

The land log-book

THE LAND LOG-BOOK; A COMPILATION OF Anecdotes and Occurrences EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL KEPT BY THE AUTHOR, DURING A RESIDENCE OF SEVERAL YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CONTAINING USEFUL HINTS TO THOSE WHO INTEND TO EMIGRATE TO THAT COUNTRY.

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BY SARAH HODING.

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PREFACE.

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WHEN the following pages were written, the Author had not an idea that they would appear before the public; and she confidently hopes, that the circumstances which have occasioned the publication of this little work, will be an excuse for her introducing it to the notice of her readers. She trusts also that the Log-book will be amusing, and enable her to obtain that justice, which, it seems, nothing but the STRONG ARM OF THE LAW can compel her enemies to concede. Her rights have been withheld from her, year after year; and she, at length nearly sinking under her misfortunes, can assure the reader, that the Log-book was a dernier ressort: and as that other dernier ressort, the minute-gun, brings across the wreck-strewed billows, the friendly life-boat to the gasping sailor; so it is feelingly anticipated, that the land-signal of distress, the Log-book, answered ii by the life-

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boat , humanity, will conduct the mind of the Author to the haven of peace and justice, to whose shores it has been many years a stranger.

To her Trans-atlantic Friends the Author must apologize; as, from hastily-written detached sheets, which were neither paged nor dated, it was almost impossible to place all the events which are detailed, in the regular succession of time in which they occurred. And she likewise hopes, that her Friends in the New World will overlook any errors which they may discover in her little work. Among them all, they will not find those exaggerated descriptions of America, so very conspicuous in modern publications:—such as boundless majestic scenery, viewed by distempered optics; all its inhabitants described as uncivilized beings; or its most stupendous mountains delineated as mole-hills, which the emigrant may level at his pleasure; and its forests, the growth of ages, ready to fall under his puny efforts: whilst the American is said to be so simple withal, that he only waits the arrival of the book-taught Emigrant to instruct him in the first principles of the arts and sciences.

THE HISTORY OF MY LAND LOG-BOOK.

Captain Westren was one of the finest sea-faring old men I ever saw. I was introduced to him in the drawing-room of Mrs. B. in America. You knew at once that he was a man of observation; that he knew something more than that such a place bore North, or that at such a sign the best grog was 'made: in fact, that he not only noted down in the log-book, events at sea, but that his eye was on the look out for strange things on land. He was a privileged person, had sailed in one of Mr. B.'s vessels, and as Mr. B. "honoured Worth in whatever garb he might find it," he (Mr. B.) gave the Captain a standing invitation to the dining and drawing-room. Captain Westren was a great favorite of mine, and there was only one trait that I regretted he had in his character, which was, he rebuked so sharply the really hospitable Americans for any little foible-being, as I then considered him, a Briton, like myself. I did not like to hear him attack the ladies; and whenever that happened, I always wished he had not been an Englishman, "for the honour of my nation," as the Indian says: A 4 there is a something so respectable about a well-bred man as well as a

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well-bred woman. Thus we went on week after week; I wishing the honest Captain could be made acquainted with his only fault, as I used to fear for the sturdy son of the ocean, as soon as his back was turned. One day a charming woman made some observation on the dress of the English actresses. "Umph, Ma'am," cried the Captain, "the less you say on that subject the better, as, I am sure, only let it be the fashion here, and we shall have the ladies showing less canvass than ever an English actress did, let her be as close-reefed as she may, (alluding to the lady's observation on low dresses and tight stays.) Don't you find, Miss Hoding, (turning to me,) a great deal of affectation in the ladies here?" What a speech! Nay, I felt much for my neighbour, and mentioned to Mrs. B. how sorry I was at Capt. Westren's rude remark, saying, "Oh! if he were not an Englishman, I should not mind." "Why dear," answered the lady, "he is an American." "Is he? Is he? Oh! why then Miss Hughes must excuse her countryman as well as she can. I am glad my side of the vast Atlantic cannot be censured for such ungentlemanly behaviour!" cried I in extacy. I do not know how it is, but out of your native country, every thing said either for or against it is felt individually. Your heart warms at the very mention of those dear shores which the cold waves are constantly approaching: and neither the Atlantic's high billows, nor those of any other ocean to back them, could ever erase the 5 memory of my country from me, or make me forget to which side of the rolling world I belonged.

One day we were all complaining of want of amusement. "Want of amusement!" cried Capt. Westren, "my service to you, ladies; I am something though on that tack myself to-day. When in Philadelphia, why bless ye, I have a log-book—journal as ye call it. Write, write, ladies." "But, Captain, you know, we're not at sea." "Nor am I; what then? on land you'll come alongside many adventures, that, if they be written, though never read, will be a great deal better than sitting as restless as harpooned dolphins lie." "But how should we begin, Captain?" "Begin? Lord love ye, why by taking a pen and paper, to be sure." I guess that must be the case. "But then Captain," cried I, "you know we have no whales! no wrecks, no ships; and if we do begin, they must be log-books." "Well, call them so, and depend upon it ye'll none of ye stick fast for matter. Plenty of variety, ladies; fools and

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knaves, which, when a young man, I found as hard to steer clear of as ever we did the dangerous rocks met with when out on discoveries in—straits, of which we wrote to warn future navigators; and I'm told young George Mallone and his brother get into my room and overhaul my journal." "Log-book, log-book, Captain." "Well, land log-book, then; and let me tell ye, the dogs, if they are not as insensible as the windlass, they'll be on the look-out for the rocks and sands, over A 2 6 which sixty years' experience in life has planted beacons. Yes, yes, a man's good for something if he do not know the exact moment that a lady wants her cup of tea." "Miss Hoding must put into her logbook, Captain, that she took you for a rude Englishman," said Mrs. B., and then told him my fears for his character. "Ha, ha," cried he, "why this beats going at ten knots an hour. Why, Miss Hoding, I must have some talk with you; I sha'nt bite ye," for I really drew back as if Neptune in all his stormy glories stood before me—whales, tritons, grampuses, and the like. "I see, young lady, you love your country—so do I; but though I might be an Admiral by screening the faults of either land or seamen, why, do ye see, I would not do it. Have a book, and put down what you see or hear for the use of mankind; and as your friends, at least some of them, would not care if you were to put their good actions in your book twice over, why down with their bad ones, and if they do not like it, tell them not to repeat them. Never be afraid of giving offence by so doing, as good folk will like you the better, and the others as soon as they clear out the better. So mind me, Miss Hoding, begin your book, and never be ashamed of any man, come from where he may, no, not of your own countryman, for disliking nonsense, nor for speaking about it either." "Well, you shall see my log-book tomorrow, Captain," said I; "and mine," "and mine," said we all; and accordingly, three nights after this we had ours brought out for his inspection.

MY LAND LOG-BOOK.

Thursday morning—So afraid to begin, as my first effort must be shown to Capt. Westren. Don't know how the wind is. Why we need not mind wind. No, but somebody must come, or we shall have nothing to say. Oh! here are Judge James's horses taking fright at an English donkey, and the Judge threatening he will shoot the poor beast, whose only

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misfortune is that he has not brought an interpreter from England. His song, which he so harmoniously brays, for any thing the horses know, may contain treason, &c.; however, I shall set down "That American horses do not like English donkeys."

Half-past ten —Wind very high, and a fine view of the Baltimore orials swinging in their little cradles, suspended from the outermost boughs of weeping willows, safe from climbing cats or boys. O adorable Providence! all is cared for.

Eleven o'clock —followed a cat-bird, whose tone was so like the mewling of a kitten, that I really thought it could not be the little feathered being I before me; until at last, having got clear of the houses, I knew for certain that the noise must belong to the American cat-bird.

Seven o'clock —fine evening; wind, I think, westerly. Went to neighbour Van's cottage; hale old Dutchman, 94 years old; complaining sadly how times were altered since his day; "peoples goot for norse-sing now. Ay, Ay; my wife used to go to Philadelphia market, to sell cherries, carrying them on her head. Ay; now sun so hot, peoples so idled, nothing but idled; and peoples won't live upon mush; no, must have tea, d—n them." Found old Dutchman like old Englishmen, nothing as it used to be in their young days.

Friday morning —Old Friend Mayston arrived; a primitive Quaker, from somewhere in Ohio. Sat next to me, and directly asked my christian name, as all Quakers do, to avoid saying Miss or Mr. such a one. He entertained me very much with his account of the old revolution. He said, that although this country was covered with soldiers, all the horrors of war rendering travelling very dangerous, he would go to see some particular friends of his who were surrounded by the revolting Americans, decided enemies to Quakers. However, friend Mayston said, as he felt it his duty to search and comfort his poor quiet people, nothing should stop him!—and considered, that the same Almighty power which bid him go, could protect him. Off he set, accompanied by another Quaker; and really what he suffered was very much: he only wanted to be dressed up in a red coat to be styled a hero. One day, in the woods, a soldier rode after him (an officer), very fatigued, mounted on a

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wounded horse. "My friends," said he, "will you allow me your protection? I am too feeble to protect myself." "Alas," replied Mayston, "thou a man of war, and asking protection of us? We have no arms, only the Almighty, but without Him thy sword would do but little for thee to be sure. Thou may'st ride by our side, and here is a little cake and some cider (I think he said); and really to see a man in the prime of life sinking through fatigue, and wounded by our side, Friend M. said, was very strange;" and I thought, said he, "that at the awful day somebody will have to be accountable for this; it was sinking men into ravenous dogs, who fight, we tell our children, because they know no better!"

Dinner—Friend Mayston disliked the footman attending at table. "Can't we help ourselves?—too many dishes—mutton (he thought) more than we should eat." Friend M. looked very hard at my beads, rings, and ribands. "Those things, Sarah, do they keep thee warm? what dost thou wear them for?" Do not know what to say. Think friend M. will find fault with the Scarlet Lobelia; it is dressed fine enough. Should like to ask whether in his garden flowers wear gaudy coloured blossoms—dare not, though.

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At Tea—Hall doors thrown open; charming breeze; called from the drawing-room to take tea. Friend Mayston's curious reply to the lady who was making tea, set us all smiling. "Dost thou like thy tea, friend M.?" asked the lady. "No, I drink black." What a primitive reply! "Very well," replies the lady, greatly amused, "I'll order black directly."

"I expect Capt. Westren to-night, ladies," said Mrs. B.; "pray whose log-book is in the greatest state of forwardness?" They all declared so little was written, that the Captain would laugh at us. "Pooh," said I, "what can he, ought he, to expect. Our house is differently situated from his vessel, lying at anchor as we do. Thomas Green's house, which bore West North West of us last night, does the same this morning; and though the Captain may boast of his land log-book, depend upon it his sea one contains the most wonders."

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Evening —Oh! for something wonderful before the Captain comes! Friend H. is gone out. Orials gone to bed. Neither moon nor nightingales; the former has not been able to break through the formidable rampart of clouds; and for the latter, there are none except a professional gentleman in Walnutstreet, Philadelphia, whose owner has an advertisement in his window, 'Birds taught by an English nightingale.'—I wonder if the Captain likes poetry: it will fill up, however.

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THE SEA NYMPH'S INVITATION TO THE EVENING STAR.

Bright Star of Evening, O whither away? A Nymph of the dark wave entreats thee to stay,
Or invites thee to roam With her to her home, Where silvery fishes through coral groves play.

Bright Star of Evening, I pri'thee don't fear To bathe thy fair face in our element clear;
And our guest shalt thou be, While the Queen of the Sea Shall songs of the Ocean sing sweetly to thee.

Bright Star of Evening, the foam-embossed shell Shall bear thee where coral and sea-flowers dwell;
There crowned shalt thou be By the Nymphs of the Sea; Then come brightest Star to our palace of Pearl.

It is very *seaified*, at all events—coral, foam-embossed shells and waves, certainly are in the Captain's way. Hark! a distant sound like thunder—it is a coming storm's first announcement to its delighted and frightened audience. Thirsty creation burnt up, as every thing was yesterday—it is thunder. Insects are seeking shelter by thousands: our white dresses will be covered. But the plants and trees, if there be not a dreadful hurricane, how glad will they be. Another such a flash and report, and I must quit writing, I am so timid; it may be foolish, but I think all must agree that such a mighty performance of nature commands A 5 12 our utmost respect: the mind ought to be elevated from the action to the

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Actor, and those who can enjoy trifling conversation at such a time, certainly never look forward to the awful convulsion of that day, when commands not to be trifled with will be breaking the solid marble, and the inmost recesses of guilty minds must be thrown open to the blaze of Heaven, coming as suddenly as that flash—louder than that peal!—What must be the day of judgment? Man cannot invent any thing more awful to put us in mind of it.

Eight o'clock —The storm is over; and though there is no rainbow, the moon is shining upon the noble meandering Schuylkill making the woody bluffs appear in the sweet light as though trimmed with a broad silver riband. My spirits rise as yon beautiful orb does. I shall let out this large beetle; why should I kill it? It was like me, did not fancy to be out in the storm, but it shall now go and enjoy the moon and purified air, as I hope to do. Depend upon it its ancestors were preserved in the ark, or it would not have left the rain, and had so strong an antipathy to water, preferring dry land; it is no intruder in creation.—Joy! the Captain is stormbound; but he writes to Mrs. B. that he shall weigh, and be with us the first fair wind.

I believe I went by hours when log writing first begun; but in future I shall get along just as I can. 13 I thought half a dozen lines a great matter; but it is just like talking; sometimes one fancies it impossible to say half a dozen words, and then comes a subject on which we feel so eloquent, that nothing but the thermometer at 95 or a hundred can stop us.

“I am sure the Captain must like my log-book. I am sure, what with donkeys, orials, cat-birds, Dutchman, Quaker, thunderstorm, and beetles, Capt. Westren ought to be pleased, or I shall be like old neighbour Van, think him very difficult and hard to please.”

Monday, A.M. —The ordeal is over, and I shall begin with it. The Captain praised Miss B. to the skies: he said, we had found a good deal to say, and though he could not help laughing heartily at mine, I think he thought Miss B.'s the best. However, he told us to go on, and told me I must not expect his opinions on my poetry, but said “it's made up of better materials than verses in general: and you have as much right to write about Sea

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Nymphs that nobody ever saw, as other people who write about Wood Nymphs, whom nobody ever saw either. As for coral groves, I know nothing about them: I know only of reefs, and do not like them. Your friend Mayston, Miss Hoding, is a fine old fellow, and likes nobody about him but those who are useful. Why, Lord love ye, once crossing the Atlantic, we had on board a French Count, who had four or five servants; and as the ship rolled they capsized one over another, 14 pretending to wait on him; and the steward was right glad when the rascals were forced to turn in, sick as dogs, leaving their master to the quiet attendance of the steward. Ay, old Mayston's the man for me: ask for black tea, to be sure. De ye see, children soon know how their parents affirm one thing to them, and directly contradict it before those to whom they wish to appear civil. Remember this, ladies, none of you ought to forget old Mayston. Are you afraid of a thunder gust, Miss Hoding?" "Yes, Captain, very much." "Ay, they are awful things, to be sure; but seamen and landmen are differently placed. You go to bed, or you can sit and think on it, but we cannot; the ship must be attended to, don't ye see? we must endeavour to work off a leeshore, or take in sail, before a sailor can think of fear; and that's no more extraordinary than Mr. B. here having a conductor to the house: we are obliged to use that great gift, reason; and in my opinion that man has the most of it who does not repine at what cannot be helped, and does all he can to prevent accident. Well, all the things you write about will amuse ye, though you all of you get too learned for me. Cat-birds and scarlet what? Lo—lo—lobelia? I know nothing of that; but go on, go on; any thing is better than sitting and talking scandal. Bless ye, I had two or three ladies going to France, who never were silenced but by the working of the vessel; and when they had entirely done with all their acquaintance, they really turned to and began upon each other. I told them to write, but they pretended 15 they could not sit to the cabin table, though lashed firmly. The sea could conquer'em sometimes; but I know nothing else would. Do not frown, Miss Hoding, they were Americans. Who comes here?" "It's Miss James, Sir." "Oh she; she is a fine lady; but I do not like her; she talks to me as if conferring a favor, and I do not consider it so. I'm sure I've seen wiser folks than she. She says I am out of my element; off of it she means. I'm

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no fish; and I can return the compliment when the lady thinks she is talking sensibly." The Captain is gone to the gentlemen, and I going up stairs.

Seven o'clock, P.M. —What a triumph: the Captain prefers us to Miss James, who has a black velvet dress with gold lama. Gold has great power though, if the Captain saw her in that dress; but Miss B. says, no such thing; the Captain could admire clothes hung up in a dress-maker's room; in the drawing-room he wants reason! reason! did he not talk of reason? We are spiteful, I think; well, she has often been spiteful to us; we serve her right: keep this out of the Captain's way; Miss Monday says, "I can't now, its down, and we are only human, and she is older than we, and we are sure to err sometimes."

Half-past Seven, P.M. —Wind somewhere. Went down to neighbour Van's with Mrs. B.; found the old man sadly tired of living, his niece and her 16 daughter not cooking for him rightly, as he thinks. Says he is weary of seeing the sun go down so often. Ay, Ay, can't die. Won't ye sit down?" No, thank thee; we'll have a walk further; so visited the woody shores of the Schuylkill. Annoyed by fireflies, which were about us in all directions. Miss B. and I, on returning, visited a Dutch family, who were just going to sit down to supper, out of a mess boiling on the fire, made of apples and bread cut into small pieces: they call the soup snitts, or it sounded most like it. Gave us a bowl, or, as the English would call it, a bason of it: did not like it at all. One of the young women showed us a fine plate of the great Reformer, Luther, whom they seemed to venerate exceedingly. How curiously they looked; the old woman cooking in true Dutch costume. But then, remember, this is only in my opinion; they think me and my friend dressed equally strange, and no doubt as equally preposterous. Return home, and admire two or three of the family of the *Ænothera*, evening primroses, sweet creatures, just unfolding their flowers as the moon is rising; there are few flowers who do honour *La lune* so far. Absolutely it is too hot for dogs to bark and thieves to rob: I think the rogues of London would keep high holiday until the wind changed. Lack-a-day, where is the wind? why South, Mr. Gates says; and I think we need not go to bed.

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Tuesday Morning, Half-past Five, A. M. —Let's talk about the sea, it will cool us. Although the 17 sun has not made its appearance, we may tell where he means to have the first peep. I can't write; and hark, we are called to breakfast. We shall absolutely breakfast at midnight next: well, its the best part of the day.

Nine o'clock —I want to write about the sea; and I've been to ask old English John if he knows any tales of the Ocean, but he's as talkative as the great log of wood he was taking to the cook. John's worse than I am; he thinks the German servants can't understand themselves; and says, what should he know of the sea, and where should he be seeing of whales: he has enough to do to please the fool of a cook, who won't call things by their proper names. John's silly, but it is the hot weather, and he never knows where the wind is; he might know *that* sometimes.

Ten o'clock —So hot that the locust has not finished his song. I'm wrong; they say he sings the best in the heat. What a taste! what a taste! Nobody's been a locust to know, though; and if he sings when the thermometer's at 95, he will sing at any degree of heat. What a glorious sun! My word, he's lord of all. What an insignificant thing is man, skulking under cedar trees like the cows, putting his consequence in his pocket, until, like the bats and owls, he may enjoy the beauties of nature. Whilst the Alleghany Eagle, soaring in broad day, cries, "I thought, my two-legged 18 featherless brother, you said the creation was made for you; now you perceive no such thing: this blazing orb shines that I may have plenty of light to cheer me in my lofty flight; while you, proud man, cannot endure the beat, nor leave the planet on which you were hatched, any more than the rats. Think of that." Oh the pride of a human being! You men have never been able to make wings to help yourselves over a gutter!

Two o'clock —Miss Hughes and I have been to dress for dinner: so oppressive is the heat, that I have been forced to fan her while she tied my frock, and then I did the same for her: I wonder how much hotter it is in Bengal: all the rooms in darkness; one can hardly see

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to write, and must be so to keep out the flies. One may see that African Ann is hot, by the large drops of perspiration standing like peas on her sable face.

Eight o'clock —We have all been alive since 4 o'clock, as since that time the blessed sun has been losing his power, or, more properly speaking, withdrawing it, or better still, the earth is rolling us its children away; and like an impartial mother, giving the other part of its vast family, a warming and a little light. I shall be right in time. I have been perusing some tales of Indians; they are a fine people, much more so than the Africans, as I think. I must say the white people use them badly: they keep 19 driving the poor people further and further into the wilderness. Pray what sort of a Christian feeling is that? An Indian, in one of his speeches to the President, said, "Why does the white man oppress us? He first came in a big ship, and becoming cramped asked us for a little land to rest on, to stretch his limbs. We gave it to him: left him forests to hunt in. But he was ungrateful; he brought things which spoke to us like thunder, that killed our chiefs—nay our helpless children, and, like the lightning of the big spirit, split the huge tree. But the big spirit was mightier than the white man, for the big spirit bid the fever to ascend from the rivers, and it laid the white man down, and his big noises could not stop it. The white man has no scalping knife, but if he takes our land from us we must die." Here is an appeal. Against whom? civilized man. I suppose in the big ship, the Indian speaks of, the white man forgot the New Testament, because, in that book is, "do unto others as thou wouldst they should do unto thee." Maybe the big noises took up too much room, and the half-naked wretches were only savages who had never heard of the Gospel, so its invaluable precepts could not be used in argument against the invaders.

O, let me rest in some wild glen,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
Where the wild pheasant's wing finds rest,
Or where the falcon builds its nest;
There let me live and live so free,
Far from the world's duplicity.

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Or, let me live where sits the hare* Contented with his humble fare; In dark retreat, whose thorny roof Keeps the murdering hound aloof; Oh, let me, as that timid hare, The breakfast spread by nature share.

* There are none here, but my poetry must have it so. I can't get rabbit in.

Or, let me, on some river's shore, Sit to hear the Indian's oar, With hasty strokes divide the foam, That he may reach the wig-wam home; While the glittering stars I see, Mine, and that wildman's guide shall be.

Now if I were going to show this to any body but a plain, old, sea-faring man, very like how fine it would sound to him. I don't know though, its all very well to write; but on second thoughts, I don't think I should like to go among wild glens, among snakes, &c., dear knows what, as they say here. I guess I should require sadly the wing of the pheasant, the warm coat of the hare, and the hardy constitution of the Indian. Really poetry is all well enough, but very unsubstantial after all. How vexed novels make me; heros and heroines live in old turrets, on the cobwebs, for what I know, and look as well as every-day people do on beef and pudding. Good lack! what with eagles, the earth rolling, Indians and poetry, not a word have I said about the wind, how unlog-book like—can't help it. Now then once for all. The wind has been very high, on old English 21 John's authority: a fine old tree in the wood is blown down, and John thought "on his heart his window would have been out." Come here is proof that there has been wind, at all events. All this happened in the night.

Six o'clock—Wind full in my face when I opened the window, rather cloudy, but hope it will be a fine day, as I am going to Philadelphia.

Yesterday went to the city. Mr. B. got out of the Dearborn to pick up some terapins to put in the garden to get the worms; they are very much like tortoises. Called at the cottage of a poor black woman, who gets her living by washing. Saw Capt. Westren, who asked how the log-book came on? Told him very well, all but the weather and wind. Never could get

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them in log-book fashion. But, think we do pretty well, considering we are a hundred miles from sea.

Have been to the Philadelphia Museum, and surely he who ever doubted the existence of a Supreme Being ought to view the bones of the stupendous Mammoth. What a treasure to the comparative anatomist! He towers above man, beasts, birds, and fishes most majestically. The moment you look at him the words burst from your lips, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all." The philosopher will ask "why is the huge 22 race extinct?" as I believe only the bones and a carcass buried in the snow of ages, somewhere in Canada, have been found. Some think the Mammoth is the Behemoth of Job; and certainly the description seems very like the Mammoth as to size; "he trusteth he can drink up Jordan." Really I do not know what man would do with him. The elephant, horse, and ox have been made subservient to us, but think the Mammoth would have lorded it through the wilderness untamed. The skeleton of a mouse is placed beneath him in the Museum to show the vast difference between the largest and the smallest quadruped. Many things surprised me certainly, but the Mammoth was in size so far beyond the elephant, that he looked like a visiter from some other planet. A comparative anatomist with whom we were acquainted brought a grinder which had belonged to a Mammoth, for my Father to sketch for him, and as nearly as I can I will give the size. About 10 inches long and nearly as high, 5 inches broad and the sides were much worn away, as the gentleman thought trees had been its owner's food. I may not recollect accurately, but seeing such a wonder of a tooth I ought to have done. The beast whose skeleton was found near La Plata, by the thickness of his jaws, was supposed not to be content with herbage alone; that he borrowed the branches: whereas my Mammoth being larger, the American Professor thinks large trees did not escape him. He was much longer than Shaw's *Magatherium*.

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Seven , or, I don't know what o'clock it is, but this I know, I am going to write some more about the noble Mammoth.

TO THE MAMMOTH IN PEAL'S MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA.

Most noble pile of bones, allow A scribbler to address thee now; For thou can'st understand as well As Gods 'fore whom the heathen fell: Not that I mean to offend—oh, no! Only, when critics give a blow I can retort; and tell them bones Are certainly as good as stones, All chisell'd into statues grand, At best are made by human hand. But when thy Mammothship is by All know the Architect on high, Who formed thee thus, and bid thee stand An object in Creation grand. So, now great Mammoth, I'll address Some questions to your Mightiness. What did'st thou do when thou did'st live? Can'st thou no information give? O give to naturalists a hint Of what thou did'st, and where thou went. The other day thy tooth I saw— At least one from a Mammoth's jaw, And heard a gentleman declare, He thought huge trees had been thy fare.* Oh, how I should have liked, great beast, To've seen thee at thy timber feast:

* Shaw in his Zoology also thinks that.

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Resting a rocking forest near, On which old Boreas was severe; Then see thee snap a towering oak As cabbages by cows are broke! What is the reason thou shouldst lay Hidden so long, nor see the day? Until all in this wond'rous age, Thou com'st to puzzle many a sage: Who comments on thy size stupendous, Which to small man looks so tremendous. For man at present boasts that he Must lord of the Creation be; But, really Mammoth, if you stood, Or moved the giant of the wood, I do not think that man would dare To lord it over thee; or, care To value self—let head alone, Near brains so much above his own. —Still thou art mute: well, never mind, Some other questions I can find. Pray did'st thou dream when under ground That thou should'st e'er by man be found? That thou should'st have a resurrection, And stand at Peal's for our inspection? Where

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naturalists oft stand and groan, Conjecturing on a Mammoth's bone. Well, as thou'rt mute, why 'tis the best That I should let the matter rest, And mention that when comes the day When we like thee have passed away; Would it not so much better be, Great Mammoth, for posterity If our great men would write some pages Just to inform the future ages; 25 Would write their history, nor scorn To inform a race as yet unborn? But not on paper, no, on lead Let sheets of it lay by the dead, All written on with iron pen, How glorious when found again; 'Twill save much time as will be seen, Robbing dark myst'ry of his screen. If they like thee should ever stand The wond'rous strangers of the land; For it hereafter should be known How learned in this age we're grown; How we can tell by Caesar's head, Although he's been for ages dead, Whether he loved learning dearly, Or, o'er a bottle was more cheerly; And whether, when he went to war, He'd rather stay'd at home by far. All this great Mammoth is found out, By only turning skulls about. For now, if any boast of courage, And it be only boast, our knowledge Soon finds out all the hero's fears, Unless a hat he always wears. And Mammoth! now a thought's struck me, Craniologist thy head might see, Might climb upon that head, O, beast, And have a scientific feast! Oh! that I'd thought of this, and then There'd been no need t' have used my pen Imploring thee; for now shall see Cleared beyond doubt the mystery. Thy history known, where all may look In Silliman's Scientific Book.*

* The American Journal of Science.

26

So pardon Mammoth, and receive My compliments, and do believe I would not for the world intrude, Or be unto thee ever rude, Only I thought thy history told Might be of more real use than gold, For though we've learning, such a store, Yet this I know, we would have more, And information gained by thee Would certainly with deference be Received. So now I take my leave, And wish thee well, and don't deceive; And hoping that this poor effusion Won't be considered an intrusion, And wishing thee good preservation, Hoping

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that thou may'st keep thy station, I now lay down my pen, and say My most obedient, good day. S H.

Some hour, I don't know what. —Plenty of wind, but where it is can't say. I think I have said a great deal about the Mammoth: well, he's a great beast, there's more excuse than if I had got hold of humming birds, though I have a good deal to say about them too. Beautiful creatures, nothing can exceed their plumage. They are round the portico entering the opening flowers in search of honey. Their little beaks are like darning needles, and their tiny wings keep up a humming sound like tops near one. Somebody's compliments and sent a log-book for the ladies' perusal. Well, we opened it; who minds? Oh, dear, poor souls, I mean, we are. Good lack; our 27 log-books!!! Why any body may see the difference between a real log-book (a sea one) and a land one.

H K F COURSE. WINDS REMARKS ON D SEPT. 20, 1835. 1 4 4 S. W. by W. N. W. Moderate wind and clear. 2 4 4 by W. 3 3 4 4 1 4 S. W. W. N. W. Light airs intermixed with calms. 5 1 2 Tried the current, which set W. by N $\frac{3}{4}$ of a knot 6 2 4 7 3 4 Brisk wind and cloudy, took reef in topsails 8 3 6 9 Took in 2d reef of the topsails 10 Squally with heavy rain. 11 12

I would give a piece just to show our readers if we can have any besides the Captain. Bless me, we have now. He won't require it, I should think: well then, just to show we do not care about the difference. The Captain's a gentleman, and not so particular; besides, I'm like English John; "How should we be knowing about hours, knots, and fathoms." We don't mind, not at all afraid. I know this busy somebody has seen our log, and if we can find who it is, down he shall go, good, bad, and indifferent, in our log-books.

Friday Morning —The wind is so high that humming birds, bees, and butterflies dare not leave their hiding places, where safely through the night they have slept; and this morning, in vain does the sun peep at the humming bird as she sits upon her nest the size of a quarter dollar, containing eggs like B 28 small comfits. And in vain has the light shone through the damask curtains of the crimson rose, to rouse the bee out of her fragrant bed-chamber: where, being a stranger, and a long way from the hive, the closing, hospitable

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flower, took her in, and there she lies, not caring to face the wind just yet. While butterflies, poor things! what's the use of flying today, as high winds are sad enemies to gay ribands we know, and to butterflies, newly-be-gemmed wings. So keep in ye innocent creatures, and so will we, as the oaks are renowned for sturdiness, let them make the best of the gale.

Evening —Wind, where? in the house, I think. The cook scolding in German and English old John, while, poor fellow, having only one language, he cannot get on so fast. We are lying at anchor, I may say with a stiff breeze. We don't move however. Doctor Cannought has had a visit from Indians. Hark, somebody calls. I am sure no one ought to disturb Mrs. B. What a mother she is. She is actually copying flowers for the use of her children. It is an expensive Botanical work she is copying, and this kind mother, instead of visiting, is working hard for her grateful children. Well, but Dr. C.'s visit from Indians. In they came clothed in Buffalo-robcs, and sat down, after being introduced by the interpreter to the Dr. They paid him every attention as the superior of the family; when unfortunately in came the Dr.'s father. The scene was instantly changed, especially as the 29 old gentleman came in at another door. The wounded pride of the chief was apparent: he thought he had entered by an inferior way, and had been slighted by an introduction to the younger instead of the older man. The storm was gathering fast, when the Dr. desired the interpreter to explain matters, which he did, and the chief and his attendant chiefs were satisfied. The interpreter told them, the Dr. considered himself master of the house, as his father was aged, and that both doors were alike to the family; of what serious consequences such a circumstance might have been had the Dr. been in their towns without a person understanding their language. As soon as all was tranquil, Miss Ann, the Dr's. sister, took a whip very richly studded with beads, and gave it to the squaw (Indian name for wife or woman) who belonged to the first chief. He instantly rose and took it away from her, bidding the interpreter tell the lady that the whip was too good for a woman. Oh dear, oh dear!! The Dr. got up and went to the chief, bared his (the chief's) arm and felt his pulse, then his own; and made the chief do so, explaining, that blood was running all over them

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both. The chief seemed pleased with the information, and felt eagerly, by the Dr's. desire, for the artery on the temple, patting his finger in imitation of the motion he perceived. I'll be bound the Indian will not forget the lesson which further taught him that in Creation he was decidedly brother to the white man, and had no right to be put upon, as John says; only he should B 2 30 not have thought the whip too good for a woman. The Dr. should have taken hold of the squaw's hand as well as her husband's: poor thing! she had arteries as well as he. What a pity Indian women should be used so badly; how different from a couple with whom I had the honour to be in a drawing-room the other day. "My dear," said the gentleman, trembling like a rebuked lap-dog, "are you ready to go? The carriage has been waiting this half hour." "Well, let it wait," said the indignant dame. "Pray, where do you want to go, as that is, I dare say, what you mean?" "I mean my dear, no such thing, only I wished to remind you of your promise. You know you were to be with the Judge and his lady by four." "Oh, I Judge no such thing," replied the lady. "Besides, I shall not be tormented for any body;" while the poor man's suppressed sigh, and "very well, my dear," was drowned in the noise of two wonderful children brought down as living curiosities from the nursery above stairs, the chat about Mrs. Cilly, the newly landed Countess's bonnet, and the loud laugh of his chieftainess. Now, here is civilized life, and uncivilized life; which will you have? Not that all white people are like my above-said two turtle-doves: no, no. But the Indian would say, why do not you great people reform yourselves before you laugh so heartily, or pity our squaws. I think myself we have an abundant crop of tares among the wheat. And I think I would as soon be left at the mercy of the Indians as of this lady.

31

Saturday Morning —While at the instrument this morning, poor African Ann came crying into the room. "Oh Miss, I am on fire I think," and sure enough she was, and I instantly got up and put it out. The poor creature was dressed in woollen; and by being frequently in the same predicament, the frock was burnt in scallaps all round her. It would never have blazed, but she dared not put it out herself. The blacks are so fond of getting near the fire;

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the hottest day in summer only makes them lively. But in the cold, poor creatures, they suffer most severely.

Oh dear, I thought not. Captain Westren did not send us the piece of real log-book to look at: as he was no sooner in the drawing room than we asked him. Bless your souls, said he, not I; come, let's see what you've done: so we did. Well, said he, don't ye find writing better than sitting idle? Go on, it all passes time, only I cannot give an opinion upon half you all write about for the soul of me. I think you have not said too much about this old Elephant thing as I call your Mammoth: I looked very little when alongside of it the other day. I like natural history. Now I have often been amused by the flying-fish myself, and have more than once secured a poor devil of a flying fish, which, to escape the dolphins, had flown into the mizen-chains. They are beautiful creatures, only their game is up as soon as their wings are dry. I like to amuse the sailors when we can with an hour or two 32 harpooning dolphins. Bless ye, we once harpooned a shark; but my word, as soon as hauled upon deck, he began to beat so violently with his tail, that we were afraid of damage; so with determined resolution two of us got axes, and chopped away so as to save the gentleman further trouble. You have no idea of the muscular strength of a shark! Thank you Captain, said I, may we have this sharky anecdote? "And welcome," replied he. Oh Captain, said I, situated as we are, we shall never have such dashing subjects for our log as a dying shark. And we, at least I, cannot stop to know the exact hour, or how much of the hour is spent when we begin. If it were not for storms Captain, and accidents, what a superb element water is. If we could only get a sight of the Captain's renowned log-book! Our poetry must always be excused. My poetry, as it is not written in a garret, which is allowed to be the proper place to write it in, must, indeed shall be so. Mrs. Mathes, when asked how she liked a lady's dress, replied, "Oh well enough," but her shawl's not India: you might see it in a moment. "No shawl forms such drapery as real India: so my poetry, considering that it is written by me, with a beautiful lawn in sight, or by a good fire-side is well enough," you might know it's not written in a garret. No room gives such imagery as a garret, and how different I am from a real poet! I must be comfortable, I must make the

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room in winter warm or in summer cool, or the Muses will not come to me: for they are more particular with me than with 33 other folks. And this I know, if they were to refuse me their company unless I were to get into an old, ugly, dark, cobwebby garret, I should instantly say, "Ladies I can write log without you. As I am writing a land log-book that is uncommon, you know, I shall commence writing poetry by myself; the critics won't be so severe when they know your ladyships are so unreasonable.

Monday—Wind not very high; just, just—I don't know—the leaves of the tulip tree just moving. Have been with two ladies to the Museum again, and have seen the Java Bat; what a curious animal! I really do not wonder at Captain Cook's sailors being frightened at one, the body and wings being black. It was suspending itself by its long leg; head downwards, grasping with its foot the top bar in its cage. It appeared to me to be about the size of a chicken half grown. Those who wished to get into favour with it, took Bannanas, which, when cut into pieces and given to the animal, are taken one by one and put aside into its capacious mouth until it sees the person has no more left. When its eye has satisfied it that all is gone, it begins to chew away. I think the sailor in Cook's Voyages told the mate, or some of them, he had seen his satanic majesty. The Java bat is certainly black enough, but still it is a very interesting creature. The cages of the rattle-snakes I did not like much to approach, as accidents do happen, and did not know whether these snakes had been 34 deprived of their poisonous fangs. In the solitudes they inhabit, (and they really make the forests so,) not a bird or small animal remains in the reptile's neighbourhood. He must surprise his victim, as, should the deadly rattle be heard, the terrified audience would fly, leaving the dangerous guest in quiet possession of the most favourite retreat. I knew a gentleman whose horse was killed by one. His negroes were rooting up an old tree, when, while Mr. Roads was cautioning his slaves to be careful, he felt his horse start and tremble in an unusual manner. "He is bitten, Sir," said one negro near him, "and him will die, for, Sir, you see him cannot help it." A very short time did for the poor animal, the hair coming off from the violence of the poison. From those shocking tales we might be almost tempted to say, why was the deadly serpent created?

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The sacred words directly again reply, "in wisdom hast Thou made them all." And as man knows, the huge reptile which would hurt him disappears before the plow, why does he for his own race bid the distil to prepare draughts ten thousand times more deadly than ever was serpents' poison? As the Indian says, "No ragged Moccassin (Indian shoe) is ever seen until the fire water (whiskey) which the white man brings the red man, makes him so mad, he cannot stand." I suppose this must have been the observation of one of their wise men, as the Indians are very fond of whiskey.

35

I have been to the city, and have had my feelings so much hurt by the situation of a poor black woman, slave to Mrs. Walden from Carolina, that I cannot stop to tell about wind nor any thing else. As I was sitting, a door being open, I observed, in a sort of anteroom, a poor black woman nursing a white child, and crying over it. I went to her: "What is the matter with you? Are you ill?" "No Miss," cried she, "but this little dear baby that I hold to my bosom reminds me so strongly of my own, which I have been forced to leave. It was very sick, and I, I may never see it again." Here her sobs prevented utterance. Is Mrs. Walden kind to you, I asked? "She was forced to come to Philadelphia, Miss, and she wanted a nurse for her child," and "I am a slave" she would have said, only tears prevented her. She raised the little white hand which had fallen on her sable neck, kissing it so affectionately, that I thought, 'Great God! who hast seen fit to bestow upon this woman a complexion different from ours, in mercy look upon her in such great trials; make her to feel, that although her body is in bondage, her soul will be free.' I could see she was used ill; and as I know that old age and infancy take away the profits of the planter, the poor creature had a suspicion that her left child would be suffered to crawl about an immense kitchen, kicked out of every, body's way. I hate the very name of slavery; and when I was in Liverpool, the name of Goree Piazza sounded in my ears like a whip. B 5

36

Tuesday —How I did feel for the poor black woman; and think many a hearty tar would have been like me, and have forgotten the wind in the log, or not stopped for it, had he

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just seen a daughter of suffering Africa before his eyes. Now then, the wind, old English John says, is “Nor-West, and thinks in his heart the Dutch cook will drive him mad.” She wanted something out of the garden, and John fetched her meat, and I do not know what, out of the ice-house. Really how vexed I am at Englishmen coming, pretending to know how to settle, decoying their poor country people over, and then laughing at them. Mr. Megget has been giving us an account of his friend Mr. Brier from England. These two gentlemen were in a log-house for a night, inhabited by a poor Englishman and his wife, whom Mr. Brief's father, by means of his glorious account of Illinois, had enticed from their home. The poor people had spent all their money, and lost their goods in going down the Ohio. They found themselves a long way from a market, scarcity of water; in fact, nothing but land had they, without the means of cultivating it. Most of the night Mr. Megget said he could hear the poor woman sobbing, and upbraiding her husband for bringing her into such a place; and to add to their misfortune, the cow had strayed, no one could tell where. A pretty affair; and how those two gentlemen could amuse themselves by laughing at their victims, is more than I can tell. I do not wish to stop people from coming; but only, for mercy's sake, go the right way about it. Had those 37 poor people been near a town or city which wanted their milk or butter, they would have done well enough. Let people remember, that however cheap land may appear at one dollar an acre; whether the settler makes any thing or nothing of it, he must pay Government a cent (3 farthings sterling) per acre for it as a tax. However small the tax may appear, I have known people forced to throw up their purchase, as, on five or two hundred acres the cents would amount to a serious sum on bad land. Besides, who can pay money if they have not got any? People buy land here as if they could fall to, and eat it, without any more trouble.

Morning, Six o'clock —Wind is driving off the white fog from the banks of Schuylkill, so it is busy enough, and I need not say any more about it just now. I think we are naturally romantic. We read old authors who were very fond of feeding their heroes and heroines on such strange food. The ancient romance writers dealt out nectar by way of refreshment, and when it became out of fashion, or the receipt for making it was lost,

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then their descendants allotted to their objects of wonder or pity, the rose tainted air to live on, if at liberty; if not, still the same unsubstantial nourishment found its way through grated windows, as glass would have taken away all the interest. I believe not the most insinuating Zephyr ever found its way through that useful and beautiful article. Well, I was going to say though, 38 how much those tales spoil us, I mean some of us: I will be just; those of my nation as well as of other nations. I shall give a proof of it. To be sure I cannot say what romances Mr. Janners has been reading, but when his actions, and his wife's too, are told, we may be sure he and she fancy they are the hero and the heroine of some famous book. Only read! Mr. Janners and his wife left England for this country, and a dashing pair they were. She, in a habit with hat and feathers, sat down in an elegant drawing-room here, and spoke of the back woods as though she expected some beast would stalk forth like the one in the old tale of Beauty and the Beast,

“Welcome beauty, banish fear, Thou art queen and mistress here;”

but she will be sadly mistaken; and he, good lack, true Bond-street gent., how joyful!

“No game laws in the back woods!!” They speak of two things brought from England so essential, a rose-wood table, and, I think, white velvet hearth-rug!! Fairies do not live in woods in our days; how sad. How tiresome too! people laughing at my nation!

O Greece, suffering Greece: Oh that I could drive the Turks myself. I am so wrapt up in thy fate, that, regardless of the wind, I have written an Epic Poem on thee, classical country! Epic poem, did I say? Yes, I did; and I shall have it in my log-book “Why you will never dare to show it to the Captain, nor any body?” Oh, but I shall. Bless 39 me, they must put in at sea what occurs, and so do I; and if our Captain chose to write an epic poem, who should gainsay him, as neighbour Mayston says: and who can gainsay me? Besides, I write so badly, that it is not an easy matter to find out my blunders; so there is a comfort in that. All this about Greece, and the clock is striking four; and the wind, where is it? a light breeze from the—; however, when I came up stairs, the wind was full in the library window. But Athens, Greece, Prince Mavrocordato! how truly grand it all sounds; and—I am called

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down; what for? I am to go to take tea in a party with Greek Sopha, a refugee from Scio. Poor creature! her father, mother, and all the family, have escaped a Turkish massacre. Now I must take care of my epic poem. O Greek Sopha and epic poems!!! Oh dear, if mine cannot be understood, I call say that, with respect to the Captain, he is not such a judge of epic poetry as he is of a ship—thank the stars for that. He has too much sense to be offended; and I don't write poetry for Mr. Sander; he's no sailor, only a great scholar.

Ten o'clock—And a very fine morning. I should think, being as I am enclosed in a city, particulars about wind will be forgiven. Poor Sopha, how interesting she appeared last night. How uncommonly awkward she sat in a chair too. I guess she is accustomed to sitting very low, as in spite of her lovely countenance she gave us an idea of a gentleman 40 going to be shaved, just robed by the barber in long white drapery, hardly knowing where her waist was, and where to put her hands; feet starting from under her as though they did not belong to her. Her fine dark hair partly hidden by a turban of such a rich scarlet that friend Mayston would have gone crazed. She spoke French imperfectly, or her Grecian accent made her very difficult to be understood. Her English “very well” to almost every question was amusing. I shook hands with her, and sincerely wished it were in my power to surround Scio, to give the brutal Turks, who had forced her to seek shelter in a foreign land, a gunpowder treat; or send them on an aquatic expedition into the Ægean. I got into a recess in the room to look at Sopha, and I thought she ought to feel proud of her classic origin, philosophers, warriors, sculptors, and painters, without end. Gods and Goddesses used to be as familiar in Greece as ambassadors from different courts are with us. We are now beholden to Greece for literature and sculpture. Our Inigo Joneses and Wrens, where would they have been if not for Greece? If I am acquainted long enough with Sopha, she shall see my poem on her country; all its defects by her will be forgiven, must be, when I tell her I never was a regular apprentice to poetry, and I feel more than I can express for Greece, ay, or any body ill-treated. Somebody says the Grecians are degenerated. It appears not by the struggle they are making, and would not that somebody run a risk of being degenerated 41 too if a great fellow stood over him, not suffering that

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somebody to act but as his master wished? Here is the place for my poem. Oh, it will take up a glorious space, take a long time reading. The Captain is below—he has called to see me.

GREECE; A POEM.

The scene of the following poem is in Greece, at the commencement of the present struggle.

Peace, viewing the remains of ancient Greece, hears signs of approaching war, and asks Minerva (who is weeping) if these miseries are not destined for her unhappy country. Minerva informs her that Liberty has roused the Prince Alexander Mavrocordato* to a sense of his condition; and stimulates him to resistance, by relating the noble achievements of his ancestors against the repeated invasions of Persia.

* A patriotic Greek of Constantinople, who, for sacrifices he had made for his country, was chosen President of the Executive Council.

What mean those horrid shrieks of woe? The eagle screams as o'er some foe
He'd spread his wings. Methinks from far I see a banner wave in air,
And on its folds a crescent pale Points to a land. The evening gale
Brings to mine ear the dreadful wail Of wretched mothers; while their knees
Are bent, the tyrants to appease. 42 It seems that not to mortal
man The suppliant bends; but in the van Of hostile troops black demons fell
Had issued from the depths of hell, To quench their thirst in human gore.
My sight grows dim—I'll look no more. But who is this? Her flowing tears
Confirm my too well-grounded fears. O! speak Minerva, friend of suffering Greece,
Are all those troubles which I see increase Destin'd for thy lov'd land;
and will the Gods deny Assistance to those shores, once fam'd so high?
O! injur'd Greece, shall then I never see Thy wrongs redress'd, thy suff'ring
people free? Inform me, mourner, why should fate decree That o'er these shores
such dreadful sights should be? The patroness of Greece sad silence broke,
And in deep agony these words she spoke:— “O noble stranger, from those grand remains
Of sculpture rich,

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which decorate these plains, A voice was heard.—Instant the eagle's scream Rous'd Alexander, and his peaceful dream Was chang'd to scenes, where bondsmen struggle sore To gain their freedom, and the cannon's roar Calling on carnage, shook the Grecian shore; When straight before his waking eyes appear'd A female form, whose name he still rever'd. The fairest azure of the summer skies Deck'd her fair form—the rainbow's varied dyes Were not more splendid than the radiant crown Which bound her lovely brow: yet still the frown That awes the tyrant in her face was seen; Though now she stood, as the great Sun serene:— When to the prayer, which prostrate nature sends, The clouds divide, and the warm beam defends 43 The drooping flowers, till the rude wind has past. So stood fair Liberty.—Her eyes she cast On Alexander, and these words she gave:— “Attend, descendant of the Gods, and save Thy injur'd country: let the world yet see You still are Grecians, and you will be free; Nor slumber longer in disgraceful chains, While fierce usurpers desolate these plains; Think on the noble stand your fathers made, When Persia's thousands did their rights invade.”

Thus proud Attossa bid Darius toil For Grecian conquest and for Grecian spoil: These were her words:—“O haste thee, Greece invade, And thy great labour shall be well repaid: When through the Ælgean vast thy name is known, And the proud gates of Athens are thine own; Then shall the arts of Greece enrich our land, And all her knowledge in these realms expand.” These words Darius heard, then straight he cries, “Arm my vast legions, Greece shall be my prize.” Thus were the Grecians doom'd to Persia's yoke, But did they cower or tremble at the stroke? No.—Great Miltiades, that friend of Greece, Whose name shall be rever'd till time shall cease; Viewing the thousands Persia's King had brought, Vow'd the foe's conquest should be dearly bought.

As the fork'd lightning strikes the tow'ring mast, And the bold pirate stands for once aghast: He, who fears not the rights of man t' invade, Is, as the vessel strikes, at last afraid; Sees that a power superior to his arm Creates the storm, and gives the dread alarm. 44 Thus he who proudly rode the sea in scorn, And utter'd imprecations to the morn, Feels that his lion heart and giant form Is as a feather in the driving storm. So stood the enemies of Greece.

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—In rage They view'd the counsel of that noble sage, Just Aristides: he, his land to save,
Unto Miltiades first honours gave, For fear dissensions might their hearts divide, And, by
a wish for fame, would soon subside That daring spirit which through Greece prevail'd,
And had undaunted the barbarians hail'd; At which the glitt'ring chief great Datis found,
That though his engines shook the Grecian ground, A power superior to vast Persia's
King Would cause the oppress'd the joyful theme to sing Of vict'ry, whilst his rich-wrought
banners wave In solemn silence o'er his army's grave. Great King, he cried, here all your
hopes must die, For the rough Grecians are resolv'd to vie E'en with their very Gods, while
sounds arise As when loud thunders shake the summer skies; And as the tigress on the
Indus shore Guards her lov'd offspring, and her dreadful roar, Her sharp'n'd fangs, and
orange brindled hide, Spotted with foam, seem danger to deride, Scorns to unbend, while
the sharp deadly spear Is thrown at one determin'd not to fear The bold invaders of her
offspring's bed. Just so the Grecians;—they've their armies led To death or victory, and
my troops have found A grave awaits them in a foreign ground. O Marathon! for ever shall
thy name Live on the historic page; and when fair fame 45 Shall sound the clarion, she
shall nerve the arm, And to oppressors give that dread alarm; Give, as did Mycale, the
final blow Which laid the boasted hopes of Persia low; For Xerxes, sure all danger soon to
brave, Hoped, vainly hoped to chain the boist'rous wave. Thus he who scorn'd the barrier
nature plac'd, And wish'd to make all Greece one dreadful waste, Found the tiara, o'er his
brow of care, Lost all its power before these chiefs of war, And Xerxes felt the royal purple
press'd Against a haughty, but a mortal breast. Then, Grecians, shall this land be still the
prey Of murderous Turks? Oh! no, a burst of day Illumes the scene. Then haste, each
power implore To vindicate your rights, you ask no more: Implore great England's King,
who'll ever be Friend to your cause, the friend of Liberty!! And England's people, they the
Grecian's friend, And tyrant's terror, will your rights defend; Then dare the Crescent, and
do not despair, For friends will aid you in the approaching war.

As the faint lion, passive in the toils, Bears with those bonds at which his heart recoils;
Point but a way that noble heart to free, He stands resolv'd for death or victory. Thus

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did the hero bow his sorrowing head, But were his feelings or his honour dead? No, for as liberty the summons gave, His heart beat quick, his suffering land to save, These words the hero to the maid address'd:— "Fair Liberty, this sword shall never rest Within its scabbard till my country free, Hear war no more, and peace triumphant be."

46

Now Stranger, well the cause is known Why on the wind these sounds are borne; The war-cry which thy bosom rent, And to the famish'd eagle went, Who, as those rocks with echo rung, Scream'd the glad tidings to her young; Yes, the fell birds of carnage wait To know the issue and the fate Of Greece; and hark! O stranger hear, The mighty rush of battle's near; Now, now implore the King of Kings For the bless'd shadow of his wings.

Evening—Wind full west, cloudy, sun peeping when it can. Well, I have stood it all. How came you to write on Greece? I should never have thought of you writing on Greece. Dear me, Miss Hoding, what a subject! These sentences were uttered by three ladies, whilst sage Mr. Sander from England sat looking at me, his eyes seeming to say, how dare you venture to write the names of such great folks? My service to him. A cat may look at Kings, surely I may write about them. The Captain, honest soul, said it might be all very fine and good for any thing he knew, and wished sincerely if the Turks deserved a drubbing, they might get it. He said the poem was a long one, and full of finer folks than ever he had known about. Grecian and Persian Kings he had never come across, but had a Russian Nobleman once on board whose name beat all hands: nobody could pronounce it. So it was, "assist the gentleman there, he's going to leeward," or, "the Russian gentleman wants 47 his servants upon deck." But Miss Hoding, said he to me, you may write poetry on the Greeks, but why did you think Sopha looked so comical. Now, if she keeps a log-book, she, I guess, won't write "I went into a corner to stare at Sarah," is not that your name? I lay you what you like she would not be so rude. How I do hate women taking each other to pieces. Women are capital at finding defects. But Captain, I said, she was beautiful cried I. Well, but comparing her to a man, rigged out for shaving. If she learn English what will she say? Only want to know: a lady's faults set her two most intimate

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acquaintances to chattering about her. My!! what a yarn of imperfections you'll have. From what I understand, Miss Hoding, of your poem, you have behaved better to the ancient Greeks than to a modern Grecian. Mind better in future. I don't understand half what any of you write about; but what I do, depend upon it, shall give my opinion. Can't flatter, can't flatter.

Sunday Evening—No wind, all is tranquil, nothing in motion save the wings of night birds going to be very busy, nay, are busy, assisting their starving owners to way-lay the poor mouse, which, having a family to care for, thought this a nice quiet moment to regale herself on young corn or fallen berry. But now there are hawks and owls to torment her. And what have we to prevent us from enjoying a Sabbath evening? Why, take the race of mankind, I am 48 afraid a good deal. Guilt and Pride are wonderful night-birds to us. How many are there who, instead of adoring the Being who made them, are contriving how they shall anger their Maker, by injuring their fellow mortals. How many actuated by Pride; Ay, on this very day, think it beneath them to acknowledge a God, although they cannot stir a foot, nor an inch, without perceiving the works of an Almighty Power. Without stirring, let the Atheist contemplate himself. How much more consistent is Mr. B. or Captain Westren than the great planter, Mr. Gore. He looks upon his neighbours as very inferior to himself. He seems too vain to think there is a Providence over him, but no one is more a slave to his passions. I rather think those great Atheists are, when in trouble, found to be little men always. They who do not thank God for the blessings they possess, of course, in my poor estimation, can implore succour with a very bad grace of the slighted Deity; especially as Atheists deal in reason so largely. Is it reasonable then to ask assistance under such circumstances?

Monday—Wind is very comfortably taking a nap, while its partner steam is bringing the packet up the noble Delaware. A very useful partner the wind has got. What an alteration since the Indian paddle plied near these banks, now trodden by shoes from all countries instead of the rude Moccassin. I was dressed in plaid the other day, when a Scotsman came up to me, and seeing such a tartan body, said, "I 49 maun speak to my

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countrywoman when I see her:" speak and welcome said I, but I am from England. What a mixture of faces! The busy merchant, who will scarcely allow himself time to take his meals quietly from the ledger, losing time by viewing the stately vessel which must be consigned to uncertain waves, and in whose fate his dreams will have a share. The poor grey-headed negro waiting for a wood-buyer coming to give him a job, sitting down on a barrel with a water melon. He has given his last three cents for it, and—he is strong—and somebody will want a cord of wood sawing soon, so care must go to the merchant, as blackey has no room for care on the barrel if "him come." Nothing can be more conspicuous than a newly landed English or Irish family. The rosy cheek has such a freshness, not any the worse for catching a few rays of the sun which have been caught while the Europeans have been perambulating upon deck. Nothing can exceed the ardent gaze bestowed upon the poor African by European children. The change is not so perceptible in the country about rosy cheeks, on a hot day, the thermometer at 95 or 100, the father of the strange family seems to say, "Surely there is no mistake; have we got wrong? we cannot live here wife; why how much hotter is it in Bengal, I wonder?" though I believe this is more in the English style than any other country. The hardy German has not left home to pick up hats full of gold, he expects to work for it, and knows he must put the peas in the ground before he 50 can gather them: so he lands, buys a waggon, and mounts the bonny lads and lassies upon it to enter the wilderness, while at his approach rattle-snakes bid adieu to thick coverts, trees do the same to the ground, and the beautiful panther to his den; for, say they, there indeed comes a settler, and his axe and plough are more to be dreaded than any bows and arrows, or rifles. Remember, I should not like to go with the Dutchman, and with my notions of comfort I am best where I am. Indeed all English should keep near cities or towns; the sound of a bell is more in our line than the uproar of a wild cataract. Poor Mr. Merry had been used to a well-guarded pasture for his cow, and did not like her starting in the frightful Prairie botanizing. Well, have I told all about the wharf? let me think. What else did I see? I did not see the wind; certainly not. I do not think I mentioned it. The wind is the worst part of the log-book, but the wind is sometimes a difficult thing to manage on board a ship, beating the most experienced seaman, caring neither for compass, mast,

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or rudder, so I shall not torment myself about it: it must go, like my poetry; I cannot do better, and shall say, as the man did by his pig, "He would have taught it more if he could;" and I would keep better log if I could. Stop, the wind blew a bunch off my bonnet to-day, a sudden gust; now if I have not mentioned wind before, this will do. We must be excused about the wind by the Captain; besides, not possessing either cable, sails, compass, or anchor, 51 except Miss Leon, who has, I believe, a cable chain for her neck; so are not well off for managing the winds, any body must know.

Morning —Nice breeze; cannot go out though. Oh, the very wind is oppressive, nothing but heat, heat. "The cry of sea bass" and the cry from the ice-sellers make one so badly bear the hot weather. Oh think of cooling waves, Prismatic Alcoves on floating ice-bergs, and of sitting like an absolute Queen viewing the Polar scenery; your throne vieing with Golconda diamonds; your attendants the social Esquimaux; while nothing less than tame whales and seals would ruffle the water in your capacious fish-ponds—save a storm now and then—*dismal!* or else how noble! how majestic!—I always think of a fish in a bird-cage, when I see a lump of ice melting away on a hot marble step, with a sun shining on it that would broil any thing but a piece of ice. Ice is left by the cart that serves the family with it, and servants white or black generally think of doing other affairs of much less moment than removing ice; leaving it to perspire most shamefully. What long sentences I make now; I thought at first I could not go on sufficiently to make one long sentence; now never know when to leave off. Oh practice, practice; I must write here that some pirates are taken: I wonder if they will be served as in Jamaica, not allowed a trial; this must be wrong. They are the worst sort of robbers, and not being allowed a trial, makes them so. Knowing C 52 there will be no trial, the wretches seek for revenge on their victims, by any sort of cruelty. Those poor fellows that are now taken may not have been so bad as some others. O Americans! give them a trial: do not be arbitrary. Abolish slavery too, and be the second country in the world.—Oh this terrible parrot! what a noise it makes when talking to its daughter; luckily I do not understand Spanish, and as the birds came from South America, they have not perfected themselves in English; so all quarrels are settled in a strange

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language to me. I should think they quarrel, like human beings, sometimes about very little; and the less it is, the more, like us, they have to say about it. I am going to dine with a professor of Botany, so shall listen. Never much to say when learned folks are present. But how much more I do know than English John: he did not know there was a Boston in England, and such a fine church in it; and did not know Queen Elizabeth's effigy stands in Westminster Abbey; that the thumb-screws brought by the Armada are in the Tower; and that the horrid account about them is now considered not of the truest kind. What's the use of appealing to John?

Tuesday—The wind swinging about the sign of the Spread Eagle, which has perched over a tavern door in Market-sweet; and the wind, as though I wanted information on this difficult point, had very nearly furnished me with proof positive, by sending the 53 painted king of the feathered race upon my head. I hope no tempest will ever hurt the greatest curiosity I ever saw, and most others ever saw—the great American Aloe, which flowers once in a hundred years. Mr. Pratt has lent it, until it has done flowering, to the Orphan Asylum, that the institution may be benefited by the company it draws. Each person to pay a quarter dollar: what a deal of money it will raise for the poor dear children. I do not know how many feet it is high; but a scaffolding is raised, and a vast flight of stairs to view the blossoms. Standing on the ground, what an amazing mountain of leaves to look at, and what a tub it grows in: names and dates without number grace its aged leaves. The aloe does not look like a being of yesterday, nor the day before.—This kind action reflects great honor on Mr. P., and one might almost wish such a good man could live to see the next flowers rise to amaze the next century. The history, as I have been told of Mr. Pratt, is as follows:—In the terrible insurrection in St. Domingo, those who could do it sent their jewels and money to America, hoping to follow; but, alas! scarcely any escaped. Mr. Pratt was a store-keeper, I think, and to him was consigned a vast property in jewels and money. Mr. P. took all possible care of them, wishing to give them to the poor refugees: that never happened; and Mr. P., not knowing what to do with the money, purchased a fine estate, and has the most extensive green-house and gardens in America. At any time he will give

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up the place to the rightful C 2 54 owners, and I do not see he could have done better. Oh! what a state were the planters in; murdered in cold blood by their revolting negroes. The Marchioness S—'s child's christening cost four thousand dollars one year; and the next, she and her eldest daughter were destitute in the city of Philadelphia: the young lady taught the harp, and the disconsolate mother now keeps a school. Poor creature! her husband was shot down before her face; while her life was preserved by a faithful slave, who brought her provisions under a haystack. I am told the planters used their slaves very ill; and retaliation may not be right, but it is very natural. One poor lady had her nerves so shattered, that she cannot bear to look on a black face; the sad recollection of her murdered husband and children rise before her. It is all very dreadful; but use the poor Blacks as they ought to be used: seldom any bad comes from doing rightly, Master Planters.

Ten o'clock —Wind southerly, blowing over a vast continent, really scorching us. I have been told the yellow fever has made its appearance in Philadelphia: am sure I should not be surprized at any coloured fever coming, such weather as this is. The Board of Health in the city has commanded the street in which it appeared to be closed with boards to keep the infection from spreading; and a gentleman says he saw women with their babies in their arms, peeping through the chinks of the boards. What do they expect to see? not people, as all have been turned out to leave the dreadful malady nothing to prey on. How sweet the country appears to us: I am sure we walked to-day in the woods, and forgot that human misery and yellow fever for that time were in existence. The scenery is bolder here than in England. In England, at least by my father's sketches of that country, all have such an air of cultivation, high cultivation, and he says so himself. I never found it out until comparing his sketch-books of the two countries: what different pictures they make. We have been to see neighbour Peer's cottage; a pretty garden before it; while near it is timber, from behind which, an Indian need not disdain to take aim with his primitive bow. Mrs. Peer says, how different times are now: when she was a girl, 60 years since, people came from far and near to see her father's door, it being a paneled one, the one

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we saw before us; so strange an affair was it to tenants of rude log houses. She is a quiet woman: for days she has only flying squirrels, locusts, and cat-birds for her companions. She thought the English donkey looked a curious beast, poor thing; but his bray nobody seemed to like. Another quiet neighbour of her's was invited to Harp Hall, the seat of Judge James, when his accomplished daughter, not knowing how to amuse a lady of such sylvan notions, sat down to the instrument to play for her. After she had finished a song in her best Parisian style, she asked the friend how she liked it. "Why, its a pretty noise;" and there 56 ended this mighty affair. It would be of little use my friend Gaunt meeting these kind souls in the woods, and boasting of his arms, as he did a little time since somewhere in the western country. One day, he says, he met a traveller, and talking together, somehow armorial bearings were introduced. Mr. G.'s companion said, "mine, Sir, you may perhaps know," holding up the seal of his watch. "I do indeed," replied G. "as I happen to carry or bear the same." "You the same? What right, Sir, have you to the Earl of—'s arms? I am a descendant." "So am I," replied Gaunt, "and assure you I know his Lordship as well or better than you." Then having compared notes, the two gentlemen left their dignity at the door of a log-house, and went in to enjoy some as fine venison as ever was shot in either England or Scotland. Neighbour Peer would have wondered what ailed them both: for, however heraldic arms are chosen in Great Britain, arms of flesh and blood guide the plough and fell huge timber better, and are of more use in uncleared land. I won't let the Americans laugh though at my country, as they are only men; and had it not been for Washington, the same things would have obtained here. I know of many who would jump at them (armorial bearings), and where's the harm? I have heard of things quite as bad, nay worse, than an armorial bearing here. Besides, Count Ossa is the friend of us all, and he is proud of his arms, as his father and mother were great folks for something. He says his 57 mother was the Lady Bountiful of the parish, and his father was the father of his surrounding tenantry. Here's a Lord for you; let them be Lords if good ones; a man need not be bad because he happened to be born a Lord in the midst of plenty. Count O.'s father behaved so well to his dependents, that they would not have cared if he had thought well to have walked out like a herald at the proclaiming of a King, proclaiming to

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his surrounding tenantry the feudal greatness of his ancient family. There is a something very imposing in heraldry. They may here call it foolish; but slavery—think of that—it is worse than foolish; is it not, England?

Thursday, Four o'clock P. M. —That is rather grand for me. Wind is, I think, very well, for any thing I know. What an amusing man is Judge James: he says, in the old revolutionary war he was, I do not know what he called it, but head man at a court martial, where an English spy was to be tried. The villain told the Judge privately, he would give up a whole battalion to the Americans, if they would save his life. “Your life, you rogue,” cried the Judge, “why it is not worth saving. Would you give up your countrymen on such paltry conditions?” The poor fellow said he would; but the Judge told him, “No, that is impossible; if you Moody (that was his name) have any thing to say or settle in this world, I will assist you, as I assure you your time on this earth is very short; and if you had died like a man, 58 I should have thought much better of you. Why if we could spare your life, in my opinion you are not worth saving.” Moody gave the Judge his watch to send to his mother, and a small coin. To be sure I do not know what it is to be placed in such a situation; but think, though a female, I would not have purchased my life in so base and cowardly a manner; and my countryman! (dear, dear, no boasting) forced to hear the Judge in mortifying silence. What a difference between Moody and General Burgoyne: every American officer felt for his misfortunes; that eventful moment to a brave and honorable man—the delivering up his sword. The facing of cannon, the engaging glittering weapons by dozens, did not unnerve the General like depriving his brave arm of one sword. It seemed as though his life went with it; I sat with dignity on hearing of the General's adventure. Somebody spoke of Buonaparte's officers bringing a Russian spy before him. “Does he know what awaits him?” asked the Emperor. The man was asked. “I do,” replied the brave fellow; “but if I could have saved my country, I would; and now shall die happy, having done my best.” “Brave fellow, brave fellow,” cried Napoleon; “Oh that I could save him.” O, John Moody! what does he look like, compared to this man. The Judge loves to tell anecdotes about Quakers: they were high Tories, who never gave assistance to

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the Americans. He says, they have no wish to live out of this free country, though they would not fight; and I can tell by 59 his conversation how very much they were hated. He generally begins to foreigners, "Bless you, when we fought for our freedom, I should think we ought to have had support from every class of men, but we did not get it."

Four o'clock in the afternoon, that is P.M., as the learned folks would say, and wind, I think, all that is I may thank my fan for.—Now I do not know what to say or write about. Oh, I know. When I was last at home what a present I had sent from a botanical garden! guess, guess: my countrywomen might for ever. It was actually an English nettle!!! innocent Bouquet!! I should have had a thistle likewise, and have set them in my best vase, and made a sonnet all about them. Well, laugh who likes; to me the nettle seemed like an old acquaintance; it had been raised from a seed, so I could not ask after my old friends in England, as it was not so much a foreigner as myself. I took it, yes I did, and put it into water, and I got my fingers nettled in honor of an English plant. My father found it in very good company, and begged it for me. I have seen an English cockle-shell in a lady's museum; and I can assure any one, little as the nettle and cockle are thought of at home, here they grace museums and botanical gardens to some purpose. I was silly enough to be amazed at seeing a shrimp and a prawn in the Philadelphia museum, forgetting that there are none in America, and it is my ignorance that makes C 5 60 the wonder. I really have nothing more to write about, and am in a scribbling humour. Yes I have, though; I had a radiated mole sent me from the Jerseys, and two strange-looking mice. Not knowing what to do with them, I put all together for the night: when such a massacre took place! The mole had eaten my mice, and was, like Alexander, crying because he had no more to destroy. Finding I should torment him by keeping him and starving him to death; not liking to kill him myself in a gory way, and not choosing to set my dear little brother to such cruel work, I undertook to be, in such extreme necessity, executioner myself. I took him to the chamber window, and threw him out to break his neck at once, and I did do it, and hope no one will call me cruel. What could I do? in a large city, no food for him, and he with an appetite quite of the tiger order. Dr. Connaught laughed at me and my humanity, but this

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I know, I did it for the best, and begged that no more such presents might come. Poor fellow! his was a hard fate; as, if the Doctor had got him, I fear some experiment would have been tried on him. Oh, my way was the best, and I sent him with his fine starred nose to the Dr.'s study, as he could then suffer no more. I shall be sorry if little Miss Mary B. reads this, and does not clearly understand it all; as I declare that I would rather be a beggar with humanity than a Princess without it. I am turning sentimental about the poor mole, and why should I not? In my opinion we offend the Deity when we inflict pain on the most 61 diminutive of God's works; as, between an elephant and a fly, it is only torturing on a larger or smaller scale.

Monday morning —Wind hard at work, fanning the cows as well as it can. Last evening I was very much amused by hearing Mr. Jannet talk about the back woods. He is a backwood store-keeper, and a very intelligent man. He told us some delightful tales of snakes, rattle, green, and copper-head. He says, that since he can remember, the large serpents were more numerous. When he was a boy, a copper-head had taken up its abode in his neighbourhood, to the great annoyance of the poor settlers. At length he and many others went out to seek it, and saw, by the trail or marks on the grass and road, that the serpent was immense, and that his visit was of recent date. Further on, feet marks of cattle were visible, and for certain that the reptile must be near, as his marks were over the feet marks of the cattle; when, looking over a clump of brushwood, there lay the monster, coiled up and asleep!!! In an instant every one was on the alert; and the foremost man jumped on the head of their sleepy prey, as no one cared for his body, when once his poisonous fangs were secured. He was soon dispatched, while his hunters returned delighted, having achieved a great action. I wonder what a city-bred gentleman would have done: serpent-killing is so difficult and different from any sport in the English woods. Mr. Jannet does not like cities; the noise 62 confuses him: London would be a Bedlam to him. I can hear him talk; he pities the poor English, and that is something. Oh, what an account he gives of Flower and Birkbeck, making poor people, whom they have enticed from their homes, to pay hard money, and too much of it too, for goods, meal, &c. out

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of their store.* What a promised paradise! I was particularly struck with Mr. J.'s manner of speaking; just enough words, and no more. Mrs. B. said, "I should so like the back woods, Mr. Jannet," "You don't know, you never lived there," said he. Very good answer, I thought. He is very sparing of words; any body may see he has lived very differently from us. He had traded with Indians for skins, and seemed to think of his return to log-houses with a deal of pleasure. The fashionable Miss Gemm eyed him, and he eyed her, each no doubt pitying the other. I have most unfashionable notions, I know; and do prefer backwood eloquence (sense I mean) before city nonsense. Miss Gemm looked, on coming into the room, on seeing such a plain man, as though she wished to astonish and awe him; as though saying, "Is not my attitude more graceful than any forest flower you have ever seen? and the rustle of my Parisian stiff silk gown more distancing than the largest rattle-snake you ever met with? Make room for me, Sir; I shall want at least the side of this apartment myself." But such a wonder as she, was lost upon Jannet, who turned from her to talk to Mr. B., while the lady was compelled to hear about rifles, bears, Prairie-dogs,

* Warehouse.

63 instead of interesting topics, such as pearl-powder, rice-flowers, and Lalla Rookh. I doubt I am satirical: what a pity we females, with all our goodness, should have this one fault! May be I am alarmed without a cause: the Captain takes me to task so. I have said no harm; I must say as the negro said the bear meant. Mr. Monford was so troubled with a bear getting over his fence, that he determined to hunt the gentleman; so as soon as the poor shaggy brute was at bay, standing on his hind legs, endeavouring to keep off the men and dogs, poor black Tom fell to pitying him, and said, Oh Sir, Sir; look at him's paws; him's saying "pray forgive me, pray forgive me, and me will never come your way no more." But the white man had no pity, he would have blood, and he got it. Remember the bear, white man, when you go into church. Well, I must say if I have written queerly about Miss G., "pray forgive me, pray forgive me, Captain."

Tuesday—I really am too bad; I have just come from the wood, and know no more about the wind than the beautiful cedar birds. They have something on their wings like drops

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of red sealing-wax. Well, but the wind. Well, but the entomologist Henry that I have been walking with. His hat was covered with dying insects, all kicking and struggling; taken in aid of science so hastily, that they had no time to make their wills, and, we had a lady with us too!!! O think of that. I saw a large scarlet spider, and 64 in an instant the lady had a pin through it. Large flies, beetles, spiders, and ants, all shared the same fate; and I should think they would say, "Mankind, science may be your boast, but how many creatures are miserable on your account; you might be humane as well as wise." How charmingly romantic ladies used to be on the banks of rivers, not having the excuse of the Indian who fishes for a dinner. Gentleman and lady-fishers used to rise from a good breakfast, I hope not dinner; they could not have left carp or salmon, or cease feasting on the dainty shad, to throw a barbarous hook to obtain a minew. Persons may say what they like; but this is worse than my mole adventure: I should never have gone into the forest to injure him; no, I never liked the old Damons and Phillises listening to turtles until Phillis used to take cold. And then the ladies, weary of holding to their wet eyes the dripping handkerchief, whither did they go? Why away they walked to a "fair purling brook" and caught a poor fish, making him gape and struggle to be revenged on the turtle, because he would coo in a minor key, and for such a long time. Why did not they move away, go home, or go to the crows, and hear them? I am going to give any lady or gentleman a receipt for forming a bower. I invented it when I had no moles to despatch.

If left to me a bower to form, I'd place it where the rose is blowing;
Near to its site, a stately elm,
The woodbine to support when growing.

65

The blackbird and the warbling thrush
Should sit and sing their songs together;
No deadly gunner there should come
To spot with gore the painted feather.

The fish should sleep among the reeds,
Or swim for crumbs, a breakfast claiming;
A hookless breakfast would I give,
Nor heartless be destruction aiming.

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The lark, when from the cloud return'd, On which he'd met the infant morning, Should rest on spray above my head, The dew of Heaven his wing adorning.

The bee should leave the wood and field, For mignonette and pea-flower blowing; Such banquet sure would suit their queen, Where butterflies their wings were showing.

And as grim Winter's sure to come, I would invite the nymph, Contentment; For, blest with her, not one on earth Need fear the blast's or time's resentment. S. H.

Thursday evening —Light breeze from the West; rather cloudy, sun going down in grand style, illuminating a large chain of snowy mountains. They show indeed that the bright hero of the day has reached them, I mean cloud mountains; yes, and yonder is a castle, a good representation of one; very unsubstantial to be sure, but airy castles generally are. Oh, but the sun, the sun! His glory! is it unsubstantial? No, no; he was called to illuminate newly-made creation, to ripen grain for the wild man, to show the beauties of Babylon, Thebes, Herculaneum. Rome, mistress of the world, and the mighty ruins of these mighty places; and sees us with as undiminished splendor as when he answered the great call, "Let there be light." What are empires to him? They are as that airy edifice which his departure must destroy. Then man go still higher; fix thou thy thoughts on his Maker, and then indeed—

Ten o'clock, and the wind is sighing, or crying; which do poets call it? Among the trees, I know.—Well, yesterday I went to meeting. How calm every thing is in a Quaker's meeting! though really it requires one to be as good as they are, to command one's thoughts. Having been accustomed to going to church, I could not think why some one did not get up and find a sermon for us; while, to add to my uneasiness, I saw appear on a lady's white gown an enormous black spider, as big as a small crab. It is no doubt an error in my early education (Dr. Brooks, Blenheim-street, London, of Anatomical notoriety, told me so), that I do not like a spider. I would not unnecessarily hurt one, but at the same time would rather the curious creature would run out of my sight. However, the Doctor is

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right. I remember a dear relation, when I was a child, rather on the jumping order when she came unexpectedly on a spider; so 67 I suppose I jumped first because she did, and then commenced on my own account; and I do now a little, but never act unjustly to them in woods or gardens, by setting flies at liberty merely to save the fly. Why should I? God has taught the spider to catch his breakfast in this manner, and I have nothing to give the fasting gentleman in lieu of it. But my meeting-house spider! Oh! he was something like one; such long black hair, and I saw him crawling composedly over a lady's dress, first appearing on one side of her, and then on another person. Now, thought I, if that creature were to appear suddenly on me, I fear I shall not act so properly as I might in this quiet place; and as it is very possible those ladies may do the same, I had better inform them about it. So I tapped the lady on the shoulder: she was in a deep study, and wheeling round all in a piece, inquired with her eyes what was the matter? I pointed, awe-struck; but she quietly shook off the intruder to go to her neighbours. Bless me, thought I, I certainly have got sight of a philosopher this time: have heard of such a being. What a log-book must she keep! Mrs. B. and Miss Hughes remarked the spider I saw. Do not know what became of it; but the fear of its coming to me, made me very pleased when we got into the carriage. The American ladies I was with said they never saw so horrid a looking one: and I fear it took most of our attention. The great naturalist, Dr. Connaught, said I need not have been fearful, as there are no poisonous ones near 68 Philadelphia: but I did not like the creature on his own account, setting aside poison.

Evening—All is still as a mouse; how unlog-like. It is very true, however, let it be unlike what it may. Last week I caught a humming bird; and while holding it in my hand, felt its little heart pant so violently that I thought break it must. Oh, thought I, am I to break a humming bird's heart, just because I want the bird; so I opened my hand to give my prisoner air, and it lay for a second without motion, when in the next instant off it shot like an arrow: and there stood I, looking silly enough. I was just going to admire his beautiful wings, and needle-like beak, made on purpose to dive into the deepest recesses of gay flowers, kindly leaving, as I should think, the nearest honey to poor hard-working bees,

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who may be fined by their absolute queen, if they return not well laden to the bee box.* O, the symmetry of a humming bird; nothing can, in a bird's way, exceed it. I did lament the loss of mine very much, and greatly regretted Adam's fall, causing every wild inhabitant of woods to fly you, or you fly them. I am forced to sit very still in the portico, to enjoy a sight of a humming bird, as he comes humming round me, bent on his sweet expedition—the flowers seem the same and the birds the same—then what is altered since Adam's time? Are we?

* The bees that I saw worked in wooden boxes.

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Morning, half-past ten—and clouds as big as the lawn, and the wind has blown our hair out of curl; full North-East: the Captain says so; and he says I go from mammoth to humming birds, from Grecians to old women in the woods, that he cannot keep pace with me; and I am to be as careful of others' feelings as I was of the heart of a humming bird. Really the Captain is very difficult to understand. First I am to fire at folly, and when I have shot, then he comes weeping and moralizing over my game, like the kind father, who gave the gun and then preached about the broken pinion! I am not angry, only plain honest folks should mind.

Morning, six o'clock, and no one can be mistaken about the wind, as last evening and this morning we have the remains of a gust: I believe it was a gale. The poor trees, unable to reef, are bending under the press of sail; and I often wonder how so many trees live out gales as do. Sailors feel different from land's people: they view the mighty billow with unshaken nerves, as long as the ship is manageable at all. No one can call the hardy seaman coward, to be sure. I think unruly horses a match for unruly billows at any time, as what is the difference between having your brains knocked out against a mast or rock, or lying on the road at the mercy of your steed's feet, revolving wheels, &c. But I am writing log very badly. I have nothing to write about, only poor black Ann's pride. Yesterday Miss Mary B. and her brother 70 George were talking to Ann. "Ann," said little George, "you're

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a grey girl." "No, Master George, I am not:" master George persisted in it. "Oh yes, Ann," cried Miss Mary, "thou art." Poor sable Ann's pride was alarmed. "Indeed, Miss Mary, I am sorry to hear you say so." "Then what are you, Ann?" said George. "Why a coloured girl, to be sure, Master George." I was forced to interfere, as Ann was so much hurt as to be unable to finish the marble hearth; and told the dear children I knew their kind mamma would be very angry if she knew they teased Ann. I only write this to show, that whether we be born in Africa, or in the frigid or temperate zones, we all think our complexion the best. Ann thought black far preferable to grey; and I know Ann is not by herself. How properly Mrs. B. acts by her children with respect to black servants, making her children treat them kindly, having the prejudices of the Americans to contend with, and her white servants' prejudices in the house: but I never did see a better mother; she is willing to sacrifice her time and every thing for her children.

I have been to see West's Picture, and am in such a hurry to write about it, that I have forgotten the wind: this I know, that I saw a ship coming up the Delaware to-day, and it had many sails spread, so should think there must have been wind somehow. What a picture West's is. Christ stands the most conspicuous figure, with such benignity in his countenance: 71 he looks his mission and his heavenly employment, dispensing blessings to suffering mortals. The beautiful Jewess holds on her lap her sick child, imploring aid for *that* object which she would not exchange for kingdoms. The surprise of the Jewish Priests in the back ground is finely expressed. The picture is a noble present to America I think West was an American. Mrs. Pryor is for ever blaming the Catholics, because they have such a respect for pictures. "Oh," said she, "they worship them." "Indeed Ma'am you are mistaken," replied Miss Hughes; "I believe the Catholics only value pictures as putting them in mind of their Originals." So the other day, a very fine head of Christ being shown to Mrs. Pryor, to my great surprise she began with, "Oh what a countenance! What benignity! No human bad passion deforms that countenance and what He suffered for us!" "Why now," said Miss Hughes, "What more could a Catholic have said with the picture

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before her? Nothing. It would have put her in mind of the Redeemer, and so it does you, Mrs. Pryor. Now mind what you say in future about your neighbours, I say, Mrs. Pryor.”

Three o'clock in—nonsense— *three o'clock P. M.* —I can't know what the wind is doing, but I have been going about six knots (as I think) an hour, as fast as the honest old coach-horse could take me and Mr. B. I was so glad to hear that old Bob had been sent for me, as the new horses, though they have classic 72 names, kick rather too much. Indeed their names spoil them. I am afraid they are historians, and are imitating their great namesakes; Bucephalus, and that other dainty-stomached horse of Rome, Incitatus. Never mind, Bob; I am your friend, and I'll write about you, in spite of Captains by the hundred. Don't be cast down, my noble brute. They cannot prevent me from writing in my log-book, you know Bob, what I like. Do not have thy noble head turned by any of those mad pranks which these new steeds show us.

TO MY MUCH-RESPECTED FRIEND, BOB, THE FOLLOWING LINES ARE
ADDRESSED:

Bob, I was very glad to see Thy noble self appear for me; As, those fine classic steeds
that rear And plunge so graceful, make me fear. I mean those steeds, whose names so
grand Make all th' unlearn'd amazed stand; Who know nought of that famous horse Which
Alexander rode;—and, worse, Their classic knowledge is so small, They scarcely know
he rode at all. —But Bobby, now to you I write, My muse must take no headlong flight, But
mind her P's and mind her Q's, Or critics may hard language use About this inoffensive
matter, Making, like thy new shoes, a clatter: If I a pronoun should misplace, How hard
would be thy poet's case; 73 Although those very critics know How difficult it is to go
Searching for apt words in a scull From whence there's scarcely aught to cull. Critics, old
Bob, care just for me As the vile coachman does for thee. Ne'er mind; they'll write, and
get their due; And drivers, if the book tells true, Sometime will sadly have to rue: For what
has sage Pythagoras said, Concerning creatures when they're dead? Why really, that they
will change places. Cats, scared by mice, will make wry faces. Then, critics shall be made

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to write, For authors' sport, from morn till night; And cruel coachmen, we'll suppose, At stable doors to show their nose. Then, Bob, as sure as light is light, There's some who will wear harness bright! Some epicures, chang'd to beast, On hay and oats will have to feast. Caligula will be ne'er the worse By changing places with his horse; But woe to those who've us'd the whip, When horses, how they'll have to skip. But Bobby, now do cheer thyself, Ne'er mind the Roman, nor that elf Whose horse was so unruly; he Was nothing, Bob, compared with thee. And, now that subject's crossed my brain, I can go steady on again. Bob, those new coach-horses I hate, And have not liked to ride of late; For we've to watch, they're so refin'd, 74 Lest we should all be left behind; Where, so content, we'd have to stay While our new steeds the visit pay. And, though they lord it o'er thy stable, To look like thee they are not able: Their names sound grand, but, Bobby, never Let that thy noble heart-strings sever: Thy name is not so simple, no, For I remember long ago T' have heard about one Bobby Bruce; But sure it is of little use To rake up Kings to make thee vain; They cannot give thee youth again. And Bob, thou'st comforts left behind, Thou'st steady been: thy master's kind, He knows thy worth, and to thee gives Food and a stable whilst thou lives; Because thou'st shown an inclination So nobly to fulfil thy station, And every body's neck with thee Was safe as human necks could be. And Bob, to have a conscience clear Is of more worth than worldly gear. For we may live for years in sin, But retribution will begin. And when upon the bed of death, Oh what would man, Bob, give for breath! For strength! that he might snatch from Fame, Ere she could throw, before his name, The list of crimes. As such a veil Would cause his heart's first wish to fail; For who could view the sculptured urn, And not for Hell's fresh victim mourn? 75 As Fame would then so active be, Detailing blackest infamy. Sepulchral grandeur cannot cast Total oblivion o'er the past: No, deeds are done. The fiat's here! As conscience foretold many a year, While the dark tomb, that narrow span, Holds but the body of the man! Trust not to aught, then, crimes to hide; Such favors are to Kings denied. I'm sure I've spoke of tombs and Kings As though thou'st understood such things. But I have mentioned men with thee, That they should read, and really be Instructed!—As we know they must, Like thee, like all things, turn to dust. We come, obey'd a Mighty will, Have all some duties to fulfil. Horses

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and men, Bob, are alike, When basely they from duty strike; And sinful men, who think they're free, As well as rogues great fools must be. So now, old Bob, no more I'll say, But wish thou may'st, for many a day, Live, and here show thy honest face, Thou honor to the neighing race! And when fell death shall dare to rob Us of a horse, we'll think on Bob. S. H.

Evening—Fine bright sky—bright moon I mean, and clear sky. O dear, what a figure did the French nobility cut when driven from their native country during the first revolution. One lady, who had been an attendant on the Queen Maria Antoinette, or at least D 76 at Court, landed here and boarded in G—town. The woman at whose house she was, endeavoured to make her as comfortable circumstances would admit. Every thing was very nice to Mrs. Maynard's thinking. She could do no more, but when the high-born lady got up stairs, how she did look! certainly, poor creature, the room was very different from the Thuilleries or Louvre. Mrs. Maynard left her for a short time, and what does any body think this companion of royalty had done? She had unlocked her box, and in order to make her bed more worthy of her, had decked it and the quilt all over with bunches of gay riband; what a love for finery! She had brought nothing but gloves and ribands, of which she appeared amazingly fond. When she had *palaceified* her room, she appeared more contented. What strange creatures we are! On what different things our comforts depend! She had had a narrow escape for her life, and a narrow escape of being born without any wits, as who, under such circumstances, would have thought of a ribanded bed, at a time when the scaffold, decorated with the guillotine, formed the bed of many.—But I must remember the panting humming bird, for the Captain will remember me; and the wind, I forget it, not enough to assist the evening primrose in expanding its lovely leaves, or to disturb the lightning bug. The beautiful little creatures suffered for shining, as Maria, who has been to fetch in clothes, has been gemming her forehead with them. In the dark, her head has a fine phosphoric appearance, having pressed 77 them on in the shape of a star: and hark! the pretty katy-did, singing her song to the fine evening. Miss Crawly has one tame: how my English friends would stare at the katy-did. They look very much like an animated leaf, something between the insect and vegetation, as the bat is between

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bird and beast. The Americans think they say, katy-did, katy-did; and, by a little stretch of imagination, make another answer, katy didn't; and so this short dialogue is kept up in the trees all the evening, very much to the annoyance of Mr. Kersman, a German, who is studying the English language. He could not write for the noise of one, and not knowing the size, got his gun to shoot it, to the great amusement of the younger gentlemen.—English John does not like katy-dids; he calls their talking “a foul noise.” I advised John to get into the tree and try who would be most admired. And he had no pity for the poor dog who tumbled into the ice-house, bringing out with him a most genteel ague fit. Nobody can think how silly the dog looked, chilled to his heart; while we had just crawled under the trees, armed with enormous fans, made of the feathers of the wild turkey, leaving the house to be shut up in darkness till tea.—Poor Ringwood came to me, and I said to John, “John, if you were to fall into the ice-house, should not you like to have a glass of peach brandy?” “I'm no dog.” “No, John; but Ring is the most generous of his kind, and you are the crossest of yours.” “Umph,” said he, and away he went. I was just going to tell him something of D 2 78 a terrible murder narrated in an English newspaper. The murder happened in the Edgware-road, near London. Seldom anything of the kind occurs here. Newspapers have nothing but accounts of cotton, run-away negroes, tariffs, and ships sailing. John and I like an English newspaper. I'll go and make up all with John, and treat him to the Museum, if he will go. Dear, how old John did stare at my writing to a coach-horse: but I told him of an Emperor who gilded oats for his horse, and gave it rose-water to drink! John “really could not have thought there had ever been such fools.” But he has thought better of me ever since; for he asked me to come and look at a plant: there's nothing like comparison. I appear a something by my fortunate royal anecdote. Oh, to be compared with and preferred before an Emperor!

Fine morning —Wind, none, A.M.—Not a cloud to be seen. Sky such a deep blue—I doubt I need not say A.M. when I have said morning. Philosophers say the deep blue is owing to a clearness of atmosphere. I do not know what to employ my pen about, really. I heard the other day that Mr. Doughty, the young American artist, is going to paint a view from

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Mrs. B.'s drawing-room windows. He came two mornings to see the sun rise, and was disappointed: had he been this morning, what a painting he might have made. We were up in the dining room by six; all was gloomy, save long streaks of rich purple and crimson—denoting where the bright luminary did intend to appear 79 shortly. And as further evidence of his approach, the cedar trees again were resuming their green appearance, and their little feathered inmates, opening their bright eyes, stretched their painted wings to use them as soon as the rising sun should show their crawling and flying breakfast. Argus, the savage house-dog, was going with his nose to the ground to take a nap in his kennel. He had perambulated the yard and lawn all night; and one look at Sol convinced him (Argus) that his services could be no longer wanted. Oh, the first salutation of the birds to morning! They seem to thank for themselves and the cattle slumbering beneath them. In England there is not the heat to avoid, by rising early; so my nation misses a great deal. The birds in America do not sing so much as in England, but there is that rejoicing among these birds that I cannot describe. Our house being on an eminence, I love to watch the sun; first he has night's dark mantle to burn with his warm beams; then the tops of hills to light, and to give the same purple to the flowers which decorated the sides of distant hills yesterday. While the fox must creep further into the briny dingle, or the sun will spoil the dream, no doubt splendidly enlivened by the ghosts of murdered chickens. And the Magnolia. O, the Magnolia; the bee and butterfly only wait for a sun-beam to illuminate her. All night long has her rich perfume been carried on the breeze: and now lighted up, she stands upon her beautiful stem, a perfect Eden. If nightingales did inhabit this 80 country, some of their songs would be in praise of her. Creation, how beautiful! from the sun to the diminutive ant, all increases our wonder, and demands our praise and thanks. Nobody can get me to be miserable in the country among such beauties. Why the rising sun, the ripening Indian corn, and beautiful flicker, make my heart almost burst with gratitude. To whom? asks the chance-loving Atheist. To God, I answer. And it must be the dungeon erected by man that shall make me unhappy; and then, could I but from grated windows see one sunbeam, and at night one bright star, my mind would bid defiance to bars and man, and I would still bless that God, who yet protected me to adore and thank Him for His

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one distant world. Is it supposed none are happy but those in crowded cities? Keep only near civilization, and you'll do. Nay, come to niceties, though there are not the comforts in the very wilderness, there is more sincerity. Mind, I do not love exploring: but the savage Panther does not first fawn and then betray. The snake first gives warning with his rattle; and the Buffalo says, keep out of my way, and I will do the same by you. All act in a straightforward manner. Not so the educated reptile: the person who comes to your house, eats and drinks of the best, goes into the next street, may be next door, and tells all he or she can against you. I suppose poor Mrs. Nugent has been served so by Mrs. Emmel. Mrs. Emmel was too well-bred to scratch her victim like the Panther. She had a smiling countenance, and did not give 81 notice of treachery. Unlike the Buffalo, she came to annoy those she hurt: now, the hunter goes to the Buffalo. Mrs. Emmel was better or more fashionably bred than those inmates of the forest; and still how deadly was the poison in which she dealt. I need not be in fear of humming-birds' hearts here. I am sure the Captain would not expect me nor any one else to use lenity with Mrs. Emmel.

Noon, and I cannot stop for wind. I can go on without either wind or steam. Who would ever think it? My sun and moon, to be so lightly spoken of. Mr. Nowel told me last night that in England we had only a copper sun and a leaden moon! Sir, said I, in our island the atmosphere is thicker, and I own the sun is not so hot, nor the moon so bright: but you look as if you had been in an immense boiler, set before your golden sun, that you might enjoy it to the best advantage. You all pay dearly for it, and you from South Carolina especially. I was, I fear, saucy, but who could help it? Who's to sit and hear about copper suns and leaden moons? But he righted, as the Captain says, and told me a nice tale about his visit to a grand lady in Florence. When he, Mr. Nowel, was in Naples a young man who visited the hotel where he was, pleased him very much: would show him about the city, and eat and drink with him, being always social. Mr. N. asked the lady of the house who he was, but she did not know: she supposed him a man of family, but thought he had no home. 82 His dress was shabby genteel: he, quite a gentleman. In his beautiful climate the real wants of nature are soon supplied, and Mr. Nowel supposed his "unknown" lived as he

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could, and slept often in the open air with the browsing goats. However, when Mr. Nowel was going to Florence, to his great surprise the gentleman presented him, Mr. N., with a letter of introduction to his aunt, the Marchioness C. Mr. N. wondered what sort of a person he should find her: when, to his great astonishment, on arriving in Florence he approached a splendid Palace. Certainly no busy servants bustled about it: no gay equipage stood before the rich marble entrance, nor liveried porter stood to awe the passer by, or to deliver the commands of the Palace's proud inmate. Still all was grand, almost regally so; but so silent, as though Nowel might fancy himself the Prince in "the tale of the Sleeping Beauty," destined to break the enchantment, like that of some enchanted Princess, and set all in motion. Well, on he went and got admittance, asked a miserable old man if the Marchioness C. was at home. The man answered in the affirmative, and seemed by his looks to ask if his lady could ever be found *from* home. They passed from rich sculpture, the work of some gone-by Canova, to gilt furniture, all tarnished by age. Pictures, painted by those whose hands now were as lifeless as those on the painted canvass. At length, after passing through suites of apartments, they arrived at a very diminutive one, and in it, seated on a chair old as herself and a little older, appeared the august lady of 83 this splendid mansion. Poor Mr. Nowel, awe-struck, ventured forward, and presented his letter, which she received with the air of a Princess, bid him be seated, and bid him welcome to Florence. She only required to use the third person (King's fashion) to complete the Presence Chamber. She, in the midst of this Palace, was actually almost without comforts. Only she had the pleasure of still living, though nearly neglected, in the magnificent edifice of her ancestors. She was a little red-eyed old woman (I know she could not help that), but must tell it as Mr. Nowel told it to me. Mr. Nowel guessed directly her splendid poverty, and as he wished to see the city, ventured to propose to the lady that he would hire a carriage to take them both out. She waived ancestry, bid her servant get out his livery, which had not seen day-light for some time: as, for the honour of her family, they must go in style. Nothing could exceed the pleasure which the poor old lady appeared to receive at again viewing the *Lions*: of course she expected to see them grey-headed. Only think, Mr. Nowel, one day a modest pedestrian traveller, amazing the startled shamoy; and the next

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week riding with a Countess, whose pride, for height above her species, rivalled the lofty Alps and Apennines themselves, who frown on the little eminences below them. There Mr. N. went along, the old man dressed out in his best for his lady's sake. While both lady and servant seemed as if awakened out of a long sleep, a new race of people appearing since their time. Now D 5 84 I love ancestry as well as any body, but could not keep a Palace and want a good meal: really it is paying high for family pride.

Monday morning—And I do not know what to write about. Let me see. In the first place a dead calm. La! I have never spoken (written) about bull-frogs. They are not romantic things at all, never are in novels: well, but they might be, have as good right as the bittern has. “And the bittern does something booming from the sedgy shallow.” Now, a bull-frog gives a regular concert in the marshes booming and,—however singing bass himself through the whole performance. So why not write about him? In the stillness of the evening I like to hear him; and my dear sister has had a piece of one nicely cooked. The other evening, my brother's friend promised to bring some cooked bull-frog the first time he had some, and my brother called to sister to taste it. In the gloom she could not see what it was, and supposing she held the leg of a chicken, pronounced it very fine. When her brother asked her what she was eating, “Eating, Charles,” said she, “why, some bird, am I not?” No, a bull-frog. “A bull-frog! oh why did you serve me so, boy?” “Why, never mind Harriet, you know you have called it good.” Poor girl, she had run to the light, and there felt satisfied, by the form of the fleshless bone, that it never belonged to any thing but to the croaking monarch of swamps. Charles went on with his feast 85 like a good boy, as if the flesh was well-flavoured. Why care to whom it belonged? I wish the bull-frogs' cousins in England could hear the American frogs: they would be so much disheartened to hear music so much superior to their own; as I think we can scarcely hear our frogs at twelve yards distant. Our friend, Doctor Connaught, keeps tame bull-frogs in his yard for experiments, poor things! They are in a tub of water. Oh, how unlike the rich “stagnant pool!” Liberty, Liberty! Croaking for the Doctor, and croaking to please themselves, are two different things.

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Monday—I begin in style as my dear young Botanical friend can judge, if nobody else can. The library window being left open and John B.'s botanical specimens left there, the wind has made free to distribute the rich leaves and flowers all over the floor. How fond the dear child is of botany. I shall make log of the verses I wrote to him last spring, when he presented me with a garland of the Epegere from the forest. But on looking at the lines, they must have been presented before the garland came.

TO MY FRIEND JOHN B.

Winter will pass, and soon shall Sol be seen, Enlivening flowers where late the snow had been. Delightful time! soon as the balmy gales Blow from the south, and ruthless Boreas fails To breathe sad ruin to th' unfolding bud, Spring is proclaim'd, and the imprison'd flood Breaks through its icy bonds, and quickly lares The new-born flowers with its refreshing waves. Then B—r, will thy contemplative mind Search for wild plants, and every pleasure find, That captivates a heart that knows what power Has rear'd the oak, and rear'd the fragile flower? There cannot be a pleasure more refined, To teach gay youth, and humanize mankind, Than Botany. That science, where the rose, The silver lily, every plant that grows, Receives a name from man, who might be blest With calm content; leaving to God the rest. As, only ask, rely, it will be given, Content, the greatest gift of man from heaven, For though we own'd those mines we might explore, And drank the richest draughts of classic lore, If vice our guest, we sink to rise no more. Then draw instruction from the flow'ry field, Which will to thee another blessing yield, Good health. Now haste thee, revel with the bees, They'll take the honey: thee the flowers will please. And well may sweets like those delight thine eye, Tints with which art can never hope to vie. The purple Amethyst in golden cell, Compar'd with the lov'd violet of the dell, Shows not such beauty as that flow'ret wild, Which grows unaided, simple nature's child. Can oriental Pearl more whiteness show Than lilies do, which shame the falling snow? Nay, ev'n our Saviour bid not man despair, But view those flowers which scent the morning air, Nor doubt his God,

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but view the lilies grow, In greater splendour than a King could know. Then lead a life as innocent as flowers, And sweet content shall bless thy happy hours.

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TO MASTER J. B.

Now, my dear John, you never did mind how these lines read. You took them as they were meant. You knew the poet, and you know she has your future welfare at heart, and I do think your elegant and innocent mind more resembles the blooming wild flowers than any thing else. Now, John, you like to leave the busy scene where men are, to be as knowing as the young fawn, or the little brown rabbit you have spoken about. Spring could not hide her garland from you; hidden near the thicket your bright intelligent eyes saw the newly-wreathed Epegere. The little brown rabbit which had brooded over winter, living but sparingly when the snow covered the ground, was cheered as much by the sight of spring's new finery as yourself. Ay, Ay, spring may hide, but it must be in the crowded drawing-room, as not a dell or thicket remains unexplored by you: and the most simple flowers will be more sure of your company than the most complicated nondescripts blooming with all their might amidst real Brussels lace and riband. Flora and her train of soft breezes, butterflies and bees would not look at them, would they John? Now, I am writing log to you John, and I expect to receive a note in return from you. And read, read, here is some poetry for you, all about Spring. You must think it fine, it being all in your way. I shall never write about fighting folks to John B.

88

Who was it, at whose mild approach The eglantine's young leaves unfolded? Who was it caused the naked branch Display its buds, by Spring just moulded?

It must have been the zephyr kind, Who's always near new violets hovering, And being too gentle flowers to cull, Returns with perfumes to his sovereign.

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Lest she should not believe his tale, Or, think the field he'd not arrayed it; But, when her standard's odours come, She knows the breezes have display'd it.

For Spring, gay standard, O ye kings, Is blooming flowers! would you believe it? Your proudest banner may be silk: But such as Spring's—no hands could weave it. S. H.

Saturday—Wind East North East, fine, log-like, and a sail in sight, disturbing the placid surface of the Schuylkill. I have seen poor Sopha; how classical she makes me! I think of such grand people; wonder if Sopha does, and what she thinks of us. I must stare at her, she is so interesting. I looked at her until I fancied her a Grecian shepherdess. Not but that I think her eyes would become a palace. However, I cannot write about any thing common, when Sopha has been the subject of my eyes and thoughts; so I have made some verses on Sopha, and made her lose a shepherd, and sighing about him, amidst roaring of cannon, dismounted warriors, birds as mute as fish, dying chargers, screaming eagles, uprooted flowers; preferring a man who may come limping home to bright gems, fit for Sultanas, fields of roses, and a ring worth nobody can tell what! Dear, I am afraid, if she could read, I should be offending her. I must tell her it is the way in which our best authors place their favorite heroines. Every body can tell her how hard some of our real ladies can love, both here and in England; so think I shall fare pretty well. The Captain can be no judge of what I have been writing, so ought not to scold.

THE GRECIAN PEASANT GIRL'S LAMENT.

Ah, all the bright gems a Sultana may wear, If mine, to thy altar calm Peace would I bear,
With Persia's best roses, and pearls from the sea, And India's treasures—all, all I'd give thee.

For, now when I ask if my lover be nigh, The thunder-ton'd cannon sends back a reply:—
And lo! at my feet the wild flowers are lying, Torn up by the plunge of the war-steed when dying.

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The vallies are mute, and no music delights; The flutter of banners each songster affrights:
Hark, screaming the eagle is soaring on high, He'll pounce on the feast ere the wounded
can die.

Celestial Peace, I implore thee to reign, And send to my bower my shepherd again:
Disarm him, and send him a captive to me, Then—dear as this ring is—I'll give it to thee.

90

Monday—There is a gentle breeze Fanning the trees;

And they have brought a fine flower from a bog! and I am going to write log. Mercy!
am I rhyming? well, I can't help it. Mrs. Bridgford had a flower, the sacred bean of the
Bramins, brought by Nuttall, and it grew in a bog, mire, or something in that way, and a
most beautiful flower it is. I would describe it, but must say something in the Captain's way
to make him pass over my love-sick shepherdess. I have had a sight of something that
has been at sea. I have seen a Nautilus shell, called the paper Nautilus, so I made a verse
or two about that, and think this a good place to put them in. The Captain has, in a good
vessel, oft mounted the high swell.

THE MOON AND THE FAIRY.

O, mount the high swell In the Nautilus shell, My beams shall thee light to the Queen of the
waves. Thou know'st but of bow'rs, Compos'd of young flow'rs, But can'st not have seen
the rich pearl-studded caves.

Of lace* of the sea Shall thy coronet be; I'll silver the billow on which thou may'st float:
With coral for oar, From the sea forests tore, The pearl-oyster shell's the young sea-
maiden's boat.

* Millepora, retepora, or lace coral.—Sicily.

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And Love shall thee guide O'er the sparkling tide, For dear unto him must that element be;
As mermaids oft say They remember the day His beautiful mother arose from the sea.

Then mount the high swell In the Nautilus shell; What's fairer for thee than the snow-
crested waves? Thou know't but of bow'rs, Compos'd of gay flow'rs, But can'st not have
seen the rich pearl-studded caves. S. H.

But better equipped than my fairy. However, waves and foam are cooling subjects after the
battle field.

Noon , and as fine a calm as any one would wish to have. When there is no wind, there
is no wind; what can be done? Poor Mrs. Mansfield; Oh that Englishmen would stay
near the towns or cities. She, frightened at the wilderness, has, I hear, become totally
unnerved. What should a nice woman like her do on uncleared land? Do, do, Englishmen,
put down the land jobber's book, wilderness jobbers I mean, as I cannot bear to hear of my
countrymen taking their wives into such dismal situations. I am very sorry to hear of poor
Mrs. Mansfield, and cannot write any more.

92

Evening —What a charming walk we have had; old neighbour Van sitting at his door. “Ah
Mrs. B., can't die, and my niece won't make me mush.* “I know mush is the best for me:
what am I to do with tea? Ay, they don't do as I want them to do.”— Bless me, the wind;
I shall have to sail to Lapland and get a few dollars' worth, as it is a very troublesome
concern. This I know, the smoke is rising finely out of Old Beasley's kitchen, and it goes
up in a strait direction, so I should think there is very little wind concerned. We went last
evening to neighbour Beasley's, and she has got her great pots on to prepare apple and
pear butter. My English aunt would not know what I mean by this. The thrifty housewives
cut apples and pears into pieces, and boil them without sugar until they become of a dark-
red colour. The mass, then named butter, is put into jars, and will keep all winter, children
being very fond of it on bread: and what could be nicer for English children?— Nothing

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gives a better idea of this land of plenty than to view an autumnal market. The graceful deer from the Susquehannah has run his last. The cruel gun has sent his lifeless body to be exposed for money, and the tender flowers may spring up, and young branches may bud for him next spring: he'll not crop them. The poor wild turkey, hanging

* Mush is Indian corn, ground and boiled soft in water, and then milk is added to it, which makes a dish very much like English hasty-pudding.

93 his head downwards, his large wing expanded by death, as the lifeless sinew cannot keep it closed. I. B.'s pretty brown rabbits: and my acquaintance the curious opossum; wild ducks, beautiful flickers; reed birds; and (would any body think it) the nimble grey squirrel. Besides such loads of meat, domestic poultry; butter, too genteel to come in baskets to markets, must appear in boxes: farmers selling their own beef and mutton, and own meal and corn; and the best of it all is, the working man stands a good chance of getting some of this famous cheer. I think myself the merry squirrel might have been left at home. Ah but man most unjustly blames the wolf, and nothing can escape him (man). The little cracker of nuts no doubt heard the gun, and saw the stately deer fall; but, said the squirrel, that tall creature with that queer noisy thing in his hand has already got more turkeys than he can carry, and deer and opossums, and wild ducks, so cannot want me. Can't he though? Crack! and down falls the poor squirrel: while the cedar robin might say, "assist me this one time, my sable pinion, or we shall go to the city, and then who is to eat those nice blue cedar berries?"— Oh, but I forgot the Dutch women selling their own-made soap. As salt happens to be more plentiful than fat, the honest wives take care to put plenty in; but I do not know that it is any worse for rough washing, but it looks queerly. Many who do not like the trouble of making hard soap make soft in their own families, and what a saving it is. The great soap-pot 94 hangs for days in an open fire-place, and any fat does. Stick ashes are plentiful, and soft soap;—a great thing for a family. Now shall I do for Mrs. Mallan; my log must be an useful log for her, whose house is a paradise. A spider would think it as great a feat to have a peep into her house as I should a free-mason's lodge: and a sleepless entomologist from England, could never get sight of a bug in her bed, nor

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an experimental naturalist get himself bitten by one, if he were ever so to wish it. I heard in her parlour a lady and gentleman discoursing about coal-mines: they could not agree about them, when Mrs. Mallan turned to the lady next her and said, "very unimportant, I think." Mrs. Mallan is a good manager, and thought it better to know in what way she could make the best American coal-fire than to argue about the mines. "Right Mrs. Mallan, you are a substantial woman. I am sure you make the house very comfortable; and you made me look very awkward when you asked me if I knew what was best to polish brasses with. Your daughters would have known, and I fear they are better scholars than I am. But I think Miss James would have been worse off than I was: I believe no metal but gold and silver she knows about; at least I never heard but of eagles and dollars spoken of by her. Now I know and speak of brass and copper. Ask her, Mrs. Mallan, and tell me if you are angry at my log, as I think some of the loose sheets are seen by more than I am aware of."

95

Evening, with the thunder muttering in the distance, and a fine refreshing breeze.—I am going to write log for the sake of my poor country people, and the people, the poorer sort of any other country.— George C.'s father and mother came to this country when George was very young, leaving him in Ireland. The father and mother got to work on the farm of a real primitive American farmer. They lived in a small house near their master's, and though wanting nothing,—that is, clothes, fuel, and provisions,—I believe they never received a dollar from the man for whom they worked. This did not signify, for every want was supplied. Unfortunately for the old people, their son George arrived from Ireland two years since, and is now coachman to Mr. B—. George landed with a wonderful idea of hard money: had no notion, he said, of his father, sisters, and brother working for wood, meat, harbour, and clothes. He set off to L— county, and amazed and thundered at the old folks for being such ninnies. He never let them rest until he had placed his poor father and mother in Philadelphia, and his sister as chambermaid with Mrs. B. Now began the mischief: the pine, oak, or hickery did not grow in the city. It was there, but had been brought, and was to be sold for more money than George's father could afford to give,

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as the labour of sawing makes wood come very high in cities. The old man, who would have lived and died comfortably on his master's farm, now could not make more than three dollars a-week, and what 96 was that for him? Besides, younger men were preferred; while the thought of what he had left nearly killed him. He had been in the habit, when he wanted wood, of telling his employer, and plenty was led to his door: if meat, a fat pig and beef; and the loom on his master's premises supplied the backs of the family with outside covering, ay, and linen into the bargain. The old man, looking as much out of place as the ice in the city, got his son to hear his sad tale. He had a right to hear it; and Mr. B., in charity and for George's sake, took the father to cut wood, but he could not earn what Mr. B. in kindness gave him. I shall never forget the appearance of the daughter when she first came from L— county. Fat as the good swine for which her father sighed: no stays on; her gown, a sort of sandy-coloured stuff or cloth, from her master's own loom; no cap (American-like), but a comb of goodly European make, which had most likely cost a whole ham, or a good lot of Indian corn—something in barter, as nobody makes more than bartering pedlars; I doubt I mean merchants;—never mind. Well, poor Mary Ann! George's pride was sadly hurt every time he met his sister, so he bought a pair of stays, a new bonnet with pink riband, and white gown, with a flounce so deep for her, that had oxen, cows, pigs, and young men, seen her now dressed, the stately trees would have advanced to meet her as soon as those other quiet folks. Poor Mary Ann, decked in her new finery, I met coming down the best stair-case; I suppose in 97 the flurry of dressing, tight lacing, bonnet-strings too tight, and eyes riveted on her deep flounce, she, poor soul, got wrong, and did not find out where she was until the tears in her mother's aged eye reminded her that George had been playing a dangerous game. Poor lass, in simplicity at first she wondered we could not wait upon ourselves; we were none of us lame, or sick! One day she bade me fetch her some wood from the wood-box that stood outside the nursery door. I did go, knowing that it was not the request of impertinence. It would have been a different matter had English Susan spoken in such a manner. Susan had lived in Lord M'Donald's family, and used to be perfectly astounded at Mary Ann. One night we had some company, and a dish of roasted ground nuts standing on the side-board. Mary Ann

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thought proper to introduce her hand among the tempting nuts, saying, "As ye've plenty of ground nuts, I guess I'de better take a few." Kind Mrs. B. said to me, as Mary closed the door, "Sarah, my dear, what would your stately Duchesses do in this case?" Why, said I, if they had sense they would say and do as you do: poor girl, she knows no better. If we have no politeness from her, we have no vice. I wish George had remained in Ireland; and so do I, said Mrs. B. I wish his father had stayed where he was: they will be lost in the city. Mary Ann used to tell me such tales of L— county, how merry they all used to be in the master's kitchen when the year's consumption of pigs was killed. All was summoned 98 to the field of action: the daughters and wives helping to make hoghead-cheese, sausages, and cooking and eating; all the time fun and frolic; nobody thought upon or cared for to-morrow; while for a little exercise, horses were yoked to four wheels of some kind, and a flat board put upon that; then the lads and lasses got upon it, and the sport was to shake them off as soon as possible. The best sitter got to the journey's end: but many a man left behind, and lass too, to bless their good legs, that would have to come into speedy requisition. And on Holy eve parties went to pull up cabbages. This was silly enough, as I thought; but it is an old Dutch custom, and woe be to any person's cabbages who did not on that night mount guard, and good guard too. One old cross man's cabbages were found on the top of his own shed next morning. He had said he would not watch, and would punish the offenders if they should come. Poor man, his cabbages had got higher than he was, and who and where were the depredators? In bed, most likely, tired with cabbage-pulling; and young farmers had been as bad as the servants. The old man had pulled many himself sometime, only his memory was bad. Oh! but there is no joking about the poor old couple, in a city unaccustomed to buy. George repents now. What would the old man do, if it were not for Mr. and Mrs. B.? As to Mary Ann, she has improved: from being a raw recruit, she goes through the exercise with the true spirit of a veteran; is ready to take the 99 field against any who shall say that shantilly fur is not the best, and that green French riband does not become her. Now my nation, I have written this for you. Oh that all the stupid Georges could see it. Ships had better keep at home than bring such mischievous things to this country. I fear the worst is not come yet to George's parents.

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I have given country life in America, and if poor people will come and do without foreign finery, make up their minds to do as is really best for them, I say come; if not, stay away.

Morning , and all very still: I don't exactly know though. "Why, Miss Hoding, you do not intend to send your advice across the Atlantic?" said a lady to me. I don't know, said I, how to do it: should like to send it very much: but, are you meaning Ma'am, said I, that I ought not to have written so? "By no means, my dear," answered the lady; "I always feel for the blunders of the honest people of your nation, as you call the English or Irish. Why, dear, my great grandfather was an Englishman: and really, when I hear of deluded families starting into the backwoods, I always feel sorry; very much so." Bravo Madam, said I.

Night —Wind still, and that is more than my pen is going to be. Nobody would think I could be in such a writing humour, after having been kept awake half the night by the cries of a poor ill-used E

L. of C.

100

black girl; and what is worse, beaten by a brute of a black cook, who fell to work when her tender white mistress was weary. Yesterday, I was at Mrs. Straps', who keeps a boarding-house, and in the evening I asked for a candle; the black girl gave one to me, and shortly after, such dreadful screams came, that I ran out of my room to know what could be the matter. O, nothing, Madam, answered a lady, only the black wench is getting a beating. What for? I asked. I suppose she gave you a candlestick not very clean. Surely, said I, no one can be so brutish as to thump at yon rate: besides, what care I about the candlestick; there could not be much the matter with it. If I had known, I would have gone twenty times in the dark. So I posted away to the field of action; but, alas! to no purpose, and I actually went crying up stairs. Whether it was her temper, as they said in the house, or whether she really was so much hurt, I certainly cannot decide, but this I know, the heavy blows that her poor back caught did justify all the sobbing, which lasted until midnight; and I

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thought, at the day of judgment, Mrs. Black satin you will have one crime of the same hue as your gown. Only think, Mrs. B.'s father, who is a very pious Quaker, treating his black servants as he ought to do, has received a letter from some whippers in Carolina, telling him that the last insurrection was owing to Mr. B.'s father; that gentleman allowing his learned black to have access to his library. The speech to which the slave-owner alludes, was remarkably well written, 101 exciting the ill-treated slaves to strike for freedom, illustrating his writing by the famed Grecians and many other ill-treated people, and signed by this Mr. B.'s servant, Absalom. Now, does not this tell me, and every person else, that the black population only want cultivation? What a powerful thing is learning! Oh, what a crime to abuse it! What a loosener of fetters and a burster of gaol doors it is! How the ill-used blacks must look upon this Absalom, as the writing calls loudly on the white man to behave better to his black brother. For the slave may justly say; "See the writing of a man of colour, you white men." I should most likely do the same, only give me the chance. Indeed I am nearer to you than your pampered English hound. Why need any slave-owner be hard-hearted? Those who behave well, get good treatment in return. I know three or four who treat their slaves very kindly, and what is the consequence? sincere attachment, and a wish never to leave them. Mr. Hase has had his favourite labourer stolen out of his field by some Carolinan. A chaise was seen waiting about the lane at 10 o'clock; at 12 the poor fellow had disappeared. Mr. H. has been many miles after him, but the wretched temptation is so strong, as the man would be worth 500 dollars, that his employer Mr. H. will have no chance. Mrs. Grant said to me the other day Sarah, thou dost not know that we have a Princess in our kitchen. No Ma'am, said I. "But we have though. Many years since, my father purchased a E 2 102 black man, all tattooed, and who, when he landed, refused to work, indeed eat. He was a King, and made my father understand that he preferred dying to demeaning himself. That is, he would not wait on any body: so father pitying him, said to him he should do just what he liked, as his very manners, dress, and tattooing bespoke his royal origin for him." Oh, how I honour the memory of this man! The colour of his skin was a mere trifle. His heart was of the stoutest kind. His spirits, neither the wide waters, the horrible prison-ship, nor the white man to whom he was consigned,

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could break them. He spent his life in Mr. G.'s family, married, and black Molly the cook was his daughter. Miss G. was very kind to her. Molly always gave a black rout and supper once a year; had it in one of Mr. Grant's warehouses, and most famous cheer they always had. No one could be more faithful than was poor royal Molly. I generally paid a royal visit to inquire after Molly's leg, as, poor woman, she had met with an accident many years ago; and happy was she made in the worthy family. I must put the verse I made about a poor black. I must be supposed to be writing them to Molly's father, just when he left the African coast. Although, poor fellow, he never lived to see his people free through learning's efforts; but never mind. I always say so when I want to bring matters about.

Opress'd with wrongs, the negro sigh'd: Is there a heaven for me, he cried? 103 I am a man—have reason given, O may I,—dare I,—hope for heaven? If I might hope for rest on high, Soon should those earthly sorrows fly; These cruel tortures then would be My only friends to set me free. O why, upon my native land, Should our oppressors dare to stand? Breaking the strongest ties of life, The frantic husband from his wife: To tread in chains a distant shore, To toil—and to be free no more. Oh, can I e'er forget the hour, When first I felt the white man's power? Each breath of wind that morning sent, it seem'd as though my heart it rent; For ere that breeze had filled the sail, It wrung within my ear the wail Of that poor helpless being left, Who of her boy and me bereft, Sat shrieking—whilst I wish'd the wave Might prove to her a friendly grave; That ere the white man could convey My wife from Afric's shore away, Death might be sent and lay her low, Ev'n if the white man struck the blow. This tongue should thank him for the deed, For having thus so kindly free'd A wife, who, if she lives,—lives here, A slaves!—midst tortures most severe. Oh, horrid thought—these fruitless sighs— Sable child of woe, arise! Be comforted; for hast not thou Oft seen, upon the mountain's brow, 104 The storm descend:—and quickly throw, Into the peaceful vale below, The crag which has for years o'erhung The tree where safe the birds have sung; And while, amidst that furious gale, Mountains with their oaks were frail; Some bending flow'ret of the dell Remain'd, though near the ruin fell? It liv'd, though in the storm severe, For slave, kind providence was there. Or hast thou seen where death appears,

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Where his bright head the serpent rears? He the lone thicket green infests, Where oft the weary flame-bird rests, And ere the warbler can display His plumage to the opening day, The savage monster's deathly eyes, Are fasten'd on his fluttering prize; Who panic-struck feels death is nigh, His pinions droop, he dares not fly, But keeps the murdering reptile by, Who, just prepar'd to seize his prey, A friendly footstep's heard that way. The snake will die—now dead he lies, And the late trembler seeks the skies; Now, black man, mark! —the bird and flow'r Are free to enjoy the sunny hour. The flow'ret greets those cheering beams, Which on the retiring tempest gleams; Those beams which bid the butterfly Creep out, his tender wings to dry: To quench his thirst in the poppy's bowl, And hear the, distant thunder roll. The bird, above the snowy cloud, Is warbling to the day aloud. 105 He's left the wood, so gay is he, And through that wood's blue canopy, His merry, heartfelt songs he'll sing, Till with it vale and mountain ring. He spreads in air his little breath, Forgets misfortune dwells on earth. Thou, as the bird, shalt happy be, Shalt taste the sweets of liberty; A friend appears, and chains no more, Nor whips with lashes stained with gore, Will here be seen, but joy will be. Learning will set the captive free! Thy God, to hear the injured captive deigns, Hark! 'tis the clank of loosened falling chains!

Go on, go on, I say; log writing's not like any thing else. I am; we all are forced to take what comes. They always do so at sea. Novel writers have every thing as they wish it; and if no more can be thought on, why novel writers let brains “lie fallow;” but log must be written every day, ought to be at least. I wish the Captain understood fashions, what a standing dish would it be, as I declare I have heard Miss J. discourse by the hour, on the singular beauty of French mobs and crazy Jane caps. The sweetest cut velvet to be seen in 4th by Walnut-street. Oh! how well stored have I gone from the drawing room, only the Captain he would laugh at me so.

Fine morning —Calm, have gone to leeward, having had a fall out of the hall rocking-chair. I had dear little Bill B. on my lap, and somehow we capsized. 106 Was not hurt; have picked up the child, and, and am writing. What am I to say? The English donkey is singing one of his best ditties; poor thing, every strange beast is so frightened, which he takes for

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admiration, that I believe he thinks himself equal to a Barbary lion; nay, I believe he thinks he is a lion.

Evening—Wind none: sun just setting, and I am just sitting down to thank my dear John B.—for his introducing me to his very accomplished young friend, Fernando Bolivar. What charming log will he make: he has learned so much in such a little time. I think he has been but a year from South America, and as Mrs. B. always wishes John to bring a young friend from school to spend Sunday, John introduced Bolivar. His patriotic uncle, General Bolivar, is freeing the South Americans; and the nephew, even at his tender age, has a very military air about him. Last week we went to hear the boys of John's school speak at the breaking up, and highly delighted was I. Several gentlemen questioned the boys, indeed, rather more than I thought polite; but Mr. J., the master, is so good as to permit it, and has so thoroughly instructed his pupils, that no one can miss being pleased with their very judicious answers. One old crabbed man, who had forgotten he had ever been to school himself, wanted sadly to puzzle the boys, and show his own learning, which we soon saw was not very extensive. He was rather deaf, to mend the matter; and, in the English department, he kept constantly saying “Ay, speak up, speak up. Ah! there, yes;” and as Mr. J. always furnished him with a book, he pretended to follow the poor boys, very much to their annoyance. At length one young gentleman came forth very majestically, and Mr. J. handed the old judge of erudition a book; again came the spectacles, but joy, joy for the poor lad, the old man opened into a formidable page of Herodotus. Greek, Greek! he merely ejaculated umph—and closed the book; put it down, sadly disappointed. While the young orator gave him a look of triumph in commanding capital style. I could have shouted for the boys' sakes. J. B. spoke very nicely, and Bolivar's foreign accent made him particularly entertaining; how well he speaks English. We were told, after the speaking, Le Seur sketched Bolivar, unknown to him. Le Seur sat under a tree, and hastily took a very good likeness. Now I am going to tell that I painted for J. B. and Bolivar two watch-papers, and sent a few verses with them, and the boys sent me verses back. I shall make log of Bolivar's, just to show how well he managed

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the language, considering his studying it so short a time. I expect Miss P, Miss Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, all ready to accuse me of vanity, fine vanity! lines from a boy of fifteen or sixteen. I don't care for any person, except the Captain. I shall not keep those verses out of my log-book. Somehow we did not clearly make Bolivar comprehend who I was: he E 5 108 must have thought me John B.'s half sister, as, although he directed to "Miss Hoding," still he says, "through the hands of your brother. John brought the verses to me from him." Bolivar is a strict follower of Chesterfield; as Mr. J. has an edition for the use of the boys, cleared of all that would be pernicious to youth, and Bolivar and J. B. are certainly the best-behaved gentlemen in Mr. J.'s academy. Earthquakes are frequent in Carraccas, the birth-place of Bolivar, who does not seem to think them so dreadful as we do.

BOLIVAR'S VERSES.

Accept dearest lady, for 'tis all I can give, My warmest thanks for your kindness to me; May you in the bosom of virtue long live, The friend of Columbia and friend of the free.

Thy present will ever to my sight appear, Though we are parted no more for to meet; Thy kindness to me I still will revere, With the grief of a friend and a tear of regret.

When far away, far away, on the billows I roam, And the rough wave shall cast me on high; I still will a glance revert to thy home, Shed a tear of regret, and for my friend sigh.

When to my country I again shall return, Far from the land which comprehends thee; Though past recollection shall cause me to mourn, Yet never shalt thou be forgotten by me.

109

As a token of your kindness, and the present which you honoured me with, I respectfully send to you these verses through the hands of your brother. Your friend, F. Bolivar.

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Bolivar was only fifteen when this was written, and had been only one year in North America.

Evening—The sweetest, tenderest breeze; so gentle. More than I am. It is as I thought it would be. “If I had been you, Miss Hoding, I would hardly have told about Bolivar's making verses; they (I mean any body who may read them) may think he's a young man grown up, and you are vain about it.” I am vain, although he is but a boy, cried I, because he is a clever one; and if you'll write as well as he has done, making every allowance for learning English, I'd be vain about any of you. Besides, I've told his age, and the long and the short is—attend to your own log and let me alone. I stopt Miss May's mouth in another way, because I promised, the next time I wrote log, to write about a bee which had settled on her bonnet, covered with artificial flowers. She is a very beautiful girl, but I'm going to give her a lesson.

MISS MAY'S LOG.

On Mary's gay bonnet once settled a bee,
For on it was placed a most charming bouquet;
And having consider'd near whom it had bloom'd,
The insect concluded—there ever was
May.

110

But ah, the young myrtle was honeyless found;
The mignonette had not a sweet for the
bee; So off flew the rover, “but Mary beware,
“Lest some one, more dear, from deception
should flee.

“Appear 'void of art, my most beautiful maid,
“Though deck'd with a bud, let that bud be a
true one; “Thy splendid attractions, then, never can fade,
“For each one will please, and be
ever a new one.” S. H.

Now some must have pity on me, as I cannot write verses on all. How people might write, if it were not for critics. How much one might write, if it were not for fear of them. Many an

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article might be written down, only the Captain would call one spiteful. Critics are as the bones in a herring; the heavy billows to the labouring ship; the wrong-way wind to that self same ship; and to my log. A lady has offended me very much; but she is in bad health, and so I must deal in mercy. I shall not say what I think, to her; but shall write to the black cat; no harm in that. I have been behaved to most shabbily, and hear on all sides that the aggressor is not to be told of it. Her ill health might have kept her out of my room. I shall write to the cat. I shall, if the lady does not like the letter; she must steer clear of log.

111

TO THE RAVEN-BLACK CAT.

O Pussy, I to you must write, And though it's puzzling to indite
What cats may read; yet puss, I'm sure, Although you do look so demure,
You can the English language read; Therefore I'll tell you, with all speed,
Why I have written in such haste. 'Tis thus:—I have no time to waste,
I am so anxious just to know If you into my drawer did go. For somebody
has Theseus* read, And I a thought have in my head That it can be no one but you. Now
pussy, is it false or true? I think no body but a cat Would to my drawer go! that is flat. Do
not be vexed; you know old cats Hunt every where for mice and rats; And I suspect you've
done the same; If so, you're only half to blame. But when you went with eyes so bright,
And dragged poor Theseus forth to light, You might have read it to yourself, You little
prying, telling elf. It's not genteel; but you're a cat; So, being so, I'll forgive you that, And
only let you know how bad, If you, who are a kitten, had Been a fine lady, young or old,
'Twould have been seen that I could scold; For that drawer, sweet miss puss, is mine, As
much as thy long tail is thine;

* A Poem I was writing at the time.

112

And locks and bolts, they are not made For friends—but rogues, when we're afraid
“That they should come and steal a pin, Or gold, which would be greater sin.” And mind, my
bag is sacred too, So if you peep, ye'll get your due. Now write, pray do, and let me know,

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Before I any farther go. I'm rather rude; but puss, if you Are blameless, and will tell me true
Who read my Theseus, the next mouse Which I may catch about the house, I promise
you.—So puss good bye; Make all inquiries; so will I.

Sunday evening —Calm, very calm; and this day began so. In the morning all was so quiet, I even missed my little cat-bird; and as I sat in the piazza not a bird passed me. After breakfast we were summoned to the drawing-room, where Mr. B. usually reads a portion of scripture before we go to meeting. What a curious assemblage of persons get together in the meeting-house yard. Those who have arrived too early, join their neighbours, and enjoy a little chat; ask after each other's absent friend, and enquire the price of corn, &c. at the last markets. In charity these good people must be forgiven for talking about such affairs, as many have no time or opportunity during the week to look at newspapers. Yes I forgive all except scandal; and I hope they never deal in that direful commodity. The noble steeds of Judge Gates's carriage made a few farmers disperse, 113 just when (by their faces) they were very much interested, but it could not be helped. When the time was come, all entered into the humble house of God; but I think I am wrong in saying humble house; as, whether the roof boasts of the rich gothic, or shows only the rough stone and timber beams, the great purpose for which both were reared, to be houses of God, forbids distinction. Mrs. Jones, from England, a Quaker, preached a very beautiful discourse; and from being accustomed to address such large congregations, she could not at first get her voice to a proper pitch. So much are some friends occupied in deep thought, that they do not move, or scarcely so, all the service. One old lady snored rather loudly, friend Grant told me, at her meeting, and friend G. reproved her; when, “only think, Sarah,” said she to me, “I was so sleepy next first day myself, that I could not hold my eyes open; so thou see'st one should go with soft reproof to one's neighbour.” I do like the Quakers; they are a quiet people; and I think Judge James should spare some. He is so angry that these good people would not fight in the revolutionary war. “Judge, they could not fight, and I hope some thanked you for fighting, instead of being forced to do so for liberty themselves. I think myself they might have spread you all a few plasters: but forgive, forgive. Oh this

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calm evening! Nothing particular has occurred to us; only a very late rosebud has burst its green prison since morning; and so what a beautiful work has been going on since we all 114 assembled this morning, with the bush in view. "Oh Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all."—Flowers are most beautiful illuminations of Nature's ample book; and they certainly are to cheer the mind, or why thrown over the page so profusely? The Lady of the Mansion can have her pearls, and the cottager cannot. Oh but the magnolia, violet, rose! they are as beautiful, whether seeking support from the tasteful trellis on the portico, or the humble nail and band from the cottage. Our God has said, "My children, whether you dwell in palace or cottage, I shall never disown you. The blessings of life I have dispensed with a liberal hand. Share the rose's fragrance and the morning breeze. Do not grudge your titled brother: he has made himself so many wants and cares, that I have lent him a coach to carry himself and them. He cannot move so freely as you; therefore confide in Me, and do not envy. "

The wind is in a bad humour. The present one is a sort of herald to the equinoctial gales. Already has a card of compliments gone to steam, to say there will be no occasion for it next week; and the wind is now frightening the trees, which are taking in sail, as the Captain calls it, or dropping sail, more properly, as I call it; their leaves, so finely coloured by autumn, already decking the green sod. It was high time for the naked branch to appear, when the trees bent beneath the wild sweep of the tempest. The newspapers 115 spoke of mischief done to the shipping in the Delaware last evening.—Yesterday what mixt company we had. A gentleman, who had just got his teeth cleaned, and who wished us to know it, or that the dentist had not purloined any; a gentleman who always tasted of every thing within his reach; and the celebrated Count Ossa, an Aide-de-Camp of Buonaparte. Oh, but I forgot: we had a lady, whom nobody could please; and a gentleman from England, who came across the Atlantic on purpose to quarrel or find fault with the Americans. I thought he would have choked himself with fish bones, as, when he whispered spitefully to me about American singularities, he forgot the caution necessary to fish-eaters; and I said, "Do, Sir, mind what you are about, or those ladies will set down in

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their log-books that English gentlemen always choke when they eat fish, and how singular that would be." He was a bad specimen of my nation; and I wondered, when Count Ossa spoke of galloping into the thickest of the fire at Lutzen, and of losing two horses before he saw the Emperor again, what my knight of the fish-bones would say about his adventures. What does any body think? He boasted of having wasted a fortune on Blackheath, and tormented his poor disappointed father! Had he not better have sat down to eat fish, with no one to caution him, before the money had been spent? I need not be afraid of breaking this creature's heart, I should think! I was angry with him, and after dinner I left him to the 116 worthy Captain, who had come in to hear Count Ossa and Judge James speak about the different battles and celebrated characters whom they had known. Count Ossa, who had been in many battles on the old continent, must have known much better than the old Judge, who trusted to written accounts. "I tell you Count," cried the old Judge, "Marshal S—brought up the third division," speaking of some battle. "What cannon had you? You could not get it up in time. Marshal S. brought up the third division?" "Mime dear Judge, no such ting. Why, man, I was dere." But the Judge, like all old people, was not to be put out of his way. He had read an account of the battle from newspapers, and after having spoken and given his opinion of it, and of the disposal of such and such troops, the Count's ocular demonstration was sadly out of place. The Judge's greatest pleasure was to give a description of the different battles he had been in, in the revolutionary war, and considered himself equal to any General, Aid-de-Camp, or Colonel whatsoever. The first time I saw Count Ossa was on a Sunday morning. Mrs. B., knowing how much his presence would surprise any one, never told me that she saw him coming up the lawn. Into the hall he got, and a tap at the door was heard, when Mrs. B., scarcely suppressing a smile, introduced Count Ossa to me with great formality. I, who knew nothing of the arrival of so singular a person, was truly amazed. In the first place, he stood full six feet, I think; a pair of tremendous mustachios; 117 square German form, very military air: but I must say, such a graceful entrée as I never did witness before. When he sat down, I was worse off still, as his eye dilated like a cat's, and I could not tell, for want of the pupil being like other people's, whether he was addressing Mrs. B. or myself. O but, never mind

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his eyes. Any person could not be a quarter of an hour with him, without discovering that he had been accustomed to the first society. He never forced those crowned heads, with whom he had associated, into conversations, as I may say; but many persons used to ask such questions as led to the interesting subject. Kings and Queens, I find, are interesting in this country. They are not so plentiful as rabbits in a warren any where. The Count's anecdotes are highly amusing. I know a family who were silly enough to ask the Count to dinner, to amaze him with their grandeur, poor dears! Ducks were killed, oysters opened, pigs squeaked, and turkeys died without trial. Servants (persons between coachmen and grooms) without the wand of a fairy, turned into blundering waiters. However, the house was turned upside down. When, during dinner, somebody spoke of the profusions of the dinner given by the Duc de N—; “I have heard you say, Count, that you have partaken of a dinner of ninety dishes and removes,” said a gentleman. “Oui,” answered the Count with perfect non-chalance, as much as to say, what's that in a palace such as the Duc de N —'s; but of course the lady of the house's game 118 of making the man wonder, was at an end. The quiet proprietor of a new village in the western counties, sat wondering about what sort of a stomach the Count could have, as the backwoods-man looked as though he thought the Count had not only cleared the meat, but the ninety dishes besides. The Count's manner of speaking to servants pleased me, and his speaking to old people. At that momentous dinner, the Count was the first, nay the only gentleman who assisted the servants. May be he might have an interest in so doing, as a servant snatched a turkey, and hit the Count a tap with it on the side of his head. When the floating island came in its capacious glass dish, the Count (being on the look out) took it out of the servant's hand, and placed it in safety himself, as he had no idea of imitating the heroes of old, who indeed were not so badly off. They only threw rocks about; but here was an island at once to have come at him! What a curious country this is: what a medley comes to your table. A backwoods-man, who hunts his deer, and (hungry soul) holds his broil'd meat on his bread, if he happens to possess any, sits smiling at civilized man, as we do at a child that has heaped so many things together that it cannot find use for them all, and still is wanting more. To the child we say directly, “You have, my dear, play-things enough;

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you do not know what to do with more." But, child-like, it goes on, creating new wants. While the backwoods-man says, in the dining-room here, "Grown-up child, with what a 119 quantity of china, plate, servants, and furniture, you encumber yourselves! Surely you'll not want any more. I would not have the charge of such trash, and would not give up my hardy employment for your child's play." I declare the backwoods hunter looks all this at a splendid dinner. Then comes the companion of Kings and Emperors, and what is to be done with him? Where's the gold plate and silver plate? Where's the cut-glass vase, that cost a King such a sum of money, that it was the wonder of a palace for three days! Count Ossa was in that palace. Alas! give the noble guest a dinner, truly good and great people, as you are; but never attempt display, lest next day you should be the wonderers, to know how ever you could be so simple. You amaze Count Ossa!

Saturday—Yesterday we had a visit from W. Snider, a gentleman from Hamburg: poor man, he could not meet Count Ossa, nor any of Buonaparte's officers. And I may say with some, with a deal of reason: O, laurels, green as the very grass, ay, or flowering, how much do individuals suffer, while fame is busy wreathing you for the head of the warrior! She does not say where she gathered you, that she could scarcely see you for the smoking of a hamlet, or hear for whose head you were intended, for the shrieking of broken-hearted victims, or murdered women and children. But the laurel is twined tastefully—the gory sword is wiped, and the newspaper is gloriously 120 written! Oh, but hear of Mr. Snider's father. He was a gentleman living on his own estate; it has been the sole object of his amusement. The rare exotics flourished under glass. The wonders from the equator were there, and shade and supplied ice imitated a polar region; in short, every thing that money could procure had old Mr. Snider got together. Oh! what dreadful tidings to him were they when the French pioneers announced, by chopping up trees and knocking down fences, that the French Emperor's army had made Snider's beautiful garden in the line of march. Frantic he heard the news. Alas! such were the orders; and what had pioneers to do with him? In the morning an Eden was around Mr. Snider's father. The next week not a vestige appeared, except ruts in garden beds, made by heavy

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artillery; flowers, a mass trampled on by thousands of feet, horses and men. The poor old gentleman gave one glance, and then never looked up more. A bed received his bent aching body, and his Creator took his harmless soul: that Creator, who will ask whether *all* the battles that were ever fought have been needful. This sad tale has put us out of love with the Count's profession. It was so fine and grand to hear of the welcoming to head quarters, of the perilous enterprise of Aid-de-Camps, favourite Generals, and the honour and peril of having had two horses shot from under folks, that some only wanted accoutrements and horses to make soldiers of us: but, dear me, how this tale of woe has changed us! Guns and swords are terrible drawbacks 121 on campaigns. Hark! a September gale; I really think it comes on all sides of the house at once. Then, wind; hard gale, north, south, east, westerly; however, I hear it in every room alike. Plenty of matter for log. A lady has almost blinded herself by wearing a very beautiful glass feather; when, in shaking her head, the glass broke off like very fine needles. She will remember the old adage, "handsome is, that handsome does." Who is to be blinded by it, though it be a handsome feather? I really cannot write, for the wind blows so hard that I cannot think about any thing rationally. The gale is so bad, nobody gets to see us; we are like a ship "all made close." I expect the tree which sheltered the Orials to be blown down. Pray have we in England, Mr. Sander, such gales during the equinox? I never heard of them; never such an uproar as this.

Saturday morning —Trees, which are alive and which are dead? The willow has stood the storm, and the deserted nests are still hanging ready to be taken by any little bird who may want genteel apartments next spring. A fine southerly wind calming the poor woods, which must be half dead with the headache and aches without end. The Captain says its just a nothing: he "turns in" when tired with reading, just as he would do on the Atlantic; but coasting is the dread of the Captain himself, no sea-room there. Oh, a lady is very angry because I wrote to a cat. I have got more to write about puss now. She's lost 122 a piece of her beautiful tail. I am very sorry, and I hope the lady is too. She said she thought we wrote a deal of nonsense. Then why read nonsense? If I write a poem which I call

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Theseus, and some body or thing reads it, I may enquire why they do so. I am going to tell my friends below that I have been writing about a glass feather; will any body find fault with that?

English John, or English James, or Dutch Christana, Strutgard Frederica, Irish John, Old Ever Dhu from Wales: I insist you have all a right to come to America. The monied foreigners may leave home; but Mrs. Crab said to a poor man, an Englishman, "You see you English people come and get all the work from us." I am not angry with all the Americans because she has offended me. Oh, no, only with Mrs. Crab; this is her log, and she deserves it. Your grandfather, Mrs. Crab, was an Englishman; and did any one say so to him? He could scarcely pay his way, but a kind American helped him. He purchased a few melons, and your father, Mrs. Crab, had the honour to remember melons; and tell the tale himself. And your good fortune still can be traced to the melon basket. You see *you* are not of real American origin. Do you belong to any of the illustrious chiefs? What are your arms? Are they the bear, the tortoise, or the wolf? Does Mr. Crab ever consider the name of Ongue-honwe as belonging to him? I fear not, he commonly signs his name Thomas Crab. Read what I have collected 123 from an old book; and then, when you see the poor stragglng Indian coming to shoot for cents, consider it is his country you are in. Had he seen your grandfather, how hard he would have thought it for the Indians to have said, "J.H., you should have staid at home: you and your kindred fright away the deer." Read, Mrs. Crab, you never saw a land log-book before: you must read it; indeed you must, and see what great people the Indians have been; Lords of the soil. Read, read: we always put in how the wind is, in our log-books. Its a little sorry at the mischief it had done, so is quietly musing, and I hope you will be sorry too.

EXTRACTS FROM A RARE OLD BOOK.

"The Tuskaroras, after a war they had with the people of Carolina, fled to the Five Nations, and are incorporated with them; so that now, indeed, they properly consist of six nations. Each of them is again divided into three different tribes, who distinguish themselves by

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three different arms, viz., the Bear, the Tortoise, and the Wolf; the Sachems put that belonging to their tribe, to every public paper. They think themselves superior by nature to the rest of mankind, and assume the name of *Ongue-honwe*; that is, men surpassing all others. This opinion gives them that courage which has been so terrible to all the nations of North America; and that opinion they have taken such care to impress on all their neighbours, that on all occasions they yield to them the most submissive F 124 obedience. They have such absolute notions of liberty, that they allow of no kind of superiority, and banish all servitude from their territories.

Preface to an Account of Conferences held, and Treaties made &c. Pages 2, 3.

“Whoever pretends to say, as some have fatally imagined, that the American savages are of little or no account to our interest on that continent; and that, therefore, it is not of great consequence, whether or no, we endeavour to cultivate friendship with them; must be so extremely ignorant, or else so wilfully perverse, that it would be wasting time to expose the absurdity of such preposterous suggestions.

“Hyde-park education may undoubtedly qualify troops for being useful in Flanders, or in any European field; and the arts and intrigues of French policy must necessarily be studied and practised, when we negotiate with the court of France; but very useless, indeed, will either of these arts appear, when transported to the banks of the Ohio, or applied to treaties with wild Indians.”

Pages 4, 7, of the same Preface.

“The Five Nations consist of so many tribes or nations, joined together by a league or confederacy, like the united provinces, and without any superiority. 125 This union has continued so long that we know nothing of its original. They are known to us, by the names of the Mohawks, Oneydoes, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senekas.

At a Council held in the Meeting House, July 7th, 1742;

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Present,

The Hon. George Thomas, Esq., Lieut. Governor;

Esqrs.

James Logan,

Thomas Lawrence,

Abraham Taylor,

Samuel Preston,

Samuel Hasell,

Robert Strettell,

Canassateego's speech on behalf of the Six Nations.

“ *Brethren, the Governor and Council, and all present* ,

“According to our promise, we now propose to return you an answer to the several things mentioned to us yesterday; and shall beg leave to speak to public affairs first, though they were what you spoke to last. On this head you yesterday put us in mind, first, of *William Penn's* early and constant care to cultivate friendship with all the *Indians*; of the treaty we held with one of his sons, about ten years ago; and of the necessity there is at this time of keeping the roads between us clear and free from all obstructions. F 2

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“We are all very sensible of the kind regard that good man, William Penn, had for all the Indians, and cannot but be pleased to find that his children have the same. We well remember the treaty you mention, held with his son on his arrival here, by which we

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confirmed our league of friendship, that is to last as long as the sun and moon endure. In consequence of this, we, on our part, shall preserve the road free from all incumbrances: in confirmation whereof, we lay down this string of wampum.*

* Wampum is the current money among the Indians. It is of two sorts, white and purple: the white is worked out of the inside of the great couques, into the form of a bead, and perforated, to string on leather; the purple†

† As the Indians live far from the sea, our people make and sell these, or exchange them for beaver skin, &c.; and many, at Albany particularly, make a handsome living by that trade.

is worked out of the inside of the muscle-shell: they are woven as broad as a person's hand, and about two feet long. These they call belts, and give and receive them at their treaties as the seal of friendship: for lesser matters, a single string is given. Every bead is of a known value; and a belt of a less number is made to equal one of greater, by so many as are wanting, fastened to the belt by a string.

“You in the next place said, you would enlarge the fire and make it burn brighter, which we are pleased to hear you mention; and assure you, we shall do the same, by adding to it more fuel, that it may still flame out more strongly than ever. In the 127 last place, you were pleased to say that we are bound, by the strictest leagues, to watch for each other's preservation; that we should hear with our ears for you, and you hear with your ears for us. This is equally agreeable to us; and we shall not fail to give you early intelligence whenever any thing of consequence comes to our knowledge. And to encourage you to do the same, and to nourish in your hearts what you have spoke to us with your tongues, about the renewal of our amity and the brightening of the chain of friendship, we confirm what we have said with another belt of wampum.

“ *Brethren* ,

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“We received from the proprietors, yesterday, some goods in consideration of our release of the lands on the West side of Susquehanna. It is true we have the full quantity according to agreement; but if the proprietor had been here himself, we think, in regard of our numbers and poverty, he would have made an addition to them. If the goods were only to be divided amongst the Indians present, a single person would have but a small portion; but if you consider what numbers are left behind, equally entitled with us to a share, there will be extremely little. We therefore desire, if you have the keys of the proprietor's chest, you will open it, and take out a little more for us.

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“We know our lands are now become more valuable. The white people think we do not know their value; but we are sensible that the land is everlasting, and the few goods we receive for it are soon worn out and gone. For the future we will sell no lands but when Brother Onas is in the country: and we will know beforehand the quantity of the goods we are to receive. Besides, we are not well used with respect to the lands still unsold by us. Your people daily settle on these lands, and spoil our hunting.—We must insist on your removing them, as you know they have no right to settle to the Northward of Kittochtinny-Hills. In particular, we renew our complaints against some people who are settled at Juniata, a branch of Susquehanna, and all along the banks of that river, as far as Mahaniay; and desire they may be forthwith made to go off the land, for they do great damage to our cousins the Delawares.

“We have further to observe, with respect to the lands lying on the West side of Susquehanna, that though Brother Onas (meaning the proprietor) has paid us for what his people possess, yet some parts of that country have been taken up by persons whose place of residence is to the South of this province, from whom we have never received any consideration. This affair was recommended to you by our Chiefs at our last treaty; and you then, at our earnest desire, promised to write a letter to that person who has the authority over those people, and to procure us his 129 answer. As we have never heard

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from you on this head, we want to know what you have done in it. If you have not done any thing, we now renew our request, and desire you will inform the person whose people are seated on our lands, that that country belongs to us, in right of conquest, we having bought it with our blood, and taken it from our enemies in fair war; and we expect, as owners of that land, to receive such a consideration for it as the land is worth. We desire you will press him to send us a positive answer: let him say *yes* or *no*. If he says *yes*, we will treat with him; if *no*, we are able to do ourselves justice; and we will do it, by going to take payment ourselves.

“It is customary with us to make a present of skins whenever we renew our treaties. We are ashamed to offer our brethren so few; but your horses and cows have eat the grass our deer used to feed on. This has made them scarce, and will, we hope, plead in excuse for not bringing a larger quantity. If we could have spared more, we would have given more; but we are really poor, and desire you'll not consider the quantity, but, few as they are, accept them in testimony of our regard.”

[Here they gave the Governor a bundle of skins.]

At a meeting of the Kanuskago Indians, February 25, 1756, and when the business on which they had 130 assembled had been settled to mutual satisfaction, and a handsome present made to the Indians, besides three silver gorgets to three of the principal warriors, viz., Tarrawariax, Tahononsaronwe, and Kindarundy, they in a speech (through their sacham or interpreter) addressed the Governor (I believe Johnson) as follows:—

“ *Brother Warragheyagey* ,

“We return our hearty thanks for all your kind expressions of affection and love shewn to us at this time: and we, in return, assure you that you may depend on our sincerity and readiness to serve you, whenever you call upon us; and you know very well, that whatever warriors promise, is sacred.”

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When the English were in expectation of an invasion from the French in Canada, it became an object to the English to gain as many nations of Indians on their side as was in their power; in consequence of which, various councils were held with, and presents made to the Chiefs of the different Indian nations.

I am sorry to say that, after the English had no further use for these poor people, the Indians, they (the English) by degrees, and in a few years, forced them to retire from the land of their forefathers, upon other nations with whom they had to fight, and by whom the proud Six Nations have been entirely swallowed up.

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I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mrs. Crab. I shall be punished if I do, by stormy Capt. Westren: and when you have read all about these poor Indians, what a fine race of people they have had belonging to them; I know your good sense will make you behave better to emigrants. You know the American servants are but haughty; and is it not better to be waited upon by poor people whom the law protects, than to live in a slave state, and be the possessor of wretched beings whom you could knock about as you liked? I know you will think so. Shake, and dust all your good feelings which have laid so long unused in your bosom, and then, Ma'am, I shall respect you highly. We'll enlarge the fire, and make the fire burn brighter, and brighten up the chain of friendship between us: in proof thereof, I shall lay down, when I get it, a large string of wampum.

Morning —Every one to his fancy. Bolivar and a friend have been to fish, and when they got home found the beautiful suffering dying fish were left behind on the banks of the Schuylkill. I am sure the boys are not half so grasping as a gentleman we know, who said he was disappointed in love, so went and brought home such fish! quite infants, poor little things. But if *he* were tormented, why torment the poor fish? Can't write any more.

Noon —No wind to signify; but I have heard such a tale of woe from a certain country that does signify. F 5 132 We are all going to note the sad distress down in our log-books. Poor

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Marian Bryan. No being created by the pen of Sir Walter Scott could be more perfect than she was once. And is there no law whereby her destroyer can be punished? Yes, said a lady—his conscience!—His conscience! Oh, that may, or may not hurt him, I replied. Why not punish him as a villain ought to be punished? In my nation, I hope they would. I know many a poor fellow though, (in England) who, for having stolen to preserve his starving family, has been transported; whilst a rich man, more criminal by far, has been suffered to go at large. You Americans will manage much better, if he come hither. Marian Bryan used to look, they say, as though she could have joined those nice, light, little people, the fairies. So little like an earthly being, trod she. I think such ladies as she used to be, were more plentiful in old times, as we very rarely see such now; as in the old ballad, “Her fairy step and fairy form.” We could not write such tremendous long ballads, and so many of them, not having so many beauties to write about. And her mind,—Oh, her mind was all innocence; and she was all that is beautiful. She had lived so long retired among roses, that her cheek never lost their gay reflections. Nay, her cheeks partook of more than reflections: they were dyed. Diamonds she did not want, as they are generally seen best in the drawing-room by candle-light: while she preferred those brilliant gems with which the wild rose is studded, when the rising sun stamps the greatest value on the dew-drop, by giving to it the violet, ruby, and sapphire tints; while quite regardless of herself, she envied not the flowers such superb decorations. Mrs. Murry, you who know what she was, will understand the following lines: “You've met her in the shady lane” many times.

TO MRS. MURRY.

LINES on the UNFORTUNATE MARIA BRYAN.

You've met her in the shady lane, Whose cheek had the hue of the young wild rose;
Whose eye was as bright as the ev'ning star, That hour the dewy œnothera blows.

And joy and hope was in her face, As branches intruding, she dash'd 'em away— She lik'd
not the dove, for his tale was sad; But join'd in the thrush's melodious lay.

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And she was gay, and void of care, As the youthful fawn at the breaking of day; When he thinks,—for his pleasure the skylark mounts, And zephyrs just wak'd, with the hair-bells play.

But, ah! her happy hours have past. A victim—disown'd by the world is she:— While echoes, attentive will scarce believe The sighs they collect can poor Marian's be.

And now she sits amid the gale, And tells to the trees that the winds have been kind; For branches are left, which the Spring may deck; But what's to repair the wild wreck of the mind? S. H.

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Very shocking log this; and does the gentleman, who has broken the peace of a family, think that any body will associate with him? I am proud to say he is not of my nation; and very glad, for the lady who sits near me, to be enabled to say he is not an American. Then strangers will say, where is he from? And I shall say, never mind where he is from; where is he to go? That is the most awful affair. I have been decorating my poetry about Marian with an English skylark and thrush, in honor of what she was once; but if I were to make verses about the being who called himself her lover, I should not deal in skylarks. Nothing should embellish his poetry but hyenas. What will the Captain say to him? I *guess* I may do what I choose with this fiend-like creature.

Evening—Wind, in a very low way—and—and, P. M., &c. &c. I have given deadly offence, by saying that American cup-cake is just like English plum-pudding: but if it be so, who is to help it? Besides, what is better than an English plum-pudding? “Love me, love my dog.” I shall hear nothing said against such dish; one of my dishes. One of our worthy Kings knighted beef; and when I am Queen, shall serve the pudding in the same way. I have looked in vain for plum-pudding among the dishes here, but could not see it; when here comes cup-cake, and it is nothing more than baked plum-pudding. Is cake a more respectable word than pudding? Do let us ask Mr. Sander what the word pudding is 135

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come from. Plum is nothing but the adjective, we know. I shall take a piece of cup-cake to John: surely he can decide for us. If he do not know what is like an English plum-pudding when he see it, I shall think him not worth owning.

Evening —A nice mild wind; milder than I am, a good deal. Have not got through the pudding affair yet. The lady cook says she made a mistake, and put too much milk or water into the pud—cup-cake, which has made it have so much the appearance of a pudding. What care I for that: I say her cake looked and tasted like—a good pudding. John ate, and grinned, and thanked me. “It’s very good pudding, John.” said I. “Very good,” answered John; and John’s no sycophant—real English. He would not say pudding was cake, if he were to get knighted for his pains.

Evening —In the city: so know nothing of the wind. Have been amused, but rather mournfully, by Louisa, a poor German girl, bound to Mrs. Towns. Poor thing, she is from Stutgard, which she pronounces Strutgart. “Oh,” says she, “I shall never see my country again.” Poor girls and boys, how hard it is: a Captain, or other person, goes into the interior of Germany, and agrees to give poor people their board and passage across the Atlantic. When arrived in America, the Captain lets them, or binds them for two or three years, which, whether the place be good or 136 bad, the bound person must stay.—Am called to take a walk in the city, so must defer Louisa until another time.

Only think; I drank tea in such a splendid room last night, and—(Oh, wind is west)—I thought the lady appeared a tender mother and kind mistress. All was luxury around her. We were all in buck-wheat cake order, and ready to sip fragrant tea, when the lady thought proper to call for a knife. A nice black girl handed her one, when, shocking to think of, the wretch of a woman took it from her, and struck at the little sable fingers. I thought her hand must have been wounded: it had missed her, but down went my cake, and I did exclaim loudly. She might not mean to hurt her; but if striking be necessary, why not have a wooden spoon at hand? as I declare, the broad-knife exercise served me to muse upon

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for some time. Broad-sword exercise is nothing to it, because probably two would have been engaged at the same game.

Evening —I am, I mean I must be excused if I do not mention wind. I'll tell why. I have been writing a love-letter for a black girl. Of course I shall not tell what was in it, only how foolishly I acted on the onset. I went into the kitchen to Flora, and we both sat down. When I took the paper and pen, and waited for her to tell me how to begin. She was silent—Well, said I, shall I say “Dear 137 Father?” No, Miss. “Dear Mother?” No, Miss. (A sort of a sigh.) “Dear Sister?”—Silent as could be.—Oh dear, I beg your pardon, said I; how stupid I am, I can think of nobody but fathers, mothers, and sisters; I believe you wish me to write to some person not related to you. She looked very confused, and I know the blood did its business, that of coming to the surface of her poor sable skin; but the kind hue told no tales. So when she had finished smiling, I set to work, and at last acquitted myself to her satisfaction; and I am determined to mind in future. Poor Flora, on my going to the door, said, “Very 'bliged, very 'bliged; English lady always so good.” Oh Flora, I said, I hope to see the day when American ladies *indiscriminately* will be kind to you. There are many who are so now.

Evening —and such a charming cooling breeze, Will charming and cooling do? Does not ing, and ing, sound like too much of the ing? We must be very particular; as Mrs. B. says, Mrs. Bonden is an author, and a philosopher; has good knowledge of chemistry, and—&c. &c. &c.! The long and the short is, that she is a “breaker a-head” for us. Nobody likes breakers at sea; but I shall not mind. Should certainly prefer “sea-room;” but if I cannot get it, will face the danger as a Briton ought to do. A land log-book is out of the common way—must take what comes to hand. She cannot find fault with our anecdotes. If more strange things came in our way, 138 log would be more worth reading; and stops—always give plenty of them. Marks of admiration; never sparing of them: they are easy things to make, and they decorate a page so. Mrs. Bonden will see what you write, says Miss B. Then I guess she must, answered I. I've written no treason about any body, and in this free country, people are likely to write freely, or where is the advantage of

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living in a country renowned for freedom? I want all to partake of it: and on no account to be debarred because of colour. Had I landed with a green skin, or any other colour; once acknowledged to be human, I should have expected no brother in creation to have become my master. England is only a small speck in the ocean; but my word, Englishmen have wonderful large ideas of freedom: women have as well. So Mrs. Bonden, or Mrs. anybody, do not deceive yourselves: I shall not screen my own nation; and if you are disagreeable, I shall not screen you. I will find a nice piece of poetry for you to look at, Mrs. Bonden. However, you know old Bob, who helped to bring you here. He is a worthy horse; and I have written a few verses about him: read them, and see how deficient we have been, Ma'am. The new coach-horses are named after two ancient horses; and I think they have been copying their namesakes and namesakes' masters, one a great fighter and the other very wicked, as we have had nothing but anxiety about them ever since. So plain Bob is the best animal. But what is a name?

139

Evening—And although on the sabbath-day, I have had a strange fright. Stop; wind was in the college garden, but think I shall be excused as to what quarter it came from, when I tell about my alligator adventure. On a Sunday particularly, I love to walk in gardens. I thought to-day a stroll in the college garden would be delightful; so the two Miss Gores and myself went. We admired the roses and other flowers. Some beautiful strangers to the botanical world, brought by Professor Nuttal from the uncultivated parts of this immense continent. The children and I walked up to the pond, in hope to catch a sight of the alligator which had taken up his abode there. We waited and waited, but nothing of the gentleman could we see, when, on Mr. Dicks making his appearance, I asked if he would entice its head out of the water. “Oh,” said he, quite in a contented strain, “I guess he's not in the water.” “Then where is he?” “Oh! ah! there he is,” said he; and we saw his huge snout, dashing aside the branches to come to us. He opened such a mouth, and shut it again with such a strange sound, that in my fright I got hold of both children, and among the flowers we went; and although Mr. Dicks assured us there was no danger, and we heard the creature

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splash into the water, we did not think ourselves safe until on the other side of the garden gate. It might be considered very foolish; but I was not prepared to see such an inhabitant of such beautiful shrubs.

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Evening —Who's to mind wind now, when all is enthusiasm about the arrival of Gen. La Fayette. We shall do well now for log. The General was the companion of Washington, and our neighbour, worthy Judge James. How unfortunate, Madame Campan's memoirs coming out just now. She was Premiere Femme de Chambre to the poor Queen of France; and does blame La Fayette very much for the Queen's death. Oh, how dreadful are revolutions. Grievances, of which the French had many to complain; could they not have been redressed, without the blood of the King and Queen? I think I shall say it, offend whom I may, that La Fayette, in this instance, was not the consummate statesman or general we take him to be: at least, read Madame Campan, and then judge. I would not have taken the lives of any one of the French Royal Family. The wrongs complained of were not of either Maria's or Louis's bringing on the people. Why are not Royal people educated better? Why did not General La F., or some one, get near them (Maria and Louis), and make them know the difference between a cannon and the love of the people? One (the love of the people) is ten thousand times more powerful than the other. What is the use of persons pretending to be friends to their country, boasting about patriotism, and letting confusion get loose? I know this log is at present very unfashionable; but I think the King and Queen fell for want of a friend in need. Poor creatures, what a want for rulers of a mighty nation to know. 141 Now, General, here is log for you: read it; you may, if you come into the drawing-moon. A vast country is grateful to you; but I fear—I'll give you a hint. "Had Washington been in your situation, the unfortunate King of France, and the lovely, badly-educated Queen, would not have ended their days on a scaffold. Now, when I have written log for you, General, Oh how I should like to sit and ask you questions from Madame Campan's Book."

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Evening —A tranquil evening, wind so still, that I think I shall conclude it has roared itself to sleep, in either North, South, East, or West; as in land-log, or sea-log; nobody can tell which of the quarters will have it, or which quarter it may awaken in, until it is there. I have had nothing but disasters these two days. On Monday, such a nice ride through the woods, and on returning under the thick foliage, a huge beetle fell down my back. Oh, how it kicked, and the lady next me, dare not put her hand down my frock, in fear of being bitten; and I dare not thump myself, that I might crush it, in fear of it stinging me, and in fear of making the horrid creature more angry than he was. In the gloom of the wood I dare not scream, for fear the young horses should run against the huge trees, and upset us all. And as I found the beetle had a very poor time of it down my back, I thought it best to bear up, as John says; especially, as the beetle was getting more and more feeble, being excluded from the air. On reaching home I took off my dress, and considering 142 how much the half dying beetle had suffered by his unfortunate fall, I turned him out of the window, in order that he might come about on the beautiful grass. I really think I acted with a good share of reason, for me; as the beetle really felt half the size of a sparrow, struggling, and endeavouring to get himself at liberty again; while I, in fear that I might alarm Bucephalus and Incitatus, kept all my trouble to myself, even after I thought I might have got a huge horrid wood spider down my back! I shall put my handkerchief closer when riding in an open carriage again, through the woods: I wonder if Mr. Sander, from England, would have acted in this way. I saw him look rather astonished at a very large spider, which Miss Elizabeth B. had brought from the woods, to put with her specimens.

LOG FOR GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

Madame Campan's book. "Memoires sar la vie privée de Marie Antoinette, Reine de France et de Navarre; suivies de Souvenirs'et anecdotes historiques sur les Regnes de Louis XIV., de Louis XV., et de Louis XVI., par Madame Campan, Lectrice des Mesdames et premiere Femme de Chambre de la Reine." Now I hear you very much blamed about the Queen, General, by those who have read Madame's book. I have not read much of

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the book (Madame Campan's) myself, certainly, but what I have read, clearly proves to me, that the unfortunate Queen was to be pitied. I sincerely wish, General, you may clear yourself of all blame: as to read the 143 following, and to consider you at the head of such a brutal faction, of which the anecdote gives us an idea, really takes all the pleasure away that we might have anticipated on your arrival; as my idea of great men is, that they must be good. Now were they so, who were determined on the downfall of Maria Antoinette? I do not recollect the words precisely, but something in this way is the anecdote to which I have alluded. "The Queen was very fond of lump sugar powdered, and used to have it stand in a saucer, with a spoon, that she might take it when she chose." One day the King said to her, "for heaven's sake do not touch that, there may be *poison* in it." "Oh, no," replied the unfortunate Queen, "the French people do not want me to die privately; it is not my life simply they want, but I must become a public spectacle. My death must be public; they must be gratified by some victim, and I am chosen." What an idea had she got, General, of the revolutionists of France! I hope the Queen left you out, when she said, "They must be—" There is mentioned in Madame's book, something about some great General deceiving the Queen, by first promising to have friendly troops placed about the palace, to let her escape; and then the General, whoever he was, took his troops away—and, and, so the poor woman was butchered. Who could that General be? If Madame Campan has not told us rightly, I'll write log for her, and give her such a dressing! I don't mind her; I would as soon write to the Emperor of China as look at him!

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Evening—A beautiful little boat coming up the Schuylkill. Wind, behind her; will this mention of wind do? I do not think that, as the General has landed, wind or steam will be wanted any more; horses now take place of both. Really, America does not forget those who fought for her it seems, and now, the General will see how he likes this thriving republic. He will view it like a flourishing tree, planted by himself and others, with difficulty indeed. He will hardly know the tree again. Why do not I feel all alive at the General's appearance? I should wonder if I did, when the old quarrel is raked up and repeated in my

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ears, with the words of our able statesmen of that day. "Peace with America, if you war with all the world." I shall not be down-hearted. I belong to Chatham: am one of his nation; and I would have seconded him, as I hate oppression in any shape. The Americans are free, and I am glad of it, but no bouncing at English people. I shall demand satisfaction for any boasting about that which was done before either I, or many of the boasters were born. I'll log them, at least those who know no more about the revolution than myself. Old people who were *dere*, as Count Ossa says, are another affair.

Evening —The general entered the city drawn by many horses, and such crowding, windows lined! I am going to write more log for La Fayette. "Oh General, now having helped to free this nation, turn your attention to the slavery of the black people: 145 alas! try to make them happy, or they cannot hail you as the liberator of their unfortunate race. General, the blacks are many of them very unhappy, something might be done for them. This is a country of great plenty, the poor man stands a chance of getting, besides all the necessaries of life, a degree of comfort that he little dreamed of when on my side of the water. "This is what I really think, General; and if you ventured your life, and spent a fortune, to gain an asylum for poor working people, of any country, you have done a great deal; only clear yourself of any blame of the murder of Maria, and I'll promise to write such log about you, that you will have hard work to keep from being vain! Do assist the poor blacks if you can, as I fancy, when meeting a coloured person, he or she might say to me, 'in your log, you say this is a land of freedom.' Where am I to find it? If I be free in this state, this night I may be sent a slave to another; and who will obtain justice for a negro? My little brother would soon be spoiled, and we have hard work to help it. When we first landed, he used to talk with black boys, and drew, in his way, a picture for one. But we were told he must not, as that would be too degrading, and that no white child would associate with him, if he continued to do so. We must mind him, he has a good disposition, and we are constantly talking about the unjust treatment the poor blacks receive; so hope to manage him." Do General, when you go into the slave states, endeavour to do away with slavery; as the manner in which 146 some owners use their slaves, is revolting to

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human nature. Oh, if you make the blacks your friends, how they would lengthen your processions! But I am writing, I hope, to a great man, so must not suppose you to have that paltry thing, pride, vanity, &c. No, I appeal to your feelings. Look about and judge for yourself.

Evening —A royal salute welcomed General La Fayette to the United States; but I am sure I cannot say which way the wind was, nor (what is worse) do I know where it is now. But the Captain called, and has been talking about the reception given to General La Fayette. What would friend Mayston say to a royal salute, said I: he would be thinking of the waste of powder. “Oh,” cried the Captain, “I think royal salutes quite as unnecessary as the old friend can do; but sincerely hope the noble General will be well received. They tell me he is a fine old boy; why Judge James will be all alive. I wonder if old Rochford will go to see him. He got turned out of meeting, in consequence of his daughter presenting the restive Americans with a beautiful blue banner, and I believe the father never turned in to meeting again.”

Morning , and a very good opportunity to write log.—Wind none; then of course it is a calm.—Now in the drawing-room last night, I could not join in the laugh about a poor drunken Indian. What a shame 147 to give the poor creature such quantities of whisky as to make him quite frantic. I heard something of this before, but last night had all particulars; and what is the worst, two gentlemen of my nation assisted. They (the young men) were particularly requested not to do so; but the thoughts of making themselves some fun, prevented any hearing of advice. But one thing I am glad of: when the Indian had drunk plentifully, he began to exhibit in style. He threw the young men with such force against the wall, as to hurt them very much: rolled and tumbled, howled, in fact, acted until his thoughtless audience were glad to get out of his way, but not before he made them pay for their sport. I am very sorry that any body from my nation should have had so little feeling. I shall give Mr. Merry a little log, and it will serve for others as well. “Mr. Merry, I thought better of you, and of those young men from my nation; all of you speaking so disrespectfully and behaving so badly to the real lords of the land. Little did I think that

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I should have had to take up my pen to have told such well-informed men as you are, that you ought to behave well to the Indians. You see the poor creatures now, anxiously following you, like children, for drink. How unlike when they were the simple children of nature, viewing the white men's encroachments with an anxious mind, certainly thinking of the future as much as the cleverest white man could do, or such able Indians would not have been chosen to conduct their conferences G 148 in Philadelphia. I have an old book, Mr. Merry, in which are several conferences between Indians and early Governors of these States; and I am sure the poor Indians, selling their fertile grounds for a little merchandize, were to be pitied. They appeared so helpless before the white man, so willing to act honourably, and so well aware that for their land they did not get a quarter compensated. How should they? I shall write a conference out for your perusal, and then see what the Indians, for their own posterity, ought to have done when the white men first landed. They should have asked the foreigners whether they would allow the red men to go shares with them. Whether they (the red men) might still fish in the streams; or whether there would be any land left for them (the Indians); and then if the Indians, by their answers or actions, could have supposed that the white men would have commenced driving them off their own land, the Indians should have driven the invaders into the element that bore them upon its surface to desolate the wigwam, and to exterminate its harmless inhabitants.” Oh, but Miss Hoding, you will perhaps say, think what wretches the Indians were in the war. Did not they tomahawk most unmercifully? Yes; and I say to you, as I say to others, (and I am ashamed to tell it,) my nation and the French set them on. And than again, they were made to suffer for other people's faults. I think, I hope you have more sense than Mrs. Crab. I merely wrote a few extracts for her; 149 but shall write out nearly a whole conference for you. Pay attention to the speeches of Canassateego, and tell me if you do not think he stood telling about the Senecas in a very feeling manner, and how anxious he was to correct any mistake; and of what consequence the Governor thought Indians then to him. How respectfully the Governor spoke to Canassateego.

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FROM THE OLD BOOK I FORTUNATELY OBTAINED FOR MRS. CRAB'S
IMPROVEMENT.

*Extracted from a Treaty held with the Indians of the Six Nations, at Philadelphia, in July
1742.*

“The Deputies of the Six Nations having, at their last visit, agreed to release their claim to all the lands on both sides the river Susquehanna, as far south as the province extends, and to the northward to those mountains called the Endless or Kittochtinny-Hills; in consideration whereof, they then received a large quantity of valuable *Indian goods* for the lands situate on the eastern side of the said river, but declined at that time to receive any for those on the western, choosing to defer the same till another visit. A large number arrived from these nations at Philadelphia on Wednesday the 30th of June, with Deputies duly empowered to receive the said goods. They acquainted the Governor that, being weary from the G 2 150 fatigue of their long journey, they craved three or four days to rest themselves, before they proceeded to their business. In the mean time, they would wait on the Governor, to discourse, according to their usual method, about news and other occurrences, which the Governor readily agreed to; and asked them when they would choose to pay their first visit, and they desired it might be on Friday the 2d of July, in the afternoon. The Council was accordingly summoned, and met at Mr. Logan's house, where were

Present,

The Hon. George Thomas, Esq., Lieut. Governor;

Esqrs.

James Logan,

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Clement Plumsted,

Samuel Hasell,

Abraham Taylor,

Samuel Preston,

Thomas Lawrence,

Ralph Asheton,

Robert Strettell,

The Chiefs of the Six Nations, with the Chiefs of the Shawanese.

Canassateego, the Onondago Chief, *Speaker*.

Conrad Weiser, *Interpreter*.

The Governor opened the Conference as follows:

“ *Brethren* ,

“The proprietor having purchased certain lands from your nations about six years ago, a moiety of what was agreed to be given in consideration of that purchase, was at that time delivered to them; the other, being at their own desire, left in the proprietor's 151 hands. He pressed you, by Shikalamy, to send last year for it, and would have been glad to have seen you and taken you by the hand before his departure; but as the design of this meeting is to hear your news, and converse together in a free and friendly manner, I shall say no more about the goods, than that they lie ready at the proprietor's house, and will be delivered when you shall be sufficiently rested from the fatigue of your journey.”

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The Chief of the Onondagoes spoke:

“ *Brethren* ,

“We propose to rest four days, and then come to the main business. At present we are at a private conference about news, and have something of this sort to mention to our brother Onas (meaning the Governor).”—And on the Governor signifying that they would be glad to know what it was, the Chief proceeded:

“ *Brethren* ,

It is our way, when we come to our brethren, or any other persons whom we live in strict friendship with, to remove all obstructions to a good understanding. With this view we axe to inform you of a piece of disagreeable news that happened in our journey. Some white people living at a place called Conegocheegoe, whose names we cannot tell, nor whether they belong to this or the neighbouring 152 Government; but one of them, as we heard, had his house burnt over his head some years ago, and he was brought down a prisoner, and committed to the gaol of this city. These people, lighting on our young warriors as they were hunting, made some proposals about the purchasing of land from them; and our young men, being indiscreet and unacquainted with public business, were foolish enough to hearken to them, and to receive five Duffil Strowds for two plantations on the river Cohongoronto. A Conestogoe Indian, and a French Indian, and some others that were in company, had three Duffil Strowds, and went away with them; and our young men carried off the other two. As soon as this came to our knowledge, we sent for our warriors, and after examining and rebuking them severely, we took away their two strowds, and publicly censured them for exposing us to our brethren of Pennsylvania, in doing a thing so inconsistent with our engagements to them. You are (said we aloud, that all our people might hear and take notice) to know and remember, that the Six Nations have obliged themselves to sell none of the land that falls within the province of Pennsylvania, to any other but our brother Onas; and that to sell lands to any other is a high breach

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of the league of friendship. Brethren, this rash proceeding of our young men makes us ashamed. We always mean well, and shall perform faithfully what we have promised: and we assure you, this affair was transacted in the manner we have related, without our privity or 153 consent. And that you may be fully convinced of this, and of the sincerity of our intentions, we have brought you these two stowds [here he presented two red stowds to the Governor:] they are the very stowds our foolish young men received: we took them from them, and we give them to you, to return to those white people who made the bargain; and desire, when the stowds are returned to them, they may be told what we now say; and that we shall not confirm such bargains, nor any other that may interfere with our engagements to our brother Onas.”

The Governor then spoke:

“ *Brethren* ,

“I thank you for this piece of news; you have taken this matter perfectly right. All bargaining for land within this province, is, to be sure, a manifest breach of your contract with the proprietors, and what we know you will not countenance.

“We have hitherto found the Six Nations faithful to their engagements; and this is a fresh instance of their punctuality. You could not help these mistakes of your young men. They were not done in your presence; but as several inconveniences may arise from these kind of clandestine sales, or from any such loose sales of land by your people, we desire you will, on your return home, give public notice to all your warriors, not to bargain for any land; or if they do, 154 that you will not confirm such bargains; and that this affair, together with what you have done therein, may be particularly reported to all your nation assembled in council.”

The Onondago Chief promised to give such public notice, and desiring liberty to mend his former speech, he proceeded:

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“ *Brethren* ,

I forgot one circumstance. Our people, who pretended to sell the land, demanded a belt of wampum of the buyers to carry to their Chiefs; and on their declaring they had no wampum, our warriors said they would not answer that their Chiefs would confirm this bargain, since they never did any thing of this nature without wampum.”

The Governor, after a short pause, spoke:

“ *Brethren of the Six Nations* ,

I take this opportunity to relate to you a piece of disagreeable news I received some days ago, in a letter from Le Tort, the Indian trader at Allegany, who says, that in May last, some Indians of the Taway nation, supposed by us to be Twightwees, in their return from war, called and stayed some time with the Shawanese; who being asked, and denying they had brought either scalps or prisoners, the Shawanese, suspecting them, had the curiosity to search their bags, and finding two scalps in them, that, by the softness of the hair, did not feel like Indian scalps; they washed them clean, and found them to be the scalps of some Christians. On this discovery, the Twightwees were so much ashamed that they stole away from their town in the night-time, and coming, as they afterwards understood, to a little village belonging to the Shawanese, they told our people that their hearts were full of grief, for, as they came along the road, they found it all bloody, and having good cause to believe it was made bloody with the blood of some of the white brethren, they had very sorrowfully swept the road, and desired them to inform the Governor of Pennsylvania of their (the Twightwees) grief, and how they had swept the road clean.—Le Tort adds, on behalf of the Shawanese, that they were much troubled and grieved at this unfortunate accident, and prayed, as they had no concern in it, more than by being instruments to discover it, their brethren would not blame them, nor suffer a misunderstanding to arise between them on this account. They would sweep the road clean, and wipe all the blood away; and desired their brethren would be satisfied with this, and not weep too much

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for a misfortune that might not happen again as long as the sun and moon shone.—The person who delivered me Le Tort's letter brought this bundle of skins as a present to me, but I told the messenger I would not meddle with it; he might leave it if he pleased. The affair appeared to me in a bad light, and I would represent it to the Six Nations, who were expected in G 5 156 town every day. This is the fact, as I have it from Le Tort. I desire to be informed if you know any thing of this matter; and if you do not, that you will make diligent enquiry who committed the murder, and who are the unhappy sufferers; and assist us to obtain satisfaction, if it shall appear to be any of our fellow-subjects that have been treated in this manner. To enforce this request, I present you with this string of wampum.

The Onondago Chief, in reply, said:

“ *Brethren* ,

“We take this information kind at your hands.—We will take this string of wampum home with us to our lodgings, and there consult about the most regular and proper steps to be taken by us to answer your expectations; and when we have duly considered the matter, we will return you an answer.”

Upon this the Governor put an end to the conference; and calling for wine and other liquors, according to the Indian custom, after a decent and cheerful entertainment, the Indians withdrew.

At a Council held July 5th, 1742; present as before:

It being judged proper, at this critical time, when we are in daily expectation of a French war, to sound 157 the Indians, and to discover what dependance we might have on them, in case their aid should be wanted, a handsome dinner was provided for their Chiefs; and after they had made a hearty meal, and drank his Majesty's health, the proprietor's, and the health of the Six Nations, the Chiefs gave the solemn cry, in testimony of their thanks for the honor done them. Soon after the Governor began, in a free way, to enquire for what

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reason the Senecas were not come down, since they had an equal right to a share of the goods with the other nations.

Canassateego, their speaker, said: "The Senecas were in great distress, on account of a famine that raged in their country, which had reduced them to such want, that a father had been obliged to kill two of his children to preserve himself and the rest of his family alive; and they could not now come down, but had given directions about their share of the goods."

The Governor expressed his concern for the unhappy circumstances of their brethren of the Seneca nation; and, after a short respite, enquired if any of their deputies were then at Canada, and whether the French Governor was making any warlike preparations? And on their answering yes, the Governor said, with a smiling countenance, "I suppose, if the French should go to war with us, you will join them."

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The Indians conferred together for some time; and then Canassateego, in a cheerful, lively manner, made answer:—"We assure you, the Governor of Canada pays our nations great court at this time, well knowing of what consequence we are to the French interest. He has already told us, he was uncovering the hatchet and sharpening it; and hoped, if he should be obliged to lift it up against the English, their nations would remain neuter, and assist neither side. But we will now speak plainly to our brethren: why should we, who are one flesh with you, refuse to help you, whenever you want our assistance? We have continued a long time in the strictest league of amity and friendship with you, and we shall always be faithful and true to you, our old and good allies. The Governor of Canada talks a great deal, but ten of his words do not go so far as one of your's. We do not look towards them; we look towards you, and you may depend on our assistance."

Whilst the Onondago Chief made this open and hearty declaration, all the other Indians made frequently that particular kind of noise which is known to be a mark of approbation.

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The Governor bid the interpreter tell Canassateego “He did not set on foot this enquiry from any suspicion he had of the Six Nations wanting a due regard for the English. Our experience of their honor and faith would not permit us to think any 159 other of them, than that they would esteem our friends their friends, and our enemies their enemies, agreeably to the strict union which had ever subsisted between us. As to the Governor of Canada, they need not mind what he said. The English, on equal terms, had beaten the French, and could beat them again; and were they but to consider the advantages which the English have, by possessing so many large and populous countries, and so many good ports on the continent of America, they would soon see who had most reason to fear a war, the French or the English.”

The Governor then inquired into the state and condition of the nations to the westward of the great lakes; and whether they had any warriors then in those countries? Whether they had concluded peace with the Southern Indians; and whether they had heard what their deputies had bad done at Albany?

They made answer, “That they had always abundance of their men out amongst the nations situated to the west of their lakes. That they had kindled a fire with a vast many nations, some whereof were tributaries; and they had a good understanding with all. They set out from their own country in company with two sets of deputies; one going to hold a treaty with the Southern Indians, and they believed a peace would be concluded; the other going to meet the Governor of New York at Albany: but 160 they could not tell what had been done at either place. On their return they were to hold a general council, and would inform their brethren of the particulars.”

Then the Governor put an end to the conference, by telling the Indians the goods would be delivered to them, at a council to be held to-morrow afternoon, at the meeting-house.

At a Council, held in the Meeting-house, Philadelphia, July 6, 1742;

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Present,

The Hon. George Thomas, Esq., Lieut. Governor;

Esqrs.

James Logan,

Clement Plumsted,

Abraham Taylor,

Samuel Preston,

Ralph Asheton,

Robert Strettell,

Canassateego, Chief of the Onondagoes, *Speaker*.

Shicalamy, and a great many Indians, whose names are the following; viz.

Onontagoes.

Sawegaty, Caxhayion, Councillors.

Saguyassatha

Kayadoghratie, *alias* Slanaghquasy

Rotier-uwughton

Tokano-ungoh

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Aronty-oony

Tohanohawighton

Tioghwatoony

Auughrahysey

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Caiyouquos.

Sahugh-sowa, Tohatgagthus, Chiefs.

Tokany-esus

Runho-hihio

Kanadoghary

Zior-aghquaty

Sagu-iughwatha, *alias*

Cadcaradasey

Sca-yenties

Tats-heghte

Alligh-waheis

Tayo-quario

Hogh degh runtu

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Rotehn Haghtyackon, Captn.

Sawoalieselhohaa

Sagughsa-eck

Uwantakeraa

Horuhot

Osoghquaa

Tuyanoegon

Anoyiuts, or Oneidas.

Saristaquoh, Ungquaterughiathe, *alias* Shikelimo, Chiefs

Tottowakerha

Taraghkoerus

Onughkallydawwy, a noted young Chief

Onughnaxqua, Chief

Tawyiakaarat

Tohathuyongochtha

Sughnakaarat

Taghneghdoerus

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Tokanyiadaroeyon

Sagogughyatha

Rahehius

Tokanusoegon

Jenontowanos, or Senecas.

Karugh-iagh Raghquy, Captain

Tahn-heentus

Onoutyiack

Tuscarraros.

Sawontka, Ti-ieroes, Cloghstyowax, Chiefs

Tokaryhoegon, Captain

Oghioghseh

Tieleghweghson

Tougrotha

Yorughianego

Ot-quehig

Squaghky

Library of Congress

Sayadyio

Onughsowûghton

Cherigh wastho

Aghsûnteries

Tion ogh seôghtha

Saligh wanaghson

Ohn-waasey

Tocar-eher

Tohanatakqua

Kanyhaag

Shawanoes.

Wehwehlaky, Chief

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Aset teywa

Asoghqua

Mayaminickysy

Wawyia Beeseny

Canestogo, Indians that speak the Onayiut's language.

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Tior Haasery, Chief

Tanighwackerau

Karha Cawyat

Kayen quily quo

Canoyias, or Nantikokes of Canestogo.

Des-seheg

Ichqua que heck

Qesamaag

Ayiok-ius

Delawares of Shamokin.

Olumapies, Lingehanoah, Chiefs

Kelly macquan

Quitie-yquont

Pishquiton

Nena chy haut

Delawares from the Forks.

Onutpe,

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Lawye quohwon, *alias* Nutimus, Chiefs

Toweghkappy

Cornelius Spring and others

Conrad Weiser, Cornelius Spring, Interpreters

And a great number of the Inhabitants of Philadelphia.

The Governor having commanded silence, spoke as follows:—

“ *Friends and Brethren of the Six Nations* ,

“Six years ago a number of your Chiefs obliged us with a visit, when they agreed, on behalf of your nations, to the release of certain lands on both sides the river Susquehanna, to the southward of the Endless Mountains, and within the limits and bounds of the King's grant of this province. In consideration of which, a certain quantity of goods was agreed on, and delivered, as a full satisfaction for the said lands lying on the eastern side of the said river. And for 163 the lands on the western side of the said river, you desired the payment should be deferred till another opportunity. These goods, which are exactly the same in quantity as those you received the last time the Chiefs of your nations were here, have been ready a considerable time, and kept, in expectation of your coming for them. And now you are come down, fully empowered by your respective councils to receive them, we are well pleased to deliver them, leaving it to you to make a fair and equal division of them amongst yourselves. We are sorry for the absence of our brethren the Senecas, and much more so, that it should be owing to their distress at home, by a famine that rages in their country. We heartily commiserate their condition, and do not doubt but you will do them fair and ample justice in the disposal of their part of the goods, in such

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a manner as they have intrusted you. You shall now hear the list of the goods read to you." [Here, by the Governor's order, the list of the goods was read over, viz.]

500 lb. of powder

600 lb. of lead

45 guns

60 strowd matchcoats

100 blankets

100 duffil matchcoats

200 yards of half thick

100 shirts

40 hats

40 pair shoes & buckles

40 pair stockings

100 hatchets

500 knives

100 hoes

60 kettles

100 tobacco tongs

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100 scissors

500 awl blades

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120 combs

2000 needles

1000 flints

24 looking-glasses

2 lb. of vermilion

100 tin pots

1000 tobacco pipes

200 lb. of tobacco

24 dozen of gartering

25 gallons of rum

Then the Governor told them that the goods, of which the particulars had been just read to them, were in the meeting-house, and would be sent to whatever place they would direct.

The Governor then proceeded:

“ *Brethren* ,

“You have often heard of the care that your great and good friend and brother, William Penn, took at all times to cultivate a perfect good harmony with all the Indians. Of this your

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nations have been fully sensible, but more especially a number of your Chiefs about ten years ago, when, on the arrival of a son of your said great friend, William Penn, large and valuable presents were exchanged by us with you; a new road was made and cleared; a new fire kindled, and the chain of friendship made stronger, so as to last while sun and moon endure.—And now we cannot but congratulate ourselves that your coming should happen at a time when we are in daily expectation of a war being declared between the King of England and the French King, well knowing, that should such a war happen, it must very sensibly 165 affect you, considering your situation in the neighbourhood of Canada. Your coming at this juncture is particularly fortunate, since it gives us an opportunity of mentioning several things that may be necessary to be settled between people so strictly and closely united as we are: an union not to be expressed by any thing less than the affectionate regard which children of the same parents bear for each other, as conceiving ourselves to be one flesh and one people. The utmost care, therefore, ought mutually to be taken by us on both sides, that the road between us be kept perfectly clear and open, and no lets nor the least obstruction be suffered to lie in the way: or if any should by accident be found, that may hinder our free intercourse and correspondence, it must forthwith be removed. To enforce this, we lay down a string of wampum.

“In the next place, we on our part shall enlarge our fire that burns between us: we shall provide more fuel to increase it, and make it burn brighter and clearer, and give a stronger and more lasting light and warmth. In evidence of our sincere intentions, we lay down this belt of wampum.

“In the last place, considering the obligations we are mutually under by our several treaties, that we should hear with our ears for you, and you hear with your ears for us. We shall at all times very willingly give you the earliest and best intelligence of any designs 166 that may be formed to your disadvantage. And if you discover any preparations that can hurt us, we desire you will immediately dispatch some suitable person, in whom we

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can place confidence, to give us a proper information. To enforce this request, as well as to brighten the chain, we lay down this belt of wampum.”

On the Governor's concluding the speech, the solemn cry, by way of approbation, was repeated by the Indians, as many times as there were nations present; and then Canassateego rose up and spoke.

“ *Brethren* ,

“We thank you for your kind speech. What you have said is very agreeable to us; and tomorrow, when we have deliberated on the several matters recommended to us, we will give you our answer.”

Morning —Side wind, or—I want to ask Mr. Merry how he likes my Indian conference; and so will tell more about the wind when I have finished with him. “How do you like this nice conference, Mr. Merry? I have selected it on purpose to make you and your friends behave more respectfully to the poor remains of once great nations. You see, Canassateego was differently situated to what Caractacus was when he was taken to Rome. He wondered, and well he might, 167 that the Romans could leave such a capital, and such a surrounding country to disannul him, a poor savage, on a small island. But Canassateego stood before the polite strangers to his country, endeavouring to deal justly; and as one of the rightful owners of such lands for extent, such mountains for height, such rivers for width, as no Englishmen could even have dreamed of. And they might have been less avaricious; as really, with respect to the extent of country, that both the French and English had been used to, their behaviour to Indians, was like the old, though true saying, ‘Set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride gallop.’ They bought lands, wanted more, drove the Indians, purchased hundreds of acres of the richest land—with what? Read, Sir; pots and kettles. But the poor Aborigines became fully aware of the exchange, only they could not help themselves. I am glad there is such a home for working people as America; for any person. But do not let any one come to laugh at the degraded Indian. And if there

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be not room for red as well as white men here, it is a pity, that is all I say. The greatest enemies to Indians have been from France and my nation! There is justice for you! Who can say I do not accuse my nation when I ought to do so? I assure you, I could sit for hours to hear Mrs. B. speak about the Indians, who used to come to her uncle's house. One of the Chiefs was so much pleased with her attention to him and to his squaw, that he told Mrs. B. he would record her kindness on the wampum; and if ever she travelled, she should have a sort of passport for 168 safety through his nation, and every attention. They are an interesting people: do not you begin to think so, Mr. Merry? I assure you, I think a drunken man, whether he be white or red, a very chocking sight. Never make an Indian tipsy again, and never become so yourself, Read the following extract also, and pity.

Extracted front the Minutes of a Council, held in the Meeting-house, Philadelphia, July 7 th
, 1742.

“The Governor said (in reply to Canassateego's speech), it is very true that lands are of late become more valuable, but what raises their value? Is it not entirely owing to the industry and labour used by the white people, in their cultivation and improvement? Had they not come amongst you, these lands would have been of no use to you, any further than to maintain you: and is there not, now you have sold so much, enough left for all the purposes of living? What you say of the goods, that they are soon worn out, is applicable to every thing; but you know very well that they cost a great deal of money, and the value of land is no more than its worth in money.

“On your former complaints against people's settling on the lands on Juniata, and from thence all along on the river Susquehanna as far as Mahaniahy, some Magistrates were sent expressly to remove them, and we thought no person would presume to stay after that.”

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“Here they (the Indians) interrupted the Governor, and said, these persons who were sent did not do their duty. So far from removing the people, they made surveys for themselves, and they are in league with the trespassers. We desire more effectual methods may be used, and honester persons employed. Which the Governor promised.”

“July 9, 1742.”

How should you have answered the Governor, Mr. Merry, about the land “being of no use, further than to maintain you?” If you had been the Chief, I think you would have said, “Never mind that, brother; we were contented before you came, and can be so now, if you choose all to go back over the great water. We shall do without, you.” Do not be very angry with me, Mr. Merry: you know I think better of you and those other gentlemen than I do of Mrs. Crab, or should never have taken such pains about you all; and Mrs. Crab cannot think I used her worse than I do my own nation. I am not quite sure how her log agrees with her: thought she came in rather sideways. I shall send you a piece of poetry, and you shall get it set to music, and sing it in the backwoods. I cannot say when it will be written, not being one of the real, regular poets; and having no relationship with “les Savants,” am very much cramped, puzzled (bothered, as John says) to make rhyme sometimes. Real log-books are just in the same way: so cannot help it. Keep a log-book 170 in the woods. Ho! what Indian log you could have—If a tree which grew in the forest were to lay in the city, could you tell which side of it faced the north when growing? Are you wise enough for that yet? John B. can tell.”

Tuesday evening—One wind does for two entries. Very fine wind, still as a mouse; and I am going to tell what a nice ride and walk we have had in the woods. We took the little Dearbon waggon and old Bob. He is a good horse: when he knows we are in haste, he goes the best he can; when it is only pleasure we are seeking, why he takes his at the same time. We have had many a thump, as the leaves have fallen so thick, that no one could see the lower places. Bob, like a considerate beast as he is, guessed distances very well, clearing the noble stems, which would, had we ran foul of them, upset us. In

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order that I may get quit of a preliminary, that is, a beginning, I shall begin now: and so the mention of the wind will do for both places: but I have been honest, and told at the top how it is.—What an extravagant woman that Mrs. Mauncey is! I really have forgotten how many hundred dollars she gave for a cut-steel dress: the workmanship made it nearly equal in price to gold. The ladies below stairs say I have no business to mention it: I say I have. One reason is, I do it for the good of my countrywomen: those whose husbands could afford it no better than Mrs. Mauncey's. The dress had 171 the appearance of polished-steel lace, with roses on it, and I do not know what. But there is a lady in—street, I know about, who did without one of her servants for a year or two, to purchase a rich Indian shawl. And what is that to you? Captain Westren would say. I really think, myself, I must take in SAIL, as the Captain says; I must rein up, or pull up, as the coachman says. I own I have been making ill-natured remarks: and let me see, I think I have said the Captain would scold if any of us told about dress. Why, yes. But such a dress! Why the steel-clad lady might have startled all the butterflies under the sun: and, there is an old song,

“The country clown, When he comes to town, Admires a lass in a butterfly gown.”

And startled him and all. My ever-dear Mrs. Bridgford, who is such a lover of flowers, and is a great botanist, one day said to me, “Oh dear, how fine you think you are in that pink handkerchief. Now I believe you mean to outdo all the roses: but in the college garden there is the sweetest pink blossom, finer than you are. Come and look at it. Ay, ay, but I can tell my English Mrs. Bridgford that this dress would have puzzled her. As to the other lady, some poor animal or insect had to be stripped for her; but my friend could not have found out any thing to match or compare with the ‘steel-clad’ dame.” H

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A very beautiful evening—Wind neither this side of the house nor the other: awkward to sail with, the Captain would say. The ladies are in the wind's way; in the same mind as the wind—very awkward. They say we write on such uninteresting subjects. Uninteresting subjects, do we? What are we to write about, then? Why read log? and then tell us, we

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write uninteresting. I believe I shall write the word uninteresting until I shall forget how to spell it.—What's that? O, the black cat's after a mouse. She is going ten knots. There! there! she's caught it! Puss, you need not swear so, as I don't want a share. But I thank you for the swearing part of the business, as I shall write, "American cats catch mice just as English ones do." I start this time very interestingly, however. And, let me see; went yesterday to see Dr. Connaught's present from India; and I am going to be honest, if not *interesting*. I really did not like to see the huge tarantula spider, although there was a glass between us. Now the scientific gentleman will open his eyes as far as he can, and say stupid—so this is stupid log; but there is the anecdote of the mouse-catching for him. There was a vast variety of strange things in the Doctor's study. The Doctor tried to frighten me, by taking hold of something behind red curtains, and it happened to be a skeleton's hand—directly out walked the whole gaunt figure. All, but I did not start at him! He did not look half so vicious as the spider. Well, well, but the enemies will say, "If you do not start 173 at a skeleton, you do at a spider, which is quite as harmless." Let me alone, philosophers, judges in petticoats (that is setting aside the Captain), do I ever make myself better than I am? Now I'll open a tremendous cannonade. Did I run away when little George cut his leg so bad that the blood spun out? Did I laugh when black Ann hurt her knee; when Mary said Ann's grimaces were of the monkey order? Lest a smile might have escaped me when such laughing was going on, I apologized to poor Ann, ay, I did for you all? And going into the city one day, a lady, who had given a great deal of money for a bauble, refused to give a frock to some poor Irish family, saying, "you really are so imposed on and troubled; if you would give way, you would soon have nothing for yourself." No fear, thought I, need you have of that kind; and—but I am growing spiteful as fast as I can. Now here is interesting log for every one of you—you—

Wind is beginning to range interrupted among naked boughs, while the young grey squirrel is amazed at the stripped chestnut and oak, poor fellow. "Any more change?" thinks he, as he sits shivering on the naked bough. "Pray, mamma," says he, "do the trees follow the leaves? because, if they do, on what are we to climb to have a view of our cousins on

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the other side of the wide Schuylkill?" Innocent creature, if you have not got a good store of nuts, how dismally will the storm's new songs sound to your ears, and H 2 174 how glad will you be to hear Spring set up sweet airs all about budding violets, the promised blossom that is to adorn the stripped branch, &c. The young deer, how amazed will he be when he seeks the brook, that has been decorated with nothing but naked branches, to find it, after a few weeks, so fine, so very gay. Knots of the gayest blossoms, fantastically wreathed and bursting green buds. And the timid bee's first adventure after the new honey, all surprising the deer; and scarcely can his ears, stunned with the roaring of the wind, accommodate itself to Spring's timid zephyr. Beautiful creatures; there are no game laws to protect you here; any little boy thinks himself entitled to take a gun and have a shot at you. I love a walk in Winter, in England or America. I have seen the footing of the timid hare in the snow-covered fields of England, and received more pleasure than if the unsullied snow had been deprived of its purity by the blood of the wounded partridge or hare. Once I remember a poor snake we found when we were walking on a fine Winter's day in England. What had roused the snake I cannot tell, but may be a faithless sun-beam had lured from his hole the feeble reptile, which had found out too late that the north-east wind still ruled; and if the sun was so kind as to visit us, the south wind was not. We took the snake upon a stick and threw him into a nice shady dry ditch, out of the way of north-east feeling, or looking shepherd boys and men. As although from Adam the serpent has been 175 renowned for mischief, yet this poor thing was then helpless; and his Maker had bidden him come into existence. Hide yourselves, hide yourselves quickly, feathered and fur-covered wood-lodgers, for the blackest storms are coming. Away, away; select the sturdiest tree and deepest cave; and as nothing is done in vain, the rude tempest will not do such mischief to the tree, it having lost its leaves; and they will be driven to the cave's entrance, there to wither and to keep you warm. So rest contented; come not out too early. Beware of the tempting sun-beam; beware.

P. S. Of log for the birds, beasts, and reptiles, to make them feel more happy and contented with the rude forest; as the following lines will show what befell a poor

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adventurous bird in England, and I wrote all about him, and now give the lines for a postscript.

ON SEEING A LINNET IN THE TOWN OF BOSTON, IN LINCOLNSHIRE, DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

How cam'st thou, tiny linnet, here? Has the rude tempest been severe? Has it of leaves the tree bereft, And brought to view thy last year's nest? And so deform'd the noble oak, Thy linnet heart is almost broke? Dost thou *here* refuge hope to find Against the tyrant of thy kind, The sailing hawk?—or cruel snare, Which thoughtless youths for thee prepare? Here, breakfast on this scatter'd grain, Then seek thy native woods again: 176 For Winter soon will cease to be, And Spring a bower will form for thee. Fly to those charming, peaceful woods, And carol to expanding buds. Watch o'er the stream, the new-born fly, And catch him ere his wings are dry. Lo, when thou'rt mounted in the air, What prospect can with thine compare? Blossoms o'er blossoms rich appear, Sweet prelude to a plenteous year: Whilst thou, descending to the vale, Can'st tell the harmless lamb thy tale. There's nothing here would give thee pleasure; All, all, would grieve thee beyond measure. See just beneath thy tiny feet, That wretched orphan in the street. He asks, nay craves, a crust of bread, And has no place to lay his head! No ripening corn e'er grows for him, His rags can't hide the bony limb; And when he feels dispos'd to dine, Devours with dogs, or robs the swine! Then trust not man, but with the breeze Fly and enjoy the sheltering trees; Go hide thyself in covert warm, The hawk, once sated, does no harm. He but replies to Nature's call, And Nature's feast was spread for all, Till luxury gave to man her hand, She soon spread famine through the land. To give her ladyship one meal, Her votaries borrow, beg, or steal: Her month's capacious; get not in it— Escape, thou little stranger linnet. S. H

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Pray, birds and beasts, do not go into the cities although it is going to be winter, as you will live much worse there than in the fields and woods. I know where a poor racoon lives badly enough in a tub in a kitchen: although the little boy does for him as well as he can;

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and I was necessitated to break a mole's neck myself, rather than starve it. So do not come.

Evening—Wind, very melancholy, poor thing; and I am sorry for it, and sorry when any person is melancholy. Poor Barbara, she was very dismal indeed; said not a word to any one, until English John and German Jacob offended her; and then, O how she went off in German—nineteen words to the dozen. Mrs. B. wondered that I could like to hear them quarrel; indeed said, “My dear, why do you go into the kitchen, and why repeat John's words?” And then yesterday said, “Sally, my dear, give us the history of this great disturbance between Barbara and poor John!” Yes, said I, that I will; but must first have wampum laid down, with a promise that you will not scold, Ma'am, at any of that history's embellishments, as they are as sure to come, as the history itself is. “Never so likely,” as John says, that I can add language equal to his: so Mrs. B. and the ladies agreed that they would have genuine Barbara and John, and no grumbling at me after, as that would not be fair play, I guess. We have had a real blue stocking; she talked so learnedly to Professor 178 Nuttal, and I liked her very much. Do, Rulers of the nation, let women be better educated. I think if we were so, we should be far superior to men. Mercy! What have I said? Well, I have said it; and may be that is their reason why we are kept back in learning so much.

Morning , and it is as beautiful as any body could wish—And I ought to make the very most of wind, I am sure, having nothing else to write about. Well, it is full in the drawing-room window, and that is all. Dear me! nothing has happened—but here is a carriage! and I shall go and enquire who is in it.—Bless me, it is she! Who is to know who *she* is in log? Why, Misses May and B., she, is Mrs. Gifford, who would hardly behave with common politeness to us last Summer. O Mrs. B will say, “Sarah, my dear, thou should'st not remember Mrs. Gifford's faults. Thou must forgive her!” So I do, Ma'am; but just a line of log, as a caution to others, I think is very proper. You know, Ma'am, she never can make out my writing, so no danger of hurting her feelings; so here goes, Mrs. Gifford. One day last Summer, she came to visit Mrs. B., who, at tea time, came to me in the library,

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and said, "My dears (to Miss B. and me), Mrs. Gifford is come, and I wish you both to pay her every attention: Miss Hughes is now chatting with her. She is a great oddity; but, Sally, (to me) you'll soon understand her." Now, said I, here is a wonderful preliminary. Sarah, speaking 179 to Miss B. "I fear, by your mamma's manner, Mrs. Gifford is either very silly or very deaf, or cross, or has got the gout, or a desperate corn on her toe, or there must be something uncommon, as your mamma looked as if she wanted to bind me over to my best behaviour." "Oh," said Sarah B., "she is an old woman, and we must humour her." Do let us go, cried I, and let me judge for myself; so into the room we went. Mrs. B., who frequently uses the third person, said to her, "My friend from England, Mrs. Gifford. Permit me to present her to thee, Mrs. Gifford, Miss Hoding, &c. &c." I thought it strange that Mrs. B. did not go on as she began, and say Sarah Hoding, instead of Miss Hoding. Thinks I, not only I, but we are all bent on politeness, it seems; all behaving our best. Well, the lady looked as unmoved as an old venerable oak would do, if at its base a very well-behaved plant was to get introduction, and wished the lofty tree to acknowledge that it was beholden to the same atmosphere. The oak, scorning to bend to such a being of a week, would be admiring the sun. My Mrs. Gifford had neither sun nor moon to look at, and, instead of looking at me, she fixed her eyes on the numerous flies which had come to crawl over her bread and butter, and to take lovers' leaps into her cup, without any introduction; and I saw it was nothing but conferring of favours that she was doing, in her estimation, when conversing with any person. Well, next morning, when I came down stairs, Mr. B. said, "Do go to H 5 180 Mrs. Gifford; she is sitting on the piazza: and I'll go into the breakfast-room, and send Sarah too. Try to amuse her." I went, because she was in years; but still she behaved the same. You might as well pretend to thaw an iceberg with a wax taper, or to write good respectable log when we have nothing to write about, as to have made Mrs. Gifford chat with me; and I left her, fully persuaded in my own mind, that of such old ladies as she was, they used to manufacture witches. Good for nothing, give all the trouble they could, let nobody sit quiet near them; nay, just then I fear I thought a broomstick much too good a horse for *the like of her*. I told Mrs. B. I should go and write most of the day. "You must not, my dear," said she; "we are going

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to Judge James. I am sure you would not let Mrs. Gifford hinder you from that pleasure.” Why no, said I; but to be shut up in a carriage with such a lump of pride. O, Mrs. B., I know what is the matter with her. You said, when introducing me, only Miss Hoding; if you had only added a string of titles—hang her! I never did see a branch from a noble family so proper for fire-wood, kitchen firing, in my life as she is. She does not behave civil to you, Ma'am. “Oh, she is very old, and I take no notice,” answered the lady; “and remember, Sally,” continued she, laughing, “Mrs. Gifford is proud of her English origin. Indeed thou must forgive her; she is of thy nation. But come, the carriage is waiting.” So she pushed me on before her, making up her mouth for 181 nothing but answers to Mrs. Gifford. It was a very hot day, to be sure; but the rich deep-blue sky above us was beautiful. The foliage of the trees, and splendid colouring of different flowers, were most enchanting; and the two beautiful horses (classic steeds, as we call them) went nicely along, getting into the shade whenever they could: when, all on a sudden, they made a stop—nobody knew what their next movement would be. Mrs. B. turned her attention to the noble lady, as she thought we were too well trained to exclaim. Now, thinks I, if you scream, Madam, and wish us still to think that you have any noble blood in your veins, we shall be positive that it is a very cowardly fluid after all; and that your ancestors, Ma'am, if soldiers, have preferred running with their backs towards the enemy, if they ever did run. She began to make very audible oh's and ah's. However, the coachman got down, and patted the beautiful creatures; and we soon knew why they stopped. In a moment a most profuse perspiration came out on them, rendering them as if just come out of water. No doubt they felt as I have done, very sick before the sweat appeared. Mrs. B. and Miss Hughes tried to make me talk, but the old woman had rendered the atmosphere of the carriage so frosty, that I thought I should only get a sore throat by opening my mouth; and wondered the ladies were not afraid. “Judge James wants to thank thee, Sarah,” said Mrs. B., “for those verses thou hast written about Harp Hall. Could'st thou 182 show a copy of them to Mrs. Gifford when we get home?” I write so badly, Madam, answered I, that the lady could not read them, “Dear! Miss Hoding write poetry, Ma'am?” said Mrs. Gifford. “Yes, and—show some, my dear. Mrs. Gifford will excuse errors, as you say you only write for your own

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amusement," said Mrs. B. Ay but, thinks I, if she can get over my errors, I shall have hard work to get over her's; and very fortunately we were just at Harp Hall. Out came the Judge. "Good day, ladies; hope you are well. Come in, come in: we expected you yesterday." And so Mrs. Gifford talked, Mrs. B. talked, and Miss James wondered what ailed me; when the Judge said hastily, "Send me, Miss Hoding, those verses you have made about that thick-head of a Doctor. Such a fellow ought to be hanged: hurting people's feelings so as he has done. Why the fellow must be ready for a mad-house; don't you think so?" "What verses?" said high-born madam. "Do, my dear Miss Hoding, let me see them when we get home. Do not be afraid of me, my dear; young writers are always excused, you know." Ay, thought I, but what is to be done with old fools? are they to be excused? I saw that, as she did not know what we all meant about the Doctor (having been out of the city for some time), she was wild about the tale too, and said, "Judge, do tell me all about Doctor —." So the Judge told all about the business, and commented; and, and—the lady was evidently on the 183 thaw; only, as fast as she changed from north to south, I changed from south to north. My heart, when first I went to amuse her, I am sure was like summer butter; but by this time was getting in hardness more of the consistence of a brick-bat: and when would it be better? As I had done nothing to merit her haughtiness, so now I had done nothing to deserve her smiles. Nor could I think why she was altering; as it could not be my making a few rhymes, which only those who were used to my writing could read, that could or ought to make a difference. Besides, my verses on Harp Hall I knew to be very bad, if Miss James had shown them, so she need not tell me they were so; and if she said otherwise, I should think directly she was as well qualified to criticise as to behave properly; so I set my teeth together, as the boy did when he would not take physic. I did not want to be rude, because of her age; only, thought a short job, sawing through ice would keep off the gout for her. We had all been at that work long enough, so I just took on a fresh hand. I fear, I guess the Captain will look rather squally, but I had experienced rough weather in a high northern latitude, and was only just coming south of an unsocial passage, such as all visiters to ice and snow are subject to. When we got home, hot as it was, I shut both doors of the drawing-room, and down to the instrument

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I sat, when Miss B. came, and I begged of her to sit down to practise duets, and let the ladies enjoy the breeze on the piazza by themselves. 184 “Why dear,” said Miss B., “I am afraid mamma will be angry with us both; and Mrs. Gifford wants to chat with you, and to see those verses about Doctor—;and I have a great dislike to her myself, but—” Don't but, my friend, said I; I will behave respectfully when we meet at table; but, as John says, “for the soul of me” I can do nothing more; and when she is gone, I will tell you something. So we played by ourselves; and at dinner I was as I ought to be to aged people, very attentive and respectful; but I could see that ice-sawing was harder work than she had been aware of the day before. There is nothing like people doing work themselves; they can then pity others. I do wonder what the Captain will say to all this. However, as I could not get on another tack, what could I do?—Next morning I sent my verses to Judge James, and really they will make good log, and I have great need of some here.

“JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.”

O, Doctor E—, how could you tell Of what you lately saw in h—ll? If you must at the condemn'd peep, Still, might you the sad secret keep. How would you, Doctor, like yourself, If you were an unlucky elf, To see some persons look at you. When you were raving at your due?— 185 Storming at Satan—blaming sin— If friend Elias Hicks* peep'd in; Then told on earth to all his kin What a strange pickle you were in!!— You'd wish Elias in your place, For telling all the piteous case. Oh Doctor mind, nor play the fool; Tell-tales are always whipp'd at school. Dear, what a pattern are you setting To those who're little learning getting; Who look on such as you to give Examples, teaching how to live. Now wickedness, we all do know, One day will have an overthrow; But there's a God: and surely He Will judge the world—both you and me. So never rack your brains to tell Who smiles in Heaven, or frowns in h—ll. S. H.

* A very respectable Quaker, who, by the Doctor's charitable account, was existing in misery amidst the boiling brimstone.

I do not know to what sect Dr. E—belonged; but he lived in Philadelphia, and pretended to have a dream, in which he said he saw many persons, of different religions from his own, in torment, particularly Elias Hicks, who is a very popular preacher of the society of Quakers. Dr. E. hurt the feelings of two or three persons who had just lost near relations, by placing those recently departed friends and kindred in the greatest misery, while the Dr. and two of his children were in happiness: and I think, besides publicly speaking about it, he had the audacity to publish this wonderful dream.

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Evening—And I did not finish with Mrs. Gifford: then is the wind to be mentioned? I fear so. I really do not know where it is. Have had the effects of gunpowder instead. The powder mills blew up, and probably wind is gone to see what is the matter. What an explosion it was! I was getting over a fence to go into the field, when, such a report! I stepped half over the fence, and called out to English George Bent, the gardener, to know if he could tell what could be the matter? “Dear hearts O’ me,” cried George, “not I! What can it be? It cannot be the blasting at the falls of Schuylkill?” “Oh no; blasting,” said the coachman, “it is no blasting; it is the most *shockinist* noise ever I heard.” And in the house all was amazement—the cook wondered, the dogs barked, black Ann guessed, and all came out to consult Isaac, who is a *bit* of an astronomer and kitchen philosopher, and who, after turning round like meat on a spit, declared, to his anxious followers, that the noise must have been occasioned by—something! Poor Mrs. Gifford, amidst this fire and smoke, I had forgotten her. Only, a powder mill blowing up is a great event; and even Mrs. Gifford must expect to be left for it. It made a great noise in the world, so should not be forgotten. And I wonder that Isaac did not go to obtain information, instead of—sitting wondering with the rest, until the mighty event was known. I never shall leave the gunpowder. “Well,” said Miss B. (as soon as the horses had disappeared with some of the ‘pomp and 187 vanity of the wicked world’), “you said you would tell me something: what is it?” Why, said I, I believe Miss May, out of kindness to me, has been telling Mrs. Gifford that I am not exactly what she supposed me to be; a sort of nobody, and who

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never had any thing but nobodies belonging to her—a mushroom sort of personage, as, although mushrooms are a very favourite dish, yet some silly persons, (I mean some in the higher circles,) having been told about their appearing in the night and disappearing before the next night, apply the noun to honest people, who have arisen from poverty to plenty, by that best method of rising—industry. Miss May has heard me say that my great, great relation purchased, a long time since, a nunnery in Lincoln, in England; and he must have done so with all its riches in it; as many of its articles, of great beauty and worth, are still in possession of my aunt, who resides in Boston (England). Now I must be just: if Mrs. Gifford thought at all, how would such a purchase ennoble me? Of whom did he buy the nunnery? Of that great rogue, Henry the Eighth. (Mercy, what am I writing?) My ancestor, I hope, honestly paid. I do think, whoever sold, would take care of that. But who had a right to sell? I would have had the Catholics very differently served had I been made Generalissimo to the Royal plunderer; but that is nonsense talking, as gold, gold was what the great reformer was seeking. Such a wife-killer as he pretending to reform! So it was, because my ancestor 188 was enabled to make a great purchase, which showed he must have had money, or Mrs. Gifford thought it did, that she began to notice me. Well, not a bit of my poetry, bad as it is, shall she see, for all her difference of behaviour to me, as she ought to have been genteel, polite, &c. to a female who never offended her, if my relation, instead of purchasing nunneries, had only been enabled to have bought wood to make matches,* provided he had been an honest man, and his descendant (myself) being such a harmless creature as I am, who very rarely bark first, only answer.

* Very English, as I do not know whether tinder-boxes, &c. are ever used on this side of the world, from one pole to the other: but believe they must have matches here, even if live embers be at hand:—will enquire. Certainly never heard of a tinder-box.

Evening—How differently we mortals are employed. I was wondering about tinder-boxes; and Mr. Sander I have left disputing and wondering about the comet. What a difference as to size, between the one and the other!—a comet and a tinder-box! Poor Mrs. Gifford, to

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be left for a tinder-box! She must be left for wind too. The wind,—is wind; and log is log; and—

Morning —Beautifully calm. “You dare not write log for Mrs. Gifford,” say all hands. Oh, dare I not: then just see.

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LOG FOR MRS. GIFFORD, IF SHE CHOOSE TO READ IT.

How came you, Ma'am, to turn so kind to me, after bouncing, and looking much more contemptuous at me than you did at the cat? To be sure your bad behaviour happened last summer, and we must forget and forgive. I have forgiven you, but have not forgotten; though I will say, that had I not been so sadly off, that is, almost aground for log, I should not have raked up your misdemeanor in the way I have. You see, Ma'am, all our ladies will be very anxious to see what sort of log your's will be. It will be very respectful, as it ought to be. I write very badly, but one of our own ladies will read your log for you. I have been hearing a curious anecdote about Queen Charlotte's Maid of Honour, or Lady of the Bedchamber, who, having had some lace washed or mended, had it brought home by a very sensible, though rather countrified girl, who had been lately taken into the employ of the lace-washer. The modest, timid creature went to the large house (may be palace), and having never been among great folks before, expected, most likely, she should be admitted into the presence of the noble personage herself, for whom her employer washed lace. In stalked a figure very imperiously. “What do you want?” “Why was I called?” were the questions which were put to the young person. “Ma'am, Madam, My Lady, Mrs.—,” stammered she, “Mrs.—has sent your lappets (I think), and, and—.” Pleased at 190 seeing such confusion, the haughty Abigail thought she had better make the most of such an adventure; so she went on in high style: “Who do ye say sent you?” “My lady,” answered the timid girl, “Mrs.—.” When suddenly a door opened, and in came another person, with “You have no business to leave the Countess; you know she always wishes you to be in her room, and it's monstrous hard for me.”—“Sit down, sit down, (turning to the girl,) and

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I will carry the lace to Lady—, who I think wishes to send a message to Mrs.—;” and so out she walked, leaving the poor girl all alone, as the first lady had disappeared, looking so small that she could have got into a mouse-hole. When the kind attendant returned, the young woman said innocently, “That person looked so proud, and spoke so disagreeably, I thought it was Lady—herself, and that confused me so, I could hardly speak.”—“She like my lady?” answered the other: “then you really do not know her. Why my Lady, though of one of the first families in England, has no pride. She speaks to the poorest person so kindly, you would be delighted to see her. I assure you there are servants in this house that have a thousand times more pride than my Lady, and so you'll say when you see her.” This information, Mrs. Gifford, would make a serious impression on the young woman; as if placing confidence in the second person that she saw in the house, she (the lace girl) would go downwards seeking for pride in future, and think what a state the Lady's scullion girl would be in for 191 that commodity. Lady—'s rank, it seems, did not deter her from being very kind. I will amuse you, Madam, all I can when you come to Mr. B.'s: but please to excuse seeing my poetry; as I write it this year as badly as I did last.

Tuesday evening —Wind coming directly up Archstreet, Philadelphia. Have been with Miss Bridgford to see her drawing-master, Mr. Miles, who is an Englishman. He went to Russia as miniature painter, recommended to the Empress by somebody in the Royal Academy in England, of which institution he was at that time a member, or a something. A fine bust of the Emperor Alexander took my attention on going into the room. Both Mr. Miles and his lady speak well of their kind reception at the Court of Russia. Mrs. Miles says, the Russian servants whom she hired were so polite and kind, that they would instruct her all they could in pronouncing their hard words, and never smiled at her bad pronunciation. Mr. Miles's court dress was purple velvet. The Grand Duchess of Russia used often to chat with him, endeavouring to perfect herself in English; and indeed they both speak well and affectionately of Russia. Had it not been for their graceless son, they would have been there still, in all probability. Mr. Miles showed us miniatures of several great persons, the beauties of his day, and I think their costume, much worse than that of Charles the

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Second; Mr. M. showing us several beauties of that reign. I wish I 192 could remember a little more about Russia; but the old gentleman has told his anecdotes so often, that it is difficult to get him to talk on the Russian subject. Something must be done, written, and what has happened? What has happened! dear me, the gentlemen are shaving, or having the hair taken off their heads, to have a Byron forehead: I have been told so, however. They should have their skulls hammered into Byron's scull's form. And their brains!— what's to be done in this important particular? And—I must mention this, Captain or no Captain—Miss Tardy, the great milliner, has got the most charming bonnet from Paris: and Lorro, a very intelligent young man, is come from the backwoods to be a doctor. He knows little of the forms and customs of a city. Having to call on Doctor Chossor, and being informed he was from home, Lorro told the servant he would sit, or wait until the Doctor returned. Down he sat on the marble step, and told the servant he (Lorro) should do well enough there. How strange he looked in a city! Oh, I remember last evening, a gentleman would show off by singing, “Long live great Washington,” and asked me. “if I did not think it very fine?” Your singing, Sir, or the words of the song? Because the hero, about whom you sing, was certainly a great man, and I always have admired his character; but the tune is mine—my country's. We sing “God save the King,” like every thing in England, to that, it's own tune: so the tune I know well, and the words of the song; 193 so there is nothing but your voice that sounds so very strangely. Mrs. B. now joined us, and told us, when she was a little girl, how pleased she used to sit near the great Washington, who used to put his hand on her head; and she remembers looking up to that great man as such a wondrous personage. So should I: and old Mrs. Grant says, “Oh, Sarah, if thou had'st but known him. He was so pious, thou seeest, as well as having been a great soldier.” I hope, friend G., he was, said I; but really soldiers are forced to order such horrible things. Whether it be through the smallest village, or through a vast city, that an army marches, depend upon it it is a very great annoyance to the inhabitants thereof; and what would become of me, if I were a soldier, and necessitated to command men to burn a village or city, and murder the inhabitants?!

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Morning —A beautiful breeze coming from the Spring-house; so if any person wants to know what sort of a wind it is, they must come and see where the Spring-house is first. Oh, indeed! Miss Rose's compliments, and should like to have log written about her. She is the great novel reader. How dare I, attempt to please her? Let me see, I must get on a lofty strain; and what is worse, she is so very sentimental. Write about her? This is worse than wind. This will be direful log. Well, write I must; so here's to Ellen.

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Before I begin, though, I must say why I ran down stairs just now. I heard such a yelling proceed from the coach-house; and on enquiry, found it proceeding from Snip's having the audacity to carry a piece of carrion into the stable. The generous old horse, Bob, permits the dog to lie near him, and gives shelter when Snip wishes it, but would not have his meat; so gave a bite, or kick, and Snip has been waking Echo, or Echo is under the influence of a large sleeping draught, if she do not awake. When I finish log, shall go to Snip. How unfortunate that this stable anecdote should come between Ellen and her verses. I must lay this sheet of log by itself.—Carrion, and a coach horse and Ellen! dear, dear, badly managed. Dear Ellen, I am now going to write log for you, and I will now think about nothing but halls and corridors, and helmets and banners, and harps and fair ladies; and I'll find them a page! As I must do it in style, I shall give you a piece of poetry, my dear; and it must not be about coach-horses nor raven-black cats; but I should not have written about a cat, had I not been very angry, and not being allowed to scold the offender in a straight-forward manner. So I commenced in rather a zigzag way, something in this style, MMMM , like sailing with a head wind. If people cannot obtain justice in a proper way, or are not allowed to go to her house by the nearest road, they must proceed as well as they can. But you, Miss Ellen, and your log; I am afraid my poetry never will suit you. Do you like sentimental, 195 very sentimental poetry? I shall not send any thing that you will have to cry over, as I do not like such dismal affairs myself; and always wonder how beautiful eyes can be dimmed so often by fictitious misery. To be sure, eyes must obey the heart, and the hand and handkerchief must obey them, or else repeated showers of tears

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would so deface the page, that printers would be starved to death in their own offices, by not having time to eat. You must read all this right away from the mention of wind, and then you'll *guess*, that I do not know how to begin your poetry, and *guess* very rightly too. Edward, you see, and you, my dear, are so different to coach-horses, cats, linnets, or mammoths. Oh! but I managed Sopha and Miss May's: so do not fear.

TO ELLEN.

Had I the poppy wreath of sleep, Upon thy brows that wreath I'd lay; Then bid young Love the slumberer's room With panoramic dream array.

The garden should appear as real. Thy feet the very grass should feel While Edward, from the Grecian war, Should at those feet in rapture kneel.

And his cuirasse, his helmet bright, Then useless, in the hall might rest; Where they would, as in days of old, Inspire the minstrel's harp and breast. I

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And thou should'st hear their music sweet; Castle, and bard—pourtray'd should be, Thyself, a listening heiress there; And Edward nam'd to share with thee.

But, when dare I the chaplet move, Or waken thee! young maiden? Never? Yes, just to buy of Love, and me, The wreath! the dream! then sleep for ever. S. H.

Could not you wake for some canvass-back'd ducks, or broil'd shad? or sea bass, or Susquehanna venison, or wild turkeys? Forgive me; I shall improve. I do improve. But really Edward would make such a bad hero. I would not send him to Greece to fight; or he might stay when he was there—he looks as though laurels would be bad things for him. Make him get cold, as heroes cannot wear hats with laurel; and sometimes they are damp with the dew, I guess, so he'd have to cross the ocean; he is so tender, as the Genii, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, carried his wife in a glass box. Don't be cross: are you?

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I think, I am sure Edward will be cross. Now make excuse for me. But, bless you, I shall catch a scolding if I hurt any body's feelings—black people's or white, mammoth's or katydid's. I am going to give two pieces of poetry to you.

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LOVE'S MOON-SILVER'D WREATH.

Young Love lost his way At the close of the day, And, poor little urchin, he wander'd about:
He try'd, but in vain, The path to regain; Alas, the dark forest he could not get out.

The cries of the child, His accents so mild, The slumb'ring breezes of night mov'd to pity.
They drove the clouds soon From the face of the moon; And, left to amuse, the young
nightingale's ditty.

And fairies, that night, The wanderer to dight, Wreath'd moon-silver'd flowers, they could
do no less— While Ellen's been seen, With that wreath on the green! So, wither Love
wandered, 'tis easy to guess.

Instead of a page to wait upon you, I have selected a few nightingales. There are none, dear, in this country! but I could not do without them any more than the cook could do without pepper. She could not season pies. But I did not make half such a dust when I was forced to do with imaginary birds, as she did with an empty box and imaginary pepper. Poor black Dick, who forgot the pepper, had the word pepper so rung in his ears, that Buonaparte's feet trotted like it, sounded like it. Dick said, cooks are I 2 198 substantial people. Give my compliments to Edward; I hear he was catching butterflies in the summer. I'll give him two specimens, if he be not angry at your log, if you should tell him of what it consists. We must all forgive; I cannot forget myself though, sometimes. Here's one piece of poetry for you, and give E. the other.

A very beautiful morning; and as to the wind, it is bringing the last dying tones of pigs. Now the pigs are north-east of us: so unless the wind will not carry the piercing cries of woe,

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any body may guess which way it is. Dear me, it is well I have done with “moon-silver'd wreaths” before I began about pigs: but, nonsense, log is log; and if pigs will squeak, and we are to note all that is interesting, somebody may be interested or inspired by what I write, and write an elegy on the poor animals. I will tell who looks now as bad as any things I know—fowls. I am sorry for them. Poor things; how independent they were before the grasshoppers disappeared. I am sure my friends in England would wonder to see the turnout of chickens from the yard in summer to hunt the grasshoppers, which are much larger than in England. The chickens used to look on a summer's morning so charmingly unconcerned about the Indian corn breakfast, as though they thought, “Never mind, cook; we are not hungry: we can go to our grasshopper preserves;” and you might see such showers of these creatures jumping before the hungry birds. O 199 independence, what a charming creature thou art!—Look now at the poor fowls; forced to dance until they are tired, and flap their wings until they are stiff for the cook's crumbs; while she, no doubt, considers the homage paid to herself. “No, no, Mrs. Roast, the sensation you cause, when the back door is opened, is from a different cause. The crowd which follow you have another motive. Wait until the grasshoppers come again, and then see! And what the, do you say? Why, you'll not have a bird to console you; only two beasts, the dog and donkey, neither of them minding about grasshoppers, you see. Pardon me, Mrs. Barbara, I do not intend to call you Roast any more, because, although you have looked snappish when a hungry dog or chicken has peeped into your apartment, still I have pitied you on a hot day, when for our tastes you have stood broiling over an immense gridiron, browning potatoes which had been already boiled. If I were you, I should not easily forgive us, as I would ‘enlarge the fire and make it burn brighter,’ and throw the potatoes into it, and make us attend to them ourselves, if we were so refined as to require a human being to bear on a day, like some we have had, such an exposure to heat as broiling potatoes require.” Now I know one gentleman who will be displeased with your log, Mrs. Barbara, and he'll say “Miss Hoding, how foolish to write so feelingly about cooks. You'll make them all refuse to do things that they ought to do.” I shall say, Mr. Nugent, on a hot day, the 200 thermometer at 95 or 100, how would you like to have a kitchen made much hotter, by

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raking over the wide hearth, hot embers, and on those embers have to lay a gridiron, and have to keep turning the already enough potatoes, until you were ready to die with heat. It is shameful to think about, that we cannot eat the really good vegetables, sweet potatoes, with once cooking.

Tuesday morning —I have been to the city, but do not know where to find the wind; so they must find it that want it. Poor black Peggy came to me yesterday in such haste, "Miss Hoding, I'm turning white!" Are you? said I; well done Peggy: and on looking at her hands, which she held out, I perceived they were brownish, owing to their having been so much in water. But said I, Peggy, are you sure of turning better than you are, as you change colour? as you must know there are many bad white people; and I'm sure, if you change dispositions (as your's is now a good and kind one), you had better keep as you are. However, Peggy is delighted at turning white; and when she is so, and is free, will be so happy. She is only bound to Miss Grantham for three years; and I believe Miss G. likes her, and makes Peggy a good mistress; but, poor girl, she is not contented. It is a wonder we do not want to turn black.

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Morning —The wind—never mind the wind for once. We have had the Captain! I do not know how it was, but I felt conscience-struck when he said, "Well, how goes on log, eh?" I thought of the black cat's verses, knowing that I had written them to provoke a sick lady. What a thing is conscience! And then I had spoken about a lady's dress, and Ellen's log; and altogether I sat like a log myself. For the lady's steel-dress log, he seemed to think the worse of me. "Could not you let her alone? How do you know but she will hear of it, poor woman? She is sorry for having acted so foolishly. She is a nice woman; badly brought up though. Did not the person who told you of her folly, say that there has been some 'breaker a-head?' Something not quite right in the Firm in Paris?" No, said I, but all say she cannot, ought not to dress so. "Well, she is young," said the Captain; "have mercy, have mercy." Do Captain, said I, show us your log-book. "Well, come and welcome, any of you." "Do let Miss Hoding, Captain," said Mrs. B., "manage verses for you when you write log,

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to oblige young ladies." "She shall," said the Captain; "my word, but she shall. I admire Mrs. Crab's log. Be sure you do not screen any faults of the Americans (old people's). There are a many of Miss Hoding's nation who come just to make sport of us, and others to fill up their books, that they condescend to write about us: and there are those who are contented with us. These are the sensible kind; and for the former, to the Cabouse with 202 their books and to oblivion with their authors." I thought I had best get my log out of the Captain's hand before he cast his eye on any acidulated log, as I knew I had been giving some people amusement, and some others a few rebukes. So thought better not stop. There was the cannonade, and the Washington singing gentleman. Know I had been rather rude. But I remained there, and "righted," and stood all rebukes and prate about errors (for which Mr. Sander commenced hunting), like a Roman.

Evening —Wind very still; but to make amends, plenty of German singing in-doors. We have been killing some pigs; and I have been listening to the servants singing, as they chop sausage-meat, keeping time excellently to the chopping-knife. I went into the kitchen, where, although I could not understand a word, can assure any one I was greatly amused.

There was Barbara German

Christana Ditto.

Kitty A sort of an amphibious lady, who would neither keep in the parlour, nor do much in the kitchen, always *coustering* as she called it (that is, cooking), possibly a poor, half-murdered, mutilated French word, *cuisant*.

Jacob German.

And African Ann.

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And in a corner of the capacious chimney (fireplace) sat my worthy English John, taking as little room as he could, resembling a very slender old penny loaf, which has been torn for many days from amidst firm crusty supporters, standing all alone in the baker's window: "not the last rose," but the last loaf of a gone-by batch, liable to be entirely demolished by the new swollen upstarts which are flying out of the oven, certainly larger, but the mere creatures of to-day! So sat old John with his hat on, just like the old loaf, and looked so crusty and *crabbed*, that I *thought* John must suppose the song contained words against our nation; and I stooped and said, "Oh John, how delightful." "Umph, delightful, Lord bless us! I'm *sure* I'm deafed; it's rubbish, it's nought but rubbish. Blow their necks, who the d—I but these *creters* would make such a row when they are chopping of meat? I, nor you, Miss Hoding, never heard such fools in England; my stars if we did." No John, said I; but then you know, our cooks do not understand German; but I should think now our great folks will send their servants over to learn it. It's only a trip across, you know, and there must be an advantage, John, and I'll tell you where it is; we shall never be choked by having the meat chopped too small. The song will not admit of random chops, as in England: here is just the proper number given. I wish King George had some such choppers. "King George?" said John, "confound it, spluttering d—Is! that a Christian I 5 204 man like me should have to hear them." Why not go to bed, John? said I. "Because," said John, "I could not get a wink of sleep; and so I sit me here, and a noisy time I have of it, sure enough: and how Master John or you can come to hear such outlandish nonsense, I cannot tell."—When I had heard enough of the music, I came away, leaving John winking and blinking like a discontented owl. What a pity he is not musical. I think the Dutch girls in general very pretty; Christina and Frederica particularly so. Miss B. asks Christina what the face of the Empress of Germany is most like; who answers, "Oh, she is so beautiful; so white and red; such sweet face, just like blood and milk!" Christina dances to please us in a morning, and in the gloom danced upon my comb. In vain I kept saying never mind. She wanted and did make amends by singing another song, and translated it too. John must be a very strange creature, not to be pleased with our Germans. How sorry I am to be forced to own that John seems to be most unsocial among the emigrants in the kitchen.

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John, John, for the honour of Old England you must be better. Terrapins, John, said I one day, cat-fish, *opposums*, bull-frogs, or the roast beef of Old England: which do you prefer? "Which should I prefer?" said John, with such a sneer as he turned the corner with his arm-full of wood, that I wish he had never left England. And he never would, I believe, had he known that there were Germans in the world! I think it must be love 205 that sent John roaming; and when I see him sitting on the huge piece of timber with a short pipe; sun going to bed, cook in good temper, and English Isaac coming up the lawn to philosophise—shall ask him.

THE ROSE AND THE SNAIL.

Oh la! cried a snail to a beautiful rose, I'll own you're an elegant flower; But could not indeed so inactive remain, If it were to deck Venus's bower.

Ah! could you but see how we travellers live, On cabbage and dainty green pea, The sides and the end of the garden are mine: Oh! greater than Monarchs are we.

Dear Sir, cried the rose, all you say may be true; But, though with a shell you are blest, Though you should go wander a hemisphere o'er, You're only a snail at the best.

I am very sorry that the poetry comes in this place when I am writing about John and Barbara; but I have been down stairs, and coming up, I thought about English snails, curious creatures. So, lest I should never remember all my snail ideas at another time, just scribbled them here.

Tuesday morning—And we are—bless us all, I have forgotten the wind; we are going to leeward in that particular. I asked a gentleman, previous to 206 coming up stairs, if he could tell which way the wind was. "Full west, I believe," said he; "but why do you want to know?" Because, said I, when we write log—"Write what?" He was dressed so elegantly, that I thought simply L, O, G, would so shock him, I had better say sea journal. Sir, said I, we keep a land log-book, or a sea journal, which you like. "Do you?" answered he. "Were

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you ever in Portugal?" No. "Nor in Jamaica?" No. "Were you ever shipwrecked?" No. "Did you ever see a volcano?" No. "The pyramids of Egypt" No. "And the cells of Newgate; or the Baltic, with its dreadful coasts?" No, no. Pray have you? What log must you have! Do tell us something of the burning mountain: was it Vesuvius? Did you go into the pyramids? What are they like? Have you a museum? "I have been ship-wrecked ladies, going to Portugal," said he; "and oh dear, how dreadful." Well, Captain W., who visits here, will be highly pleased with that part, said I. But the volcano and pyramids: what of them, and Newgate, and the Baltic? "Oh, I know nothing of such things," said he. "I only wanted to know whether you did. But I was shipwrecked." Oh, said I, rising, never mind now. Who is to be disappointed in this way? when we had made ourselves sure of some charming volcanic anecdotes, some exquisite crawling or promenading in the stupendous pyramids. I have come up stairs. So the wind—what did he say? Wresterly.—Judge James has just 207 hove in sight.—We have been to a quilting party, on purpose to let us foreigners see what they are like. The quilting party took place at a substantial American farmer's house; Miss B. went too. We were ushered up stairs, where a number of farmers' daughters, in their best dresses, were assembled; while the young farmers, who had accompanied their sisters, came at times into the quilting room. I, as well as many of the awkward ones, pricked our fingers; but as no one among us was attendant on Majesty, we did not die of the wounds, like the lady, maid of honour to Elizabeth, on whose hard fate little girls in my country are made to sympathise. At tea-time we were called down to coffee and tea, toast, muffins, buck-wheat cakes, wafers, black cake, dough-nuts, Indian corn cake, and short cake: and on the same table, preserves, pickles, fish, fowl, ham, and I do not know what; all in such plenty. And, "Come, neighbour such-a-one, help thee-self: I guess thee's hungry." How the remainder of the quilting got on, do not know, as we left after tea.

Noon—Wind; a very bad one, let it be where it may. It has sent the hall door to with such a bang, that the poor cat, who stood like Milton's Satan. "Pondering his voyage" on the threshold, leaving her beautiful tail in the door's way, so that the force of the wind made the poor cat cry out. Mrs. Trott scolded Jane for not keeping the doors shut. Poor girl,

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what was the use of scolding then? Certainly the poor 208 cat was the worst of the two, to stand, as she did, in the door's way. We know such all accident could not happen to Mrs. Trott. I must not offend her though: no, no; she is my *bettors*, as the folks say, both for accomplishments and age. I know it. No croaking, my dears. I am going to seek puss; and the report I shall make about the wounded tail, will make all straight.

Evening —Oh what log—stop—wind, coming up the lane as fast as it can. Oh what log! Oh, I wish they would destroy the new-born kittens, before they grow up to be valorous mouse-catchers and young pigeon-stealers. I went to enquire after the unfortunate cat that got crushed by the door, and found all hands, as the Captain says, going to shoot eats, such a terrible number have we. I was told of a long list of crimes. Some cats had climbed up to the pigeons and made free with their young, taking them away as genteelly as possible. So taking the poor aforesaid-mentioned cat in my arms, out of danger. I came away, thinking she had suffered enough by the hall door, for one time at least.

Evening —A delightful breeze, and the city appears uncommonly gay. M'Larry's store so Flora-like. Fresh arrivals of artificial flowers from Paris. How differently people are employed. A lady, very handsome, in Mac's store, could not make up her mind about a wreath, whether she looked best in lilies of 209 the valley, or rose-buds; and she called a council, and Mac expounded on both sides, changing to that side which seemed the stronger. I reasoned on lilies looking the best; and we left the shop or store, and Mac and the lady a foot deep in flowers on the counter, to witness another scene equally difficult. Every one on this side the Atlantic knows that the planter, Mr. Gore, is a first-rate chess-player. "Sir," said a lady to him, "here is Mons. T—wishing to have a game with you." Mr. Gore gave a contemptuous look, although he knew that Mons. T—had been one of Buonaparte's experienced officers, and that chess was the favorite game in the camp. Mr. Gore looked as though any old country' squire had said to him, had he been Buonaparte, "Sire, knowing you to be such a clever officer in the field, and a very first-rate performer on the chess board, I wish to challenge yon at a game." "Well, Sir," said Mr. Gore to Mons., "sit down. Do you play often?" "Frequently," answered Mons., making up his wide mouth

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into a smile, and down they both sat, Mons. looking rather more like a man of war, having an enormous long scar from the top of his face to the bottom, a stroke of a sword having broken the iron of his helmet. I watched the combatants with great interest. Chess is the right sort of fighting for bad-sighted folks and cowards, neither smoke or balls flying about. The very first move of Mons. made Mr. Gore fix his eye on the Frenchman, bestowing a glance, as much as to say, "I must mind what I am about:"—and, as I wished, Mons. won—Victoire, 210 victoire!! Mr. Gore, you did not remember that Buonaparte's officers were famous at chess. Shall you easily forget it?

I do know what day this is—Friday; and Isaac is turning round on the lawn, to inform me which way the wind is, and he'll bawl out when he has discovered it. In England, our shepherd told me that pigs could see the wind, and that was the reason why on a windy day they cried so. A tame talking English one would do for me nicely, as I could not only settle the affair as to what quarter the wind was in, but what colour it was! Thank you, Isaac. Wind easterly.—Only think! the family of the Janners have got into the backwoods; and what are they about? What was the first thing laid on their rose-wood table? A gory deer! The hunter threw it down on the costly table.—What's become of the white velvet hearthrug? Oh Mrs. Janner, how I shall hear you and your husband laughed at Mr. Janner, I hear, has knocked the lock off his gun by beating an expiring squirrel! Young Megget and Merry laughed heartily at Englishmen: "confound it," as John say. They say, on arriving in the western country, Mr. and Mrs. Janner acted wonderfully. A fire had to be made, and who was to make it? Not Mrs. Janner; and so, as the dear children wanted something to eat, Mr. Merry made a fire. Mrs. and Mr. Janner must have found out by this time that they had done wrong. The gentleman left them for the night; and 211 in the morning found them and the children greatly alarmed. The wild hogs and dogs had made such a noise in a back shed, that Mr. and Mrs. Janner had been afraid of being devoured. Mr. Merry and Megget went to the shed, and found all the pots and china broken! The new explorers of woods had forgotten to fasten the door, so the hogs had been breaking the china and pots to see what they were made of, as we unstrip a mummy, no doubt: they had been, during

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the night, on a voyage of discoveries. Oh, how mortifying to hear a laugh against your *own nation!* I must send King George a letter. I doubt such a body as I am, could never get one to him. Now I should begin so:—

KING GEORGE'S LETTER.

To his Majesty GEORGE the FOURTH, King of Great Britain.

Sire ,

One of your loyal subjects begs leave most humbly to address you, hoping, when the reason of her writing is known, to be by your Majesty forgiven, should her addressing you be considered an intrusion.

Your Majesty's humble correspondent emigrated to America with her father, sister, and brothers. Thinks this a good country for poor people; but still loves her own better than any country in the world. Sire, you will, you must wonder why your correspondent addresses you. She is not crying to come home 212 nothing in that way; nor wishing your Majesty, if you could, to prevent the industrious from coming. Then say you, "What, in the name of wonder, can you write to me for?" Your Majesty would be right in so saying. I am a tiresome scribbler: shall tire your Royal patience, I know: so I'll begin, please your Majesty. Not being used to address a King, I began in the third person; but shall get on better, and faster in the first; so please. Sire, excuse me, and you shall know directly why I write.

Please your Majesty, I am constantly hearing of some foolish proceedings of your Majesty's subjects, who act most unwisely on landing. I do not wish to stop people from coming, as I said before; because many, very many would do better than in your Majesty's dominions. Those, please your Majesty, for instance, who have been unfortunate, and do not like to retrench in England. Those who have large families, and who do not know what to do with them; as there is plenty of land here. Only let Englishmen come to settle where they ought to do; and not to think, that because they have got over in a ship, they have

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got coaches, like your Majesty, to carry them on to wild schemes, or bring them back. I am writing, I doubt, too much for a great King like you to read; but hope your Lord in Waiting, or Page, will time the reading of this letter. Let your Page read it just before candles are brought, as that is the time *ennui* makes its tiresome entrance into houses, and I dare say 213 into Palaces too. I shall enclose an address for the Lord Mayor to read, by your command, in London; and other Mayors must do so in other places. That address I shall not trouble your Majesty about: only my letter. Your Majesty would not like it yourself to hear Englishmen spoken of so shamefully. My teeth (saving your Majesty's presence) are always set on edge when I hear of silly actions by any from my nation. Hoping your Majesty will cause the enclosed to be attended to, I humbly remain, Your Majesty's very loyal subject. (Although on this side of the Atlantic,) Sarah Hoding .

P.S. I drank your Majesty's health to-day in a glass of English porter. Do not make yourself unhappy, by knowing that you have lost some subjects; as I assure your Majesty, did you only know how foolishly many have behaved here, you would not regret their departure.

WITH YOUR MAJESTY'S PERMISSION, Mayors of different places must read the following with all the emphasis they can muster:

TO THOSE WHO WISH TO EMIGRATE.

Good People , America is the best place you can come to, if you are really anxious to obtain a living by industry: but 214 bear in mind that it is not a new planet you are coming to; it is absolutely only a part of the globe on which you at present live. Do not come with an idea that gold lies ready to be picked up in the streets, as in old times children used to be told it lay in London. The climate here is certainly against emigrating, being so much hotter than in England; but by living very temperate, and working early, the industrious can afford to lie by, during the excessive heat of noon; and those who are determined to lay a little money up for old age, may do so if they wish it. Those who have money to bring out with them, had better settle near cities or towns. Do not lend an ear to land-

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sellers' schemes: they will place you in trackless less wildernesses, where they cannot get their timber to market. You could not fell it; or, if you could, it must go to market, like "Birnam Wood," whose appearance so startled Macbeth. Other sellers would place you in vast *prairie*, without water; and as cattle generally require that useful article, how it would puzzle the grazier to find a substitute. And above all, do not come, thinking that your plan of farming is better than any body's. Remember there is, in America, land differently situated from that which you have left; and I do say, I think, were the Americans to emigrate to Great Britain, they would be more anxious to do for the best than the English are; that is, generally speaking. Do not load yourselves with clothes, as such things as should be worn by farmers, could be got there as cheap. Do not buy land at a dollar an acre; because, if you do, you had better become racoons or opossums; get trapped, and be done with as soon as you can. You that have known comforts in England, is it likely that you, your wives, sons and daughters, should, because the ground is cheap, become beavers, and set to felling and damming? Trust me, you could not manage half so well. The timber would stand in spite of you; and the long *prairie* grass would grow; and the old American hunter might one day hence remember you once lived; telling of your existence to his sons, as they regaled themselves after the chase in your doorless moss-grown log-house.

Gentlemen and Ladies.—Do not set your hearts upon being waited on in America, as you may be disappointed if you behave ill; and then it will be no worse for you to stir about. The gout is always the best driven away by exercise; prevented from coming is better still. White people (Americans) will be saucy at odd times: but I know if the poor blacks be well treated, they make excellent servants: do you not forget that they are human. You who are supposed to be possessed of enough to make you comfortable, remain in the cities, and be so. You can bring a suit of Bond-street-made clothes; they will become you, we know: or you can afford to send for them. Do so, and do not grumble at the expense of importation. But the mechanic, or settling farmer, for him to grieve because he cannot obtain a foreign-manufactured coat, is childish in the extreme. Let such

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people work in any coat, and take care of the hard silver dollar. I most seriously advise all persons who are bent on a backwood expedition, and will not hear reason, first to make friends with one of the tribes of gipsies in England, joining their society for a year, and then if they (the would-be emigrants) suffer all the privation of sleeping in camps, living on hips and haws, when even thieving fails; deprived of roasted hedgehogs and snared hares; as the writer of this notice knew some gipsies in England, who were almost perished with want; in fact, if they (the would-be emigrants) hear all the fatigue and all the privations of a wild life, with a good heart;—directly back up, and away to gipsy it in good earnest: and then no abusing America. And tell them to be sure to let no sensible English person hear about them. Mechanics, unless you have been used to work in cities, do not come to do so in America. “Why not?” asks the youthful knight of the plane; “surely I can do for a young country like that!” Mr. Plane, jun., you will find yourself mistaken; but if you are willing to learn, no doubt in time you may do so: if not, go to where new towns are rising. There, of course, such first-rate work is not wanted: plenty of houses to build, and useful furniture wanted to put into them. But really the writer has not seen more highly-finished furniture in London, than she has seen in American cities. Remember, the Americans are prepared for those who think they go in great kindness 217 to instruct them (the Americans); and I assure you, many a young man, who has figured in a small English town, the wonder of the surrounding farmers, finds himself miserably disappointed on beginning to do city work in America. So come over if you like: here is room: but no grumbling. You that have wives, leave England with the very best of all possible determinations to keep within, sight of civilization. As to delicate females, with small children, deprived of comforts, and nothing to amuse the little dears with but hungry panthers, the wilderness must be dreadful. Servants, if you are inclined to visit America, be sure you come. You hear of the insolence of American servants: now you will be disappointed if you think it is the great mart for impertinence; as I assure you, half the vexations a mistress or master endures, proceeds either from their own had management, or from the simplicity of the servant, which of course is forgiven. I, and many others could discern very quickly between Americans knowing no better, and English, Irish, Scotch, or French insolence; and I assure you, by

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your conduct you will be estimated. You cannot have the excuse of a backwood native: you know better, and therefore do better. Come if you think you can behave yourselves; any but cooks: black people stand the fire much better.—Do not suppose, by crossing the water that you are all to be great lords and ladies. However, let all who are determined to come to America, be also determined to act as reasonable beings; prepared to find trees 218 green, birds with wings, rivers full of water; and not, like the travellers in fairy tales, who leave home to view castles of polished steel, and mountains of looking-glasses, because they are going into another country, ‘the land of the fairies.’

Read by me, Mayor of—town, by order of his most gracious Majesty, George the Fourth, as a preventive to folly.

Evening —The wind is very quiet, so I will be the same. Oh stop; they say a tree was blown down, as we go to neighbour Charles' well; never mind about it. My log; King George's I mean. La! how Captain W. did laugh. “My word, Miss H., you're in for thinning off King George's subjects; eh!” said he.—“How can you suppose,” said Mrs. Foster, “that King George would sanction any of his subjects coming over, if he could help it? Rogues, may be, he could spare, Miss Hoding.”—Dear ma'am, answered I, he could spare a good many, no doubt; and I should think the President could spare as many, by way of exchange. There was an exchange once; a villain of an American given for a brave Englishman, and a bad exchange it was; for I have been told that King George was almost forced to talk to the rogue himself, as numbers of the nobility refused to speak to such a traitor to his country. 219 One is forced to speak up with spirit sometimes. She was, they told me, distantly related to Arnold.* What a shot! May be it was too bad of me; but she was going to open a fire about the wickedness of the English, and I do not know what; so she would have killed me, only I took possession of the guns, and turned them on herself—the fortune of war! the fortune of war! Come, I have a heart as well as other folks. I will give the good Americans their due; but will not be run down, as John says, for

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nobody. The lady sat looking all the evening like a distant thundercloud. I could only see the lightning flash: we were at too great a distance for me to hear the thunder.

* General Arnold commanded at West Point during the revolution, and entered into negotiations, to deliver that fortress into the hands of the English. The plot was discovered, and Major André, the British agent (a very deserving young man), was executed as a spy in America; while Arnold, the traitor, received protection in England.

Morning —I cannot see the wind, every body knows that; but the forsaken cradles of the oriels are on the full swing this morning. So we'll conclude that it is the wind that is moving them; and it's like the old woman going to bake that had neither meal nor paste; for the wind is rocking without having birds to compose to sleep, or leaves to expand: but who is there who are usefully employed at all times? Who likes American coals to burn? Not I. I do not like to see the wide fire-places bricked up, as the American K 220 coals must have a strong draught through a narrow aperture, or they will not burn at all. Unlike the English coals: to-day you may burn the grate-full, and then take the encrusted cinders out; have that crust washed off, and the remainder burns as well as ever. Oh! a wood fire for me; so primitive! Adam sat before one, if he had one at all. Lord Percy, and —: however, Kings and Queens in stately castles, all sat by wood fires. Oh the timber that I have seen brought to burn—the noble Hickery-back log! The great curiosity of this wood is, if removed while on fire, it emits such millions of sparks, and, although it may be dangerous, is very beautiful. Oh, how I have pitied poor wood insects that have claimed a lodging for the winter in any small chasm in the bark, little supposing they would have to be forced out of winter quarters so, and surrounded by fire.

Noon —Heavy clouds, wind westerly, and I am *crossishly*, if there be such a word. We have had the lady who will not be pleased. We have been talking about geese, cream-cheese, Baron Ossa, neighbour Peers' house, Buonaparte, tame monkey, &c. &c., and she will not be interested on any one subject. What a waste of time to pretend to amuse her! I wonder if she would have been interested, had she been placed as John Weed was.

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Poor man, he landed with a little money, and nothing would do for him but going to the western country. There he soon lost his money, and being one day in the woods, perceived before him, at a distance, a mighty smoke. The long grass, a kind of jungle, was on fire! Poor creature, it was approaching rapidly. He sat down, seeing death inevitable; while a sharp breeze passed by him, to supply the air which the fire destroyed. Luckily the wind changed, and the dreadful element ran then as rapidly in another direction, and poor J. Weed soon blessed God for permitting him to get into civilization. He is now earning a good living in the city of Philadelphia, as silver-plate-worker. What he thought of silvering in the backwoods, is more than I can say, as not any thing succeeds at that business but the moon and nature; one silvering the woods and stream most beautifully; and the other a small fish, found in one or two rivers; and J. Weed was silly to think he could set up against such workmen as those! Any body may see why I have written to the King, to stop or take care that my nation do not come to make fools of themselves, like J. Weed.

Evening—No wind; supposed it having nearly stript the trees, and having no more to do at present, is resting itself. Oh dear, I wish I might go to see Matthews; but Friends do not like *play actors*. What a pity. I hear so much of my clever countryman; and I think I ought to go, especially as Matthews and I have so many of the other sort here. Matthews was taken the other evening to the store of a druggist, who was never known to laugh; and a great K 2 222 wager was laid that Matthews could not make him. However, the inimitable actor was victorious. Oh that I could see him.

Evening—Wind right in our faces coming home. Not a flower to be seen. Have been viewing the beautiful cedar-birds and robins, feasting on the blue cedar berry. Winter has began his walk, and the wind has commenced singing through chinks and crannies of rooms. Nothing can be more delightful than to see a huge wood fire blazing away, while the nice shell-bark hickery, butternut, chinquapin, and walnut, grace the table. The trees, close reefed, are doing the best they can with the wind out of doors. I said no flower, but I am wrong; there is the rose, that blows all the year round, was to-day looking about, as comfortably covered with ice as could be. The insects and all are in winter quarters. One

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might know, by J. B.'s face, that there is a dearth of flowers. The first snow there is, we are to go on a sleighing expedition.

Evening —No wind in the city to-day; but Dorcas societies are again forming. “La,” cried English Mrs. Murry, “do you require them here?” “Oh dear, to be sure we do,” cried Mrs. Bridgford: “all people are not provident, like you, Ma'am; and I can give away all your old clothes.” Mrs. Bridgford is an English woman, and a good one she is. King 223 George has had a real loss in her coming hither. Regardless of her own health, she dives into allies and into chambers of the sick, administering comfort. If all were equally good that come, as is Mrs. Bridgford, I should write to King George, to keep half at home, as of course such women are wanted in England too. She is a good specimen of my nation.

Evening —Here is a wind to be sure, but it is on one side of the glass and I am on the other: and here is a spider, a city spider; it has crawled out to look at me. I should think, to bemoan a flyless atmosphere, or to ask me, as Macbeth did after the witches, “Whither are they gone?” I shall not kill it. Run away, and seek some hospitable nook until summer. Do not remain until black Catharine comes to the hunt. Mr. B. informed me yesterday that a very clever shepherd had been with him, who understands sheep well, and particularly curing the rot; and does not like to get his living only as a shepherd: but he must. He is from some low rich land in England, different from any about here; and he would hardly be mad enough to go home, and fetch the rot on purpose to cure it; as I am told he cannot be employed as he was in England: he must do something else. There is not the same damp atmosphere acting on the land, or the animals, as in England.

Evening —We have been to meeting to-day, and a shivering ride have we had. Many old Quakers, 224 although on foot, had got there before us. On a sabbath, and in a place of worship, we ought to feel that all are placed on an equality; but no white people will sit by a coloured person: so the poor creatures sit down on benches nearest the doors. What a pity that a prejudice, having such a bad tendency, should prevail. Are we to pride ourselves about superiority of intellect? Then at the last day, if it should be found that we

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have acted wrongfully! America, vast and rising country, look to this, I beseech you. Mr. Randolph, the Haytian Ambassador, is in this country. Poor man, he cannot be admitted into society, although a scholar and a polished man. But his brains must be human, his skull human—the Almighty has only thought proper to give his skin a different hue from that of his neighbours. I certainly am sorry for some, that the blacks have ill-used; and that the Marchionesses S. and M. should have been driven from their country (Domingo); but certainly those who ever read the history of Domingo, will find that bad usage was one reason of the slaves behaving so dreadfully. I hear that Randolph wishes to have his children educated here; but every one is of opinion that the colleges will not admit them. I think white prejudices are equal to a black skin. I have heard of one gentleman making a feast for Randolph; and have heard of a gentleman there who refused to sit at the same table with him. Give such a goose a crust, and let him go home: don't spoil the treat for him.

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Sunday evening—How calm, how beautifully calm it is. There is no telling from which quarter the wind comes. On such an evening, with every, thing so beautiful and serene, I always wonder where vice is! If ever she be in the country, surely it is not on a Sunday; as the wealthy inmates of the superb mansions must seek the house of prayer, so she has nobody to talk with. I am not of course alluding to all wealthy people; only the riotous sort. I say they must, must take their families once a week to church; and there vice does not, ought not to enter. Well, if they should sit at home on the carved piazza of their country seats, the rosy cheeks and smiling features of their tenantry, or honest Dutch or American peasants that pass, flatly inform the beholder that the pedestrians know more about health than vice. The kind-hearted hale inmate of the cottage is leading his city friend where he thinks health is most likely to be found. To the richly tinted dell, where, not for money, but a walk, the charming new chestnuts may be obtained. The almost-baked citizen may stretch his arms, and gather for himself the delicious locust, which I think equal to tamarinds. Now does anybody think vice is in the country on a Sunday? O, no; she is left in the

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city. "Thank you, Miss Hoding." says Mrs. Bridgford; "much obliged; but I assure you we have as good people left in the city as you have in the country. Pray do not you think the excellent sermons preached by Mr. Bedell and Dr. Willson, ay, or Dr. Staughton, worth good people 226 staying in a city to hear?" Yes, Mrs. Bridgford, and I assure you I like to hear any one of those excellent men preach; and always think, when I see such crowds of people going to the house of God, now where is vice to be on this holy day? As I still say, the mind turning to its great Author, going especially to serve and to hear Him spoken of, cannot dare cast a thought on *that*, which He especially bids us despise. Then what is to become of vice on a Sunday; most people seeming ashamed of giving her harbour? Not being left at home with servants, I hope; servants having a right to serve God, by going to places of worship as well as their employers. Or if they have been confined very closely all the week, we must agree to let them see the beauties of their Maker's creation, by trying to obtain a mouthful of pure air. Now you see, Mrs. Bridgford, I do not know where, for certain, vice dares to hide. You will not have her in the city, and I declare I do not see her here. I'll tell you where I think she may be found though; in the house of that great gambler, Mr. Enfers. Settling with him schemes of revenge for Monday night, if Mr. Enfers lost on Saturday, and exulting with him if the gamester won, taking all the credit to herself. Noting down the names of new victims for next week; bidding him bear in mind the exquisite sound of eagles and dollars, and the amusing harmony of rolling dice and the shuffling of cards. I have taken at last appropriate lodgings for vice; and we know vice and old Enfers have no hearts to care about. Oh 227 that, when old Enfers dies, vice could be buried in his coffin, stowed away for ever. Is there any one living that can forget the dreadful history of poor Captain—: what brought him so low? Vice, I fear. Oh, can any one forbear crying at the pathetic tale of the epaulettes, the splendid golden epaulettes? Captain—was a most promising young man with a large fortune, and he married a truly amiable and lovely young woman. But Oh vice, that demon of the worst order of demons, had so infatuated him, that the gaming table and bottle were preferred before his beautiful wife and child. Every hour was devoted to his own ruin, until poverty claimed his almost destitute family. Had he been only poor, it would have been nothing. Bread and cheese is

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not such a mighty affair in America; but poor Captain—was a gentleman, and had feelings of the finest kind. Who would dare, if his case were known, to offer him money, or his child bread? They had one servant, the old woman that had nursed him. She remained hovering near him, with feelings nearly amounting to maternal. Oh what they all suffered! So much at last, that Captain—determined upon sending nurse with a splendid pair of costly epaulettes to sell. The poor woman took them to General—, who seemed to be very much surprised at an old woman having in her possession such affairs as those. “Whose are they?” he demanded. “To whom do they belong, good woman? “I am not at liberty to say, Sir.” “Not at liberty! Why not?” “I must K 5 228 not, I dare not,” sobbed the nurse; and she wept bitterly. “I have no objection to give you their full worth,” said the General, “but I must know to whom they belong.” “Then, Sir, I must obtain permission first;” and out of the hall she walked. “No,” said the Captain, “I’ll die, before he or any one else shall know my situation. I am of no use in existence; I only encumber you nurse, and my wife and child. I—I cannot assist any of you; but I can die!” “Oh mercy, mercy,” cried poor nurse; and she spoke of the wilderness: and to it they all went, and, poor creatures, what they suffered, Mrs. B. says, would fill books. He sunk under his misfortunes. Vice had so enervated him, that he could not, as with honest misfortune, bear up to support his helpless family. His wife acted differently: she came to the city, and endeavoured to maintain her children (then three) and poor old nurse. He was to blame, I think; as, if I had descended from the noblest family in Europe, and had been brought to want, I would not have minded asking assistance, when in misfortune. I would have laid down my pride and family arms for a time, and made a shield of myself, against poverty; and depend upon it, God willing, your own two arms, your arms of flesh, will be found very good supporters in the difficult combat. Ay, but the Captain had vice to contend with. Oh, the blessing of strong nerves. I have made a piece of poetry about such dismal log. Those who like may read it.

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As sweet as the rose, ere it drinks of the shower; As fair as at eve looks the moon-illum'd tower; Is life to gay youth, who so fearless sets out, With Hope, acting guide, and dispelling each doubt.

But, soon a strange maze! the explorer is foiling; The flowers of morn a rude tempest's despoiling; And ills are found hidden by moments of bliss, As the sparkling wave hides the rocky abyss.

O Providence, when thy rich presents thou'rt giving, The strong nerve be mine—the first gift to all living. Then firm can I stand, as recedes from my view The beautiful sketch inexperience drew.

I do write, as well as say, that a strong nerve is the greatest of all blessings; and I hope, should I be so fortunate, in great trials, as to possess it, that I shall be found grateful to the Giver of such a treasure.

Evening—Excuse the mention of the wind in such a sharp frost; but I believe the wind is going for a great-coat, and I am sitting by a noble wood-fire taking down log. Whither are gone all the peaches, melons, fox-grapes, and water-melons? I am asking a fine red-cheeked apple, standing by me on the stove, but the stubborn thing won't speak. What a difference! Who could have known the woods to-day that knew them last June? Naked trees, shewing the empty nests; nuts lying in the woods, partly gnawed by hungry squirrels; and a beautiful flicker shewed us his painted wing as he flew past. I was 230 in hopes he would have sat on a tree near us; but taking J. B.'s stick for a gun, he thought a greater distance more desirable. I must write a little log to that flicker. Oh, I could not forget it: it looked so hungry, and the tree that it passed was bare, and the worms were all taking a nap: and all together, John and I returned from the wood so thoughtful about the beautiful flicker. Sad concern, cold winter to think about; my pretty bird.

ON SEEING A FLICKER ON A TREE.

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Happy flicker, though the thorns, All bereft of leaves are seen; Yet the stump whereon thou'st flown, Nature's deck'd with mosses green. Leaves shade not thy speckled side; Neither can the gunner hide.

Thou, the murderous man may see, Safe from naked branch can'st fly; Pretty emblem, upwards bound, All thy woes beneath thee lie. Thou can'st sail through silver cloud, Sweetly hymning thanks aloud.

Pretty flicker, be not sad, Lovely Spring will soon be here; On the bough, beneath thy feet, Then will swelling buds appear. And need'st thou, or I to fear? No; our God is every-where. S. H.

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Evening —Did not know what to do this afternoon. Nobody came to see us. English John's feet getting “*ratherish* painful,” he thanks me. I drew an English goldfinch from recollection, but could not see that it was any thing like the bird when I had finished. It was well enough, only its head was too big, tail too long, wings wrong colour, and it had many other faults too tedious to mention. I was forced to quit my seat, owing to the footman coming and moving the huge hickery back log, half filling the room with sparks. Ringwood looked in at the window, putting us in mind of Ossian; only his animal, that looked out of the window, was a fox, and our's a dog. What would the bears do on a winter's day, if they did not take a nap? They would grow melancholy. A melancholy bear! Who ever heard of one? No; because they have pleasant dreams, all about trees laden with leaves and fruit, beautiful places to bathe in, and loads of charming roots, all for the digging or scratching up. Now the Polar bear's dreams are different: his must be about beautiful shapely islands of floating ice, tender motherless seals, (so fat!) and unfortunate Esquimaux; as, during his winter, he cannot make visits to far-away relations, being all in the dark, he could not see his way; and lamps would be expensive.

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Evening —I am in the city. Materials for log very scarce. Wind, frost-bound. A poor old negro woman came to Mrs. Bridgford to beg some wood; and took 232 such a large log, that she could scarcely get home with it. A lady from England has brought a cat. Puss has risen from honest industry; worked her passage by catching mice all the way over, and now she purrs to her mistress, and mistress purrs in return. Poor Indians shooting for cents to-day; and Miss Costen, who boasts of her English ancestry, cannot bear Indians. Why not, good, nobly-descended Miss Costen? I assure you, Ma'am, I consider the poor creatures hardly treated, and I wish they were better off. If you moan about the lost greatness of your family, are not the Indians in the same predicament? Your great grandfather had a noble castle in Scotland: well, and he lost it, and his head too, which was a greater loss still: and these Indians' great grandfathers had comfortable wigwams; and think of the loss they sustained. The timber fell by the white man's axe; and the red man was killed, like the beasts or obnoxious reptiles, to make way. Send out something to the almost extinct race, Miss Costen; never heed their painted faces, my dear lady.—I am aground: what must I say? Why I think I will tell all about what happened on a beautifully bright night last winter. We set off in a sleigh, through, or over the frozen snow. Wrapped up in buffalo robes, who minded the cold? While with hot bricks to keep our feet warm, we defied the frost. How different from going through the woods, when the noise of the wheels disturb the solitary cat-bird, 233 is now cutting through the frozen air, silently over the snow; no noise save the jingle of sleigh bells. Scarcely had we got a mile that night, when Miss M. cried, "Oh dear, dear; stop, stop; the hot bricks have burnt through the rags that wrapped them; and, and we are on fire." Oh, said I, joyful; what an adventure. (Why did not I make log of it then?) The lady who had given the alarm, turned, after the fashion of a tiger on me. "Thoughtless creature," cried she indignantly, "who wants to be burnt?" So we 'hove to,' and threw overboard the bricks, all in the cold snow, poor things; and sure enough, a strange smell of burning there was. I wish ladies would put on their best nerves, as well as clothes, when they go out. Any thing does for home, as half the fun went with the bricks. I wonder I have not mentioned this before. Well, at the rate we slid over the frozen snow, don't think we required any wind; don't think there was

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any. The frost and horses did all. Then George ran us upon an almost bared place, and we felt the roughness of the road. Oh, if it had not been for the stately lady, we should have had a gentle overthrow on a snow bank, as that belongs to sleighing. Little John, George, and all but she, would have enjoyed it. When you are in a drawing-room, behave properly; but when out in woods, and such like, do not be so very particular. We sang that evening as we went alone, but it really was cold work. Oh! how we ought to have thanked the buffaloes. Out of the sleigh we got, and coffee, tea, &c. &c. &c. 234 made us forget the sorrows of the journey; only the lady who does not like fire, kept looking at me, and I thought of a hot brick each time she did so. She must not see this log. Oh, I *guess* she may. Hope we are good friends. I assure you all, when hot cakes were demolished, and coffee-pot and tea-pot removed, 'she righted;' but I thought I had better not sleep with her, as it would be foolish to have a recapitulation; so we continued very coldly, Miss Hoding and Miss M. Why should she burn? bless us! There was plenty of snow to roll about in, and put out the fire.

Morning —But very gloomily, and the wind busily engaged in bringing the high tones of the poor discontented donkey. I think he does not like Germans.—Every body knows what a superior woman Miss Hughes is; but unintentionally she had hurt the feelings of Le Fluer most shockingly. I am sure she did not mean it: a better woman does not live. Some one at table spoke of Waterloo, little supposing that a French officer was present. The person spoke of the field of battle, when Miss Hughes said she heard that the English intended to gather the bones and sell them for manure! Up started Le Fluer, his eyes flashed fire. "They dare not," said he, while the look that accompanied the words no one will forget. Oh, it was the grinding of Frenchmen's bones that must have startled Monsieur; and if he thought it an insult, I do not blame him. And where 235 there are such mixed tables like those in America, it is not safe to talk of grinding human bones: as, had she said English, I should have resented then; and the poor Prussian, though a labourer, had he been there, would not like to have had a sale of Prussian bones. He did not like Napoleon, because he made him fight. Why did you, then? said I. "I could not help it," said the poor fellow:

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“we stood, a Prussian between two Frenchmen.” What an awkward way of making people fight whether they will or not. What a good reason could the poor fellow have given to any one who asked him why he fought? “I could not help it.” Very substantial reason. He got wounded; but no laurels. More laurels ought to go into the battle field; as so many come without them, and that always falls to the lot of the *poor* soldiers. This poor creature may tie a huge bundle up for himself now out of the garden: but no others will he get. Oh, but what shocking work Miss Hughes made with the feelings of the Frenchman: he took it all to himself.

Evening —We have had a windy day; wind from the north: and, the Captain. “Who is the Prussian, Miss Hoding?” said the Captain to me. He is a poor man, Captain, who, on the field of battle, met the wrong lady, Miss Fortune, instead of Fame; and he shows he still keeps up acquaintance with her. “Send him to my house, and I'll see what we can do for him,” cried the Captain: so mean to do so. Only 236 think! my father has had his chimney swept by an African Prince: at least he stood by, while his son, the Prince, ascended the chimney! The man has the sweetest voice I ever heard. If he were on a stage, and his voice cultivated, he would make his fortune. To-day a poor black girl was carrying a coffin on her shoulders in our street, when a boy accosted her, “Hallo *nege*, who's that coffin for? for Pickaninny, eh?” “No,” answered she indignantly, “it is for a white child—the trash of h—II!” Oh, that America may see the necessity of behaving to those poor creatures with more humanity; as, what a dreadful vindictive feeling exists between the white and black population. I have been to hear a gentleman lecture on the supposition that this globe has a cavity at each pole, a hollow place from about 83 degrees; and he speaks very learnedly about that cavity's verge. Now I hope this log will be read with great attention in the drawing-room, as Mr. Sims, or I for him, am going to ask some very difficult questions. Mr. Sims, who has been in high northern latitudes, has seen, or has heard what others say who have seen, that the deer coming from the pole are, always very fat: their stomachs fall of herbage: where do they become so? Where do they get so much to eat? says Mr. Sims; and I say so too. Philosophers, English, Scotch, German, Irish, American, and Lapland

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witches, where do the deer get the food? I am not learned enough to know or imagine how the deer could get out of the cavity; or how get into it; as it would be from 83°, like 237 dropping into an immense basin or bowl. But his lecture cleared that point up to those who were astronomical enough to understand him, by telling a great deal about Saturn and his ring; quite out of my way. So remember, I own it may be my ignorance. Hope I shall be forgiven for laughing to myself about it; but really think Mr. Sims makes the approach to the poles worse than ever, as, should any one get over the ice, if not very cautious, they will slip and break their necks, by tumbling head first over the verge, into the polar basin. What rich pasture can the beautiful creatures have found? Some persons wish Mr. S. to apply to the British Government for ships to explore. I own it is a curious circumstance where the deer can feed. La! may be, then, within the verge, mammoths may be found, too fat to get out! Remember, if we were in the bottom of a pit, it would be an up-hill business to get out again; I ought not to make game in this way, I *guess*. Do go to hear him, ladies; as it is not because such an ignorant person as I am, found it impossible to understand him, that there should not be reason in what he advances. I love to encourage science; but really if there be a verge, man has territory enough until he promise not to hurt the deer, and other new creatures that he may find there. My little dears in the drawing-room, read what I am going to write for those other *deers*.

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LOG FOR THE POLAR DEER.

Northern Beauties ,

Some of your indiscreet companions returning from the pole, have been so unfortunate as to be shot by white people. It would have grieved your lightsome hearts to behold your comrades lie upon the ground, immovable as a fixed iceberg, and cold as that iceberg is. But that, however, is nothing to what will follow; is nothing to what is in contemplation concerning your ruin. In the stomachs of your fallen brethren, were found herbage: and now nothing will do; but the white people will know how they came by that herbage. You

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see we are wise enough to know that fields of ice never did fatten deer, nor produce herbage; and if nature has planted a garden for you beyond the cold barrier, so much the better; only, keep it to yourselves, you giddy creatures. Christopher Columbus brought a pretty house over the heads of deer here. The Indian hunted them certainly, but white people frighten the deer away altogether. Won't let either the deer's father or mother feed, all the ground being wanted for corn fields. The white man spoils the forest entirely with guns, saws, axes, &c. Columbus saw some reeds, and I do not know what, floating to the Eastward across the Atlantic; so he must go to see what was the matter, and where the reeds grew; and if you are silly enough to be seen so soon after feeding, we shall come to see what's the matter with you. You cannot think what we would give for a living 239 mammoth; and hope there are some in this unknown country of your's. But we have plenty of beasts without them; as we use some poor creatures that we have, very badly. Oh, if the animals which have become extinct on the earth's surface are within this cavity! what prizes for philosophers! But I would not say so much to them. Do not be seen with your graceful heads to the south, and then we shall cease to wonder, and the affair will blow over. The bears do not create such amazement; it is only you; as dead whales, rotten seals, motherless walrusses, ermines, white hares, arctic foxes, will do for the growling bears. Beware then, charming creatures: if you have found a place unexplored by the white man, keep it: and if you could send a friend to the whales, do tell them there is a new invention come out, some improvement in the harpoon; somebody has been speaking about it from Hull. I love your race better than whales; and assure you, nothing but your preservation could have made me scribble to you. At the sight of a white man, tarry not, but fly to those unknown feeding pastures; and if they should continue to be unknown to the human race, all the better. The rivers will never then reflect the arrow, nor wet the hook, nor cool the wounded, panting deer. Your flower-studded grass will never be bruised by the iron shoe of the beautiful horse, man's doomed slave; while the white Polar hare will, I hope, sleep securely, after having rivalled, during your long day, the snow of your Polar region. I have as much 240 right to suppose that you will be enabled to read this letter, as Mr. Sims has to suppose he shall ever have a chance to smoke a cigar in that Eden in

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which he supposes you feed. Yet I should like to know where you get so fat, I'll own; and I am very much pleased you are so.

Your very sincere friend, S. H.

Evening—Every person says there is more wind in England than in America; and Mr. B. says windmills would not do at all here. He says the wind comes more in gusts; and,—Well: do not understand it: always contented when I have got through the mention of it. Hark! it sounds doleful somewhere. I wish the donkey could be taught to know how to bray, so that we might be informed, by that bray, from what quarter the different winds come. Then somebody would like to hear the “*creter*” bray! Now, no one does. “I'll tell you what, Miss Hoding,” said a gentleman to me yesterday, “you are a great friend to Indians. If you had been with me in Tennessee, you would have seen and known better than to pity them.” Oh, said I, I am prepared for all you may say on this head. Who set them on? “Why ay,” retorted he, “who did set them on?” Those that should have known better, Sir, answered 241 I; and I still pity the poor people. They were happy once, before the white men came to disturb them. In all their pranks I always look upon them like children, when opposed to our warfare; and,—then he fought a battle for his own opinion, and I for the Indians.

Morning—The wind—Write disrespectfully to the King of England! What a charge? I said to the gentleman who accused me; what is the matter with my letter? You must explain, Sir. “Why,” said he. “Why—I really thought you would have written in a more respectful manner to a person who is in such high authority as the King of England. No one ought to address him, or any one else who may be in exalted stations, in so frivolous a manner as you have done in your log-letter!”—Here is a rebuke! All this has been said as a comment on my poor innocent letter; and said too by one of my nation. Now I must have written very offensively, or this gentleman, of all others, would never have criticized at this rate; as he is such a decided enemy to all (as he calls them) cold nonsensical formalities. I have heard him say he considers Emperors and Kings only as Chief Magistrates, bound to see

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justice done to their people, in return for the high honours and indulgences they enjoy. So while this gentleman could find fault with my letter, how shall I be judged by the other sort of people, those who wish to persuade Royal folks that they are more 242 than mortal, and so totally independent of this planet's atmosphere, that they could live without it? Those who like to haunt the Royal cradle, taking care to supply all wants except those of the brain. And unless Royal parents watch as others do, Kings and Queens will find, in the *head* particularly, cottage nursing is far before the palace. Where, or to what am I going? I do not know. I am so much hurt at being taken to task by a renowned reformer! What will the other sort think of doing to me? I that boast of knowing the difference between American simplicity and English impertinence? Well, we are all apt to get wrong at times, but we need not keep so. I'll scribble an apology. I would not thank the Queen of Sheba to intercede for me, nor the seven Wise Mistresses of Rome. Oh, no; I say never employ an agent, if I can at all act for myself. Only to think of me writing disrespectfully to a person whom personally I know nothing about, and of course never offended me. I, that accused La Fayette's party of letting confusion get the whip-hand of them, actually getting accused myself of disrespectful behaviour to a Ruler of my nation! Read, great Republicans of this mighty country, what I here write. What (for all I have written such a letter) I consider ought to be. "For the good of society," there must be one man placed above the rest; and that man ought to be addressed respectfully.

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TO GEORGE THE FOURTH, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Sire ,

Unintentionally, I have, I fear, offended you: but as I can sincerely say it was done unintentionally, I most confidently rely on your good sense, and hope for forgiveness. As there is no one so low as not to have it in their power to offend those in rank above them; so there is no one too high to confer a favour, when that favour is respectfully and justly solicited. My request is, a pardon for my letter, Sire; and I hope to gain it. And however

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I may have displeased your Majesty, you cannot fail being gratified, when I inform you that a great Republican corrected me for not treating your Majesty with proper respect; and I feel pleased that your Majesty will have an opportunity of thus obtaining the real sentiments of a Republican, Radical, Democrat, Rebel: as with all those names has the person who corrected me been honoured; and you will find that one man of the kind who are misrepresented to you, is not averse from respect being shown to those who rule, by those who are ruled. I assure your Majesty, the gentleman who corrected me is what many foolish people would call an enemy to Kings, to order, and to all social Government. No such thing, please your Majesty; and there are thousands, both in your realm and in America, who would be equally as sorry that wild anarchy should unjustly insult you, as that gentleman was who informed me I had done so. Pardon me, L 244 great Monarch, and hereafter judge for yourself of men thinking differently from those placed about you; as the misleading of a man situated as you are, is an affair of such importance, that it is felt not only in your reign, please your Majesty, but in future ages. I remain, Your Majesty's most respectful servant, Sarah Hoding.

Morning —Wind blows very cold. “You write to your King, as if he were really to see the letters.” Well, said I, I know I do; for if he never actually sees the letters, I really am hurt. I am as much afraid of being taken here for an English sycophant as an English rioter. I will neither be the one nor the other. I would not accept of the most lucrative situation that could be found at court, if some part of the day were to be taken up by my sycophantic tongue, telling King George, or any other King, that the magnificent orb of day was made solely for him; that though the corn-fields require the sun ever so much; though I should know all creation waited for the return of light, like feeble nurslings for the mother bird; yet it was only to see him leave the downy pillow and embroidered bed, that the sublime cause of light left his! This employment would not do. No; nor would the other extreme. I will never be sent with those who go to find happiness, content, &c. among the ruin they cause to be made, expecting to find what they want 245 among dilapidated houses and despoiled temples; as if content or order could be found for a moment with disorder. It is

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high time for me to look about me, or I shall be on a lee shore; or, (what would be worse) prove so to others younger than myself. I certainly cannot suppose that those who are older will deign to care much what I write about. And surely I have not written frivolously or disrespectfully about religion, as that would be much worse than the King's affair. Lest I may have written ambiguously about it, I will show the verses which I have written lately, and which, were I educating children, should be what I would teach them as soon as they could at all comprehend the lines.

A PRAYER FOR ALL AGES.

Oh, Father of Mercies, in whom I confide, In health, or in sickness, be Thou still my guide. In poverty, plenty, Oh may I still dare To ask Thy protection, and hope for a share. How blest is that being, whose trust is in Thee; The captive, though chain'd, feels his mind still is free. He sinks into sleep, and forgets that the chain, When the dream's at an end, may torment him again. Who sends such a sleep on a prisoner of woe, Such as inmates of palaces scarce ever know? It is He who can give a cessation of pain, That nature recruited may struggle again: Who, though He allows the oppressor the chain, Forbids the rough iron one thought to retain. Who cheers the sad heart, when forsaken by all? Who bids the deserted on Providence call? L 2 246 The Mighty Creator! the Maker of day! Who bid order reign ere His worlds roll'd away. Who though he has rais'd yonder mountain so high, Protects in the blast the young floweret nigh. Thou Father of Mercies, I dare then ask Thee, In future vicissitudes, thus to guard me. S. H.

Read the verses, young ladies, and tell me what you all think of them, and tell me in what manner you suppose I have treated that very, very serious subject, religion; as I declare I would, as I said before, refuse a place in a palace if forced to be a sycophant: so would I an empire, rather than in any way promulgate the slightest disrespect towards the Great Eternal.

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Evening —Fine evening. “Where are thy Seasons for Children,* Sarah?” said friend S—to me. They are up stairs, Ma'am; and, and, I write so badly that you could not read them if I were to fetch them. Besides, I have so much English machinery—skylarks, woodlarks, goldfinches, thrushes, bullfinches, and melodious blackbirds, beautiful creatures. If I were of the crying kind, what could bring tears into my eyes, sooner than the bare recollection of such songs as I have heard from him? For the rest of my seasons, America is as well stocked as England. “Well, fetch thy book.” So I went up stairs, and down

* The Seasons have been published by Darton, Holborn, since I returned from America.

247 I came and read them to her; and I gave her such a glowing description of our little farmers' habitations—cowslip-covered fields, violets as fine as in America, and cuckoos! and young lambs! and the simplicity, as I call it, of an English farmer—

FARMER ASPEN'S DOG, TRAY.

If from market is brought home a morsel for Tray, I ne'er think the money I'm throwing away. 'Tis duty, that's more than an action that's kind: A friend like my dog very rarely you'll find.

When I from my farm was turn'd out, very poor— Acquaintance, on me and my dog shut the door. Although the poor fellow he tried them to shame, His bark seem'd to say, “My old master's the same.”

I set off for London, and really, poor Tray Held me back by the coat, and implor'd me to stay; As much as to say, “Friend, both you and your beast In great London city have business the least.”

He bark'd and he caper'd, then turn'd down the lane: I mournfully follow'd the way he had ta'en. He went on before, until close in the vale Some one said “poor Tray,” and poor Tray wagg'd his tail.

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To Mary, a widow, the house did belong;— Said she, “come walk in John, you cannot be wrong; And as to your dog, why, come here when he will, Of old milk and scraps he has always his fill.”

“Ay, Mary,” said I, “we can very soon find My dog has a house and his board to his mind. Poor thing, he's been bringing his master to share: Of me, than some others, he's taken more care.”

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Said the widow, “indeed it's a very strange case, That brutes should be better than most of our race. I wish ye would leave him. The comical elf, I've none to look after the fox but myself.”

I thought she look'd kind, so I told my sad tale. She said “'twas a folly to sigh and to wail.” And—shortly we married, as rent-day was near, And she 'fore the steward disliked to appear.

And 'fore my good horse, Tray he bounds to and fro! His looks say, “Now, master, to town you may go; No door will be fastened, wherever you call, I know with my nose I can open 'em all!”

I told friend S. how a great Lord manages. He hires a steward, who shows himself to the tenantry twice a year, and a great man he appears. I believe, in many cases, the first time a young tenant has to pay the person empowered to receive his rent, how amazed (from pompous looks) he is to find the thing who is receiving the money can talk English. And then going home from such like, wonders what kind of a creature that *there* man's *measter* can be. But I likewise told her that we had some good landlords, very unlike Burns' “Stake on a die a Farmer's Stackyard,” and some good stewards, who honour their Lords by their behaviour; so what with the recollection of my beautiful birds, &c. in dear, dear England, I think a sort of a tear did just peep. I am not extravagant in those commodities: can read of

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most shocking events in novels without weeping. Thaddeus of Warsaw was the last hero
249 I cried about. I was very young; and I can remember I should have been so happy
to have given him and his aged friend some bread. Have I given offence about taking
the Indians' part? I know they are savage, and behaved very ill during hostilities between
England and America. Yes, they did; and I know this is a trap to catch me. I am to blame
my nation for employing them. Well, if I am in the trap, why I am, that is all; only caught by
the foot, not hand, I assure ye; as I can, and will justly say, my nation and the French were
sadly to blame to set wild men on to fight tame ones. Now will this do? I am not blind to
faults on my side the big waters, nor am I so to the follies of this side.

Evening —Yes, and a very fine evening too. Wind, nice light breeze. Is a *nice* breeze
nautical? I do not care; and if *nice* never were down in a log-book before, it is now. Land-
folks cannot, ought not to be so particular; and sea-faring gentlemen must make such
allowance for us as I would do were they writing a land journal in the cabin. We can hardly
get on with log in any shape during winter; for, if you go into the city, nothing is thought
about but dress, and look at that to make log of! I sat looking out of the window the other
day, thinking of Spring and all its beauties, during a spirited dialogue between two ladies
concerning an ostrich feather, whether it cost 15 or 16 dollars. I wondered what became
of the 250 original owner of that self same feather? How unfashionable I must be, never
joining in dress matters, especially fancy dresses. Heard an anecdote of the beautiful
Countess—, who, although bred up in the Court of France, makes her own gowns, and
took a pattern of one for Mrs. B. Mrs. B. says she is a charming woman. Poor thing, her
only sister will, it is probable, never speak to her more. The sister having married into the
family of the Bourbons; and the Countess' husband being firmly attached to Napoleon. We
have strange tales of the helplessness of the old Noblesse. That all may be completely
turned upside down, the new nobility make themselves useful, and they say the others
were not so. Now, in my humble opinion, this is going too far. What is to become of dress-
makers? Young women who are not able to do stirring work, what is to become of them?
Oh that revolution directors could know when and where to stop. Put down the hated

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lettres de cachet wherever they may be found. Keep the press free as you would your own arms, as you cannot be sure, should it be fettered, that your limbs would be at liberty for an hour. Revolutionists of all countries, before you set to work, look at the New Testament, and make the words of Christ your particular study, "Do unto others," &c. Great director of changes, why not find out when to stop? Why deprive dress-makers or shoe-makers of the means of getting bread? I have heard of a lady shoe-maker, nay knew two, who maybe 251 fancied themselves something great, having a great French Countess as a model.

Evening —Wind none. I ended with ostrich feathers, French Countesses, and lady shoe-makers. What do ye think I have heard? Why that in neighbour Van's garden will (maybe does) appear an English cowslip! I shall go and have a look and buy it, if I can. "Should not covet." Well, but a cowslip is not goods; and I am English. Oh! I have written to that cowslip such a piece of poetry. Hear, ye magnolias about a cowslip, and ye humming-birds about an English cuckoo!

TO AN ENGLISH COWSLIP.

Modest floweret of my land, Soon will all thy leaves expand, And thou'lt dearer be to me Than the grand magnolia tree. Of the cowslip's yellow star I shall be more proud by far, Than if twined a bower might be From the gaudy tulip tree. Flora, when she leads her train, Pleas'd the Emigrant to gain; Soon will bid young zephyr tell Of the beauteous English belle. Oh, thy very name does please; What a train of home ideas! English flowers; English friends; All my mind now homeward bends. Since I've of my neighbour known, Over waves my thoughts have flown. L 5 252 I can fancy English trees, Fann'd by cowslip-scented breeze; Where the purple crowfoot springs, While the merry cuckoo sings, Who, to see our island dear, Comes o'er seas, devoid of fear. Lo! the milkmaid stands to see The bird, and hear his minstrelsy. Soon her hand's in pocket dropt, Ere the cuckoo's song be stopt; And, if with money she's possess'd, Soon will be with fortune blest! Joyful with a sixpence bent. Is a King as soon content? Oft I've seen thy kindred grow, 'Neath the hawthorn, white as snow; While her path the hare now sees, Grow so safe 'mid new-deck'd trees. Can't

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believe her senses right, As such beauties burst on sight. Peeps beneath the young blue-bell, To see what next will grace the dell, And sees, to dissipate her fear, A primrose-girl has ventur'd there! None need run; her sweet blue eye Frights not the thrush on black-thorn nigh. The hare may gaze! Her English face Proclaims her too of Spring's new race; Rosy cheek, and neck so white, She looks the very fairy sprite: For whom to please, the birds and flowers Sing and deck the charming bowers. Soon she draws the cottage near, Telling wood adventures there. 253 And though basket's filled with care With primroses and blue-bells rare; Yet mark me, flowers, her ringlets brown Sustain the splendid cowslip crown.

Miss M. will say, I think your English milkmaid superstitious, as bad as some German. "Don't you think so, Miss Hoding?" I shall say, certainly. May be some of our ancient milkmaids came from Germany. Oh, I remember how delighted have I been to hear the cuckoo sing; and I am sure it would be a great improvement to these woods to import a few. Surely the birds would not be so foolish as the horses are with an honest English donkey. I shall go to neighbour Van, and ask how he came by an English cowslip. England, I feel I still belong to thee; I always love to hear of thee; and last winter, on entering a drawing-room, how was I delighted to see an English coal-fire.

I love a fire that's made of wood, But English coal is just as good; And as I was sitting by that fire side, I fanci'd myself o'er the ocean wide. The beauteous mineral, black as jet, Soon as my raptured eyes it met; Sent forth the gas, and look'd so bright, Ne'er sent wood such a glorious light!

Now, the coal-fire cannot be jealous of the cowslip. I could not use such tasty machinery. There never is any thing near a fire but tongs, shovel, and fender; and who's to make them rhyme?

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Evening—Wind is—wind. A wonderful fine gentleman last night was finding fault with Gen. Jackson (Old Hickery, as he called him). Gen. Jackson was, it seems, in the backwoods, driving very unruly horses, when his lady was thrown out of the carriage, and her head coming in contact with something, injured her seriously; so much so, as to render her insensible. Gen. Jackson, having no surgeon at hand, bled her with (this fop says) a piece of old hoop, or old iron of some kind. Well, Mr. Fop, you must have had some accident, rendering the General's old hoop needful about your head, in order that you might see or know that the brave man did the best he could in the forest. He probably saved Mrs. Jackson's life. You are not of my nation, and I do not want you to be so. You have raised the General in my estimation, by telling about the iron adventure, much more so than if you had told us that Gen. Jackson had run or galloped to the next town, Oh-ing and Ah-ing! leaving the poor woman to die; that he and a Doctor with a splendid lancet, on returning should have had nothing to do but to make a soliloquy over her dead body.

Evening—What a day have we had; wind full north! and, according to custom, yellow fever right a-head. We have all made comments on the weather, seated before a large hickery fire. "Dear, what a day," said one. "No one comes to see us, to amuse us," said Miss B. Then, ladies, it is high time we should think of amusing ourselves, said I. So we told of strange things that had happened in our days. Highly-talented Mrs. B. gave us a description of her infantine recollection of yellow fever. She remembers her father and mother dying of it in a week, the servants running away or dying; and old nurse disappearing with the plate and Mrs. B.'s infant sister, of whom to this day she has never heard. Mrs. B. recollects being left with her little brother, when he was about six and she eight years old. Nothing disturbed the solemn silence of their deserted street but the dead-cart: and the little orphan children, having nothing else to amuse them, were glad of that. They had eaten all they could find to eat in the house, and must have died of hunger; when one day a gentleman made his appearance, and who did they find him to be? Their mother's brother! The brave Quaker had ventured into the infected district, to rescue his niece and nephew, at the risk of his life. The children complained of hunger. "Come with

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me," said he, "and if God permits, I will place you where you shall have plenty." And as no one could admit him or them into houses, the children were taken into a barn, and plenty of victuals procured for them, and some sort of dresses. And that night did this kind uncle lie down on straw with the orphans, having first thanked that Being who had permitted him to carry on His work of real humanity. They all slept soundly; and Mrs. B. says the newness of their situation was most delightful to her little brother and herself. When their 256 quarantine was performed, the uncle took home his charge, and all lived happily together. But Mrs. B. often thinks of her sister, who may be alive in a different walk of life from her's. Every search has been made, after the lost sister, that can be made. "Well," said the great Mrs. Bonden, "I should never have thought of you ladies being forced to make log of yellow fever." But I say, what are we to do? and another thing, in those seasons in which yellow fever makes its appearance, no one is in spirits to discourse about it as now, and nothing happens at home, and nothing comes to us to make log of. Oh, wait only until another month or two, and then see. Let me *calculate*: the sun will come to put out the fires, and put us out of doors, to look at what he is doing. Breaking up ice, that the fish may not hurt his head when jumping to spoil the merry dance of young flies; and clearing away the snow from the roots of early flowers.

Evening —Wind none. Sun setting, and German Louisa has been entertaining us with her shocking tale of a rascally barber. She is Mrs. Town's ill-used German bound girl. "Once, upon a time," says Louisa, "there was a goot lady, and when she died, she left goot deal money to de barber, for him to shave the poor people's perds; but what rogue he was, Miss Hoden, and Master Frederick. Oh, he was grett big rogue, for he only shaved the poor peeples one side of their faces." Here Fred. burst out into 257 a hearty laugh. I said, well Louisa, what became of the villain of a barber? "Oh Miss, the lady appeared and cut off his head." Bravo lady, said I; she acted nobly; but what a curious charity. Poor Louisa said, "I sure there is nothing to laugh at, Master Fredireek." Oh, never mind him, Louisa, said I; we are not accustomed to hear of such charities, you see. Never mind my smiling neither. "But it could not be true," said Fred. But on Louisa affirming it, I said Stutgard

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certainly possessed the most villainous barber that ever the world produced. I am very fond of going into kitchens and nurseries; as I certainly should never have heard of this notorious shaver in any drawing-room. Hope Baron Ossa will never hear of him, as he will be hurt for the barbers *of his nation* at all events, from such a rascally specimen.

Evening—Wind full north; log heavily laden with yellow fever. Old Mr. Gerard, the merchant, is allowed to be the richest man in the United States; but his riches are the reward of his doing his duty to those victims to yellow fever in 1791. Fearlessly he carried nourishment to the afflicted; and considers himself always so much proof against the fever, that he never leaves his counting-house, nor suffers his clerks to do so, although the fever always makes its appearance first in his low part of the city. Old Gerard appears an angel, compared to many cowards, who left their nearest relatives; but what kind of a tale they could tell those to whom they flew for refuge, I cannot say. I know what a disgust I took to a lady, when told that she left her son, a fine boy, to die, or be buried alive, if it suited the convenience of the dead-cart conductors.

Evening—Hard gale from the north-east. But I have discovered that a north or north-east wind in winter keeps our city friends from visiting us, and drives us abreast of yellow fever. My friend Grant says, last time yellow fever was here, a little old Frenchman used to frequent their store for different drug; and used to say, “Ah, I do believe my daughter will catch the fever, as I have to send her for cigars into the infected district.” “Why send her, then?” replied my friend. “Because,” replied this *affectionate* parent, “I cannot fancy any other.” He came one day, and asked for a bottle of such medicine as was administered to the sick; and on being interrogated, answered, “Ah, she has taken the infection;” and gave a deepish sigh. The next day, Miss Grant saw the poor girl in the bottom of a cart, upon some straw, her legs hanging down, with a pair of men's worsted stockings, half drawn on. The sun was full on her face; and she would most likely be soon dead by such treatment, and would soon be in that state of the fever that never admits of cure, *the black vomit*. The hyena of a father had most likely fled, and left his child to the care of strangers, who

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could do no better than take her to 259 the hospital; but with the shake, sun, and fright, she would not require burying alive.

The doctors of New York detected yellow fever as much as I do, as they were caricatured, taking hold of patients' wrists with tongs. Yellow is a queer colour. Think of the jaundice!

Mr. Towns, two years since, went to New York, and returned very ill. The family had removed to the charming country seat on the banks of Schuylkill. Poor creature, the morning after he returned home, Mrs. Towns sent for me to her chamber. I went. "Lord, Miss Hoding," says she, "Towns has taken the yellow fever, I know; do come and look at his eyes;" and before I could say a word, the feeling lady had pulled apart the eyelids, to show the dreadful blood-shot appearance which the first stage of fever always produces. I thought, by his yellow appearance, that it certainly was the fever, and a sort of a very disagreeable sensation came over me. But I knew the largeness of the house; and its being in such an airy situation, made it a very different concern, from what it might have been in a small house in a narrow street in a crowded city. Doctors were in attendance, and as windows could always be open, the effluvia from his body could never collect sufficiently to infect us, unless we aided it by fear. Poor Mrs. Towns, what a dance she used to lead me during a night. I slept directly opposite 260 his door, on the same floor; and in her agony she would come to me, leaving my door open, and shutting down my window for fear of agues. But I always opened it directly, as ten minutes would change the atmosphere of the room, and give such a faint, disagreeable smell, that I concluded, if *that* were allowed to accumulate, it would have soon made the house infected. The horrible fever put us all to the rout, thou, it only at present had infected Mr. Towns. All my fear was that my father would get to know about it, as I could not return to the city: it would have been madness, suspected as the house was. I never invited my father in, but used to walk on the lawn and in the garden with him: told him Mr. Towns' disease was highly bilious, as, so it was; and that we hardly dared move about, or speak a word in the house, for fear of disturbing him. This kept my father out of the house, and in ignorance of our situation. One morning, Betty, the worn-out nurse, came to me, and asked as a great favour, if I would

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sit and fan Mr. Towns until she went to speak to her daughter, who waited for her at the bottom of the lawn. Had the man been the prey of a black fever as well as a yellow one, I could not have refused. Mrs. Towns, ill through fatigue; servants not willing to come up stairs. So I went, very full of thought to be sure. The room, on going into it, was very warm; and I, thinking of Buonaparte's plan when he visited those ill of the plague, that of keeping a current of air between himself and the sick, I directly opened the window 261 which would admit a current between Mr. Towns and me. Armed with a large feather fan, I sat down, and commenced fanning the insensible patient. He was of a brownish yellow colour, and I thought if my father, or my dear aunt in England, could have seen me.—However, I mustered up all my fortitude, well knowing that fright would be worse than having to fan Mr. Towns. Poor nurse relieved guard, and I advised her to keep the window open, as his raging fever prevented his taking cold. The cook, the next day, came to me with such a tale. “Oh, Miss Hoding,” said she, “I know I have got the fever. I have been forced to help nurse to move him, and I have such a pain in my back. Oh, what shall I do? Oh, it always comes on with a pain in the back.” I strove to calm her, but to no purpose. In the night she was very ill, and I began to be alarmed, and thought of removing somewhere. To my friends I would not think of going. Poor cook, I could not get her from my room. I never saw such fright in my life. “Oh,” said the poor woman, “I knew I should catch it if I went near him.” Her nerves were in such a state, that she actually met the fever half way. I never saw her for months after, as the doctors had her put into the carriage early in the morning, and we were all forced to appear before them every morning and evening, for weeks. No one else caught it; and I do not think, in so large a house, with great cleanliness, attention to diet, &c., that there was much danger: but I said, if any one felt as Sally 262 the cook did, they had better go at once. Never shall I forget my father's stare at me when I told him that I and yellow fever had been under the same roof. Mr. Towns slowly recovered; but would never have the white of his eyes clear from that blood-shotten appearance any more. I hear that the few who do recover, never or rarely regain the colour of their eyes. Mrs. Towns was so afraid of my letting in the miasmata, as the doctors called it, as, to mend the matter, servants and children had attacks of intermittent; but who cared for intermittent, let

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it be of what colour it might? It certainly was better to let in air than, by shutting it out, to suffer the yellow demon to stalk uninterruptedly through the house; as, if we had been in the city, the Board of Health would have called it malignant fever, of the worst kind.

Morning—Wind was full in our faces. Have been going ten knots, as Old Bob was in his best sailing condition. Oh, and during our ride through the woods we had a sight of the largest and most beautiful cat I ever saw, really like a tiger. Living near the wood, has give her countenance that air of savage grandeur, very rarely to be met with in a cat. I *guess* puss is the cat magistrate or councillor for miles round. I wish she were mine. Yesterday a gentleman asked me if I was acquainted with the muses. Oh, I *guess* not, said I; they belong to poets. I never found they assisted me. They never helped or contributed to log, like Old John, alligators, bull-frogs; 263 nay, yellow fever is better than the muses; as I can prove that log would have gone to leeward many a time, had I trusted to them. Yesterday, in the city, a little boy ran after a Chinese person. “Man, have you any monkeys in your country?” As the poor fellow did not understand him, the boy got nothing by asking. What a mixture of nations. I wonder what the Chinese person thought of America; and why he chose to ramble here. Have I ever mentioned him before? Old German George is afraid of the comet that will appear, and says it is the forerunner of war; and his wife cried about it. But I think that is nonsense, as all his wife's best tears won't stop the comet, nor the war: and I advise that both should go to Germany, as the same comet cannot foretell fighting on both sides of the Atlantic at the same time. He has as great a dislike to comets as I have to yellow fever.

Evening—Wind very busy, shaking the windows; anti incidents for log are very scanty. We are housed, like the bees, or snakes, or bears. Let us see what has happened. James fell down and broke a fine tureen; but that is nothing for log. Had he broken a set—then indeed— *dernier ressort* , yellow fever. I do not like yellow fever; so all may know how I am driven when I write about that dreadful scourge. I remember, when my brother lay ill, it was during a fatal visit of the yellow fever to Philadelphia. The weather very hot, and dreadful anecdotes 264 were circulated every day, of the fever's rapid approaches from

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the wharf to the higher parts of the city. The doctors who attended my brother used to talk of different cases, until my European spirits used to flag. And one day in particular, these doctors spoiled my dinner, by exclaiming, "Oh, its coming now indeed! This morning a fellow has just made an eight hours' job of it. He was alive and well seven hours' before the black vomit commenced. We shall have warm work!" I looked at my brother: fortunately he was deaf. I do not think that they meant to frighten me, but their whole minds were absorbed in waiting to know how to treat the fever: as Rush's remedy, bleeding (which answered so well in 1791, I think) now totally failed, and turpentine was administered with some success. One night, I sat fanning my sleeping brother, when, at midnight, such a number of carts kept going about the silent streets, that I thought the fever had got more victims than we were aware of. Anxiety of mind for my dear brother made me think more of the deadly pestilence. Never can I forget that awful night. At length morning came, and I communicated my fears to my father, as I thought all the carts that I had heard must be dead-carts. "My dear," said my father, "it is market-day, and I hope those are market-carts that you have heard." They were so, and never was pleasure greater than mine, for it tranquillized My brother's fever had abated, and I did not feel so alarmed after, when an ignorant Job's 265 comforter told me my brother would catch the yellow fever, and may be had; as by that time I had got more used to hearing about the fever, and determined not to leave my brother to a set of mercenary wretches, as bad as the fever itself, let come what would, as many a one has been hurried half alive to a grave by the plunderers. So bracing my nerves as well a I could, I felt more comfortable, and felt as does the hardy sailor after having prepared for the gale as well as he can—a sort of "Thy will be done," as I have done all I can in this mighty battle betwixt wind and weather.

Evening —Very bad times for log. Capt. Westren came yesterday, and asked how we came on. Just laying to, doing nothing, except yellow fever reminiscences. Luckily the chimney caught fire; and although it spoiled my breakfast, yet it made a beginning for us; and it put the Captain on the fire tack: and he told us about some gentlemen, who were Iris passengers once, who wanted to throw crackers in the sternage, to frighten

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the women! "But," said the Captain, "I talked of handcuffs; and they talked of my being only an American, and of their high English families. Bat I let them know that the King of England should not play with crackers and squibs on board of my vessel. No, he should not, I *guess*; and so at last we agreed. They wished they were landed at New York, and, d—n 'em, so did I; for you see they were worse than women in a gale of wind." The Captain promised to read my log next time. Really, winter is terrible log weather.

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Evening—Neither wind nor yellow fever; but to make up deficiencies, have heard a gentleman relate a curious anecdote about a miser. Where he got it I cannot tell; but I have put it into verse for the improvement of Thomas Grasp, Esq.; and as he is not such a judge of poetry as he is of gold, shall not mortify him by the quality of the verses; and as he has behaved so shockingly to his niece and her husband, I beg the ladies to read a little log to him.

THE MISER.

The orphan, trembling, ask'd for bread: Frowning, the miser turn'd his head; Bless'd his good star *he* was not poor; Shut in that beggar's face the door. And quick descended under ground, Where all his treasures could be found; Enter'd the room—when, lo! the door Fast clos'd—and he beheld no more The glorious day.—For, to secure His gold, and have it always sure, The miser had a spring-lock plac'd, Which, as the door flew to in haste, Trapp'd the old wretch in dungeon cold, To live with his own darling gold. In wild despair he spends his breath. At the end of four days, came in death; Who, peering at him, ask'd him why This huge uproar, this hue and cry? Because, says death, you have your gold; Bags upon bags are round you roll'd. 267 But as you make this hideous rout, Perhaps you wish that you were out. Would you then really, really, give Some of this gold if you could live? I'd give it all, the miser cry'd: I'd give all in this world beside, For one small drink and scrap of bread. Assist me, or I shall be dead. Cries death, if wealth is worth no more Than scraps upon a kitchen floor, Why, you're a fool, for here you'll die,

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And money useless lying by. That orphan you saw t'other day, Who for your aid so long did pray, Stands equal with yourself, I think; You both are upon misery's brink. He lives in wretchedness complete; You've hoarded what you cannot eat. So now this gold we will set free, And you shall come along with me. This trash has troubled you full sore, But it shall trouble you no more. Your gold God gave; but it was giv'n To do the high command of heaven; To aid the orphan-child distress'd, To give the harass'd bosom rest. Now pardon seek at Mercy's Throne— You die by misery all your own!

Now, Thomas Grasp, Esq., look at the old miser, and a linnet with whom I had a slight acquaintance; and tell me which you think the most amiable of the two. Only think, a little bird, compared with a great man, one of the boasted lords of creation! Think of this, Thomas Grasp, Esq. M

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ON HEARING A LINNET SING IN AUGUST.

Sing, little monarch of the thorn, Well may'st thou tune that feather'd throat; The tidings of a plenteous year Ought on the ambient air to float.

Well may thy breast with rapture swell, To view around thee ripening grain: Not only should a linnet sing, But ally, sweet birds should join the strain.

Thy song is raised in thankful mood To Him, who from thy sight has hid, With ripening grain, the rugged clod, By whose command the blasts were chid.

Sing on unto that Power above, Who gave thee wings, and forms the flowers; And let us, songster, join the hymn, For that same God, sweet bird, is our's. S. H.

Evening —Wind, north-east, with snow; therefore we must depend upon ourselves for amusement, and the ladies are repeating their compositions, and they want to hear my verses on *Harp-hall*. No, no, my dears, said I; those poor verses I have begged of Judge

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James to show to nobody; and let me tell you, ladies, verses must be bad indeed when their author does not fancy them: but I will give you Winter from my *Seasons*.

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How darksome the grove! for kind Autumn had fled, And Boreas appear'd, who so solemnly led All the storms which the icy bleak north could prepare, To send with the Monarch of Winter's black car. Surpris'd, the tall stag did the new snow displace, Which, like ocean's white foam, had found rest on his face; And he started, as yell'd the loud whirlwind for prey, As it frantickly tore the huge branches away. On came savage Winter: all terrors combine To aid him whose sceptre's a storm-broken pine: Whose music—which round him doth dismally play— Is the crash of some forest he's levell'd to-day. Here is frost—and the waves slowly struggle in vain, And in vain shake their fetters, their freedom to gain; But when the poor fish his imprison'd head rears, Lo! above him a dome of fine crystal appears! All on earth's felt the change—for cold Winter had shown That flowers should all to their dark graves be borne By the tempest, which brought this most dreadful decree, "In Winter's dark reign, not a flower shall be." But the hare found a dew-drop, bound fast to a thorn, Which a sun-beam array'd, the stripp'd branch to adorn; For the sun seem'd inclin'd to enliven the scene, That Autumn might see her prayers answer'd had been. And Sol loos'd the bonds of the ice-fetter'd trees, And the glittering icicles fell with the breeze. The stript forest found it had one friend at least, When the sun thaw'd the frost as it lighted the east; And, if Autumn had known that the leafless oak-tree Felt the rays of the sun, how delighted she'd be; For though 'neath the snow all the leaves were now laid, Yet cheer'd were the trees, so she'd feel not afraid. Round the hive howl'd the gale, but safe clos'd was the door, And the bee view'd with rapture her rich honey'd store: M 2 270 "This lesson," she said, "will I teach to my young— That the plenty seen here, from industry sprung: I have watched the sweet breeze, and have open'd each flower, Ever since I have visited Aconite's bower." The squirrel sat quiet, nor Winter he fears, Though the storm's doleful song so distinctly he hears; For the squirrel, he thought, 'twas in vain to contend, If upon his back should the tempest descend. So he hastily fled from the wind,

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rain, and hail, And crack'd the stor'd nuts, while without howl'd the gale. The hare was appall'd, for she heard the dogs cry— The snow show'd her footsteps—she dar'd not to fly. Again the sun kindly, though dismal the day, Sent a beam, and soon took the impression away. The screams of the eagle were borne on the blast; He search'd in the gale for ensanguin'd repast— For the cries of some wretch, by the storm drove away; Or the scent of a carcass far gone in decay. While the birds, which were hidden in hollow tree warm, Dream'd of eagle's fell grasp, when they heard the alarm. The bat, by his long leathern wing had safe hung, When the wind round the turret so boist'rously sung; And he shiver'd, as round him the storm seem'd to play, While it shook the old turret, as sure of its prey; And the bat, he was always well pleased to find, At each pause of the wind, he was safe left behind. But though Winter reign'd, still was Providence kind— To protect all creation its powers combin'd: In vain Winter raged, for well cloth'd was the sheep In a warm fleece of wool; and although she must keep Where the hill and the vale were with snow overspread Still the snow-drop would hide from the tempest her head. Then, if Winter were King, the great sun every day Gave a peep through the clouds;—drove the cold mist away. 271 One morning he look'd where stood aconite bower, When to hail him the hellebore burst into flower. “Blest flower,” cried Sol, “my protection I'll give To one who has dar'd 'midst the tempest to live. May'st thou be a lesson to all that are born, Who have felt, like thyself, sharp adversity's storm; Who may feel the dread pang, yet, with innocence blest, Stand firm—and to Providence leave all the rest. Bloom now, for stern Winter will quickly pass on, And the blast to the home of the storms will be gone. Then the birds will awake, and so merrily sing, When they flutter and play round the bower of Spring.”

Morning —Wind full south. I thought it best to take possession of this time, as I am going to write about one of those birds who love darkness; and lest I should make a *faux faux*, like the unfortunate being whose fate I am going to narrate, thought I had better take advantage of the sun.

THE OWL AND THE SPARROW.

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“Why do not I fly in mid-day?” said an owl, who was sitting (as he thought alone) among the thick branches of a stately oak. “Can any reason be given why I should not?”—“The reason is very obvious,” replied a timid sparrow, rendered conversant by the brightness of the sun, and the consequent blindness of her sanguine neighbour. “The reason, I think, is very obvious indeed. Your eyes are not calculated to bear the rays of that glorious luminary, which is giving the most splendid colouring to the 272 surrounding landscape, and indeed causing all nature to rejoice. O! if you could only see how the expanding heath-flowers, aided by the sun's beams, have covered yonder mountain with the richest purple. O! enchanting sight, which you cannot enjoy. No cloud destroys the wood's azure canopy, which is reflected on yonder extensive river; and that soft blue the sun has studded with the opening water-lily; and the yellow iris is cheerfully expanding its beauty, to decorate the unruffled stream.”—“Peace blockhead,” interrupted the owl, “leave your sun and your rivers, and attend to what I am going to say. Has not our race been renowned for wisdom? Why should not we fly by day? Is not a figure of one of my ancestors placed on the helmet of Minerva, as a symbol of knowledge? Answer me. Why do not we fly by day?”—“Why,” replied the sparrow, “you do not mean to say there never was a foolish owl in the world. Begging your pardon, you yourself would prove the contrary, if you were to continue discontent at being obliged to seek your food by night instead of day.”—“Friend,” answered the owl, “I will hear no more. I will this moment fly with you to the temple. Consider me as your friend; for this day I will amaze you. Having lived all your life in retired woods, you will behold with wonder the richly carved capital resting on its majestic shaft, instead of the fragile flowers, which every succeeding breeze threatens to destroy. Come, come, no apology; follow me this instant:” and uttering these words, the clumsy 273 bird of darkness darted from his hiding place, followed by his humble companion. The owl managed to lead the way very well, until he reached the environs of the temple. Here, alas! his dazzled eyes, tired by a mid-day flight, entirely failed; and quite bewildered, he resolved to seek shelter hastily under the same roof which covered his carved ancestor; when, just as he was about to shew to the sparrow the beautiful capitals of which he had so highly spoken, his giddy head came in contact with the majestic shaft, and the next moment the poor

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owl lay on the marble floor, motionless as that owl on whose high station he was come to expatiate. Before he breathed his last, speech returned, and he endeavoured to address the sparrow in a most pompous strain. "Save yourself the trouble of praising your wise ancestor," replied the sparrow, "for I can plainly see, if he were an owl of eminence, he was very different from you; and however long he remained when he got here, it was certainly by night he came."

I hope my friends will be sorry for the poor owl; but they will see what a fatal mistake he fell into, all because Minerva chose a very intelligent owl of her day: but she would never have been so foolish as to have gone indiscriminately among those hooting gentlemen, and have taken any bird, because O, W, L composed his name. Now we know that a King of France, a long time since bestowed high honour on a certain clever man. How foolish 274 that King would have thought that man, if he had said to the King, "Sire, I now hope, be my descendants placed where they may, should they submit plans of any kind to the rulers of nations, that those rulers would accept of them." "Oh friend," the Monarch would say. "I do not see that; we do not know what sort of an ow—(man I mean) your descendant may be; and I call promise you, I dare not say so much for your infant son, much less for your distant posterity." Now the gentleman who submitted his plan for cutting ships' masts in two, and who feels so highly incensed at the President, let him consider that the person he abuses must have something more to reward than the merit of a man's being descended from another clever man. He must have talent; and if that rare commodity will not be hereditary, the President cannot help it.

Evening —And the wind coming up stairs, to see what I am about. "Who and what is Mr. Hankerville, whom you compliment so highly in your fable of the owl?" said a lady to me. Why Ma'am, said I, I scarcely know; only that he is of a good French family, and is very conceited, in my opinion. He has a right to be proud of his wonderful ancestor, of whom he boasts; and no doubt but Kings, Presidents, &c. would be pleased to add new honours on a gone-by great man's descendant, if they could; and that knowledge of having had wise ancestors, ought to stimulate the mind of the descendant 275 to action,

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but not to foolishness. A gentleman told me that Mr. Hankerville's abilities are so small, that it is impossible to advance him in the way he wishes. He, I understood, waited on the President a short time ago, with a prospectus of some artillery of his invention, which he said was to mow down whole legions at one discharge; but the President did not seem so sanguine as Hankerville did, so dismissed him and his project, of which dismissal he complains.

Morning —Very fine. Have been to the city, and after transacting my own business, waited in the upper part of Market-street for Mrs. B. with the carriage, and as it stopped longer than I expected, I went into a small store (shop), which was very neat and clean. The woman who kept the store invited me into her neat parlour adjoining, although I said I only wanted to wait there a short time, I found she was an Irish woman, and to all appearance in comfortable circumstances. You live very pleasantly here, Madam, said I: every thing looks comfortable about you, and your children fine and healthy. "Yes," said she, "I thank God I have a kind husband, and we have plenty to eat, to drink, and to wear; but it is not like dear old Ireland." Did you live as well in Ireland? said I. "No dear; but it is dear old Ireland still." By which I found that the females of that country transplant as indifferently as those from my country.

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Evening —Calm and frosty. We have been amusing a newly landed lady with an account of the effects of the *Poison Vine*. Wishing to give some of my other newly-landed friends a little information about it, I shall not apologize for inserting the following. The people here, in common conversation, call almost every climbing plant a vine. In the woods, and by the road sides, grows this plant, which, from the appearance of its dark-green leaves, reminded me of the Black Briary, which is not uncommon in the English hedges. An English gentleman, a friend of my father, and he, were walking near Norriss Town, when they saw one of these plants growing very luxuriantly over some rail-fencing. My father's friend sprung to the opposite side of the road, and ran past the plant with the utmost fear. My father, not knowing what was the matter, supposed his friend had espied some

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tremendous serpent, ready to make a spring: he also ran, without knowing the cause. But when he had ascertained it, he could hardly refrain from smiling, having frequently seen (in passing) the noxious plant, but never received any injury from it. His friend then informed him, that a few years ago he was returning home, after a shower of rain, and incautiously went within a few yards of the Poison Vine, when next morning he felt his face smart, as if stung with nettles, and before he got up, his face was very much swelled and painful, which did not entirely subside in a week. This has made him very cautious ever since. I have 277 known several children suffer greatly from this plant, but not every one who goes near or really touches it, is infected. I am truly surprised that gentlemen should suffer this plant to grow year after year, close to their houses, when a little hot water would soon eradicate it; for, as children are most likely to be affected by it, they too are also, in their rambles, most likely to get in its way. Who need to wonder so much at the history of the Upas? It is of the family of the poison vines.

Evening—Wind full north; and to cheer you, John B., for that circumstance, I am going to write a little log, a little poetry log. Some one said she thought I borrowed a line from somebody else, in my address to Schuylkill stream. If I did, John, depend upon it one of those literary ladies, the Muses, finding me by chance scribbling, and aground for rhyme, had the audacity to give me what she had before bestowed on a real poet. A minx! she had better have left me to myself. I never asked her into either the library or my own room. A garret is her abode, and let her keep there. You will excuse English machinery and errors—I am very anxious to see a piece from you next week.—Do you think that the old cradles which are still swinging at the end of boughs, will be safe receptacles of delicate, new eggs? The storms, I fear, have worn them: but nonsense, I shall next be fearing that the hard earth will never permit the coming flower to perforate it.

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TO A SNOWDROP, WHICH APPEARED VERY EARLY IN FEBRUARY.

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Fairest of the flowering race, Blooming e'en amid the gale; Bold art thou to venture forth,
Whilst the winds yon trees assail. What could tempt thee now to bloom? Not the sun—he's
seldom seen; And the blossom's fate appears Written on his cloudy screen. But forgive
me, pretty flow'r, I forgot thy Maker Great, Upon whose Almighty will Storms and sunshine
ever wait: And as He bids thee bloom, thou'st nought to fear; Expand thy snowy leaves—
guest of the infant year.

We cannot for one moment dare Doubt the existence of a God! While His orbs begem the
sky; While His flew'rs bedeck the sod. He, young flower, has cloth'd the sheep, And has
form'd the mighty tree: He has sent the balmy shower, And protection gives to thee. 'Tis
God, to whom the ravens cry: By Him is fed the savage beast. It is God's refulgent sun
Whose bright beams illumine the east. And from His throne as soon could mandates be, For
bidding worlds dissolve, as, snowdrop, wither thee. S. H.

FINIS.

John Noble, Printer, Market-place, Boston.

ERRATA.

Page Line

18 12 For *I*, read *she*. 13 For *her*, read *me*.

22 10 From tthe bottom. For *the side*, read as *the side*. For *as the gentleman*, read *the gentleman*.

23 The note at the bottom of the page ought to be out.

25 9 From the bottom For *Craniologist*, read *Craniologists*.

26 Last line of the poetry. For *My*, read *Thy*.

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34 9 From the bottom. For *plow*, read *plough*; and for *distil*, read *still*.

37 7 There ought to have been an *referring to a note at the bottom of the page. *Note*.—
This was a war tax, which has long since ceased.

47 9 Dash the pen through *cried I*.

50 13 For *Merry*, read *Perry*.

79 8 From bottom. For *briny*, read *briery*.

86 14 For *of*, read *to*.

91 The two lines after the poetry ought to have been before it.

105 4 For *it*, read *them*.

120 2 For *has*, read *had*.

122 10 For *Strutgard*, read *Stutgard*.

196 7 From bottom. For *Genti*, read *Geni*. 6 From bottom. A comma between wife and in.

197 Last line. For *Dick said*, read *Dick, said I*.

199 7 For *cause*, read *source*.

207 5 From the bottom. For *leaving*, read *left*.

214 15 For *they*, read *you*; and for *their*, read *your*.

219 21 For *who are*, read *that is*.

242 6 For *in*, read *for*. 12 From the bottom. For *I*, read *you*; and for *myself*, read *yourself*.

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246 3 From the bottom. For *him*, read *them*.

248 3 For ye, read *you*.

264 13 For *waiting*, read *trying*.

265 11 From bottom. For *sternage*, read *steerage*.

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