blood of the Martyrs*, and not like some others I could tell you of, *in the blood of its miserable victims*. Now, when I see ten protestant bishops cut off at one fell swoop from Ireland, where they are so much needed, I say *you are loosenin' the hoops*. When I see aid withdrawn from the Colonial Church, their temporalities interfered with, and an attempt made to take away the charter from its college to Windsor, Nova Scotia,—when I hear that the loyal colonists say (I hope the report ain't true) that they are discouraged, agitators boast they are patronised, and rebels runnin' about with pardons in their hands,—when I hear there ain't difference enough made between truly good conservative subjects and factious demagogues, I say *you are loosenin' the hoops*: and when I hear all talk and no cider, as the sayin' is, said Mr. Slick, who just then returned with some of the old wine from the cellar, I say it's dry work; so here's to you, minister, and let me advise you to moisten them are staves, your ribs, or *your hoops* will fall off, I tell you. Put a pint of that are good old stuff under your waistcoat every day, and see how beautiful your skin will fit at the eend of a month. You might beat a tattoo on it like a drum.—You give your tongue a little too much licence, Sam, said Mr. Hopewell; but, squire, he is a sort of privileged man here, and I don't mind him. Help yourself, if you please, sir; here is a pleasant voyage to you, sir. As I was a-sayin', when I hear it said to the bench of bishops “put your house in order, for your days are numbered,” I say you are more than loosenin' the hoops, you are *stavin' in the cask*. There are some things I don't understand, and some things I hear I don't believe. I am no politician; but I should like to go to England, if I warn't too old, to see into the actual state of things. How is it there is *hoop loose* to Newfoundland, another to the West Ingies, and half-a-dozen to Canada, another to the East, and one in almost every colony? How is it there is chartism and socialism in England, secret associations in Ireland, rebellion in your Provinces, and agitation everywhere? *The hoops want tightenin'*. The leaders of all these teams are runnin' wild

because the reins are held too loose, and because they think the state-coachmen are afeerd on 'em. I hear they now talk of *responsible government* in the Colonies; is that true, sir?—I replied it had some advocates and it was natural it should. All men like power; and, as it would place the governors in subjection to the governed, it was too agreeable a privilege not to be desired by popular leaders.—That, said he, (and few men livin' know more nor I do about colonies, for I was born in one, and saw it grow and ripen into an independent state,) *that* is the last bond of union between Great Britain and her colonies. Let her sever that bond, and she will find she resembles—the barrel without hoops.

## CHAPTER XX.

## FACING A WOMAN.

THIS was the day fixed for our departure, and I must say I never felt so much regret at leaving any family I had known for so short a time as I experienced on the present occasion. Mr. Slick, I am inclined to think, was aware of my feelings, and to prevent the formality of bidding adieu, commenced a rhodomontade conversation with aunt Hetty. As soon as we rose from the breakfast-table, he led her to one of the windows and said, with a solemnity that was quite ludicrous,—He is very ill, very ill indeed; he looks as sick as death in the primer: I guess it's gone goose with him.

Who is ill? said aunt Hetty, in great alarm.—He is up a tree; his flint is fixed, you may depend.—Who, Sam? tell me, dear, who it is.—And he so far from home; ain't it horrid? and pysoned, too, and that in minister's house.—Lord, Sam, how you frighten a body! who is pysoned?—The squire, aunty; don't you see how pale he looks.—Pysoned, O for ever! Well, I want to know! Lawful heart alive, how could he be pysoned? O Sam! I'll tell you: I've

got it now. How stupid it was of me not to ask him if he could eat them; it's them presarved strawberries,—yes, yes, it's the strawberries. They do pyson some folks. There was sister Woodbridge's son's wife's youngest darter that she had by the first marriage, Prudence. Well, Prudence never could eat them: they always brought on——.—Oh! it's worse nor that, aunty; it ain't strawberries, tho' I know they ain't good eatin' for them that don't like them. It's——.—And a mustard emetic was the onliest thing in natur' to relieve her. It made her——.—Oh! it tante them, it's love: you've killed him.—Me, Sam! why how you talk! what on airth do you mean?—You 've killed him as dead as a herring. I told you your eyes would cut right into him, for he was as soft as a pig fed on beech-nuts and raw potatoes; but you wouldn't believe me. Oh! you 've done the job for him: he told me so hisself. Says he, Mr. Slick, (for he always calls me Mr. he is so formal,) says he, Mr. Slick, you may talk of lovely women, but I know a gall that is a heavenly splice. What eyes she has, and what feet, and what a neck, and what a——.—Why, Sam, the man is mad: he has taken leave of his senses.—Mad! I guess he is—ravin', distracted. Your eyes have pysoned him. He says of all the affectionate sisters and charming women he ever seed, you do beat all.—Oh! he means what I once was, Sam, for I was considered a likely gall in my day, that 's a fact; but dear o' me only to think times is altered.—Yes; but you ain't altered; for, says he,—for a woman of her great age, aunt Hetty is——.—Well, he hadn't much to do, then, to talk of my advanced age, for I am not so old as all that comes to nother. He is no gentleman to talk that way, and you may tell him so.—No, I am wrong, he didn't say great age, he said great beauty: she is very unaffected.—Well, I thought he wouldn't be so rude as to remark on a lady's age.—Says he, her grey hairs suit her complexion.—Well, I don't thank him for his impudence, nor you nother for repeatin' it.—No, I mean grey eyes. He said he admired the eyes: grey was his colour.—Well, I thought he wouldn't be so vulgar, for he is a very

pretty man, and a very polite man too ; and I don't see the blue nose you spoke of, nother.—And says he, if I could muster courage, I would propose——.—But, Sam, it's so sudden. Oh, dear! I am in such a fluster, I shall faint.—I shall propose for her to——.—Oh! I never could on such short notice. I have nothing but black made up ; and there is poor Joshua——.—I should propose for her to accompany her brother——.—Well, if Joshua would consent to go with us,—but, poor soul! he couldn't travel, I don't think.—To accompany her brother as far as New York, for his infirmities require a kind nurse.—Oh, dear! is that all? How mighty narvous he is. I guess the crittur is pysoned sure enough, but then it's with affectation.—Come, aunty, a kiss at partin'. We are off, good-by'e ; but that was an awful big hole you made in his heart too. You broke the pane clean out and only left the sash. He's a caution to behold. Good-by'e ! And away we went from Slickville.

During our morning's drive the probability of a war with England was talked of, and in the course of conversation Mr. Slick said, with a grave face,—Squire, you say we Yankees boast too much ; and it ain't improbable we do, seein' that we have whipped the Ingians, the French, the British, the Spaniards, the Algerines, the Malays, and every created crittur a'most that dared to stand afore us, and try his hand at it. So much success is e'en a'most enough to turn folks' heads, and make 'em a little consaited, ain't it? Now give me your candid opinion, I won't be the leastest morsel offended, if you do give it agin' us ; but speak onre-sarved, Who do you think is the bravest people, the Yankees or the British? I should like to hear your mind upon it.—They are the same people, I said, differing as little, perhaps, from each other as the inhabitants of any two counties in England, and it is deeply to be deplored that two such gallant nations, having a common origin and a common language, and so intimately connected by the ties of consanguinity and mutual interest, should ever imbrue their hands in each other's blood. A war between people thus peculiarly related is

an unnatural spectacle, that no rational man can contemplate without horror. In the event of any future contest the issue will be as heretofore, sometimes in favour of one, and sometimes of the other. Superior discipline will decide some engagements, and numbers others, while accidental circumstances will turn the scale in many a well-fought field. If you ask me, therefore, which I conceive to be the braver people of the two, I should unquestionably say neither can claim pre-eminence. All people of the same stock, living in a similar climate, and having nearly the same diet and habits, must, as a matter of course, possess animal courage as nearly as possible in the same degree. I say habits, because we know that in individuals habits have a great deal to do with it. For instance, a soldier will exhibit great fear if ordered to reef a topsail, and a sailor if mounted on the——Well, well, said he, p'raps you are right; but boastin' does some good too. Only get people to think they can do a thing and they can do it. The British boasted that one Englishman could whip three Frenchmen, and it warn't without its effect in the wars, as Bonaparte know'd to his cost. Now, our folks boast that one Yankee can walk into three Englishmen; and, some how or another, I kinder guess they will—try to do it at any rate. For my part, I am pretty much like father, and he used to say, he never was afeerd of any thing on the face of the airth but a woman. Did I ever tell you the story of father's courtship?—No, I replied, never; your stock of anecdotes is inexhaustible, and your memory so good you never fall into the common error of great talkers, of telling your stories a second time. I should like to hear it. —Well, said he, it ain't an easy story to tell, for father always told it with variations, accordin' to what he had on board at the time, for it was only on the anniversary of his weddin' he used to tell it, and as there was considerable brag about father, he used to introduce new flourishes every time, what our singin' master in sacred melody, Doldrum Dykins, used to call grace notes. Sam, he'd say, I have been married this day,—let me see, how many years is it? Do you recollect, Polly dear?—Why, says mother, I can't say rightly, for I



never kept a tally, but it's a considerable some tho', I estimate. (She never would answer that question, poor dear old soul! for women don't like to count arter that if they can help it, that's a fact.)—Well, says father, it's either eight or nine-and-twenty years ago, I forget which.—It's no such thing, says mother, quite snappishly; Sam is only twenty-one last Thanksgiving-day, and he was born jist nine months and one day arter we was married, so there now. (Father gives me a wink, as much as to say, that's woman now, Sam, all over, ain't it?)—Well, your mother was eighteen when we was married, and twenty-one years and nine months and one day added to that makes her near hand to fort——.—Never mind what it makes, says mother, but go on with your story, whatever it is, and sumtotalize it. You are like Doldrum Dykins, he sings the words of each varse over three times.—Well, said he, this *I will* say, a younger-lookin' bloominer woman of her age there ain't this day in all Slickville, no, nor in Conne'ticut nother.—Why, Mr. Slick, says mother, layin' down her knittin' and fixin' her cap—how you talk!—Fact, upon my soul, Polly! said he; but, Sam, said he, if you'd a-seed her when I first know'd her, she was a most super-superior gall and worth lookin' at, I tell you. She was a whole team and a horse to spare, a rael screamer, that's a fact. She was a-most a beautiful piece of woman-flesh, fine cornfed, and showed her keep. Light on the foot as a fox, cheeks as fair as a peach and hard as an apple, lips like cherries—Lick! you wouldn't see such a gall if you was to sarch all the factories to Lowell, for she looked as if she could e'en a'most jump over her own shadow, she was so tarnal wirey. Heavins! how springy she was to a wrastle, when we was first married. She always throw'd me three or four times at first hand runnin'; in course I was stronger, and it ginerally eended in my throwin' her at last; but then that was nateral, seein' she was the weakest. Oh! she was a rael doll! she was the dandy, that's a fact.—Well, I want to know, said mother, did you ever? a-tryin to look cross, but as pleased as anything, and her eyes fairly

twinklin' agin to hear the old man's soft-sawder : Why the man is tipsy to talk that way afore the boy ; do, for gracious sake ! behave, or I'll go right out, and then turnin' to me and fillin' my glass, do drink, dear, says she, you seem kinder dull.—Well, she was the only created crittur, says he, I ever seed I was darnted afore.—You got bravely over it anyhow, says mother.—Courtin', says he, Sam, is about the hardest work I know on ; fightin' is nothin' to it. Facin' ball, grape, or bullet, or baganut, as we did at Bunker's Hill, is easy when a man is used to it, but face-in' a woman is—it's the devil, that's a fact. When I first seed her she filled my eye chock full ; her pints were all good ; short back, good rate to the shoulder, neat pastern, full about the——.—There you go agin, says mother ; I don't thank you one bit for talkin' of me as if I was a filly, and I won't stay to hear it, so there now : I believe, in my soul, you are onfakalized.—Well, I reconnoitred and reconnoitred for ever so long, a-considerin' how I was to lay siege to her,—stormin' a battery or escaladin' a redoubt is nothin' to it, I have done it fifty times !—Fifty times ! says mother, lookin' arch to him' for she was kinder sorted wrathly at bein' talked of as a horse.—Well, says father, forty times at any rate.—Forty times ! says mother ; that's a powerful number.—Well, d—n it ! twenty times then, and more too.—Twenty times ! said she ; did our folks storm twenty batteries all together ?—Why, tarnation ! says father, I suppose at last you'll say I warn't at Bunker's Hill at all, or Mud Creek, or the battle atween the outposts at Peach Orchard— ?—Or chargin' Elder Solomon Longstaff's sheep, says mother.—Well, by the tarnal ! says father, who hopped with rage like a ravin' distracted parched pea ; if that bean't pitikilar I am a punkin, and the pigs may do their prettiest with me. Didn't I tell you, Sam, nothin' could come up to a woman ?—Except a filly, says mother ; now don't compare me to a hoss, and talk of pints that ain't to be thought of, much less talked of, and I won't jibe you about your campaigns, for one thing is sartain, no man ever doubted your courage, and Ginerall Gates told me so himself. Polly, says the Ginerall, if you take Sargeant Slick, you take a

hero.—Well, says father, quite mollified by that are tittle of hero, Gates was a good judge and a good feller too. Fill your glass, Sam, for I always calculate to be merry on this night; and, Polly dear, you must take a drop too: if we do get warm sometimes, makin' up seems all the sweeter for it.

Well, as I was a-sayin', I studied every sort of way how I should begin; so at last, thinks I, a faint heart never won a fair lady; so one Sabbath-day I brushed up my regimentals and hung old Bunker by my side, and ironed out my hat anew, and washed the feather in milk till it looked as well as one jist boughten, and off I goes to meetin'. Well, I won't say I heerd much of the sarmon, because I didn't; but I know it was a little the longest I ever sot out; and when we was dismissed, I was e'en a'most sorry it was over, I was so discomboborated, and I breathed as short as if I had a-been chasin' of the British all day: but at last I moved out with the crowd, and movin' sot me all to rights agin. So I marches up to Polly Styles,—that was your mother that is,—mornin', says I, Miss Styles, and I gave her a salute.—Why, Slick, says she, how you talk! you never did no such a thing; jist as if I would let you salute me before all the folks that way.—I did tho', upon my soul, says father.—I'll take my Bible-oath, says mother, there is not a word of truth in it.—Why, Polly, says father, how can you say so? I brought both feet to the first position this way (and he got upon the floor and indicated), then I came to attention this way (and he stood up as stiff as a poker, he held his arms down by his side quite straight, and his head as erect as a flagstaff), then I brought up my right arm with a graceful sweep, and without bendin' the body or movin' the head the least mite or morsel in the world, I brought the back of my hand against the front of my regimental hat (and he indicated again).—Oh! says mother, that salute, indeed! I detract, I recollect you did.—*That* salute! says father: why, what salute did *you* mean?—Why, says mother, colourin' up, I thought you meant that—that—that—never mind what I meant.—Oh, ho! says father, I take, I take; talk of a salute, and a

woman can't think of anything else but a kiss. It's the first thing they think of in the mornin' and the last at night. — Go on with your story, and cut it short, if you please, says mother, for it's gettin' rather tedious. — Mornin', says I, Miss Styles, how do you do? — Reasonable well, I give you thanks, says she, how be you? — Considerable, says I. When that was done, the froth was gone, and the beer flat; I could't think of another word to say for mindin' of her, and how beautiful she was, and I walked on as silent as if I was at the head of my guard. — At last, says your mother, — Is that splendid regimental you have on, Mr. Slick, the same you wore at Bunker's Hill? — Oh, dear! what a load that word took off my heart; it gave me somethin' to say, tho' none of the clearest. — Yes, Miss, says I, it is: and it was a glorious day for this great republic, — it was the cradle of our liberty. — Well done, Slick! says her father, as he rode by jist at that moment; you are gittin' on bravely, talkin' of cradles already. — Well, that knocked me all up of a heap, and sot your mother a-colourin' as red as anything. I hardly know what I said arter that, and used one word for another like a fool. We had twenty thousand as fine gallant young galls there, says I, that day as ever I laid eyes on. — Twenty thousand! said Polly, do tell! Why, what on airth was they a-doin' of there? — In arms, says I, a-strugglin' for their liberty. — And did they get away? said she, a-laughin'. — Poor things! said I, many of them, whose bosoms beat high with ardour, were levelled there that day, I guess. — Why, Mr. Slick, said she, how you talk! — Yes, says I, nine of them from Charlestown accompanied me there, and we spent the night afore the engagement in the trenches without a blanket to cover us. — They had little to do to be there at such hours with you, said Polly. — Little to do! said I; you wouldn't have said so, Miss, if you had a-been there. You'd a-found that lyin' exposed—. — I don't want to hear no more about it, said she; let's join mother, and I'll axe her about it. — Do, said I, and she'll tell you they fell on a bed of glory. — Mother, says Polly, Sargeant Slick says there

were twenty thousand galls at Bunker's Hill ; did you ever hear tell of it afore ?—Men says I.—No, galls, said she.—No men, says I.—Twenty thousand galls, they all repeated ; and then they laughed ready to kill themselves, and said, what onder the sun could put such a crotchet as that are into your head ?—Miss, says I, if I did say so——. —Oh ! you did, said she, and you know it.—If I did say so, it was a mistake ; but *that* put it into my head that put everything else out.—And what was that ? said she—Why, as pretty a gall, said I, as——. —Oh ! then, said she, they was all galls in the trenches, after all ? I won't hear no more about them at no rate. Good-by'e ! —Well, there I stood lookin' like a fool, and feelin' a proper sight bigger fool than I looked.—Dear heart ! says mother, gittin' up and goin' behind him, and pattin' him on the cheek,—did she make a fool of him then ?—and she put her arm round his neck and kissed him, and then filling up his tumbler, said—go on, dear.—Well, it was some time, said father, afore I recovered that misstep ; and whenever I looked at her arterwards she larfed, and that confused me more ; so that I began to think at last it would be jist about as well for me to give it up as a bad bargain, when one Sabbath-day I observed all the Styles's a-comin' to meetin' except Polly, who staid to home ; so I waits till they all goes in, and then cuts off hot foot for the river, and knocks at the door of the house, tho' I actilly believe my heart beat the loudest of the two. Well, when I goes in, there sot Polly Styles that was, your mother that is, by the fire a-readin' of a book. Goin' to meetin' ? says I.—I guess not, said she ;! are you ?—I guess not, said I. Then there was a pause. We both looked into the fire. I don't know what she was a-thinkin' on ; but I know what I was, and that was what to say next. Polly said I.—Did you speak ? said she.—I—I—I—it stuck in my throat.—Oh ! said she, I thought you spoke.—Then we sot and looked into the coals agin. At last she said,—What couple was that was called last Lord's-day ?—I don't mind, said I ; but I know who I wish it was.—Who ? said she.—Why me and somebody

else.—Then why don't you and somebody else get called then? said she.—I—I—I—it stuck again in my throat. If I hadn't a-been so bothered advisin' of myself, I could have got it out, I do suppose; but jist as I was a-goin' to speak, I couldn't think of any words; but now's your time, it's a grand chance. Arter a while, says she,—Father will be to home soon, I am a-thinkin'; meetin' must be near out now.—Likes as not, says I. Presently up jumps Polly, and says,—Entertainin' this, ain't it? s'posen' you read me a sarmon, it will give us somethin' to talk about.—And afore I could say a word agin' it, she put a book into my hand, and said,—Begin, and threw herself down on the settle.—Well, I hadn't read a page hardly afore she was asleep, and then I laid down the book, and says I to myself, says I, what shall I do next? and I had jist got a speech ready for her, when she woke up, and rubbin' her eyes, said,—I am 'most afeerd I gave you a chance of a forfeit by nappin' arter that fashion; but, as luck would have it, you was too busy reading. I'll take care not to do so agin. Go on, if you please, sir.—Well, I began to read a second time, and hadn't gone on above a few minutes afore a little wee snore showed me she was asleep agin. Now, says I, to myself, arter such an invitation as she gin me about the gloves, I am darned if I don't try for the forfeit while she is asleep.—I didn't give no such invitation at all about the gloves, says mother: don't believe one word of it; it's jist an invention of his own. Men like to boast, and your father is the greatest bragger livin' out of the twenty thousand galls that was at Bunker's Hill.—Polly, says father, it's nateral to deny it, but it's true for all that.—Well, says I to myself, says I, suppose it was the devil or a Britisher that was there, Sergeant Slick, what would you do? Why, says I to myself, for answer, says I, I would jist shut my eyes and rush right at it; and with that I plucked up courage and run right at the settee full split. Oh, dear! the settee warn't strong enough.—Lawful heart! says mother, what a fib! did you ever! well, I never did hear the beat of that; it's all made out of whole cloth, I declare.—The settee

warn't strong enough, said father. It broke down with an awful smash, your mother, Polly Styles that was, kickin' and screamin' till all was blue agin. Her comb broke and out came her hair, and she looked as wild as a hawk.—Gloves! says I.—You shan't, says she.—I will, says I.—In arms a-strugglin' for their liberty, says her father, who jist then come in from meetin'.—Polly squeeled like a rat in a trap, and cut and run out of the room full chisel.—Dear, dear, said mother, what will he say next, I wonder.—And then the old man and me stood facin' one another like two strange cats in a garret,

An accident, says I; so I perceive, says he.—Nothin' but lookin' for a pair of gloves, says I.—As you and the nine galls did at the trenches, at Bunker's Hill, said he, for the blankit.—Now friend Styles, said I.—Now friend Slick, said he.—It warn't my fault, says I.—Certainly not, says he; a pretty gall at home, family out; used to twenty thousand galls in war, it's nateral to make love in peace: do you take?—Well, says I, it does look awkward, I confess.—Very, says he. Well, Slick, says he, the long and short of the matter is, you must either marry or fight.—Says I, friend Styles, as for fightin', Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard are enough for any one man, in all conscience; but I'll marry as soon as you please, and the sooner the better.—So I should think, said he.—No, no, neighbour Styles, said I, you don't do me justice, you don't indeed; I never had the courage to put the question yet.—Well, if that don't cap all! says mother; that beats the bugs; it does fairly take the rag off.—A man, says Mr. Styles, that has nine ladies in the trenches with him all night, in arms a-strugglin' for liberty, without a blankit to cover them, to talk of not havin' courage to put the question, is rather too good. Will you marry?—I will, says I, and only jist too happy to——. —You shall be called then this blessed arternoon, said he, so stay dine, son Slick.—Well, to make a long story short, the thing turned out better than I expected, and we were spliced in little better than half no time. That was the first and last kiss I ever

had afore we was married, Polly was so everlastin' coy; but arterwards she nev——. —Not one word more, says mother, to your peril, not one word more, and she got up and shook her knittin' at him quite spunky. Most o' that are story was an invention of your own, jist a mere brag, and I won't hear no more. I don't mind a joke when we are alone, but I won't hear nothin' said afore that are boy that lessens his respect for his mother the leastest grain, so there now.— Well, well, says father, have it your own way, Polly, dear; I have had my say, and I wouldn't ryle you for the world, for this I will say, a'most an excellent wife, dependable friend, and whiskin' housekeeper you have made to me, that's sartain. No man don't want no better, that's a fact. She hadn't no *ear for musick*, Sam, but she had a capital *eye for dirt*, and for poor folks that's much better. No one never seed as much dirt in my house as a fly couldn't brush off with his wings. Boston galls may boast of their spinnetts, and their *gytars*, and their eyetalian airs, and their *ears for musick*; but give me the gall, I say, that *has an eye for dirt*, for she is the gall for my money. But to eventuate my story—when the weddin' was over, Mr. Styles, that was your grandfather that is, come up to me, and tappin' me on the shoulder, says he, Slick, says he, everybody knew you was a hero in the field, but I actilly did not think you was such a devil among the galls. Nine of them in the trenches at one time, in arms, a-strugglin' for their liberty, and so on. You must give over them pranks now you are married. This is all very well as a joke, says father; but Sam, my son, says he, them that have seed sarvice, and I flatter myself I have seed as much as most men, at Bunker's Hill, Mud Creek, and Peach Orchard, et sarterar, as the Boston marchants say; veterans I mean,—will tell you, that to face an inimy is nothin', but it is better to face the devil than to *face—a woman*.



## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE ATTACHÉ.

THIS being the last day at my disposal at New York, I went on board of the Great Western and secured a passage for myself and Mr. Slick; and, as there were still several vacant berths, had the gratification to find there was room for my worthy friend Mr. Hopewell, if he should incline to accompany us, and arrive in time to embark. I then sauntered up through the Broadway to a coach-stand, and drove to the several residences of my kind and agreeable friends to bid them adieu. New York is decidedly the first city of the western world, and is alike distinguished for the beauty of its situation and the hospitality of its inhabitants. I left it not without great regret, and shall always retain the most pleasing recollection of it. In this respect, I understand, I am by no means singular, as no stranger, bringing proper introductions, is ever permitted to feel he is alone here in a foreign land. Soon after I returned to the hotel Mr. Slick entered, with a face filled with importance.—Squire, said he, I have just received a letter that will astonish you, and if you was to guess from July to eternity you wouldn't hit on what it's about. I must say I am pleased, and that's a fact; but what puzzles me is, who set it a-goin'. Now, tell me candid, have you been writin' to the British ambassador about me since you came?—No. I replied, I have not the honour of his acquaintance. I never saw him, and never had any communication with him on any subject whatever.—Well, it passes then, said he, that's sartain: I havn't axed no one nother, and yet folks don't often get things crammed down their throats that way without sayin' by your leave, stranger. I hante got no interest; I am like the poor crittur at the pool, I hante got no one to put me in, and another feller always steps in afore me. If Martin Van has done this himself he must have had some *mo-tive*, for he hante got these things to throw away; he wants all the offices he has got as

sops to his voters. Patriotism is infarnal hungry, and as savage as old Scratch if it tante fed. If you want to tame it, you must treat it as Van Amburg does his lions, keep its belly full. I wonder whether he is arter the vote of Slickville, or whether he is only doin' the patron to have sunthin' to brag on. I'd like to know this, for I am not in the habit of barkin' up the wrong tree if I can find the right one. Well, well, it don't matter much, arter all, what he meant, so as he does what 's right and pretty. The berth is jist the dandy, that 's a fact. It will jist suit me to a T. I have had my own misgivin's about goin' with you, squire, I tell you, for the British are so infarnal proud that clockmakin' sounds everlastin' nosey to them, and I don't calculate in a ginerall way to let any man look scornery to me, much less talk so; now this fixes the thing jist about right, and gives it the finishin' touch. It 's grand! I 've got an appointment, and, I must say, I feel kinder proud of it, as I never axed for it. It 's about the most honourable thing Martin Van ever did since he became public. Tit or no tit, that 's the tatur! and I 'll maintain it too. I 'll jist read you a letter from Salter Fisher, an envoy or sunthin' or another of that kind in the Secretary of State's office. I believe he is the gentleman that carries their notes and messages.

## PRIVATE.

MY DEAR SLICK,

Herewith I have the honour to enclose you your commission as an *attaché* to our legation to the Court of Saint Jimses, Buckin'ham, with an official letter announcin' the President's nomination and Senate's vote of concurrence. Martin ordered these to be put into the mail, but I have taken the chance to slip this into the paper-cover. It is the policy of our Government to encourage native authors and reward merit; and it makes me feel good to find your productions have made the name of this great and growing republic better known among Europeans, and we expect a considerable some, that this appointment will enable you to exalt it

still further, and that the name of Slick will be associated with that of our sages and heroes in after ages. This commission will place you on a footin' with the princes and nobles of England, give you a free ticket of admission to the palace, and enable you to study human natur' under new phases, associations, and developements; that is, if there is any natur' left in such critturs. With such opportunities, the President expects you will not fail to sustain the honour of the nation on all occasions, demanding and enforcing your true place in society, at the top of the pot, and our exalted rank at foreign courts as the greatest, freest, and most onlightened nation now existin'. It would be advisable, if a favourable opportunity offers, to draw the attention of the Queen to the subject of her authors and travellers,—carelessly like, as if it weren't done a-purpose, for it don't comport with dignity to appear too *sensitive*, but jist merely to regret the *prac-tice* of hirein' authors to abuse us, in order to damp the admiration of Europeans of our glorious institutions.

We have every reason to believe that Captain Hall received five thousand pounds for this purpose, and Mrs. Trollope the same sum; that Miss Martineau is promised a royal garter, (it's a pity she warn't hanged with it,) and Captain Marryatt to be made a Knight of the Royal Baths. This conduct is onworthy a great people like the English, and unjust and insultin' to us; and you might suggest to her Royal Highness that this mean, low-lived, dirty conduct will defeat itself, and that nothin' short of kickin' out her ministry will be accepted as an apology by the American people. You might say to her ladyship, that the city articles in the Times newspaper are very offensive to us, and that tho' individually we despise such low blackguardisms, yet collectively the honour of the nation demands satisfaction. That her Government pays for their insartion there can be no doubt; and the paltry trick of Mr. Melburne bribin' opposition papers to let 'em in, is an artifice that may cover the rascality to ignorant British, but can't draw the

wool over our eyes. If you have no opportunity to say this to her, tell her bridegroom to tell her plainly, if she don't look sharp, we'll retaliate, and *hunt red foxes for her* in Canada, as we did two winters ago.

Caution is necessary in conversation, in speakin' of our army, navy, and resources of war, for the ministers will pump you if they can. Boastin' without crackin' is the true course. For instance, if war is talked of, regret the smallness of our navy; for, if they had to contend with France and England at the same time, the issue would be extremely doubtful. That is a clear intimation we could lick either, and ain't afraid of both, and yet don't say so. So, in speakin' of the army, deprecate a war, and say marchin' one hundred and fifty thousand men into Canada would interfere with internal improvements by raising the price of labour. It is this species of delicate brag that best becomes a high functionary.

It is not to be doubted you will return as you go, a republican at heart, and that future honours await you. Your name is now well and favourably known, and, what is better, is popular, as you may infer, when I tell you that the very pen with which this is wrote is a "Sam Slick pen." The highest gift in the hands of man, the presidential chair, should now and henceforth be the object of your ambition. We look forward with much gratification to your delineation of English character, their exclusiveness, their self-sufficiency, their strong-hold of slavery—the factories, their overfed clergy, overpaid officials, and antiquated institutions, their defenceless condition, half-manned navy, and radical army, their proud and dissolute aristocracy, their turbulent and factious commons, and brutally ignorant peasantry. I estimate when they hear of your appointment, they will feel considerable streaked, for they must know you won't spare them.

While you are a-visitin' among the gentry and nobility, you might keep a journal on the sty, and send it out by the steamers to some leadin' papers, which would be killin' two

birds with one stone, livin' free of cost, and makin' money out of them at the same time. Where you can, give the real names in full : where it ain't safe, for fear of a scuffle, say Duke A——, Lord B——, Lady C——, and occasionally the Q—— told me. It sounds well this, and shows your standin' is high and is peak-aunt. Anecdotes of high life sell well if they are racy. Then collect them together into a book onder some takin' onpretending title, as "Mems of a munn," or scrawlin's afore bed-time, or some such name. The proceeds will enable you to cut a better dash to court; only don't tell 'em you are a doin' of it to England. No man entertains a spy if he can help it. "A word to the wise—— will always suffice——." This will pave the way well for your progress to the presidential chair. While on this subject, it might not be amiss to hint a change of party might occasion a change of office-holders; and that tho' too strong to require any aid for ourselves, we hope for your family ticket in Slickville and its vicinity to enable us to keep you in your present honourable position. Without this berth, you would find the first circles as stiff as an ongreased mast; this appointment will ile that beautiful, and make you slide as easy as on well-slushed ways. Avail it. Sustain the honour of the nation, and paint the name of Sam Slick indelibly on the dial-plate of Fame, that the finger of Time may point it out to admirin' posterity, to all etarnity.

Yours to command,

SALTER FISHER.

P.S.—I will give you a wrinkle on your horn that's worth havin'. Should our great gun be absent and you left in London, recollect we do as the British do, give no instructions we can help; write what must be wrote so it will *read any way*, and leave surbordinates to incur all responsibility of actin' and readin'. Meet 'em in their own way by referrin' all home, and puttin' the saddle on the right horse in spite of him. Let the shafter do his own work. Do you take?—S.F.

As soon as the Clockmaker had read this epistle, he observed

in a half soliloquising, half conversational tone, An Attaché!" Well, it 's a station of great dignity too, ain't it? It makes me feel kinder narvous and whimble-cropt, for I have got to sustain a new character, and act a new part in the play of life. To dine at the palace with kings, queens, and princes; what a pretty how-d'ye-do that is, ain't it? Won't it be tall feedin' at Queen's table, that 's all; and I am a rael whale at ducks and green peas Lord, I am afeerd I shall feel plaguy awkward too, with a court dress on. I once seed a colony chap rigged out in a suit he hired of a Jew, for leeee day, and I am teetotally extinctified if he didn't look for all the world like the baboon that rides the pony to the circus. He was small potatoes and few in a hill, that feller, I tell you. He looked as mean as a crittur with one eye knocked out and t'other a-squint. He seemed scared at himself, as the bull did when he got opposite the lookin' glass. Heavens and airth! if the dogs had only seed him, they 'd a-gin' him a chase for it, I know; the way they 'd a-foxed him, and a-larned him fleas ain't lobsters, would have been a caution to monkeys to hold up their tails afore they shut-to the door arter them. A crittur with a good nose would put up some tarnal queer birds in the long stubble at St. Jimses, that 's a fact. Yes, I am afeerd I shall feel monstrous onconvenient, and as if I warn't jist made to measure. Carryin' a sword so as to keep it from stickin' atween your legs and throwin' you down, ain't no easy matter nother; but practice makes parfect, I do suppose. Well, I vow our noble intitutions do open avenues to ambition and merit to the humblest citizens too, don't they? Now, tell me candid, squire, don't it make your mouth water? How would you like Mr. Melburne to take you by the seat of your trowsers with one hand, and the scruff of your neck with the other, and give you a chuck up stairs that way, for nothin', for he is jist the boy that can do it? but catch him at it, that 's all; no, indeed, not he, for breeches ain't petticoats, nor never was, except in Turkey and Egypt; and when kissin' goes by favour, who would look at a dispisable colonist. Well Martin Van has done that to me, and he is a gentleman

every inch of him, and eats his bread buttered on both sides.

Only to think, now, Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, should be a member of our legation to the greatest nation in the world next to us. Lord, how it would make poor dear old mother stare, if she could only lift herself up out of the grave, and open her eyes. It would make her scratch her head and snicker, *I* know ; for only thinkin' of it kinder gives me the peadoddles myself. What on airth do they talk about, *I* wonder, when they get together to the palace, them great folks and big bugs. Clocks, *I* do suppose, must be sunk, and hosses and tradin' in the small way too ; it wouldn't convene with dignity that sort o' gab. One good thing, *I*'ve seed a considerable of the world in my time, and don't feel overly daunted by no man. Politics *I* do know in a ginerall way as well as most men ; colonies and colony chaps, too, *I* know better than any crittur *I*'d meet, and no mistake. Pictur' likeness is a thing *I* won't turn my back on to no one, nor bronzin', nor gildin, nother, for that's part of the clock bisness. Agriculture *I* was brought up to, and gunnin' and trappin' *I* was used to since *I* was a boy. Poetry is the worst ; if the galls to the palace begin in that line, *I*'m throwd out as sure as a gun, for *I* shall hang fire, or only burn primin', for *I* hante even got two fingers of a charge in me, and that's damaged powder too : *I* never could bear it. *I* never see a poet yet that warn't as poor as Job's turkey, or a church mouse ; or a she poet that her shoes didn't go down to heel, and her stockin's look as if they wanted darnin', for it's all cry and little wool with poets, as the devil said when he sheared his hogs. History *I* do know a little of, for *I* larned Woodbridge's Epitome to school, and the Bible, and the history of our revolution *I* know by heart, from Paradise to Lexin'ton, and from Bunker's Hill to Independence. But *I* do suppose *I* must rub up a little on the passage. Musick, *I* don't fear much, for *I* rather pride myself on my ear and my voice ; and psalmody *I* larned to singin' schools ; so operas and theatres will soon set me right on that. But dancin' is what

I can take the shine off most folks in. I was reckoned the supplest boy in all Slickville. Many's the time I have danced "Possum up a gum tree" at a quiltin' frolic or huskin' party, with a tumbler full of cider on my head, and never spilt a drop;—I have upon my soul. He then got up and executed several evolutions on the floor which would have puzzled an opera-dancer to imitate, and then said with an air of great self-satisfaction,—Show me any Lord to England that could do that, and I'll give him leave to brag, that's all. Oh dear, I'll whirl them maids of honour to the palace round and round so fast in a waltz, no livin' soul can see me a-kissing of them. I've done it to Phœbe Hopewell afore her father's face and he never know'd it, tho' he was lookin' on the whole blessed time—I hope I may be shot if I lante. She astifly did love them waltzes, the wickedest I ever did see. Lick! there is some fun in that are, ain't they? It ain't often they get a smack from rael right-down good genuwine Yankee lips, sweet fed on corn and molasses, I know. If they only like them half as well as dear little Phœbe did, I'm a made man, that's all. The only thing in dancin', like boatin', is to keep a straight keel. That's the rael secret. P'raps the best way arter all is, I believe, at first to play mum, say little and hear everything, and then do jist like other folks. Yes, that's the plan; for liquor that's well corked is always the best up. "*An Attaché!*" well that sounds dreadful pretty, too, don't it? Then, as for dress, I guess I'll wait till I reach London, that my coat may be the rael go, and up to the notch; but the button I'll get now, for 't would look shockin' hansum, and more like the rael thing. Yes, I'll jist step into the chamber and slick up my hair with a taller candle, and put my bettermost coat into a silk pocket handkerchief, and take it down to Hellgo and Funk the tailors, (I knowed 'em to Boston,) and get the legation button put on, for it will command respect on board the Great Western. I larned that from brother Josiah; he always travels with several trunks; he says it brings the best rooms and best attendance at inns always, for they think that you must be somebody to have so



much luggage. He told me, as a fact, they paid carriage very well. "*An Attaché!*"

Well, it's funny, too, ain't it? It sounds rael jam that. I must say I feel kinder obleeged to Mr. Van Burin for this good turn he has done me. I always thought he was very much of the gentleman in his manners, and the likeliest man in the States, and now I swear by him. Yes, loco-foco as he is, I go the whole figur' for Martin Van, that's a fact. Hit or miss, rough or tumble, claw or mudscraper, I'm his man: I'll go in for him up to the handle, and so will all us Slickville folks, for in elections we pull like inions all on one string, and stick to our man like burrs to sheep's wool. And now, squire, said he, jumping up, and taking me by the hand; and now, my friend, shake flippers along with me, and congratulate me. When I return from the tailor's I shall be a new man. You then will meet the Honourable Samuel Slick, an "*Attaché*" to our Legation to the Court of Saint Jimses. And him you will have as a feller passenger. You had sense enough not to be ashamed of me when I was a hoein' my way as a tradin' man, and I won't go for to cut *you* now, tho' you are nothin' but a down East Provincial. All I ask of you is, keep dark about the clocks; we'll sink them, if you please; for by gum you've *seen the last of Sam Slick the Clock-maker*. And now, squire, I am your humble servant to command,

THE ATTACHÉ.

THE END.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS.



Dedication . . . . .	v
Preface. . . . .	xi
1. Journal of an Actress. . . . .	1
2. Letter from Cato Mignonette (the coloured steward) to Mr. Lavender. . . . .	10
3. Ditto from Captain Haltfront, of the ——th Regiment of Foot, to Lieutenant Fugleman . . . . .	15
4. Ditto from a Midshipman of H. M. S. Lapwing, to an Officer of the Inconstant. . . . .	24
5. Ditto from John Skinner (Butcher) to Mary Hide. . . . .	32
6. Ditto from one of the Society of Friends to her Kins- woman . . . . .	37
7. Ditto from a New Brunswicker to his friend at Frede- ricton. . . . .	44
8. Ditto from an Abolitionist to a Member of Parliament. . . . .	52
9. Ditto from a Cadet of the Great Western to his Mother. . . . .	58
10. Ditto from a Lawyer's Clerk. . . . .	64
11. Ditto from a Traveller before he had Travelled. . . . .	69
12. Ditto from a Stoker. . . . .	75
13. Ditto from a Stockholder of G. W. to the Secretary. . . . .	80
14. Ditto from a servant in search of a place. . . . .	87
15. Ditto from a French Passenger. . . . .	93
16. Ditto from an Old Hand . . . . .	98
17. Ditto from an American Citizen. . . . .	101
18. Ditto from Elizabeth Figg to John Buggins. . . . .	108
19. Ditto from the Son of a Passenger . . . . .	115
20. Ditto from the Professor of Steam and Astronomy (other- wise called the Clerk) to the Directors. . . . .	119
21. Ditto from Moses Levy to Levi Moses. . . . .	126

22.	Ditto from a Servant of a family travelling to Astoria.	129
23.	Misdirected Letter, No. 1, from a Colonist to his Father.	136
24.	Misdirected Letter, No. 2, from a Colonist to his Brother.	139
25.	Ditto from a Loco Foco of New York to a Sympathiser of Vermont.	141
26.	Ditto from a Coachman on the Railroad Line.	149
27.	Ditto from the Wife of a Settler who cannot settle.	155
28.	Ditto from the Author.	165

---

## DEDICATION.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

---

MY LORD,

Your Lordship will, no doubt, be at a loss to understand how it is that you have had the honour of this dedication conferred upon you, which you have so little reason to expect, and (as you have never seen, and probably never heard of, the author) must be conscious have done so little to him to deserve, and it is but reasonable and just that I should explain the motives that actuated me. Dedications are mendacious effusions, we all know, and honest men begin to be ashamed of them, as reflecting but little honour on the author or the patron; but in a work of humour an avowal of the truth may well find a place, and be classed among the best jokes it contains. I have selected your Lordship, then, as my Mæcenas, not on account of your quick perceptions of the ridiculous, or your powers of humour, but solely on account of the very extensive patronage at your disposal. Your Lordship is a colonial minister, and I am a colonial author; the connexion between us, therefore, in this relation, is so

natural, that this work has not only a claim to your protection, but a right to your support. All the world will say that it is in vain for the Whig ministry to make protestations of regard for the colonies, when the author of that lively work, "The Letter-Bag of the Great Western," remains in obscurity in Nova Scotia, languishing for want of timely patronage; and posterity, that invariably does justice (although it is unfortunately rather too late always), will pronounce that you failed in your first duty, as protector of colonial literature, if you do not do the pretty upon this occasion. Great men are apt to have short memories, and it is a common subject of complaint with authors, that they are materially injured by this defect in their organisation. Literary men, however, may ascribe much of this disappointment they experience to their own disingenuousness. They usually begin by expressing great diffidence of their own talents, and disparaging their own performances, and end by extolling the acquirements, the liberality, and discernment of their patrons, and they generally admit the truth of both these propositions, which is all that is required of them, and there the matter ends. I prefer the most straight-forward course of telling the truth; and so far from detracting from the merits of the work, and undervaluing myself, I am bold to say it is quite as good a book, and as safe in its tendencies, as those of a certain fashionable author who found favour at the hands of your party, and is therefore eminently entitled to your special regard. I have inscribed it to you, therefore, not for the purpose of paying a compliment to your Lordship, but that you may have an opportunity of paying a very substantial compliment to me. Like an Eastern present, it is expected that it should be acknowledged by one of still greater value; and in order that there may be no mistake, I beg your Lordship to understand distinctly that its merits are very great, and

that the return should be one suitable for your Lordship to give and me to receive, and not such a one (as the Canadian rebels said to Lord Durham) "as shall be unworthy of us both."

Now, my Lord, I had the pleasure of being in England during the coronation, and the high honour of being present at it. I will not say I crossed the Atlantic on purpose, because that would not be true, but I can safely say—not that I would go twice as far to see another, because that would be treasonable as well as false—but that that magnificent spectacle was well worthy of the toil of going twice as far for the express and sole purpose of witnessing it. The enthusiasm and unanimity of feeling that pervaded all classes of the assembled multitudes gave a charm and an influence to that gorgeous ceremony that neither rank nor riches nor numbers can ever bestow. Upon that occasion the customary honours, promotions, medals, ribbons, and royal favours, were distributed among her Majesty's subjects that were supposed to be distinguished for their loyalty and devotion. Few of them, however, have since shown by their conduct that they were worthy of it. Instead of being overwhelmed with gratitude, as I should have been had my merits been duly appreciated, these people have filled the country with their lamentations. The army complains that its rewards are by no means adequate to its deserts. The navy proclaims, with a noise resembling that of a speaking-trumpet, that it has not been honoured in an equal manner with the army; and the East Indian legions say that the navy and queen's troops have monopolised everything that was valuable, and left for them only enough to mark their inferiority. All this is very amusing, but very ungrateful. Pets are always troublesome. I wish them all to understand, and you too, my Lord, that the colonies not only did not obtain their due share of notice, but

were forgotten altogether, notwithstanding the thousands of brave and loyal people they contain. They were either overlooked amidst the numerous preparations for that great event, or the cornucopia was exhausted before the hand that held it out had reached half way across the Atlantic.

Your Lordship was a strenuous advocate, in days bygone, for extending representation, and therefore, though no Whig myself, I beg leave to extend this representation to you, because you were not then in the colonial office, and I know of no man there who will inform you of the omission.

To show you the want of liberality in those who for years past have made the selection of names for royal favour, it is only necessary to point to the case of certain persons of colonial extraction. Now these very impartial judges of merit appear to have forgotten that they were advanced before, and already covered with honours. How much more just then, as well as more courteous, would it have been in them to have waited for their last step, until we had effected our first? But this is not all : some of them were first appointed to govern a distant province; then Ireland; afterwards to preside over all the colonies, and subsequently to direct the internal affairs of the nation in the home office. In your humid climate it never rains but it pours; but in the colonies, as in Egypt, it never rains at all. Even the dew is wanting. How many of these honours, my Lord, would those persons have reaped, had their predecessors remained colonists, and not shown their sense and foresight by a timely removal to a country in which the lottery of life contains all these brilliant prizes, instead of a mass of blanks, as with us! What is the necessary qualification for advancement? Is it talent and industry? Try the paces and bottom of the colonists, my Lord, and you will find they are not wanting. Is it



humbug? There are some most accomplished and precious humbugs, in all the provinces, men who would do credit to any government, and understand every popular pulsation, and can accelerate or retard its motion at will. Is it agitation? The state of Canada shows how successful we are in the exercise of that laudable vocation. Is it maintaining the honour of the national flag? The most brilliant naval achievement of the American war, the first that occurred after a series of defeats, and the last of the same gallant style, was the act of a colonist, and the Chesapeake was conducted into the harbour of Halifax by a native of the town. Has he ever been rewarded by any of those special marks of favour that distinguish those peculiarly happy men, the sons of the freemen of a little English corporation? We afford a wide field for the patronage of our more fortunate brethren at home, and governors, admirals, commissioners, and secretaries, are first promoted over us, and then rewarded with further promotion for the meritorious endurance of a five years' exile among the barbarians.

Like a good shepherd, my lord, open the gates, and let down the bars, and permit us to crop some of our own pastures, that good food may thicken our fleeces, and cover our ribs, for the moaning and bleating of the flock as they stretch their heads over the fence that excludes them, and regard with longing looks the rich herbage, is very touching, I assure you. It does not become me, my Lord, to say what I do expect for myself; but if the office of distributor of honours and promotions among colonists is vacant, as there are no duties to perform and the place is a sinecure, it would suit me uncommonly well, and afford me leisure to cultivate talents that are extremely rare among the race of officials. Such a step would confer great honour on your Lordship, and do me justice. Having committed so great an error

as to omit the colonists on that joyous occasion, as if we were aliens, it would show great magnanimity to acknowledge it now, and make reparation. This, my Lord, is the object of this dedication; and should that object be obtained, it will then be in my power, should I ever again make my appearance before the public, to have something to extol besides my own book, and another person to laud besides

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*Nova Scotia, Nov. 15, 1839.*

---

## PREFACE.



WHOEVER may condescend to read these elegant epistles, will naturally inquire how they came into my possession, and by what authority they are now given to the world. The question is certainly an important one, because if it shall appear that the secrecy of the Post-Office has been violated, there will be a "corresponding" diminution of the confidence of the public in this department. The obvious inference is, I confess, either that the postmaster-general has been guilty of unpardonable neglect, or that I have taken a most unwarrantable liberty with his letter-bag. Under these circumstances, I regret that I do not feel myself authorized, even in my own justification, to satisfy the curious reader, and that the only reply I can give at present is—Ask Spring Rice. He is a "frank" man, and no one that has ever listened to his serious refutation of the absurd story about his colleague's whiskers can doubt that he will give the necessary explanation.

He is devoted to the cause of men "of Letters," and delights in "forwarding" their views. Whatever his consistency may be, few men aim at "uniformity" so much as he does. He has reduced the postage, and though many persons accuse him of being "penny wise" in this matter, the result will show that it is not he, but the public, that will be "pound foolish" in the end. This must remain, therefore, in an "envelope" of mystery, until he chooses to remove the "seal" of secrecy. To the

American reader it may be not altogether unnecessary to state that "Spring Rice," like many other words and terms, has a different meaning on different sides of the Atlantic. In America it signifies a small grain, raised in low land amid much irrigation; in Ireland a small man reared in boggy land amid great irritation, and the name of "Paddy" is common to both. In the former country, it assumes the shape of "arrack liquor;" in the latter, a rack "rent." In both there is an adhesiveness that is valuable, and they are prized, on that account, by a class of persons called "Cabinet Makers." The Spring Rice I allude to, is the man and not the grain, and as an Irishman, it is in the grain of the man to have his attention directed to "transportation." It is a national and natural trait in his character. Former governments tranquillised Ireland by transporting men; he, more humanely, by transporting letters. He has, therefore, wisely connected national education with national postage, for it is obvious there will be few letters where only a few can write and read. Indeed, it is natural to suppose, that a people who deal in "Litters" and supply the English market, will become "litterary" men, and an Irishman will be at no loss to comprehend how "less fare" is fairer than more, or how a whole population, that are often in a state of starvation, can rejoice in a "reduced fare." It is unkind to call this enlightened plan a "catch-penny," or to stigmatize a man who is in advance of the age, as a *post* man. Equally unhandsome is it to attempt to deprive him of the honour of the invention, by saying the idea is borrowed from the Penny Magazine, Penny Encyclopedia, and other similar works, for it is truly Irish in its conception. If he received a hint from any one, it was from O'Connell and his penny rint. Justice to Ireland requires there should be no "Dublin" of postage, and that he whose care is our "ways and means," should himself be care-

ful not to be "mean in his ways." It is absurd to say, that because the postage is rendered uniform, and one letter pays no more than another, the salaries of the officers should be rendered uniform also, and the postmaster-general be paid no more than his clerk. It is true the poor write few letters now, because the postage is too high, and that they will be induced to write extensively as soon as the penny system is adopted, and thereby to "forge" their own chains; but they will have no right to complain of this increased expense, because it is optional with them whether they incur it or not; the only question is, whether we have not "poor writers" enough already. We shall gain in quantity by this improved plan, in proportion as we lose in quality, and require a new "Letter press." Instead of a condensed style, we shall have condensed letters; and in place of diffuse composition, composition diffused. My patron, tired of screwing the public, will screw epistles, and become king of the "penny a line" tribe. It cannot be denied that there is ground to fear that writing letters (or as a Lord Minto would say, to prove his knowledge of naval matters, "sheeting it home,") will soon become the business of life. It is easy to say of yourself, that you are not at home, but not so easy to say so of your fingers, which are always domestic in their habits, and you cannot avoid writing, now that the excuse of waiting for a frank is removed.

Lovers must expect "frank" incense by mail no longer. It is said there will be seven times as many letters written under the new system as there are now: what a prospect for a man who like me is dying of an epistolary plethora, or like the tailor in the play, whose correspondence extends even to Constantinople! Universal "suffrage," I fear, will be the inevitable result. But he is a courteous man is my patron, nay a polished man, whence a certain paper with similar qualities is

usually called "Rice paper" to denote its peculiarities. He will doubtless give every explanation that is required, and if you persist, gentle reader, in your desire to be further informed on this subject, I can only repeat what I have already said—Ask Spring Rice.

Sir Robert Peel has enlarged upon the loss of revenue likely to accrue from this measure, and says he objects to it "on principle." Now I approve of it "on interest." It may do very well for him who has all his correspondence franked to talk in this style, but what are poor colonists to do, who never saw a member of parliament or a frank either? Although no Whig, I desire an extension of the "Frankchise." The only objection I make to the measure is, that there is any postage at all; and I hold that while the "schoolmaster is abroad," a good government should carry our letters for nothing. It is idle for the administration to talk of encouraging emigration, while they impose a tax on the transmission of every "mail." High postage precludes all correspondence. It is, as a lady of my acquaintance most delicately calls it, "a preventive check" to what Joseph Hume, with his usual accuracy of language, terms "pen-urism." It has puzzled some people most amazingly to know, if all the pennies go for postage, where the "rint" is to come from, but that is their affair and not mine; and I give notice that unless my letters are carried "free," I shall agitate for a repeal of the union "with Nova Scotia." It is no answer to me, that "single" letters are to be rated at only one penny; what are to become of "double entredres?" and what reason is there that wit should be taxed? nor am I better satisfied to find that there is to be an increase in the scale, proportioned to the weight of the letters. This will fall particularly heavy on me, whose letters have always great weight in them; I am for going the hog—the whole hog—and nothing but the

hog! In justice to my friend Captain Claxton and the board of directors at Bristol, (from whom, upon a recent occasion, when personally suggesting the propriety, and discussing the feasibility, of establishing a steam communication with Nova Scotia, I received the most friendly and courteous treatment,) I ought to state that I was myself one of the passengers on board of the Great Western during the voyage when this letter-bag was made up; indeed, as a corpulent man, I may add with more truth than vanity, "*quorum pars magna fui.*" From my personal experience, therefore, I can say that the writers of several of these letters have drawn largely upon their imagination, and that I should feel that I neither did justice to its enterprising and meritorious owners, nor to my own feelings, if I did not avail myself of this opportunity to express my unqualified approbation of this noble ship, the liberal provision for the comfort of the passengers, and my admiration of the skill, unremitting attention, and urbanity of its commander. Captain Hoskins will doubtless feel much astonished to account for the mode by which I became possessed of these letters, but I trust he knows me too well to require any other explanation than what I have already given—Ask Spring Rice.

---





# THE LETTER-BAG, ETC.



No. I.

THE JOURNAL OF AN ACTRESS.

DEAR LAURA,

Instead of writing you a letter, I send you the leaves of my Atlantic Journal.

March 22nd.—Every actress that visits America plays her part in a journal; why shouldn't poor little me? How I loathe that word actress! it is heartless, made up, artificial, imitative, a thing without a soul; but such is life. We call a fool a natural; the more fools we for doing so. My journal shall at least be mine own, and not the utterance of the thoughts of others.

Bonnetted—bandboxed—packed up—and packed off.

Steamed down the river (what an unpoetical word is that steam!) in a small crazy craft, to where our most (read spacious for gracious) queen of the seas, the Great Western, lay to receive us. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery on the river.

Prodigious walls of carboniferous lime rock (what a beautiful Bridgewater-treatise word that carboniferous is! how Greenough, and Buckland, and geological-like it sounds! had it been manufactured at Birmingham, it would have been carbony) rise in precipitous boldness and majestic grandeur to a height of three hundred feet above the water-mark; after which the country, gradually

laying aside its armour and emerging from its embattlements, assumes the more pleasing and gentle forms of sloping hills, verdant glades, and arable fields. 'Tis the estate surrounding the keep, the watch-tower, and the castle; the warrior within, the peasant and shepherd without.

. . . . .

At one point we passed the site of the intended aerial bridge—a bold conception—too bold and too grand ever to have sprung from the muddy heads of the cranes and bittorns of Bristol. A rope waved gracefully across the yawning chasm, so slender and so small, as to resemble the silken thread of the spider, who is the first and best of nature's architects and bridge-builders. It was almost an ideal line, it was so tiny. It would have passed for a mathematical one, if it had been straight, it was so imaginary; but, slight as it was, it afforded a secure support for a basket containing two passengers; who were thus conveyed, with the rapidity of birds, from one of the precipitous banks to the other. It was Ariel and his companion descending on a sunbeam. It was a pretty idea, and I couldn't help saying so, when an American observed, "I once hailed a steam-boat on the Mississippi, and asked the usual question, 'Where are you from?' to which the skipper replied, 'From heaven!' 'How did you come from there?' 'I greased the seat of my trousers, and slid down on a rainbow!'" What a barbarian! I cried with vexation; it dashed away, at one rude blow, all the creations of my fancy. How I hate those republicans, they are so gross, so unimaginative, so barbarous. If a ray of light, a spark of divinity, ever penetrates their cavernous minds, it is like applying the lamp to the fire damp of the subterraneous excavations—it explodes and destroys both. Still my attention was riveted (I fear that word is shoppy; I think it is blunting the end of a

nail after it is driven in to prevent its extraction. I like etymology, and will ask my brother to-morrow. If it is so, I “transport him for life”)—my attention was attracted, I should rather say, by the sudden stoppage of this little mimic balloon in midway, when a cheer was given from this winged chariot of the sky, and a musket was discharged, the quick sharp report of which was echoed and reverberated for some minutes among the rocks and caverns of this stupendous gorge. When the last sounds faded on our ears, a deafening cheer was returned from our steamer with hearty good will, and we passed on. How animating is this cheer! so different from the vile clapping of hands of the odious theatre: oh! that my ears may never again be profaned by that gaslight, heartless, unmeaning welcome. . . . Came on board. . . A crowd. . . A mob. . . How I hate them! . . Descended into the—what? Gracious heavens, into the saloon! Must we carry with us the very phraseology of the house? shall Drury persecute me here? shall the vision of the theatre be always present? oh! spare me—I see the spectres of the real saloon of that vile house rise up before me—the gentlemen blackguards—the lady courtizans. I rushed into my cabin, coffeed, wine, and went to bed sobbing.

23rd. Bedded all day. That word saloon has haunted me ever since. Rose in the evening—petticoated, shawled, gloved, and went and took a last look on dear Old England, the land of “the brave and free.” O that word last!—the last look, last sigh, last farewell! how it sinks into the heart; how it speaks of death, of disembodied spirits, of the yawning grave! It “lets down the strings,” it untunes the mind. I was mourning over it to my brother; I was comparing notes with him, getting at his sensations on that dreadful word “last,” when that odious American broke in, unasked, with his “sentiment.” Yes, “fe-

male," said he, beast that he is; why did he not say "she-one" at once? It is more animal-like, more brutified even than his expression—"Yes, female; I say damn the last, too, as the shoemaker did, when he tried to straighten himself up, after having worked upon it all day." I thought of dear Lord B. How he would have expired, exhaled, evaporated, at such an illustration; and then I sighed that I had seen him, too, for the last time.

24th. Furious gale. The spirit of the great deep is unchained, and is raging in furious strides over the world of waters. The mountains rise up to impede him, and the valleys yawn at his feet to receive him. The ocean heaves beneath his footsteps, and the clouds fly in terror from his presence. The lightning gleams with demoniac flashes to illumine his terrific visage, and the thunder is the intonation of his voice. . . . Sheeted, blanketed, and quilted, I remain enveloped in the drapery of my bed, my thoughts looking back into the past, and timidly adventuring to peep into the future, for some green spot, (O that dreadful theatre! I had nearly written Green Room,) to pitch its tent upon, to stretch itself out by the cool fountain and—luxuriate.

25th. The tempest is past, but we heave and pitch and roll like a drunken thing, groaning, straining, creaking. . . The paroxysm is past, but the palpitations have not subsided; the fit is over, but the muscular contractions still continue. It is the heaving chest, the convulsed breath, the pulsations that remain after the storm of the passions has passed away.

26th. Rose and toileted, went on deck—what a lovely sight! The sea lay like a mirror reflecting the heavens on the smooth and polished surface. . . . Light clouds, far away in the horizon, look like the snow-capt summits of the everlasting hills placed there to confine the sea of molten glass within its own dominion, while distant vessels,

with their spiral masts and silvery drapery, rise from its surface, like spirits of the deep, come to look upon and woo the gentle zephyrs. Sea-nymphs spreading their wings and disporting on their liquid meadows after their recent terror and affright. They seem like ideal beings—thoughts traversing the mind—shadows, or rather bright lights—emanations, perhaps, rather than self-existences—immaterialities, essences, spirits in the moonlight. . . . Wrote journal, mended a pair of silk stockings, hemmed a pocket-handkerchief, night-capped, and went to bed—to dream, to idealise, to build aerial castles, to get the hysterics, and to sleep.

27th. Altered my petticoats, added two inches for Boston Puritans, and the Philadelphia Quakers; took off two for the fashionables of New York, three for Baltimore, and made kilts of them for New Orleans. . . . Asked steward for books; he brought me “The Life of Corporal Jabish Fish, a hero of the American Revolution, in five volumes;” put it in my journal—a good story for Lord W., who *is* a hero; chattered, sung, and Germanised, with General T. (not conversed, for no American converses; he prosed, sermonised, or pamphleteers). . . . Toddy’d—poor dear Sir A. taught me that, and I wish he were here to ‘brew’ for me now, as he used to call it. There certainly is inspiration in whiskey, and when Temperance opened the door, Poetry took flight, and winged its way to heaven. It is no longer an inhabitant of earth. . . . Ah me! we shall hold high converse with angel spirits no more. It is all Brummigem now—all cheap and dirty, like its coaches—bah!

28th. General T. says he is glad I did not marry before I left England, for Vestris’ doing so was taken as a quiz on the starched Yankees. Mem. Won’t marry on board, and if I take a republican, may the devil take me without salt, as the Marquis of W. says. I wish I were a man—

an Englishman though, for men choose, women are chosen—to select is better than to be selected, which is bazaar-like. What's the price of that pretty bauble? Ah, I like it—send it home. Play with it—get tired—throw it aside. No harm in that; to be scorned is nothing; it is pleasant to scorn back again, but to be supplanted—ah, there is the rub. I have a headach—the billow for my pillow; I will be a child again, and be rocked to sleep. . . .

29th. A shout on deck, all hands rushed up—what a strange perversion of terms is this! It is a water-spout—how awful!! The thirsty cloud stooping to invigorate itself with a draught of the sea—opening its huge mouth and drinking, yet not even deigning to wait for it, but gulping it as it goes. . . . We fire into it, and it vanishes; its watery load is returned, and “like the baseless fabric of a vision, it leaves not a wreck behind.” It is one of “the wonders of the great deep.” That rude shock has dispelled it. . . . Thus is it in life. . . . The sensitive mind releases its grasp of the ideal, when it comes in contact with grossness. It shrinks within itself—it retreats in terror. Yet what a wonderful sight it is! how nearly were we ingulfed, swallowed up, and carried into the sky, to be broken to pieces in our fall, as the seamew feeds on the shell-fish by dashing it to pieces on a rock. O that vile American! he too has imitated the scene, he has broken my train of thought by his literal and grovelling remark, “Well, I vow, female, what an everlastin’ noise it lets off its water with!” I wonder if they kiss in America; surely not; for if they did, such fellows as this would learn better manners. . . . Wrote journal. . . . Frenchified my frock, to please the New Yorkers—unbooted, unstayed, and snuggled up like a kitten, in bed.

30th. Sat on the deck, sad and musing—dropped some

pieces of paper overboard—wondered whither they went—will they wander many days on the water, and then sink? Thought of my journal. It will be, like them, a little scrap on the great sea of Literature, floating its brief day, and then, alas, sinking to rise no more. Saturated, its light pages will float no longer, but be consigned, like them, to an early grave; but I have had my day, which is more than every “female,” as the American calls us, has had, and who knows but my book may be as well received? Bah! how I loathe that theatrical expression—as popular—that too smells of the shop—ah, I have it, as much the ton. Howsoever——

31st. Pottered on deck all day with General T. and my brother. The former talked of the Prairies till I dreamed all night of the fat bulls of Bashan, and the buffaloes of the plain.

April 1st. General T. advises me not to take my servant to the table, as it is said Mrs. Mathews did at Saratoga, for so far from these republicans liking equality, they are the most aristocratic people in the world. What a puzzle is man! Poor dear Lord Czar, with all his radical notions, is the proudest “of his order” of any peer of the realm. Indeed, pride is the root of all democracy. Show me a Tory, and I will then show you a rational lover of freedom; show me a radical, and I will show you a tyrant. If the Americans boast so much of their equality as to exclude from their vocabulary the word “servant,” and substitute that of “help,” why should they object to those “helps” helping them to eat their dinner? It passes the understanding of poor little me. How I wish some one would explain all things to me!

2nd. My brother was so-so to-day after dinner, but wine makes him brilliant and witty; and why should I be ashamed to note it? It was the sons, and not the sisters, of Noah, (merry old soul,) that walked backwards

and covered him, when he was too oblivious with the juice of the grape, to recollect such vulgar things as clothes. Read—Italianed—stitched a new chemisette.

3rd. How this glorious steamer wallops and gallops, and flounders along! She goes it like mad. Its motion is unlike that of any living thing I know—puffing like a porpoise, breasting the waves like a sea-horse, and at times skimming the surface like a bird. It possesses the joint powers of the tenants of the air, land, and water, and is superior to them all . . . . At night we had a glorious, splendent, silvery moon. The stars were bright, though feeble, hiding their diminished heads before their queen, enthroned in all her majesty. What an assemblage of the heavenly hosts! How grand—how sublime! It is a chaste beauty is the moon, beautiful but cold, inspiring respect, admiration, and so on, but not love, not breathing of passion. It is a melancholy feeling that it raises in the beholder, like a pale Grecian face, that calls up emotions of tenderness, but no ardour, and excites interest, but not transport. Which is the best, the inflammatory sun or the chilly moon? Midway, perhaps, “*in medio tutissimus ibis*,” as dear Lord B. used to say, whenever he threaded my needle for me. I will potter with General T. about it. He looks moon-struck himself. Tea’d, suppered, champagned, tidied myself for bed, and I fear—snored.

4th. How I hate the saloon!—I will join the Yankees and spit upon it. How vulgar are all those gaudy decorations of a steamer! Why should we pander to the bad taste of a mob for filthy lucre? why not lead instead of following, dictate instead of submitting? Are we too to become democratic, and must the voice of the majority rule? O for an hour of that dear little villa of Lord B.’s! what taste, what fitness of things to purposes! what refinement, what delicacy! O for a snuff of its classic air,



for half a yard of its Parnassian sky ! How he would be annihilated by a voyage in this boat ! Howsoever—

5th. *A dies non*, as the new judge used to call it when *non se ipse*.

6th and 7th. Ditto, as the shopkeepers say.

8th and 9th. The same as yesterday, as the doctors say.

10th and 11th. No better, as the bulletins say.

12th and 13th. As well as can be expected, as the nurses say.

14th. I was asked to-day if ever I had been in love. I know not. What is love ! The attraction of two ethereal spirits, sympathy ; but these spirits are only seen through mortal coil. The worm feeds and battens where love has revelled. Can we love what corruption claims as its own ? Do we not mistake natural impulses for this divine feeling ? What a pity Love clogs his wings with sweets ; becomes sated—tired—sour ! Platonic love is nearer perfection ; it has more reason, and less passion ; more sentiment, and less grossness. To love is to worship—with my body I thee worship ; but that is not love, it is desire. With my soul I thee worship ; but that is idolatry. If we worship with neither body nor soul, what is love ? Lips, can it reside in them ? The breath may be bad—the teeth unsound—the skin erysipelatous. Bah ! love a leper ? What is love, then ? It is a phantom of the mind—an hallucination—an *ignis fatuus*—a will-o'-the-wisp—touch it, and it dissolves—embrace it, and a shadow fills your arms—speak, and it vanishes. Alas ! love is not. Howsoever—went to bed—wept for vexation like a child, and when wearied with sobbing—slept.

15th. Land ahead—a strange land too ; yes, though they speak English, a foreign land, the domain of the rebellious son who mutinied and fought his parent. Can, I ask myself, can a blessing attend such an unna-

tural attempt? *nous verrons*. The pilot is on board; what are the first questions? The price of cotton and tobacco. They are traders are the Yankees; and I hate trade, its contracted notions and petty details. I think I see Lord B. turn in scorn from the colloquy; his fine aristocratic face expressive of intellectual contempt at such sordid calculations. Would that he were here, that we might retire to the cabin and have a reading of Shakspeare, together drink at the inspired fount, and philosophise on men and things; but, alas! he is gone where all must go; and I have gone where none would wish to go. Poor little me! Thus endeth the last day of the steamer.

Yours always,

MARY COOKE.

---

## NO. II.

LETTER FROM CATO MIGNIONETTE (THE COLOURED STEWARD)  
TO MR. LABENDER.

MY DEAR LABENDER,

Since I ab de pleasure to see you on board de Lady Jackson liner, I leave de line myself, and now is on board de Great Western steam-boat, ob which I ab de command. You ab seen fourth July day, Mr. Labender, well he no touch to it, and you ab see de Great New York mob to pull down colored people's houses, well dat not noting to it needer, and you ab see de great fire, well de croud dere not fit to hold a candle to it, oh you neber! but I tell you more by and by. We ab one hunder and ten passenger, big and leetle, and some damn big ones the is too, which more dan one steward can provide for ginteely, and my servants do give me werry great trouble, so they do. First I ab all English; well, de English werry stupid, wery sarcy,

and lazy as de debil, you can't beat noting into dere damn tick heads; and dey is too eavy heeled for servants, so I jist discharge em all—I wouldn't ab dem if dey work for nothing, de great good for noting lubbers, and I've colored people in dere plaice. Dey very much more better den de trash of whites, but still dey no please me, for I neber like to see de grass grow under de feet of de waiters, and dere is too many for me to look after all alone myself. De captain he man-o'-war buckra, and dey is all cussed stiff; and most too big men for dere breeches, and when he walky de deck, he only see de stars and de sun, he no see de ship and de passenger, but leab all to me, which give me an everlastin' sight of trouble. He ought to come and help me at de bar his self, so he had ought, but he too proud for dat, and so is all dem what has de swab on de shoulder, and proper hard bargain de queen hab of some of dem too, I tell you, Mr. Labender. By Golly, but I most wore out, and dat is de truth. Steward here, and steward dere, and steward ebery where; well, I say Coming, Sir, but I takes care neber to come to none at all; and when dey is tired of calling, dey come ob dem selves to me, and find out to de last it would be ebery bit as good for em to hab come at fust and sabe dere wind to cool dere soup wid. But I makes sception of de ladies, de dear critturs I do lub em, and likes to tend on em, dey is so helpless, poor tings! But one ting I must say, and dat is, de white ladies do lub werry stiff grog, werry stiff indeed, Mr Labender, you ab no notion of it no more den a child. Steward, a leetle, werry leetle weak brandy and water, but mind and let him be werry weak. Yes, ma'am, I say, and away I goes to mix it. Poor leetle tings! I knows werry well what werry weak means—it means half and half, jist as I likes him myself. Well, when I takes it to de lady, she make a face like de cabbage leaf, all puckery, puckery, wrinckely wrinckely, and arter eber so leetle of

a swig at it, she gives him back again to me. Oh steward, she says, how could you! dat is too strong, put in a little drop more water, dat is a good steward. Well, I knows what dat means too, so I goes back and puts in one glass brandy more, and two lumps of de sugar more, and stir him up well wid de spoon, and gib him a little nutmeg for de flavour. Try dat, marm, I say, see how you like him, I most fear he too weak now. No, steward, she say, and she smile werry sweet, de leetle dear, dat will do werry well, dat just right now—always take care to mix my brandy and water weak, for I isn't used to him strong, and he gets into my head. Yes, marm, I say, now I knows your gage, I fit you exacaly to a T., marm. De dere leetle critturs, de grog he do warm em hearts and brighten de eye; and make em werry good natured. I knows dat by myself, I always feels better for de stiff glass of grog. Poor leetle tings! but dey do like him werry stiff, werry stiff indeed, it is actilly astonishing how stiff dey do takes him.

As to de men passengers, I always let dem shift for demselves, for dere isn't werry few of dem is real superfine gentlemens, but jist refidge a leetle varnished over de surface like, all pretence. Dey all make believe dat dey know wine, when, dam um, dere isn't hardly none of em know him by name even. One buccra says, Steward, I can't drink dis wine, it is werry poor stuff; what de debil do you mean by giving me such trash as dis, he no fit to drink at all? Change him directly, and gib me some dat is fit for a gentleman. Well I takes up de wine, and looks at um werry knowing, and den whisper in his ear not to speak so loud lest ebery body hear; and I put de finger on my nose and nods, and I goes and brings him anoder bottle of de werry identical same wine, and he taste him, smack his lip, and say, Ah, dat is de wine, steward, always bring me dat wine, and I remember you when I leab de

ship. Hush, I say, massa, not so loud, sir, if you please, for dere is only a werry few bottles of dat are wine, and I keep him for you, for I sees you knows de good wine when you sees him, which is more nor most gentlemen does. Dey is cussed stupid is dem whites, and werry conceited too, Mr. Labender; but dere is noting like letting him hab his own way.

Den dey all speak different language. One man is Frenchman, well he calls steam-boat "bad toe," de German he call him "damshift-ford." One calls a plate "as yet," anoder name him "skelp eye," and de tird man call him "taller," and de fort say "platter," and ebery one amost has a different word for him. Dere is no making head or tail of dem at all,—I don't try no more now at all—I only give de head a shake and pass on. We ab got too many masters here, Mr. Labender, a great deal too many.

Now, when I was been in de line packet, sir, and want um pitcher, I go captain, and say, "Captain, I want um pitcher," and he say, "Werry well, Mr. Mignonette (he neber call me steward, like de sarcy proud man-o'-war buccras do,) werry well, Mr. Mignonette, den buy um;" and I buys um for one dollar, and charge him one dollar and half, de half dollar for de trouble, and leetle enough it is too, for crockery be werry brittle—so far so good. Now when I has occasion, I go captain, and say, "I want um pitcher, sir." "Werry well, steward," he say, "make a report in writing." Den I goes and makes a report for pitcher in writing, for de skipper, and skipper he make anoder report to de great captain in Bristol, and dat captain he call togeder de great big directors—plaguy rich men they is too, I tell you; and he read my report to de skipper, and skipper report to him; and dey all make speeches, round de table, as dey does in congress, and if dey is in good humour it is voted—yes, I ab him. Den

captain he send for clerk, and clerk he issue order for pitcher to some dam white feller or anoder to Bristol, who send me one worth a dollar, and charge um boat two dollar for him. Well, Company lose half dollar—I lose half dollar, and all lose a great deal of time. Werry bad derangement dat, sir, werry bad indeed, for dere is too much “cheenery” in it to work well. By-and-by dey find out too many cooks spoil de broth, or else I knows noting, that’s all.

Den dey holds me ’sponsible for all de plate, which is not fair by no manner o’ means at all, in such a mob of scaley whites as we ab on board, and where ebery man is taken what pays passage, and sometimes dem white fellers is no better nor him should be, I tell you.

Toder day I sell some small ting to de outlandish Jew, who no speak werry good English, and I goes into his cabin, and I say, “Come, massa, I say, our voyage over now, him pilot on board, so you fork out, massa, if you please.” Well, he stared like a shy horse. “What dat you say?” says he. “You fork out now, massa,” I say. Den he goes round, and he bolt de door, and den he say, I give you one sovereign, steward, if you no mention it. “Oh,” I say, “I neber mention him, massa, neber fear; and I’s werry much obliged to you, sir, werry much indeed.” Den he say, “Here is de forks,” and he give me back three silver forks; “I tookt um by mistake,” he say, “and I hope you no mention him.” Oh, ho, says I to myself, is dat de way de cat jump?—now I see how de land lay—I come Jew over you, my boy—my turn come now. Four sovereigns more, massa, and steward he keep mum, and if you no pay de money, I go bring captain, passenger and ebery one. Well, him sovereign break um heart amost, but he show him out for all dat afore I go—one—two—three—four—five sovereigns. “All’s right now, massa,” I say; “dat is what I calls

‘forking out.’” Jist as I turns for to go, he say, “How you know I ab um, steward, any body tell you?” “Oh, massa,” I say, “I know de tief so far as I see him. When I clap eyes on you fust, by Gosh, I knew you for one of dem dam rascals. No mistake, massa, face neber tell um lie—he always speaky de truth.” I hab to keep my eyes about me all de time, Mr. Labender, I tell you, and de command of dis ship is too great fatigue for one man. Dey must give me some officers under me, or I resign my place, and throw him up, and return to de line again, which is more selecter and better company as steam-boats has.

Please to ab de goodness to make my respects to Miss Labender, and to all de young ladies to home, who I hopes to ab de happiness to see in good health and spirits, when I ab opportunity to wisit dem, which appears werry long indeed since I hab, almost an age. I take de liberty to send a pair of most superfine stockings of de flesh colour silk, of de newest fashion, for each of de young ladies, which I hope dey will do me de honour to wear in remembrance of me, and now I be,

My dear Labender, your most obedient help,

CATO MIGNIONETTE.

---

### No. III.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN HALTFRONT, OF THE ———TH  
REGIMENT OF FOOT, TO LT. FUGLEMAN.

MY DEAR FUGLEMAN,

You will naturally inquire how I like the Great Western, the speed and splendour of which has been the theme of every newspaper for the last year, and will perhaps be somewhat surprised to read the account I am now about to give you. I own that I fear my narrative will appear

to you as the production of a disordered mind, the effusion of low spirits and an irritable disposition, and that you will regard me as the voluntary victim of a morbid sensibility. I wish for my own sake that this were the case, and that the day might arrive, when I could look back upon the degradation and misery I have recently suffered as only imaginary. But, alas! my dear fellow, it is no phantom of the brain, but sad reality—reality, do I say?—it falls far, very far short of the reality, which no words can paint, no pen describe. There are some things connected with the Great Western which I am aware affect people differently, who are placed under different circumstances from each other. For instance, steam navigation may be all very well for those whose object is business, but mine happens to be pleasure, or for those who are in a hurry, which I am not, or for such as, considering time to be money, are desirous of economising it, but I wish to spend both, and spend them agreeably. To me, therefore, to whom none of these considerations apply, it is an unmitigated evil. My first disappointment, and one which gave me an early intimation of much of the misfortune that was in store for me, was not enjoying, as I had hoped from the payment of forty-two sovereigns, the exclusive occupation of my state-room. This is indispensable, I will not say to comfort, but to common decency. I have the honour and pleasure of having a most delectable chum, who, besides many minor accomplishments, chews tobacco, spits furiously, talks through his nose, and snores like a Newfoundland dog. Many of his habits are too offensive even to mention, and you may therefore easily imagine what the endurance of them for twenty-two days must have been. He constantly uses my towels instead of his own; whenever he brushes his hair (which I believe he never dressed before), he uses my clothes-brush, and I am compelled to refrain from that ap-



propriated to my teeth, under an apprehension that it has suffered a similar contamination. He is dreadfully sea-sick, and is either too indolent or too ignorant to make use of the ordinary appliances—his boots are made of villanous leather, and actually poison me, and, to add to my distress, he invariably draws back his curtain that he may amuse himself by inspecting at his leisure the process of my toilet. Bad as the air of my room is, I cannot venture at night to open my cabin door for the purpose of ventilation, for the black servants sleep on the floor of the saloon, and the effluvia is worse than that of a slaver. Driven from my dormitory at daylight, I resort to the poop-deck, to enjoy a little fresh air; but here I am met by a host of snobs and foreigners, who smoke incessantly; stifled by the fumes of tobacco, which I never could endure even when well and ashore, I am soon compelled, in order to save my live, to dive again into the saloon. In the descent I find myself involved in the eddies and whirlpools of a mob of some hundred and twenty passengers hurrying to breakfast, where cold tea, hard biscuits, greasy toast, stale eggs, and mountains of cold meat, the intervening valleys of which are decorated with beef-steaks floating in grease, await me to tempt my delicate appetite. Waiters who never wait, and servants who order everything, and though deaf are never dumb, fly from one end of the saloon to the other in terrific haste, that threatens to overturn every one that happens unfortunately to be in their way. Vociferous claims for attendance that is never given, and the still louder response of "Coming, sir," from him that never comes, the clatter of many dishes, the confusion of many tongues, the explosion of soda-bottles, the rattle of knives and forks, the uproarious laugh, the ferocious oath, the deep-toned voice of the steward, and the shrill discordant note of the Mulatto women, create a confusion that no head can stand and no pen describe.

It is absolutely appalling; the onslaught, however, is soon over, the carnage ceases, and the hosts retire, but what a rabble rout!—hurry scurry, pell mell, helter skelter, to secure priority to book yourself for—but I cannot go on, it cannot be named. Distressed, dejected, and ill, I return to the vacant saloon, when lo, two Africans, each bearing immense piles of plates, commence dealing them out like experienced whist-players, and with a rapidity that is perfectly astonishing. These are followed by two others, who pitch, by a sleight of hand, the knives and forks into their respective places, like quoits, and with equal accuracy. It is preparation for lunch; the gong sounds, and the stream of passengers pours down the hatchway again with a rush similar to that of shipping a sea. The wave rolls fore and aft, and then surges heavily from one side to the other, and finding its level gradually, subsides into something like a uniform surface—all have now found their places save a lady immoveably nailed to the wall by a Mulatto girl in an unsuccessful attempt to pass in the narrow gangway; the struggle to disengage themselves is desperate but ineffectual, until fifty people rise, and by displacing the table give room for a passage. What a nosegay for the bosom of an emancipating Jamaica viceroy! a white rose budded on a black one—oh, the very odours exhaled by that sable beauty suffocate me even at this distance of time. Now rise the mingled voices, the confused sounds, the din of corks, glasses, and plates, but louder than before, for wine exhilarates, and those who were unable to rise to breakfast have succeeded in joining the party at lunch. Again the flock rises on the wing, and takes flight with a noise compounded of the chattering of magpies and the cawing of rooks, the fragments are gathered, and the ground cleared of the refuse of the repast. I will enjoy this respite—I will wile away the time with a book, and withdraw my mind from

the contemplation of my misery, but, alas! the same earthenware gambols appear again to exhibit their tricks of plates in preparation for dinner; I once more reluctantly mount the deck with uneasy and unsteady steps, where, after executing a variety of rapid evolutions on its greasy surface, rendered still more treacherous by fragments of orange-peel, I fall heavily, tripped by some kind protruding foot, and am dreadfully cut in my face and hands by angular nutshells, which are scattered about with the same liberality as the rind of the orange. Shouts of laughter solace me for my misfortune, and coarse jokes in English, German, French, and Yankee, assail me in all quarters. There is but one alternative, I will retire to my den, miscalled a state-room; but, alas! my amiable chum has used my basin—my towel is floating on it, as if in pity to my sufferings, to hide its contents, and the ewer is empty. How are these evils to be remedied? the noise of the saloon is too great for my feeble voice to be heard, the servants are too busy to attend, and I am too weak to assist myself. But what will not time, patience, and good-nature effect?

I have succeeded at last, my wounds are covered with plasters, my toilet effected, and lo, the gong again sounds, the harpies again assemble, and the same scene ensues that was presented at breakfast and lunch. But, ah me, what a meal is the dinner! it is “scabies occupet extremum,” or the devil take the hindmost. I look around the table to see if there is anything I can eat. There is a dish which I think I *can* try. I cast an imploring look upon the steward, and another upon the dish, or rather on the spot where it stood, for it is gone, fled to another table, and returns no more. I must try again—there are fowls—a wing with a slice of ham I think I might venture upon; but, alas! he who carves exclusively for himself and his party has removed the wings and every other de-

licate part, and sends me the dish with the skeletons to help myself. I examine the table again, and again decide to make an attempt to eat, but the dinner is gone, and the dessert has supplied its place. Who are these fellow-passengers of mine? are they sportsmen? has the word "course" awakened the idea of a race, and do they eat for a wager, or are they marketing, and anxious to get the value of their money? Have they ever drunk wine before, that they call that port wine and water hock, or that sour gooseberry champagne? or do they ever expect to drink again that they call for it so often and so eagerly?—I will now enjoy a little quiet—I will enter into conversation with my neighbours, but who shall I talk to? That old married couple annoy me by showing their yellow teeth and snarling, and that new married couple disgust me by their toying—I cannot speak Spanish; and that German understands neither English nor French. There is no conversation, the progress of the ship, Niagara, machinery, and the price of cotton and tobacco, are the only topics; or if these standard tunes admit of variation, it is an offer of a Polish Jew to exchange a musical snuff-box for your watch, or to cheat you in a bet on a subject that admits of no doubt. I will follow Miss Martineau's advice—I will try to discover "the way to observe," I will study character. What, again, Mr. Dealer in Delfs, is there no respite for the teeth, no time for digestion? Is eating and drinking the only business of life? Clearing the table for tea, sir,—it is tea time—you will find it pleasanter on deck. Oh that deck, that treacherous deck, the very thoughts of it and its orange peel, pulverised glass, and broken nutshells, make my wounds bleed afresh. But I will be more careful, I will take heed to my ways, I will backslide no more, nor prostrate myself again before the multitude; I will ascend, and look that I fall not. But hark! who is that unfortunate being,

whose last agonising shriek has thrilled me with horror, and who those hardened wretches that exult in his pain? Whence that deafening cheer, that clapping of hands, that uproarious stamping of feet! Is death itself become a subject of merriment, and are the last fearful moments of life a fitting occasion for laughter? It is a German, who, merely because he is a German, must forsooth be able to sing, and it is his screaming that is delighting the mob and calling forth these reiterated plaudits. How brutal is ignorance, how disgusting is vulgar pretension! But far above all these human voices rises that inhuman sound of the gong again, and summonses this voracious multitude to the fourth meal. The herd is again possessed with the unclean spirit, and, rushing violently down the precipitous descent, is soon lost in the vast depths below. I will not follow them, but availing myself of the open space they have deserted, avoid, at the same time, the tobacco and its accompaniments on deck, and the noise and gluttony of the cabin, and enjoy for once the luxury of solitude. My strength, however, is unequal to the exposure; the night air is too cold, and the sea too rough for my emaciated body. Though revived, I am becoming chilled, and suffer from the spray which now falls heavily. The sound of the last plate has died away, and I must retreat to avoid these repeated shower-baths. Whist, loo, chess, draughts, and backgammon have fortunately produced a comparative quiet,—but how is this? I shall faint—the heat is dreadful—the oppression perfectly intolerable. Fifty voices exclaim at once, “The sky-light—open the sky-light—death or the sky-light!” It is opened, and ere the cool breeze ventilates the tainted atmosphere, sixty voices are heard vociferating, “It flares the candles—it puts out the lights—the draft on the head is insupportable.” No two can agree in opinion, and the confusion is indescribable.

I take no interest in the dispute ; fainting or freezing are alike to me. I shall die, and die so soon, that the choice of mode is not worth considering. Heat or cold, or both in aguish succession, anything, in short, is better than noise. I hope now, at all events, that the eating for the day is past. "Steward, come hither, steward."

"Bring it directly, sir."

"Nay, I called not for anything, but come hither, I wish to speak to you."

"Have it in a minute, sir—I am waiting on a *gentleman*."

It is useless, I will inquire of my neighbour. "Pray, sir, (and I tremble for his answer,) pray, sir, can you inform me whether we are to have supper?"

"Why, not exactly a regular supper, sir; there should be though; we pay enough, and ought to have it; and really, four meals a-day at sea are not sufficient—it is too long to go from tea-time to breakfast without eating. But you can have anything you call for, and I think it is high time to begin, for they close the bar at ten o'clock. —Steward, brandy and water. "

It is the signal; voice rises above voice and shout above shout—whiskey, rum, cider, soda, ham, oysters, and herrings; the demand is greater than the supply. "Damn them, they don't hear"—"Why the devil don't you come?"—"Bear a hand, will you?"—"Curse that six foot, he is as deaf as a post!"—"You most particular, everlasting, almighty snail! do you calculate to convene me with them are chicken fixings or not?"—"I hope I may be shot if I don't reciprocate your inattention by a subtraction from the amount of your constitutional fees, that's a fact!"—"Blood and ounds, man, are you going to be all night?"—"Hohl dich der teufel, what for you come not—diable—dépêchez donc, bête?" The bar is shut—the day is past—the scene closes—the raging of the elements is over, and a lull once more prevails; not a

sound is heard but the solitary tinkling of a spoon on the glass as it stirs up the dregs of the toddy, which is sipped with miserly lips, that hang fondly and eagerly over the last drop. I will read now, I will lose, in the pathetic story of "Oliver Twist," a sense of my own miseries. It is one of the few novels I can read; there are some touches of deep feeling in it. Oh that horrid perfume! it is a negro—his shadow is now over me—I feel his very breath—my candle is rudely blown out, without either notice or apology; and the long smoking wick, reeking of tallow, is left under my nose, to counteract by its poison the noxious effluvia of the African. "How dare you, sir?"—"Orders, sir,—ten o'clock—lights out in the saloon."—"I have no objection to the order, it is a proper one; and whether proper or not, it is sufficient for me that it is an order, but it should be executed, if not with civility, at least with decency; but I submit." I crawl off to my den again, thankful that I shall be left alone, and can commune with myself in my own chamber, and be still. But no, my chum is there, he is in the joint act of expectorating and undressing. It is a small place for two to stand in, a dirty place to be in at all: but time presses, my head swims in dizziness, and I must try. My coat is half off, and my arms pinioned by it behind me, and in this defenceless state, a sudden roll of the ship brings my companion upon me with the weight of an elephant; and in the fall he grasps and carries with him the basin. We slide from side to side; we mop the floor with our cloths—but I cannot proceed; Niagara would not purify me, the perfumes of Arabia would not sweeten me. Oh death! where is now thy sting? Why didst thou respect me in the battle-field to desert me now in the hour of my need? Why was I reserved for a fate like this—to die like a dog—to be poisoned in a steamer?

If I should still survive, dear Fugleman, which I do not

expect and cannot wish, I return not by a steamer. I shall go to Halifax, and take passage in a Falmouth packet; where there is more of society and less of a mob; where there is more cleanliness and less splendour; where eating is not the sole business of life, but time is given you to eat; where the company is so agreeable you seldom wish to be alone, but where you can be alone if you wish,—in short, where you can be among gentlemen.

Believe me, my dear Fugleman, yours always,

JOHN HALTFRONT.

---

No. IV.

LETTER FROM A MIDSHIPMAN OF H. M. SHIP LAPWING  
TO AN OFFICER OF THE INCONSTANT.

DEAR JACK,

Land a head, my boy, and to-morrow we come down with the dust, not coal dust, please the pigs, nor gold dust, for I never could raise the wind to raise that kind of dust, but real right down *genuioine* Yankee dust, and no mistake.—What dost thou think of that, Jack? Oh, it blew till all was blue again, the whole voyage, but our smoking steed, the charming Cinderella, behaved nobly. She flew through the water like the steam through the flue; she never broke a bucket, carried away a coal-skuttle, or sprung a poker, but behaved like a dear little scullion as she is. She paddled like a duck, and hissed like a swan. She ran a race with mother Carey's chickens, and beat them by a neck. O she is a dear love of a smoke-jack. If we haven't had any distinguished *living* characters on board, we have had the honour of carrying the "ashes of the grate;" (old pun that, Jack, but we always wear old clothes, and fire old puns at sea, you know;) and although we have been accused of "poking"



our way across the Atlantic, I don't know how that applies to us, for we kept a "straight course," ran like the devil, and cleared "all the bars." It was a "stirring" time on board, every countenance was "lighted" up; and though there was much "heat," there was no "quarrelling." "Falling out," however, would be much less dangerous than "falling in," and there is some little difference between a "blow up" and a "blow out," as you and I happen to know to our cost. We have lots of land-lubbers on board, young agitators fond of "intestine commotions," who are constantly "spouting"—maidens whose bosoms "heave"—young clerks who "cast up accounts"—custom-house officers who "clear out"—sharpers given to "overreaching"—Jews who at the taffrail "keep a pass-over"—lawyers who "take nothing by their motion"—doctors who have "sick visits"—choleric people who cannot "keep down their bile"—bankrupts who "give up all they have"—spendthrifts who "keep nothing long"—idlers who do nothing all day but "go up and down"—men of business exhibiting "bills of lading"—swindlers who "cut and run"—military men who "surrender at discretion"—boys that quarrel, and "throw up at cards"—servants that cannot "keep their places"—auctioneers, with their "going, going, gone!"—preachers who say "they want but little here below, nor want that little long"—hypocrites that make "long faces"—grumblers that are "open mouthed"—babblers that "keep nothing in"—painters ever reluctant to "show their palette"—authors that cannot conceal "their effusions"—printers that never leave "their sheets," and publishers that first "puff," and then "bring forth their trash." In short, men of all sorts in "one common mess." Lord, what fun it is, dear Jack, to see these creatures!—Good Christians they are too, for they "give and take;" they "return" all kind-

ness with interest—charitable to a degree, for they “give all they have,” and “strain” a point to do their utmost. Candid souls, they “keep nothing back,” but “bring everything forward,” without any consideration for themselves. Although there is no danger of death, they are resigned to die. Their pride is so humbled, that they no longer “carry their heads high,” or are burthened with a “proud stomach,” but are content to remain in the place they occupy. The vanities of dress they wholly discard, and would be disgusted at the sight of new clothes, or of finery. They are “abstemious at table,” and taste of “the bitters” of this world on principle. What can be more edifying, Jack? It is as good as a sermon, is it not? Then, when they stand on t’other tack, it is as good as a play. Hullo! what’s this? “O dear, I beg your pardon, sir, I do indeed, but when it comes on so sudden, it blinds me so I can’t see; I am so sorry I mistook your hat for the basin.” “Don’t mention, it madam; but, O Lord, my stool is loose behind;” and away they both roll together into the lee scuppers, and are washed first forward and then aft. “Hope you are not hurt, madam, but I could not hold on behind, it came so sudden; we shipped a sea.” “I hope I shall never see a ship again. It’s a wonder she did not go down that time, for she was pooped.” “O, sir, did you ever! Do call the steward, please, do take me below; I shall never survive this, I am wet through. If ever I reach land, nobody will catch me afloat again. I am so ashamed, I shall die. I hope I did’t——” “Certainly not, madam, the long cloak prevented anything of that kind.” “Well, I am so glad of that, pray take me down while I can go, for I have swallowed so much of that horrid salt water.” Pretty dialogue that, is it not? O, my dear fellow, you may go round the world in a king’s ship (queen’s ship, I mean, God bless her, and raise up

a host of enemies to her, that we may lick them, and get our promotion,) you may go round it, but you never go into it. If you want to see life, take a trip in an Atlantic steam-packet; that's the place where people "show up" what they are. But stop, just look at that poor wretch near the wheel, how white he looks about the gills, sitting wrapped up in his cloak, like patience at a monument waiting for his turn to turn in next, and not caring how soon it comes either. He is too ill to talk, and hates to be spoken to, and for that very reason I will address him. "How do you find yourself now, sir? I hope you are better." He dreads to open his mouth, for fear he should give vent to more than he wishes. He shakes his head only. "Can I give you anything?" Another shake is the only reply. "A little sago?" He is in despair, and gives two shakes. "A little arrowroot with brandy in it—it is very good?" He is angry; he has lost his caution, and attempts to answer,—but suddenly placing both hands to his mouth, runs to the taffrail; poor fellow! he is very ill, very ill indeed. He returns and takes his seat, and his head falls on his bosom, but he must be rough-riden before he will be well trained, so here is at him again. "Pray let me send you a little soup with cayenne?" He gives half a dozen angry shakes of the head. "But the only thing to be relied upon is a slice of fat pork fried with garlick, it is a specific." He makes a horrible mouth, as if the very idea would kill him; shuts his eyes close, as if it would prevent his hearing, and folding his cloak over his head, turns round and lies down on the deck in despair. The officer of the watch and I exchange winks, and I pass on to the saloon for a glass of—(what the navy has gone to the devil without, since it has become too fashionable to use it as Nelson did,) for a glass of grog.

But oh my eyes, look here, Jack—bear a hand—this way, my boy, down the companion-way with you as

quick as you can, and look at that poor devil pinned to the state room door, with a fork through the palm of his hand, which the steward stuck there in a lee lurch. Hear him how he swears and roars ! and see the steward standing looking at him, and hoping he hasn't hurt him, as if it could do anything else but hurt him. See what faces he makes, as if he was grinning through a horse-collar at Sadler's Wells. What a subject for Cruikshank ! I must not suffer him to be released till I sketch him. Where the devil is my pencil ?—a guinea for a pencil. O, here it is, and the paper too. I must have this living caricature. Stop, steward, don't touch that fork for your life—call the doctor—perhaps you have struck an artery—(I have him)—the blood might flow too freely—(I wish he would hold still)—or you might wound a nerve—(he twists about so there is no sketching him)—in which case lockjaw might perhaps ensue—(how he roars, there is no catching that mouth)—rusty iron is very dangerous to wounds—(I have him now by Jove)—especially to wounds in the hands and feet—(that will do now, let us see what he will do). “Steward, why don't you ‘fork out,’ you rascal ? ‘draw,’ you scoundrel, or I'll murder you.” “That ‘fork’ has spoiled the ‘carving’ of the door.” “‘Palmy’ times these.” “That ‘tine is not tiny,’ sir.” “It is a ‘great bore’ to be bored through the hand in that ‘unhandsome’ manner.” “I beg pardon, sir,” says the steward, “it was not my fault, but this ship is so ‘unhandy,’ it is indeed, sir.” “Excuse me, my good fellow, I say (for I cannot lose the opportunity,) excuse me, but you have put a stopper on your whist-playing.” “How so, sir ?” “Your adversary can see into your hand.” “Humph ! don't thank you for your joke.” “It would be a devilish good joke if you did.” So now, Jack, you see what a “trip of pleasure” means among these land-lubbers, and that is better than “pin-

ning" your faith "to my sleeve," as the steward did to that sea-calf of a passenger's. But here comes a great vulgar conceited ass of a cockney, who thinks we are bound to talk of nothing during the voyage but steam and machinery, two subjects which I detest above all others, they are so technical, so shoppy, so snobbish. Hear him. "Pray, Mr. Piston, (who the devil told him my name was Piston, it's one I hate, it sounds so Brummagem like, and I hate a fellow that uses it unceremoniously,)—pray, sir, do you know the principle of this boat?" "I have that honour, sir, he is Captain Claxton of Bristol."

"No, no! I beg pardon, not who, but what is the principle?"

"Oh! exactly, now I take. The principal, sir, is 80,000 pounds, and it pays nine per cent. interest." See how he flushes, his choler is rising, he is establishing a row; if he gets through this examination, he will eschew me for the future as he would the devil. Take my word for it, he will never put me into the witness box again. "You don't comprehend me, sir, I merely wish to ask you if it were on the high or the low principle."

"On the high, decidedly, sir, for they charge 43*l.* 10*s.* for a passage, which is high, very high indeed. The object, sir, is to exclude low people, although it does not effectually answer even that purpose,"—and I give him a significant look. "You observe they take no steerage passengers, though it might perhaps be an improvement if they did,"—another significant look, which the insignificant lubber appears to take. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*—(I like that last word, it is so expressive of the cold shoulder)—is the very proper motto of the very exclusive board of directors at Bristol. "I am sorry I have not been so fortunate as to render myself intelligible," says my scientific friend, his ire visibly getting the steam up; I desired to know if it were on the high pressure or

low pressure principle. "Oh that is quite another thing, sir. I conceive it is on the low pressure, for the lower a thing is pressed the greater the compression—do you take?—the greater the power. For instance, there is the screw invented by Hyder Aulic or Hyder Ally, I forget which, is ——" He bites his lip, his eyes dilate, but it won't do—it's no go. "I am afraid I am troublesome," he says with some confusion. We bow and touch our hats with much formality, and part, I hope, to meet no more. Poor fun this, after all; grey hairs ought to be respected, particularly when supported by a large stomach. Seniores pri-ores, or the old hands to the bow-oars, but still they should mind their stops, and not be putting in their oars on all occasions. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*, it is not every one with hoary hairs that is wise. How I should like to make love, if it was only for the fun of the thing, just to keep one's hand in; but alas! all the young girls are sick—devilish sick, and I trust I need not tell you that a love-sick girl is one thing, and a sea-sick girl is another. I like to have my love returned, but not my dinner. Balmy sighs and sour ones, heaving bosoms and heaving stomachs, are not compatible, dear Jack, say what you will, and love will fly out of the window when—but in mercy to the dear creatures whom I really do love, I will drop the subject, or rather throw it up at once. Now I will take a rise out of that cross old spinster on the camp-stool. I hate an old maid, and never lose an opportunity of showing them up. It may be savage, I admit, but man is an animal, *bipes implumis risibilis*, as Aldrich has it. What a definition of a man, "*implumis*," and yet I have seen fellows, with "feathers" in their caps too, and hope to have one in mine before I die, but still I must have my lark, let who will pay the piper. "Here, boy, run forward, and tell that young scape-grace George, that if he does not do what I

ordered him, he may 'look out for squalls.' " "Oh dear, Mr. Piston," says the lady, pricking up her ears like a cat a-listening, "do you really think there is any danger of 'squalls?'" "Oh, very, very much so indeed, madam; but don't be alarmed, there is no danger, if—no, no, there is no danger, none at all, if"—"If what, sir, do pray tell me."

"Why, no danger, madam, if there aint a blow-up; but pray don't be frightened, it can't reach you."

"Reach me, sir! why it will reach us all. A blow-up—oh how shocking! Do be so good, sir, as to sit down and tell me. How is it, sir?"

"Don't be alarmed, madam. I am sorry you overheard me; there is no danger, not the least in the world, nothing but a little blow-up, it will be over in a minute."

"Over in a minute, sir, but where shall we all be? we shall all be over in a minute too, all overboard."

"I assure you, madam, there is no danger; do be composed, they are very common."

"I know it, sir, they are always blowing-up, are steam-boats; three hundred lives lost on the Mississippi the other day."

"Three hundred and eighty," said I.

"Yes, three hundred and eighty," said she; "and every day almost they are blowing up; there was the Santa Anna, and the Martha, and the Three Sisters, and the Two Brothers, and I don't know how many more, blown up."

"Steam-boats, madam?"

"Yes, steam-boats, sir; they are very dangerous; never again will I put my foot on board of one of them. Oh dear, I wish I was out of this horrid steamer."

"But I said nothing of steam-boats, madam."

"Do you call blowing up nothing, sir; scalding to

death nothing, sir; drowning nothing, sir; being sent out of the world in that awful manner nothing, sir?"

"But, madam, pray don't be excited, I wasn't talking of steamers at all."

"Then what were you talking of, sir? Oh dear, I am so frightened, so dreadfully frightened, I feel so shockingly nervous, I am all over of a tremor: what were you talking of then, sir?"

"I was merely saying, madam, that if boy George did not clean my boots, he might look out for 'squalls,' for I would give him a blowing-up, which means—"

"Yes, yes, sir, I know what it means," and then drawing herself up as stately as a queen, "I'll not trouble you any further, sir."

"Not the least trouble in the world, madam," said I, rising and smiling; "not the least trouble in the world, madam—rather a pleasure, I assure you."

Yes, my dear fellow, if you want to see the world, take a trip in the Great Western, or some of those whacking large Atlantic steamers, and you will see more fun, and more of human nature, in a week than you will see in the 'Inconstant' in a twelve-month; but whether you follow this advice or not, recollect that fair weather or foul weather, by land or by sea, by day or by night, you have a fast friend in old

TOM PISTON.

---

No. V.

LETTER FROM JOHN SKINNER, BUTCHER, TO MARY HIDE.

DEAR MARY,

You wouldn't believe me when I told you I was off in the Great Western to see a little of the other side of the



world; but it's true, for all that,—like many a more unlikelier thing has come afore now, and here I am, half seas over, as the teetotallers call something else, and may be a little more. I likes it very much indeed, all but being wet all the time; but it's the nature of the sea to be wet, and, for a new recruit, I stands it nobly, only I can't keep my feet, for I've been floored oftener than any man in the ship. My heels has a great inclination to rise in the world, showing what the sole of a butcher is, and I shall soon walk as well on my head as my feet. It is lucky you aint here, dear Mary: this sort of work wouldn't suit you; you was always so giddy-headed.

The sailors undertook to pass their jokes upon me when I first came on board, calling me Old Skinner, and Butcher, and you with the smockfrock and breeches, and so on. It's a way they have with landsmen; but it isn't every landsman that's green, for all that. They are a set of lubberly, unmannerly rascals as ever I see. Whenever I asked one of them to help me, he said, "It's my turn below;" or, "It's my turn on deck;" and, "Who was your lackey last year?" or, "Does your mother know you're out?" To-day, when I fell on the broad of my back, they began running their rig as usual, saying, "Pull down your smockfrock, John Skinner, or you'll show your legs;" "Come to me, and I'll help you up;" and, "How does it feel, butcher?" "Try it," says I, "and you'll know;" and I knocked two of them down like bullocks. It made them very civil afterwards—calling me sir, and Mr. Skinner. It improved their manners vastly. The steward and me is great friends, and I get my grog in his room. When I takes down the milk, I gets a glass of brandy; and when I puts my hand on his side, to steady me while I drink it, and feel five inches of good clear fat on his ribs, it makes me feel wicked, to think if I had the dressing of him,

how beautiful he would cut up. My fingers get on the handle of my knife involuntary like, as if they would long to be into him. He is stall-fed, like a prize ox; his fat is quite wonderful, which is more than I can say of our stock. One of my cows has gone dry, which comes of her being wet all the time, and not having room to lie down in. The salt water has made corn-beef of her already. She is of the pole-breed, and the crossest, contrariest beast I ever see. She have rubbed off her tail at last, a rubbin' so the whole time. The other cow is a nice little bullock, but she had a calf a little too early, so she had; her mouth is as young as a babby's, though in another year she will be a good beast enough. The poultry, poor things, is very sickly, and would all die if I didn't kill the weakest for the cabin to save their lives, and so is the pigs; so much swimming don't agree with them; and when they stagger, and won't eat, I serve them the same way; for it stands to reason they can't thrive when they gives over eating that way. We travels day and night here all at the same pace up hill and down dale; and this I will say, the Cornwall hills are fools to some of the seas we sees from the ship; but it's here goes, who's afraid?—and down we dashes as hard as we can lay legs to it. They carries the light on the top instead of each side of the box as we do ashore, which makes passing other lines in the night very awkward, for there is no hedge to mark the road, and show you the distance of the drains, but it's like Saulsberry plain in a snow-storm, all white as far as you can see, and no mile-stones or lamp-posts, and you can't rein up short, for it takes some time to put the drags on the wheels to bring her to a stand-still. How they finds their way in the dark is a puzzle to me; but I suppose they have travelled it so often, they have got it by

heart like. I often think if the lynch-pin was to cum out, and they to lose a wheel, or the two to cum off, or the axletree break, what a pretty mess they'd be in; and yet, arter all, as for speed, big as she is, I'd trot her for a treat with master's pony, and not be a bit afear'd. But what under the sun could make the Bristol people call her a boat, for I'm positive she is the biggest ship I ever see. They have to hang up two bells in her, one aft and one in the fore-part, for one aint enough to be heard all over her. The bow they call "far west," it is so far off, the stern "down east," and the centre, where them black negro-looking fellows the stokers live, "Africa." The engines is wonderful, that's sartain. They work like a baker needing do for bred, and the digs it gives is surprising. The boilers are big enough to scald at one dip all the pigs in an Irish steamer, and would be a fortune to a butcher. The fireplaces are large enough to roast a whole hog at once; and if there is a thing I love it's roast pork. The hard red crisp cronchy skin is beautiful, as much as to say, come stick it into me afore I am cold. It puts me in mind of your lips, dear Mary, both on 'em is so red, so plump, and so enticing, and both taken with a little sarce. Yes, I never see a pig I doesn't think of you, its cheeks so round and fat like yourn. The rib too means a wife everywhere, but I won't say no more for fear I should have gotten the wrong sow by the ear. We have a great deal of company on board, consisting of two hundred men and women, two cows, ten pigs, besides fowls and Mulatto girls. One of these young women isn't a bad-looking heifer neither, she is constantly casting sheep's-eyes at me, but I ain't such a calf as she takes me to be, so don't be jealous, Mary. She thinks I don't know she has a touch of the tar brush, so says she, "Mr. Skinner,

the water is very bad, ain't it?" "Very," says I, "it's keeping it in them nasty iron tanks, that makes it look so black and taste so foul." "Exacaly, sir," says she, "the water has got so much iron in it, I dreadful afraid of lightning, it will make me so attractive." "You don't need that," says I, "Miss, your hone attractions is so great of themselves." "Oh," says she, "Mr. Skinner, how you do flatter, but really, it do affect me dreadful, especially my memory, which is quite rusty, and then it colours my skin, and spoils my complexion. It comes thro' the pores, and iron moulds my very linnen, it do indeed." Wasn't that capital, Mary? a Mulatto wench swearing it was the iron made her face copper-coloured! Let the women alone for tricks, there's few can match them in that line. How civil she is with "Mr. Skinner, will you have a piece of pie?" or "Mr. Skinner, here's an orange;" or "Mr. Skinner, lend me an arm, sir, please." But soft words butter no parsnips; it won't do, it's no go that. I'll lend her an arm, or anything else to oblige her, out of civility, but as for my heart, that's for you, dear Mary; and though I say it, that shouldn't say it, there ain't a stouter nor a truer one in all Gloucestershire, as you will find some o' these days. My ambition is to be able to set up my own man, in my own shop, afore I die, with prime beef and mutton in it, and you with your white apron on the prettiest piece of meat of them all, and to hear folks say as they pass, "Damn that fellow Skinner, he has the prettiest wife and the best mutton in all Bristol." That's what I am at, and no mistake. I would not like to folly butchering all my life in a ship, for it's too unsteady. Me and the half-dressed sheep sometimes both comes down together by the run, all of a smash, and tumbling about with a knife in your hand or atween your

teeth, is not safe for your own hide or other people's. No longer agone than yesterday I cut across the canvass trousers of a sailor, and one inch more would a fixed him for life. Besides capsising the bucket, which will happen sometimes, makes a great fuss among the sailors, who have to scrub all up clean with a great big stone they call holy stone, 'cause they swears over it so. After all, life in a steamer ain't so pleasant as life in Bristol, especially when work is done, seeing friends at the ale-house, or walking of a Sunday over to Clifton with somebody as shall be nameless. One question more and I'm done ; who courts, standing with their heads over it, at the style, one on one side of it, and t'other on the other ? Well it arnte the donkeys, tho' they comes there sometimes, and it tante our cow, and squire Maze's old blind bull, tho' they do come there to rub noses across the bars sometimes too, but it's a pretty gurl what wears a bonnet with blue ribbons that do come to see a well-built young Butcher in Bristol, and mind what I telly, the next time he comes there, him and Blue Ribbons is both on one side of the style, in less time than wink ; mind that, for I'm not joking no more than a parson. Hopping that it may cum soon, and that you will be as true as I be,

I remain till death, your loveing friend,

JOHN SKINNER.

## NO. VI.

LETTER FROM ONE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS  
TO HER KINSWOMAN.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

Thee will be pleased to hear that we are now in sight of America, to which country the Lord has graciously

vouchsafed to guide us in safety thro' many perils, giving us permission at times to see the light of the sun by day, and sometimes the stars by night, that we may steer our lonely way thro' the dreary waste and solitary expanse of the pathless ocean. Of a truth he faithfully and beautifully expressed the proper feeling of a Christain who said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me."

And now, esteemed and kind friend, my heart yearneth towards thee, and my first thought on approaching this strange land, as my last on leaving that of my forefathers, resteth on thee, my early companion, my good counsellor, my well-beloved sister. How often in the stillness of the night, when alone in my bed, has thy image been called up before me, by the fond recollections of the past! How often have I longed for thee amid the raging of the tempest, that my heart, tho' resigned to meet whatever might betide it, might catch the power of adding hope to fortitude, from the cheerful aspect of thy countenance. And how often amid the vain and frivolous scenes that I have daily mingled in on board this ship, have I wished for thy conversation, thy companionship, and support. Strange sensations have affected me by such associations as I have had here. A maiden and her brother from London are fellow-passengers. She is very affable and kind, very condescending in her manners, humble-minded, though of high birth, and of a great talent for conversation. She is beloved by all, and has won kind regards from everybody. Her attire is what is called in the gay world fashionable. It is composed of the most beautiful fabrics, and though rich has much simplicity. I sometimes ask myself, why do I call this vain or idle? If Providence decks the birds of the air with variegated and brilliant plumage, and endows

the flowers of the field with splendid colours ; if the rose boasts its delicate tints, the shrubs their fragrant blossoms, and the vine its tendrils and its wreaths, can these things be vain ? “The lilies toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” If we, who have dominion over them, are not ourselves clothed by nature, was it not an intimation that our toilet was left to ourselves, that it might suit the seasons and our tastes, that it might be renewed when old, and please the eye and do justice to the symmetry and beauty of our forms ? When I look at this lovely maiden, and see her in this vain attire, and observe that she is not rendered vain thereby herself, forgive me, Martha, but I cannot help admitting the question does arise to my mind, “can this be sinful ?” Does it not afford employment to the poor ? profit to the mechanic and manufacturer, and diffuse wealth that avarice might otherwise hoard ? To-day she came into my cabin, and asked me to walk the deck with her, and as I sought my bonnet, said “Nay, dear, suffer me to see how you would look in mine, my pretty friend ;” and then stood off, and lifted up both hands, and exclaimed, “How beautiful ! how well it becomes that innocent face ? Do look at your sweet self in the glass, my love ; how handsome, is it not ? Nay, blush not : be candid now, and say whether it is not more becoming than that little pasteboard quaker-bonnet of thine. Such a face as yours is too lovely to be immured in that unpretending piece of plainness, as you yourself would be to be imprisoned in a nunnery.

“ Full many a face, with brightest eye serene,  
Those plain unfashionable bonnets bear,  
Full many a rose they doom to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness ’mong the ringlets there.”

“Nay,” said I, “dear lady, now thee convincest me

that the friends very properly forbid the use of those vain and idle decorations, for thee makest me vain. Thee has summoned up more pride in my heart in those few brief minutes, than I knew before to have existed within me. Pray take it back, ere I am spoiled by thy praise or thy worldly attire." "You would soon learn not to be vain of them when you had been used to them—am I vain?" "No indeed," said I, "by no means; thee is not vain, but far, very far from it;" and I could not help thinking, neither should I be vain, if like her I wore them daily. Do not be alarmed, Martha, thee must not think I am going to adopt the dress of these people; I have no such thoughts, but methinks we place more importance upon this subject than it deserves; but perhaps my understanding is too weak to penetrate the reasons wisdom assigns for their exclusion. Her brother is a captain in the army, very tall, very polite, and very handsome. His eyes are uncommonly intelligent, and so bright, I cannot look at them when he speaks to me, for they seem to see through mine into my heart, and read all that is there. There is nothing there, thee knowest, but what he or any one else might read, except that I do not want him to know, what I should be ashamed to tell him, that I think him so handsome, so very handsome. He swears sometimes, which is such a pity. I heard him say yesterday to another officer that is on board, "How lovely that quaker girl is! by G— she is the sweetest girl I ever saw! she is a perfect beauty—what eyes, what a bust, what feet!" and then he swore an oath I must not repeat, she was an angel. How shocking to be spoken of in such language of profane praise, by a man whose business is war, and who is familiar with swords and guns, and weapons of destruction!

; That oath made me shudder, especially as I was the innocent cause of it; and yet he is so gentle, his manner



so kind, and his conversation so intelligent, that I am sure he is not aware of this habit, which he has caught, without knowing it, from others. He does not agree with his sister about dress. He told me he thought there was great elegance in the simplicity of the quaker dress, that there was a modest beauty in it particularly becoming young maidens; that he considered the way fashionable ladies dressed was disgusting, and the muslin that half concealed, half revealed our charms was uncommonly attractive. I do not know how it is, I fear this man of war—I abhor his swearing, and never could love him, no—never; and yet I do like to hear him talk to me, his voice is so musical, and his discourse so modest and suitable for female ear. He has seen much of foreign parts, and has helped me to pass many a weary hour. His anecdotes are both amusing and instructive. How strange a contradiction is man! He swears, because I heard him swear about me; and yet there is an air of piety that pervades his discourse, that is very pleasing. If thee had heard the terms of just indignation with which he related the polygamy of the Turks, and how they ought to be hung that had so many wives, thee could not believe it was the same person who used profane oaths. I think if he was one of the Friends, instead of a captain of the queen's hosts, I should fear to be so much with him, lest my affections might outstrip his.

Of the other passengers, I cannot say much. They play at cards, and throw the dice, and for money too—and drink a great deal, and talk very loud. It is a discordant scene, and very noisy, for there are people of all nations here. Their prejudices and predilections are amusing; the French cannot eat sea-biscuit, they are so used to soup; the Jews will not touch pork; the teetotals abjure wines and strong drink; the Catholics every now and then refuse meat, and eat only fish; the English abhor

molasses, and the Yankees abuse French wines; the foreigners detest rum, and tobacco is a constant source of discussion: yet, amid all this, there is no quarrelling. I have not been sea-sick myself at all, though the captain was for two days; and it was fortunate for him his sister was on board to minister to his wants. He is very courageous. During the dreadful gale we had, he asked me to go on deck and see how beautiful the ocean looked in such a tempest, and he supported me with his arm in the kindest manner. As we passed the cabin of the missionary passenger on deck, we heard music, and stopped to listen. It was a hymn that he and several persons joined in singing. As it rose and fell on the blast, its melancholy tones of supplication had a striking effect, and touched the heart with sadness. What a fitting time this would have been to have appealed to him against the irreverent use of His name who was walking abroad on the waters; but my heart failed me—for just as I looked at him to speak, I encountered those eyes, those beautiful, speaking, searching eyes, that so unaccountably compel me to withdraw mine, and cause me a kind of confusion. Perhaps such another opportunity may not occur again. I feel interested in him on account of his lovely sister, who is all gentleness and goodness; and although I abhor war and fear warriors, and shall never forget his profaneness in calling an humble maiden like me an angel, yet it is the only fault he has, and it would be cruel to regard him with averted looks or frowns of indignation.

Indeed, one cannot harbour such thoughts at sea, where the heart is impressed by its mystery, elevated by its sublimity, and awed by its power. Vast, restless, trackless, unfathomable, and inscrutable, what an emblem it is of the ubiquity and power of God! How many ideas it suggests; how it awakens the imagination; how it subdues and softens the heart; how vast are the

treasures of this great storehouse of the world! How many kind, generous, and faithful beings has the sea folded in its bosom! and, oh! how many have gone down to its caverns, amidst the thunders of war, with the guilt of blood upon their hands, to realize what man, sinful man, miscalls glory? Of vessels wrecked, or burned, or foundered, the number must have been fearfully great; and oh! what aching hearts, agonising shrieks, and lingering deaths has it witnessed! I know not how it is, I cannot look abroad upon this world of waters without being strongly impressed with a melancholy feeling of interest in those untold tales—those hidden annals—those secrets of the vasty deep. If the captain thought as I did, he would not lightly—but I forget, I only mention his name because there is really so little to write about, that is worth a thought in this great floating caravansary. When I arrive at New York, which I hope will be on the third morning of the second week of this month, I shall write thee again.

REBECCA FOX.

P.S. I hear the weather in Philadelphia is excessively hot, and that it is necessary to wear thin clothing, to avoid the yellow fever. So thee will please to send me the finest and thinnest muslin thee can find for my neck; and though I may not wear Leghorn or Palmetto, yet a gauze bonnet would not be so heavy as mine in this intense heat, nor intercept so painfully all air. Delicate lace gloves, methinks, would confer similar advantages. The captain has just inquired of me what route we take on our arrival, and says it is remarkable that he and his sister had fixed on the same tour, and leave New York by the same conveyance we do. I had wished for her company, and am much pleased to be favoured with it.

## No. VII.

LETTER FROM A NEW BRUNSWICKER TO HIS  
FRIEND AT FREDERICTON.

MY DEAR CARLTON,

You will be surprised to hear that I am already on my return ; but my business having been all satisfactorily arranged, I had no inclination to remain any longer away, at a time when our commerce might possibly receive an interruption from the mad proceedings of our neighbours. I am delighted with England and the English, and feel proud that I participate in the rights and privileges of a British subject ; but I must reserve what I have to say on this head until we meet, for if I begin on this agreeable theme, I shall never know when to leave off. I have been up the Rhine since I saw you, and notwithstanding that I am so familiar with, and so attached to, our own magnificent river, the St. John, I should have been enraptured with it, if I had never heard of it before ; but Byron has be-deviled it, as Scott has Loch Katrine. It is impossible to travel with pleasure or with patience after a poet. Their glasses magnify, and when you come to use your own eyes, you no longer recognise the scene for the same presented by their magic lantern. Disappointment constantly awaits you at every step. You become angry in consequence, and, instead of looking for beauties, gratify your spleen by criticising for the pleasure of finding fault. Viewing it in this temper, the lower part of the Rhine is as flat and level as any democrat could wish, and the upper part as high, cold, and overbearing as any autocrat could desire. Then the ancient ruins, the dilapidated castles, the picturesque and romantic towers of the olden time, what are they ?

Thieves' nests, like those of the hawk and vulture, built on inaccessible crags, and about as interesting. The vineyards, about which my imagination had run riot, the luxuriant, graceful, and beautiful vine, the rich festoons, what are they? and what do they resemble? Hop-grounds? I do injustice to the men of Kent; they are not half so beautiful. Indian corn fields of Virginia? They are incomparably inferior to them. Oh! I have it, currant bushes trained and tied to their stakes; poor, tame, and unpoetical. Then the stillness of death pervades all. It is one unceasing, never-ending flow of waters; the same to-day, to-morrow, and for ever. The eternal river! Here and there a solitary steamer labours and groans with its toil up this rapid stream; occasionally a boat adventures at the bidding of some impatient traveller to cross it; but where is the life and animation of our noble river, the busy hum of commerce, the varied, unceasing, restless groups of a hardy, active, and enterprising population? I know not, but certainly not on the water. Dilapidated towers frown on it, dismantled halls open on it, the spectres of lying legends haunt it, and affrighted commerce wings its way to more congenial streams. It made me melancholy! May poetry and poets never damn our magnificent river with their flattering strains, as they have done this noble one, to the inheritance of perpetual disappointment. Who ever sailed up the St. John without expressing his delight, at finding it so much more beautiful than he had anticipated? and why? because he had heard no exaggerated account of it. Who ever ascended the Rhine without an undisguised impression of disappointment, if he dared to utter such treason against the romance of the world, or a secret feeling of vexation if he were afraid to commit himself—and why? Because he had heard too much of it. And yet the St. John is not superior to the Rhine;

may, as a whole, I question if it is quite equal to it; but it gives more satisfaction, more pleasure, for the reason I have assigned. Scenery cannot be described. Whoever attempts it either falls short of its merits, or exceeds them. Words cannot convey a distinct idea of it, any more than they can of colour to the blind. Pictures might, if they were faithful; but painters are false; they either caricature or flatter. But the poet is the least to be trusted of all. He lives in an atmosphere of fiction, and when he attempts it, he has mountains, skies, woods, and cataracts at command, and whatever is necessary to heighten its effect is obedient to his call. He converts all into fairy land. Now don't mistake me, old boy; I am neither undervaluing the Rhine nor the poets. But that river needs no poet. Good wine requires no bush. Whether we shall ever have a poet, I know not. Ship-building, lumbering, stock-jobbing, and note-shaving, are not apt to kindle inspiration; but if we shall ever be so fortunate, I most fervently hope he will spare the river—yes, par excellence—*The River*. . . . .

As I shall not be able to proceed immediately to New Brunswick, I avail myself of this opportunity to give you the latest intelligence respecting the disputed territory, which engrosses but little attention (I am sorry to say) just now, on the other side of the water. It has given rise, however, to much fun, the substance of which is this. They say that Governor Fairfield has passed all bounds, and that a Fairfield and a fight have a natural connection. Little interest is taken in London in the matter. Few Englishmen know the difference between Madagascar and Madawaska; and our agent says the British minister sometimes calls it one, and sometimes the other. They don't know whether Maine means the mainland in distinction from an island, or whether the main question in distinction from minor questions.

Stephenson told them it was a quiz, and that Van Buren had his main as well as O'Connell had his tail ; both of them being lions and queer devils, and both of them great hands at roaring. They certainly are odd fish at Fish river, and, like mackerel, jump like fools at red cloth. They talked big, and looked big at the big lake ; but that was from making too free with biggons of liquor. It was natural they should think at last they were "big-uns" themselves. It is no wonder they had such a difficulty in raising men when they were all officers, and that there was no subordination when they were all in command. Hiring substitutes is a poor way of a-proxi-mating to an army, and marching in the month of March is no fun when the snow is up to the middle. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," but not when he is in-kneed in snow. Such marching must cost them many a "bummy dear," while wading through creeks in winter is apt to give a crick in the neck ; and camping out on the ice to terminate in a severe camp-pain. Indeed, the patriots of Maine must have been joking when they said they intended to *run* a line, for everybody knew they couldn't *stand* to it. If they were in earnest, all I can say is, that it is the first time a legislature ever seriously proposed to *run* their country. Too many of them, it is to be feared, are used to it, for not a few of them have cut and run thither from the British provinces. Playing at soldiers is as losing an affair as playing at cards, especially when you have nothing higher than knaves to play with, and the honours are against you.

There has been great laughter at the spoil ; the timber-dealers seizing a cargo of deal, and a hundred logs a deal too large to carry. It was in their line. It was characteristic. It has been called the odd trick of the *Deal*. The General putting a bomb across the Aroustic river has proved how shallow he was. He has been compared

to that long-legged gentleman, the bittern "booming from his sedgy shallow." It was "cutting his stick" with a vengeance, it was not marching, but "stirring his stumps." It was "king Log" driving his ox-team, like Coriolanus, at the head of the main body of the troops of the state of Maine, and whistling as he went, "Go where glory waits thee." Marching with fifty pounds of pork on their backs was certainly going the whole hog, and a ration-al way of establishing a provision-al government-a-Madawaska. It is said, the troops cut their way, not through the enemy with swords, but through the woods, like true Yankees, by "axeing." They first run and cut, and then cut and run. They kept up a brisk fire day and night, not on the borderers, but on the ice on the border; and would have had a field-day, no doubt, if there had been a field within fifty miles of them to have had it in; but alas! the only thing worth a dam that they saw was a saw-mill. To read the General's speeches, you would have supposed he was boiling with rage at the Brunswickers, whereas he was only thinking of boiling maple sugar by battalions. He was making a spec, licking sugar-candy, and not licking the enemy. Gallant man he was, but too fond of the "lasses." What right has this patriot to complain of his shooting-pains, who wouldn't be at the pains to shoot? In place of raising 800,000 men, as he boasted, he raised 800,000 dollars. *Summe animos, nec te vesano trade dolor-i.*

Instead of charging the British and breaking their ranks, it is whispered they made a dreadful charge against the state, and broke the banks. Fie upon them! is this the way they serve their country? But marching on the ice is slippery work, and a little backsliding is to be expected even among patriots and heroes. Talking of patriots puts me in mind of Canada, which I hear has sent delegates (or delicates, as they are more appropriately



called in the fashionable world) to England to raise themselves by lowering others, as an empty bucket does a full one in a well. Their bucket, however, proved to be a leaky one, for, by the time they got home, it was found to contain nothing. It reminded me of the Irishman's empty barrel, full of feathers. The story of the mails was one grievance, but they found, on their arrival, the postage had been reduced one-half without asking, and fifty-five thousand a-year granted, to convey their "elegant epistles," by steamers via Halifax. "I give thee all, I can no more." Alas for these knights-errant! what has become of their coats of "mail?" I suppose they will next ask to be paid for letting the mails travel through the country, for the more people bother government, the better they are liked, and the more they get; like crying, scolding children, who worry those they can't persuade. This is reversing the order of things, not teaching the young idea how to shoot, but teaching the old one how to make ready and *present*. A "Taught" government, however, is a good one, for it encourages no "slack," but "recede" and "concede" is the order of the day now, "*Cedendo victor abibis*." Loosening the foundations is a new way of giving stability to a government, while reform means destroying all form, and creating that happy state that is "without form and void."

Responsible government in a colony means the people being responsible to themselves, and not to England; dutiful children who owe obedience, but, unable or unwilling to pay it, want to take the benefit of the act, and swear out. A majority without property, who want to play at impeachments with their political opponents, and Lynch them. It is a repeal of the Union, and justice to Canada requires it. It is a government responsible to demagogues, who are irresponsible. What a happy condition to live in! Ah, my good

friend, you and I, who have disported in the vasty sea of the great world amidst the monsters of the briny deep, know how to laugh at the gambols of these little tadpoles of a fresh-water puddle. I abhor ultras of all parties. “*Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt.*” Good specimens, if they could be procured, of full-grown whole-hog Tories and Radicals from that distant but turbulent colony would be a valuable addition to the British Museum, in its natural history department. I will describe them, that you may make no mistake in the selection. A colonial super-ultra-high-Tory, is of the genus blockhead, species ape. It is *psilodactylus* or long-fingered, and the largest animal of the kind yet known. It has great powers of imitation, a strong voice, and the most extravagant conceit. It is a timid creature, slow in its movements, and somewhat inactive, and lives in perpetual alarm of ambush. It cannot see distinctly by day, and its eyes resemble those of an owl. It has two cutting teeth in front of each jaw. The ears are large, round, and naked, and the coat is soft, silky, and rich. Its proportions are not good, and its sagacity greatly inferior to the European species. It is voracious, and very savage when feeding. . . The ultra-low radical is of the species *Vari*, its colours consisting of a patched distribution of black, dirty white, and grey, though its real or natural colour is supposed to be black. It is known to be of a fierce, and almost untameable nature. It moves in large droves, when it is very mischievous, exerting a voice so loud and powerful as to strike astonishment and terror into all those who hear it, resembling in this respect, as well as its habits, the radical and chartist of England. It is impatient of control, but exhibits a sullen submission under firm treatment; though, upon the

slightest indulgence, or relaxation of discipline, it turns on its keeper with great fury. Its habits are predatory, its appetites unclean and ravenous, and its general appearance disgusting. You may find some of each in New Brunswick, though perhaps not so full grown as in that land of pseudo-patriots and sympathizers, Canada. Pray send a good specimen of both varieties to the trustees, for people in England ridicule the idea that there is room or suitable food for either in British America, the climate and soil of which, they maintain, is not congenial to them. Alas for poor human nature! man is the same on both sides of the Atlantic. Paradise was not good enough for some people, but they were served just as they ought to have been—they were walked out of it. . . . The lumber duties will not be altered this year, and we shall obtain that respite from the fears of the speculative writers of the present day, that their sense of justice or knowledge of business would fail to obtain for us. Afraid to refuse, yet unwilling to give, they get credit neither for their firmness nor their liberality. The unsteady conduct of these fellows reminds me of a horse that is not way wise. When he gets snubbed in one gutter, he jumps over to the other, and is never in the straight road at all; and when you give him the thong, he rears up, refuses to draw, and kicks the carriage to pieces, resolved that as he cannot take the load himself, no one else shall do it for him: but more of this when we meet. In the mean time I have the pleasure to subscribe myself

Yours truly,

OLIVER QUACO,

## No. VIII.

LETTER FROM AN ABOLITIONIST TO A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

MY DEAR SIR,

Having brought the emancipation of our sable-coloured brethren in the West Indies to a happy termination, I have resolved to undertake a peregrination into the United States for a similar purpose, animated to this philanthropic work by a feeling of inextinguishable hatred of that remorseless, anti-christian, and damnable traffic in human life—the slave-trade. Their day of liberty is just about to dawn in full splendour. When I observe my friend Cassius receive, at his levees and balls in these islands, the coloured on an equal footing with their white brethren, and his amiable partner walking arm in arm with the sable female, (probably the descendant of a long line of African princes,) to the amazement and consternation of the whites, and in defiance of the odours which must be admitted to emanate from them, not only by those who espouse them, but by those who espouse their cause, I bless him, I congratulate the world, and, above all, I felicitate the nobility, that the partition wall has been broken down, that colour and odour make no distinction, and that, instead of a few black legs, (the utmost advance that has hitherto been made in the higher circles,) we shall see numerous black peers among the new creations. And who shall pronounce that they are not worthy of being the associates of at least some that are to be found there? None, sir; none will dare to insinuate it, but those who are themselves unworthy. Why should they spurn those to whom some of their number owe their own elevation? Is it not to the agitation of this emancipation, to the appeals to the sympathy and religious pre-

judices, and (I hope I am not uncharitable) to the cant of the day, that some people are indebted for their own station? Why then reject those equal in rights, equal in mental, and superior in bodily powers? Jamaica presents a prospect that cannot fail to rejoice the heart of the true philanthropist. Already have the exports of that island fallen more than one-half, and will shortly cease altogether.

Is not this a proof that these unfortunate beings, the blacks, must have been compelled to work beyond what was necessary? for now, when left to themselves, there is no inducement that either ambition or avarice can discover sufficient to make them work at all. From which the inference is plain, that Providence never intended they should work. What an earthly elysium that island will soon become, when, like Saint Domingo, it is left to spontaneous production! When nature will supply their wants, and they can roam at large like the birds of the air and the animals of the field, and the voice of complaint shall be drowned in one universal chorus of song! When hand in hand the natives, like our first parents in paradise, knowing not the artificial wants of clothes, shall have their couches of rose leaves, their beverage of the cool stream, or still cooler fountain, and gather their food from the limbs of trees that hang over them, inviting and soliciting them to pluck and eat! Can imagination picture anything equal to such a scene of rural felicity as this? Even the restraints of our moral code will be wanting, for morals are artificial and conventional. Where there is no property there can be no theft, where there is no traffic there can be no fraud, and where nature supplies freely and abundantly all wants, there will be no restrictive matrimony, for marriage is a civil obligation arising from the necessity of providing for a family. Each one will follow the dictates of his own inclinations. Love

will have no fetters to impede his gambols; affection will alone be consulted. The eye will choose, and the heart ratify, all connubial contracts; and when the eye is sated, and the heart is cooled, both parties will separate without a sigh, and without a struggle, each one free, like the birds of the air, to spend a succeeding season with a new mate, and no murmur and no jealousy shall be heard. There will be no property in the heart, no slavery in the affections; but there will be what many nations boast of, but, alas! what few possess, freedom, unlimited, unrestricted, absolute freedom—freedom of thought, freedom of action. What a realisation of all our hopes, what a happy termination of all their wrongs and sufferings! Succeeding ages will admire and applaud, and heaven will bless these noble designs.

Impressed with this view of it, happy in being the agent in promoting such sublunary felicity, I propose visiting the states, for there too are exalted spirits, true patriots, noble philanthropists, who, unshackled by paltry considerations of property, would break down all distinctions as we have done, and as the beam has hitherto inclined to the whites, now give it a counterpoise altogether in favour of the blacks. It is not a subject for equalization, for studying balances, and for making nicely adjusted scales. We must go the whole figure, as they express it. But, my good friend, this is a dangerous country—the planters are a fiery and impetuous people, and will not bear tampering with, as our colonists do—we must unite the gentleness of the dove with the wiliness of the serpent. I propose commencing the southern tour first, and using West India tactics. I shall mount the pulpit. Without a direct appeal to the passions of the black, I will inflame their imagination: I will draw a picture of freedom in another world, that will excite them in this. I will describe sin as a taskmaster, I will paint

that taskmaster in a way that the analogy cannot be mistaken for their own masters, and in colours that cannot fail to rouse their imaginations and passions, and advise them to throw off the yoke of the oppressor ; in short, I will keep within the law, and effect that which is without the pale of it. When I reach the non-slave-holding states, where my person will be secure from violence, I will speak openly ; I will draw ideal pictures of distress from the stores of fancy, and talk in touching terms of broken hearts, unwholesome exhalations, burning suns, putrid food, unremitting toil, of remorseless masters, unfeeling mistresses, and licentious manners. I will then put in practice the happy and successful ruse I adopted in England. I will produce a prodigious whip with wire thong, and ponderous manacles and thumbscrews of iron, fabricated for the occasion—and, exhibiting them to the audience, appeal at once to their feelings, as men and as Christians. That I shall succeed I make no doubt, and I shall have the pleasure occasionally of sending you an account of my doings. I have availed myself of your kind permission to draw upon the funds of the society for five hundred pounds to defray my necessary expenses in this great and holy work ; a work which, I must say, sanctifies the means. What a glorious retrospect is the past, how full of hope and happiness is the prospect of the future ! The West Indies are free, the East is free, and America is soon to be liberated also. That we were to be assailed by calumny, to be denounced as incendiaries, and persecuted as felons, for our part in this great political regeneration, was to be expected. Our enemies, and the enemies of reform, have made a great handle of the murder of Lord Norbury, which awkward affair has never been placed in its proper light. It was a death, and nothing but a death—but what is it more than that of any other individual ? Is the life of a peer

of more value than that of a peasant ? It is a life, a unit, not distinguished from any other unit, but because there is a naught in its head. One of the oppressors is gone, and gone suddenly ; so have many of the oppressed gone likewise, and yet the death of this aristocrat makes more noise than them all. Rank toryism this, which thinks of nothing but rank, and impiously asserts there is rank in heaven, for there are angels and archangels there. To be free is not to be oppressed, to remove oppression is an act of freedom, but an act of freedom is not murder. Murder is of malice aforethought, but where principle and not malice removes a man, it is not murder, but the effect of political difference. I do not approve of it in detail, for I doubt its policy and efficacy, so long as the power of creating peers remains in the crown ; but still this is not a case for pious horror, but rather for regret. There was no robbery, no sordid motive, no mean vulgar plunder attending it. It was the deliberate act of an exalted mind, mistaken, perhaps, but of high feeling, intense patriotism, and Roman virtue. It was Brutus preferring Rome to Cæsar. It was a noble deed, but rather philosophical perhaps than religious. Sordid politicians cannot understand it, cowards dread it, and bigots denounce it. Few of us, perhaps, are sufficiently devoted or enlightened publicly to applaud, to say that we sanction it, or would achieve it ourselves ; but whatever we may think of the act abstractedly, we cannot but admire the firmness, the nobleness, and the elevation of the perpetrator. He was a true patriot. If he was right, heaven will reward him ; if he was in error, his motive will be respected, and he will be pitied and forgiven. So in Canada, the burning out of the vile conservative loyalists is not arson, for it is not malicious ; and the secret removal of them to another world not murder, but constitutional amelioration. Great allowance must be made



for the warmth of political excitement. A Lount may despatch those whom the press denounces. That noble-minded man, Brougham, has thus considered it; the perpetrators have been pardoned, the jails have been thrown open, and the patriots set at large to commence anew their great moral and political reformation. If this is right in Canada, how can it be wrong in Ireland? and if right in Canada and Ireland, how can it be wrong in the Southern States of America? The laws of justice are uniform and universal. What is Lord Norbury more than Chartrand, or Lord Glenelg more than Schoultz?—unit for unit—tit for tat—a Rowland for an Oliver. Necessity has no laws, but even in the eye of the law it is said all men are equal. In the eye of Heaven we know they are. The peer and the peasant are both equal then as far as killing goes; and killing no murder as far as the absence of personal malice goes. Under these circumstances let us persist in aiding, by all means, similar to those resorted to in Canada, our devoted Sable brethren of the South. Should a few of their masters be removed, it is but the natural consequence of the system, and not of the reform; and the roots, if traced, will be found to spring from the fetid soil of slavery, and not the virgin mould of freedom. In burning off the stubble, who ever doubted a few ears of grain would be consumed? or in cutting down the weeds, that a few blades of grass were to be sacrificed?—none but fools or idiots.

In my next I shall give you a detail of my proceedings; at present I have left myself barely room to subscribe myself your much attached and sincere friend,

JOSEPH LOCKE.

*Extract from a newspaper published at Vixburg, under date of the 22d May, 1839.*

“We regret to state that this city was thrown into great confusion and alarm yesterday by the discovery of a plot for an insurrection of the negroes, the murder of the whites, and the destruction of the place by fire. It was clearly traced to have originated with a fanatical English abolitionist of the name of Joseph Locke, who expiated on the gallows, in the summary manner prescribed by “Judge Lynch,” this atrocious offence against the laws of God and man. On his person was found the draft of a letter addressed by him to a member of the British parliament, (whose name for the present we withhold,) not merely admitting the part he was about to take in this infernal work, but actually justifying murder and arson as laudable acts, when resorted to in the cause of reform. He had an opportunity offered to him yesterday by our indignant citizens, of testing the truth of his principles, and the soundness of his reasoning. It is to be hoped, for his own sake, his views underwent no change in his last moments.”

---

No. IX.

LETTER FROM A CADET OF THE GREAT WESTERN TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER,

As I intend to get out as soon as we get into New York, and look for a packet for England, I write this letter that I may pack it off to you as soon as possible. Don't be afraid that I am going to spin a long yarn. I shall merely send you a few matters I have entered in my log, on which

I intend to extend a protest against the owners, captain, ship, and all persons concerned. Putting midshipmen on board a steamer to make seamen of them, is about on the same ground-tier with sending marines to sea to teach them to march. Nobody but them land-lubbers, the directors, would ever think of such a thing; but you shall judge for yourself which way to steer in this affair, when you hear what I have to say, and see how the breakers look when laid down on the chart.

We have had a long voyage of twenty-two days. Ever since we tripped our anchor at Bristol, my heels have been tripped instead, and I have learned pretty well what a trip at sea means. Our mess is forward, and a pretty mess we have made of it, not being much more forward ourselves than when we started. The sea has washed off all our crockery. Broken dishes float about the floor, till the cabin looks like the river "Plate." I am nearly as bad off myself, for I sleep so wet I am all in "shivers." Our breakfast-cups are tea-totally broke, though we have seen no breakers; and our sugar, as the member of parliament that used to dine with Pa said of the house, is either dissolved or pro—"rogued," I don't know which. Our decanters and tumblers are all in pieces, and tumbled overboard, which happens so often, that I suppose it is the reason why people call it the glassy surface of the sea. My head is all covered with bumps, not to mention other places; and the older boys laugh when I complain, and call me a country bump-kin, and the doctor says they are so well developed, they would be a valuable study for bumpology. My messmates' buttons have G. W. on them, which means great wages, and when they don't know what game to play, they make game of me, and play the devil. We have black things on board with long legs, through which we learn to take the sun, called making an observation, though we are not allowed to

speak. This instrument they call a sexton, because we have to look so grave; and when the appointed time is come which comes alike to all, the sexton is useful, to tell us how long we are from our long homes, that we may calculate the length of our days, make our crooked ways straight, and never lose sight of the latter end of our voyage. They have a chip tied to a string, which they call a log, which they throw into the water to tell how fast the vessel goes. My business is to haul it in. I begin at this work as soon as we leave Chip-stow; and I assure you it chops my hands before long, and if I cry, as I do sometimes with pain, the boatswain threatens to slap "my chops" for blubbering. The string has knots in it, and every mile she goes is called a knot. The more she does not go the faster she goes, which would puzzle them that were not used to such knotty things. Every old thing almost has a new name on board of a ship. What do you think they call watches, and how do you suppose they are made? Why, four men and an officer make a watch, or, as they say, a watch with four hands. It is a very hard case for a watch that has to turn up in the night. They try every plan to plague us; whenever it is dark, and I can't see my hand before me, I am sent to the bow, and desired to "keep a sharp look out." The sea breaks over me there, and wets me through; and when I complain of it, the captain laughs, and says you are a "dry fellow." The short watches are called dog watches, because the hands are only "tarriers" for half the time the others are. They are well named, for one leads the life of a dog here, and we become growlers every one of us. As for me, I have charge of the captain's jolly boat, which I am told is quite an honour. My business is to set him ashore, and then to set myself in the stern for two hours, whistling "by moonlight alone," till he comes back. Very "jolly" work this. He calls us his jolly

tars out of fun. I hope, dear mother, if you have any regard for me, you will take me out of this steamer—I look like a blackguard, and feel like one. The captain calls me a smutty rascal—I don't like such names, but every one is smutty, and can't help it. The shrouds are smutty, the ropes are smutty, and the sails are smutty; and to have things of a piece, they have a parcel of smutty Mulatto girls on board. I wipe more smut on my face with a towel, than I wash off with the water; and smut my shirt more in putting it on than in wearing it. You will hardly believe it, but my very talk is smutty. I look like a chimney-sweep, for though I do not sweep flues as he does, the flues sweep me, and both of us go to pot. I am so covered with soot I am afraid of a spark setting me afire, and then I should be a "suttee." The steam ruins everything in the ship; our store-room and berths are back of the boiler, and are so hot, our candles that used sometimes to walk off now run before they are lit; our butter undertakes to spread itself; my boots are dissolved into jelly, but it is bootless to complain. The knives and forks which used to assist us in eating are now eat up themselves with rust. Not a single bit of our double Gloucester is left but has made "whey" with itself. Our tea leaves us; it has distilled away, and the leaves are all that is left: the stewardess laments her lost "Bo-he." Keeping our eggs under hatches has hatched our eggs, and we have had to shell out our cash for nothing but shells. My new coat a moving "tale" reveals; even "gilt" that was so glaring is now "guiltless," and its "mould" buttons are themselves covered with "mould;" the cape has become a "Cape de Verde;" every one complains of my "choler," and the sleeve is no longer a laughing matter. My hat has "felt" the change; and, as well as myself, would be none the worse of a longer "nap," while my gloves are so shrunk they have ceased to be "handy." I have

not been mortified by having "my feet in the stocks," but my shoes are so bad, I am often in my stock-in-feet—I am, "upon my sole," and there is no help for it. The clerk gives us lessons that he calls lectures, so that all the spare time we have from working the ship is spent in working "more," which works us up so we have become "spare" ourselves. To give three hundred pounds for the privilege of working like fun for nothing in the Great Western for three years, was about as good a joke, dear Ma, as was ever passed off upon an affectionate mother. Who ever put that into your head put you into his pocket; for, after all, it is only a kitchen on a large scale, with a steam-cooking apparatus of great dimensions. A man can never rise whose work is all below; and he who succeeds and gets at the top of the pot makes but a pretty kettle of fish of it at last. No, dear mother, remove me, I beseech you, for I am tired of these trips, these parties of pleasure, these western tours. I shall want a new out-fit when I return, an entire new kit, a complete set of traps—my old ones, if wrung out, would give "creosote" enough to buy new ones. The ship joggles so I can't write straight, and I have got so used to the trembles, that my hand shakes like palsy. There ain't a steady hand on board. They say "a rolling stone gathers no moss," how that is I don't know, as I never saw one that kept rolling about; but I know that a rolling limb loses a great deal of skin. My sea chest is growing fast into a hair trunk: it is already covered with the skin of my shins, and in this hot greasy place the hair will doubtless soon begin to grow upon it. We have "fresh rolls" every minute, and a man may well be said to *urn* his wages who does nothing but *boil* water all day. The sun has tanned all my skin, and the steamed oak has tanned all my clothes; the consequence is, my linen is all leather; and I am become a shining character and a polished

gentleman. I am a nigger; "mancipate" me, dear Ma, for you know not what I suffer. All the water is so hot it scalds, all the iron so heated it burns, while the whole ship hisses at you. The tar bubbles up through the seams, and your feet stick fast to the planks; and when you complain they tell you you are an upright man, stedfast, and immovable; but being "decked up" is not so pleasant as you'd think: I'd a thousand times rather be "tricked out," which I intend to be when I return. I have no objection to stick to my profession, but I don't wish to stick in it; and it's of no use to talk of promotion to a man who can't get a step. Though I often get a wiggling I can no longer comb my hair, for it has become a pitch plaster, and my head looks like a swab of oakum dipped in tar. It is humbling to think I should be so disgraced as to make it my whole study how to "pick a lock." "Ward" off this disgrace, dear Ma, for you can't judge of officers afloat from what you see of them ashore. They put on sea manners with sea clothes, and instead of looking as bright as kings of hearts, as they do in harbour, they look as black as the ace of spades at sea. When I first came alongside to look at the ship, they steered for the cabin, hailed the steward, and hove to abreast of the table, where they broached the locker and boused out champagne and hock, which they overhauled in great style, and stowed away with a ration of cake and negus. It was all as quiet as a calm, and no catspaw amoving on the water. The last thing a man would dream of in such weather was a squall a head. But when I came on board with my traps, and was regularly entered in the ship's books, and we fairly got under way, it was no longer "what cheer, messmate?" but luffing up and hailing in a voice of thunder—"I say, youngster, what the devil are you doing there? you land-lubber rascal you, if you don't go forward and attend to your duty, I'm

damned if I don't give you a taste of the ropes end." So, dear Mother, as soon as we heave in sight of England, hang out a signal for a boat ashore, and just as we round to at the dock, take your departure for home, and let me pull in your wake after you, that's a dear good Mother, is the constant prayer of

Your dutiful son,

VILLIERS SCROGGINS.

---

No. X.

LETTER FROM A LAWYER'S CLERK.

DEAR SAUNDERS,

Notwithstanding father's having issued his "ne exeat regno," when I applied for "leave to move," here I am, safe and sound, "within the limits" of the Great Western, and bound "beyond sea." I assure you this ship is no "clausum" frigid, but as regular a "fiery facias" as you would desire to see, a perfect hot-hell, as the Scotch call it, or as they might with more propriety say, "an auld reeky," but what we of the Temple call an immense "Flotsam." As our "policy" is to go straight, and not "extra viam," there is little fear of a "deviation," and so I presume we shall have a short as well as a pleasant voyage. The "bar I try" of the steward being covered by the "Premium," I will probably endeavour to illustrate the meaning of that term ere long; at present, whatever I eat is "served" with an immediate "ejectment," and although I am constantly in the act of drinking, and desirous of "taking the benefit of the act," yet I do not find it, as I had fondly hoped and expected, "an



act for quitting possession," and I must say that in my present situation I much prefer "a retainer" to a "refresher." How often, dear Saunders, have I been tempted, in days by-gone, to throw "Coke" into the fire, and I assure you it is quite delightful to see with how little ceremony they do it here. If the great text-writer were on board with his bulky commentator, he would dislike "Coke upon Littleton" as much as others do, and stand quite as good a chance of being floored as his juniors. Although we have no "jury box," we have a jury mast, and yet there is, I regret to say, no exemption from being often "impanelled," as numerous "indentures" in my sides and "postca" bear painful "testimony." You take your places here opposite to your berths, but as "the benchers" have dropped off fast, there is rapid promotion towards the head of the saloon. As I was late, I am low down on the list, for they "forestalled" all the good places, by "entering an appearance first," and there is no changing the "venue" allowed here without consent, or in case of "non residence." This "rule is peremptory," and like poverty brings you acquaintance with strange company. There are many things I shall enter into my "demurrer book" relative to the accommodation on board of this ship, so that if ever I have a "venire de novo" on board of her, I may be more comfortable. One of the first would be to move a "repeal of the black act," for I protest against African servants as strongly as a quaker does against slaves. They are excessively disagreeable, and I shall serve Captain Claxton with a "notice of inquiry" on this subject, and he may "move to amend" if he thinks proper. As things now stand, it is perfectly absurd for him to make declarations "de bene esse," and to state to the public that the committee are disposed to go any "extent in

aid" of the passengers, when he suffers the cabin to be perfumed and the company poisoned by these oily-itchi-nous negroes. He ought to be given to understand, and indeed made "scire facias," that as we "pay in" a large sum of money, there is "no justification" that can be pleaded, or any "exhonoretur entered" for any act of the steward or his partners; in short, for nothing that happens on board, "except under the Lords' act." Another objection that I shall take, is to the facility with which people in the adjoining cabin and "visinage" have "oyer" of all you say, and, by "suggesting breaches" in the "partition," may "inspect" your "proceedings," a "recognisance" that is not very pleasant, especially as the object of all privacy is to avoid having "nul tiel record" of your sayings and doings. Although no man is more reluctant than I am to "take exceptions," especially while "in transitu," or more disposed to take things as I find them, yet, in justice to myself, I must have "a certiorari" to remove such causes "of complaint," as "a teste" of my being in earnest to prevent imposition. "If the question can be put at all," I should like to ask—and I think I have "a right to put it"—why the bread is so badly baked? When I complained of it to the steward, he had the insolence to reply that it was made soft intentionally for the use of the young "John Does" on board, but that he "would strike me off the rolls" if I did not like them; and in case I preferred, what he understood few lawyers did, "a consolidated action," my "daily allowance of bread" should be toasted. It is natural I should feel crusty at such impertinence, and "a stay of proceedings" of this nature. Indeed I have grown so thin, I feel entitled to bring an action "on the case" against the captain—I shall have a "devastavit" against the steward, for the wine is "flat, stale, and unprofit-

able," in consequence of the insufficiency of the "estopples," which are most "inartificially drawn," and, "*absque tali causâ*," would be better with the "clerk of the pipes." There are several ladies on board "femes soles," and "femes couvertes;" but as I have no intention to be "unques accouplé" for at least "infra sex annos," my master will have no occasion to be alarmed at it, as an act "*per quod servitium amisit*." They are, however, a very agreeable "set off" of a "dies non" on shipboard to the "prolixity of our proceedings." My "*prochaine amie*" is a girl of eighteen years of age, beautiful as an houri; but alas, she has not only "*nulla bona*" of which I could have an immediate "*habere facias possessionem*," but unfortunately "*Nil habuit in tenementis*," or I do not know that I would not perpetrate marriage with her "*nunc pro tunc*;" but really I have no idea of committing an unprofessional, and, I may add, ungentlemanlike "misjoinder" with poverty. If I cannot live in proper style when married, and as becomes a person of my station in life, I prefer not having "an attachment" at all, which in such a case would be literally, as well as figuratively, "a criminal proceeding." Matrimony is a great "limitation of action;" it is very apt to involve a man in that most disagreeable and disreputable affair, "a distress for rent;" and what, perhaps, is still more fatal to his success in life, to being frequently "overruled," and having his "judgment reversed," without even the usual formalities of having "cause shown." But if I could find a girl (and I say this in the strictest confidence of "professional secrecy") who had never "given a cognovit" to any other "practitioner," and who could convince me that "*nil debet*," that she had in her own, and not in "*autre droit*," a sufficient quantity of "assets,"

and a respectable sum of money in hand, arising from some good and valid "*last will and testament*," in addition to the "*estate in tail*,"—why then, my dear fellow, let "*me confess*" at once, that if this were the case, and "*si te fecerit securum*," I should make no objection to a "*procedendo*," and bringing the suit to "*issue*" at once, without waiting for leave of "*principals*." It is a way of getting into "*the stocks*" at once legal and honourable; and of all money I know of, none so easy to be obtained, or so pleasant to spend, as *matri* "*money*." The "*usual costs*" arising from marriage "*mensa et thoro*" are not easy to be conceived; and although I have reason to fear I shall begin life, yet I have no wish to terminate it, "*in forma pauperis*;" for you must admit there is a wide difference between having "*bills taxed*" (a species of amusement to which you never "*except*") and being "*taxed with bills*." At present, therefore, I am not disposed to give my fair one a "*notice of trial*," but rather to insist on "*a nonpros*." Talking of pleadings puts me in mind of "*an issue*" joined with a shark which we "*capiased*" to-day. In the first attempt he made "*an escape*," but was "*retaken*" on a "*new trial*." He is one of that species that sailors call "*honest lawyers*;" he was dreadfully convulsed, (though not with laughter,) and struggled to "*rescue*" himself for a long time, nor ceased till he died, but "*actio personalis moritur cum persona*."

It is my intention to visit Massachussets (d. Massachusetts—it) and Connecticut, (d. connexion—I—cut,) and when there, to study their laws and jurisprudence, for "*non sum informatus*" on this subject; and I trust my father will approve of my not losing sight of my vocation whilst thus employing my "*vacation*." When I obtain answers to all my "*interrogatories*" concerning these

matters, I will "put you into possession" of them. In the mean time "arrest your judgment." The only point not necessary to "reserve," is the truth with which I am,

Dear Saunders, yours always,

RICHARD ROE.

---

No. XI.

LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER BEFORE HE HAD TRAVELLED.

MY DEAR MAC,

My publisher has had the assurance to make an excuse of my never having been in America to offer me only half price for my travels, and I have therefore concluded to make a flying visit to that country, so as "to give a face" to them. It was in vain that I protested that the people, who had never seen the colonies, made capital speeches, wrote eloquent despatches, and framed constitutions for them; that one man, who had only seen Canada from a steam-boat and the castle windows, described Nova Scotia and the United States, neither of which he had ever been in, and drew a minute comparison of their general appearance, and the habits and feelings of the people; that another was seized in a bed in Romney Marsh, and sent out to North America as a governor; and, in short, that personal knowledge and practical experience were apt only to engender prejudice, and cloud the understanding. He admitted it all, but said he wanted to have "incidents of travel," striking sketches, and living caricatures, to make the work take—to give it effect—in short, something new—something that should cover untrodden ground.

I am therefore off in the Great Western, and hope to

scour the country in eight weeks, by starting at once, after my arrival, for the extreme points. I shall in a few days reach the prairies by means of railroads and canals, from whence I will dash on among the Pawnees, and kill a buffalo, and from the hunters I will get all I want to fill up the detail. I will then visit the scenes of recent disturbance in Canada, and obtain an interview with some of the rebel leaders, and, by thus dwelling on opposite points, give a magnificent idea of the extent of the ground I have gone over. I have had the book already written for some months past, at least all the laborious parts of it, and have nothing to fill in but the jests and the anecdotes. I have avoided the rambling mode adopted by Hall, Hamilton, and Marryat, and have given it an elaborate, scientific, and analytical division, as follows:—1st Book embraces the geographical position, and natural resources, area, and population; 2nd, Political statistics, including government, revenue, and expenditure, civil, military, and naval affairs; 3rd, Moral statistics, (that is a title that will please the Rads vastly,) including religion and education; 4th, Medical statistics, including comparative mortality, etc.; 5th, Economical statistics, including agriculture, manufactures, navigation, trade, etc. All this is done, and, in my opinion, devilish well done, for a man who knows nothing about it; but the United States almanacs, road-manuals, newspapers, and guide-books, have furnished abundant and, I am inclined to think, authentic information. It is but to hash up the cold collations of my predecessors. The deductions and theories from these facts I feel I can draw as well in London as in America. In this the publishers agree; but they say they want life—"verisimilitude" is their word, and "striking incidents."

The politics are on the safe side—ultra-radical. I have applied a sledge-hammer to the church in the colonies,

blown up the rectories and clergy reserves sky-high, gone the whole figure for responsible governments, (though, between you and me and the post, I can't for the life of me understand the difference between that, in the sense demanded, and independence,) for ballot, universal suffrage, and short parliaments, and illustrated these things by their practical working in the New States of America. As respects the House of Lords, that is a delicate subject. My friend —— fell foul of it, and charged it with legislating in ignorance and inattention. This course may do for him, but for obvious reasons, I think it imprudent in me. His section is the most aristocratic of the parties at present, and I doubt if it would serve my turn to follow his example. The church is a different thing; that is fair game; and I am, in this liberal age, backed by high authority for giving it no quarter. Besides, it is not a "church militant." I have gone beyond Brougham in this, who swears it was the church was the cause of the rebellion in Canada.

As respects the state of slavery in the States, I have gathered anecdotes on board from some travellers, that are capital, especially of Jefferson selling his own children—flogging others, and playing the very devil—of a descendant of Washington being a slave, and set up at auction—and of a white wife being compelled to wait upon the black mistress of her husband, and so on. Talking of slaves reminds me of the Barbadoes Globe, of the 15th of August, which I send you. Read the sermon of an abolition Captain Somebody: it is capital. I wish it served our views to insert it; if it did, I would do so, for it would make an excellent article, particularly where he points to one of their masters, and tells the negroes they must not kill him—must not hate him for his cruelties, and so on; like the old story of not ducking the pick-

pocket. It is magnificent. That fellow ought to head a commission. The quakers should put him into parliament.

Of Lynching I have got some choice stories, and will endeavour to pass through the State where they took place, to give them from the spot. Of the Bowie knife, Arkansaw's toothpick, and other stilletos in use among the settlers on the Indian borders, I imported a specimen when I began the work, and had drawings made in London.

On waste lands in the colonies, some people we wot of have made capital speeches, I understand, as I have written my book, from official returns and fancy. I hear they are right in part, and in part wrong; the right part everybody knew, the wrong nobody ever heard of before. I will "discourse most learnedly" on this matter. I can boast now that I am an eye-witness. *Ego te intus, et in cute novi*; which is more than either of them can say, at any rate. I have made out the following list of subjects for anecdotes, which, like a cork jacket, will make the body of the book float lightly. The appetite of the public is like that of the boa constrictor—it is not satisfied with less than the whole hog. Lynching—spitting—gougeing—steam-boats blown up—slavery—sales and breeding of slaves—licentious manners of the south—slang expressions of the east and west—border doings in Canada—Clay—president—Webster—ignorance of the fine arts—bank frauds—land frauds—stabbing with knives—dinner toasts—flogging in the United States navy—voluntary system—advantage of excluding clergymen from schools, instance Gerard's College, etc.—cruelty to Indians—ravenous eating—vulgar familiarity—boarding-houses—list of names of drink—watering-places—legislative anomalies, and tricks of log rolling bills—anecdotes of Papineau—



Sir John Colburne and Sir F. Head—and some few of women, perhaps the most attractive of all. These I can gather from travellers, and from party men, who, in all countries, never spare their opponents, from country journals, and the speeches of mob-orators. It will spice the work, afford passages for newspaper puffs and paragraphs, and season the whole dish.

All this can be accomplished in eight weeks easily. The Americans live in steam-boats, rail-cars, and stage-coaches, and hotels; so that I shall see them at home while travelling, and of their domestic manners ask freely of any one I meet. It is not necessary to give dates; no one will know when I arrived, when I departed, or how long I was in the country. Dates are awkward boys; they are constantly getting between your legs and throwing you down. I will give the whole a dash of democracy of the new school, being both anti-church and anti-tory, in my opinion. I will talk of general progression—of reform measures—of the folly of finality, and so on. It will take, my dear boy; it will do. I shall go down as soon as any ultra-liberal of the day. I think I see the notices of it already.

“This is a great work.”—*Sun*.

“This work is eminently entitled to public favour.”  
—*Weekly Despatch*.

“This is at once a profound and entertaining work; we never observed anything before so remarkably beautiful as the illustrations. The views are distinguished for picturesque effect and importance of subject. The drawings are accurate and exquisite.”—*The Town*.

“It has been said that Hogarth’s pictures we read, and the same may be said of the prints in the volume before us.”—*Examiner*.

“Of Mr. Grant’s work it is impossible to speak in terms of sufficient approbation. The enlarged views,

varied and accurate information on all topics of general interest, and the liberal and the enlightened tone of thinking that pervade the book, justly entitle him to rank among the most profound thinkers and successful writers of the present day. We cordially congratulate him on his eminent success, and the public on so valuable an addition to its literature. More we cannot say.”—*Satirist*.

“This is decidedly the best book ever written on America.”—*Sunday Times*.

“This work is entitled to a place by the side of Lord Durham’s masterly report ; higher praise it is impossible to accord.”—*Morning Chronicle*.

Then follow “the Beauties of Grant.” How well it sounds ! Think of that, Master Mac. That—that—is fame. If you could get me made a member of some of the London Societies during my absence, it would be of great service to me. An F.R.S., or L.S., or G.S., after one’s name in the title-page, looks well, and what you say then comes *ex cathedra*, as it were. You speak as a man having authority ; you are a “most potent, grave, and reverend signior,” and entitled to be heard among men. I would not mind the expense, if the thing could be managed, for the sake of the *éclat* it would give me and my work, and for the pleasure, too, of letting all the world know the fact, as my volume, I hope, cannot fail to do.

The last book on America is dedicated to the Queen, by special permission, and that alone is a feather in the author’s cap. A book that is inscribed in this formal manner is supposed to be read at least by its patron. Now, although I have no pretensions to this honour, yet my views ought to make my book a favourite with the party whose cause I so strongly advocate, particularly that portion which demonstrates the necessity of conciliating

rival sects by a total rejection of the Bible from the common schools of the nation ; and I confess I shall entertain the hope that Lord B—— will interest himself to obtain for me the special permission of the Marquis of Loco Foco to dedicate my travels to him. His “imprimatur” is, I admit, no great advantage in a literary point of view, but politically it is of the first importance. It will give it “the Tower mark.” It will pass current then as lawful coin. And, now, hurrah for the Pawnees, the Texians, and the Canadians, and Yankee-town ! and then for “Travels in the United States of America, the Texas, and British provinces, with minute and copious details of their geographical, political, moral, medical, and economical statistics, including anecdotes of distinguished living characters, incidents of travel, and a description of the habits, feelings, and domestic life of the people.” Illustrated by numerous drawings and sketches taken on the spot by the author. By Gregory Grant, F. R. S., and M. L. S. Dedicated, by special permission, to the Marquis of Loco Foco.

Here is the pilot on board ; all is bustle and confusion. God bless you, dear Mac. Don't forget the F. R. S. or some other A. S. S. Society. Adieu.

Yours always,

GREGORY GRANT.

---

## No. XII.

### LETTER FROM A STOKER.

LAST nite as ever was in Bristul, Captain Claxton ired me for to go to Americka on board this steemer Big West un as a stoker, and them as follered me all along the rode from Lunnun, may foller me there tuo if they liks, and be damnaed to em, and much good may it do them tuo,

for priggin in England aint no sin in the States, were every man is free to do as he pleseth, and ax no uns lif neither, and wher there is no pellise, nor constables, nor Fleets, nor Newgates, and no need of reforms. I couldn't sleep all nite for lafeing, when I thort ou theyd stare wen they eard i was off, and tuck the plate of Lord Springfield off with me, and they looking all round Bristol, and ad their panes for there trouble. I havent wurk so ard sinse I rund away from farmer Doggins the nite he was noked off his orse and made to stand, and lost his purs of munny as he got fur his corn, as I av sinse I listed for a stoker. Ime blest if it arnt cruel ard wurk ear. I wurks in the cole ole day and nite, a moving cole for the furniss, which never goes out, but burns for ever and ever; and there is no hair, it is so ot my mouth is eated, so that wat I drinks smox and isses as if it wur a ort iron, and my flesh is as dry as ung beef, and the only consholation I av is Ide a been ung beef in earnest if they ad a nabbed me afore I left Bristol, all owin to Bill Sawyer peachin on me. No wun would no me now, for I am as black as the ace of spades as was, and so is my shurt, and for clene shetes, how long wood they be clene and me in them, and my skin is cracked like roastid pig, when there be not fat enough to baste it, or yu to lazy to du it, which was often your case, and well you cort it for it tuo when I was out of sorts, which was enuf to vex a man as risked his life to get it; and then my eyes is soar with dust as comes from the cole, and so stiff, I arent power to shute them, because they be so dry, and my mouth tasts sulfur always, as bad as them as go to the devil in earnest, as Sally Mander did. I have no peace at all, and will not be sorry when it's over; if i survive it, blow me if I will. I smells like roste beaf, and the rats cum smelling round me as if they'd like to ave a cut and cum agin, but they will find it a tuf business and no gravy, as the frenchman said who lived tuo hull weaks

on his shuse, and dide wen he cum to the heles, which he said was rather tuo much, but i can't said I like their company a morsel more nor Bill Sawyerses, and blast me if I donte be even with him, if he comes to America, for that gud turn he did me in blowing on me for the silver, wich if he adnt dun, ide a bin living at my ease at ome with you, and may be married you, if you and the children ad behaved well, and showed yourselves wurthy of it; as it is, i can't say whether we are to mete agin or not; but I will rite to you when I lands the plate, and let you no what my prospect is in my line in New York. Then my shuse is baked so ard, they brake like pycrust, and my clothes wat with what cum'd out of me like rain at fust, and the steme that cums out like wise, which is oncredibill, and wat with the dust as cum out of the cole, is set like mortar, and as stiff as cement, and stand up of themselves as strate as a christian, so they do; and if I ad your and in my and it wood melt like butter, and you that is so soft wood run away like a candle with a thief in it; so you are better off where you be than here till I cool down agin and cum tuo; for I'me blest if I woodn't sit a bed a fire, I'me so ort. This is orrid wurk for him as has more silver in his bag than arf the passengers as, and is used to do as little wurk as the best of them is. I've got urted in my cheek with a stone that busted arter it got red ort in the grate, and flew out with an exploshun like a busted biler; only I wish it had been water insted, for it would have been softer nor it was, for it was as ard as a cannun-ball; it noked down to of my teeth, and then noked me down, and made a smell like searin a orses tail with red ort irn, which is the cause of its not bleeding much, tho' it swelled as big as a turnip, which accashuns me to keep wun eye shut, as it's no use to open it when its swelled all over it, for I can't sea. If that's the way peepul was stoned to death, as I've eared when I was a boy, when

there was profits in religion, it must have been a painful end, as I no to my cost, who was most drowned holden my ed in a tub of water to squench the red ort stone, which made the water tuo ort to bear any longer, and wen I tuked it out it was tuo much eated to old in my and. My feet also looks like a tin cullindur or a sifter full of small oles, were the red ort sinders have burned into the bone. Them as node me wunce woodn't swear to me now, with a ole in my face as big as my mouth, that I adn't afore, and too back teeth out, as I had afore, and my skin as black as ink, and my flesh like dride codfish, and my hare dride wite and frizzed with the eat like nea-ger's, or goose fethers in ort ashes to make quills, and me able to drink a gallon of porter without wunce taking breth, and not fele it for ewaporation, and my skin so kivered with dust and grit, you could sharpen a knife on it, and my throte furred up like a ship's biler, and me that cood scarcely scroudge thro' a windur, that can now pass out of a kee ole, and not tear my clothes in the wards. Wun cumfit is, I was not see-sick, unless being sick of the see, for I have no licker in me, for watever I eat is baked into pot py and no gravy, which cums of the great eat in the furniss, and burns raises no blisters, for they ain't any watter inside to make wun, only leves a mark, as the ort poker does on the flore; and wen my turn cums to sleap, it's no longer trying this side and then that, and then rolling back agin, a trying and not being able, for thinking and talking, but sleep cums on afore I can ly down, and all the pellise at Bo street woodn't wake me no more than a corps, wen I am wunce down in earnest. If I wasn't in a urry, I'd stick them up with wurking like a orse in the mail, that runs day and nite, and never stops. It woodn't be long afore I'de nock off a bolt, or skru, or nut, or sumthing of that kind, which ud cause them to let out steam and repair, which wood give half a day's

rest to wun, but as it's the first and the last of my stoker-ing, why the sunner there is an end to it the better. No man cood identical me with a safe consience, and no perjury, so if the yankees spend their munny, as I av hurd till sinse I tuck passage, on thur backs insted of carrying it in their pockets, i may return, after a short alibi, to you and the children, which will depend on ou you aul up in time, and keaps out of Low cumpany; that is, barring accidents, for there is no noing what may appen, for them as carrys booy nives behind the kapes of their cotes, and pistuls in their pockets, insted of pistoles, are ugly customers, and a feller may find himself delivered of a mistake afore he noeth where he is, for they are apt to save the law a job are them nives, so they are, and Ide rather trust to a jug messing fire, or not hitting his man, anytime to side-arms, for them big wigs oftener ang fire than ang a man. They are bad things them cut and thrusts, for both sides, as Tom Hodge used to say, "He who stabbeth with his tung, is in no danger of being ung, but he who stabbeth with his nife is damned apt to loose his own life." When you receive this litter, go to Black-friars to the swimmers, and in the four foot of the bed, in the left room in the garrit as I used to use when bisnis called, you will find the same oller as in yours bed sted, and take the gold sneezer as is there, which will raise the wind, and be careful, as there is no noin' when we may meet, or wheter I will av time to send you any Blunt or no, which will depend on how you conduct behind my back, i don't mene this by way of discouragement, but to int you are too fond of drink, and keeping company with needy mizlers to kepe secrets for any wun without bringing him to the crap, and now that I'm in another world I expect you will give luse to your one inwenshuns, which will be the ruin of you yet, as well as of them as has the pleasure of your ackwaintance, in wich case you

don't car agin from me, and I luk for sum wun as nose how to place a proper valy on advice when they gets it, which wasn't your case for sum tim gone. My present sitivashin as all cum of not noing ou to be silent, or bill Sawyer cudn't av ruined me in my busines; but never mind, it's a long lane that has no turn in it, as the chap sed to console himself in the treadmill. Remember me to Jim Spriggins, who is the primeest ruffling cove I ever shared a swag with; tell him I'me no transport, tho' I'me bound over the watter, for I'me just visiting furrin parts as the gents do on account of having lived too free at home, and that I ope to nap many a reader yet, if providence blesses our undertakings. So no more at present time from your loving friend,

BILL HOLMES.

---

No. XIII.

LETTER FROM A STOCKHOLDER OF THE GREAT WESTERN  
TO THE SECRETARY.

SIR,

I duly received your favour, under date of the 30th ult., per Mr. Scribe the clerk, which came to hand at time of sailing, and note its contents. I notice your request that I should forward to you per first ship viâ New York, that leaves after our arrival, touching at an English port, such suggestions and alterations as occur in a careful review of the fixtures, stock in hand, and miscellaneous articles on board, and have great pleasure in now executing your order, and hope that the manner will prove satisfactory. The first remark on the catalogue I would offer, is upon the alarming preponderance of Americans on board, they being one



moiety or half part of the assortment of passengers mentioned in the bills of lading of the live cargo, the balance being made up of foreigners, provincials, and English. In the event of any sudden breaking out of hostilities, while on the passage, between the two nations, as was recently feared, the provincials might sympathise with the Americans, who are troublesome customers; and the Poles, I would stake my existence, as natural friends of liberty, having served an apprenticeship to the business, would side with them; and the French, from their known antipathy to what they call their antiquarian enemies the British, together with the steward and his body-guard, who are all Africo-Americans, and whose home, if they can be said to have any who are in bondage abroad, is the United States, would be ditto, and not neutral. Reinforced by this extensive additional supply of auxiliaries against us, they would be enabled to make a run upon the English captain and his brave countrymen the stokers, and perhaps Lynch them, and seize the steamer, which is too fast to be overtaken, and too strong to be retaken, or else I am much mistaken. It is not easy to contemplate such a stoppage in our line without feelings of consternation and panic: and I submit it with all due deference to your honourable board, for some premonitory measure that shall obviate such an alarming occurrence as a total loss. Yesterday, when we thought of making a deviation and putting into Halifax to ascertain whether Maine and New Brunswick had declared war, the Americans put us all into bodily fear that they would put us into confinement, and make prisoners of us without ransom, and such fears should be removed by removing the moving cause. Another serious item, serious from the consequences as well as the magnitude, is that of the number of lights on board,

whereby, not to mention waste, the safety of the ship, comprising a very extensive assortment of valuable articles, not necessary to enumerate, and of the passengers is endangered, as well as of other vessels and passengers. We have now two actions pending at New York against us, for the loss of two ships, that, mistaking our immense volume of light for a lighthouse mentioned in the coast-book, steered accordingly, and were wrecked on the rocky shore, which, in their vain-glorious and boasting language, they call "iron-bound." I have suggested to Mr. Ogden, who is the most eminent counsel in New York, whether we might not plead or aver, that if the coast is "iron-bound," it was magnetic attraction, and not excess of light, that caused them to be lost in the darkness of the night. If this idea prevails, it will cure them of making a selection of such high-sounding words to denote ordinary things, and teach them to substitute facts for poetic fiction of imagination in transacting business. I consider there is great danger of fire, and prospect of immense sacrifice of entire stock, if the strictest regard to economy in the distribution of it is not attended to; for although the fire of the engine falls into water, it would not be so easy to make water fall upon the fire; and fire, as you used to say, sir, very forcibly and appropriately, is a bad master, though a good servant. I would, with your kind indulgence, obviate the danger to the premises, by refusing to supply the passengers individually with a lamp or candle, or ignition of any kind, and order that when they close the concern and shut up for the night, to go to bed, they should be accompanied by a waiter, who should stand by them with a dark lantern in his hand, open for the men, but held behind him for the ladies. Premium of insurance would be reduced by underwriters on the policy by this means,

and brokerage saved also, as well as the amount of petty average of anxiety.

As to the stock of provision on board, I would materially alter the assortment of solids and fluids. In this line I would mention the article of soda; four thousand bottles of which were drunk during the voyage, which is an immense consumption, notwithstanding the price at which it was laid in was unrivalled for cheapness, on account of the liberal discount allowed for prompt pay. Such a quantity is injurious to the health, being a system of diet that lowers the system of body, occupies the time of the waiters in drawing corks, and is very expensive. It is called for chiefly among the Americans, who, I may say, are the only customers: and they order it by wholesale—their principal pleasure, I believe, arising from the explosion, resembling that of a rifle. But this is only another way of rifling your pockets, as they would serve your bodies; I would order the consignees at New York not to lay in so heavy a stock of the article, the very freight of which runs up to a considerable sum.

I would have fewer sorts of dishes and of a better sort, and fewer kinds of wines and of a better kind; a great deal of meat is now wasted, besides what is put under the waist, in trying which they give a preference to. This makes the passengers sick, and keeps them with empty stomachs, ready to empty the dishes as well as the bottles. I humbly conceive this want of apportionment is bad economy, or rather no economy. I should prefer a selection of heavy wines, as less would do by fifty per cent.—it takes a vast deal of light wines to make a man light-headed, and weak wines a man may drink for a week, and feel no stronger for the stowage. One excellent expedient to prevent excessive drinking, would be to engage a doctor on reasonable terms, who could sing well: a good

song and a long song between the glasses prevents wasting liquid by its lien on the decanters; and every turn of the bottle among one hundred and ten passengers costs in exact computation one hundred and ten glasses of wine, which amounts to more than seven bottles, a heavy item in the account. There is, it appears to me, an advantageous opening here for an improvement. The article too should be imported direct, so as to save commissions and retail profits, and laid in at costs and charges only, to do business to advantage. I would observe, shipping-charges at Bristol are too high, especially dockage, wharfage, lighterage, and primage; and therefore laying in at New York is preferable, and, to save custom-house expenses, everything should be included in one cockit. There should also be a lieutenant on board,—I do not mean tenants that have left, for there are always plenty of them, but an officer so called, independent of the mates. This officer should have charge of the cabin, and the cabin charges, and of the passengers and their baggages, all of whom ought to be in his convoy. He should preside over the table, and relieve the captain of this department, who, never being brought up to this line of business, is unacquainted with particulars, although emulous to merit public approbation and patronage by assiduous attention. In addition to this, the captain is a “chartist,” and consequently not so well fitted for large assemblies. As to the decorations of the saloons, they are most costly, though the prime cost is not to be complained of, but they produce no return; the fabricks are elegant and of durable materials, and warranted of first quality, especially the drapery, which is of the newest pattern and fashion. They are now much damaged, and stand at the reduced value of remnants, especially the paintings. Now, although a mere daub can never become a good picture, yet a fine painting may easily become a mere daub, as is

proved on board of this vessel, for the servants are constantly rubbing their dirty hands on them. A touchy servant is the most disagreeable of all attendants; and although I detest one that is thievish, I make no objection at all to one that is light-fingered. I would intimate, therefore, as an addition to your orders, that there should be no more black servants, for it is obvious that a hand that is always black must be dirtier than one that is only occasionally so. Although there is no supper laid, yet, judging from the quantity drunk, there are some tolerable suppers on board, and anchovies, sardines, and salt fish should be carefully excluded from the invoice, and considered contraband, as well as all provoking things. He who thirsts after drink soon becomes bloody thirsty, and is a dangerous customer. This is the more unsafe, because in these premises we are constantly kept in hot water. Another improvement would be, to remove the tube that runs the whole length of the cabin under the table, and answers no purpose but steaming calves' feet into jelly, and to place it on the table, where it might run counter to the dishes, and be useful in keeping the dinner warm, as well as to make articles show to advantage. I have no objection to cold meat, but I like hot soup, and fish that comes to table not warmed is out of "place;" and I like to hear young ladies' tongues chatter, but not their teeth. Two saloons would be better than one, and give more satisfaction, on an average, to those who favour us with their custom; for though I admire a mob cap, I detest a mob of caps. The side-paths between the tables and the walls, being scant ell wide, are too narrow for two to pass and repass without trespassing on each other's feet. A lady told me to-day, she never knew before the pain of being "sirpassed;" and though she had no objection to the "freedom of the press," she has great repugnance to a "press-gang,"

and had no idea of being "pressed on board ship." But the most beneficial alteration that has occurred to me to make on board of the ship, so as to make it yield a good dividend to proprietors, and command an extensive run of patronage, would be to subject the passengers to animal magnetism. As soon as they come on board they should be put to sleep and disposed of, by being packed carefully into their respective beds, and left there as on shelves, until the steamer performs her voyage, when they could be all handed down, unanimal-magnetised, and sent ashore. It would save much that now swells up the account-current for the table and attendants, spare them the pain and suffering of sea-sickness, and prevent all noise and confusion. You could then afford to make a great reduction in the passage-money by this means, for a long voyage would be no more expensive, as far as the cabin disbursements are concerned, than a short one; and you could book double the number of insides and fill your way-bill up handsomely. A magnetiser would have to be employed, of known skill, so as to render advertising attractive and profitable. He should be a pupil of Dr. Elliotson, or some such distinguished man—a person in well-established business, well known to the nobility and gentry generally of his vicinity, and one in whom the public at large has great confidence. Whether so strong an assemblage of magnetic influence would affect the compass deserves consideration, and experimental trips should first be tried on the Thames and other places. For this invention you might obtain a patent, and the Great Western would thereby have a monopoly in her line of business, and defy all rival competition, by driving all others out of the field, or at least out the sea.

What a sea of trouble it would save! what an era it would form in naval history! what a blessing to mankind!

crying children put to sleep—scolding wives set at rest—grumblers silenced—drunkards sobered—hungry people quieted—agitators calmed. The cabin would then be fitted up like a museum, every specimen marked, numbered, parcelled, and shelved, and order and regularity restored, while economy and comfort (the you tilly dull sea) would pervade the whole assortment. It is the best expedient I know of, to remedy all evils, and ensure lasting custom, and a safe investment for capital, as well as please principals. Trusting that the enumeration of items I have now the pleasure to forward, in executing your commission, will arrive safe to hand and give satisfaction,

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM WISDOM.

---

#### No. XIV.

LETTER FROM A SERVANT IN SEARCH OF A PLACE.

DEAR TUMMUS,

Curnel Rackitt having thort proper to stop sherry in the servants' hall, and give porter in sted, I give him warning that such improper conduct wouldn't do no longer, as I ad been always used to live with gentlemen, and to be treated as a footman ort; and besides, livery I won't wear no longer for no man breathing. It arn't fit one man should wear bondage cloths to another man, and so I go to Amerika, where there is no such word as servant, but assistance and helps, and where talents is rewarded as it deserves, and there is no distinctions to be found. I av engaged with captain Haltfront to help him during the voyage, and he is to pay my passage; but I didn't engage not to be sea-sick, which of course I av

thort proper to be, whenever he is on deck, which is not often, and consequently av nothing to do but eat and drink my allowance, which, thank God, I can do very well, and he av the steward and ship's servants to wait upon him, which is enuf in all conscience without me. In Amerika, as I hear, servants is called misters, and wine and vegetables being on table and the company handing dishes, helps has nothing to do but set down on cheers and read the papers, unless it be to change a plate now and agin, which is only performer like; and is often taken into business, and marries into the family; and, wearing no livery, can dine at hotels at public tables, if not on duty, and has money to pay for it. Little offences aint thort nothing of where public officers do the like, as I hear, and where munny is so plenty people make a fortен sometimes by failing in business, which the steward says is not uncommon by no manner of means.

Howsumever, I must say I pittees Miss Rackitt, Curnel's dorter, poor thing! for she was unkimmon fond of me, that's a clear case, and would have absconded as quick as wink with me, if I had but thort proper to av sed the wurd; but, being dependent upon her father, couldn't keep an establishment, which wouldn't do for me, as I couldn't afford to marry a poor girl, let her beautiful charms be ever so cunspikious. I wunder who will tie on her clogs and squeeze her ankles now I am gone, and a prettier foot and ankle there aint this day in all Lundun, tho' perhaps it don't become me to bost of my nolegs in this pint. Her waiting wumman Jane, (you node Jane, she that had the fine black eyes,) well Jane was always jealous of her, and I ad enuf to do, I can telly, to pacify her, inting to her it was all her hone immagination, and that I wouldn't touch her mistress with a pair of tongs, and that hartificial flowers like she had no sweetness in them, like the real roses of her lips and cheeks; but



wimmen do find things out astonishing, and it aint easy to deceive them in matters of the art and eyes—tho' to my mind she aint no more to be compared to miss, than sider is to shampane. Indeed missus herself wouldn't av had no objections to go off neether, I can tell yaw, if I ad but consinted to lift up my hand and whistled, if it warn't for fear of the Curnel, for she tuk great notis of me, and was proper vexed when I giv warning, and told me herself I was a fool, and didn't no how to valy my place, and complained bitterly she was deceived in me; which she wouldn't av done at no rate, if she warn't cross at loosing me in such a sudden manner for ever; but I never did deceive her, nor give her no encouragement, on no occasion whatsumever, for I prefered miss by a great deal. Second and pieces of furniture isn't to my taste, by no manner of means, and if she ad pesisted in saying much more I should av told her so to her face, for I didn't like her; she was old, wore false curls, and had sum teeth that wasn't her hone, and warn't at all fit for a fancy wummon for any young man like me. If ever I marrys for munny I must av good looks too, or I am off the bargain, that's flat. They has the ballad and universal sufferig, as I am informed, in Amerika, and I shall have a vote in course : but it's no use as I hear, for vot-ing is considered low where it's so common, and there's no thanks where no one nose how you votes—so reform, it seems, is no great shakes arter all Lord John's flams about it. Public service I should much prefer to private, as I understand they gits eight dollars a day at a place they calls Washington, and great vails too, besides rising, if your tail is large like O'Connell's, who has the biggest in all Ireland, for I hear Stevenson, the Yankee minister, was only a public servant, and no better, and rose by his tail too, as our monkey used to hold on by his, and help himself up. I shall try my luck there, and if I gets

upon the world, who nose but I may come back as a tatchy, or sumthing of that sort, to England, some of these days, and show Curnel Rackitt what service in Amerika is. One think I av seen myself, an officer dine at our table at master's who ad seen service in his younger days himself, and was made as much of as if he had never stood behind a chair in his life, and so far from being ashamed of it, as some people as I nose of would be, boasted of it, which showed his sense. Poverty aint no sin or disgrace neither, and barbers' sons have riz afore now to be pears; whereas my real father, as I have heard said, is a reform member, and high up in office, tho' my mother had the misfortune to be a servant, which is more than sum can boast of, whose parents was low people on father's and mother's side both. If I was so fortunate as to make a fortin by mariage, or public service, or become a Curnel myself, which I hear is quite common in Amerika, for servants to rise to be Curnels and even Generals sometimes, I would cum back in course to London to spend it, where life is certainly understood to be spent, and seemly and becoming a man of fortin; and theatres, and operas are open every nite, and andsum girls and good wine only wants the means, and perfessing reform opinions gives good interest. Breaking lamps, and driving over people on side-paths, and nocking down policemen, is easy learned, and so is not paying tradesmen's bills, and then running off with another man's wife would be worth while, it would make a person fashionable, and a great favorete with the wimmem. I have heard missus (or rather I should say Mrs. Rackitt) often call Markiss Blowhard a villain behind his back for his love affairs, and that he ort to be shut out of families, for too bad, and be as civil to him next day as if he was Archbishop of Canterbury; but wimmem always pretend to be shocked at what pleases them most, and carrying two

faces aint confined to no station. Half seas over to Amerika makes me feel more nor half free already; at all events I practises making free when hoportunity offers. Says the skipper to me one day, (he is a leftenant in the navy,) says he, "Are you Captain Haltfront's servant?" Without getting up, or touching hats, but setting at ease, says I, "I didn't know he had a servant, sir." "Didn't know he had one, sir?" said he, "pray what the devil do you call yourself, if you are not his servant?" "Why, sir," said I, cocking my head a one side, and trying to come Yankee over him, "he receives the Queen's pay, sir, and wears her regimentals; he has an allowance for an assistant, which I receive, and wear her majesty's cockade too. We serves her Majesty, sir, and I am under the captain's command—do you take, sir?" "Why, you infernal, conceited rascal," said he, "if you were under my command, sir, instead of his, Ide let you no dam quick whose servant you were." "Ah, very like, sir," said I, still keeping my seat, and crossing one leg over the other, free and easy, and swinging my foot, "very like, sir; but you don't happen to have that honour, and my passage-money is paid to your masters, the owners of this boat, at Bristol, which happens to alter the case a bit. You can go, sir." "Go, sir!" said he; "why, dam your eyes, sir, what do you mean? do you want to be triced up, sir?" and he walked away in a devil of a hurry, as if he was going to do something, but he didn't honour me again with his company. I have put up with a good deal in my time, Tummus, but I puts up with no more. No man calls me servant again unless at eight dollars a day as a public one, at Washington, or Van Buren, or Webster, or some of the large cities, where, as I here, no one lives, but every one passes thro', and don't no you again. If that don't do, some other line must. Wine, wimmen, and cigars is my motter; and she what

bids for me bids high, Tummus, or she don't av the honour of belonging to the establishment of

Your old companion and friend,

ROBERT COOPER.

P. S. When you write to me, write this way :

A mister

Mister Cooper,

Poste-restornte,

New Yorke, Amerika.

I don't no as I av spelt restornte rite or no, it's the French for let it stop in the office till called for. Curnel's letters, when he and me was on the continent travelling, had it on, and it looks knowing. The governess will tell you how to spell it, and you may kiss her for thanks, and get another kiss for change. Don't forget the two misters, for these little things marks the gentleman; and it might do me good such letters coming to me, especially among females, whose curiosity is always on the key veave, and takes such forrin-looking letters for Billy duxes, or assassinations of some fair one or another. If the governess would write the back of the letter herself it would be better, for then the hand-writing would be feminine gender, as Miss Rackitt used to call the Spanish lap-dog bitch.

Yours again,

R. C.

---

## No. XV.

LETTER FROM A FRENCH PASSENGER TO HIS FRIEND  
IN LONDON.

MY DEAR SARE,

I have vary mush pleasure to you inform I evakuate England on bord de Great Western on de 22nd ultimo, wid werry little vind and smooth watere, and next day it dropt astarne and was lost to de view altogedare. I cannot tell if I speak de trut, I was soary to leave it behind me. De smooth watere did not long remain, but soon became onraged and terrifique, and I grew vary sick, and was brought to bed wid nausea and de acke in de head, where I was confined meself, and could not prevent for several days my being delivered of all I eat. Whatever I take I refuse, and what I swallow I throw away. All sweet is vary sour, and noting good likes my stomach.

By and by I become round again and get up, and den vate spectacles for de eyes de cabin gives, one hunder and ten passengare at de table at one and de same time, and no confusione but de confusione of de tongs. One ting on board of de steam-boat I vary much do admire—you are not troobled with wind. Blow which ever way he will, backward or forward, it is all de same as one, you go right by de head all de time.

I find de English tonge vary tuff, and I am hard to understand it. De meaning of de words is so scattared, it is not easy for to gadare dem, all at de same time to chuse dat wot fits de best to de right place. Dere is "look out," which is to put out your head and to see; and "look out," which is to haul in your head and not for to see, just contraire. To-day steward took hold

of de sky-light, and said, "Look out;" well, I put up my head for to "look out," and he shut down de sash on it and gave me a cut almost all over my face with pains of glass, and said, "Dat is not de way to "look out," you should have took your head in." Dat is beating de English into de head wid de devil to it likewise. It keeps me in de boiling watare all de time. When I make in de English tong mistake, de company all laugh in my countenance, which is vary disagreeable and barbare, but to avoid consequence hostile, I join in de laugh meself, and bark out too at my own blunders, so loud as de loudest of dem all, but dere is no much pleasure in de practice; but when you shall find yourself in a Rome, you must do as it is done in de Rome. Politeness cannot be hoped hare on ship board, where dere of men are many kinds, for you cannot look to make a silk purse out of de ear of one big pig. De wedare has been vary onfair, and de sea so tall as a mountain, so that de glasses no more cannot stand up, nor de soup sit still in de plate, but slide about as on de ice when it is slippair, and roll over in one united states of confusione, passengare, dinnare, and all. We have one dreadful flare up every night in de cabin, which fill me vary full brim of fear, all de same as one light-house. What would become of us if we were to be burned in de watare wid fire, I do not know, so many peoples and so few gigs and boots to get in, and so great way off is de land. Candles, and lamps, and ceegars in every man's mouth widout nombre, and de furnace in de belly of de ship all burning at de same instant time, make it dangereuse every where, and though the captain order one general blow up of dem all at ten o'clock, yet I vary mush fear some onderminded person like de English lawyer shall put de candle, not onder de bushel, but onder de bed.

As de English shall be vary fond of fires in de night, burning barns and staks of hay and corn to produce one grand effect politique of reform, so I would take de libarty to send you one sketch imagenatif of that horreable event, de burning of de Great Western in de sea, which will give you, I hope, much pleasure to see, as it do me to prepare it for you wid pencil. When I was well, I spend my time vary agreeable wid de ladies in de prominade on deck when de weather shall give leave, and on making game at cards with snatches of musick, and in de evening in de sheets sketching de figures grotesque of the passengare estrangare, and in ventriloquism, which produce effect vary comique; but de passage shall come over almost so fast as my illness was, which no give me much time for comepany.

So soon as we will slip our cable at New York I was land, and come visit de Yankee of New England—de Frenchman of Canada—de sauvage of de wood—de black of de Sout, and de backwoodsman wat shoot wit de rifle, in successione, and study de democracy of de government. It is a country unique, I believe, with abundance of food philosophique for reflectione. If it is only no more as one-half so grand a conetry as de Americans on board was boast, it will be de finest conetry in de whole universe globe, for to ali things they say splendid—magnifique—suparbe. Certain dey appear one people drole. Niagara is widout dout one grand spectacle, but clompy, widout shape or elegance, and not to be compared to de sublime water-works of Versailles, which is the bouquet of all, de first in de world. But to estrangares who was not visit France, and been so good fortunate as to see that grand artificial work of de great natione, Niagara may, perhaps, appear wonderful. So it is with Vesuve in like manner.

In realita it fall vary far to de behind of de imaginatif in fire-works in de Champs de Mars, in de glorious days of July at Paris. He who is not seen dat city, my good sare, has seen just noting at all, where nature and art form one alliance, intimate, graceful, and unique. It is the one place only in the world for a man vot has taste, litteraire, imaginatif, and gastronomique.

What they can boast with truth goot right in Amerique, if dey only had de taste culinaire, which dey are so misfortunate as not for to be, is de grand reservoirs, de great lakes, and immense rivares of fresh watare make for dat most delicate morceau, de frog, which I hear are in great abundance dere, and vary fine, sporting demselves, and singing night and day, like veritable birds, tho' the musick is not so good as de eat, which is fit for a king. I make to myself one promise, they shall compensate for a great deal of de miseraire in de table; but at present I hear it is so much thrown away upon dem as pearls before de swine pigs, dey are so ignorant and barbare, as not even to know de dish but for make laugh.

In England, also, is one vary great ting wanted in de educatione of de houses commons of de people, is to have de knowledge of de art to cook de fare, so as to make it fit to eat for de palate and de stomach, and what is more, to de pokeet, and to make de one half food dan de whole go furdare. Den you will hear of starving peoples again no more as before, which cannot be oderwise when more is consumed in waste in one day by ignorance, den shall render for de whole week entire in consumptione necessaire. It is more better as cheaper; and let goot cooking of de vitals last only for five year in de conetrey, it shall wipe up de nationale debt, till it shall be no more seen, and noting remain. Wate else have enable France to



support de army of Napoleon, or wate is called de occupation, which was of Prusse, and Russe, and Anglaise, when combined in round Paris, but de art to cook? Or wate now hold up de grand militaire and navy, or defray de debt of de natione, which is not commerciale, nor manufacture, but de art to cook? It is de single ting necessaire to jenerale happiness, riches, and health, and widout it man is no more as a savage, who was waste more as he eats, and eats more as pig den human being. Lord Brougham (who is more distinguished for what goes out of his mout den what goes into it) have gone boast “de schoolmaster is abroad.” Vel, wate of all dat? De schoolmaster is not de right man aftare all; but if will say “de cook is abroad,” den he shall speak sense for once undeniable. De cook is de gentleman dat shall make von grand reform in de English natione more better as ballot, or universal sufferage, or de Lord John Russell, all in one pile heap up togedare. De John Bull vat is poor is so savage as a bloodhound—for why? because he feeds on rau meat; de Chartist is wicked because his stomach is out of de order; and so is de Radical vary cross and sour, because he is despeptic, bilious, and trobled wid wind; and de rish man, wat you call Whig, go hang and drown himself for noting at all but because his digestion is bad. Ah, my dear sare, my goot friend, de cook is de doctore—de statesman—de patriot! Speak of educatione nationale, mon Dieu! it is cooking nationale vat you shall want; and dis do put mind in me to go talk to de steward about de dinnair; so I must have take de honore to subscribe to you,

Myself, wid great respect, your obedient servant,

FREDERICK FRELIN.

## No. XVI.

## LETTER FROM AN OLD HAND.

MY DEAR JAMES,

Just as I was embarking, I received your letter requesting me to give you a full account of my voyage, and such hints as might be useful to you when you shall make the passage yourself. The first is unnecessary, for there is nothing to tell. Every man is alike, every woman is alike, (they are more alike than the men, too much of the devil in them,) every ship is alike, especially steam-ships, and the incidents of one voyage are common to all—"Facies non omnibus una, nec tamen diversa."

The company usually consists of young officers joining regiments; talk, Gibraltar, Cape, Halifax, Horse Guards, promotion and sporting—of naval men; talk, insults to flag, foreign stations, crack frigates, round sterns, old admiral—of speculators; talk, cotton, tobacco, flour—of provincials; talk, Durham, Head, Colborne, Poulett Thomson—of travellers; talk, Mississippi, Niagara, Mahone Bay—of women; talk, headache, amusements, and nonsense about Byron—of Yankees; talk, Loco Foco's go-ahead, dollars—of manufacturers; talk, steam, factors and machinery—of blockheads, who chatter like monkeys about everything. The incidents are common to all; fall on the deck—wet through—very sick—bad wine—cold dinner—rough weather—shipt a sea and a tureen of soup—spoke to a ship, but could'nt hear—saw a whale, but so far off, only a black line—feel sulky. There is nothing therefore, to tell you but what has been told a thousand times, and never was worth telling once; but there are a few maxims worth knowing.

1st. Call steward, inquire the number of your cabin;

he will tell you it is No. 1, perhaps. Ah, very true, steward; here is half a sovereign to begin with; don't forget *it is* No. 1. This is the beginning of the voyage, I shall not forget the end of it. He never does lose sight of No. 1, and you continue to be No. 1 ever after;—best dish at dinner, by accident, is always placed before you, best attendance behind you, and so on. You can never say with the poor devil that was henpecked, “the first of the tea and the last of the cooff-ee for poor Jerr-y.”  
—*I always do this.*

2nd. If you are to have a chum, take a young one, and you can have your own way by breaking him in yourself.  
—*I always do.*

3rd. If the berths are over each other, let the young fellow climb, and do you take the lowest one; it is better he should break his neck than you.—*I always do.*

4th. All the luggage not required for immediate use is marked “below.” Don't mark yours at all, and you have it all in your own cabin, where you know where to find it when you want it. It is not then squeezed to death by a hundred tons of trunks. If you have not room for it all, hint to your young chum he has too much baggage, and some of it must go “below.”—*I always do.*

5th. Don't talk French, it brings all those chattering grimacing fellows about you.—*I never do.*

6th. Make no acquaintance with women, on many accounts; first, they have no business on board; and secondly, they are too troublesome.—*I never do.*

7th. Never speak to a child, or you can't get clear of the nasty little lap-dog-thing ever afterwards.—*I never do.*

8th. Always judge your fellow passengers to be the opposite of what they strive to appear to be. For instance, a military man is not quarrelsome, for no man doubts his courage; a snob is. A clergyman is not over

strait-laced, for his piety is not questioned,—but a cheat is. A lawyer is not apt to be argumentative; but an actor is. A woman that is all smiles and graces is a vixen at heart; snakes fascinate. A stranger that is obsequious, and over civil without apparent cause, is treacherous; cats that purr are apt to bite and scratch like the devil. Pride is one thing, assumption is another; the latter must always get the cold shoulder, for whoever shows it is no gentleman; men never affect to be what they are, but what they are not. The only man who really is what he appears to be, *is*—a gentleman.—*I always judge thus.*

9th. Keep no money in your pockets; when your clothes are brushed in the morning, it is apt—ahem—to fall out.—*I never do.*

10th. At table see what wine the captain drinks; it is not the worst.—*I always do.*

11th. Never be “at home” on any subject to stupid fellows; they won’t “call again.”—*I never am.*

12th. Never discuss religion or politics with those who hold opinions opposite to yours; they are subjects that heat in handling until they burn your fingers. Never talk learnedly on topics you know, it makes people afraid of you. Never talk on subjects you don’t know, it makes people despise you. Never argue, no man is worth the trouble of convincing; and the better you reason, the more obstinate people become. Never pun on a man’s words, it is as bad as spitting in his face; in short, whenever practicable, let others perform, and do you look on. A seat in the dress-circle is preferable to a part in the play.—*This is my rule.*

13th. Be always civil, and no one will wish to be rude to you; be ceremonious, and people cannot if they would. Impertinence seldom honours you with a visit without an invitation—at least——*I always find it so.*

14th. Never sit opposite a carving dish ; there is not time for doing pretty.—*I never do.*

15th. Never take a place opposite a newly-married couple. It is a great many things—tiresome, tantalising, disgusting, and so on.—*I never do.*

16th. Never sit near a subordinate officer of the ship ; they are always the worst served, and are too much at home to be agreeable.—*I never do.*

17th. Never play at cards. Some people know too little for your temper, and others too much for your pocket.—*I never do.*

18th. There is one person to whom you should be most attentive and obliging, and even anticipate his wants. His comfort should be made paramount to every other consideration, namely, yourself.—*I always do.*

There are many other corollaries from these maxims, which a little reflection will suggest to you ; but it is a rule never to write a long letter.—*I never do.*

Yours always,

JOHN STAGER.

---

## No. XVII.

FROM AN AMERICAN CITIZEN TO HIS FRIEND AT BANGOR.

DEAR ICHABOD,

As I shall cut off to Harrisburg, Pa. to-morrow as soon as I land, and then proceed to Pittsville, Ma. I write you these few lines to inform you of the state of things in general, and the markets in particular. Rice is riz, tho' the tobacco market looks black ; cotton is lighter, and some brilliant specs have been made in oil. Pots hang heavy in hand, and pearls is dull. Tampico fustic is

moderate, and campeachy a 37 50-4 mos. Whalebone continues firm. Few transactions have taken place in bar or pig, and iron generally is heavy. Hung dried Chili remain high, but Santa Marthas are flat. The banks and large houses look for specie, but long paper still passes in the hands of individuals and little houses in the city. This is all the news and last advices. But, dear Ich, what on airth are we coming to, and how will our free and enlightened country bear the inspection brand abroad? Will not our name decline in foreign markets? The pilot has just come on board, and intimated that the vice-president, the second officer of this first of countries, was not received with due honour at New York. He says that the common council could not ask him to thread an agrarian band of Fanny Wright men, Offin men, Ming men, and all other sorts of men but respectable men, for he would have had to encounter a slough of Loco-Focoism, that no decent man would wade thro'. It is scarcely credible that so discreditable an event should occur in this empire city, but it is the blessed fruit of that cussed tree of Van Burenism, which is rotten before it is ripe, and, unlike other poisonous fruit, is not even attractive in outward appearance, but looks bad, tastes bad, and operates bad, and, in short, is bad altogether. But of all the most appalling information I have received per this channel was that of the formation of twenty-four new hose companies. "What," said I, "twenty-four new hose companies? is the stocking business going ahead? Is it to cover the naked feet of the shoeless Irish and Scotch and English paupers, that cover with uncovered legs like locusts this happy land, or is it for foreign markets? Where does the capital come from? Is it a spec, or has it a bottom?" "No," said he, shaking his head, "it is a dark job of the new lights, the Loco-Focos. To carry the election of chief engineer of the firemen, they

have created twenty-four new companies of firemen, called hose companies, which has damped the fire and extinguished the last spark of hope of all true patriots. It has thrown cold water on the old fire companies, who will sooner resign than thus be inundated." This is the way the radicals of England wanted to swamp the House of Lords by creating a new batch of Peers baked at once, tho' the persons for Peers were only half-baked or underdone, but they did not and were not allowed to glut the market that way. How is it this stale trick should become fresh and succeed here in this enlightened land, this abode of freemen, this seat of purity, and pass current without one solid genuine ingredient of true metal? It is a base trick, a barefaced imposition, a high-handed and unconstitutional measure. It is a paltry manœuvre to swindle the firemen out of their right of election. Yes, Ich, the firemen are swamped, and the sun of liberty has gone down angry, extinguished in the waters of popular delusion. Then, for heaven's sake, look at Vixburg. Everything looks worse and worse there; in several of the counties they have quashed all the bonds, in some there are no courts, in others the sheriffs pocket the money and refuse to shell out to any one. In one instance a man tried for the murder of his wife escaped because he was convicted of manslaughter; and in another, a person indicted for stealing a pig got off because it was a chote. They ring the noses of the judges instead of the pigs. From cutting each other up in the papers, with pens, they now cut each other up in the streets with bowie knives, and, in my opinion, will soon eat one another like savages, for back-biting has become quite common. The constitution has received a pretty considerable tarnation shock, that's a fact. Van Burenism and Sub-Treasuryism have triumphed, the Whig cause has gained nothing but funeral honours and a hasty burial below low-water mark. In

England, Biddle retiring from the bank has affected the cotton trade and shook it to its centre. They say, if it paid well, why did he pay himself off? If it was a losing concern, it was a loss to lose him, but all are at a loss to know the reason of his withdrawing. I own I fear he is playing the game of fast and loose. The breaking of that bank would affect the banks of the Mississippi as well as the Ohio, and the country would be inundated with bad paper, the natural result of his paper war with Jackson, the undamming by the administration of the specie dammed up by him for so long a period. Damn them all, I say. However, Ich, if we have made a losing concern of it, the English have got their per contra sheet showing a balance against them too. They are going to lose Canada, see if they aint, as sure as a gun; and if they do, I guess we know where to find it, without any great search after it either. I didn't think myself it was so far gone goose with them, or the fat in the fire half so bad, until I read Lord Durham's report; but he says, "My experience leaves no doubt on my mind, that an invading American army might rely upon the co-operation of almost the entire French population of Lower Canada." Did you ever hear the like of that, Ich? By gosh, but it was worth while to publish that, wasn't it? Now, after such an invitation as that, coming from such a quarter too, if our folks don't go in and take it, they ought to be kicked clean away to the other side of sun down, hang me if they hadn't ought. Its enough to make a cat sick, too, to hear them Goneys to Canada talk about responsible Government, cuss me if it aint. They don't know what they are jawing about, them fellows, that's a fact. I should like to know what's the use of mob responsibility when our most responsible treasurers fobbed five millions of dollars lately of the public money, without winking.—Where are they now? Why, some



on 'em is in France going the whole figure, and the other rascals at home snapping the fingers of one hand at the people, and gingling their own specie at them with the fingers of the other hand, as sarcy as the devil. Only belong to the majority, and you are as safe as a thief in a mill. They'll carry you thro' the mire at a round trot, as stiff as a pedlar's horse. It's well enough to boast, Ich, of our constituturs afore strangers, and particularly afore them colony chaps, because it may do good; but I hope I may be most pittikilarly cussed if I wouldn't undertake to drive a stage-coach and four horses thro' most any part of it at full gallop.—Responsibility! what infernal nonsense; show me one of all our public defaulters that deserved hanging, that ever got his due, and then I'll believe the word has got some meaning in it. But the British are fools, that's a fact, always was fools, and always will be fools to the end of the chapter; and them are colonists arnt much better, I hope I may be shot if they are. The devil help them all, I say, till we are ready for them, and then let them look out for squalls, that's all. Lord, if they was to invade us as our folks did them, and we was to catch them, we'd serve them as Old Hickory did Ambristher and Arbuthonot, down there to Florida line, hang em up like onions a dozen on a rope. I guess they won't try them capers with us; they know a trick worth two of that, I'me athinking. I suppose you've heard the French took a pilot out of a British gun-brig; when called upon for explanation, they said they took this man-of-war for a merchantman. No great shakes of a compliment that, was it? but John Bull swallowed it all, though he made awful wry faces in getting it down. As our minister said, suppose they did make such a blunder, what right had they to take him out of a merchantman at all? and if it was a mistake, why didn't they take him back again when they found out their error? He was such an ever-

lastin overbearin crittur himself in years past was John Bull, it does one good to see him humbled, and faith he gets more kicks than coppers now. It appears to me they wouldn't have dared to have done that to us, don't it to you? Then they took one of their crack steam frigates for a Mexican. Lord, that was another compliment, and they let drive into her and played the very devil. Nothing but another mistake agin, says Bullfrog, upon my vird and onare vary soary, but I did not know you, my good friend; no, I did not indeed—I took you for de misérable Mexican—you very much altared from de old time what went before—vary. It was lucky for Johnny Croppo, our Gineral Jackson hadn't the helm of state, or he'd a taught them different guess manners, I'm a thinking. If they had dared to venture that sort of work to us in Old Hickory's time, I hope I may be skinned alive by wild cats if he wouldn't have blowed every cussed craft they have out of the water. Lord, Ich, he'd a sneezed them out, cuss me if he wouldn't. There is no mistake in Old Hick, I tell you. If he isn't clear grittinger to the back-bone—tough as whitleather, and spunky as a bull dog, it's a pity, that's all. I must say, at present, our citizens are treated with great respect abroad. His excellency the honble. the governor of the state off Quimbagog lives at St. Jimses, and often dines at the palace. When they go to dinner, he carries the Queen, and Melbourne carries Duchess Kent. Him and the Queen were considerably shy at first, but they soon got sociable, and are quite thick now. He told the company there was a town to home called Vixburg, after—(Melburne says ahem! as a hint not to go too far—Governor winks as much as to say, no fear, I take you, my boy,) so called from Vix, scarcely, and burg, a city, which place had become famous throughout America for its respect for the laws, and that many people thought there

was a growing resemblance between England and it. Melbourne seed the bam, and looked proper vexed; and to turn the conversation, said, "Shall I have the honour to take wine with your Excellency Mister Governor of the State of Quimbagog in America, but now a guest of her most gracious majesty?" They say he always calls it an honour when he asks him and pays him the respect to give him all his titles, and when he asks other folks, he says "pleasure," and just nods his head. That's gratifying now, aint it? The truth is, we stand letter A. No. 4 abroad, and for no other reason than this—the British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British. When you write to England, if you speak of this ship, you must call her the *Great Western Steamer*, or it may lead to trouble; for there are two *Great Westerns*—this here ship, and one of the great men; and they won't know which you mean. Many mistakes have happened already, and parcels are constantly sent to his address in that way, that are intended for America. The fact is, there is some truth in the resemblance. Both their trips cost more money than they were worth. Both raised greater expectations than they have fulfilled. Both returned a plaguy sight quicker than they went out; and between you and me and the post, both are inconveniently big, and have more smoke than power. As soon as I arrange my business at Pittsville, I shall streak it off for Maine, like lightning, for I am in an everlasting almighty hurry, I tell you; and hoping to see you well and stirring, and as hearty as brandy,

I am, dear Ich, yours faithfully,

ELNATHAN CARD.

P.S. Keep dark. If you have a rael right down clipper of a horse in your stable, a doing of nothing, couldn't

you jist whip over to Portland on the 20th, to meet me, in your waggon? If you could, I can put you up to a thing about oil, in which, I thin, we could make a considerable of a decent spec, and work it so as to turn a few thousand dollars slick. Gineral Corncob will accomodate us at the bank with what we want; for it was me helped him over the fence when he was nonplushed last election for senator by the democratic republicans, and he must be a most superfine infernal rascal if he turns stag on me now. Chew on it, at any rate, and if you have a mind to go snacks, why jist make an arrand for something or another to the Bay, to draw the wool over folkes eyes, and come on the sly, and you will go back heavier, I guess, than you came by a plaguy long chalk—that's a fact.

Yours, E. C.

---

No. XVIII.

LETTER FROM ELIZABETH FIGG TO JOHN BUGGINS.

DEAR BROTHER,

I never will believe nothing I hear till I see it—never. We are now in sight of America, which riz out of the sea this morning afore breakfast, and is nothing but a blue speck after all, and no bigger than a common hill; and yet this is the land they say is so large that you have to travel through it by water. But this is the way strangers are always deceived by travellers' stories, that you don't know how much to set down fabulous, and how much to give credit to. I arrived in due course by coach at Bristol, the same day at night that I left London, and was picked up out of the bush by a cabman, who took me to the stairs; but he was a villain, like many more that I

could name at Bristol as well as at other places. Says he, "Is it a single fair?" "No," says I, "I am married to John Figg this seven years." Says he, "I mean, is there any more to be took in?" "No," said I, "I hope not—and I trust you are not agoing for to take me in, are you?"—with that, he shot too the door with a grin, and got up on the box, and I heard him say, "she is a rum one that, that's certain." When we got to Clifton he made me pay ten shillings. I wish you would see to it. He is a stout man, with a red face, and you'll know him by his waistcoat which is red too. After that I took a voyage down the river to where the Great Western stood waiting for us—but gracious powers! it was a floating station for a railway. Such a confusion no one did ever see. I was told, when I come on board, I should see a palace all fit for the queen—so elegant and so clean—the wood all gilding, and the moreens all silk, and the rooms all state-rooms—and as for liquor, nothing but hoc and shampain would go down—and every thing you could think of, besides ever so much you never dreamed of all your life, all provided for your reception; and the only objection was, the voyage was so short you got but little use of it for your money. Well I never!—if it aint horrid to hoax people in that way, I declare; but let them Bristol quakers alone for sly ones, I say: but I'll not get before my story—you shall see for yourself how far things come up to the mark or not. I have been wretched uncomfortable in this steamer; for what in the world is the use of all the gilding, and carving, and pictures, and splendour that ever was to you, when you are sick at the stomach? Our cabin has two boxes in it called births; tho' coffins would be nearer the thing, for you think more of your other end at sea a great deal. One of these is situated over the other, like two shelves, and these two together make what they call a state-room. What would they think at the

real palace of such a state-room as this—of just a closet and no more, for the queen and her mother to sleep in—and no dressing-room, nor nothing—but you shall hear all. My birth is the uppermost one, and I have to climb up to it, putting one foot on the lower one, and the other away out on the washhand-stand, which is a great stretch, and makes it very straining—then I lift one knee on the birth, and roll in side-ways. This is very inconvenient to a woman of my size, and very dangerous. Last night I put my foot on Mrs. Brown's face, as she laid asleep close to the edge of the lower one, and nearly put out her eye; and I have torn all the skin off my knees, and then I have a large black spot where I have been hurt, and my head is swelled. To dismount is another feat of horsemanship only fit for a sailor. You can't sit up for the floor overhead; so you have to turn round, and roll your legs out first, and then hold on till you touch bottom somewhere, and then let yourself down upright. It is dreadful work, and not very decent for a delicate female, if the steward happens to come in when you are in the act this way. I don't know which is hardest, to get in or get out a birth—both are the most difficultest things in the world, and I shall be glad when I am done with it. I am obligated to dress in bed afore I leave it, and nobody that hasn't tried to put on their clothes lying down can tell what a task it is. Lacing stays behind your back, and you on your face nearly smothered in the bedclothes, and feeling for the eyelet-hole with one hand, and trying to put the tag in with the other, while you are rolling about from side to side, is no laughing matter. Yesterday I fastened on the pillow to my bustle by mistake in the hurry, and never knew it till people laughed, and said the sea agreed with me, I had grown so fat: but putting on stockings is the worst, for there aint room to stoop forward; so you have to bring your foot to you, and stretch-

ing out on your back, lift up your leg till you can reach it, and then drag it on. Corpulent people can't do this so easy, I can tell you. It always gives me the cramp, and takes away my breath. You would pity me, if you could conceive, John; but you can't—no, nobody but a woman can tell what a female suffers being confined in a birth at sea. Then I get nothing hardly to eat, for I sit between a German and a Frenchman, and if I ask one to help me, he says, "Neat for stain," which means, I am afraid to dirty my fingers; and the other keeps saying "Je non ton Pa," I aint your father; and when I call steward, he says, "Yes, mame, coming directly," and he never comes at all. Then the doctor says, "Mrs. Figg, what will you take? is there anything I can give you?" He says this every day at dinner, and it kills me the very idea; at last I said to him, "Do pray, doctor, don't mention it, I am sick enough already, and you really turn my stomach." O John! I suffers more than mortal can imagine. The biscuit is as hard as a Dutch tile, and it is easier to crack a tooth than to crack that; but may be it is only my weakness, and the vinegar tastes sweeter to me than the wine, but perhaps that's all owing to the sourness of my stomach. Indeed it's a little that goes down my throat, which seems to be turned upside down, and acts the other way. If all the passengers are like me, the captain will have a profitable voyage of it, I am sure, for I can neither eat nor drink anything; and what I live on, gracious only knows, for I don't. We have had a terrific gale ever since we left, and the motion is dreadful. You never see anything like the sea when it's fairly up, it's like a galloping boil, it froths and rolls over, and carries on tremendous. Sometimes it pitches into the vessel, and sometimes the vessel pitches into it, and sometimes they both pitch together, and then words is wanting to paint it out in true colours. At such times

the trunks slide about the floor, as if they was on the ice, and it is as much as your legs is worth to be among them a minute. Everything I have is either wet or torn; my new silk bonnet is all scrunched flat, by Mrs. Brown falling down on it, and what's worse is to have my bumbeeseen looking no better than the cook's, it has got all soiled, and a great spot on it that I can't get off, do what I will. The place underneath is very hot, and the air so long confined that comes from there aint pleasant at all, it makes me feel very frail. But that aint the worst of it; the doors are all painted so beautiful, and look so romantic, that they didn't like to number them for fear of spoiling the pictures on them, and it aint very easy to tell which is which, or whose is whose, and there is a great German officer always opening my door by mistake, and sometimes won't be convinced till he looks into my face; and then its, "Oh! I pegs porton, madam, I too indeed, I mishtookt it for mine own, so I tid." It frightens me so, I am afraid to do anything amost for fear of his great whiskered face come popping in upon me. It is dreadful life, dear John; no one knows what it is but them that's tried it, and them too that's sea-sick and is females. The partitions, too, are so very thin, you can hear all kinds of noises just as plain as if it was in the same room, which is very inconvenient and disagreeable. My next neighbour is a Frenchman; he is very ill, and is always calling some Jew or another that never comes. It it pitiable to hear him crying all day, "O mon Jew, mon Jew!" Sometimes, just as I feel exhausted and quiet from weakness, he begins reaching so dreadful, that it sets me off again, and I think I shall never stop; and as for the steward, as there is no bells and he is a mile off, you might as well call from Dover to Calais, and expect to be heard; and if you catch a glimpse



of another servant, he says, "Yes, marm," and you never see him again, or if you do, you don't know him, they are so numerous, and being Mullatoes you can't tell them apart. The black girls or "jets does," as the French call them, are so busy, they do nothing at all but chase each other round and round. You want a gentleman at sea very much, more than anywhere else, and if poor Mr. Figg hadn't unfortunately had to leave England rather unexpectedly, I shouldn't have been in such primminary as I am. You aint much better off on deck, for when the ship pitches or rolls, you are apt to loose your stool, and whatever happens at sea, either from a fall or getting in a spree, every body laughs. There is no symphony here for no one, and politeness is not the order of the day when people are not invited for company, but pay their way, and no thanks to any one. How times is altered with me since I was a belle, and all Hackney rung with my name and fortin, and it was whose arm I should take, and who should be the happy man, and a smile was too much pay for any trouble, or rather when trouble was a pleasure. Bumpers didn't mean what bumpers do now, and running bump agin you, and most knocking you over, is a very different thing from having your health drank in toast, the men all standing and unkivered, and having it done whenever opportunity offered. But men aint what men was, and a steamer aint a corporation ball, tho' they do call it a palace, nor nothing like it; and altho' I am no longer Betsey Buggins that was, yet I am not much altered, unless it be I'm a little more "om bum point" than I was, which some people says is more becoming. Besides, being married looks as 'of no more consequence than dress, unless it should be my fortune to marry agin, which Mr. Figg's declining health, I fear, renders

not impossible, if ever I could bring myself to think of another, which aint probable. But poor Figg is greatly changed, and enjoys very bad health; he aint the same man he was, and has fell away to nothing until he is a mere atomy. But I trust in Providence, if yellow fever don't do for him, change of air will. Hoping this will find you in good health and spirits,  
I am, dear John, your faithful servant,

ELIZABETH FIGG.

P.S.—If you see Mrs. Hobbs, tell her I am much beholden to her for her kindness, on saying Mr. Figg and me left England surreptitious, on account of a derangement of affairs, but ill health of Mr. Figg, from being kept at it from morning to night, was the sole cause; for, thank goodness, we can return when we please at any moment and enjoy ourselves, if he was only as able as he once was in bodily strength. As far as means goes we have it, and enough to spare to purchase her and Mr. Hobbs out any day, and set them up again, and not miss it. I most wonder some people aint ashamed to show their red faces, when it's well known that water never causes red noses; but I scorn to retaliate on people that's given to such low habits, only some folks had better see the brandy blossoms on their own faces before they find beams in other people's characters. I hate such deceitful wretches as is so civil to your face, and the moment your back is turned find nothing too bad to say of you; but she is not worth breath, and that's the truth.

E. FIGG.

---

## No. XIX.

## LETTER FROM THE SON OF A PASSENGER.

DEAR BOB,

Guess where I am, my boy. Do you give it up? Well, I am on board the Great Western—I am, upon my soul. Father has gone to America, to take Bill, the Ceylon Missionary boy, home to his friends, and I am off with him in this steamer, and it's hurrah for Yankee town, and the Lord knows where all. . . . It's as good fun as a fair, and there is such a crowd all the time, you can do just what you please, and no one find you out. Sliding on the wet deck above the saloon, when the passengers are at dinner, makes it nice and slippery, and when they come up, not thinking of slides or anything of the kind, away they go, head over heels, all in a heap, such screaming among the girls, a showing of their legs, and such damning among the men, about greasy decks, you never heard. Then dropping a piece of orange-peel before a Frenchman, when he goes prancing about the deck, sends him flying a yard or so, till he comes on all fours, where he wallops about like a fish just caught.

But the best fun is putting shot under the feet of the camp stools, when nobody is looking; it makes the women kick up their heels like donkeys. . . . I have to give my old governor a wide berth, for he owes me a thrashing, but he is lame and can't catch me. He is proper vexed. I stole a leaf out of his sermon last Sunday, and when he came to the gap he stopt, and first looked ahead, and then back again, and at last had to take a running leap over it. My eyes, what a laugh there was! The last words was "the beauty," and the next page began "of the devil and all his works." He

coughed and stammered and blew his nose, and then coloured up as red as a herring, and gave me a look as much as to say, "You'll catch it for this, my boy, I know;" but there is one good thing about the old man too, he don't carry a grudge long. When he came back to his cabin, says he to the Ceylon boy, "William," says he, "these passengers behave very ill, very ill indeed; what made them laugh so when I was going into the cabin and coming out again? They must be very loose people to behave in this unhandsome manner. It is very unbecoming. What were they laughing at, do you know?" "At the white shirts of the negroes," says I, winking to Bill; but confound him, he wouldn't take a hint. "I believe it was this, sir," said Bill, who was always a spooney, taking up the back of his gown, and showing him a card I took off one of the boxes and stuck there, "This side up, to be kept dry." But the greatest fun I have had is with an old German, named Lybolt, of Philadelphia or Pensylvania, or some such place in the States. He sleeps next berth to us. Well, I goes and picks out a piece of putty in the partition just near his head, and when he is fast asleep snoring, lets drive a squirt full of water right into his face and mouth. "O mine Cot, mine Cot!" the old fellow sings out, "varte a leake dat is, I am all vet, so I am most trowned in my ped—steward, do kome here, steward." Well the steward comes, and he can't find the leak, for in the mean time I claps back the putty as snug as a bug in a rug. "Maybe you was sick in your sleep, and didn't know it," says the steward. "Cot for tam, I tell you no; it's vater, don't you see?" "Or perhaps you spilt it out of the basin!" Teunder and blitzzen, you black villain, do you mockey me, sir, what for you mean?" and away goes the steward, and next day comes carpenter, and next night comes the squirt

again. He'll go mad yet, will one "Tousand Deyvils," see if he don't. After dinner I gets down to the other end of the table, where the old governor can't see me, and gets lots of wine and good things, especially among the Jews. Them are the boys for champagne. I always understood they were close-fisted curmudgeons that wouldn't spend a farthing, but they tucks in the wine in great style. It would do you good to see them turning up the whites of their eyes, and taking an observation out of the bottom of their glass. I wouldn't be a slice of ham in them fellows' way for something. They eat and drink as if they never saw food before. But coming out of the companion way in a crowd in the dark, and giving a pinch on the sly to the Mulatto girl on the stairs, till she squeals again like a stuck pig, and abuses the passengers for no gentlemen, and every one crying out shame, is great sport. There is a great big Irishman from Giant's Causeway, that has got the credit of it, and every American says it is just like an Irish blackguard that. If you could see the coloured servants, what looks they give old Potatoe, it would do you good. They'll murder him if they catch him in New York. I wouldn't be in Pat's jacket for a shilling, I know.

O Bob, I wish you was here; we'd have a noble time of it, if you was; as it is, Bill is so cursed soft, and such a coward he won't join in a lark, and I am frightened out of my life for fear he will peach on me. I have threatened to cut the liver out of him if he does. I am almost afraid he has already, for the mate said to me to-day, "Come here, you young sucking parson you. If you don't give over cutting those shines, I'll make your breech acquainted with a bit of the haliards before you are many days older, I'm beggar'd if I don't; so mind your eye, my hearty, or you'll catch it, I tell

you." "You will, will you," says I; "you know a trick worth two of that, I'm a thinking, and if you don't, there's them on board will teach it to you. So none of your half laughs to me." I can't say I liked it, tho', for all that; for he looks like a fellow that would be as good as his word, and if I do catch it, I will pay Master Bill off for it when I get him ashore, I'm blowed if I don't. There is nothing I hate so much as a tatler.

Board ship is a fine place for old clothes; what with tar and grease and tearing, you get rid of them all in no time. I have made all my Sunday clothes old, and worn all my old ones out; so that I shall come out in a new rig at New York, as fine as examination day, and try for a long coat and French boots, if I can come round the old man. Remembering his texts and praising his sermons generally does that. I think I am too big now for short jacket and trousers. Jim Brown warn't so tall as me by half an inch when he gave them up, though he was a year older. Besides, in course, a long coat has more pocket money than a coatee, and servants don't treat you any longer as a child, and aint afraid to trust you with a horse. New if I go to smoke, every one says, "Look at that brat smoking, what a shame it is for the parson to let that boy use a cigar!" just as if I hadn't as good a right as they have, the lubbers. O yes, dear Bob, I wish with all my heart you was here, it would make you split your sides a laughing to see how putting broken glass into boots makes fellows limp like beggars, and sing out for boot-jacks; and how running pins into cushions makes the women race off screaming and scratching; but there arn't so much fun when you have to do it all yourself, and no one besides to laugh with at the joke. It makes it dull sport, after all. I expect I shall be caught yet, but if I am, and had up for it afore the old governor, I will swear

it was all Bill, for he deserves a hiding, the coward, for not joining in it.

I am to have all holidays while I am gone, except a lesson every day in Latin grammar; but I have been all over it before, so it will take no time at all to do it. When I get to New York I will write you again, and let you know what sort of a place it is, and how the Yankee girls look; and if I get my long coat out of father, I'll have fine fun among them.

I don't like to speak to them now, for a short coat looks foolish. Remember me to all the boys, and particularly to Betty housemaid, and believe me, dear Bob,

Your faithful friend,

JIM TROTTER.

---

No. XX.

LETTER FROM THE PROFESSOR OF STEAM AND ASTRONOMY,  
OTHERWISE CALLED THE CLERK, TO THE DIRECTORS.

GENTLEMEN,

A becoming consideration for my own character in literary attainments, which primarily procured for me the honour of an introduction to the unincorporated board of directors of the Great Western, and their unanimous election to the situation I have the pleasure to fill, of principal in their academical school for scientific and nautical training of their junior officers, compels me to announce most reluctantly, but peremptorily and decidedly, that if it is intended to initiate those young gentlemen thoroughly in their profession, it must be effected on shore, and that this marine seminary will inevitably sink in public estimation, if kept afloat on board of the Steamer.

It cannot be denied, with a due regard to truth and

veracity, that the young gentlemen, whose minds are fitted naturally with "expansive gear," have their astronomical and mathematical problems, at what is vulgarly called their finger ends, because everything that is approached by tarry fingers usually adheres to them pertinaciously; but that is not the sort of acquirements most to be desired, nor can the calculations, which are so abstruse and difficult, be executed with accuracy and precision, where the jarring of the boat converts 0s into 6ses, and 4s into 3s, and so disfigures (if I may use the expression) every figure, that it is no longer to be recognised by the hand that traced its configuration. In the same manner, a complex motion, compounded of pitching, rolling, and vibrating, is utterly destructive and subversive of certainty in taking meridional altitudes, especially when to these difficulties is added a speed of twelve miles an hour, with all steam on, and fifteen revolutions. The damp and moist exhalations evolved by water heated to  $419^{\circ}$ , pervading the interior of the lecture-room, by insinuating itself through the interstices and crevices of the ship, obliterate from the slates all traces or distinctness of arithmetical and algebraical figures, and before calculations are terminated, the primary part is obfuscated by the occultations of steam, and by the time assiduous application has restored it, we have the same mortification arising in the other extremity. Discouraging as these difficulties unquestionably are, they are altogether insignificant when compared to the obstructions arising from the noises produced by the vociferous bleating of calves and sheep, the incessant lowing of cows, the acute intonations of swine, the cackling of poultry, the discordant voices of two hundred people, the uproar of the elements, the noise of the ponderous machinery, and the thunder of the ever-revolving wheels. Amidst these numerous, complicated, and perplexing distractions, to abstract the



attention, and apply it to abstruse studies, is an effort not to be expected from juvenile minds and exuberant spirits, more especially when to learn implies an absence of knowledge, and the very act of resorting to a professor implies an insinuation of either overgrown ignorance in young men, or of boyish age incompatible with manly stature, either of which suppositions is repugnant to aspiring youth desirous to be classed among men, especially by women. There is no "indicator" that I know of to the machinery of the mind, and the only way of ascertaining results is to apply the "Canon" of seclusion "to cut off the stroke," as it is called, and mark the advance made, in relation to time and study given. A manifestation of reluctance, or rather resistance, to deferential respect to the superior attainments and acquisitions of the principal, is therefore to be expected, as much as it is to be deplored and lamented, as well for the young gentlemen on the one hand, as by the profession on the other; for it is obvious to the most superficial understanding of the Directors, that where there is no obedience there can be no authority; and where no progress is made in studies, there can be only a corresponding absence of advancement in learning. Unless the mind is well stored, and constantly kept in full employment, it is apt to generate more "clinker" than anything else. The valves require daily overhauling, and the waste ones to be "disconnected," or it is impossible to make any progress. Men who come dripping wet from their duties, are not in a fit state for dry sciences; and to be both officers and boys, juvenesque senesque commanding on deck one moment, and obeying under deck the next approximate, is incompatible with human nature, and the working of the machinery of the mind. Steering in a straight line by point of compass, as is done in a steamer, is apt to superinduce upon the vacuum of youthful understanding

a belief that navigation is, what those young gentlemen facetiously and technically call “all in my eye;” and that a direction once given has only to be followed to attain the end of the voyage, by keeping the eye fixed steadily on the compass; an opinion not more unfounded and irrelevant than unsafe and precarious, whether it regards the attainment of knowledge, or the discovery of the port or haven of ultimate destination.

Female passengers, I may be permitted to observe, are too powerful magnets not to cause serious variations from duty in the young men, and occasion them to canker or break down in life. Studying the needle is not the most important pursuit in the whole compass of duty, though it forms one of its most prominent; and I am painfully convinced the cadets, who may be said to be in their summer solstice, are more desirously solicitous about their own figures (which is the zenith of their ambition) than mathematical ones, and such conduct must inevitably reduce them to the nadir of mere ciphers. This sort of distraction was so well known to the great lexicographer, that he has most appropriately and appositely added it by way of insinuation to most words implying youthful errors—mishap—mistake—misfortune—misunderstanding—mischief—misled—misery, and many others. Here they are exposed more than any other place I know of to the blandishments of the sex, and I know not how it is, but I have often observed that there is a natural, an alliterative, and perhaps chemical affinity between petty officers and pettycoats:—

*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem.*

Indeed, by the universal laws of motion, the amount of attraction is directly as the quantity of matter, and

inversely as the squares of the distances, which shows how all pervading it must be on board of ship. To attempt a course of study with young men under such noxious and powerful influences as female eyes, is as unwise and unsafe as for white men to attempt field operations in the sun in the West Indies. Nothing impinges more seriously on studies. It has a tendency to make them romantic, which in *Æsthetics* is equally at variance with the antique and classic lore. Had the directors been younger men themselves, and understood the rhabdomancy of the mind, as well as they do of commerce, they would have felt the impropriety of exposing their cadets to the pestilential miasmata of such an atmosphere of female allurements, which may very appropriately be called "the milky way" of Cupid. In the descent down the inclined plane of character, induced by these causes, if good instruction offer any resistance, that resistance ought to increase in a high ratio with the speed. The motion of a train of dissipation commonly continues to be accelerated, until it obtains a velocity, which produces a resistance from good principles, such as, combined with the friction of discipline, is equal to the gravitation down the plane. Adopting a semi-naval uniform for these youthful votaries of science, and giving them the rank and title of cadets, the insignia of an office which the emulous and now awakened people of Bristol pronounce to be superior to a similar grade in her Majesty's service; permitting them to wear the gold-lace band on the cap, and acceding to them the seducing gilt button with the emblematical letters G. W. on them, has infused too much caloric into their juvenile aspirations for female approbation, and they are unwilling that such graceful and elegant young officers should be mistaken for disciples of a pedagogical establishment. Their predilec-

tions are strong to drop a comparison in their own favour with the W. S.'s of Edinboro', and there is a supercilious daring in their haughty carriage, as if, in the event of an action with the enemy, they would stand by their boiler, and keep up the steam unhesitatingly and unremittingly till they died. But this is not the only evil attending the progress of science in this ship, as refers to my situation as principal. There is another joint out of place, to use a familiar expression, at "flange;" the office of librarian, which has been unsolicited by me, but conferred voluntarily and handsomely, as an honorary appointment in consequence of there being no salary attached to it, is one which is accompanied by a corresponding unsatisfactory result. So little attention is often paid to orthography in the written orders of the passengers for books, that it is approximate to impossible to comprehend what they mean; added to which, for want of catalogues, the demands are invariably for books not contained in the library, which leads to disappointment in the first instance, renewed vexation in the second, and not unfrequently in the third to impatience, if not impertinence. It is in vain that I deprecate explicitly that I am answerable for the books only which are placed here by the literary committee of the Directors, and not for those not ordered by them, which would involve an absurdity. The blank page at the beginning and end of each volume is invariably abstracted, which is a most singular selection, and proves the illiterate condition of the passengers, for there is nothing of course to read upon it, while the outside wrapping-cover shares the same fate. Yet, forsooth, these are the men who say the library is not varied and copious enough to meet the increased advancement of the age. Were it not that my anger is "blown off" occasionally upon the cadets, these passengers would be

in danger of "an explosion" that would astonish them, for passion is "generated faster" than is safe for them, by their ignorance. But, gentlemen, there is another subject which delicacy suggests to be passed over in silence, while a due sense of the value of science, the inextinguishable debt of gratitude owed to it by innumerable steam companies, and an appreciation of self-respect, compels me to a reference; I mean the assignment to me of some other duties, not necessary to enumerate, but which are within the cognizance of the directors, and reduce me to the situation of an humble clerk, a name, indeed, which many people, and I am sorry to add the Captain himself, sometimes apply to me, from the habit of absolute command which he acquired in the navy. Among many I would only notice one, namely, to stand by and see the young gentlemen draw their water, which, it appears by the Nero-like regulation of the board, emanated from your honourable body, and is at once painful and degrading, more particularly to see that water measured, and to keep cocks under locks and keys, for fear of wasting the precious liquid. The water-casks, I conceive, might more properly be under the charge of the culinary artist or cook, whose occupation is more connected with the hydroscope than that of a learned professor. This is a subject on which, though it is a desideratum to be moderate, "the connecting rods and inner plummer block brasses" of my temper always "work hot," and my own reason is insufficient to reduce the temperature of them, or to "keep heavy bearings cool." Such services are incompatible with the rank and station of a lecturer on astronomy and mathematics, inconsistent with the duties of my proper office, and derogatory from the specific gravity and dignity of the liberal sciences. Under these painful circumstances, I would suggest a removal of the

seminary to Clifton, where it could be enlarged to accommodate the students of other ships, and where practical navigation could be taught in all its branches by the aid of a few experimental trips on that sinuous and difficult, but most beautiful of rivers, the Severn. Nothing can be done without strict discipline. Screwing up the nuts, detaching loose bolts, tightening the slide packings, drag-links, and other bearings of the mind, or the waste valves, will let off instruction as fast as it is supplied. Should this suggestion not be acceptable, I beg leave to resign the commission I have the honour to hold from the board, after due consideration of the heavy responsibility of my position, and a full review of all the consequences immediate and ultimate. Should it involve any material want of confidence in the public in this great steamer, or detract from the pre-eminent rank of this splendid ship in the scale of the European mercantile marine, I can only deplore so sad a result to the stockholders, which that they may avert by a timely application of preparatory measures, is the ardent aspiration of

Your most devoted humble servant,

PETER QUADRANT.

---

No. XXI.

LETTER FROM MOSES LEVY TO LEVI MOSES.

MI DEERSH FRENT,

Vell, hear I am on pord te Crate Weshtern, shet up liksh a toq, and so shick to ma shtomac as a pompsh te live longsh tay. Vare it all comsh from I don't know, shelp ma Cot, for I can't shwaller noting at all, and have got noting in me dat I knowsh of, and yet it comsh and

comsh as if tere wash no ent to it, like a shpring, dat runsh ofer all te time, ant never shtopsh for roneink. Ma trowsher ish too larsh for ma, I have fell away sho, and looksh as if tey washn't made for ma, vitch is tru, for I bought em from Bill Gubbinsh, but den tey fitted me ash well as if tey wash, and sho ma coat hanks ash loose ash a pursher's shirt on a hantshpike; ant my tonke is all furred up vid nap lonker den vat is on ma hat, blow ma tight if it aint. Vell den, varte am I to do? I can't shet no lonker to cards to play den de teal, and den I am oblised to cut and rhun; and so soon ash I kets pack and taksh up te cards, it comesh akain, ant I have no more time den to trow town te cartsh, and off and trow up te shick. Oh mine Cot! put tish too pad ash ever you did she, and worsher too, it would pe petter to die ash to live longk dish vay. But dat ish not de worsht needer, for I looshes te monish, by tinkink more of maself dan de cartsh, ant comink ant goink, up ant town, backwart and forwart, te whole plessed time, and no resht for mintink te came and pettingk ven a hoppertunita hoffers vitch is goot, and ote to be sheesed upon; and I can't trusht ma memory no more ash to nopoty elsh, for it is shick too, I do peleeve, and won't host notingk no more ash ma stomach, and varte dey getsh dey can't keep, and vat dey keeps sh ish no coot, and would be more petter if dey didn't keep. Vell, 'tis a pity too, strikesh ma tum if it hishn't, for she is a fary expensive sheep is te Crate Weshtern; te passage cosht a crate teal of monish, more ash forty-two shove-reings, and tere ish a nople charsh amonk sho many reshpectable and rish shentlemansh to do bishness; playing, and petting, and shelling, and shanging, and pying, and sho on, speshially at night; ven de viskey kome in and te caushin go out. Oh tear, oh tear! put 'tis too pad, I am so tampt mishfortunate, ash not for

to be aple to do noting no more ash a child, I am sho shick te whole time, and more tead ash alive, and more onelokey as tead. De teyvil take te she shickness, I shay, I woodn't take anoter voyage to shave ma life, shelp ma Cot! I mosht afraid America ish no conetry for te Jewsh, no more ash Scotland ish, vitch hash notink in it at all put pride, ant poverty, ant oatmeal, ant wiskey. Te Yankee all knowsh too much for us, and too much wide awake, and so sharp ash a needle at making von pargain, vitch give no chansh at all to a poor Jew to liff. Den dey have no prinches, nor noples, nor rish lorts vat spend de monish, before he pecomes tu, and runsh in debt, and give ponds, ant mortgage, ant premium, for te loan, and asksh no questions bout te cosht so lonk as he gets varte monish he wantsh. Den dere rail-roat stocksh, and pank stock, and state stock, are just fete for to loshe all vat you putsh into dem, or elsh dey would pay dem demselves if dere wash anytink at all for to pe mate in dem, vitch tere aint, and dey knowsh it so well ash I do, and more petter tu. Dish lettare vill be shent by a prifit hopportunita till Sprink Rish altare te postage to von penny. He got it too high pefore, and now he cot it too low, put dat is hish look out and note mhine; but ven a lettare cosht no more ash von penny I will write you more regular as I to now, and not cosht you so much monish needer ash at present time.

Your frient,

*To Mr. Levi Moses.*

MOSES LEVI.

Posht Schript.—Oh mine Cot! if I haven't tun te pishness sinsh I rote vat ish rhitten apove, itsh a pity, dat's all. I aint no more onwell, but petter ash nefer, and I wund pack all my passage monish, and two shove-reigns more, ant a half shovereign, and two shillings,



three pence, at carts, besidge five pounds of a pet, and here he ish all shafe and shound in mine pocket, and he don't go out vid my leaf, till he preeds and hatches more to keep up te preed of young shovereigns. Oh, put I liksh to put my hant in mine preetches pocket and feel him, and count him ofer, and see he is shafe and shound.

Ven I valksh te teck up and town, and up and town pack again, peeplesh shay, Mishter Moshes, dey shey, varte pleash you sho, make you look so tamt goot-natured to-day? and I shay, oh, he feels goot ant mush petter ash he wash. I got te medecine here dat cure de she shickness and shet me right again, and den my hant vat is in my pocket he pats de shoverains vat is in mine preeches on de heat; and I tink to maself, good poys dem shovereigns, vary goot poys, and has no more dutiful subshects nor lovingh frients vat is font of tem dan me. Vell den I shell all my boxesh of shigars to te stewart, when he gets out of shtock, by reashon of te lonk voyage, and hash no more left, and no plashe to go to puy dem. I shell em, because I wash too ill to shmoke em maself, and hadn't no more ush for em, and he knowed no petter, for he is a fool, and don't know vat monish ish, nor de shentlemans needer; put I do, I hope, or elsh my name isn't

MOSES LEVY.

---

No. XXII.

FROM A SERVANT OF A FAMILY TRAVELLING TO ASTORIA.

DERE SUZAN,

When I tuk leve of you the last Sunday nite we spent at White Condut, I had no highdear I was going so sun

to take leve of dere Old England. But so it is—strang things do sumtims turn up, as Tummus said when Betty housemaid was found floating on the river. Missus has married a clutchyman, who is sent out by the Society to propergate in furrin parts, and they have a birth on bord the Great Westurn, and so have I. It looks like a cell in New Gate, only clener, were poor Georg was lodged for putting Lady Ann's watch in his pocket, by mistake, for his hone, but he was always an absent man before he went to Bottiny was Georg. They call it a burth, because it's a new life on bord ship, and is like beginning of the world agin, and takes grate nussing before you can eat. It is the most inconvenientest place I ever saw. The sealing is so lo in places, you can't walk up right, and you get a stroke every now and agin, when you least expect it, across your forhed, that you think will dash your brains out. It is a think to leve dere Old England, its halters and fares, and churches and theatres, for the wilderness, and the hethen; but then Lundun is a poor place, for the likes of me as would prefer sumthink better than mere sweet-harting. Standing at airys and talking to the butler, or perhaps the young master at the next number is very plesent, but then it seldom ends satisfacturry, for they don't often fulfil; and if you remind them of their proter stations, the perfidious wretches say they never meant nothing but in the way of servility; and if you go for to take on, why they take themselves off directly, and desart you, and nothing is left but artburnings, unless it is the surpentine to put it out. Going abroad gives wun an opportunity to see the wurld, and visit places where men isn't so hartificial as in Lundun, and promises ain't made on purpus to be broke, and harts go for nothing xcept to be trumpst in tricks, as poor Tummus used to say at wist. But still it do give wun menney a sad our thinking of appy days past, and friends left behind, besides them as left

us; it brings teres in my eyes when I am alone in bed, and makes me think of throwing up at New York, and returning, but I resorts to the good buck at sitch times, and finds consolation in it. The deck of this vessell is as crowded as Regent Street arter lamp light. There are sum very interesting men on bord, one of them they call a "pole," tho' why I am sure I don't know, for I think some of them as say so behind his back are poor "sticks" themselves. He is a very pretty man, with a beautiful curly moustouchio, and black whiskers, and sings so sweet it is quite charming. I don't know whether his Christian name is North or not, but I over hear them talking a good dele about Northpole, and that government offered a large sum to anybody as would get round him—ten thousand pound, I believe. He don't speak much English, but he talks very perlite to me, and bows very handsum; and oh how bright his eyes are! They affect one so, that people do say no needle was ever none to wurk nere him, his attractions is so grate. I wunder if Lord Melburne or Norman boy would give me the reward if I was to get round him—I'me shure I could do it, for he squeezed my hand twice; and the last time would a had his hone round me if missus hadn't a been cumming. I dremed of the ten thousand pound all nite—oh dear what a prize that would be for poor Mary! We are to go to New York fust, and then in a to bote dragged after orses heles, and thru locks, and gates, and waist ways, and summit of hills, and dales, and I don't know what all, to a place they call Mont-tree-all, because it's all a forest. Then we are to be shoved for twenty days by Frenchmen, up a stream with long poles, who sing songs to kepe time. This part they say is very pleasant, only you get tired of it, for too much of one thing is good for nothing, as poor dear Tumms used to say when he had anything to do. Then we are to cum among saviges, horrid creatures, all naked,

xcept a little, very little clothing, like the nasty Scotch pippet that used to play in our airy, and wore no trowsers, only an apron, and that ridiculous short too. They have long knives that are dredful to look at, and things they call tommy oxes, to cut airy scalps with, and they are to guide us out of the wudes, and hunt for us. Pretty guides them, as master says, to shew us the way we are to walk in. Then comes the desert, and that lasts a month—only think of a hole month of a desert! We must wait to lye in, before we proseed, provision for the journey, and then we must sleep out of dores every nite, with nuthing over us but sky, and nuthing under us but earth, and nuthing in us but cold wittals. I am afraid I shall never survive them savages. When the sun goes down we are to camp together, bundling, they call it, the women in the middle, then the men, and then the saviges to keep off the wolves, and bares, and wild beasts. It's a dredfull undertaking, isn't it? how I shall make shift to get on I don't know; it terrifies me to think of it. Last nite I dreamd of it, for this part sleeping in public haunts me like a gost, and I dremed I saw a lion with grete glaring eyes, and felt his big heavy paw on me; and I woke up with frite, trembling all over like an asspin; and what do you think it was, Susan? It was only the hand of the stewart feeling if the light was out, for all lites are xtinguished at ten o'clock. He is a verry nise man the stewart. Will, then, after all that cum sum grate mountings, the verry idear of which terrify me. They will take several months to get over, on account of the stones. They called them the rocky mountings. The trees are 2 hundred feet high, and snow I don't no how high. Missus says if I pesist in going through the travail, and remain three years with them, I shall have a pinching from the Society for propogating in furrin parts, of ten

pounds a-year, and be safe delivered in England, free of expense, when my time is out.

After going over the Rocky, we desend tother side to a place they call Astoria, which is to be our home while we are abroad. This place is called a factory, tho' nothing is made there but munny, a trading in furs, and they aint so plenty there as they used to be, for the wild beasts is getting "up to trap" now, and won't cum to be cort. They keep "fur" off now. I'll get a muff or a tippit here of bare skin or of otter, which smells so well. The oil of that animal is what you buy so dere in Lundun in sent bottles; but, o dere, I furgets, what's the use of smelling sweet, if there is no one to smell you but yourself? Who marster is to preach to when he gets there I don't no, xcept it is to missus and me, and the rest of the family; and if he goes for to preach to her, she'll give him such a lecture as he has no notion of, that's sertain; for she gave master that is dead and gone a dreadful time of it here below; and as for me, my morals can't be no better; and besides, when we are out of the wurd, as a body might say, what in the wurd is the danger of temptation when there is nobody to tempt you? Them horrid Indgians wont understand him, nor them French void jeers neither; and besides they are papists and wont cum. That's just the way with these sailors. Last Sunday, when they was ordered to prayers, they agreed to say they was catholics, and had scribbles of conscience; for they can't force them to cum now, since O'Connell is made pope and prime minister, and the captain said, very well, they are excused then. Three years away! oh, deary me! what a long time that is to be away, aint it, Susan, and me twenty-five years old already? How lonesum I shall be! nobody but master, and missus, and the doctor, and the two clarks, and me, in the house. The governor, and the people that are our next-door

neighbours, live five hundred miles off. Mr. Campell, the clerk, is a very handsome young man. He is to travail with us. He takes grate notice of me when nobody is a noticing of him—a slipping into the hole, every chance he gets, of the vessel—a pretending to study mysheenery. Says he, the other day, “My dear, I wish I knew the rode to your hart.” “Well, sir,” said I, “it lies thro’ the church-door.” Says he, “I like you for that answer, my dear; for it shows you are a gud gurl, such an uncommon pretty gurl as you (he said uncommon, I assure you—I am certain I can’t be mistaken)—such an uncommon pretty gurl—(it was verry sivil of him to say so, when, after all, I really do not think I am so verry, verry pretty)—such an uncommon pretty gurl as you are, must take care of yourself;” and then putting his face close up, said, “Never let any body whisper to you, or they can’t help doing as I do—kiss you;” and before I could reprove him he was off and into the cabin. It quite flustered me. Yesterday, I overheard him tell missus, the governor had promised him “to bring him in a partner this year.” Who can she be? We have nobody on board a going there but little me, and I am poor and at sarvice, and nothing but my face for my fortune, but then havent just as strange things happened? Didn’t our butler that was marry his young missus that was, and didn’t his young missus marry him? If they are to “bring him a partner” this year they must do it now, or his partner will never get there—it will be too late in the season. Oh I wouldn’t mind the mountings nor the rapids, nor the desert, nor anything, if that was to be the end of all my travail. If so be this should turn up honour for trump card, don’t fear, Susan, I shall be proud and pretend not to know you or keep company with you, because nothing will ever make me forget you; and don’t you, for the world, ever say a word about them earrings

the jew boy got blamed for, or the worked collar the beggar-woman took, as missus thort : but as for Robert carrying his head so high after deserting me, and saying he did so because leave-taking was painful, and me running such risks hiding him in the laundry, I'll let him know his place, I can tell him, and never let him go for to dare as much as for to luck at me again, the hard arted retch, or I will call pellise to him—see if I don't. I shall turn over a new life in America. It don't do to be too confiding with men, they think only of their hone, and not other people's ends; and the next one as thretens to drown himself as Robert did, may jist do it for all I care, it wont deceive me agin. Lusing a butler is no such grate matter as lusing wuns pease and karacter. Tell him he is dispisable for a gay deceiver, and that if I ad him with me forty days and nights in the desert, I'd leve him there for his parjury, a pray to the stings of sarpants and his hone conscience. Drinking satturn and my dearer wine of his master don't justify him to kiss and desert poor gurls as if he was a gentleman born : such airs are verry misbecumming one in his station, and he deserves a good kicking for his imperence, the retch. As sune as my travail is over, and I reach at last this distant country Astoria, I will rite you another letter by a male that goes every six months chasing wales, and tell you whether I am cumming on with Mr. Campbell, and about the bare skin furs, and the sense of the otters, and so on. And now, dere Susan, hopping that you and William Coachman continues to set your horses well together, I remain your faithful friend,

Now and for ever,

MARY POOL.

---

## No. XXIII.

## THE MISDIRECTED LETTER, No. I.

---

LETTER FROM A COLONIST TO HIS BROTHER.

MY DEAR AND HON. FATHER,

I have the pleasure to acknowledge your letter of the first of February last, giving me the gratifying intelligence of the health of my dear mother and yourself; and upon receipt of it lost no time in complying with your wishes for my return, by embarking at once for New York in the Great Western. Your indulgence to me upon all occasions requires, even if I were not actuated by a higher motive, that I should implicitly follow your instructions, which I am aware are only dictated by an anxious solicitude for my welfare, and I hope you will do me the justice to believe that the ready obedience I have shown in this case, even at a time when an affection of the lungs required medical treatment, is a proof of my desire to meet your wishes in all things and upon all occasions. The dampness of the climate in England has operated rather unfavourably upon my lungs, and a succession of colds has rendered it necessary for me to consult an eminent physician, whose enormous and extravagant charges (which I understand are always more so to strangers) have made me draw largely upon my letter of credit : but I knew that I should not please you unless I took the best advice, let it cost what it would. Indeed my general expenses have been larger than I could have wished. London is an excessively expensive place to live in, and although I have had neither the inclination nor, I may add, the



means for extravagance, yet I fear my expenditure will appear large to you, for notwithstanding the doctor's fees, (which is an unforeseen and indispensable item,) the result without that is altogether too large for a person of my regular and retired habits. You will be surprised to hear that, young as I am, I have only been to the theatre once, but that was once too often; and indeed I should not have felt a desire to go at all, had it not been for your repeatedly expressed wish that I should see whatever was worth seeing in London, that my travels might be productive of useful information as well as amusement. To tell you the truth, I have some scruples as to the propriety of visiting such places at all. On that occasion I had the misfortune to be run over in the street by a cab, and was severely stunned and bruised; and when I came to, I found that I had been relieved by some of the light-fingered gentry of the metropolis of the beautiful fifty guinea watch you were so kind as to give me, and also a quarter's allowance which I had received that day from my banker. I admit I ought not to have carried that money about me, but that I do not regret, for economy will easily replace it; but this token of your regard I valued more than the money, as a remembrance of you, and had hoped to have kept it through life, to remind me of the value of time, of the kind friend and monitor that gave it, and as a pledge of parental affection. But Providence has ordained it otherwise, and I must submit to that which I cannot control. Had I not been deprived of all sensation, I would have parted with my life sooner than with that little keepsake. The doctors, I am sorry to say, seem to think that the affection of my lungs has been increased by the injury I have received. I have made a valuable addition to my medical library, upon which I have spent what most young

men of my age would have consumed upon their pleasures. I shall leave the books to follow, and hope they will arrive safe.

I look forward with the greatest pleasure and anxiety to see you all again, and shall hurry home again as fast as possible to resume the study of my profession in my native place, where, with your powerful connexion and valuable advice, I make no doubt I shall fulfil all your expectations. To qualify myself for thus entering upon the duties of life, I have lost no opportunity of attending the best lectures at the several hospitals. It gives me the greatest pain to hear from you that my brother Tom is inclined to dissipation and extravagance. I was always afraid that such would be the result of your too indulgent allowance, which it is never prudent to enlarge as you have done, for a young man of his gay temperament. If I find on my return that he persists in these courses, I shall be under the necessity of withdrawing in a great measure from his society, for evil communications, according to an old proverb, have unquestionably a deleterious influence on the manners and principles. I have bought you a very improved pair of patent spectacles, which I think you will find very useful; and also a newly-invented ear-trumpet for poor dear mother, which I hope you and she will do me the favour to accept and wear for the sake of, dear and honoured father,

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

ARTHUR SNOB.

---

## No. XXIV.

## THE MISDIRECTED LETTER, No. II.

---

A COLONIST TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR TOM,

You will be surprised to hear I am on board the Great Western instead of coming direct to Quebec, but I intend to run the full length of my tether, and have made up my mind to have a lark in the States before I come back. What the old cove will say to this I do not know, but I have written a letter to him by this packet that will effectually hoodwink him, I hope : it is quite in his own style, and as good as be d——d. I have had a glorious time of it, both in London and Paris, and have gone the whole figure ; but it has cost so much money, I am afraid to add it all up. How the devil to account for this expenditure to our old governor, I don't know ; for besides ordinary expenses, I have had a job for the doctor, my health having materially suffered from my dissipations. I have wiped out part of this by swearing I was run over and robbed of a quarter's allowance, and the gold watch he gave me, which I left in pawn ; and have accounted for the doctor's part by an inflammation of the lungs from the damp climate, while another part I have set down to books, which of course will never arrive. For heaven's sake look out for the name of some vessel that has foundered at sea, or been wrecked, and cargo lost, that I may fix on her for having my library on board. What to say for the

rest I positively do not know, can't you help me? Try and think it over, that's a good fellow, for something must be done, or the old man will play the devil with me when I return. Lord, I thought I should have died a laughing once, in Paris, dancing one Sunday afternoon with a Grisette in the Champs Elysées, where there was a splendid hop, and thinking if my old evangelical father was to see me, how it would make him stare with all his eyes. He would have edified his saints for a month by this instance of backsliding, if he had seen it. Poor dear good old man, I must say he has a little dash of the hypocrite about him, and I never can resist laughing when I look into that smooth, sly, canting visage of his. What fun it would have been, if he had happened to have been in Paris then, to have inveigled him in there, and then quizzed him about it afterwards, wouldn't it? I'll tell you who I did see there though, and it will astonish you to hear it as much as it did not me—no less than Deacon Closefist. I did, upon my honour. The moment I saw him I cut and run, for I was dancing and he was not, and I didn't want him to see me, any more than he did that I should come across his hawser. I have had a very awkward affair in one of the gambling-houses of London, before I left town. I was at the Quadrant with a young fellow of the Temple, and I was under the disagreeable necessity of calling him out. We exchanged shots twice, and I was fortunate enough to pink him in the hand without endangering his life and to escape being hit myself, which is very lucky, for he was a capital shot. I was in a dreadful funk for fear it would get wind, and find its way into the newspapers, when some damned good-natured friend would have been sure to have told father all about it, especially as the quarrel was about a fair friend of mine. It's of no use talking about it, Tom, but women are at the bottom of all the mischief of the world. I wish the devil had the

whole of them, for they have led me into a pretty mess of expense and trouble since I have been abroad; but if old men will send young men to London to see the world, why they must just make up their minds to pay the piper, and there is no help for it. I have sent the old boy a pair of spectacles to improve his vision—don't laugh at the joke when you see them; there is no fear of his being up to it, for he never was up to anything in his life, but saving money. I have some capital stories for you when we meet, about my adventures, but it's not altogether safe to commit them to paper for fear of accidents. Don't lisp a syllable of all this, and believe me, dear Tom,

Yours always,

ARTHUR SNOB.

---

No. XXV.

LETTER FROM A LOCO-FOCO OF NEW YORK, TO A  
SYMPATHISER IN VERMONT.

MY DEAR JOHNSTON,

So many persons have lately travelled through North America, all of whom have made most singular and valuable discoveries in the theory of government, that I have made it my business, during my recent visit to Great Britain, to inquire into the state of the nation, the condition of the people, and the causes of discontent; and have now the pleasure of sending you an abstract of my observations, which I shall shortly publish more at large. I feel satisfied I shall astonish the natives with the magnitude of the disclosures, and the importance of the subjects contained in my work, and exhibit

a state of misrule and misgovernment that is perfectly appalling. One of the most startling discoveries I have made is, that the people of the Upper Island, or England, speak a different language, and hold a different religion from those in the Lower Island, or Ireland. Until my visit, this important truth was never known; and it bears a strong resemblance to the fact recently ascertained by a great linguist, that the French of Canada are not Anglo-Saxons, and do not speak English: indeed, I may say, that nothing in my book is of more importance than this information, for the consequence is, the Irish members of parliament usually vote one way, and the English the other. England, as might be expected, from the indolence and ignorance of its rulers for centuries past, is filled with people dissatisfied with the government and the existing order of things. These people are termed Chartists, and contain among them a great body of respectable, well-informed, and able men, and constitute, it seems, the majority of the people: I have therefore felt it my duty to make their conciliation my chief study. They complain that the higher orders, persons of property and standing in the kingdom, are linked in a common interest for the support of monarchical institutions; and they therefore very properly style them "the family compact," or "official gang"—a very singular coincidence with what is now going on in a distant part of the empire. The bench, the magistracy, the high offices of the episcopal church, and a great part of the legal profession, as well as the army and navy, are filled by adherents of this party—and, until lately, shared among them, almost exclusively, all offices of trust and profit.

They complain that this compact co-operates for the purpose of oppressing the poor, of tyrannising over the weak, of suppressing instruction, or rather confining it

to themselves, and of ruining the nation. And from their wealth, station in life, and education, I conceive it to be true, more especially as so many of them belong to the established churches of England and Scotland. They also allege that the upper branch of the legislature is composed altogether of people of this class, which, indeed, its very name, "House of Lords," seems to prove : and that such has been the favouritism of this "compact party," that no instance is known of a chartist being made a lord chancellor, an archbishop, a chief justice, or a peer of the realm, or filling any of the high offices about the palace or the person of the Queen—a case of partiality and misrule unparalleled in the history of any country. The object of the Chartists is to render the House of Lords elective, and responsible to them, which universal suffrage will inevitably produce; and it is in vain to conceal the fact, that they never will be content with anything short of this reform, nor do I think they ought. Despairing of constitutional redress for these accumulated evils, they most imprudently took up arms at Birmingham before they were quite ready for the revolution, and destroyed much property, as well as many lives. I think there should be a general pardon of the offenders, the jails opened, and the patriots set at large. Politics are sacred, and opinions are not fit subjects for legal inquiries. They were evidently entrapped into rebellion, as appeared by the circumstance of the dragoons being stationed at so great a distance as London, an opinion which is strengthened by the fact, that the head of the county, though aware of the danger, relied upon the constabulary force for the preservation of the peace, instead of the military. A general pardon of these respectable persons, whose feelings I should be reluctant to see wounded by their being sent to a penal settlement, is the most expedient

course that occurs to me; for the scene being at a distance, neither the bloodshed nor the destruction of property (dreadful as it must be admitted to have been) can ever reach us; and besides, many of the objects they demand I fully approve of.—Another subject of complaint is the large tracts of land held by the members of this family compact, who, by purchase or inheritance, own nearly the whole of the island, when so many thousand people are anxious to get possession of these estates, and are not permitted to do so. This is a serious evil, and it is my opinion, in all cases where the title is by grant, the crown should inquire into their origin and resume them. There are woods, and parks, and uncultivated lands in England, owned by a few landholders of the clique, sufficiently large to support all the poor and idle people of North America. In France, during its revolution, which is ever exciting the envy and admiration of those respectable and intelligent people, the Chartists, confiscation of the overgrown property of their family compacts formed a valuable source of public revenue and private speculation; and they naturally regard the example of their neighbours as one to be followed by them—an idea which I have done my best to encourage. With regard to the church question, it is necessary to speak out plainly. It has been endowed from time to time with grants of real estate, and the discontented party very properly claim to have an equal division of this property among all those sects who have none, and I am satisfied it is the only rational way of appeasing their clamours. He that gives may take away—the law gave it—alter the law, and take it away. In either case, it is the operation of law. Whatever apparent right law and usage may give to the Established Church, to those lands reason gives none; and, in this enlightened age, reason must prevail in all matters of religion, and



mysteries, the subject of faith, must be given up. A stated resident clergy are unsuited to a migratory people like the English, who live in rail-cars and steam boats; and strolling preachers, like strolling players, are better adapted to their tastes, habits, and amusements.

On all those points I have recommended their leaders to cultivate a good understanding with, and to copy the excellent example of, the French, who have destroyed all their family compacts, and, by assimilating their institutions to those of their neighbours, to remove all occasions of heart-burnings and envy. Scotland I have not seen, but my clerk took a ride into it of twelve hours, and he informs me, that more than half the houses are uninhabited, the natural consequence of misrule and misgovernment. It is easy to conceive how great must be the distress occasioned by the abandonment of their houses; for as the population has more than doubled notwithstanding within the last twenty years, it is evident the people must live in the open air with the beasts of the field, and will soon become as ferocious and as savage as their companions, and, like Nebuchadnezzar, feed on the coarse herbage of the earth. This startling fact has, I know, been doubted, but I am convinced of its truth, because one of their most popular authors has endeavoured to stimulate his countrymen to exertion, to induce them to make railroads, and to prevail upon them to adopt the modern improvements in agriculture, which is to my mind a convincing proof that he disapproves of the government, though delicacy prevents his saying so; or perhaps, being opposed to revolutionary doctrines, he has thought proper to conceal what he thinks. Although he has not said so, therefore, I conclude he thinks so, and boldly appeal to his writings in support of my theory and facts, from the very circumstance of his having wholly omitted any such expressions of discontent. One thing I certainly was not

prepared to find, notwithstanding the very low opinion I entertain of English institutions, namely, the debased and degraded state of the mercantile marine. The same exclusive and compact feeling exists here as elsewhere. It will hardly be believed that the entire command of the ship is entrusted to the captain; that the seamen have no voice in the choice of this officer, nor any control over him; that he has a counsel composed of his lieutenants and mates, neither of whom are elected by the men or amenable to them; and that the only responsibility that exists is to the directors, who do not live on board, seldom visit the ship, and actually reside in Bristol. If any seaman says he is dissatisfied with this treatment, the captain very coolly tells him he may leave the ship, and if he repeats his complaints, he does actually discharge him. Several meetings of the sailors have taken place at the fore-castle, amounting to a large majority on board, demanding an extension of suffrage, the election of their own officers, and responsible government. They say a knowledge of navigation is not necessary for command, and that a familiarity with the names of the ropes is quite sufficient. They also protest against the enormous salaries of the officers, and the immense disparity of the pay of the captain, which is fifty pounds a-month, and theirs, which is the paltry sum of three pounds; and although they have repeatedly offered to do the captain's work for ten pounds a-month, whereby a saving of four hundred and eighty pounds a-year would be effected, their offers have been met by indecent ridicule. Upon one occasion, they refused to work, and actually armed and drilled, and the captain, who is a member of the Church of England, (and of course has every bishop to back him,) and a son of a member of the compact, (which gives him the support of the whole official gang,) a nephew of another, and has a daughter married to a judge, (which precludes every one

from any hope of justice in any case where he is concerned,) this man had the assurance to talk of mutiny, and in an official letter called them disaffected. To show the gross corruption of this faction, it is only necessary to state, that instead of saying their own prayers, which as Christians they are bound to do, the officers have a chaplain at an overgrown salary exceeding that of any three sailors, and the boatswain, who offered in the most disinterested manner to perform his duty for the nominal remuneration of a fig of tobacco and a glass of grog, was reported, in a private letter to the directors, as a troublesome man; and though the situation of first lieutenant has been twice vacant since this happened, he has been as often refused promotion. I have conversed with the leading minds among the sailors, many of whom are extremely well informed, and exhibit great talent. They repudiate in the most loyal manner the idea of mutineering or seizing the ship with great scorn—all they require is to have the entire and sole command of her, and are quite willing to concede to the directors the privilege of protecting and defending her. They also disavow all idea of dissolving British connexion, and promise to purchase their cargoes in the United Kingdom, if a bankrupt law is adjusted on board to their satisfaction, so that they could continue to do business, and retain their property, if they should ever be so unfortunate as to become bankrupt. These are reasonable demands, and a most numerous, influential, and highly respectable body of our enlightened citizens at New York, called Sympathisers, (of which you are one,) are willing to assist them in every legitimate mode to obtain redress for these grievances. Responsibility is now the catch-word of the Chartist party, and they are already reaping the fruit of the seed sown by me. A quicker germination, and a more premature harvest, have never been exhibited to the world. To make the upper

branch of the legislature elective, will soon lead to making the throne elective, and universal suffrage, short parliaments, and vote by ballot, naturally conduce to this great end. The Chartists will then have the government in their own hands, and everybody will be responsible but themselves. In short, nothing will satisfy the able and intelligent reformers of this party but an equalisation of property. We are all born equally helpless, and we all repose at last in one common receptacle. Life is ushered in, and the last scene closes, without any distinctions, to all alike, and it is not fitting that during our transitory abode here these artificial differences should exist.

It is abundantly evident that every thing which the compacts call respectable and estimable in England must be abolished, if they wish to procure tranquillity; where there is nothing to respect, there will be nothing to envy, and where there are no fortunes, there can be no inequality of condition; a man who is better off than his neighbour should be held responsible for it, and he who carries his head higher than his fellow-citizens should suffer decapitation for his presumption. In preparing my tour for publication, I have endeavoured to avoid all partiality. During my residence in England, I had an ample opportunity of seeing the state of the country, for I sailed once up the Thames in a steam-boat, with nobody on board but my clerks and partner, so that from the deck of the vessel I saw the condition of the people uninterrupted. I crossed the Channel in like manner, and spent twenty-four hours in Ireland, and from the window of the inn I observed what was going on among the Ribbon-men of that island, and other secret societies of patriots. Instead of conferring with the principal inhabitants, who all belong to the family compact party, and whose whole souls are ab-

sorbed in contriving how to enslave the nation, I consulted only my own clerks, so that no one can say I have had prejudices instilled into my mind, or that the important discoveries I have made are not wholly and exclusively my own. Of them I feel I have a right to be proud, as both original and unique. As an appendix I shall add several valuable dissertations, among which will be found an interesting one on bowel complaints, illustrated by beautiful drawings of the *modus operandi*, and on hallucinations of the mind. I feel that it would be criminal in me to withhold such valuable information as I have collected, or to deprive the world of the use of my discoveries; you must therefore not be surprised to see this first in print, before you receive the original, at it is important the whole should be made public as soon as possible.

I am, my dear Bill Johnston, yours truly,

TIMOTHY NODDYN.

---

No. XXVI.

LETTER FROM A COACHMAN ON THE RAIL-ROAD LINE.

DEAR FRIEND,

Old England and I has parted for ever; I have thrown down the rains, and here I am on board the Great Western, old, thick in the wind, stiff in the joints, and tender in the feet—I am fairly done up—I couldn't stand it no longer. When you and me first know'd each other, the matter of twenty years ago, I druv the Red Rover on the Liverpool line—you recollects the Red Rover, and a pretty turn out it was, with light green body, and wheels picked out with white, four smart bays,

and did her ten miles an hour easy, without ever breaking into a gallop, and never turned a hair. Well I was druv off of that by the rails, and a sad blow that was, for I liked the road, and passengers liked me, and never a one that didn't tip his bob and a tizzy for the forty miles. Them was happy days for Old England, afore reforms and rails turned everything upside down, and men rode as natur intended they should, on pikes with coaches, and smart active cattle, and not by machinery like bags of cotton and hardware. Then I takes the Highflyer on the Southampton road; well, she warnt equal to the Red Rover, and it warnt likely she could, but still she did her best, and did her work well and comfortably eight miles to fifty-five minutes, as true as a trivet. People made no complaints as ever I heard of, when all of a sudden the rail fever broke out there too—up goes the cars and in course down goes the coaches, and me along with them. One satisfaction was, it warnt the Highflyer's fault, it warnt she broke down, it was the road; and if people is so foolish as not to go by coaches, why coaches cant go of themselves, as stands to common sense and reason. I warnt out of employ long, and it warnt likely I should, I was too well known for that: few men in my line was so well known, and it arnt boasting, or nothing of the sort, but no more nor truth to say, few men was better liked on the road in all England nor I was, so I was engaged on the Bristol line, and druv the Markiss of Huntley. You knowd the Markiss, in course, everbody knowd her, she was better hossed nor any coach in England; it was a pleasure to handle the ribbins in one's new toggery where the cattle was all blood, and the turn out all complete, in all parts, pointments and all. We had a fine run on that line, roads good, coaches full, lots of lush, and travelled quick. But the rails got up an opposition there too, and the

pikes and coaches couldn't stand it, no more nor on the other lines. The coaches was took off, the hosses was sold off, and there I was the third time off myself on the stones agin. As long as there was any chance, I stood up under it like a man, for it aint a trifle makes me give in; but there is no chance, coaches is done in England, and so is gentlemen. Sending to the station for parcels and paper is a different thing from having them dropt at the gate, and so they'll find when it's too late. Mind what I telly, Jeny, the rails will do for the gents, only give em time for it, as well as for the coaches. That thief's whistle of a car is no more to be compared to the music of a guard's horn, than chork is to cheese; it's very low that, it always sets my teeth an edge. They'll find some a those days what all this levelling will come to in England. I'm blest if they doesn't. Levelling coachmen down to stokers is the first step; the next is, levelling the gents down to the Brummigim tradesman. They are booked for a fall where they'll find no return carriage, or I'm mistaken; but it serves em right; where people will be so obstinate as not to see how much better dust is than smoke; and they needn't even have dust if they chooses to water the roads as they ort. There is no stopping now to take up or put down a passenger—that day is gone by, and returns by a different road. Accidents too is more common on the rails than on the pikes, and when the rails begins they always kills; there is no hopes of having the good luck to lose a limb, as there is with coaches. You can't pull them up as you can hosses; they harn't got no sense, and it don't stand to reason they can stop of themselves, or turn out. I never run over but one man all the time I was on the road, and that was his own fault, for he was deaf and didn't hear us in time; and one woman, and she ran the wrong way, though the lamps was lit, and it served

her right for being so stupid. I've always observed women and pigs run the wrong way, it's natural to them, and they hadn't ort to suffer them to run at large on the same roads with coaches; for they cum to be run over of themselves, and is very dangerous, frightning hosses, and upsetting coaches, by getting under the wheels. But it's no use guarding now agin accidents, Joe, for coaches is done in England, and done for ever, and a heavy blow it is. They was the pride of the country, there wasn't any thing like them, as I've heard gemmen say from forrin parts, to be found no where, nor never will be again. Them as have seen coaches afore rails come in fashion, av seen something worth remembering, and telling of agin; and all they are fit for now is to stick up for watch-houses along the rails, for policemen to go to sleep in when they gets moppy. It's a sad thing to think of, and quite art breaking for them as know'd their valy and speed and safety by day or by night, and could drive em to the sixteenth part of an inch of one another and never touch. That was what I call seeing life was travelling in a coach; but travelling by rails is like being stowed away in a parcel in the boot, you can't see nothing nor hear nothing; but coaches is done, Joe—yes, they are done; and it's a pity too. I couldn't stand it no longer; first one lirs knocked up, and then another; and nothing seen but hosses going to the ammer, and coachmen thrown out of employ. I couldn't stand it no longer; so I am off to Americka, to a place they calls Nova Scotia, where they have more sense and won't have a rail, though natur has done one half, and English money is ready to do the other. They perfers coaches, and they shows their sense, as time will prove. I am engaged on the line from Halifax to Windsor, that the new steamers will make a busy one, and where rails, as I hear, are never likely to be interduced, as they have



seed the mischief they av done in England. I only wish I ad the Old Highflyer, or Red Rover, or Markiss of Huntley, there with their cattle; if I ad, I'de show the savages what a coach and hosses complete and fit for the Queen to travel in was; but I haven't, nor can't, nor nobody can't, nor never will again, for coaches, such coaches as them I mean, which was coaches, and deserved the name of coaches, is done. Nobody won't see the like of them agin. Arter all, Joe, it is a ard thing for the like of me, as I has drove the first coach and best team in all England, and the first gemmen of the land, to go out to that horrid savage country Nova Scotia, to end my days among bad hosses, bad coaches, and bad arness, and among a people, too, whose noses is all blue, as I hear, with the cold there. I never expected to live to see this come to pass, or the day when coaches was done in England; but coaches is done for all that; and here I am broken down in helth and spirits, groggy in both feet, and obliged to be transported to America, all on account of the rails. But if I go on so fast, talking of travelling in old times, I shall be apt to be shying from the main object of my letter, so I must clap the skid on the off wheel of my heart and go gently. I shall have to shorten up my wheel reins preciousy to come down to terms. My eyes, what would our old friend the Barynet say to my driving a team without saddles and without breeching, and take a steady drag of seventeen miles—with leather springs and linch pins instead of patent axles and liptics. No sign board, no mile stones—no Tom and Jerrys, no gin and bitters—coachman and no guards—hills and dales, and no levels—no barmaids, post-boys, nor seven-mile stages; and what is wus and wus, wages and no tip. Oh Joe! my heart sinks to the axle when I thinks of the past; but fate drives with a heavy hand and a desperate hard curb, and I shall wait

with a sharp pull up on my patience, till I gets your next letter, and hereafter sets in my place with melancholy as a passenger on the box-seat forever. I don't much like sending this by the Great Western, for steam has ruined me, Joe; but I've had a copy made to go by the old coach as I calls the Liner, and if she gets the start of leader's heads past Western's swingle trees, you'll get tother one first, never fear. I have no hart to write more at present, though the thorts of the ribbins do revive me a bit; and when I mount the box once more I will write you agin.

So no more at present from your old friend,

JERRY DRAG.

P. S.—Send me a good upper Benjamin of the old cut, and a broad surcingle, for my lines is getting rumatiz in them, and it will draw me up a bit, for I was always a good feeder; and stayin in the stall here and no walking exercise, am getting clumsy: also a decent whip—I always likes to see a Jemmy whip, and so does hosses, for they can tell by the sound of it whether a man knows his business or not, as well as a Christian could, and better than one half of them can. I hear blue-nose whips is like school boys fishing-rods, all wood, and as stiff as the pole of a coach. I couldn't handle such a thing as that, and more nor that I wont, for I couldn't submit to the disgrace of it. Also a flask for the side pocket, for I'm informed them as keeps inns on that road are tea-totallers, and a drop of gin arnt to be had for love or money. Now that gammon wont do for me; I'm not agoing for to freze to death on the box, to please any such Esquimo Indgian cangaroos as them, and they needn't expect no such a thing. A glass of gin I must have as a thing in course, so don't forget it. Direct “Royal Blue-nose mail coach office, Halifax, Nova Scotia—care of Mr. Craig—Letter department.”

## No. XXVII.

LETTER FROM THE WIFE OF A SETTLER WHO CANNOT  
SETTLE.

DEAR ELIZABETH,

My dear Simson has concluded to settle in America, and we are now on our way thither, on board of the Great Western, and I must say nothing can exceed the delights of going to sea in a ship so splendidly fitted up, and filled with such agreeable company as this, the only drawback being that of sea-sickness, having been more dead than alive ever since I came on board. Simson, dear fellow, is full of plans and rural felicity, and we clear a farm, erect our buildings, and grow rich every day, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another, but have not yet made up our minds where. Building castles in the air this way is delightful, if they would only stay there when you finish them. Among so many charming countries as there are in America, the choice is rather difficult, as your life is hardly safe in any of them.

The valley of the Mississippi is said to exceed, in beauty and fertility, most parts of the world, and we had thoughts of purchasing a plantation there: but they say it is full of alligators and rattlesnakes, and the people every now and then burn down a town, as they recently did at Mobile, on speculation; so we have given up that, although it is a great disappointment. We then thought of Florida; but the Seminole Indians, it seems, scalp all the men, run off with the women, and murder the dear little children; so I have succeeded in dissuading him from going there.

Texas, they say, is a perfect paradise, and land is so uncommonly cheap, that you can buy a farm for the price of a new bonnet; but earthquakes are very common,

and the people so very cruel, they kill each other with bowie knives in the streets in open day, and so reckless, that they keep singing "Welcome to your gory bed," as if it was fine sport; so we have had to abandon all idea of it, as it would be mere madness to go there.

The Southern States we should like very much, for the society is very good, and very genteel, and the climate excellent, only a little too hot, which causes the yellow fever to rage so in summer to that degree, that the white people have to abandon it till winter, so that it can hardly be said to be a desirable residence; added to which is the constant alarm of insurrections of the negroes, and being hanged by mistake for an abolitionist.

New England is a well-regulated country, and free from all these objections, having more educated men and accomplished women in it than any other place; but they all talk gibberish, and I hardly feel equal to learning a foreign language, now that I have this little angel to watch over and take care of, and do not like to live among a people whom I do not understand. Besides, I couldn't think of poor little Bob giving up his English altogether, and talking nothing but Yankee Doodle.

Canada we have had a very favourable account of, all people agreeing in saying it is a beautiful country, and very eligible to settle in; but they are not only at war among themselves, and with their neighbours, but their practices are so barbarous, it does not deserve the name of "a civil war" at all. A poor unfortunate wretch, of the name of "Caroline," (I didn't hear her surname, but I am certain I am right in her christian one,) was lately seized on the American shore by a "compact band" from Canada, dragged out of her bed at night, unrigged, as they called it, and just a bare pole, and carried into the middle of the river and set fire to, and then sent over the falls in a steam-boat, screeching and screaming in the

most awful manner. To retaliate this, those who sympathized with her sufferings, her friends and relations, came over in their turn to Canada, and seized the great Sir Robert Peel, and served him the same way, by making him take a flying jib over the rapids. His visit was cut so short, they call it a "Bob-stay" in derision; and, to mock him, they said, as he was a "stern" man, they would treat him to a "spanker," and cut him with lashings dreadfully, and chasing him about, asked him how he liked running rigging. He couldn't have been many days in the country, poor man, for Simson says he is positive he saw him in the House of Commons not a month before we sailed. Then, dear Simson is a member of the Church of England, and he would have no chance there; for it is considered a great crime in Canada to belong to that denomination, all of whom are called "family compacts," on account of bringing up their children to the same religion as themselves, as nothing will go down there but every individual of a family going to a different place of worship from the other. They say it looks liberal. All those who take up arms against government are called patriots; and all those who stand up for the Queen and Parliament are called every bad name you can think of. The loyal people frequently get their houses burnt in the night over their heads; and when the patriots are caught doing it, the hypocrite villains say it is a christian duty to heap coals of fire on the heads of their enemies.

Then we thought seriously of New Brunswick, but that is "too near the line," they say, to live in—though how a country that is so cold can be "on the line," I don't know. It borders on the states, the nearest one of which is Passa-my-quiddy—so named from the people passing to each other quids of tobacco, which nasty stuff they eat all day. One follow points to another man's mouth,

and says, "Quid est hoc?" and the other replies in the same Yankee lingo, "Hoc est quid," and gives it to him. The New Brunswickers—who are a very loyal people, and very civil to strangers—have a great deal of trouble with their neighbours, who are all mad from living "on the line" always, and all the people of the state are called "Maine-iacs." Last winter, five thousand of these unfortunate wretches caught the "line-ophobia," as it is called, and armed themselves and ran away, howling and screaming, into the midst of the woods, in the month of March, though the snow was two feet deep; and fancying themselves soldiers, made a target with the figure of our gracious sovereign on it, which they took for an English army, and fired at—and then they drew up a dispatch, and said they had conquered the country and gained a great battle—and Webster, who is supposed to have caught the infection, declared ancient and modern history had nothing to equal this short but brilliant campaign. The poor creatures staid out a month in the wilderness in this horrid manner, and were badly frost-bitten, most of them having lost a toe, or a nose, or some prominent part or another, with the intense cold. They could hear them yelling and blaspheming all the way to Fredericton, for they never slept in the night, but made great fires, and danced the war-dance round them like Indians, firing off every now and then a great wooden gun, hooped with iron, and making dreadful faces at the Brunswickers, and calling them bad names. One poor man took a horse with him into the forest, and put some yellow fringe on his coat, which was made of a red flannel shirt, and stuck a goose's feather in his hat, and took it into his head he was a general, and carried a naked sword in his hand, with which he cut and slashed away at the limbs of trees in a most furious manner, thinking they were British soldiers—and swore most awful oaths, that would make your hair

stand on end, that he would give them no quarter. Then he led his men up against a sawmill, which he took for a fort, and stormed it; and as there was no one living in it, he fancied the garrison had fought till they had died. Webster, in his great war speech, said it was stronger than Gibraltar, and compared this poor Maine-iac to Alexander, who, he said, had an unsoldier-like trick of carrying his head a one side—and to Julius Cæsar, who got licked, and bowie-knifed at last like any other man—and to Napoleon, who lost in one day all he ever conquered—and to Wellington, who just left off fighting in time to save his character. People say they hardly know which was most to be pitied, Webster or General Conrad Corncob, both were so mad. The New Brunswickers were quite alarmed for fear some of these poor unfortunate creatures should escape from Passa-my-quiddy, and get into the province and bite some of the inhabitants, and the “line-phobia” should spread among them. So they had to send a regiment of soldiers out to look after them, but before the troops came to where they had encamped the paroxysm had passed off—they had eaten up all their pork and molasses, pumpkin pies and apple sauce, and got out of tobacco—and worn out with excitement, cold, hunger, and fatigue, had gone home. They say if all Bedlam and the other insane institutions in England were opened, and the inmates let loose, they wouldn’t number half as many as those poor maniacs—and that they were in such a dreadful rage, and so rabid, while the fit was on, the bushes were all covered with slaver and tobacco spittle for miles. I never heard anything half so horrid in all my life, and nothing would tempt me to live “on the line,” if the climate operates that way on the brain, and makes people act as if they were possessed of a devil. The Lord preserve dear Simson and me from “line-phobia”—it is worse than cholera morbus.

We now think of Nova Scotia, which some people call the happy valley—the natives are such a primitive people, and blessed with everything that can render life agreeable, and have no taxes, and borrow English regiments and men-of-war to fight for nothing—but they are subject to that same disease the “line-ophobia” too. When they heard these poor wretches, the maniacs, howling in the wilderness last winter, for they could hear them quite plainly, they began to foam at the mouth, and to howl too, and voted an army and supplies of Blue-nose potatoes and Digby herrings for them, to go and fight these unfortunate people—and they talked so big, and looked so big, the governor was quite alarmed about them; for they talked of having no officers unless they were native heroes, to lead them on to death or victory. So he humoured them—he told them they were valiant men everybody knew, their zeal being only equalled by the chance there was of its being wanted, but that it was not generous for so strong and brave a people as the Blue-noses to roar so loud, as the Americans would either die of fright or never wait to be beaten, but fly their country; for, like all other people of such huge stature and strength, the Nova Scotians were not aware of their own power, and that their voice was loud enough to be heard across the Alleghanies on one side, and the Atlantic on the other, and strike terror into all within its reach. This speech pacified them by tickling their vanity, and the disease was kept off for a time, though the very word Passa-my-quiddy sets their teeth on edge, and makes them gnash and grit most hideously. All this is very alarming—and I hear, too, the coal-mines every now and then get a fire, which is very dangerous, and has a tendency to make them warm tempered, and keep them in hot water all the time.

Newfoundland has been named as a place of residence;



but that smells so much of dried codfish and seal oil, that I should die in a week; and, besides, I hear it whispered, some of the people eat their eggs out of wine-glasses, which I never could stand, I am sure; the very sight of such a dirty trick would throw me into fits, as it did Captain Hamilton, who, I hear, never recovered the shock his nerves received in America. Prince Edward's Island has also been suggested; but there, they say, the more land they have, the poorer you are; and that though the rent is only two shillings a hundred acres, the tenants threaten to turn patriots and Durhamites if it is exacted. One proprietor, who came all the way from England to collect his rents, only got seven shillings and sixpence, for his trouble. It seems to me all the world is hunting after reform, which dear Simson says is a locomotive government that will go of itself and cost nothing, and every body is their own master and can do as they please, and that majority law is the law of the strong over the weak; but it is above my comprehension altogether; all I know is, I will be mistress in my own house, and the dear fellow makes no objection. Astoria is a fine country, but it takes nine months' travel to get there, and that is a serious objection, as there are but few things in life worth that; and you can carry nothing so far, and get nothing when you arrive there, but the fever and ague, and that I would rather be excused from. Cape Breton is also well spoken of, only you are likely to be frozen up in your passage there, at a place called Gut of Ponso, and nothing goes up or down till spring thaws it out. The whole country is covered with snow for several months up to your hips, so that when the melancholy season comes, they say they are "hipt," and the people are so savage, they make "slaying" parties on the ice, and call this barbarous cruel work quite a diversion. They say the reason it is so cold is, that being so far east, it is a little beyond

where the sun rises; an American gentleman told me so, who went there to see it; for my part, I am not so fond of ice-cream as to desire to live on an ice-berg, like a seal, all winter, and should prefer a warmer country.

Bermuda seems, after all, a delightful place, where people have almost perpetual summer; only the roofs blow off like straw-hats, and makes house-keeping very difficult, and trees fly about in hurricanes like leaves, which must scatter families dreadfully, and must make separations that are so sudden quite painful. The governor's name is Reid, and he has seen so many storms there, he has written a book about them. Dear Simson, who is very witty, says he is "the Reid shaken with the wind." I wish you knew dear Simson—he is full of fun. He says the new theory of storms is, that instead of "avaner," it takes a "pirouette," and that the whole story of it is this:

"Here we go up, up, up,  
And there we go down, down, downy;  
Here we go backward and forward,  
And there we go round, round, roundy."

The West Indies is the same, only rather too hot for clothes, and as flatulent as Bermuda, besides which, white servants can't live there, and black ones won't work; so that you must now be slaves to yourselves, for which being your own masters is no compensation. Dear Simson says, emancipation means making black white and white black. Then they suffer from crawling things dreadfully, having to stop their ears at night with cotton wools to keep them out, as they are always on the look out for the best opening to hide in and breed. Isn't it shocking? So that, at present, we haven't made up our minds where to settle, as every place has its objection to counterbalance its advantages.

It's the same with this steamer; nothing can exceed its splendour, its luxury, and its comfort, but you are

always in a fright about blowing up, and expect to be sent out of bed some time or another, without time to put your clothes on, into another world. The company, too, is very genteel, having some real nobility on board, and some imitation ones, called honourables, from the colonies, though the great lords are not tall men at all, and the little ones from the provinces look and talk the biggest of the two. All this is very pleasant, and there are so many foreigners on board, it is as amusing and instructive as travelling into strange countries, only you can't understand a word they say, for they speak as many different languages as they did in the Tower of Babel.

Dear Simson is very kind and attentive to me, especially before company, which is very agreeable, and looks well, only I wish he could bear the crying of children a little, very little better; but at night he sometimes gets out of patience, and swears he don't know what they were made for, but to break one's sleep, and destroy one's comfort. Take it altogether, it is certainly very agreeable here, and a sort of I-pity-me of the world, and amusing and instructive, and I must say I enjoy myself very much, and would be quite happy, if it wasn't for fear dear Bob would tumble into those horrid boilers, which would make soup and bouillie of him, as dear Simson says, before you could count ten. The very idea is so shocking, I never could taste soup since. So are our plans for emigrating very tempting, and the idea of being extensive land-owners, and having an estate as large as the Duke of Sutherland's all your own, with herds of cattle and sheep, and horses and buffaloes, and all sorts of things; and vineyards, and wine of your own making, and wild deer that cost nothing to keep, and only the trouble of catching, and beautiful prairies (that's the name they give to meadows) so large that it

takes you a week to ride across them,—all this is delightful, and makes me think myself a most fortunate woman indeed, if I only knew when it was to come true, or in what part of the globe, for in none of those places I have mentioned would I settle upon any consideration in the world. Dear Simson may if he pleases; but I won't go ballooning in a hurricane, or be scalped by Indians, or be bowie-knifed by Lynchers, or frightened out of my wits by maniacs, or frozen into a pillar of ice like Lot's wife was into salt, or be stifled with codfish smells, for all the estates that ever were, or ever will be.

Simson is a dear good fellow, and I am the most fortunate of my sex, and as happy as the day is long, and will follow him with pleasure all the world over, only I wish he thought as I did, that England, after all, is preferable to any of those outlandish places, if people would only think so; and they that are discontented had better leave it, if they don't like it, and not try to make it anything else; for the reason I prefer and love dear old England is, because there is no such place in the world, for if there were many such places, then it wouldn't be England any longer. One thing, however, I wish to assure you, and that is, I am quite happy in the possession of dear Simson, who is an angel of a man, only a little home-sick and heart-sick when I think of those I left behind, never, perhaps, to see again in this world.

Ever yours faithfully, and tenderly attached,

EMMA SIMSON.

P. S. If my next child should be born in the States, will it be a Yankee, and speak that foreign language, or will it be English? I don't like to ask dear Simson, for he is the most feeling man in the world, and would go crazy at the very mention of another child. Poor dear

fellow! I love him so, and wouldn't do anything to worry him for the universe; but some things you can't help, and this, in the midst of all my happiness, makes me miserable.

---

No. XXVIII.

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR.

GENTLE READER,

I cannot bring myself to pay so poor a compliment to your taste, or my own performance, as to entertain a doubt that you had no sooner taken up this book, than you became so interested in it as not to lay it down until you had read it through; nor am I less assured that you felt great regret that there was not more of it. Understanding tolerably well the working of your mind from a long study of the operation of my own, I venture to anticipate a very natural question you will ask as soon as you have perused it, namely, "Whether the author had any other object in view in writing it than merely the amusement of a leisure hour?" and hasten to gratify your curiosity by assuring you that I was most undoubtedly actuated by another, and, as you will presently see, a better motive. Had you had an opportunity of lifting the anonymous veil under which my diffidence finds a shelter, and circumstances had permitted me to have had the honour and pleasure of your acquaintance during my recent visit to Europe, you would have found that, although I am one of the merriest fellows of my age to be found in any country, yet I am a great approver of the old maxim of "being merry and wise," being, after my own fashion, a sort of laughing philosopher, and that I most indulge in that species of humour that has a moral in it. "Life in a

steamer" is fraught with it, as I shall proceed to show you; but before I point it out, I must tell you a story, (more meo,) for I find I grow somewhat rigmarolly as I advance in years, and am more and more addicted to the narrative.

While making the tour of Scotland, I spent a few days at Kelso for the purpose of exploring the ruins of an ancient abbey, wherein are deposited the remains of the old chieftains, the Slicks of Slickvillehaugh, whose name I have the honour to bear. I do not mention this little circumstance out of personal vanity, for I am too old for that; and besides, between you and me, I see nothing in an ancient Scottish descent for any rational man to be proud of. I never read of a Scot of the olden time, (notwithstanding all that Sir Walter has collected on the subject,) without the idea suggesting itself to my mind of a huge, raw-boned, hard-featured, unbreeched savage, very poor, very proud, and very hairy. Indeed, there are good authorities at variance with him on this subject:—

“ A vest Prince Vortiger had on  
Which from a naked Scot his grandsire won.”

Now the obvious meaning of this passage is, that one of the Prince's predecessors ran down one of these boors in the chase, skinned him, and made a garment of his hide, which he wore as a trophy of his skill and valour, in the same manner as a North American Indian decorates his person with the skin of the bear. This, however, is merely matter of opinion, as well as a digression, and I only mention the circumstance at all, to gratify my American readers, who, though staunch Republicans, are great admirers of old names, and are in a nearer or more remote degree allied to the first families in the peerage of Great Britain. While thus employed in enacting the part of Old Mortality on the banks of the Tweed, I ob-

served, one morning, a more than usually large assemblage of the yeomanry of the country, and upon inquiry found that it was the day of the great corn market.

Ah! said I to myself, now I shall have an opportunity of judging of the fertility of this beautiful agricultural district, by seeing its accumulated products; but you may easily imagine my surprise, when, after having several times perambulated the market, I could not find a single solitary sack of grain. I speered at the first good-natured idle-looking fellow I saw, (I like that local word speered, it is so appropriate an expression among the cattle-stealers of a border country, where a stranger was always saluted with a spear, and relieved of the care of his goods and chattels;) I speered at him the question, Where have the farmers put their corn? After a long pause, and a broad stare of astonishment at the gross ignorance implied in the query, the fellow replied, "Where? why, in their pouch, sure." Pouch! the word was new to my American ear, as new as an "almighty everlastin' frizzle of a fiz" would have been to his. "Pouch!" said I, "what the devil is that?" "Here," said he, and putting his hand into his pocket, he produced a very small parcel of beautiful wheat, and added, "We sell by samples, sir. The grower goes to his granary, and thrusting his hand promiscuously into the heap of corn, takes up as much as it can contain, which is called a 'sample,' and this is supposed so well to represent the average quality of the entire mass, that the sale of the whole lot is effected upon the inspection of this sample." "Ah," said I, "my friend," and stretching out the fingers of my right hand, until they represented the radii of a circle, I applied the thumb to the extremity of my nose, in a horizontal position, (an odd old-fashioned custom I acquired when a boy at Slickville, whenever I had caught a valuable hint,) "ah," said I, "my friend——notch!"

"Did you ever see the like o' that," said the puzzled Scot to himself, "and wha is he?" "A wrinkle on the horn," said I, again applying the thumb to its old signal-staff, the nose, "and I thank you for the hint."

"A wrinkle on the horn?" slowly repeated my astonished companion; "puir body, he is daft, as sure as the world."

"No, my man," said I, "not daft, but wiser. In America, for you must know I come from that far-off country, we tell the ages of our cattle by examining their horns, at the root of which, at the end of three years, there appears a small ring or wrinkle, and each succeeding year is marked by another. This has given rise to a saying, when a man acquires a new idea, that he has got 'another wrinkle on his horn,'—do you take?"

"Puir thing," said he, with a look of great pity, "he has gone clean daft, and he so far from home too! has he nae friends to see till him?" and he turned away and left me.

But, gentle reader, it was he, and not I, that was daft. He was a clown, and even a Scottish clown, as far as I could observe, is no way superior to a clown of any other country, and he did not understand me. It was a wrinkle in my horn, and I have since availed myself of it. I judge of mankind by sample. One hundred and ten passengers, taken indiscriminately from the mass of their fellow beings, are a fair "average sample" of their species, the vessel that carries them is a little world, and "life in a steamer" is a good sample of life "in the great world." This little community is agitated by the same passions, impelled by the same feelings, and actuated by the same prejudices, as a larger one. Poor human nature is the same everywhere. Here are the same complaints, the same restlessness, and the same air of perverse dissatisfaction in their letters, as we meet with on land. The



analogy that these Atlantic trips display to the great voyage of life is very striking. We are no sooner embarked, such is the speed with which we advance, than we arrive at our point of destination. Our course is soon run. It is the power of steam in both, and although the scene is varied by calms, fair breezes, and storms, still the great machine is in continual progress. Of those with whom we set out in the voyage of life, how few do we encounter in our subsequent wanderings! The intimacy that common hopes and common dangers generate, gradually subsides, and if we meet, we meet, alas! coldly, formally, and as strangers. Life in a steamer is actually teeming with a moral.

Are you a politician? you may confirm or rectify your notions by observing how essential a good, effective, vigorous, business-like administration is to the safety of the ship and the comfort of the passengers. Are you a Christian? you will not fail to observe, that in consequence of its being requested by the directors that every passenger should attend public worship, every one does so; from which you may perceive the advantages resulting from a union of Church and State; and when the whole community thus meets together to unite in their supplications, you cannot but see what a blessed thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, how immeasurably superior this union is to dissent, and must admit that they who laid the foundations of your established national church were both wise and good men. Are you a moralist? then—but I will not pursue it. The analogies and inferences are too obvious to render it necessary for me to trace them, but nevertheless it is a useful and edifying task, and I recommend you to reflect for yourself. From these remarks you will observe that “life in a steamer” is “a leaf” of the great “book” of the world, and may well be applied

“To point a moral and adorn a tale.”

So much for the general reader, and now a few words at parting to my good friends the Nova Scotians. I am desirous of availing myself of this opportunity to call the attention of my countrymen, the “Blue Noses,” to the importance of steam, of which they unfortunately know but little from their own experience; of entreating them to direct their energies rather to internal improvement than political change; to the developement of the resources of their beautiful, fertile, and happy colony, rather than to speculative theories of government; and also to urge upon them, that the “responsibility” we require is *the responsibility of steam*.

Since the discovery of America by Columbus, nothing has occurred of so much importance to the New World as navigating the Atlantic by steamers, and no part of the continent is likely to be benefited by it in an equal degree with Nova Scotia, which is the nearest point of land to Europe, and must always possess the earliest intelligence from the Old World. Whichever party is in power in England, Tories or Whigs, the government is always distinguished by the same earnest desire to patronize as it is to protect the colonies, who have experienced nothing at the hands of the English but unexampled kindness, untiring forbearance, and unbounded liberality. The recent grant of fifty-five thousand pounds a-year for the purpose of affording us the advantage of a communication by steam with the mother country, which was not made grudgingly or boastingly, or as an experiment, but as early as it was proper or safe for it to be done, and as freely as it was kindly bestowed, leaves us in doubt whether most to admire the munificence of the gift, or the power and wealth of the donors. No country that is kept in a

continual state of agitation can either be a happy or a flourishing one, and it is our peculiar good fortune that with us agitation is unnecessary. If there should be any little changes required from time to time in our limited political sphere, and such occasions sometimes do, and always will, occur in the progress of our growth, a temperate and proper representation will always produce them from the predominant party of the day, whatever it may be, if it can only be demonstrated that they are wise or necessary changes. It is the inclination as well as the interest of Great Britain so to treat us; and whoever holds out any doubts on this subject, or proclaims the mild, conciliatory, and parental sway of the imperial government "a baneful domination," is no friend to Nova Scotia or British connexion, and should be considered as either an ignorant or a designing man. Canada has become so burthensome an appendage of the British empire, from the intrigues of discontented men, that many of our friends on the other side of the water doubt whether it is worth holding at such an enormous expense. Oppressed we never have been; coerced we never will be. Everything has been done that is either just or reasonable or liberal for us. We always have been, and still continue to be, the most favoured people in the British empire. Let us show ourselves worthy of such treatment, by exhibiting our gratitude, and sustain the reputation we have hitherto borne, of being the most tranquil and loyal colony in North America. Let us not be too importunate for change, or we may receive the very proper, but to many the very unexpected, answer, "Govern yourselves; you appear to be so difficult to please, so determined not to be satisfied, that we give up the attempt in despair—you are independent." This is no improbable event, no ideal danger, no idle fear. I regret to say, that such a course has already numerous

and powerful advocates in England, and is daily gaining ground, even among our best friends and staunchest supporters. They are wearied out with unfounded complaints, with restless unceasing cravings for change, and their own repeated, but ineffectual, attempts to give satisfaction. They say they see no alternative left but coercion, which they will not resort to, or "cutting the tow-rope," and casting us adrift. No true friend to his country can contemplate such an event as a dissolution of British connexion without the sincerest regret, the deepest remorse, the most painful apprehensions. The withdrawal of the army and navy from Halifax, the striking of the flag of Old England on the Citadel Hill, and the last parting salute of our old friends, as they left our shores for ever, would be the most mournful spectacle, and the severest infliction, that an avenging Providence has in store for us. It would be a day of general gloom and universal lamentation. All men of property and reputation—all persons of true British feeling—every man in a situation to do so, would leave us; and capital, credit, and character, would follow in the train. We should be inundated with needy outlaws, unprincipled speculators, loafers, sympathisers, and Lynchers, the refuse of America and Europe, and this once happy, too happy country would become an easy prey to civil dissensions, like the petty states of South America, or to the rapacity of foreign adventurers, like the Texas. That such a measure of retributive justice is in store for us, should the infectious agitation of Canada unhappily reach us, no man, who has visited Great Britain, and mingled freely and extensively with its people as I have done, can entertain a doubt. Wherever I went, and with whomsoever I conversed, the opinions constantly met me, "It would be better for us if we were separated. You never will be content to

remain as colonists; you are causing us a greater expenditure than we can afford. We cannot support two Irelands. It is time to give you *your independence*." This book, whatever its reception may be, will at least circulate among all my personal friends in England, which is the best evidence I can give of my conviction of the existence of this feeling; for by proclaiming it in the presence of those by whom I assert that it is entertained, I afford them an opportunity of repudiating it, if unfounded. Let us not, therefore, be led astray by any of those theories, however plausible and captivating they may appear to be, that are now advocated with such intemperate heat in Canada. Nova Scotia never was in so flourishing a condition as it is at present; its trade is enlarging, its agriculture improving, and its population increasing most rapidly; while the character of its merchants, for honourable and upright dealing, stands higher than that of any other community on the whole American continent. The topic of politics, unfortunately, engrosses too much attention everywhere, to the exclusion of many indispensable duties. Party men are apt to magnify its importance for their own purposes, and to extol it as a panacea for all the ills of life; but experience teaches us that the happiness of every country depends upon the character of its people, rather than the form of its government. Why, asks the philosophical Goldsmith, after an attentive examination of many of the European states,

"Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows?  
How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!"

Let us keep out of the vortex of political excitement, learn how to value the blessings we enjoy, and study how we

can best promote the internal communications, and develop the resources of our native land.

The time has come, when the great American and colonial route of travelling must commence or terminate at Halifax. On the importance of this to Nova Scotia, it is unnecessary for me to expatiate, as it speaks for itself in a language too plain and intelligible to be misunderstood; but these advantages we can neither fully enjoy, nor long retain, without a "*Rail Road*" from Halifax to Windsor. It is now no longer a matter of doubt or of choice; circumstances have forced it upon us. We owe it to the liberality of the British Government to make all those arrangements that shall give full effect to the noble scale upon which they have undertaken the Atlantic steam navigation; we owe it to New Brunswick and Canada to complete our portion of the great intercolonial line; and above all, we owe it to ourselves not to be behind every other country in appreciating and adopting those great improvements which distinguish the present age.

And now, gentle reader, it is time for me to make my bow, as well as my sea legs will allow me, and retire. In doing so, permit me to express a wish that your voyage of life may be the very opposite of that of a steamer in point of duration, and resemble it, as nearly as possible, in the one great essential,—namely, in making the best use of your time.

I have the honour to be, your most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE END.