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REMINISCENCES

OF

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS MARSHALL,

OF BERWICK.



Written by Himself.

BERWICK:

PRINTED BY DANIEL CAMERON.

1835.

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1930



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PREFACE.

A PREFACE to a book appears to me to be something like the twilight, which is sometimes the harbinger of darkness, and at other times ushers in the light. Now, as every writer is supposed to be blind to the real character of his own productions, I must claim the common privilege, and leave my readers to decide, whether this very short prefatory introduction opens the way to a region of refulgence, or leaves them groping in a profundity of gloom.

The principal difficulties in writing a book of this description, so as to please, are two. The first is to avoid that insipidity which is inseparably linked with a bare relation of facts; The second is to impart a relish to the reading, without giving the book too much the form of a novel. I have paid some attention to each of these, and, I hope, not altogether without success.

I am fully convinced, that there never were as many respectable names belonging to Berwick, exhibited in a list of Subscribers, as those which are to be found at the end of this book. Magistrates, Clergy of the Establishment, Dissenting Ministers, Gentlemen of the Law

and the Lancet, Bankers, Private Gentlemen, Editors, Poets, Artists, Teachers, Merchants, Tradesmen, &c. to the most of whom I am personally known, have come forward in my support.

The Ladies have by no means been deficient in kindness upon the occasion; my heart felt gratitude, therefore, extends to all.

As it is evident, from the course of human life, that a few years must terminate my existence in this world, I have taken as much care as I possibly could, that when my head comes in contact with my dying pillow, the publication of "The Life and Adventures of Thomas Marshall" shall not be a sting to the mind of its author.

REMINISCENCES, &c.

CHAPTER I.

The Author's birth. The soundness of his lungs. His removal to Sunderland. Uncle Peter's wish. The author's agility. His removal to Norham. Short description of that place. Is chastised by his father; but rescued by aunt Hannah. Aunt's talents at pleasing children. Her wonderful tales.

I BELIEVE the parish register of Norham, in the County of Durham, will testify, that I was said to be born on the 4th of May, 1782, in the village of Horncliff, belonging to that parish.

Horncliff is a village situated upon the summit of a precipitous bank, the base of which is washed by the beautiful river Tweed: its distance from Berwick being about five miles. It will readily be conceived, that I can give no information from memory until I attained a certain period of boyhood. I have been told, however, that almost as soon as I was born, I gave practical proofs of the soundness of my lungs; and to such an extent did I carry this practice, that it very frequently roused my father's irascibility to such a degree, that he declared "there never was sic a bairn born."

My parents removed to Sunderland in the first year of my existence, and it appears that I had carried my usual practice to the southward, for having been conveyed by my parents on board of the *Benevolence of Scarborough*, a ship belonging to, and commanded by my uncle, Peter Marshall, he said—I am afraid he swore—"I wish that crying child dead." This saying, I suspect, was remembered by my mother as long as she lived.

My mother, however, was not so well acquainted with the character of seamen as her son Thomas, or she would have known, that such language from the mouth of a Tar carries very little meaning; and had any accident been likely to befall this noisy infant, it is altogether probable its uncle Peter would have been the very first to rescue it. There is not a more feeling hearted class of men in existence than seamen; and very frequently those who are roughest, and, to a stranger, appear void of humanity, are the very foremost to do a generous action.

There is only another trait in my infantile character which I remember to have heard mentioned, which was my early dexterity at running all-fours, up and down a stair. Whether this prognosticated a partiality to ups and downs, I leave to better judges than myself to determine. A child's movements, however, are not always indicative of the man; and the reason is evident—a child acts from the impulse of nature, whereas man is, in a great measure, formed by education, and swayed by outward circumstances.

As a proof of this, we have only to view the progress of life of two boys upon an equality as play fellows; their hopes, fears, wishes, partialities and dislikes are so nearly allied, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish a difference. In the course of ten years we behold them grown young men, one following the plough, the other become a scholar; their tastes, sentiments, views and knowledge are so exceedingly dissimilar, that a journey through life in each other's company would be worse than death. It is sufficiently evident that man is, very much at least, the creature of education and circumstances; and, therefore, my activity in crawling up and down stairs did not indicate what I am, but what I might have been, had nature been left to her own operations.

From the scantiness of materials I must now bring the reader to Norham, the scene of my boyish years, where my parents came to reside at a period to which my memory does not extend.

Norham is a village about seven miles from Berwick ; it is pleasantly situated upon a level haugh, on the south side of the Tweed, and surrounded on all sides by hills. Its name, which signifies the North Hamlet, gave the title to the shire : but it was anciently denominated Ubbansford. There is nothing remarkable about Norham, except the church and castle, both of which are the works of other years.

A church was built, or rather re-erected at Norham shortly after the year 830, and dedicated to St. Peter, St. Cuthbert, and St. Ceolwolf. Nothing remains of the ancient church except the middle aisle, its length, therefore, is too much in proportion to its breadth : it is nevertheless greatly superior to most country churches. The church of Norham is a vicarage in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Durham. In 1801 the population of the township was 728. The money raised by poor rates in the year 1803, was £314. 7s. 3d. at two shillings and a half-penny in the pound.

The present vicar, Dr. Gilly, is a gentleman held in the highest estimation, both as a preacher and a man.

The castle of Norham, the remains of which still exist in a very dilapidated state, was completed about the year 1121, by bishop Flambard. It is described by historians, as "situated upon a steep rock, and fortified with a trench: the outward wall of great circuit, was guarded by several turrets, in a canton towards the river, in which another wall, much stronger, encircled the keep or tower, of great height."

The keep or great tower is the only part of the castle which remains above the surface ; it is about

seventy feet, containing four stories, or ranges of apartments. Its aspect is rather gloomy, and altogether unornamented, but its dungeons, its crumbling red stones, and even the very nettles growing upon its rubbish, inspire me with reverence. There are the mouldering walls, upon which I, with my early companions, have often clambered; there the dungeons in which we have often hid, to frighten each other; there runs the silvery stream in which we have often bathed and angled; the whole sacred to the memory of many, whom I shall no more behold until I have crossed the mysterious flood.

You may now, if you choose, figure in your imagination my father, a man about five feet eight or nine, full of ire, chastising a little cross-grain'd child, who knew neither for what he was crying, nor the cause of the chastisement. Here then were two wrong headed beings at cross purposes, a child, almost an infant, crying because it was beat, and a man continuing the castigation because the child would not, or rather could not cease: if ever there existed a preposterous interchange between father and child, surely this was one!

A third person must now be introduced, by whom, as I have been told, this unprofitable conflict was brought to a speedy termination. This personage, who forms a singular character in the history of my life, was my aunt by marriage. The features of her mind were prominently eccentric. She was a female whose nerves were not to be shaken by every day occurrences. Her soul took a direction in its movements, to which I do not remember to have seen any thing similar. She had no children of her own, and consequently, like all those who have none, thought she could manage those of others in a very superior way. She coming in, and perceiving the unequal terms upon which I stood, insisted upon taking the

child home with her. This was at once carried into execution, and I was from that period domiciliated in her house.

I have nothing but conjecture to offer concerning the manner in which my aunt Hannah made a prize of me. Whether she wrested me from the hands of my parent, and defied any one to oppose her in her proceedings, as she was very apt to do, or whether she did it in a milder way, I know not. Perhaps there was an apparent fitness of things in this arrangement in the eyes of all parties. To bestow the care of one child out of a number, upon a person who has none, tends to bring labour and care more towards an equilibrium. Perhaps, also, my father had no particular objection to a trial of my aunt's superior skill in the management of, what he considered to be, an untoward child. However this might be, it is most certain that she possessed the art of managing me in such a way, that in the course of a number of years, I do not remember that she ever corrected me, neither can I remember having disobeyed her in any thing.

She possessed a singular talent at pleasing children, and about one of the first things I can remember is, sitting, with several others around her, listening to her wonderful, but, to us, not incredible tales.

My aunt's classification of tales was not peculiar to herself; she had true stories, improbable stories, and impossible stories, the latter of which were always the most fascinating. To be told concerning a flying horse, or a speaking dog, or a woman turned into a four-footed animal, was a banquet which my young mind could not resist.

At the very early period to which I am now referring, I was completely initiated into the etiquette of the court of Mab, Queen of the Fairies. I knew the form of their pretty green liveries, understood the temper of her majesty, and could sing a number of

Fairy songs. To doubt of the existence of those beings was a heresy which exposed the party so offending to my profound contempt. I must here remark, that it is quite possible to give the mind, by means of the wildest tales, a relish for certain virtues; but as this can be done in a much superior way by rational, nay real narratives, it is surely neither the offspring of a good taste, nor correct judgment, to blend real instruction with the most grotesque and deformed fictions.

My aunt's impossible stories were tolerably well seconded by her improbable ones. I will here give you one of the improbable kind, which, although the coinage of my own brain, and the language my own, the matter is of the description which the fertility of my aunt's fancy could at any time produce.

CHAPTER II.

Tale of Tom Unthank. Flood and tempest. Tom's journey to Greenhill. His arrival at Norham Castle. Enters the dungeon. Dreadful apparition. Tom's generalship, and his dog Watch's terror. A singular dance, by a singular Figurante. The extraordinary termination thereof. Unthank and party arrive at Norham.

ON a dark and tempestuous night in December, the river Tweed was swelled beyond the bounds of an ordinary flood. Its reddened waters, whilst passing the village of Norham, made fearful ravages on the fields, winter-crops, and cattle. The boat-house crags, with their stupendous western front, pierced by the now deserted hermitage, presented an impenetrable barrier to the mighty rush of waters to the eastward,

which, accumulating upon the front of the pulpit-stone, took a northern direction with roaring impetuosity. As it swept along the base of Ladykirk banks, its ruffled surface was covered with the carcasses of sheep, trees riven from their deep-rooted dwellings, wooden bridges torn from the banks of rivulets—which empty their contents into the subsidiary streams of Ettrick, Yarrow, Gallow, Jed or Till—the thatched roofs of fishermen's *shiels* upborne from their humble sites, boats and house utensils of all descriptions, indicating that the farmers and peasantry farther up the river had sustained serious loss.

The rude north-east blast, bearing sleet and rain upon its wings, thundered upon the dilapidated walls of the ancient castle, and whilst it disturbed the repose of the winged garrison sheltered in its recesses, the animals which had taken shelter in its lonely dungeons groaned with terror. About "the witching hour of night," a fisherman named Tom Unthank, who had been down the river at Greenhill, to see that the shiel was quite secure, was on his return home to Norham. As his usual route by the Strait Heugh and Staw Dean was immersed in the flood, in order to insure the safety of himself and his dog Watch, he chose the road on the top of the banks, which led him to pass through the most solitary part of the old castle. The only inhabitants of its dungeon now, were sheep, oxen, or goats; perhaps a solitary toad might be seen occasionally to cross their recesses; the owl also would sometimes dart across their cheerless gloom in her nocturnal excursions: but her lodgings were in a much more elevated part of the building, where security from the general depredator man surrounded her retreat. Unthank, having from his youth been habituated to journey by night, was by habit a despiser of phantoms. This night, however, as he approached the castle, an unaccount-

able something flitted across his mind. A momentary desire to take another road than that through the dungeon seemed to take possession of him, but not willing to be able to charge himself with cowardice, he proceeded. As he stooped beneath the low archway which led to the dark, or inner, dungeon, he distinctly heard the church bell toll. The tolling of a passing bell at that lonely hour of a fearful night, naturally associated in the mind of Unthank the idea of death, which at this particular crisis, just entering a gloomy dungeon, had no very favourable effect upon his nerves. Having got under shelter in the inner dungeon, he took off his hat to shake the wet from its brim, and as he proceeded in the operation, Watch gave a sort of half growl, and ran between his feet, seemingly a little afraid.

Tom knew that cattle from the *Hangman Lands*, an adjoining ground, were apt to run in here for shelter, but the present bearing of Watch did not seem to be occasioned by the presence of sheep, oxen or goats. As he wrung the sleet from the tails of his great coat, a glance of light darted across the spot on which he stood, and discovered several sheep around him. This was no more than he expected, but from whence the light proceeded he could arrive at no probable conjecture. He was perfectly conversant with Tweed-side meteors, such as shot stars and merry dancers, and had seen many illuminations with the glare of the midnight lightning; but he knew a night like the present was not productive of lightning, and shot stars could not be perceived in the gloom of the dungeon. Tom was much better assured of the existence of sheep-stealers, robbers and murderers, than he was of ghosts, phantoms, or devils: for although he went regularly to the parish church, and heard the minister treat of such things, he held his own experience as more than equivalent to the assertions

of his teacher. Tom was not much accustomed to turn his eyes inward, or he might soon have discovered the workings of evil spirits; but preferring the eye in his head, as infinitely superior to what is called the eye of the mind, whenever a *sight* presented itself in the dark, he marched boldly up to it, and thus universally discovered, that what appeared unnatural was merely an effect produced in the absence of proper light and shade.

His scepticism regarding apparitions was now put to the test: the descent of a light through a hole in the arched apartment, which with a quivering motion approached within six or eight feet of the floor, and then commencing a regular *see-saw*, rivetted his eyes to its undulations. Tom insensibly grasped his *kent*, and unconsciously commenced a slow backward motion towards a corner. There seems to be a sort of intuitive generalship in human nature, which, almost without thinking, suggests the propriety of securing the flanks and rear, so that the act of defence may with more force and precision be exerted in the front. Tom's instinct at once discovered that a corner of the dungeon was what an experienced warrior would term a strong position. As soon as the working of his instinct told him that circumstances could not render him more secure, he, to make himself doubly certain that he had the innermost station, with an almost breathless anxiety reached his staff into the corner, but finding it vacant, he anxiously awaited the issue of this spectacle.

You may now, if you please, view our fisherman standing on a firm piece of ground, with his left leg somewhat in advance; about three feet in front, and a little to the right, stood Watch, with his tail between his legs, which were drawn as far back as the equiponderance of the body would permit, in order to facilitate a retreat upon his master, should prudence

direct such a movement. Tom's hat, which was none of the best, but tolerably broad in the brim, was so soaked with wet that it hung over his shoulders, and threatened to do the same over his eyes: but his conceptions hinting that this was a time to have all his eyes about him, he gave the front brim an ill-natured press upward, which exposed a beard of a week or ten days' growth. The singularity of Tom's appearance at this moment might have staggered the courage of some rational personages, but as the present encounter was neither with rational nor ærial beings, appearances were not productive of much effect.

Tom had nearly five minutes watched the pendulum like motion of this intrusive phenomenon, when he gave a momentary glance upward, and to his utter dismay beheld a face peeping down the aperture in the arch of the dungeon. The face, although of the human species, was decked in such a way as to defy any attempt to scrutinize the gender. A woman's cap dripping with wet encircled the face, upon which was a man's hat tied on with a straw rope, and fastened under the throat. Tom's wife was a true believer in the existence of witches and fairies, the latter of whom she had frequently heard performing oratorios on Ladykirk banks, and had as often viewed the fairy ring produced by their nightly gambols and dances on the green: and her husband, like many other good men, put implicit confidence in his wife's opinions concerning witches and fairies, altho' his credence did not extend to ghosts and spectres. That the present apparition was a witch of no ordinary dimensions he was fully satisfied, and, therefore, began to say his prayers accordingly. "He's deed," cried the spectre; "I ken his ghest will be here; this is the place where the bodies of the Scotch and English lie; and a' the ghests dance about the dungeon at twall o'clock; I'll come doon and have a reel wie them."

Thus saying, the light was drawn up, and as the descent was easy, the apparition, with the light, entered from the outward dungeon, and instantly commenced dancing. It would be difficult to describe Unthank's emotions as they really were. This being, whatever it was, possessed an exterior such as Tom had never before beheld. In addition to its woman's cap, and slouched hat, there hung over its shoulders a pair of men's small clothes, the posterior part hanging over the back, and the thighs fastened across the breast. A dog skin fastened around the waist, with two of the legs dangling down, partially covered what seemed to be a bed-gown. Its left leg and thigh were incased in a quilted yellow petticoat, whilst the right were covered with a garment resembling a check'd apron. Shoes it had none; but instead thereof, a pair of old fashioned pattens defended the soles of the feet from the ground, and kept up an irregular clatter during the dance with its midnight spectral associates.

In running some of the supposed figures in the dance, the lanthorn which it held, swinging around, came a little nearer to the nose of Watch than was agreeable to the astonished animal: he gave a loud bark, succeeded by an uneasy growl, which provoked the irascibility of an old-horned gentleman in a corner of the dungeon, who to this moment had remained unseen. The ire of this old gentleman with a long beard, and horns as long, prompted him to charge upon our extraordinary Figurante. One spring levell'd the apparition to the ground, and at the same time entangled the lanthorn upon one of his horns. With this twinkling star in front, and with the velocity of the wind, he flew out of the dungeon, and left Unthank, Watch, and their unknown comrade in darkness. Canine courage was now "screwed to the sticking place." Watch leapt upon the prostrate unknown, seized it by the straw rope, and there held fast. The

courage of Unthank also rose with that of Watch—“Haud on, good dog! Haud on, Watch; till I get out my knife. Be she ghest or deevil, I'll score her under the brathe, howsumever.” At this very critical moment the sound of voices were heard outside the dungeon, crying, “Mat! Mat! where are yee?” “Here,” cried Mat, half breathless with the grasp of Watch's tusks. “Ah yee daft eesless limmer,” cried Jack Glass, “to rin away sic a night as this! Ye trouble every body wie yeer daft figaries! Bit come away, hinny! get yeersell made dry and cumfurable, an' get away to bed.”

The lights of the party soon discovered each to other; they descended the castle bank, seemingly pleased that their doubts, fears, and troubles were for the present removed. Poor insane Matty was dried, and put to bed, Unthank went home and related the adventure to his wife, and Watch took his place by the fire, by no means discontent that he was only a dog. What became of the lanthorn, and also the cause of the bell tolling, I may possibly relate as I go on.

This is the kind of probable story with which my aunt could command the attention of her juvenile auditors, and not only so but gain their affections. As this story is every way probable, it certainly is not so objectionable as her impossible ones; but I shall moralize a little on the art of story telling, when the lanthorn and the tolling of the bell are brought forward.

CHAPTER III.

The Author is sent to school. Does not remember learning to read. Put to Latin very young. The tenacity of a young memory. Bred to the Church of England. Seceders or Hill-folks. What religion is, and what it is not. The Author's partiality to books. Water-mill speculation. Mock Ordination. Learns to ride. Nearly drowned. Drowning of a school-fellow.

I WAS taken to school at a very early period; the remembrance of entering the school with my mother, in order to become the pupil of that gentleman with whom I remained eleven or twelve years, swims before me like a vision. I do not remember learning to read; that is to say, I do not remember my first initiation into that mystery. I suspect I received this at home from my aunt, uncle, and a lad who was kept in the house to take care of horses, &c. I also commenced writing at home, so that, properly speaking, I was scarcely ever in the reading or writing classes. I do not precisely know what age I was when the Eton Grammar was put into my hands, but my name and date upon the London Vocabulary prove, that when I got this, my second Latin school book, I was only five years old. Much has been said for and against such early instruction in this tongue, and it certainly has both its advantages and disadvantages; one thing is most certain, that to have the elements of the language, in a great measure, by heart, when young, gives a very great facility to the learner when his judgment becomes more matured.

It is surprising how tenaciously the memory will attach itself to some very silly things from our earliest

days. I can remember my aunt's mode of declining a noun nearly half a century. She was just such a Latinist as the old nurse in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, who could tell that hang hog was Latin for bacon.

She was a Church of England woman of the first water, and any thing in the shape of a dissenter was an abomination in her sight. It is true she was forced to, and did associate with, dissenters, but then it was in the same way that a rigid Roman Catholic would with a Presbyterian, or a Christian with a Hindoo. My standing up in the Church to repeat my Catechism was an honour not to be declined; but, what she designated, "babbling with the ha'penny Caritge, (The Assembly's Catechism) was by much too low and vulgar for such a prodigy as her adopted son." This she left to be committed to the memories of the offspring of "Hillfolks," viz. Seceders or Anti-burghers; there being a congregation of those people in Norham.

There can be no fact clearer to my mind, than that a want of religion in all sects is the chief cause of that disrespect which mutually exists towards each other. At this period there was much of that spirit in Norham. The two parties, namely, Church and Seceders, were equally ignorant, or, perhaps, I may be considered as speaking more respectfully to say, their knowledge was much upon a par. I suspect the religious knowledge of both parties was scanty in the extreme; so much so, that instead thereof, the Seceders had substituted a knowledge of the Confession of Faith, National Covenanting, The History of the Secession Church, and in addition to these, a pouring out of bitter anathemas against Episcopalianism: things as distant from religion as the north pole is from the equator.

Those of the Establishment placed much of their religion in the superior polish of their preachers, when

compared with the Anglicised Scotch sing song of the old Seceder ministers, the decency of the surplice and gown, and withal the connection of the Church with government, and the attendance of the gentry.

I do not need to inform my readers that my young mind would drink deep into the foible of the latter party ; so much so, that I conceived it to be a crime for a minister to preach without certain canonicals. The human mind will grasp any thing, or every thing before it will grasp religion ; and the reason is apparent ; there is no cross to take up in studying catechisms, confessions, forms of church government, or even scriptural doctrines. There is little or no cross to take up in preaching, or praying, or, to many, in a steady conduct, certainly not ; still all these may be practised, and not a spark of religion existing in the mind.

There were, however, among the Seceders of Norham, at this period, a few whose Christianity was not to be doubted, and I do most sincerely believe, that the Rev. J. Morrison, during a ministry almost unequalled in length, was an instrument in the hand of Deity in guiding very many into the right path. Whatever might be the foibles of many of his hearers, he was a disciple of the right stamp. He was far advanced in his ministry before I could form an opinion of his character, and at this æra he was become a patriarch in the village ; the children, their fathers and their grandfathers had all been bred under his instruction ; and to see the old gentleman, with a cane as long as himself, conversing with the little children in the street, was perhaps as interesting a sight as man could look at on this side the grave. He is now gone to his reward ; and whilst my pen commits this to the paper, I feel reverence and affection to the memory of the man.

The mind of a child is capable of religious impres-

sions when very young, and I certainly felt such at a very early period. My religious instruction, though perhaps a little wild, was extremely strict, and, upon the whole, good. Indeed I defy any person who has the Prayer Book by heart, as I had, to be altogether ignorant of the true principles of Christianity: this is a very important advantage possessed by the members of the Established Church. I am not ignorant of the cant arguments for and against reading prayers, but they amount to very little in my estimation, whilst I can resort to the practical effects which they have had upon my own mind: I pity that man most sincerely, who cannot give a response to the Church of England's prayers.

At the period of which I now treat I was very tender as to the commission of sin; I was taught to pray, and I did not fail to do so secretly. I learned a form of prayer, but I also used extempore petitions at a very early age.

It was said by my teacher, that I advanced rapidly in my education. I have, however, some doubts as to the truth of this assertion. I laboured under very great disadvantages; this being a school of general education, it was not possible for the master to attend to two or three Latin scholars like a man who has no other branch to attend to but Latin or Greek; and as I was sometimes a solitary Latin scholar, there was no spirit of emulation astir. However, I did not fail with my Latin to imbibe a little contempt for my English school-fellows.

I was thus at an early period a sort of insulated personage, and this, I can remember, fostered the latent seeds of pride which came into the world with me. I was much disposed to be alone, and if I could obtain the History of Tom Hickathrift, the Seven Wise Masters, the Seven Champions, Jack the Giant-killer, or any other of the like stamp, I had little re-

lish for any other society. As I advanced in years, I became possessed of two books, which were a never failing source of amusement: the *Siege of Troy*, and the *History of the Heathen Gods*. The achievements of Hector and Ajax at this celebrated siege, one tearing up a tree by the roots, and the other snatching up a huge rock as easily as I could a pebble, were as an army of reserve to which my mind retreated for amusement, when every other source was cut off. Many a melancholy moment have I passed over the corpse of my favourite hero Hector, and the spirit of revenge often led me to feast upon the death of Achilles with emotions of satisfaction. The Heathen Gods were not altogether so palatable to me; not being capable of comprehending the figurative meaning, I was led to consider the description of a God descending in a shower of gold to visit his mistress, or carrying another across the sea on his back, in the character of a huge bull, &c. as realities. I considered the life and adventures of Hercules as founded on fact, whereas there are evident marks in that history which seem to allude to a greater person than Hercules. He is represented as a little child in a cradle, crushing to pieces a serpent, and bruising its head. He is portrayed with the skin of a lion, and a massy club, walking up and down in the earth, banishing all monsters, crimes, giants, and tyrants. His twelve labours seem to allude to the great Conqueror: For who supposes that there ever were such beasts as the Fiery Bull of Marathon, the Hydra of Lerna, the Wild Boar of Erymanthus, the Ravenous Birds Stymphalides, the Monster Geryon, with three heads, or the Dog Cerberus, that kept the gates of hell? His descending into Hades to rescue Theseus, &c. slaying the dragon that kept the golden apples, killing the great robber Cacus, or the rebellious spirit thrown headlong from heaven, point evidently at some indistinct notion of

the Messiah. Hercules is represented in some medals as a shepherd carrying lambs upon his shoulders rescued from wolves and robbers; also with the morning star or rising sun over his head, while Love takes from him his club, as now become useless. These sacred symbols preserved from the earliest times, transmitted to the Greeks, whose poets coined wild fables about them, seem to have originated in the promise and expectation of some great personage, who would rectify the disjointed state of society.

Although much disposed to be alone, I had one inseparable companion. He was a boy of a strong mechanical genius, and it was rather singular that he and I who were of such different turns of mind, should have had such an attachment for each other's society. He was all for mechanics, I was all for books; yet we seldom or never quarrell'd; if we did it was only to be more friendly than before.

One of our early exploits was to erect a water-mill in his father's garden. Perhaps my reader may think that it was rather wild to commence building a water-mill where there was no water, but a little explanation will do away with this supposition. In the first place, we had no other secure site to build it on, this being a place to which boys had no access. Secondly, during a heavy shower of rain, there was a considerable run of water past the place; we therefore built in hopes of plentiful showers to set this machinery into action. The house was built and covered in; it was of a size sufficient to contain the body of one boy, when that body was upon all-fours like a rabbit. If I remember right, the outer wheel was made, and now came the puzzler. A grindstone of suitable dimensions was wanted; so we set out upon a peregrination to find one. The stone was found, and brought to the spot, when, lo, the work which had gone on so prosperously took another turn. In picking the millstone,

it was necessary to have a hole through the centre thereof. My comrade set to work, and with a steady eye, and persevering hand, kept picking the stone; but an unlucky blow dashed all our hopes to the earth by severing the article in question.

This, however, did not extinguish our hopes; another stone could have been got, had not my comrade unfortunately crawled into the mill to examine the work, when, by an inattentive movement, he struck some part of the building. The "roof and rafters a' did dirl," the edifice tumbled upon the architect, and poor Ned Gilchrist was almost *skumfished* in its ruins!

Thus ended the mill exploit of me and my friend Ned, a boy, and now a man of no ordinary abilities. Those who have been at Norham may have seen a wind-mill standing in the centre of the town, like Saul among the people; that is the work of my old school-fellow. Ned was a boy not much in the habit of acting like others, and why? The reason is very plain. I think I may here explain myself by using the words of Dr. George Pearson, when speaking of the great Dr. Brown—"Brown, like most men of superior genius, had little or no common sense." Now this, though a mystery to some, is, and must be the case. The perceptions of such men go far beyond those of others, and acting from those perceptions, they appear fools or madmen, simply because common men do not perceive their principles of action.

Previous to my seventh year, my aunt took upon herself to perform the office of ordination in order to introduce me into the episcopalian ministry, and I accordingly was initiated into the mysteries of office. Two chairs, the one turned upside down, and placed upon the other, formed an excellent pulpit, a white apron tied over my shoulders was my surplice; and as the pulpit had no door, I was lifted into it by the

dignitary who ordained me. This may be alleged by some as an unfair way of getting into a pulpit, as I did not enter by a door. To such fastidious persons I would reply, that I could not possibly do so, as there was no door to enter.

But the great and unanswerable cause was this; my aunt conceived that she had a right to do what she pleased in her own diocese; and although she viewed the Bishop of Durham as an inferior deity, and would have fought with carnal weapons to defend the church, had his Lordship presumed to contradict her in the management of the church in her house, she would soon have convinced him that she was a Christian of excellent conditions, ——— provided she got her own way.

I never was at a loss either for a clerk or a congregation, and it is now almost 48 years since I officiated as prayer reader at the funeral of a young duck, which was deposited in the earth with great lamentations! About my eighth year my uncle removed a mile out of the village. At this place I remained seven years, going to and returning from school daily. Now supposing I paced this ground twice over every day, during seven years, I must have gone 5000 miles upon this piece of road alone. Here I learnt to angle, row a boat, and ride a horse, or rather a mare; and my equestrianship commenced in rather a singular way. A bay mare, with a hollow back like a saddle, was the first animal I ever trotted or galloped. I could not possibly fall either backward or forward, so that any fall which occurred from the back of Lucy must have been laterally. She and I were tolerably well acquainted, and I do not hesitate to say, that when I got *mounted* into this *valley* we made as singular a figure as either Quixote or Sancha. To have attempted to view much of me either from front or rear would have been vain, and as the hollow on her back was

exactly adapted to those parts which came in contact, we had more the appearance of a mare with an excrescence upon her back, than of two distinct beings.

During those scenes I had a very near escape from drowning. Having a boat always at command, I, with two brothers, were trying experiments in the art of river navigation. I had a stick at the prow of the boat, which, by being forced into the mud at the bottom of the river, enabled me to propel the vessel in a direction suitable to my fancy or inclination. Unfortunately, however, the instrument of propulsion took a fast adhesion to the mud, and the boat's progress being too strong for me to check, I was dragged overboard, in consequence of not discovering in time, that of two evils it was proper to choose the least. It surely would have been a wise act rather to have let go the stick than to go overboard myself, but let those of my readers who may be disposed to laugh at me, consider for a moment, and they will soon perceive that this my error is committed every day. Look at the mercantile world; how many have we seen, who, by speculating deeply, and attempting not only to grasp, but keep hold of too much, have tumbled themselves into the river of bankruptcy, and let both the boat and the stick float down the river! We read of and have seen the very same in the political world. The most amazing man that ever lived committed my error. He was in the boat, and had the stick in hand, until his staff stuck fast in the mud at Moscow; he tumbled into the river, and his enemies in the most dastardly and contemptible manner drowned him at St. Helena! It was my fate, however, to escape from drowning at this time, not so my school-fellow, Arle, who was drowned at the boat-house ford shortly after.

It was in the autumn; he passed me on a new horse his father had purchased. I was the last person who spoke to him. He took the river; I was looking at

him the whole time; when he was three-fourths across the ford the water touched the belly of the animal; it plunged dreadfully; he held on long; at last it threw him; the strength of the stream carried him into deep water; poor fellow! I think I now see his hands plunging above the waters, (he could not swim) whilst shrieks sounded from both sides the river; a boat pulled off, it was in time to get his hat — Poor Jack was gone for ever! His body was found about six weeks after near Horncliff, in a state not to be described.

This was a serious night with my aunt; she seemed to have the *horribles*. I think, therefore, there cannot be a more appropriate season to suppose her concluding her improbable story than the present, and consequently you have it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Tale of Doll Raw. Middleton's Goat. Matt's Lanthorn found. Death of Jemmy Jenkinson the blind fiddler. Nicodemus's Dream. Doll undertakes to toll the bell at midnight, accompanied by her Cat. Enters the Church. Alarmed by footsteps. Tolls the bell. Fearful apparition. Rescued by her Cat Tyger. The Vicar led home, and Doll terminates her exploit. The Author finishes his education, and leaves school.

My reader will remember the loss of Matt's lanthorn, and the singular way in which it disappeared. This to some of my old school-fellows will not be so very wonderful, when I bring to their remembrance a number of goats, belonging to Mr. Middleton, which browsed about the castle and its environs. Among

this horned company there was one, which, for its valour, audacity, and willingness at all times to fight with the school-boys, was, by way of eminence, called "Middleton's Goat."

This old gentleman, on the night in question, fell to his old pranks, and carried the lanthorn to the Hangman Lands, where it was found next day by old Jacob Thresh the barnman.

On Unthank's arrival at Norham, the cause of his hearing the bell toll was apparent. At this æra, upon the decease of any person, the passing bell was immediately tolled, at any hour of the day or night; and the breath having ceased to dilate the nostrils of Jemmy Jenkinson the blind fiddler, a messenger had been sent to the house of Nicodemus Raw, who officiated in the belfry, that he might send through the air those intonations which were to signify that the body and mind of James Jenkinson had separated for a season.

The messenger having arrived at Nicodemus's window shutter, produced a noise of rather an unusual description upon that board of safety. Nicodemus awoke from a tumultuous and disturbed whirl of the brain, which had produced images of wrecked boats and drowned men, with a succession of false ideas, chaotic and undefinable; ducks without heads, running races, skeletons dancing hornpipes, horses walking upon their hind legs, and numberless horrible spectres, creatures of the imagination, the consequences of Nicodemus having indulged in a mess of crow-die, with too much oat-meal in them, by way of supper.* The workings of Nicodemus's brain, as may

* Some of my readers will, no doubt, sneer at this description as sheer nonsense; but I appeal to those of my friends who know what it is to be troubled with what is called, in vulgar language, "The Blue Devils," and, I know, they will say the description is strikingly correct.

well be imagined, had produced an accelerated circulation of blood, a shaking in the nerves, and a perspiration, which had given to his shirt such a degree of humectation, that one might have imagined he had undergone an ablution from the contents of his wife Doll's pail. Another rattling noise at the shutter caused Nicodemus to start upon his posteriors, and, pulling his red night-cap from his eyes, exclaim, "Blissistee! what's th' maiter?" "Maiter! There's maiter eneuff," cried Baby Growl, from whom the noises had proceeded, "D'ye no hear the wund whustlen? Can ye no hear Rice Struther's trees roarin wie rage at the tempest? Are yeer lugs no stoundit wie the rummlin of Tweed, as she jumps o'er Wastford cawl? Can ye no hear the very waiter playing plish plash as it is cummin up the Cow-home at the end o' the school-house? D'ye no ken that the reuf of Pate's new mill has soomd away off the wa's, and tain a sail doon to Berik brig? Nae better cud happen! An yee man gang directly to the kirk, and towl the bell for the poor blind scraper. He's een gyen at last! Heh, sick a night!" Nick growled, "I wish he had preferred the day for his departure, but his was always the work of night."

Doll Raw, his wife, had in addition to a constitution of iron, a nerve of steel, and an athletic robust body, a mind indulgent in the extreme to her goodman. She, therefore, told Nic to lie still, as he was wet with perspiration, and she would toll the bell herself. This was an act for which, in such a night as this, she was much better qualified than her husband. There was, however, a slight stimulus in addition to the indulgent and kind feeling for her goodman. Upon those occasions, there were some slight refreshments going, such as spirits, beer, bread and cheese, and a little late-wake chit chat, of which things Doll was a great amateur, and would have braved all

the dangers and horrors of a midnight church yard, and the inside of a church into the bargain, to have made one in such a party of pleasure.

Baby Growl being assured that Doll would go to the belfry to perform the office of bell-toller, returned to the burial house, as it was called, and the bell-woman arose, and dressed herself suitably for the night. Having lighted her lanthorn, and taken a stick in her hand, she proceeded to open her fore door. As it turned upon its hinges, and admitted the horrors of the night, she felt a cold chill pass over her body; but knowing she could not enjoy the pleasures of the late-wake without previously encountering the pelting of the storm, the horrors of the church-yard, and the awful loneliness of the church, she locked her door, and faced the blast.

As she crossed the stepping stones at the Scattering Burn, she found the utmost caution necessary to keep her balance, save her lanthorn, and preserve dry feet. Having accomplished these, she proceeded to the style, and was just crossing it into the church-yard, when an unhuman cry from the top of Watey Robson's tenters struck her ear. She started, turned round, and beheld two glaring eyes staring upon her. The same disagreeable and unearthly cry was again uttered. "Whay's there?" cried Doll, tremulously. In a moment the apparition was upon her shoulder! It was Doll's ram cat, that had been abroad birding and caterwauling at Rice's stack-yard. "Yee durty varmint," said its mistress, "where have yee been sic a night as this? Ye have frightened me; bit yee will be company; sit still upon my shouther, and I'll carry you to the church."

The animal sat, and she proceeded up the church-yard, which was out of the town. As she drew near the tomb-stones, she saw a figure flit across the path towards the church. Determined to brave every

thing with Tyger upon her shoulder, she passed the newly covered grave of one, who was buried on a day when the appearances of nature were such, as indicated that some thing, not to be mentioned, had been transacted by the dead. Doll was again a little startled by the moving of something, which seemed to enter the great porch door, at the west end of the church; but being convinced that no person could open that door on the outside, she opened the small door at the eastern end of the edifice, and entered. The howling tempest which raved without turned the door upon its pivot with vehemence; and as the church resounded with its loud clap against the wall, Doll felt assured that she and Tyger were now in the lonely building.

Doll was tolerably well guarded with Tyger, it being an animal which would fly at any individual who would attempt to harm its mistress. This, it must be confessed, is rather a rare quality among cats; but whether this animal had been trained up in this particular way, or whether Norham cats have more rationality than others, I will not pretend to say; I only state the fact of Tyger's defensive disposition towards his mistress.

As Doll turned round the corner of the Murray's hall pew, and entered the aisle, she heard footsteps beyond the font, which stands opposite Lady Blake's monument, near the western door. Her firm nerves rather faltered, her feet were upon Lieut. Stewart's tomb, the wind roared without, the lanthorn trembled in her hand, and she instinctively called Ta — Tyger! Tyger gave a response, such as a cat could give, and Doll gathering some assurance from his guardianship, advanced westward.

Upon arriving at the belfry, which is at the very western extremity of the edifice, she placed her lanthorn upon the second step of the winding stair,

which ascends the steeple ; and, with Tyger still upon her shoulder, laid hold of the bell rope. She had a peculiar knack of tolling this excellent bell, by means of placing her foot upon the rope in a way which I cannot at present describe. The bell gave its voice to the conflicting elements ; Tyger joined in a sort of unison ; and the toller of the bell actually trembled. Her present circumstances were whimsically awful. A woman tolling a bell at midnight, with a cat upon her shoulder, and that cat performing a duet with the sonorous signal of death, was sufficiently whimsical ; but to be placed at the hour of midnight, wherein existed one of the most awful of nature's conflicts, in a lonely church, at the foot of a winding stair, which might be occupied by she knew not what ; and in addition to this, a very long aisle, full of monuments, and surmounted by galleries, with every other thing that could render the scene awful, was such as would have staggered the resolution of any one, save the heroine of whom I now write.

She was beginning to consider her time of tolling about expiring, when looking up the stair she beheld descending, ——— what shall I say ? A figure calculated to make the blood chill in her veins, and nature's pulse stand still. A figure in white, with feet like a horse, and its face, which was as white as its clothing, surmounted with a funnel shaped hat ! Its hands, which were black, were stretched towards her, and a groan issued from its mouth ! Doll's eyes almost startled from their sockets ! Her whole frame was perfectly electrified ; she staggered against the wall, but fell not ; for as fortune would have it, Tyger was not to be frightened with apparitions ; so making a sudden spring from the shoulder of his mistress, he implanted his talons into the pallid face of this horrible figure. Never did a painter with quicker dexterity give floridness to a complexion, than did this rapacious

but friendly animal. The person upon whom this attack was made, soon found it convenient to cry to the frightened female for help, and, to her surprise, the voice was that of no other personage than the Rev. Vicar. He had heard, through the medium of a servant, of the death of Jenkinson, and, being rather of an eccentric humour, had disguised himself in this frightful manner, to try the reported strength of Doll Raw. If it be asked how he got there? it is necessary to inform the reader, that in the back of the steeple there is a large hole, by which, from the top of the ancient garden wall, he and others sometimes entered. He did so upon this occasion, and paid for his frolic. Doll, however, disentangled him from Tyger; the cat got upon the woman's shoulder, the woman led the Vicar home, to recover from his scratches, and Doll, with Tyger, went into the town, and enjoyed themselves beside the corpse of Jemmy Jenkinson the blind fiddler!

This tale, in two parts, although my own manufacture, is composed of real materials; but as those materials have been long mouldering in the dust, they will not be recognised except by some of the old Norham residents. My aim is to shew the kind of tale to which I and others were accustomed when young. They have the merit of rivetting the attention, but bear no moral to give the mind a proper bias. Truth should always be conveyed in such a way as is most likely to impress the minds of those to whom it is addressed. We know by experience, that an anecdote, or a little pleasing biography, or a moral tale, tells with much more force upon the mind, than a dry exhortation to duty; and this appears to make good the old adage, that example goes before precept. But this kind of tales, to which I have alluded, gives the mind too great a tinge of romance, and those impressions cannot be shaken off with age. This I know by

experience to be the fact. Although few men think less about spectres, ghosts, or such like terrifying objects, yet I could no more go through a church, or an old castle, without the association of banditti, spectres, apparitions, trap-doors, &c. than I could fly in the air.

I would warn parents most seriously against applying romantic stories to the minds of their children; the custom has a thousand fatal effects, which the limits of this book will not permit me to insert.

It is not a little curious to observe how my instructress defeated her own object. Her constant care was to impress the minds of children with the disbelief of imaginary beings, but the practice of telling romantic stories was, with her, equally common: thus pulling down with one hand what she built with the other.

As years passed away, I advanced in my education; I was tolerably versed in Latin, and knew a little Greek. I also was instructed in Mathematics, and understood practical Land Surveying upon a small scale; I frequently measured fields, &c. my two brothers assisting me by leading the chain. The feelings of a lad began to grow upon me, and I had a strong desire to learn to plough. This was soon granted by my uncle, and I became capable of holding the plough, and making a tolerably straight furrow when a mere boy.

My character about the time I left school was that of thoughtfulness, with a considerable share of pride—although that could not be discovered outwardly—and the strictest honesty in word and deed; this had been entwined around my character in every step of my education. I believe I also possessed religion, as far as I knew it; but my knowledge of practical godliness was extremely deficient, never having seen it clearly exhibited in that house in which I was bred.

CHAPTER V.

The Author is sent an apprentice. Sketch of Berwick. Character of his Master. Mr. Blackhall's week's work. The Author learns to speak a little. Goes to the Theatre. Tragedy of Isabella, and the after-piece Blue Beard. Evil effects upon his mind. Cautions against a play-house. Blunders. Tale of the March of a Bed and Fire-grate. Concludes his apprenticeship.

ON the 7th August 1797, a very important period of my life arrived. On that day I was sent to Mr. John Sanderson, grocer, Berwick, as an apprentice. My north country readers need not be informed that Berwick is a considerable town, which stands near the mouth of the Tweed. It occupies both sides the river, and includes Castlegate, Greenses, Berwick Proper, Tweedmouth and Spittal: the two latter being on the south side of the river. Its name seems to have been at first given to the castle, castles in those days being places of much more importance than towns.

To enter into the minutiae of the ancient history of Berwick, would rather be out of place here. It is certain, however, that in the twelfth century, Berwick had become a town.

Its battles, sieges, burnings, capitulations, and licensed murders, committed in the town and neighbourhood, have been as numerous as they are deplorable. It is one of those towns which bear upon their front evident marks of the depravity of man. Every time we look at an old ruined castle, we may ask the cause of its being built? The answer is easy—man's depravity. We cannot look at a town encircled with a rampart, without reading, in the most legible cha-

acters, the depravity of the world. What a thought! Man, formed by infinite love to rejoice in each other's happiness, has become a wretched monster, possessed of such diabolical principles, that castles and ramparts are necessary to prevent one from murdering another! If there be any in Berwick who are accustomed to talk of the dignity of human nature, I would lead them to the ramparts, or the old castle, and ask, are those proofs of our dignity? It is truly monstrous to hear men, who ought to know better, talking of battles and sieges as if they were something great! Come they not from the lusts that war in our members? I suspect they do. The union betwixt England and Scotland was the greatest blessing that could have been conferred upon the borders, and in this blessing Berwick has had its full share. A difference of laws, of an established religion, of language and of habits, certainly does distinguish very strikingly the Northumbrians and those of the Merse; but the feuds of forefathers are now forgotten in friendship, and religion is making progress, although slowly yet surely.

The Church of Berwick Proper, which belongs to the English Establishment, is of large dimensions. The pillars within the Church are certainly handsome; and I have frequently thought, when entering this building, and hearing the organ, that a magnificent building, and good music, have a very elevating effect upon the pious mind. I am aware that many are disposed to ridicule such assertions, but I answer all such reasoners with the effects which an august building and solemn music have upon *my* mind: I am not answerable for the minds of others. The town has a number of excellent chapels—two connected with the Scottish Establishment, one with the Relief Church, two with the Associate Synod, one Roman Catholic, one Baptist, one Wesleyan Methodist, one Primitive Methodist;

there is also a small society belonging to the New Jerusalem Church, but they have not as yet obtained a chapel.

Hence bigotry, whilst I look at these! Bigotry! What is it? It is that compound of ignorance and presumption which exists in every congregation, and vociferates to the passer by, "We are the people, and wisdom will die with us!"

Tell me ye bigots, how it has happened, that so many holy and learned men have sprung from all those parties, if wisdom rests with you? Methinks I hear Mr. Little Mind whisper, "Well, I have no particular objection to grant this to all parties, provided you had excluded the Roman Catholics, and Swedenborgians." I'll tell thee a secret, my friend; go you to the library, and get the English edition of "Thomas a Kempis's Christian Pattern," (he was a papist) and then ask yourself whether any man but a Christian could have written such a book? After you have done so, come to me, and I will refer you to still higher proofs that in that establishment there are those with whom you and I will be glad to associate in a future day. As to Swedenborg, I think it is not possible to read his life, without discovering an immense genius, and a good man. It is evident, from the number of chapels, that there are many dissenters in the town, and, I believe, they are all tolerably friendly. The only unwarrantable hostility which I have heard of, is, occasionally, young lads, raw from the college in Scotland, exclaiming against Methodists, before they know their principles. This is not very dangerous, and indeed human nature renders it, in some degree, excusable. A young man, "split new made," when he comes *out*, thinks he knows more than all the world beside; altho' his knowledge is limited in the extreme, knowledge at second hand being all he possesses. His mind, like all young minds, being

utterly void of experience, and crammed with the *beauties* and *excellencies* of his *own* system, he attacks others, being ignorant of the excellencies belonging to *them*. Tweedmouth and Spittal have a church and two chapels. The town, when compared with many others, is certainly a church going town; how far the hearts of the people are affected will be decided at a future day: of this I am confident, that no man in Berwick will need to plead ignorance at the last; if he is ignorant, it is wilful ignorance, and therefore altogether inexcusable.

Those who will not be governed by religion in Berwick are governed by a police. Perhaps there is no department of any description managed with greater propriety than this, as far as regards the police-man. James Proudfoot certainly does himself the utmost credit, in not only keeping culprits in awe, but treating them with mildness: in short, he keeps up a respectability in the office which does honour both to himself and the town. I am not writing speculatively of the man: I knew him long before he was a police-man. He has a very pretty turn for rural poetry; I have seen some of his pieces which were written at Whitelaw, and many of the ideas are truly beautiful.

I have inserted a few verses, being part of a production of his; and I have done so without the smallest correction, because one or two slight inaccuracies upon a beautiful piece, are, to me, like little black patches upon the face of beauty, the contrast adds an additional interest to the picture.

HIGH beats my breast when I think on the dwelling
 Where lived my father for many a-day,
 Tears to his memory start while I am telling,
 'Twas there he the debt of frail nature did pay.

'Twas there I was skill'd in domestic employment,
 'Twas there I was reared from boyhood to man,
 'Twas there I first tasted a lover's enjoyment,
 'Twas there I a husband and parent became.

O Whitelaw! thy name's ever dear to this bosom,
 While earth's ball I tread on I'll cherish the same;
 May thy fields wave with plenty, and healthy the blossom
 That blooms in thy garden, or blows on thy plain.

Below the sweet bank was the Blackadder bending,
 Her serpentine course worn out by the stream,
 Close by sat the Mavis, his note loud extending,
 High perch'd on the top of a tall evergreen.

Round its border the primrose and cowslip were
 springing,
 The which it did kiss as it gurgled along;
 On Reedy Lough braes, sweet the small birds were
 singing
 Below the Mouth-Bridge, the green branches among.

Loud anthems of praise, to the great Source of nature,
 Rang thro' the woods by this warbling throng;
 The brutes they seem'd conscious that something was
 greater,
 Who gave each the power of its favourite song.

Abundance did wave on the lawn's fertile bosom,
 Shrubs did rejoice on the hill's hardy brow,
 The hawthorn too did display a sweet blossom,
 And flow'rets lay scatter'd around not a few.

The western breeze on the stream gently breathing,
 Aroused the inmates for nature's supply,
 The angler skill'd in the art of deceiving,
 Explored the surface with his mimic fly.

But Eve, "clad in grey," all the landscape investing,
 Made all the gay songsters retire under shade ;
 The hare from her den, that all day had been resting,
 Now timorously *herpl'd* to taste the green blade.

'Midst dark dews a falling, relinquish'd my station
 For home, while the dewy drops bended the thorn,
 To repair wasted strength, that requir'd relaxation,
 To rise, and with energy hail the new morn.

I have thus touched upon the Church and the Police, because the one governs the minds and the other the bodies of the people of the good town ; and as I am not writing a history of Berwick, but of Thomas Marshall, I shall now proceed.

The merchant to whom I came was of a character which might be said to set the tongue of slander at defiance. He was sincerely religious, and needed to make no profession, for in him it was become purely habitual. It entered into his closet, his family, his shop and his business. He was so thoroughly honest, that had I been possessed of a ship-load of guineas untold, I durst have trusted them with John Sanderson. His honesty was not confined to mere money matters ; he was faithful in checking men when wrong, and would not have suffered a king to sin in his presence without warning him in one way or other. Perhaps some of my readers may be supposing that this my master was a very grave looking, demure personage ; but this was by no means the case ; he was one of the liveliest little men in existence. Religion in him was a continual summer, and he was a striking proof, that real piety is compatible with a face of smiles, as well as with the most chastened countenance. He was a most consistent and worthy member of the Golden Square, or Burgher Meeting-house, whose Minister at this

period, was the Rev. John Blackhall. He was a man not much given to associate with talkers about religion; he conceived that attending to his business, instead of talking, was religion; thus proving what he was by his works.

Mr. Blackhall, upon his first coming to Berwick, lodged in his house; and on a Saturday evening, when the grocer was depositing his money into a bureau, which stood in Mr. Blackhall's room, the Rev. Gentleman would say, "Well, Mr. S. you are fortunate, you have finished your week's work, whereas mine is to begin to." Neither party having a dislike to relaxing the muscles of the face, Mr. S. would reply, "Ay, ay, Sir, every man to his trade; only see that you get through yours as well as I have got through mine?" I have met with hundreds of men, whose minds were capable of much deeper thinking; but I do not remember that ever I saw a man, in every action of whose life religion was more clearly discoverable. Upon my coming to Berwick, I began to perceive that a grand mistake had been committed as to the choice of a profession. My eyes were beginning to open to the beauties of learning, and in this calling there was no employment for the mind. Notwithstanding this I went on steadily, and, I believe, gave satisfaction as an apprentice. My mistress, for it was the fashion in those days for females to attend the shop, took me under her tuition, and began to initiate me into the art, trade and mystery of grocering, as far as she was a proficient in that vocation. To turn sugar papers was as much a part of science in her eye as calculating the return of a comet. To cut tea papers to the proper sizes was superior to finding the longitude. To weigh a quarter of a pound of soap, as it ought to be, surpassed the discovery of the Georgium-Sidus.

It was a considerable time before I began to speak; I hope my reader will understand me; for having

been much given to books whilst a boy, to keep up a constant chatter with old women about nothing, was a thing I was utterly incapable of doing. Time, however, which brings about many wonders, enabled me by degrees to open my mouth, and tell the people, one hundred times in a day, what they knew as well as I. Fine day! Been very wet lately! This has been a great battle at the Nile! and a thousand other things which neither had sense nor meaning; but filled up a blank space whilst I weighed the tea.

There is so much sameness in a life of this description, that I must hurry over it the best way I can. I became active, and thought myself no common grocer: I attended the Burgher Meeting, and was not altogether without religion, as I seldom, at this period, neglected secret devotion.

About the second or third year of my apprenticeship, a circumstance occurred, which, I conceive had a fatal effect upon my mind, and it ought to be recorded for the benefit of posterity: I will do so very particularly. The Edinburgh and Newcastle Company of Players, under the management of Stephen Kemble, Esq. made Berwick a sort of half-way stage, at which they performed a few weeks in going north or south. Upon one of those short seasons, my mistress advised me to ask Mr. Sanderson for permission to go one evening to the Theatre. I had never seen any such amusement, and felt a desire to go. Upon my requesting the favour, he rather seemed struck; and on my saying, I did not mean to make a repetition of the thing, his reply was, I dare say not. I got leave to go, and went accordingly.

The play was, *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*—*Isabella*, Mrs. Kemble. *Biron*, Mr. Siddons. *Villeroi* Mr. Bew. The after-piece was, *Blue Beard, or Fatal Curiosity*. This piece was newly come out, and had

an immense run. When the curtain drew up, the scenery, with two gentlemen, one of whom was in the dress of an officer, placed me upon enchanted ground. The language was fine, the speaking excellent, the scenery appeared nature itself:—I wished it could have lasted for ever!

The after-piece came on, which was remarkable for its splendid scenery. The pretty singing of Mrs. Bland, the elegant dancing of Madame —, the drollery of Scriven, in Shacabach, together with the march of camels over the mountains, completely fascinated my senses. I came home, but not to sleep; I arose in the morning, but my heart was in the Theatre: the poetry, the acting, the music and the scenery still haunted me.

I had a volume of Thomson's plays, which had never been examined by me, but now I began to turn over the leaves of Sophonisba and Alfred. I also procured some of Young's Tragedies; *The Revenge*, *The Brothers*, and *Busiris king of Egypt*. These were the books upon which I feasted; to me they were all in all. But all this while there was a something growing within, of which I was not aware. Pride was creeping in most fearfully; a contempt for my calling rushed in upon my mind; I knew that my education was superior to that of my master, and I began to feel a secret contempt for him.

Mr. Blackhall always made a point of exhorting his congregation against the Theatre, whenever the players came to town; I would that every minister of the gospel would follow his example; these exhortations I had heard; I had also read several argumentative things against the Theatre; these rather kept me uneasy. Every time I went to my knees, at family prayer, something said, Give up the Theatre! One night, not to be forgotten, the struggle, whilst kneeling, became fearful: two parties were strug-

gling, the Theatre and Religion—I sided with the former,—the struggle was over,—I felt it no more.—From this period I went on my way unmolested. Reader, hast thou any idea how it was that this struggle was so violent, and how it ceased so suddenly?

There is an old writer who tells us what it was, by guarding us against this false peace which I obtained. He solves the whole mystery in four words; you will find them in first Thessalonians, 5th chap. 19th verse.

Here I would pause a few moments, and earnestly entreat parents, masters and guardians to prohibit, in the very strictest sense of the word, every one under their charge from entering a play-house. If there be a place on earth where Satan walks among his seven candlesticks, to light his disciples to the infernal shades, it is the Theatre. The Candlesticks are, Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Tragi-Comedy, Farce, Pantomime and Song.

Did my pages permit, I would enter into all the arguments which are brought forward for and against the Theatre. I am no novice in those arguments, having frequently fought on both sides. But there is a much nearer way of coming at the truth, in this case, than by argument; and it is much more decisive.

I will ask the advocate for the Theatre one simple question, and the answer, I think, will decide. Can you say, by experience, “Being justified by faith, *I* have peace with God, through *my* Lord Jesus Christ,” and does your conduct correspond thereto? Well! perhaps you cannot at present say so; I know too well this is a thing which can be lost: Christian lost his roll. But could you ever answer the above question in the affirmative? And at those times when you possessed the above assurance, were you an advocate

for the Theatre? No, my reader, the thing is utterly impossible ; we must therefore resort, to obtain an advocacy for the Theatre, to the carnal mind ; and the carnal mind is enmity against God. Here the thing must rest, notwithstanding all the speciousness of argument, or the respectability and amiableness of a Theatrical audience.

It may be said to all this, that many people go to a Theatre who have not that immoderate attachment to it that I describe. I know there are. I also know some constant tipplers who don't get drunk ; and, I think I have known some follow loose women in a *moderate* and *decent* way, who are not heard in their midnight revels. I have seen a sow wallowing in the mire, and I have seen a child leave a piece of clean pavement, and dance in the dirt, although it did not roll itself therein. But what did this prove? Truly it just proved the truth ; had it not been a child it would not have done so ; and however high frequenters of the Theatre may rank themselves in the scale of morals, they may depend upon it, that on the front of an unerring standard, they will find their names inscribed among those of children.

I do not remember making many blunders during my apprenticeship. There are two, however, which I distinctly remember ; one was, sending a chest of apples to London, instead of a chest of eggs. This, although a blunder, was not properly my fault. I had been in the country at holiday-time ; the apples had arrived during my absence, and been put upon the site where the eggs were usually placed ; I was not informed of this, and consequently sent them back from whence they came. There was no great harm done ; I got laughed at ; Mr. Neale got his apples again ; and the Company got their freight at the expence of those whom it might concern. The other mistake was giving a seven shilling piece in change instead of a farthing.

I have said that the character of Mr. Sanderson set the tongue of slander at defiance, but I did not say that it was always free from attacks. I do not remember having seen his character openly assailed to his face but once, neither would I have mentioned it here, were it not to shew the determination and inventiveness of the feminine character by relating the Tale of

The March of a Bed and Fire-Grate,

Or a Woman's Ingenuity.

IN a small village, on the northern border of Scotland, lived a gentleman, who held one of the most respectable situations in that most respectable country. This gentleman was reported to be a scholar, and a man of good natural talents. It could not be said that he buried his talents in a napkin, or let his scholarship rust for want of use. His treatment of those natural and acquired blessings, was, if possible, still more inexcusable. He might with propriety have been said to throw them in the gutter, dance upon, and then expose them to public view, in their filth and degradation. We shall view him at present under the title of Mr. Solus, a bachelor, who had for his house-keeper a female relative, to whom the name of Dido shall now be given.

Mr. Solus had unfortunately embraced a line of conduct, which frequently led him from home, to the neglect of his house, his domestics, his calling and his character. As years passed away, this mode of procedure turned still more glaring, until at last it became a matter of public notoriety. It is a certain and an awful truth, that the character of a master, or head of a family, has a most powerful moral influence upon those who live under his protection. Methinks this circumstance should have a mighty weight to press

the latent virtues of such into action, lest the happiness of those liable to be swayed by their conduct should suffer injury, and the reparation thereof be required at their hands.

Dido not having those comforts at home to which she was entitled, by degrees lost her sense of the propriety of woman's character; and as Mr. Solus now began to neglect his house totally, she was in a great degree forced to do what the deer upon the Highland hills have to do, that is, "Fend for theirsells." When Mr. Solus paid a visit to his own house—for he was become greatly estranged from it—he began to miss certain pieces of furniture occasionally, as a chair, a pair of tongs, a feather bed, or what not. These, as his mind was running after his own affairs—for his own house was scarcely so now—he let slip from his mind until the domicile was nearly gutted.

In reading of the manner in which his Majesty's Ministers effect so many desirable retrenchments in the different public departments, we universally find that they begin with the light end first. This is quite consonant with sound reason, and in perfect accordance with that favourite doctrine called gradual reform; not only so, but it agrees perfectly with the practice of all parties in common life; for who that wishes to learn any art or science does not begin at the elementary parts, and so proceed to matters of greater ponderosity. In like manner, our much esteemed reforming rulers, when making experiments on alleviating the burdens of the people, first disperse clerks with small salaries, common soldiers, common tradesmen, and so forth; thus ascertaining first, whether they can manage light affairs, before they encounter heavier. It is a very easy matter to pay off those who have no means of preventing it; but to do so with those who have influential friends, that can assist ministers with the preponderating power which

is necessary, is something like throwing all the ballast out of a vessel, when she has a gale to encounter, thus running the risk of upsetting the vessel for the safety of which they are acting. Dido was now in this predicament; she had made the candlesticks, the dishes, the mirrors, the trunks, et cætera, march; but these were merely the light infantry, the skirmishers, the poor clerks, which she had dispersed; there being certain great official characters in the house, which she found, upon consideration, were not so easily got rid of.

She cast her eyes around her; she saw the filtering stone, — it was as dangerous to attack it as to bring a charge against the Lord Chancellor. Besides, she had sense enough to discover at once, that to move this would be something like attacking a lawyer, a concern that never pays the trouble, and none but fools engage in. She next looked askance at the perpetual oven, now perpetually cold; but this was something like removing the archbishop of Canterbury; it was too firmly seated, and would prove too heavy an incumbrance when down; besides, there is always a quantity of filth connected with the removal of ovens, as well as meddling with the Church; she therefore went to bed and cogitated.

In the multitude of her thoughts within her, it struck her that she had seen soldiers marching by divisions, in order to facilitate the obtaining of quarters, when a whole regiment could not be conveniently marched in one body. She knew also that the tent bed, upon which she lay, could be taken to pieces, and put into divisions of a portable kind, such as a determined female could carry 8 or 10 miles. Notwithstanding her knowledge of this, there was a little more generalship required, and this she was in possession of, as far as theory was concerned. In the division of an army, it is much more easy to separate

the regiments, than to direct their movements, in such a way that they may be continually enabled to act in concert, for the safety of the whole, and the benefit of the public service. This was necessary in the affair of Miss Dido's bed; she was conscious, that to take one post of a bed to Berwick by itself would be ineffectual towards raising the wind; besides, the enemy might arrive in her absence, and capture the remaining divisions, which would render the first movement abortive. She therefore projected a grand movement, such as no female, either previously or subsequently, could or durst attempt.

The summer morn had no sooner peeped, than Miss Dido arose, and put the bed into divisions in a very short time. This, however, being a last and grand effort, she determined not to do things by halves; so after the bed was tied up, in three divisions, she pressed a fire-grate into the service, which made a fourth. Now commenced a retreat far superior to the Greeks in Asia, the English in Holland, the French from Moscow, or Tam O'Shanter from Alloa Kirk.

In order to get clear of the village before the wives were astir, she marched with her first division about two o'clock, A. M. and carried it some distance upon a rather unfrequented path; here she deposited it in snug quarters, until she brought up the other two divisions of the bed, and the grate, or rather what are called bars, in the rear.

In this manner she proceeded, stage by stage, until a few miles brought her to the river side, which, of necessity, she must cross. She hailed the boatman, who came, and, upon finding the nature of her expedition, informed her that he was just going down to Tweedmouth with a boat, and would convey the whole, with herself, to that place. Thus we see an expedition boldly planned, and successfully executed;

but the success of it brought my worthy master nearly into a scrape ; for he purchased the grate, unsuspectingly, which the owner coming to the knowledge of, charged him rather rudely with a fraudulent intent. This Mr. S. knew was not a very dangerous charge, as his character was too well established to suffer any thing from the adverse party. I left Mr. S. on the 7th Aug. 1801, and, whether I deserved it or not, received an excellent character from a man who would not tell a wilful lie.

CHAPTER VI.

The Author visits London. Becomes shopman in Shoreditch. State of his mind. Returns to Berwick. Curious journey to and from Newcastle. The rascality of advertising for what is not wanted.

IN the latter end of the year I took a passage to London in a Berwick Smack, commanded by Captain M. Brown. We had a fair wind until off the Yorkshire coast, when a gale caused the Captain to run the vessel into the Humber. Night came on, and the wind shifted, but increased most fearfully. The tide came down very rapidly, which, with the wind, dragged the vessel bows under. The cable, therefore, was either cut or slipped, and the vessel run out to sea in the dark. Next day when I looked upon deck, and saw the heavy swell, my feelings were not such as are felt by the gentle swain, whilst lying in a beautiful pasture, and beholding the gentle undulations of the grass, caused by the fragrant breeze. When the vessel descended into the abyss, I began to calculate the distance between the keel and the bottom of the

ocean ; and when perched upon the summit of the mountain, I was very dubious that the specific gravity of the cargo might be overcome by the declivity of the billow, and the top-mast take its station where the keel ought to be.

Capt. B. was exceedingly attentive to the duties of his station ; night and day he was on deck, and, indeed, he commonly took the helm himself. The late Mr. W. Waddell was mate, and seemed equally attentive.

When I look back at this voyage, and see captain, mate, and a great part of the passengers gone to their rest, and think of what I have gone through in the course of a few years, life appears to me something like a vision, a dream, a thing of nought, and scarcely worth an anxious thought.

On my arrival in London, as I had letters of recommendation from Mr. Sanderson and others, I obtained a situation as shopman in No. 45. Shoreditch. Here I found that the mode of doing business in London was so exceedingly different from the country, that it was almost like beginning a new apprenticeship. I was very much confined, never having on my hat from Sunday to Sunday. I attended the chapel of the late Rev. Dr. Waugh, in Wells Street. There was a something in this gentleman's preaching, which, I thought, I had not heard before ; there not being that appearance of rehearsing a piece of studied matter which is so evident in extempore preachers, generally speaking ; he appeared to me to be master of his subject, and seemed to feel what he spoke ; consequently it told better upon my mind. I always think I can tell whether a preacher is speaking experimentally, or merely theorizing upon his subject : but as it is possible to err here, it is surely safest to judge on the charitable side.

At this period I was not much given to habits of vice, although I cannot say that I was much more

than a theorist in Christianity. There is a mighty difference betwixt living in such a course of morals as custom and education has warranted, and living by the faith of the gospel; it therefore becomes a serious question, Were the Bible proved to be a gross imposition, would it in the slightest degree alter my conduct? I much fear that the truth or falsehood of the Bible influences the conduct of very few. Amusements in general had little hold upon my mind, with the exception of Theatrical amusements. I visited Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and saw Kemble, Siddons, and other performers of the first class.

As the confinement in Shoreditch was too much for my constitution, I did not remain a great while in it, and my return to the north was the consequence. I took shipping with Capt. Jeremiah Ward, a gentleman well known for his dexterity as a coaster, and singularity of habits. He certainly was a man who had not studied politeness, and good manners he seemed equally a stranger to. An old gentleman asked him one day the name of a certain town on the shore? The answer was, "A lawyer would not tell you so much as that for a guinea!"

We got to Yarmouth Roads, at which place the wind caused us to lay at anchor two days. During this period our Captain turned his old Dutch wig inside out, and read his prayer book almost incessantly! The passengers were completely nonplussed to comprehend the nature of this more than wonderful change. The speculations upon it were various. Some thought that the turning of the wig was in imitation of the ancient system of clothing in sackcloth and ashes; others, that there was something of witchcraft in it, and that the turning of the wig was to turn the wind; others asserted that the Captain's mind was turned for the better, and all agreed, that to ask him

the causes of his present devotion would undoubtedly turn him for the worse.

At last we got under weigh, the ship got to Berwick, and I got to Norham.

I had not been long at home before an advertisement appeared in the Newcastle Papers, for a shopman to a grocer. I got letters from Mr. Sanderson and the Rev. James Morrison, and set off on foot, by way of Wooler, Glanton, &c. On my arrival at Newcastle, it happened that the grocer so advertising lived next door to a merchant to whom I had a letter.

Upon this gentleman applying for me, it was quite evident that there was nothing of the kind wanted; it was merely an advertisement to bring himself into notice. This is a most scandalous practice, and cannot be sufficiently reprobated. Mr. L., of the house of Landells and Wilkinson, behaved in a most gentlemanlike and friendly manner, and did every thing in his power to get me a situation, but those endeavours were not successful. I, therefore, had to return home, and my manner of returning is the principal cause why I mention this trip to Newcastle.

I meant to change my route in coming North, by taking the Alnwick instead of the Wooler road. I, therefore, received a number of letters from Mr. L. to deliver at Morpeth, Alnwick, and Belford; and having received those, I started from Newcastle at 5 in the morning. I had heard of men walking from Newcastle to Norham in a day, by way of Wooler, and I determined to do the same before I slept. I delivered my letters as I went on, and got to Belford, exceedingly fatigued, in the evening. If I had possessed a grain of common sense, I would have stopped here; but I pursued my route, and got to Kylvoe, just as the hinds were going to bed.

I understood there was a very crooked road from Kylvoe to Norham by way of Shoreswood; I therefore enquired of a bind which path to pursue. The man

was very civil, but, alas! his direction was much more crooked than the road itself; I therefore determined, although it was just getting dark, to walk on at all hazards. I walked hours in this uncertainty, until I came to a village, through which I passed, and hoped it was Shoreswood. I had not gone far before the moon began to stare me in the face, and I then had some reason to suspect that I was going east instead of west. At last all uncertainty was banished, by the billows of the ocean lashing full in my front, and my feet treading upon the sandy beach! Thus my hopes of going right rested upon a sandy foundation, and were swept away by the waves of the German Ocean.

My state was becoming wretched; I had walked hours I knew not where, neither knew I my present position, except that I was at the sea-side; so I turned again, repassed the village, which must have been Cheswick, and after walking a little farther, found a hay stack, at the side of which I covered myself, and tried to rest. The night was dreadfully cold and frosty, a hoar frost covering the ground, so that it was impossible to sleep — indeed an excess of fatigue alone would have prevented this; therefore, as soon as the dawn peeped, I arose and followed a path, I knew not whither. I met a shepherd with a flock; and, upon enquiry, found, that the place where I had rested was The New Inn.

The knowledge of where I was gave me a little more spirits and vigour. I, therefore, proceeded to Sunnyside, from thence through Ord, and past Velvet-hall. When I arrived at Norham, I was scarcely able either to stand or walk. I had been on my legs nearly 27 hours, and could not have walked less, upon hard and some cross roads, than 80 miles; besides delivering letters. This was the first time I knew what I could accomplish as a walker, and I paid dearly for my instruction.

CHAPTER VII.

The Author opens Shop at Berwick. Berwick Bank fails. A wrong System adopted. Caution to Apprentices, and Young Beginners. Trade transferred to Glasgow. The Author gives up the idea of grocering. Turns Packman. His Field of Action. Variety of Characters. Sleeps among the Snow.

I REMAINED a-while at Norham, and previous to my commencing shop-keeping, I officiated a few months as a temporary assistant to a gentleman in a shop in Berwick. At the Whitsunday I opened shop, and if ever a poor young man had an unlucky beginning, I certainly had. The first week I took nearly one hundred pounds; and I was no sooner in possession of it, than my ears were struck with the astounding information that the Berwick Bank was shut up. Sixty pounds of the money I had taken belonged to that Bank; so that instead of going on in the regular order of remittances, I was in a certain sense thrown upon my back. I carried on business a few years, I do not remember how many, neither is it material to my history; and really in the every day history of a grocer, there is so much of insipid sameness, that I can find nothing to say.

I believe there was one thing which operated very much against me as a shop-keeper, it was this. My master, at the time I was with him, carried on his business in a manner perfectly independent. He sought no man's business, nor crouched to any one; he had the command of a good trade, and could have commanded a great deal more, if he had chosen. This was the system which I adopted, and any man of com-

mon understanding must see at once that it is a very simple one. A man with an established business, and an independent property besides, stands upon very different ground from a lad who has to establish a business, and who has little or no property; the one aping the other, brings us in mind of the Ox and Frogs. I would, therefore, counsel my young friends who live apprentices in independent shops, not to steer nigh to this rock, if ever they should have to open a way for themselves. I would also advise parents to send their youths to men who have to support themselves by their trade, in preference to those who are independent. With the one they learn how to push their way in the world, with the other they learn to be independent without the means, which sort of independence I consider the high road to beggary.

The situation of my shop was a very bad one for retail, so that my trade might be said to have been in a lingering consumption; in short, I was sick of it, and chance got me clear of the burden sooner than I expected.

I happened to have a little business at Newcastle, and was absent, I think, three or four days. As I was rather close minded, I told no one the object of my journey. During this period, my relations had taken some groundless alarm, which led to the certain supposition that I had left the town. One had it that I was going to try my talents as a street fiddler, as I was seen with an instrument of that kind under my arm; another asserted that I was seen tuning the violin at Belford, and just going to commence operations; the third asseverated that I was heard playing at the Duke's gate at Alnwick; and the last crowned the whole, by hinting in under-hand terms, that I was seen dancing, and playing at the same time; with a very numerous assemblage of hostlers,

waiters, carters and children beholding the scene at Morpeth Cross! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Upon my return home, I found that my friends had taken such measures as though I had been really gone. Therefore, upon weighing the matter, and consulting with Mr. S. who certainly showed himself a friend upon the occasion, I determined to leave the town. I immediately, through the channel of friends, got an opening in Glasgow; and accounts between my correspondents and myself were suffered to stand open as though I had remained in Berwick.

At this time my ideas were expanding, and scarcely to be confined within the limits of a petty shop. My line of reading rather encouraged the love of pleasure, and I found inclination running much after what is called seeing the world. A variety of circumstances concurring with this my natural bent of mind, I gave up the province of weighing sugar and tea to men less talented than myself, and commenced a dealer in goods of a very different description.

I have said before, that my inclination was to see the world. The calling of a packman seemed calculated not only to get me a living, but to see the world at the same time. I had friends that could supply me with silks, lace, and other valuables of such descriptions as were portable; this was done, and with this cargo of new speculations I took my departure from Norham to Greenlaw. I slept that night at Mrs. Carr's Inn, and next day set out for East and West Gordon. My feelings at the outset were rather unpleasant, but I had put my hand to the plough, and could not recede.

The country wives soon discovered that I had not been long at the trade by my way of carrying the pack. "Losh man," said one, "what wae's that ye cairy yeer bundle? Ye'll kill yeirsell." "Aye, Aye, Callant," said another, "I see ye hanna been a beast o

burden au yeir days!" "Puir Chield:" said a third, "he'll positively chowk his sell! Dear man! hae ye nae mair sense nir t' hing th' hail weight o yeer pack on yeer throat? Mercy on's, I'm suir thares nae cayshun fir ye to be hang'd afore yeir time! Here, Jock! min, stitch thae straps to the twa that girds the bundle, an then itle' hing ovr his shouthers something wise like." Jock, who was a shoemaker, saw the propriety of the direction as well as myself, and soon put the straps into proper order.

I had a good stock of cotton lace, which at this period sold with a large profit, and as it was very light, I found it an article that served a good purpose. I steered my course towards Lauder, Channelkirk, Soutra-hill, and thus to Dalkeith. After some stay in Dalkeith, and around all that neighbourhood, I used to go to Edinburgh, Queensferry, Bathgate, down to the Pentland hills, and across to Pennicuick, from which place I went to Peebles. From Peebles I hawked down the Tweed by Traquair, Innerleithin and Galashiels, to Darnick near Melrose. Sometimes I traversed the hills on Gala Water, and sometimes on Leader; then across to the southward by Bowden, Lessudden, and to Mr. Black's at Ancrum. Next up either side of the Teviot to Hawick, Langholm, Longtown, and Carlisle.

From Carlisle I returned by Liddisdale again to Hawick, Jedburgh and Kelso, but hawked not to the eastward of Sprouston. Sometimes I took the range of Lothian; from Dalkeith to Musselburgh, Prestonpans, Cockenzie, Tranent, Haddington, Dunbar, Cockburnspath, and across to Chirnside.

During two or three years upon those rounds, the scenes which I saw, and bore a share in, would fill half a dozen volumes. In those peregrinations, I encountered an immense variety of character in my fellow travellers; some excelled in low cunning, some in dex

terity of cheating, some in low wit, and there were among them some exceedingly clever men, and well versed in business of different grades: these last were principally Irish. I have met with men of that country with goods, who were qualified to carry on merchandise in almost any sphere. Here truth constrains me to say, and it is much to the honour of Ireland, those men were always prompt to relieve distress; there were no cold hearted calculations about the occasion of the misery, it was quite enough for them that distress existed.

The whims of various travellers are exceedingly different, some will not travel, and indeed can do no business, without a large pack; others will carry nothing but a small bundle. Of this latter description was my acquaintance W. W. This was a good-natured, inoffensive, wet, Scotch lad, who never throve until he was ruined! My readers may think this an Iri-cism, but it is a positive truth. When Willy had a good pack, for it always grew upon him when he kept steady, he tired of it.

He said it was of no use carrying such a load, when he could make as much with a hand bundle. Willy would then bend his way to Kelso, in order to get quit of his superabundance of goods, by devoting a week or two to pleasure in that town, it being head quarters for the district. I have several times seen the demolition of his pack at Kelso. There being generally a considerable number of travellers in the public-house where he stopped, he was at no loss for company; and being all tolerably jovial, W. enjoyed himself, sold to his brother travellers at low prices, and got quit of his money as fast as possible. In a few weeks W's pack became a small bundle, or perhaps it did not even reach that size.

You may now fancy you see six or eight young men, with packs of various sizes, getting ready in the

morning, and Willy sitting at a corner of the fire, without a pack. You may also imagine you hear the following dialogue. Well W. where is *your* pack? No ken. Is'd a' gane th' gither? Wat weel is'd. Hae ye ony siller? Neer a grane. What do you propose doing now? Doo! hawk to be sure. What! without either goods or money? Certainly. Weel, Weel, I ken Willie's way; we maun just mak him up a bundle amang us. Na, Na, bundle me nae bundles; gie me twa yards of muslin, that's a' I want, an a' I'll tak. Two or three yards of muslin would then be given to Willy, and — what do you think he would do with it? Why, he immediately took it in his hands, and tore it all to pieces! Some he tore into one or two, or three nails; some a quarter, some a half yard, &c. He would then take some of the pieces, cramp them altogether in his hands, and deposit them in his coat pocket. Some he would put in his hat, and others in his breast, thus taking his departure for the day, or perhaps for weeks; when he would return with a replenished stock.

I have been with this Character frequently when he entered a house with his pieces of muslin. The conversation ran something in the following strain. Weel, Mistress, how are ye this mornin? Unco weel: whare hae ye been this lang time? Been gan about as usual. Whare's the pack? Hoot, perisht it. Ah ye graceless what'll ye doo noo? No ken. I just hae twa ree remnants o muslin left, ye maun hae a piece this mornin; they are a wee bit dirty and frumpilt, bit I'se gie ye them cheap. Losh man, is'd come to this wie? What'l ye tak fir thaym? They suid be —, bit as they're dirty ye sall hae them fur —. The woman would instantly jump at them, thinking she had a great bargain of remnants, when she was paying twice or thrice the value for which she might have had it clean from the web. This was W's favourite

way of dealing, and he was very successful in it, for as he was void of pride, he heeded not to be thought poor, so as he could get a day's wage. If he went to the hills in summer he became too prosperous, and the pack turned too heavy.

I travelled a little with a very extraordinary man in this line of life. He was an Irishman, and carried no pack, but made every town provide for itself. When he came to a town, he took a look at the shops, and with a single glance at a shelf of cloth could tell what he would give for it. If he found the merchant willing to sell by the shelf, and knew the bargain cheap, he instantly took it, and gave it to a man, who carried it off; when he paid for it, and then could sell it for almost half price. I have seen him buy a box of ribbons at Hawick, which did not cost him a half-penny a yard; he then took them all off the sticks, and mixed them up together like as many pieces of dirty rope. He would then fill a sheet with so many, take some more hanging loose over his arm, and then sally forth into the street. A mob soon gathering around him, he would sit down, and sell as fast as he could, at very low prices, with a large profit. The stock soon vanished, as every one ran to buy, thinking the Pether mad; whereas the poor simple shop-keeper was paying for all.

In the course of my wanderings I met with a singular occurrence at Coldstream, I had come from Melrose, for the purpose of going to Norham. When I arrived at Coldstream Bridge-end I was very warm, and a little fatigued from having travelled quickly. I sat regaling myself, and chatting with the gentleman who married the people at that celebrated Temple of Hymen. When I set out again for Norham, the night was exceedingly frosty, with about 6 inches of snow on the ground. I got very well along the bridge, and entered the plantation at the south end of it, when

all of a sudden I lost the power of locomotion. I could not proceed forward, and therefore it is evident that I could not go back to the bridge-end, although I wished very much to do so. I had all my mental faculties, knew exactly where I was, what I was doing, and what I could not do; yet, notwithstanding all this, and also being nearly within hail of the house from whence I came, I was under the necessity of composing myself to rest, upon a pure sheet of snow, and get warm the best way I could, under the cover of a freezing atmosphere. I lay here till past midnight, when the cold awaked me: I arose, went home, and felt no harm in consequence of my cold reception on the English border; the liquor, no doubt, prevented evil effects.

It is curious to observe what various effects, upon different men, liquor has in frosty weather. The following remarkable occurrence, diametrically opposed to that which I have now related, took place at Norham when I was a boy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tale of the drowned Mare. A Snow-storm. Tweed frozen.

Peter Pennywise and his old Mare arrive at Upsetlington-toll. The evil Consequences that would follow Coach Guards joining Temperance Societies. Peter, and his old Mare comfortable at Upsetlington. Criticism. Whisky friendly to religion. Simon Coble and his Wife Priscilla reposing upon one pillow. Priscilla awaked by Simon's snoring. Peter and his Mare delivered from peril: arrives at Home, but the Mare drowned. Scene in Melrose Abbey. The Author turns Player. A Variety of amazingly judicious Reflections.

COLD and piercing blew the frosty north wind across Upsetlington fields, as it bore occasional hail storms

from the pole to the Tweed. Deeply were the roads immersed in snow, and the hedges had obtained a covering fairer than the hawthorn blossom. The surface of the river, no longer inclined to find its level in the ocean, was become a solid plate of glass, under which, at certain spots, the eye could discover the spawning salmon, the frolicsome trout, or the groveling eel. At certain places, indeed, where the rapidity of the stream prevented the junction of frozen particles, the bubbling of the water gave noisy intimation that the principal body of the river was not asleep.

Betwixt eight and nine in the evening, Peter Pennywise the cadger and his old mare were bending their footsteps eastward through Ramage's moor. Peter had the collar of his great coat buttoned up around his chin, and, according to the fashion of the times, the back part went under his hat, keeping his head and face from the pelting of the hail. "Come up Mall!" cried Peter, "Come up old lass!" as he tickled the mare with a whip nearly as old as herself, "let's get to Upsetlington toll as soon as we can, and get ourselves warmed." The whip, however, was merely a whip, it had not the appendage of a piece of cord; in consequence of which the inflicted lash was by no means calculated to accelerate the motion of Mall's footsteps. As Peter was getting cold, he dismounted, and by a constant application of the whip to Mall's heels, the mare and her master imperceptibly fell into a slow jog trot. As they passed down Upsetlington town-gate, the Ha' clock struck nine; and in two minutes more Mall halted at the toll-house door.

I wish it to be understood here, that there was not the smallest occasion to tell Mall to stop at this house; for although she neither drank whisky, nor entered into social chat with man, she had reasons of her own for so doing. Mall was of the true abstinence breed, as she drank nothing except water; but Peter did

not give entire credence to the monstrous assertion, that a man is kept much warmer, in a cold winter night, by drinking cold water, than regaling with spirits.

Were all men to act upon this principle, our good looking, ruddy, jolly, laughing faced coach-guards, who are now a credit to their employers, and a pleasure for passengers to look upon, would degenerate into living skeletons; as the coach passed along the road, the dogs would bark at the scarecrows, the very crows would take their flight from the moving vehicle, and the boys bawl out, "He looks like gie's a piece!" Why, the very circumstance of carrying such death's heads upon poles, at the end of the coach, would ruin the owners in six months!

The ladies, who are the life and soul of every coach party, would never take an outside seat, unless, indeed, the driver had something in his appearance, which bore testimony that underneath his garments there was something better than bones, and that his drink was something else than cold water. Whips and trumpets! A lady, on a windy day, might as well sit under the lee of a windlestraw, as a water drinking guard or driver. Ye spirited innkeepers and proprietors protect us from such cold comforts as these!

As Peter lifted the sneck of the toll-house door, his heart was revived with the sight of a blazing fire, which not only scattered its rays around the house, but discovered the well-known visages of Sam Study the blacksmith, and Phineas Plane the joiner. Both these gentlemen were red hot seceders, could tell the sort of weather it was on those days when the two great luminaries R. and E. Erskine were born; knew that the cause of Burgherism would become as bad as the Establishment, and could drink to an eternal separation betwixt church and state.

Peter got Mall some shelter, and a little hay; and

having taken his seat, and received welcome from his friends, the gill stoup was put round, and the merits and demerits of the various preachers who had been at the *Occasion*, as it was termed, were discussed.

As the fire and the aquavitæ conveyed warmth to the censorium of Pennywise, he became more critical than spiritual; he asserted that one preacher was dry, another was not sound on election, the third, he doubted, by his loose harangue, rather leant to the Burghers; the fourth and worst was him who prayed for the k—g; closing his criticism by pronouncing the *old man* the best in the bunch.

It is truly admirable to observe how religious people become whilst drinking whisky! Love glows whilst the enlivening liquor flows; and the shaking of hands was now becoming as frequent as the giving toasts, when the hour of eleven warned Peter that he had Tweed to cross before he could get home.

The heads of Simon Coble, the master of Norham boat-house, and his wife Priscilla, were deposited upon the same pillow for the night. The snoring of Simon, which sounded like the blowing of a porpoise, would generally have aroused any other bed-fellow but one, who, like Priscilla, was accustomed to the blast. This night, however, there was more than an ordinary gust in the throat of Simon, from what cause it doth not appear. Suffice it to say, that the boatman's throat, like Vesuvius in miniature, conveyed to the ideas of his sleeping spouse the sensation of a dreadful thunder-storm. One peal more dreadful than the rest, made her start with terror; but, unfortunately, in turning her body into a different position, her elbow came in desperate contact with her loving husband's nose. "Deil's that?" cried Simon, putting his hand to his proboscis, with a sudden start! "Deil's that? Dar say ye have bled ma nose wie thaim muckle rounds o beef o yours! Can ye no keep yir

elbows to yirsell ye grate gummeril?" "Whisht, Simmy!" said Priscilla, "I surely heard a cry of distress!" A voice was now distinctly heard crying for help, which appeared to come from the middle of the river. The boatman jumped up, his wife and the whole family followed, and as soon as they could throw some clothes on, they rushed to the door, to discover the cause of alarm. They ran towards the ford, and discovered two figures upon the ice, from whom issued a groaning, and an occasional cry for help.

Simon took a long rope, ran upon the ice, and approaching the distressed, soon perceived that they were a man and a horse: the man was stretched upon the ice, but the horse had sunk through it: fortunately for all parties, the water at that place was shallow. The boat-keeper soon recognized in the pair, the bodies of the worthy cadger and his favourite mare. Coble went cautiously forward, got hold of Mall's bridle, fastened his rope to it, and led the cadger to a distance from his companion, which by dint of exertion got again upon the ice, and was with much difficulty and some danger, landed.

Pennywise was become wiser than Solomon; he knew the road home exactly, he said, and needed no assistance. Indeed he was perfectly able to keep his legs, walk and talk; but in order to make him still more secure, one or two of the people at the boat-house saw him half way to Norham.

Next morning he arrived at home, but knew neither where the mare was, nor where he parted with her. Upon a search being made, she was found drowned in the middle of the river, at a place called The Black Hole, immediately below Ladykirk. It now appeared that the man, although quite capable of walking and acting, knew not exactly what he was doing. He got off his road, went down a narrow lane, which terminates in a field that joins this part of the river, and

whilst the mare sank through the ice, he, by miracle, arrived at home, scarcely knowing how. I mention this to shew, that whilst I knew precisely where I was, but could not move; he could move, and talk, and act, although in a great degree unconscious of either.

The life of a hawker is not one of those which is favourable to religion. I do not remember having been in a place of worship whilst upon those journies, excepting twice. Once I was at the Antiburgher Meeting, Edinburgh, during the sitting of Synod; and the other in the old Abbey at Melrose, where I met with an occurrence which made me leave the place in the middle of the service.

I had come from Galashiels to see the far-famed piece of antiquity, and the preaching being then in the old building, I stepped in to hear the sermon. The seats seemed to be in a very dejected sort of state, so much so, that when I ventured to rest upon one of them, I felt it shake under me. I had not been very long in this posture when something seized me by the ear—‘Turn out, Sir, and make way for your betters! You was never at Amsterdam, I am sure.’ ‘Silence,’ Mr. M., said a grave looking personage, you’re in the church now.’ ‘I know it,’ said the offending individual, ‘and no man shall gainsay it. I saw the whole last night. How they danced on their own graves! Michael Scott too! Poor creatures! rest them, rest them!’ The deranged person was taken out, and, lest my other ear should receive a specimen of the same treatment as its fellow, I left the Rev. Mr. T. in the middle of his lecture.

There were many things connected with my present calling very far from being pleasant. The followers of that profession are in a great measure shut out from society; they are seldom treated as honest men, although many of them are really so. I began to wish

for something more settled; but a circumstance occurred, which for a while retarded that desirable event.

A party of Comedians, whose manager was Mr. H. of the Edinburgh Theatre, came to K. I became acquainted with some of them, and, it being the race week, I offered my services as a candidate for theatrical fame! The offer was accepted, the bills were printed, with the parts of the Stranger and Poor Soldier, "by a young gentleman, his first appearance on any stage."—Intense was the study, graceful were the attitudes, which this young hero, no longer Mr. Marshall, but Mr. Betterton, brought into action, in the fields, in the room, upon the highway, or by the river side, in order to move the feelings of his astonished and captivated audience. Never did young Divine, the day before his trial sermon, besiege his faithful mirror, smooth back his jetty locks, affect the visage prim and sanctimonious, and in a studied grace, run o'er his well conn'd task, with greater earnestness and self complacency, than did this son of Thespis, whilst rehearsing the oft told story of a faithless wife!

The time, half wish'd for and half dreaded came at last. I soon perceived that the mental faculties of my brethren were engaged in a very different sphere from mine. My whole soul was wrapt in the intended performance, theirs eagerly rushed forth from their eye-balls to the pit and gallery, to count how many occupied the seats. Methinks I now see Peter, with his hat and feather, peep through the curtain, and as he gladly runs the numbers o'er, his smiling visage joyfully proclaims, there is a breakfast in the morn for me! The Baron, half-dressed, half denuded, with anxious gaze explor'd the box and pit, cast up his eyes, and inly thank'd the gods, that now he'd have a pair of shoes with soles! The lovely Mrs. Haller, meek and fair, with eyes askance, did view the coming

crowd; and as she pass'd her husband (Francis) whispering, said, to-morrow, darling, thou shalt have a shirt! Old Solomon, with beard as white as snow, with joy extatic clapp'd me on the back, Stranger, I knew by letters from Constantinople, that on this night I'd have a glass of grog. You seem quite thoughtful! Cheer up! We veterans care nought for either hisses or applause, so as our craving appetites' appeas'd.

The prompter drew towards his book, the bell rang; Stranger and Francis O. P. Peter P. S. The curtain drew, the Stranger and Francis entered, the performance went on, and I got through it very respectably. Next day I was engaged in this sharing company, and remained with them until a very serious indisposition laid me up some months. I soon began to feel, that although it was very pleasing to see a play, it was not altogether so pleasant to act in it. In the one case you are enjoying yourself, in the other you are labouring very hard for a scanty, and often uncertain subsistence, in order to produce amusement for others. At this period I felt no want either in money or clothes, but the company in general were not in affluence. I have no right to expose, neither will I dwell upon the many miseries of players; I think, however, that I may be permitted to make the following remarks, without giving offence to any one. There is such an uncertainty in the income of a stroller, that every one is forced to look sharply out for himself, without much respect to the interest of his neighbour. They are often reduced to a system of half begging, half starving, which engenders a selfishness, that perhaps might not otherwise exist. I can remember despising some of them, for what I considered low cunning; but more mature reflection hath made me change my opinion; and when the circumstances in which they are often placed are considered, per-

haps it would be more proper to denominate it prudence.

There is also, generally, a considerable jealousy among them regarding parts; one wishing to have one line of parts, and another desiring the same; and were they entirely left to themselves, the most absurd selection would be the consequence. In casting the parts for the Gentle Shepherd at rehearsal, one forenoon, I claimed the part of Bauldy; now, nothing could be more absurd than this, because Roger, or Sir William, were the parts best suited to my manner: yet notwithstanding some opposition, I carried my point, by the Manager giving it in my favour. I mention this to shew, that managers have often much difficulty in reconciling parties upon this score. There is much truth in that saying of the manager, in "A Peep behind the Curtain," 'There is not one of my ladies but thinks she is young enough for any part, and there is not one but thinks she has talents for any part.' I think I may say without fear of contradiction, that there is never much good agreement among players; this, however, arises more from the nature of their system, than from any peculiarity in the persons. Disagreement is by no means a peculiar feature among travellers. Packmen, each of whom acts in his own sphere, and generally has the possession of money, live upon the most friendly terms; not having the same temptations to disagreement as their brethren of the sock and buskin. I believe, had I continued in this profession, I would have become respectable in many parts; but my rest was not to be here; I was in search of happiness, and that is not to be found among actors.

CHAPTER IX.

The Author turns gardener. The Percy Family. Quotation from the Hermit of Warkworth. Alnwick Castle. Mode of making a Freeman at Alnwick. Determination of the Author to study the Theory and Practice of Medicine and Surgery. London is pitched upon as the preferable school for this purpose. Sails for London. Becomes a pupil to Joshua Brookes, Esq. F. R. S. the celebrated Anatomist.

AFTER I had recovered from a few months sickness, I was to be found in the character of gardener, in the very extensive gardens belonging to the great Northumberland at Alnwick Castle. This, many of my friends are aware, is the principal northern seat of his Grace. It is certainly a magnificent mansion, and suitable to the very ancient and renowned family to which it belongs.

This line of heroes can be traced to Mainfred, a Danish chief, who existed in the 9th century. From his making inroads into France, his progeny settled in Normandy, in the domain of Percy, from which they took their name. William and Serlo, I believe, descendants of the 5th generation, came into England with William the Conqueror.

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
 In Alnwick's princely hall ;
 And there came lords, and there came knights,
 His chiefs and barons all.

With wassel, mirth, and revelry,
 The castle rung around ;
 Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,
 And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
 All clad in robes of blue,
 With silver crescents on their arms,
 Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
 They sung; their high command;
 "How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
 First let his northern band.

Brave Galfred next to Normandy
 With vent'rous Rollo came;
 And from his Norman castles won
 Assum'd the Percy name.

They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
 Lord William shipp'd his powers,
 And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride,
 With all her lands and towers.

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
 There bravely fought and dy'd;
 But first the silver Crescent wan,
 Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
 The queen's own brother wed:
 Lord Joceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
 In princely Brabant bred.

How he the Percy name reviv'd,
 And how his noble line,
 Still foremost in their country's cause,
 With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
 Applaud the master's song,
 And deeds of arms and war became
 The theme of every tongue.

Hermit of Warkworth.

The ancient Castle at Alnwick is thought to have been founded in the time of the Romans, although there is no part of the ancient building standing: the present dungeon is supposed to have been built by the Saxons. The Castle contains 5 acres of ground within its walls. The gardens and pleasure-grounds are exceedingly large. Here I worked inside the gardens, in a regular, sober, and quiet manner, and the employment was by no means disagreeable. Whilst here, a person who had the power, offered to get me a situation in his Grace's domestic establishment. Had I accepted this, and been steady, there is no doubt that I should have been comfortably settled for life; but it was otherwise determined.

My friends did not wish me to remain a gardener; they, therefore, proposed that I should go to some proper school to study surgery, with a view to enter the navy. I accepted this proposal, instantly commenced book study, and made a rapid progress, during the remainder of my stay in this pleasant little town.

Whilst here, I was eye witness to that ludicrous and ridiculous ceremony, the making a free burgess of Alnwick. On the eve of St. Mark's day, those who intend to be made free attend at the town hall, where they meet the proper official characters, discharge the usual fee, and take the oath. About 8 in the morning, they assemble in the street, armed in a manner sufficiently ridiculous, in company with the officers of his Grace, and of the Corporation. They proceed, accompanied by a motley cavalcade, in procession round some part of their territory, with music of such a description as pleases a mob. The principal and most attractive scene, however, is at a pond called Freemen's Well. This place is drained sometime previous to this visit; it is then dug into deep holes, with dykes, straw ropes, and other traps at the bottom, disposed in such a way as to trip up the feet of those who are passing

across: it is then dam'd up and fill'd with water. When the procession arrives at this place, they strip, are arrayed in white, and taking their station at the well, swallow a glass or two of brandy by way of exhilarating their spirits.

The sons of the older freemen have the honour of the first leap, which upon a given signal is taken with great spirits.

Here you may see young Awl the cordwainer take his vault into the puddle, but, unfortunately, he alights in a deep hole, dug on purpose by the rustics, and is immersed over head and ears! Johnny Surtout, the young tailor, being in a hurry to get through first, makes a desperate spring just as Awl is rising from his watery grave, and lights directly cross legg'd upon the poor souter's shoulders, who, half drowned already, with a most desperate effort, pitches Surtout headlong upon Peach the gardener, who is struggling for bare life, with his legs entangled in a straw rope. Bill Chissel the joiner, thinking to do it very circum-spectly, is warily moving forward, when his way is obstructed by a dyke, over which he is mounting very cautiously; but at the moment he is on the very summit, Dick Anvil gives him a complete somerset over the little trap, leaps upon his back, and from thence on shore. Poor lame William was kindly treated by his brethren; they helped rather than frustrated his passage across; and to the honour of the town of Alnwick I say, I always found the inhabitants full of a generous and noble spirit.

The season now approaching when it would be necessary to remove from Alnwick, it became necessary to fix upon that particular school to which I should be sent. Having little knowledge concerning the merits or claims of the different seats of learning, and having heard a great deal about the excellence of Edinburgh as a school of medicine, I would, no doubt,

have chosen the Scottish Metropolis: but this was over ruled. Some friends of the medical profession, when consulted concerning the comparative merits of the places, caused a different decision. It was represented by them, and justly, that London and Paris as schools of surgery, were undoubtedly deserving a decided preference. This in the very nature of things must be so; the establishments in those places being upon such an extended scale that to institute a comparison with those of less magnitude is ridiculous. Indeed government was so well aware of this, that no person could be passed for a higher rank in the public service than an assistant surgeon, unless he had studied in London.

The causes why Edinburgh is so much talked of in the north, are to me very plain. In the first place, it is convenient as to distance; secondly, it is convenient also with reference to cheapness; hundreds of young men in the north having it in their power to attend the Edinburgh classes, to whom the expence in London would be extremely inconvenient, and to many impossible. As a School of Anatomy and Surgery, London, with the exception of Paris, is the best in the world. About the month of September I visited my friends, after which I embarked at Shields in a coal ship, commanded by Captain Thomas Marshall, and landed safely at Greenwich Hospital. As I was no stranger in London, I soon found my way to Oxford Street. I next took a reconnoitering excursion to Blenheim Street, to view the outside of that building, the contents of which, when viewed by the eye of the unaccustomed, causes humanity to shudder. Having procured a lodging in one of those streets which run out of Oxford Road, and adjacent to Blenheim Street, Great Marlborough Street, my next care was to obtain tickets, as a perpetual pupil, from Mr. Brookes. I waited upon this gentleman, paid for and received

tickets as a perpetual pupil, to the lectures, dissections, and so forth, at the same time receiving directions when to attend. Previous to my entrance upon this course of instruction, I was tolerably well versed in book anatomy; indeed I found I was better acquainted with it than some who had been a course at Edinburgh, and had come here to finish their anatomical education. Upon entering this new scene of life, or I might rather say, life and death, I did not feel those emotions which many do. I was pretty far advanced in youth, had read much, and, from repeated descriptions, had almost realized those scenes in which I now became an actor. I found a great part of my fellow pupils far inferior in the knowledge of men and books to myself, and began to esteem Thomas Marshall accordingly.

CHAPTER X.

Character of Mr. Brookes. A somewhat particular description of his Establishment. Picture of Mr. Brookes; also of Charles. Mode of teaching a dead Body to walk up Stairs. Variety of Characters. Butts. Humours of J. R. Amputation of his Leg. His happy Disposition, and Admiration of the Female who pelted him with Snow-balls. Salutary Reflections. View of Mr. B's Cellar. The Museum.

THE head of that anatomical establishment to which I have referred, Joshua Brookes, Esq. was a gentleman highly esteemed as an anatomist. His knowledge in this science was so extremely perfect, his industry so unwearied, and his attention to his pupils so assiduous, that to be a pupil to Brookes was no inconsiderable recommendation at the Great House in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

A description of this Teacher and his Golgotha, is no very easy task. Upon entering the property in a morning, in order to go to the dissecting-rooms, it was necessary to go through a yard. In this yard was erected a sort of artificial ruin, full of cavities. In and upon this place was a small collection of birds and animals, selected, as I would suppose, on account of their ugliness and unsocial qualities. Owls, foxes, carrion crows, monkeys, and a number of other unsightly tenants graced the entrance to the chambers of death. Some were chained, some at large, some perched upon the top, and some peeping out of their cells. To some they were a source of amusement, to others a source of mischief, to me they were an abomination.

On entering the lower dissecting-room, the first thing presented to notice was a number of young men, some with books, some in conversation, and some looking at others who were dissecting subjects placed upon tables.

Each subject is employment for four students. In the midst of the group you would generally find a person of a sallow complexion, with an old leather cap upon his head, and either a pair of forceps or a snuff-box in his hand. This old leather cap, with a flap at each side, had a propensity to let one of them hang pendulous upon the owner's cheek, so that one side of the face was partially covered with it. Another part of the face, viz. that district or portion which lay in the suburbs of the nostrils, was covered with powdered tobacco, commonly called snuff. Those who had a view of the other side of the face could partially discover that the cranium was thatched with black hair, and that hair powdered. A view of the posterior part of the head exhibited the then rare sight of what was called a pig's tail, turned up a little beneath the cap. His coat was black, except in the front, where Mr.

Lundyfoot had tinged it a little brown. His lower extremities were covered with a pair of drab trowsers, drawn over black small clothes and silk stockings, the flap of the trowsers frequently not paid very strict attention to. Such a figure was Mr. Brookes in the dissecting-rooms, but in the Theatre his appearance was not so grotesque.

Another prominent figure in the group was a strange looking biped known by the name of Charles. This personage was a kind of man of all work, or drudge. His clothes I never had the pleasure of beholding, as they were always covered with a gown, or smock frock, tolerably bedaub'd with filth. His face was one of those which could not be looked upon without thinking of a certain machine, which is frequently to be seen in a morning, outside the walls at the Old Bailey! I use this expression, because I am confident that it will convey a much better idea of Charles's physiog, than any other I can use. He had black hair hanging in icicles, or if you prefer the phrase, wicks of candles. His eyes gray, small, and between them was the root of a proboscis, which, if it *had* been straight at first, was *no longer* so. His mouth, I presume, was not garrisoned with a full set of teeth, as the lips inclined somewhat inward. His chin, which projected over an extremely short neck, was longer than the ordinary dimensions. Charles, as might easily be perceived from his countenance, was not a common man, neither was his employment of a common description. You may with your mind's eye take a peep at Charles, who is busied in putting a block and tackle in order, in such a way as to hang down a trap-door in the room above. You may continue to look until he slings a full grown subject in the tackle, or, in other words, until he fastens a rope round what is called in Berwick, "the naked body of a dead corpse." We will suppose the subject tol-

rably heavy, and Charles commenced hoisting. You may view his shoulders drawn above his ears with the exertion, his posteriors projecting downwards almost to the ground, and the subject ascending until it reaches the trap. At this very critical point has the subject arrived, when Mr. B. intent on a certain piece of dissection, and not knowing what Charles is engaged in, cries, 'Charles!—'Sir!' Charles gives another hoist. 'Charles!—'Sir!' Another hoist, but the subject does not enter the trap-door correctly. 'Charles! Where the d—l is the fellow?' 'Here, Sir!' Another hoist. 'Charles!—Why don't you come, Sir?' (young men enjoying the scene;) the spirit of the Professor would now wax wroth, and some expression used, with which my pages must not be adorned. Those effusions would have been returned in kind, and perhaps with interest by Charles, had circumstances permitted. He might have said of his silence, as the starv'd apothecary, "My poverty, but not my will consents." We will now suppose Charles, by the help of some young men, successful in elevating the corpse through the hatchway, and in getting it deposited upon a table, whilst the sweat is pouring from his face, and he is harassed from one to another like a shuttle cock: all this clearly proving, that could he get any other place very conveniently, he would soon depart from this place of Skulls. There is always a great variety of character, of talent, and consequently of conduct, in such a place as this. We here find young gentlemen of fortune intended for the higher walks in their profession; Surgeons from the Government or East India Company's Service, for the purpose of renewing their anatomical knowledge; Gentlemen, amateurs of the medical profession, many such are well versed in that science; Youths of various grades as to qualification, who intend following different branches of the healing art; some for country apothecaries, others for the navy

or army, several for veterinary surgeons, and not a few for the East India Service. I would not forget some old practitioners, who never had, nor never can have any degree of anatomical skill, not having a capacity to retain it in their memory. I remember one, at this moment, a very civil, gentlemanly man, who had been an Accoucher many years; this person could no more remember the names of the muscles than he could fly to the moon. There could not be a greater treat to the youngers, than to hear Mr. B. examine him a little. His blunders were frequently so ludicrous, that to hear them and refrain from laughing, was impossible. To denominate the sartorius muscle, the diaphragm, was quite within the compass of his powers; still he was a respectable man, and, for ought I know, a successful practitioner.

In such an assembly of young men there are always some who become a sort of butts for those who enjoy such things. At this period a young man, student of veterinary surgery, and by no means deficient in talent, was the leading butt. He was not to be overcome with peals of laughter; indeed so amusing was he in his descriptions of their treatment of the horses at the Veterinary College, that Mr. B. himself, although it was rather breaking through rule, was obliged to give way, listen, laugh, and throw out a dry quiz at Mr. L.

Now that Charles has got his subject hoisted through the trap-door, and laid upon the table, you may, if so inclined, go up the ladder, and put your head through the hole. There you may discover T. M. dissecting the upper or lower extremity of a fellow mortal. I will suppose, for amusement sake, that on the other side of the table, and opposite to T. M. sits J. R. a good-natured, laughing-faced philosopher, with a wooden-leg. His face was truly an index of his mind, and that face indicated something within, which would much rather laugh than study. Poor R.

lost his leg at Port-Royal, and its wooden substitute unfitted him for a sea-going ship. To sit near Jack, therefore, was to sit and hear an amusing description of his West India adventures, the amputation of his limb, and his hopes of succeeding in getting a ship afloat in harbour; the whole sweetened with the delightful anticipation of extatic excursions ashore to Portsmouth, upon every convenient opportunity. J. R. was an excellent companion at an eating-house, tavern, or one of Mr. B's public dinners, where his Vicar and Moses went off with great eclat. To look in his face upon such occasions without feeling happy, would have been downright stoicism, and it was of no consequence to him whether the laugh was in his favour or at his expence, so as the company were happy.

As a proof how much the individuals at B—'s were esteemed by many of the ignorant, one day when the writer of this, with J. R. and some others, were coming down Blenheim steps from the eating-house, with the snow some depth, and rather slippery, so that Mr. R. was leading by him for fear of accident, one of the lowest tribe of females meeting with them, instantly attacked the party with snow-balls, whilst her tongue was filled with execrations. That part who could, to use a sea phrase, made all sail, and got into port; but I, who had the crippled ship in tow, was not so pleasantly situated; for although my comrade improved every moment to the best advantage, hop, skip, and jump! He and his convoy were tolerably pelted before they got under shelter. It is not improbable that the proximity to Marlborough Street Police Office prevented an attack upon the garrison. If the reader is in any degree sympathising for my friend with one leg, I assure him it is unnecessary. There was a happy temper in R. that extracted pleasure out of every thing; and whilst shaking the snow-balls from his coat, he kept the whole fraternity in a

roar of laughter, with his description of the dexterity of, what he called, the old b—h in taking aim, and how gladly I would have deserted him, if he had not held fast; concluding with his admiration of his enemy, and protesting that she was a bit of real good stuff.

Here we have a view of the utter wrong headedness of human nature; a young man of the most amiable qualities looked upon by a low Billingsgate as one not fit to exist. Had she been asked what the moving cause of this animosity was? it is highly probable she would have answered, because the parties make physic of dead men's bones, and plasters of their fat. When will mankind begin to think for themselves? One would suppose that the merest spark of common sense would tell any person that there can be nothing more in the bones and flesh of a dead man, to act medicinally, than there is in a dead horse. Yet still this absurd prejudice is one of those whose foundation in the minds of many remains unshaken.

From the dissecting-rooms the visitor might be taken into the lower regions. There are to be seen bodies in different states, some newly arrived per coach, some opened in the abdominal regions, and injected with a certain antiseptic, which, I believe, was little more than a solution of nitre; bushels of skulls of all shapes and sizes, with other bones in proportion. In ascending from these regions to go to the Theatre, if you don't mind your feet in the passage you will probably stumble over some bags, which, upon opening, will be found to contain one or two bodies each, doubled up in such a manner, that it seems almost incredible into how small a compass the human body can be packed.

Previous to entering the Theatre it may be as well to walk up to the Museum, and there take a view of natural and artificial preparations of human and com-

parative anatomy. In the centre of one side of the room stands the skeleton of an elephant. Around those gigantic bones are deposited hundreds of minor preparations; some on shelves, some in bottles, and others under glasses; the whole forming a most extraordinary exhibition, and would require days to examine, but a life-time to understand.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Brookes' Theatre. A singular Exhibition, and more singular Operation. The Author becomes a Pupil at the Westminster Hospital. Industry in that Establishment. An Irish Funeral. Reception of Patrick Puldavis into the Hospital. His exit therefrom. A whimsically terrific Scene. Patrick buried. Posthumous Explanatons. Author becomes a Pupil to Dr. G. Pearson and St. George's Hospital. His Fame just commencing. Poetry. O. P. Row. Volatilized Animal Matter.

ABOUT lecture time you may with me descend to the Theatre, and there find the seats occupied by students; some reading, some conversing, and others holding arguments on some branch of anatomy. You may listen to Mr. B. whilst he demonstrates some part of a man, woman, or child, which lies on a table before him. If you have found the lecture insipid to-day, I request your attendance to-morrow, and perhaps you will find more entertainment. On the morrow the professor arrives, with Charles following close in his rear. Each of them has a bag in his hand with something therein; what do they contain? Mr. B., with a half smile, tells his pupils he is going to try an experiment; and with that declaration takes a cock

out of the bag. Cock a doodle doo! What! are we going to have a cocking-match? Charles, also, after considerable fumbling takes out a bird, but it is not a cock. He holds the bird with both hands, looks up at the audience, and "grins horribly a ghastly smile." The youths can no longer contain themselves, there is something so extremely characteristic in the scene. Here is Mr. B. handling a cock, which does not appear to be equip'd for warfare, as it has a comb more than commonly long. Charles in his hands holds a raven, a croaking raven, harbinger of death! This is in the chamber of death, and the ogre grinning like a death's head! Methinks, could Mr. J. M. Wilson see the group as I now do, he would fill up poet's corner with such a piece of painting as would cause the reader's "hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Had our young artist, St. Clair, of this town, a glimpse of Charles' frontispiece, one eye turned to Mr. Brookes lest he should be detected smiling; the other, half-archly, half-roguishly turned up to the audience, his mouth extended like the entrance of the Burgess' Cave, with such an elongation of his hollow cheeks, and yard long chin that his neck had totally disappeared; so much so that had his namesake resembled him on the day of his execution, Jack Ketch would have dropt his hatchet, and given up the case as hopeless: I say, did our artist only see him as I do, and exhibit him in his front window, I will venture to say that not a single lady durst go along Silver Street the second time, unless it were removed.

Mr. B. now informs his pupils that he is about to transplant the comb of a cock into the head of a raven, in order to shew that the parts of one animal will, by adhesive inflammation, become parts of others. The raven is therefore taken proper hold of, the upper part of its head is denuded of its feathers, and the skin cut to the extent of the size of that comb which

has to be inserted in the wound. The comb is instantly taken from the cock, and fixed to the raven by means of pins and the interrupted suture. It really looks pert, and neither professor nor scholar can contain their gravity. In a day or two after, the raven's head is examined, and this new appendage is found to have taken proper root.

I also became pupil to Mr. Lynn and Sir Anthony Carlile, viz. to Sir A's lectures and the surgical practice at the Westminster Hospital. I took lodgings in Pimlico to be near the Hospital, and became more than usually intimate with the house surgeon. Many were the operations and dissections performed by us in the Theatre of that Hospital when no one saw us.

The love of science will lead young men to do a great deal which no thing else would. The fact of one or two youths operating upon dead bodies with avidity and pleasure, for the purpose of becoming expert in their profession, sounds disgustingly in an unpractised ear: but I have followed this with as much eagerness as ever I did any other favourite pursuit. If it be asked how those bodies were come by? I will answer the question by telling a story of

AN IRISH FUNERAL.

In the winter of the year ——— Patrick Puldavis, a gentleman of the Emerald Isle, and a right good Catholic, was brought by his three relatives, John O'Flaherty, Daniel M'Gulpen, and Terence O'Tool, from the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials to a certain hospital in London. It being receiving day, after a great many bows and scrapes, Terence informed the senior surgeon that he had brought a Patience to cure him; and if his hanour would accomplish it quickly, it would be a public good to St. Giles', as he was of the law profession, and kept all his brethren in excellent order. He writes Wills, Indentures, and Half-

penny Ballads by thousands, and — Very well, friend, he shall be taken care of, replied Mr. — I'll tell your hanour what ails him; you see — O never mind that, I will find that out, and we will do what we can for him. The man was taken into the hospital, and died in a few days. Intimation of his death was given, and a time appointed for the funeral.

A large assemblage of Hibernians came to the hospital in order to bear the remains of their brother to the place of interment, and the coffin was carried away with the utmost solemnity.

They had not proceeded far, before Bernard Collins who was bearing a part of the shoulders, began to feel that the weight was much greater than he supposed the shoulders of his friend Patrick should be. "He's hivy," said he to the man who relieved him from the burden, "is all right?" "I believe the prayst was nit wid him," said the individual who now received the somewhat ponderous shoulders of Patrick Puldavis. "I thought so," said Bernard. They continued to proceed towards the place of sepulchres, but it was evident that the burden which they were bearing was not carried in the ordinary way. The foot of the coffin was so light that it would scarcely lie upon the stick, and the shoulders so heavy that the bearers were almost pressed to the earth. "I tould you," said Jerry Turf, "that there could no good come of sending him to an hospital of heretics; bliss his poor heart, its as hivy as a shtone! How can he passibly lie shtill? I would not take hould again for the whole world!" "I belave," said Morgan O'Donahew, in an under tone of voice, who had been carrying the feet, "the caffin will fly away! Blis your sowl, I had to kape it down with one hand, whilst I carried it with the udder."

At this moment a rumbling was heard in the coffin, "Pace rist him," said Jim Hagan, "Dye hear how he rowls? Ay, Ay, the benediction, the benediction

Is father Gabagan here to quiet him? I would not die in that hospital to be made Lord Leeutenant." With that a thundering rumble, and a fearful kick against the bottom of the coffin, almost petrified the whole assembly. Pale were the faces of the bearers, when another roll from the foot to the head stop'd the pulse of Jamey M'Flin; he groaned and fell, and beside him dropt the coffin of his deceased countryman! John Killmallock now stated it as his opinion that the devil was in the coffin tormenting the defunct, and that the priest should instantly be sent for to exorcise, and so quiet poor Patrick.

Fortunately for all parties, there was one present who understood the matter better than either priest or clerk. This was an Irishman belonging to the house, who had sometimes attended Patrick, both before and after his decease; and as Irishmen are never at a loss when wit is needed, he soon allayed the ferment in the following way. "Men," said he, "our friend when in life, was continually crying, from morning to night, that his head might be kept low; now I have observed all along that you have been carrying his shoulders much too high. I request that three good men, with me, may lift the coffin, and keep the head very low, and I will answer that the consequences will be good." This was done; the feet were kept well elevated, and the coffin was deposited in peace. This funeral caused much speculation among the ignorant; and even the grave digger had some misgivings when digging near Patrick's grave. This timidity of the grave digger wore off, and he had almost forgot the subject, until three or four years afterward when digging in Patrick's birth to find room for a new tenant, he broke his shovel with two large round stones, which had lain there ever since that inmate of the hospital was buried. I next had to unite myself to another body of pupils under their leader Dr. George

Pearson, F. R. S. George's Street, Hanover Square. His morning lectures, and Physician's practice at St. George's Hospital, in addition to the Westminster, and Brookes', kept me more than busy. I endeavoured also to form a society to meet in my lodgings, in order to examine each other, and converse for mutual improvement. This party did not hold long together, some ran too fast, and some too slow, so that union was impossible. With one or two of those, however, I formed a lasting intimacy; and some of them, if in life, have been surgeons in the public service upwards of twenty years. What changes twenty or twenty-five years bring to pass in the lives of men! Those two very eminent men, Brookes and Pearson, are now in the dust; many of my fellow pupils, I have no doubt, are numbered with the dead; I am, after all my scene and changes, still alive and healthy, and in addition to this, turned author; so that my fame is just *beginning to commence!*

As a proof of this, the following complimentary lines, by an amiable gentleman, and poet of no common order, will convince my readers, that my celebrity, if not become so already, is upon the point of becoming inexpressibly great.

- "A mighty change in deed possess the man,
 "From folly, vice, immoral to trapan.
 "Only behold the many avocations,
 "But prove the high behest, Facks, best persuasions.
 "Rejoice, O Reader, when you call to mind,
 "This poor unfortunate who once was blind,
 "Whereas he now does see the clearest light
 "In thought, in word, in deed, through the Almighty."

I attended very few amusements whilst in London at this period. I may, however, notice the celebrated O. P. Row, as it was called, at Covent Garden Theatre.

This Row, so denominated from its allusion to old prices, was occasioned by the Managers of that Theatre wishing to raise the prices of admission to the public. This was opposed, and resented in the strongest terms by John Bull, who although he was applauding the worthies at Westminster, who were throwing away his property by millions, would not suffer the smallest additional tax upon his favourite amusement. I think I attended twice to see this very singular performance. When I use the term performance here, I do not mean the performance on the stage; this, at that period, being quite thrown into the shade by the performance in the pit.

Mr. Kemble knew the public mind upon the subject, but he was very stiff and would not give way. The public, on the contrary, were determined to humble him, and make him feel that he was their servant; both parties, therefore, mustered their forces. The manager had large bodies of police engaged nightly to quell the rising spirit of John Bull; Mr. Bull raised immense bodies of volunteers to lower the proud flag of John Kemble: thus it was John *versus* John. The forces of the complainant, after assembling in the house at their different stations, were all ready the moment any part of the performance commenced, to make such a horrid din, with all sorts of discordant instruments and noises, that not a word of the performance, or note of the music, could be heard from beginning to end.

The engagements in the pit were perpetual and awful; the police charging from the pit-doors in heavy columns, frequently bore off their marked prey, and sometimes retired defeated. Squire Mob, John Bull's general, in nowise daunted by those frequent attacks, kept up the contest with great spirit; indeed it was evident to every beholder that no one enjoys the pleasure of a broken head equal to the natives of

the British islands. Thus John enjoying the Row, did louder and yet louder grow, until the performance was finished, when he retired for the night to recruit his wasted spirits, in order to be able to take the field to-morrow.

This warfare was carried on a long period, until the Theatre saw the propriety of giving way to the public, and then the parties became as gracious as ever.

We hear almost daily the hacknied phrase of "man returning to dust;" I read also of man flying away; and I have often seen the latter truth verified in Mr. Brookes' dissecting-rooms. In a cold winter morning, when the fire did not burn so briskly as the feelings rendered desirable, it was common to throw some adipous parts upon the coal in order to make it blaze; this sometimes suggested the idea that man does not return to dust in the commonly received sense of the word. At a future period I threw my thoughts together upon the subject, sermonwise, and they now may be perused as follow.—

CHAPTER XII.

A very uncommon and original Sermon. The Composition of the Human Body. The Body of Man flies away. This proved by empty Coffins, the Laws of Matter, and Belzoni's Examination of Catacombs. Consequences of Man flying away. A Horse partially changed into a Young Lady, a Tinsmith into a Weather-cock, and many other like wonderful Transmutations. Improvement of the Subject.

A SERMON.

Psalm xc. 10.—WE FLY AWAY.

THE formation of the human body seems to have attracted much of the attention of a pious monarch and

great poet, "I will praise thee," says he, "for I am wonderfully made." The amazing adaptation of the various parts of man to their different functions, the different natures of those secretions which are inexplicably produced from the same fluid—the blood—the mysterious connection of mind and matter, with the natural power of propagating both, exhibit Divine Wisdom and Power in such a luminous and striking manner, that it is impossible to study the subject, and not feel a compulsory power urging the judgment to exclaim, and that loudly, This is the finger of God.

The body of the fœtus in the womb, the infant on the knee, the school-boy rampant at play, the youth engaged in pleasure, the man employed in business, and the tottering frame of senility ready to "fly away," are so many forms of that machinery of which the mind is the main spring in this stage of existence.

The human body is formed from the blood, all secretions having their source in that fluid. The fact, therefore, that "out of the heart," which is the chief organ in propelling the blood through the body, "are the issues of life," is not for a moment to be doubted.

The infant in the womb receives the matter of its growth from the mother's blood, by means of a connecting vessel, which conveys a sanguiferous stream in quantity sufficient to bring it forward to the period of parturition. After birth the child is supported, and advances toward maturity, by means of food taken into the stomach, and atmospheric air taken into the lungs, a portion of which enter the circulation. Now this being a discourse professedly on the nature of man's body, and as man is compared to a variety of things in scripture, as dust, grass, a shadow, vanity, milk, cheese, &c.

I will, first, shew what the body of man is.

Secondly, shew, that man flies away.

Thirdly, exhibit some of the consequences of man's flying away.

Fourthly, I will make some improvement of the subject.

First, then, I am to shew what the body of man is. I observe, first, that all animal matter, of which description is the body of man, consists principally of the basis of the four following gases, viz. oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gas. This is proved, if we choose to make use of our senses, and that reason implanted in us by Deity, by resolving it into those gases.

All the parts of the body are more or less vascular, that is, they are full of blood vessels, nerves, &c. the bones not excepted; and so conscious is an ignorant cook of this fact, that she knows very good soup can be produced from bones. The body of man then consists of the bases of gases, or airs; and when a due portion of calorific, or the matter of heat is applied, they are all capable of evaporation, with the exception of a small part of the bone, which consists of phosphoric acid and lime.

Here the question may be asked, Is the body of a man really a part of a man? I think this is a question not so easily decided. That there is a something denominated the body of man, which according to scripture will rise again from the dead, is beyond question, but I am not so confident what that something is. Those particles of matter which formed the body of the boy Thomas Marshall, have been scattered to the winds, and undergone a million of transmutations; and should I live many years, those particles which now form my body will no longer do so; I will, in fact, be a new man as far as regards the body; so that there is some difficulty in saying what is alluded to, when we read of the resurrection of our bodies. Besides, as the bodies of men consist of the identical

particles which formed the bodies of sheep, bullocks *, and even other men, I apprehend it is not very possible for us to decide to which of the parties those particles belong. I will suppose, that among cannibals, a few prisoners are taken in battle, and eaten by the conquerors. The parts of the bodies so eaten have partially entered into the constituent parts of those who devoured them. Next day they are taken, and devoured in the same manner. Now, here we have the body of the first eaten and become a part of the second, and the second of the third; to which of the parties then do those particles belong?

There is, therefore, some difficulty in ascertaining what is really the body of man that shall rise to join the spirit in a future state.

I am, secondly, to show that man's body "flies away." Numberless are the coffins, which, after having remained unmolested a long series of years, have been opened and found nearly empty. The coffin of a fat Bishop was opened at Windsor, after having been the receptacle of his Lordship's body many years; and there was nothing found in it but a small quantity of fluid resembling in colour and taste that esteemed condiment denominated Soy. "We fly away." This circumstance, by the way, is a hint to us that the body of a full-grown prelate may consist of very proper materials from which to extract Soy.

Now, I will take as a basis the following fact. That the solidity, fluidity, and aerial or gaseous states of bodies depend upon the calorific which they contain. One of the most beautiful, and simple proofs of this is water. On a cold winter day we find water in a state of solidity; this we call ice. Put this ice into a vessel upon a fire, and as soon as a sufficient quantity of the

* The writer is partial to that doctrine which admits of the future state of Animals.

matter of heat is communicated, it becomes water in a fluid state ; apply more calorific, and it becomes steam ; it flies away.

Ask an old woman about the state of the kettle ? she will reply, "It has boil'd dry." Ask her what has become of the water ? "Dear me," says she, "hasn't the fire boiled it all away !" This is all she either knows or cares about it. The water has combined with calorific, and flown away in the shape of gas. This principle applies with certain limitations to all animal matter. Take a small quantity of flesh, with bone, and deposit them on the fire, the flesh flies away in the shape of gas, and a very small part of the bone remains.

Take a deceased Hindoo and his living widow, place them upon the funeral pile, apply fire to the wood, they burn—the woman shrieks—discordant noises drown her cries—she struggles—writhes in an agony—life becomes extinct—the horrid sensation is over. The soul is fled. Where are the bodies ? they are invisible ; are they become dust ? Nay, truly. The bodies of the man and his wife have fled, they have escaped in a state of gas, they have literally taken an airing together, they have flown away in the shape of air. Whither are they fled ? Why, if the winds prove favourable, they may, for ought I know, take an excursion round the world, visit its empires, kingdoms, republics, tribes, hordes, gangs, banditties, monasteries, cells, nay even the hermit's cave ; and what is more surprising, they may be floating around this room at the very moment I am treating of them. "We fly away."

It is astonishing with what tenacity the human mind clings to received opinions, although diametrically opposed to the senses of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, or feeling. I have sometimes attempted, over a grave with reasonable men, to take these facts

simply as they are ; and, wonderful to say, they are almost to a man afraid to enter upon the subject. Empty coffins won't convince them, the laws of matter won't convince them, the funeral pile won't convince them ; and I have sometimes remarked, that although my friends did not express their fears, my orthodoxy did not stand very high in their estimation.

But rather than differ with my friends I will grant them a little dust to satisfy them. As we cannot arrive at the truth very clearly in this country, from the mode of sepulture, and the state of the atmosphere, we will take a step to Egypt, and with Belzoni visit the Necropolis of Thebes, in the mountain of Gournou. This is a place of about two miles in length, every part of which is scooped out into sepulchres.

In these catacombs then, we have a much fairer chance of seeing things in a proper light than in an English grave, because here the bodies have nothing to mix with except the envelope which covers them. "In the interior chambers of those sepulchres," says Belzoni, "the air is suffocating, and frequently causes fainting." What renders the air suffocating? Doubtless the decomposed parts of bodies flying away in the state of gas. The traveller also says, "The dust of decayed mummies, which is so fine that it quickly penetrates in vast quantities to the lungs, and causes a difficulty of respiration, with the strong effluvia of decomposed bodies, tend to discourage the intruder."

He says, "In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture." After entering, "in such a situation, often exhausted and almost fainting, I became at last inured to it, and indifferent to all except the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose." Fortunately he was destitute of the sense of smelling, but his taste told him that the

mummies were very unpleasant to swallow. This indefatigable gentleman after the exertion of entering into such a place through passages of fifty, a hundred, or six hundred yards, sought a resting-place; but when his body bore upon an Egyptian it crushed the mummy like a band-box. "I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of rags, bones, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless a quarter of an hour until it subsided." Here, then, with the exception of rags and a few broken boxes, we are at the truth. The man crushes the mummies and makes room for himself. How is this? The other parts are fled and flying, a great part have made their escape, and some are just upon the point of doing so, as the dust in Belzoni's mouth, and the smell of others testify. Here we have the truth displayed in the most beautiful manner. Some parts of the mummies are solid, some are half solid half gaseous, and the catacombs are suffocatingly strong scented with the crowd of aerial ladies and gentlemen ready to fly away, and now embracing the opportunity of Belzoni's visit to sail out at the opening and take a pleasuring. We fly away.

I come, thirdly, to consider some of the consequences of man flying away.

A proper study of the laws of matter will shew, that the body of man, or indeed of any animal matter, flying away may produce striking, nay horrifying transmutations. For instance, we have frequently seen the dead body of a horse behind our ramparts; the air and the dogs are in full operation upon it: we see the dogs devouring it, and our noses testify that the gas is flying away. Now, we may suppose that a company of young ladies are taking an airing near the spot; a part of those gases, namely, the dead horse in a state of gas, enters the nostrils and lungs of those lovely females; from thence it enters the circulation,

and is deposited by the blood in a consolidated state; perchance forming a part of the lip or cheek of a young lady, beautiful as Venus, and chaste as Diana.

We thus see one consequence of dead animal matter flying away. The dead horse is partially changed into a young lady; times indeed are changed with it! It has flown away to some purpose! This is a transition from the tanyard to the lip of beauty, where I shall leave it, and consider another consequence of man flying away.

I will suppose a tinsmith to be afflicted with ulcers. A continual decomposition is going on in those sores. Some of the parts are absorbed, whilst other parts fly away in a gaseous state, leaving very unsightly holes or chasms. But, take notice! In the very outset of those vagrant gases upon their itinerant scheme, a part of them is arrested in its flight by some solder which a man is putting upon a weather-cock. Here we have another consequence of man flying away, even while alive; and thus there is a striking fact exemplified, that whilst one part of the man is writhing under the agony of an ulcer, another part of the same man is exalted to the top of the steeple, in the shape of a weather-cock, to notify which way the wind blows.

But again, a much more serious case may be supposed, and it is really very possible. The tinsmith may die, his body may begin to evaporate previous to interment, as dead bodies frequently do; the corpse is flying about the room, as the olfactory nerves prove: the room is filled with effluvia. A poker attracts some of the oxygen, and forms an oxide of iron; the dead man thus becoming a part of the poker. The widow marries again, and quarrels with her husband; the second husband throws out some disagreeable hints concerning the first, and irritates his rib, which irritation prompts her to take up the poker, and with it to break his head. Now, here we have the head of the

second husband literally broken by the first in the shape of a rusty poker. Beware ye second husbands! We fly away.

Further, This year we see a number of old ladies buried. They are decomposed, and, according to the quantity of heat which finds access to them, assume different shapes. Some become nutriment for grass, so that in the spring we see the old ladies appear above ground in the shape of piles of grass, or perhaps enamelling the church-yard in the form of beautifully variegated daisies. A voracious donkey, having admittance to the church-yard, eats and digests both the grass and the daisies. Here we have the old women turned into a jack ass! A wicked boy meets with the ass, mounts it with a huge stick in his hand, gallops upon, and beats what was his grandmother! The ass dies, rots, part of it finds its way to a garden, and by the remains of Balaam is nourished an excellent cabbage. The cabbage is cut, cooked, and part of it eaten by a learned judge. This vegetable in consequence of mastication, digestion, absorption, circulation, and secretion, becomes a part of the head and brain of this very sapient gentleman. This shews the rare but not impossible exhibition of a cabbage-headed judge. Or to go a little farther back—the old woman has become a daisy, the daisy has become a donkey, the donkey become a cabbage, and the cabbage become a judge! Verily,

“ Nature hath made strange fellows in her time.”

“ To what base uses may we not return, Horatio?”

Now, as no sermonizing is of any use without a practical application, let us try to extract something from this discourse, which may be of a beneficial nature.

I will, first, call upon the ladies to learn humility from this my very learned discourse. You most undoubtedly are the fairest work of creation, the quintessence of beauty, and the very cream of loveliness;

but never let this important possibility be a single moment erased from your minds, that the very identical particles which compose your cheeks to-day, did yesterday ornament the tail of an old hack horse, or the well padded hoof of a carter's mare.

Secondly, Let little boys beware how they cudgel donkeys, lest in doing so they commit the horrible crime of maltreating their dead grandmother.

Thirdly, Never esteem a judge too highly, simply because he wears a wig. You cannot fail to see from my luminous lucubrations, the extreme possibility that his head and brain are not a whit better than an old woman, an ass, or a cabbage. Lastly, Learn to adore and admire the amazing wisdom which supports and arranges the beauty of creation, and keeps matter in a continual succession of changes, without confusion, and without deformity. All things are full of labour, man cannot utter it! To me, the contemplation of a continual composition and decomposition of matter, gives the highest delight: and when I consider that Deity, by means of those very airs we breathe, could blow up the universe or poison us in an instant, I feel myself in the hands of infinite mercy. "It is of thy mercies we are not consumed."

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir Francis Burdett's Row. The Author undergoes his Examinations. Goes into the Packet Service. Sails to the West Indies. Preparation for Action. Remarks upon it. Flying fish. Dolphins. Shark taking. Arrival at Barbadoes.

THE Londoners at this period were quite in the humour for Rows. In addition to the O. P. we had Sir

Francis Burdett's, which turn'd out to be of a much more serious nature, as several lives were lost; and indeed I had a very narrow escape myself. Those who know any thing of the history of the times will be aware that Sir Francis got to loggerheads with Parliament, and was to be sent to the Tower. Now it is of little consequence to a mob what the merits of the case are when they wish to bestow their friendship; the great, the *sine qua non* qualification of a favorite is to oppose ministers.

I will not pretend to say whether the worthy baronet was right or wrong, but this I know, John Bull asserted him to be right, and he was in a fearful passion. I never in my life saw such a mighty ocean of animated waves, Piccadilly, the Green Park, and every adjoining street were crowded to excess, to prevent the authorities executing their purpose. The military were called in, and several were killed and wounded; some of the former were unoffending persons sitting in their own windows. The day on which Sir Francis left the Tower, London appeared as if the whole world were there. In Tower Hill, the Minories, Aldgate, Lombard Street, Cornhill, Cheapside, Ludgate, Fleet Street, the Strand, Hay Market, Piccadilly, was a continued dense crowd; and not only this main artery of the town, but every other place that I visited, as Moorfields, Leicester Square, Covent Garden, &c. &c. John, I have no doubt, thought he was performing wonders, whereas it was tolerably evident that neither party wished his interference. It ended as usual by a mighty tempest bursting upon the windows of the offending parties, and making work for the glaziers. Of all trades in the world, that profession ought to be thankful to mobs; they generally do work by wholesale, and are partial to admitting air as well as light.

I attended at this time lectures at Surgeons' Hall.

Anatomy, Sir W. Blizzard; Comparative Anatomy, Sir Everard Home. At those lectures both Royalty and Nobility sometimes attended.

During my studies I had many advantages; I was not restricted either in money or to the time I was to remain in London, and consequently my medical and surgical education were of a much superior description to many; I believe I may say the greater number. The time however arrived when I began to consider seriously as to what I was to follow. I thought of the navy, but I did by no means relish the idea of being put upon a level with midshipmen and masters' mates; a grade or rank to which every assistant surgeon must stoop. A young man of education and science cooping himself up on ship-board with the ignorant, the wicked, the petulant, the tyrannical sailor of any rank, is a sacrifice for which scarcely any remuneration can be sufficient; and were it not that there are some of the noblest and best hearts among seamen, the life would be altogether unsufferable. It is true I had the alternative of the army, but, considering the navy more profitable, I made up my mind to the cockpit of a man-of-war.

I went to the Transport Board with some others, and entered my name as a candidate for the approval of the College of Surgeons. I was examined at that place of dread to many, by Sir W. Blizzard, and obtained his approbation; after this I remained some weeks in town, to finish a course of lectures before going to be examined by the physicians at the Transport Board, which I did in due time.

Here I had the honour of having my brain investigated by Dr. H. and now all was ready for Portsmouth or elsewhere.

I will here take the liberty to set the public mind right with regard to those examinations. It is a vulgar opinion that it is much more difficult to obtain

what is called a diploma for country or town practice, than for the public service: the case is completely the reverse. A surgeon who wants a diploma, obtains it by one examination at Surgeons' Hall; whereas the other has to undergo another, and that sometimes a very sifting one, at another Board.

Every assistant surgeon must serve two years at least in the navy before he can have promotion. I believe they can be promoted on a foreign station now; this was not the case formerly.

An intimate friend of mine belonging to London having obtained his diploma, but could not be admitted into the navy in consequence of being lame, had made up his mind to go into the Packet service at Falmouth as surgeon. The pay was good, being greatly superior to an assistant in the navy, and after a long servitude there is also an allowance from the Post Office by way of pension.

This met with my ideas of comfort much more than the cockpit. I therefore presented my credentials from the College of Surgeons to Francis Freeling, Esq. and was immediately appointed to a packet, to sail for the West Indies in a few days. My friend was appointed to a temporary packet for the Leeward Islands, so we left London together for the County of Cornwall.

Having no time to lose, we travelled night and day by way of Salisbury, Exeter, and Plymouth. At Torpoint we took a post chaise in the evening, and arrived at Wynn's Hotel, Falmouth, next morning. After seeing the Captain, I got my medicine chest and case of instruments on board, and waited the signal for sea.

H. M. Packets at Falmouth were at this period under the direction of an agent appointed by the Post Office. You may, if you please, call him Port Admiral at Falmouth. C. Saverland, Esq. was a gentleman whose *corpus* and salary were both tolerably heavy. The

Captain of a Packet has a commission from the Admiralty, and another from the Post Office; his is a very lucrative situation.

The five senior captains have the Lisbon station, which at this time was worth £1800 or £2000 a year to each. The foreign packets, as they are called, are not quite so lucrative, but they are also objects for which very many would gladly have accepted of two dozen, or drank liberally out of the doctor's medicine-chest, the sea, every morning for a month, to obtain.

Many captains of packets are gentlemen by birth and education, others are masters or lieutenants from the navy, and I have known one or two of higher naval rank. They at this period carried twelve guns, and were officered as follow:—Captain, master, mate, second mate, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, sail-maker, cook, and steward: I need not mention the surgeon, because you are now reading his production. The number of men, although defined, could not at all times be obtained, and therefore, I do not state their number. In a fine vessel of this description, with several gentlemen passengers, planters in Jamaica, I faced the wide Atlantic; in the latter end of the year. In England the very sound of a person going to the West Indies has something dreadful in it. I cannot say that I felt much of this; I saw all around me cheerful; I was kindly received, treated as a gentleman, and began to enter into the spirit of the times. I say I *began* to do so; but *to begin* to do so, and *finish* doing so are exceedingly different. I have not as yet finished the job which I than began; I hope I never will.

I soon found that there were secrets belonging to H. M. service, of which I was not previously aware. The secrets are these; there is a constant applauding of the powers that be, in every thing they do or say; a constant abuse of any person who thinks differently from the rulers of the nation; a constant admiration of

the chief magistrate of the land, and a firm confidence that all nations are in the wrong except England. The legitimate servants of his Majesty who had found out those secrets, soon convinced me that I was a mere bastard as a public servant. I had not in possession a true political eye-sight; I was not fit to enter into conversation with such men; in short I could not at all times applaud my rulers; I did not profess to admire Majesty in every thing; and, O fool! I was some times simple enough to speak the truth.

The first day after we sailed a strange sail appeared a-head; as she did not shew her colours we began to suspect that she was the reverse of a friend, and therefore got ready to receive her in a proper manner. There is a something in piping all hands to quarters, particularly when it is to face an enemy, which seems to partake a little of the quality of electricity. Believe me, the man who says that he has engaged in such a preparation unmoved, is either a liar or a man of a diseased mind. In the constitution of a sane mind it cannot be. Did Deity form the mind to be in the same state when danger approaches as when in the greatest safety? This is the qualification of a stone, not of a man. The true state of the case seems to be this; some are excited by a sense of honour, some of duty, and more by fear of punishment, to go about this duty in an active and collected manner; but no mind, unless in a diseased state, can have the same feelings in danger as in safety.

The ship turned out to be a Portuguese, and when I found that I had to put up my instruments again, I had no great reluctance in doing so. My affection for my shipmates was too sincere to wish to cut off their limbs; besides, my love for a French prison did not burn with uncommon warmth, neither had I any great desire for a runagate sailor to tap me in the abdomen with a half rusty cutlass. If I remember right,

there was no looking up to the God of battles amongst us ; I think we were all depending upon an arm of flesh. In all those scenes of preparation, and I have been in many, I do not remember to have heard God invoked, or his protection implored.

Our passage was fine though not quick, and few occurrences of a remarkable nature took place. A young man named Pearce fell overboard, and was saved in a very singular way. In running down the trades, the flying fish were a great source of amusement to me ; this is a small fish, the size of our Tweed trout, with two fins which answer the purpose of wings. They exist in large shoals, or myriads ; and when pursued, rise out of the water, and fly a considerable number of yards. I know not whether ever this is done in sport, but it is certainly often done in fear, as their pursuers can be seen as well as themselves. They cannot fly far, as it is evident they don't alight in consequence of willing it, but fall into the water from an incapacity to fly farther. It is commonly said that they can fly only whilst their wings remain wet, but I am one of those who do not take for granted all the writings of naturalists, or sayings of the multitude, and am apt to suspect some other cause. At night those fish frequently fall on deck ; I have sometimes tasted them, but they are not a fish of great value to the gormandizer.

The dolphin, which seems to be their principal enemy, is frequently captured by seamen. They are amazingly swift, and play around the vessel when running fast, with as much apparent ease as if she were at anchor. They are generally taken by striking them from the bowsprit with a pronged instrument ; this arrests their career, and not being a heavy fish, they are easily got on board. Their appearance when dying has often been painted by writers ; but these are mere attempts, and cannot convey adequate-

ly the beauty of those variegated and changing colours which strike the eye when the fish is expiring.

I also became tolerably well acquainted with the art of shark taking; this is done by means of a piece of pork attached to a large hook, and hung over the quarter. When the ship is sailing slowly, it is amusing to see this voracious monster sail round and round the pork, in a half lazy, half suspicious sort of way, and cast a longing eye at his wished-for prize; until appetite overcoming every other principle, he lays himself upon his side, and in this posture swallows the bait. His laying himself upon his side is a matter of necessity, as, from the peculiar construction of his mouth, he is incapable of seizing his prey in any other posture. As soon as the shark has obtained his mouthful he runs off, which makes it necessary to give him some line, and also to heave the ship to in order to get him on board; this is obtained at times with some trouble, and even in death he is tremendous; the flaps or blows with his tail upon the deck are dreadful, and would demolish a limb of his strongest enemy were it placed within the compass of its power. The rows of teeth in the mouth of a shark are in number various, it is said to be according to their age; I have frequently dissected the jaws, and brought them home; when they are extended, and the rows of teeth exposed, they may well teach the most incautions to beware of John Shark.

As the change of climate comes on gradually, and almost imperceptibly, I felt little change in my constitution; my appetite continued equally good, but in the desire for liquid there was a little alteration; Port-wine, which in the channel or the bay was grateful enough, was gladly exchanged for the lighter wines, as Madeira, Sherry, &c. At last, by the ship's reckoning, it was thought time to look out sharp for the Highlands of Scotland, that part of Barbadoes so called,

which ships from the eastward first discover. The joyful sight at last appeared in view, and as we coasted down the shore of Little England, as the Barbadians are pleased to term it, I, in common with my companions, felt great elevation of spirit.

CHAPTER XIV.

Short Description of Barbadoes. Kissing Black Women. Conceit of Barbadians. A Touch on Slavery. Sights at Bridgetown; it is not the first-rate Town in the West. Humour^s of an official Character. Dances upon a Barrel. The Catastrophe.

THE island has a most pleasing appearance when viewed from the sea, but like every other tropical country, it looks best in the eyes of an Englishman at 6 or 8 miles distance. Barbadoes is the most easterly island of the western archipelago, and is reported to have been discovered by the Portuguese, who left a few swine upon it for the benefit of those who might visit it in after times.

James the first granted it to the Earl of Marlborough and his heirs. It was colonized time after time, and flourished in a most extraordinary manner, until the legislation was vested in the crown, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. duty laid on all exports; this and hurricanes injured it in an irreparable manner.

On coming to anchor in Carlisle bay we were soon surrounded with anxious enquirers after the news from England, men-of-war's boats, mercantile and other canoes surrounding us in all directions. The first thing which I found I would have to undertake, was to bring my lips in proximity with those of a fat black

woman of the name of Johnney: This she claimed as her privilege from every Johnny Newcome. I found little difficulty in doing this, although my companions had promised themselves a laugh at my expence. Every man who wishes to be comfortable at sea, must remember, and act upon the old adage in every thing harmless, "Whilst in Rome you must act as Rome does." There is no man but will find an advantage in doing so, and every wise man will do so.

On the first sight of so many black faces and black skins, some of whom were nearly in a complete state of nudity, I felt a sensation as if I had changed worlds. A crowd of boats and canoes filled with blacks looking up, and holding a gibberish which exposes their white teeth, causes in the mind just come from the white world, an indescribable excitement. Carlisle bay, where we now were, is large, but it is only sheltered in some winds; during the hurricane months, H. M. ships go to the Saints, or Antigua. Bridgetown, which is the capital of the island, lies upon the shore of this bay. The people here have a mighty conceit of themselves and their island, and so far were they gone in their delusion of superiority to the other islands, that they were firmly persuaded, if Buona-parte could get possession of England, King George would come over to *them*. To me there is something pleasing in observing such a feeling; I love to see people pleased with their rulers, though not with their foibles. I had always a great affection for George the Third, and I found a sympathy of feeling with my fellow-subjects of Barbadoes.

Fellow-subjects! yes. But there was another class of persons here, not subjects, but slaves. Did they love their king? Yes, they did, and most sincerely. Is it possible for a slave to love his king? Yes, it is quite possible, and very common.

Men's feelings are not so much swayed by the legal

position in which they stand, as by the comfortable or uncomfortable local situation in which they are placed. Mungo Bull is a good deal like his white brother John; so as he has employment with plenty food for the body, and a *quantum sufficit* of flattery to the mind, he does not strain the eyes of his understanding, or use a spiritual spy glass to discover the rectitude of laws. Does the circumstance of a few slaves being in comfortable situations render the slave system justifiable? No; however happy the slave may be, he does not stand in the position of a man, he is only a slave; the most degraded being in existence except his owner.

But the slave system has now terminated, thank God!—Has it? Glad to hear it; when did it end? Did you not know that the slaves are now apprentices? To what? To — to — why, to their masters. That is to whom, but I ask'd you to what? In one word, are they free? No, not exactly free, but — Prithee silence, my friend, they are still slaves, but under another name; I suppose that were a man to pick your pocket, it would be of little consequence to you whether the public denominated it picking or stealing. This rather shews your mind to be a little of a sickly cast. Perhaps it does, but the subject was not the state of my mind, but in what slavery consisted. Well, I know you are obstinate, so let us drop that; I think, however, that government acted wisely in soothing and remunerating the planters for the loss of their slaves. Amazingly wise! To make a people who had no hand in the slave trade pay the planter for his slaves is the very climax of justice and equity! This is superior to Robin Hood's law; Robin generally robbed the rich to assist the poor, but Parliament takes from the poor to pay the rich. The man is found with stolen goods in his possession; he has them taken from him; but an honest man is obliged to re-

munerate him for his loss. Wonderful! But who remunerates the slave for his loss? Well, well, I must acknowledge that the slave system has been a grievous national sin, and — Do you indeed? Amazing! That a crime which the nation, with the exception of a few interested individuals, has in all ages utterly abhorred, should be called a national sin, is perfectly wrong. What an insult to the nation! What a mockery of God! What an infernal, diabolical falsehood to thrust down the throats of poor Britons who had neither hand nor heart in the infamous traffick! Methinks I hear some canting blockhead tell me that it was a system permitted by the répresentatives of the nation, and consequently the represented were virtually guilty. Whose representatives? The bulk of the nation never had representatives; and yet they must be told that theirs is the sin of supporting and abetting the foul act of stealing men! What blasphemy is this! My blood boils with indignation to hear such abominable assertions from the mouths of men who have obtained and supported a reputation for sanctity and uprightness. Where is the poor man in the country that did not from his soul abhor the lash, and reprobate the man-stealer, the man-buyer, and the man-holder? Men may by their sophistry attempt to throw the sin upon the nation, but there is a Power, who, enthroned in light, will one day dispel those foul assertions of the prince of darkuess; and then — shall the *wicked* be punished.

On my first stepping ashore at Bridgetown, some rather solemn thoughts came across my mind. I was aware that it was quite customary to be well this hour, dead in an hour or two more, and buried in the hour following. However, curiosity soon banished these, and every appearance being novel, I thought little more about danger. All parties seemed to be enjoying themselves, determining to make the most

of their time, thus assisting each other to drive away the thoughts of death. The manner of the black women carrying their children excited my curiosity; the infants sometimes sitting astride upon the haunch of the mother, sometimes upon their shoulder, and some upon the back with the breast of the mother in their mouths like a Highlander's bagpipe! The infants quite naked, the mothers not a great way from it. Some of those things rather disgust the new comer, but habit renders such customs quite inoffensive; and a man passes a female half-naked, with as much, or perhaps more, chastity in his thoughts, than when he passes a female so closely covered as though it were a sin to look upon a woman's arm.

I read this day in the General Gazetteer, "that Bridgetown would make a figure in any European kingdom, and that some contend it is the finest which the British possess in America." I have no doubt that it would make a figure; but the question is, what *sort* of a figure would it make? Spittal makes a figure in a European kingdom, so does Old Sarum. That the Barbadians will contend for the pre-eminence of Bridgetown, I doubt not; but who will believe them? Surely no man who has been in Jamaica. It is also said in the same article, that "Bridgetown has all the elegancies and conveniencies of life that any city of Europe can afford." This is by no means a dangerous mistake. I strongly suspect that when the compositor was at the Article Bridgetown, he had by mistake been glancing at Bath, or Vienna, or perhaps Paris. The Opera House, the Theatre, the Music Rooms, the daily publications, the society, &c. of Barbadoes, *if such things exist*, may be very elegant — in Barbadoes.

When a little boy at Norham, I have at holiday times danced with great pleasure in what is styled The Beggar Raw; that is, the children dancing behind

the backs of the grown lads and lasses. This to us was both elegance and convenience; I think, however, with submission, that it would be presumption to compare its elegance or convenience with a ball after the masquerade.

There came on board at Barbadoes an English Clergyman, an Officer of Artillery, the lady and two children of Gen. R. at St. Domingo, and a raw Scottish youth, all of whom, with the exception of the lady and children that left us at Curaçoa, were going down to Jamaica.

A person seldom joins a ship's company without some individual belonging thereto having a mind not properly balanced. We had one person with us from England, who certainly was of that class of beings. He came out as a Deputy Assistant Commissary General, and having arrived at Barbadoes was sent to St. Pierre's, Martinique. He was a steerage passenger, and consequently mess'd with the steward: but on deck he was received by the other gentlemen upon terms of urbanity and kindness. He was aged; and, I presume, his friends had obtained this situation to get him out of the way. This gentleman was really defective in the garret story; and as the sun obtained more power by a closer proximity to his brain, those ideas, which in a cold climate grew very wild, did now shoot forth into extraordinary luxuriance.

He imagined himself exquisite in song; and as such misapprehensions generally contribute to the amusement of others, he was frequently solicited to serenade the quarter deck with his vocal powers. His performance was an exquisite treat to a party stealing down trades, half asleep with ennui, and longing for land.

When Mr. — appeared on deck in an evening with his music books, every eye sparkled, and each visage wore a smile. It was not possible to listen to a voice

with less harmony, and it scorned all command; the consequent result was, that the countenances of the company suffered a thorough discomposure. Offending him was perfectly out of the question, as any indecorum passed with him for a want of taste. I became a great favourite with him, from my attempting to follow his notes, a thing which no man on earth was capable of doing. He was also, in his own estimation, an artist, an orator, and to crown the whole, a dancer; being upon terms of intimacy with some of the first figure dancers in the Metropolis. Some of our wags, by permission of the Captain, determined to turn his dancing to a good account.

It was hinted that no gentleman on board could dance a hornpipe on the top of a barrel, on the ship's deck, on account of the vessel's motion. Mr. — thought it difficult, but presumed there was a possibility, provided the weather was fine. A wager was pretended, and Mr. — undertook to dance upon the top of a barrel in the evening. The elevation of a barrel upon two hen coops, was the next contrivance. The barrel was placed amidships, in such a position that a rope slung from the main yard descended perpendicularly upon it. The hour of performance arrived, and our hero, having his thoughts far above the freezing point, in consequence of being nearly certain that on the morrow he should enter upon office at St. Pierre's, appeared in proper costume for the exhibition.

The propriety of a rope going round the gentleman's waist was suggested, as a sudden lurch of the vessel might destroy his balance, to the no inconsiderable risk of his person. This suggestion was approved of by all parties, and every thing was now arranged.

I am of opinion, that had our ingenious artist, Wilson, at the Pier House, been present to take this group, it might have been placed in contact with his "Easter Walls," without the danger of being overlooked.

You may imagine yourself at sea in a delightful tropical evening, with a fine light breeze, barely sufficient to fill the canvass. This from the skysail to the deck formed an immense cloud, and was wafting the ship from the land of Barbadoes, just "fading to the view." Around the quarter-deck in all directions were gentlemen, a lady, and children, with the officers of the ship, each taking a part in the scene. Near the exhibition barrel were two gentlemen with violins, and not very far from them stood an arch sailor with a rope in his hand, having one end fastened to a hen coop.

The boats, the windlass, and the tops were crowded with the ship's company, who had got their Barbadoes rum on board, and were just in trim either to see fun, or to fight an enemy. "I say," said Ben Saul to his messmate, who was sitting upon the anchor-stock, "What are they up to abaft?" "D — d if I knows; I think it is either a preaching or an execution they are getting under weigh," replied Jem Spitfire. "My eye," said George Fowey, "Bo's'n is giving you rope sufficient Ben." At this moment Mr. — mounted the barrel, and the boatswain put the rope around his chest, by means of a noose. "Blow me," said Ben, "they are not after keel hauling him, are they? look at the minister, he seems the busiest of the mess; I suppose he is going to give him a stave at prayers beforehand." "Aye, like enough," responded Harry Grampus, "his prayers are all Betty Martin; did you not twig him yesterday with the *Quashies* at Nancy Clark's?" "Well enough, messmate, I needed no quadrant to take an observation of that; I'll tell thee what, give me a man that will do his duty, drink his grog, and be true to his shipmates; none of your praying scamps for me. I'm bother'd, but our priest is just like the Queen Charlotte, with her fine copper outside, and her timbers and planks full of the dry

rot. Halloo, my boys, there's the doctor taken his station alongside!"

The music struck up *The Flowers of Edinburgh*, (our dancer was a Caledonian) the performer commenced, and every eye was upon the stretch to see how the scene would terminate. "Weil duin, my auld cock o' the north," bouk'd Jerry Gillespie; "a cheer for Auld Reekie! May I ne'er taste grog, nor pass St. Abb's Head again, if he isna a tough ane!"

The applause became great, the music increased in quickness, these acted upon the imagination of our performer, his brain affected his feet, so much so, that it became a sort of contest whether the heels of the dancer or the elbows of the fiddlers could go with the greatest velocity. The sailors, many of whom were better than half *slewed*, could not contain themselves; they became a little *uproarious*, and the company abaft were convulsed with stifled laughter.

The gentleman was now determined to astonish the spectators with an undeniable proof of his agility, by turning round upon his toe like a scourging top. At this very moment a signal was given to the sailor that held the rope; who instantly, with a jerk, dislodged one of the coops from under the barrel.

The suddenness of the action almost frightened those who had a hand in planning it. The shifting the coop, the fall of the barrel, and the suspension of the dancer in air, were the accidents of a moment. The lady gave an involuntary shriek, the gentlemen jump'd to catch the dancer, whose action precisely resembled that of a spider whilst hanging by its thread. He sprawled hands and feet, until a swing of the rope brought his feet into contact with the boat; he held here a while, but a slight roll of the ship gave him another sally, and he swung right over the ship's side. On his swinging on board he was caught hold of, gasping for breath, and palpitating with fear. To describe all this

gentleman's eccentricities would of itself fill my book ; indeed some of them are so truly laughable, that nothing but their indelicacy prevents their narration.

CHAPTER XV.

Arrival at Martinique. Dreadful Thunder and Lightning. Sail for Curaçoa. Make Bon Air. An entertaining Dialogue among Sailors. A Dissertation on Cross Purposes, or Ungodly Parsons and humble useful Missionaries contrasted.

WE lost sight of Barbadoes, and next day I had a close view of the Diamond Rock, off the coast of Martinique. Some of my readers may remember that this insulated rock was taken possession of by our sailors in the last French war, and manned from the ships ; but as John Bull had got on board a vessel that would neither steer nor sail, he came off second best. We got down to St. Pierre's in the course of the day.

I did not go ashore upon the island at this time, but here it was that I first beheld the lightning, and heard the astounding peals of thunder, which far exceed any thing of the kind in Britain. On the sides of the mountains above St. Pierre's, the expanded blue glare of the electrified elements danced to and fro in a seemingly regular confusion, like the mazes of a dance unknown to the beholder ; whilst the overcharged artillery of the sky was burst into ten millions of particles, by the soul thrilling explosions from its own bosom ; the torrents of rain suggesting the idea, that nature wept with the pangs of her own convulsions.

As soon as the mails were got on shore, we shaped our course for Curaçoa ; but as we had little else than

clouds and rain, some little caution was necessary lest we should get to leeward of the island; in which case there would have been a considerable loss of time in beating up against wind and current. In a few days we made the west end of an island, which proved to be Bon Air, although our navigators, in order to be assured of the fact, had to send ashore to enquire.

Since leaving Barbadoes things had not gone on altogether so pleasantly as in crossing the Atlantic. I mentioned some passengers who came on board at Barbadoes, and as the weather is now very wet, you may listen, if you please, to a dialogue betwixt decks over a glass of grog, concerning some of them.

Frank, "I say, Bill, wilt have a glass of grog below, as the weather is wet this evening?" Bill, "Why, don't much care, lad, its confoundedly hot with these hatchways partly covered." Frank, "Never mind that, the grog will give us a cooling, and keep off fever. Here we will set the case upon my chest; Ben, here: Steward, will you join us? bring your mate with you. Sit you there, Bill; there, to leeward, Maitey; Ben, bring your bottom to an anchor, old boy; here, Steward, anchor upon my starboard bow; that'll do, steady she goes; have you glasses each? help selves, my sons."

Steward, "Well, here's t'ye, my hearties, a prosperous run down to Jamaica." Ben, "So be it say I, but it is more than I look for." Bill, "Why, what for shipmate?" Ben, "Thou sees, my sons, I'm an old sailor, and have been dancing up and down upon salt water these forty years, but I never saw much luck with a priest on board." Steward, "How's that, Ben?" "How is it! It is just because the devil has a liking to the cloth, and whenever a priest comes over the gangway, the black gentleman flies in at the cabin window." Bill, "Well, I knows thou dustn't love priests, but don't let us be making them worse than

they are." Ben, "The d—l o that I can do, unless I could make black blacker." Steward's mate, "Ay, ay, Ben, your mind's a touch black'd against them, but never mind, here'st t'ye." Ben, "Black'd against them, yes, and God's mind's black'd against them too! Here, we have a fellow that stands up to preach and pray, and don't you see plainly its all my eye with him? Hivint you seen his conduct? Split me, but they must imagine the great God to be a great fool, that they can laugh at him to his face! Durst you treat the Captain so, Steward?" Steward, "No, faith, I would soon be sent adrift, without either rudder or compass." Bill, "Ay, or beef, or biscuit either." Steward, "Ay, or a single cask of water, I guess, as the Yankey says." Ben, "Well, when I was a sober man, a good many years ago, I remember reading in the bible, about a fellow that got into irons in d—sh hot weather, and the Commodore would not give him a drop of cold water to cool the tip of his tongue: think of that mates!" Bill, "That was nation hard, as the Yankies say; that must have been for mutiny." Ben, "Mutiny, to be sure, my son; what is it but mutiny to disobey orders? the fellow had disobey'd orders, and was put into the bilboes." Steward, "I doubt, Ben, we all disobey orders, less or more." Ben, "True, Steward, more's the pity; but there's a d—l of a difference betwixt going off a straight course now and then, and steering right the contrary way." Bill, "Right, my old sailor; the case is just as how, that the ship which steers the straightest course will get best into harbour, and have the best birth; those that don't answer the helm so well, altho' they may get into harbour, will not be so snug, tho' they may be safe." Ben, "But what becomes of those that steer right away from port?" Steward, "They go to the frozen sea, to be sure, and there they are taken care of." Ben, "I rather suspect

they are run ashore without either water or grog." Frank, "Well, mates, I believe there be some parsons true blue, after all. Don't y'think, Ben, that Mr. Hitchins, of Falmouth Church, be a good man?" Ben, "Yes, I does; I believe he will come to anchor in Abraham's bosom." Frank, "And dustnt th' think that Mr. Wildbore, the dissenting minister of Falmouth, and his son Timothy at Penryn, are Johnnic?" Ben, "I do." Frank, "And Mr.—what d'callum, Hoo! them folks that dives over t' lugs in the Chapel, isn't he the thing?" Ben, "I think he is. It would be the d—ce and all if the whole fleet was to turn pirates, Frank; no, no, whatever I might say, I did not think that." Frank, "And the methodist ministers, what do you think of them?" Ben, "I don't know them, I likes a settled minister best, you know what they are about." Frank, "What do you think of those who have no priests at all?" Ben, "Who are they?" Frank, "The Quakers." Ben, "Ha, Ha, they are broths o boys; I likes the Quakers; they once *did* me, though: Ha, ha, ha." Steward, "How was that, Ben?" Ben, "Why, thou all knows the Miss Foxes upon the Strand; well, I was sent from Captain, with a small parcel to them. In I goes, and off hat, boys. Well, out comes Miss Fox. Ben, how do you do? what will you take a glass of this morning? Nothing, I thank you, Mem, says I. Well, Miss Fox was writing a bit of a line for me to take back, and as I was sitting at anchor, I thinks, thinks I, second thoughts are best, I'll have a glass of quaker rum." So out comes the lady with the letter, and I told her, that, if she pleased, I would take a mouthful of rum. Steward, "Well Ben;" Ben, "Friend, says she, she called me friend, mun! Friend, says she, we never allow people to contradict themselves by taking what they have refused; you were welcome to that, and much more, but as you refused it, I cannot give

it you now." All, "Ha, ha, ha." Ben, "I look'd as blue as if I had been shaved with a gridiron, took my hat, and was coming away, but she hit me a slap on the back, and shoved something into my hand that did as well as the rum. Hurra for the Quakers, thought I. Ah, she is a right one." All, "Ha, Ha, Ha."

Steward, "Well now, lads, but we must speak low, as tales, you know, should not be told out of school; we are all by the ears at the other end of the ship." All, "The deuce." Steward, "When the parson came on board our Captain was so glad, because he thought as how we should have sermon and prayers, and so forth on Sundays. But when he saw what kind of a joker he is, he would not allow any such stinking pork to be served out for good beef. This huffed my gentleman, and so he gets drunk, plays cards, swears, and last night, — hush — he wanted to be into the lady's cabin; so the Captain has threatened to confine him, if he does not alter his conduct. He suits that fool of an Artillery Officer, that is going down to be tried for striking a soldier; and, in short, he will make a famous Jamaica Priest; go to the devil himself, and get others to follow in his wake."

Ben, "By the Piper of Killkayney, I wish Captain would let me take him in tow, I would drag him bows under; but there is four bells, it is my watch on deck; here's confusion to blackguard priests!"

I am sorry to say that the assertions of the steward was strictly true. Here then was a pest on board, a plague, a perfect cholera morbus, a compound of evil, which, no doubt, would neutralize many good effects produced by the labours of pious missionaries. This same wretched man got livings in Jamaica to an amount of many hundreds per annum. I have seen him since; he was leading a life of tavern-hunting, gambling, boxing, lady keeping, and hardening those in their wickedness who were too hard before.

What can be said of those who overlook such diabolical blotches upon society, upon Christianity, upon what is called the Church? Good God! Do such ever consider what is meant by the term Church? The Church, the Body of Christ.

How pregnant with meaning is the figure! How damnatory to those who live in sin! Surely such a description of character as that which I have just touched upon, if ever it belonged to the body, must long ago have dropped off through complete putridity, whilst the scent of its rottenness carries pestilence and death wherever it is inhaled.

Can we wonder that Wesleyan and Baptist Chapels are torn down in Jamaica, and the preachers persecuted, after such a picture as this? Such a gangrenous piece of carrion introduced to the houses of the great, in such a warm climate, breeds a spiritual yellow fever; the vision of the poor inmates becomes jaundiced; the labours of good men are seen through a diseased medium; the thoughts, words, and actions of the Church of Christ are distorted in the eyes of the diseased; and the direst enmity to real religion is the consequence.

CHAPTER XVI.

Arrives at Curaçoa. Physiognomy of the Natives. Children amphibious. Fire-flies. Slight Sketch of Jamaica. Arrival in Port Royal. Crowds of Visitors. Hercules and Admiral Rodney, two Negroes. Unfortunate Trip ashore. Intemperance of Temperance Societies. A Fever cured by Grog. A Visit to the Palisades.

WE got into the harbour of Curaçoa, and it is truly an excellent one. The packet floated nearly close to

the shore, where nothing from the sea could possibly harm her, the entrance being so narrow that it is possible to throw a stone across. This island is only about 75 miles from the coast of Caraccas, in South America; it is 30 miles long and 10 broad; the soil is by no means good, and for a supply of fresh water they look to the clouds. The town, at which we now lay, is filled with inhabitants adorned with the most vagabond looking faces that the mind of man can possibly conceive. I have seen Jews, Turks, and gentlemen of the most illicit professions; but here the indexes to minds of villany are so numerous, that every face you meet gives you the hint to keep your hands in your pockets. This was at one period a place for contraband traffick; and we know the features of those who follow such a species of merchandise are not, in general, such as would be chosen by a painter in order to delineate the figure of an Adonis. I must do them the justice to say, however, that they were a civil people.

I was greatly amused with the children; they used to jump into the water, and swim round the ship by dozens. I took my station on deck with a handful of small coins, about the size of a farthing, but much lighter; and throwing one overboard, five or six of these little men would dive after it like ducks, go to the bottom, and one of them rise with it between his teeth, the whole party laughing immoderately. Their black visages, their white teeth, their aquatic antics, and the happiness displayed in the features of each, gave me as much pleasure as any scene I remember to have enjoyed in the west. Here we see the immediate connecting link betwixt their happiness and mine; a small coin thrown into the water communicated pleasure to them, and their gambols returned the same feeling to me. Whatever diseased minds may say, there can be little doubt that happiness is in-

fectious ; I would not calculate much upon that man's goodness of heart that does not rejoice at the happiness of others.

On the other side of the harbour stands a small town, called Otrobando, which signifies the other side. Capt. L. and I took a walk, one delightful evening, into the country on this side of the water. We arrived at a gentleman's house, and, as the custom is with strangers, walked up to the door. We found the proprietor, an old Dutch gentleman, with his lady, sitting enjoying the cool of the evening. They were exceedingly polite and kind ; wine, &c. were brought, and we enjoyed ourselves with the old gentleman's description of the difference betwixt the former and present government ; he, on the other hand, was gratified by the latest news from Europe. On our return to Otrobando in the dark, I was gratified for the first time with the sight of countless millions of fire-flies. They are a truly splendid spectacle ; like animated gold, they float around and join in a mazy dance, the figures of which cannot be traced by the eye of humanity. What a Being is the Eternal ! If not a hair of our head fall to the ground without his knowledge, surely there is not a single figure which those little creatures form in their evening enjoyment, but is known to Him, and these alone seem almost infinity. Those phosphoric animations give considerable light to the traveller, and as I never before had seen so many lamps collected, I enjoyed their presence, and with this enjoyment we arrived at the boat, and finally on shipboard.

Our next destination was to Jamaica, the principal island in the west belonging to Britain. It was discovered by Columbus in 1494. To make the east end of Jamaica in thick cloudy weather, which often happens, is rather an unpleasent task : there being shoals off the east point at several miles distance from land.

A sight of the Blue Mountains in such cases is highly agreeable. A great part of Jamaica is covered with woods of mahogany and other large trees. The north side of the island has gentle risings, covered with groves of pimento, the back ground swelling into forests terminating in the Blue Mountains. On the south side the face of the country is more sublime, but not so pleasing. Its rivers are numerous, and have much picturesque scenery. In the towns, and on the plains, it is very hot, but up in the mountains it is often so cool that a fire is requisite. The thermometer in the plains during the warm months, from June to November, stands at 80 degrees. In the colder season, from December to May, it varies from 70 to 80. In the highlands the thermometer ranges from 70 to 44.

The productions of Jamaica are sugar, coffee, indigo, pimento, ginger, cocoa, cotton, medicinal drugs, maize, tobacco, Guinea corn, pease, &c. The bread-fruit was introduced by Sir Joseph Banks. Fruits are abundant; oranges, lemons, limes, shaddocks, citrons, pomegranates, pine apples, melons, plantains, &c. The native animals are the agouti, the armadillo, the opossum, the Mexican hog, the musk rat, the alco, and the monkey: the monkey and agouti now only remain.

As soon as we came to anchor in the harbour of Port Royal, we were like to be devoured for news. Officers, naval and military, merchants, newspaper writers, &c. eager to catch what would suit themselves. Merchants to know the state of the markets; officers to get Navy and Army Lists, to know how promotions were going on; editors to get every thing with the greatest dispatch, in order to convince their brother islanders that their's was the paper for the earliest news. There were, however, a much more interesting class of persons than any of those, who now boarded the packet; those were small dealers of

different descriptions, who come on board to purchase the little articles of the seamen. I will, for the amusement of those who love to study character, draw a scene of this description as well as I can, from the original source, nature.

You may imagine that Jack having got into port is laying his accounts for a little ease and some diversion. It will be proper to suppose also, that you see him lying over the side looking at a fleet of canoes, who are all pressing forward to obtain convenient positions, for the purposes of vending their commodities, bartering with, and purchasing little ventures from, the sailors. In one canoe there is an old acquaintance, Mary Congo, an aged black woman, with a cargo of fruits, sugar, fish, rum, &c; her vessel being navigated by two negro slaves belonging to herself, one of whom bears the name of Hercules. I have often sat and studied the character of Hercules; he was rather an unlucky wight, given to the lazies, and the reason was tolerably obvious: his mistress was getting infirm, so that chastisement was not such a matter of dread with Hercules as with many others. Amidst the general gabble on board the canoe, I have frequently listened to a conversation nearly as follows.

Mary, "You Harclis, you lazy rascal, why don't you lay hold of de rope dere?" Sailor, "Mary, how do you do?" Mary, "So, so, Buckra; hopes you are all well; I am kilt wid dis rascal Harclis, he is so lazy." Sailor, "I say, Harclis, you black dibil, what dis I hear of you?" Hercules, "He, he. John, Missey no good missey dis maanin, no, no."

Sailor, "Give him fum, fum, Mary. Him no be good nigger. Send him on board and get him tie to gun, me make him scatch." Hercules, "No no, Buckra, missey no let me tie gun, me workey workey day." Mary, "Hand up tings Harclis on board, fine oranges, massa, sugar." Sailor, "What dem?" Mary,

"Pomegranates, Body, fine." Sailor, "Ah, here comes Admiral Rodney, paddling in a canoe: make way for the Admiral." This Admiral Rodney was a negro, whom the naval officers had by some means or other taken a fancy to laugh at, and bestowed upon him frequently an old uniform, and cocked hat. These he constantly wore, and the sun having turn'd the chapeau completely brown, and the coat any thing but blue, imagination can scarcely conceive a figure more ridiculous than that of Admiral Rodney. Sailor, "Admiral how be? how be?" Rodney, "So, so, Buckra, I'm coming to see you all." Sailor, "You nigger, you Harclis, keep out of the Admiral's way." Hercules, "Him Amdiral, he, he, pretty nigger amdiral, he, he." Sailor, "Shall we floggy floggy Harclis, Admiral?" Rodney, "Ah him tam rascal, him no tief, but tell lie, lazey lazey nigger; Mary no give him enough de whip."

Hercules grumbling, "What de debil make him Amdiral?" To sailor, "I say, John, mind what bid me peak last time?" Sailor, "No." Hercules, "Bad, bad, me no peak sush bad peak; no, no, me good nigger day; yes, yes."

Hercules, like many others, was extremely apt to give himself a good character, and the sailors were not bad friends to him; he knew very well that John, as he term'd them, would abuse him and do him a favour at the same time. I will here leave the sailors and the black merchants dealing for the present, convinced, that unless the reader has heard the broken English of the negroes, and the still worse jargon of the sailors in imitating them, he cannot possibly have any correct idea of its curiosity.

My first going on shore at Port Royal was rather unfortunate. I had gone to church with Captain L., Captains C. of the Artillery, and B. of the Moselle. When the congregation dismissed, I came down to

the boat, but Captain L. had fallen behind, and whilst waiting for him, one of those showers so common in that island fell in torrents. I took shelter with the sailors in a house on the wharf a few minutes, and ordered some rum. The rum was drank, and although I took some of it, yet not in such quantity as I conceived would do me any injury. As we pulled on board I felt quite well, and no one could discover that any thing was the matter; but the moment I set my feet on deck I tumbled down perfectly helpless. The Captain thought I was in a fit, my conversation not indicating that I had taken liquor; neither did I feel its effects until I had become useless.

The doctor was put to bed, and after it was tolerably well ascertained what the disease was, I have no doubt that all hands join'd in the laugh at his expence. I got a lecture of caution concerning climate from Captain L., which, I dare say, was very little attended to, either by me, or any other. I am by no means convinced that those prudential rules so much insisted on by many, are so very conducive to health as they would lead us to believe. I have noticed that those men who were in the habit of drinking very freely of grog, could work in the rigging under a meridian sun, frequently without their hats, with apparently less injury than those who were more abstemious. In general, the grog-drinkers are the best men, and being quite fearless, they drink, they sing, they work, and perspire; so that the animal spirits are kept in cheerfulness, the moisture of the body is kept up, and the perspiration carries off the heat.

When I hear theorists in abstinence societies describing liquor as a deadly poison, I sincerely pity their ignorance, although I can neither overlook their presumption, nor approve their falsehoods. Indeed there has been so much said and written about abstinence of late years, that the mind gets sickened with

their extravagance. My friends in Temperance Societies, falsely so called, will no doubt pity my views of the matter, as they are so much better informed, having read loads of papers on the subject. With this I have little to do except to remark, that I have not written a word against temperance, but against that excess which the friends of Abstinence Societies have run into, and which, like every other wild theory, will have its day.

I will here mention a rather curious incident regarding an officer of the ship, a tall, stout Scotchman. He was a man of a very singular humour, a kind of brief wit; his sentences were short, but they were to the point and decisive. He had been up at Kingston, and came on board in a burning fever. Well, Mr—how are you? D—d ill. Here, boy, get me some very strong grog; take all my blankets and put them on the bed, and don't disturb me until I awake. The grog was swallowed at a draught, Mr.—stripped and immersed himself in blankets, his cabin door was close shut, and—his next appearance was expected to be in the character of a corpse. A considerable time elapsed, and the gentleman in the dormitory was causing a little uneasiness in the minds of some of his friends, when the cabin door opened, and Mr.—shoved out his head like a thing parboil'd. Well, Mr.—how now? Drove him by G—d. What, are you better? Quite well. Now had I been bothering with doctor's stuff the carrion crows would have had me to night: but he's drove: bring me a clean shirt, boy, and some water: so ended this cure of a fever. It was sudden and effectual, and in a man less robust might very probably have been fatal. He declared, however, that he would not undergo such another suffocation, but in cases of life and death.

Port Royal stands upon the point of a narrow slip of land, which, running between the sea and harbours

of Port Royal and Kingston, forms those basons which can accommodate shipping to an indefinite amount: by water, Kingston is said to be six miles from Port Royal. This place was swallowed up by an earthquake in 1692, and upon the spot where it stood, ships afterwards anchored. In 1702, it was destroyed by fire, in 1722 by an inundation, and in 1744 by a hurricane. From its entire corruption of manners, it was viewed as a spot totally devoted to destruction. The public offices were removed from it, but there is still a royal dock-yard for heaving down and repairing men-of-war, a very fine naval hospital, and barracks.

On the north of the town is a large open space called The Palisades; this is the burying place, and no one should visit it unless possessing tolerably strong nerves, or being very conversant with the different appearances of death. I have visited this Golgotha; it consists chiefly of loose sand, with here and there some long tropical weeds, or perhaps a few shrubs. On approaching it by water, the first thing you observe is the flight of some large birds; these are carrion crows, upon whose repast you have intruded, and caused to resign their dainty morsel, an old negro man whom they have dragged half out of his coffin, and if they return not quickly, will be an excellent feast for their brother gormands—the land crabs. As the winds are constantly shifting the sand, the first blunder a stranger is apt to make is to put his foot inside a coffin. If he is alarmed and retreats confusedly, his left foot is scarcely out of one shell until his right is into another. The next fear is that of treading upon the land crabs, of which there is little danger as they run like hares. You here see the coffins exposed in all manner of ways, and those vermin just mentioned running out and in by scores. I think I never saw human nature in its depth of degradation until I visited the Palisades

at Port Royal. The mind, whilst musing on such a scene, revolts at the idea of being clogged with such a debased carcase, until conscience checks the reverie, and makes it abashed with a tiptoe view of its own rottenness.

Here there are two things which irresistibly force themselves upon my mind, and my reader must pardon me for indulging a little in reflecting upon them. It cannot but be perceived, first, from my manner of describing some past scenes, that the character of society is not rendered more pure either by daily danger, or striking scenes of mortality. No. The dangers of the sea, of war, the plague, earthquakes, famine, tornadoes, shipwrecks, or the cholera morbus, may, and do frighten society; but purify they do not, nor cannot, without the aid of something else. This would be cleansing impurity by means of impurity, which is too paradoxical a scheme to be admitted for a moment. Secondly, In the whole range of the world's history, we cannot discover any practical scheme which has had a thoroughly purifying influence upon the human mind except Christianity. But don't let my reader mistake me here, by supposing that when I use the term Christianity, I am alluding to British society generally. No, I hope I know better. The majority, an immense majority in Britain, know no more of Christianity than did Julius Cæsar. Civilization may exist, and has existed in different states without Christianity, purity of heart never.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Author leaves Jamaica for England. The Hyperion Frigate Convoy. Zeal of his Majesty's Servants. The Coast of Cuba is not the Coast of St. Domingo. Leave Crooked Island for Europe. A long and severe Gale. Humorous Description of a Dinner in a Gale of Wind. Penryn Fair held on board during the Gale. Arrives in Plymouth.

THE crew were remarkably healthy here, and as I have to conduct the reader once or twice back to Jamaica, I will for the present bend my course homeward under the convoy of the Hyperion Frigate, which was to accompany us to the latitude of Bermuda. We sailed much better upon a wind than the frigate, and it soon appeared that our superior celerity had no very pleasing effect upon the mind of Capt. B., as he gave orders for the packet to keep under his lee: this was a complete detention, but there was no remedy. As soon as the Hyperion got round the east end of Jamaica, she stood right across for the coast of Cuba, instead of St. Domingo; the latter course being the most expeditious for the Crooked Island passage.

Here we have a very striking example of cross purposes in His Majesty's service. The Hyperion was sent to conduct the packet as expeditiously as possible; but to beat up the Cuba shore a little way, was rather a good cruising ground, and therefore a few days detention of the packet was of no great consequence, provided some of the enemy could be captured, or rather some prize-money obtained for the crew of the Hyperion. On the other hand, the commander of the packet, being equally zealous for what they term the good of the service, and extremely anxious to forward His Majesty's mails, took the liberty

to leave the frigate and the Cuba shore, and stood over to the Bite of Leogan; let it be particularly noted, that in addition to forwarding the mails, there were a number of rich planters to forward also.

Some censorious persons would say upon such matters as these, that the frigate did not care a rush about forwarding the packet, so as prize-money could be obtained; and the packet cared as little about expediting the mails, were it not to get quickly rid of her passengers, in order that a few hundreds might be deposited in the Captain's coffers in a shorter space of time. These censures cannot be correct. What! Can gentlemen who drink His Majesty's health daily; who have the welfare of the Sovereign so much at heart that it is continually in their mouths; in whose pure eyes every act of the King is so pure that they perfectly idolize him, be actuated by selfishness! Impossible, impossible.

We got becalmed in the bay of Leogan, and in rounding Cape Nicholas, (St. Domingo) we again fell in with our unwished-for comrade. The wind proving fair, we soon passed Heneago, arrived at Crooked Island, left the mail, and there being a strong top-galant breeze, bid adieu to our cronie.

We got to the latitude of the Azores with fine weather; here we fell in with a long swell from the eastward, which indicated a coming gale. This on its arrival, was the first gale which I had seen worthy of the name. I apprehend that none but those who have been in a gale like this, know what is meant by the old phrase, "the sea ran mountains high." It is said that no wave rises more than ten feet above the level of the ocean, this, with the ten feet descent below the level, gives twenty feet for the whole height. This fact is said to be proved by measuring the height upon a ship's mast, at which the horizon can be discovered over the tops of the waves. Although I believe this

to be true, I must confess that in no case do I labour under such a great deception of vision as I do respecting the height of waves in a heavy gale. They have always appeared to me to be three times twenty feet; and this I can account for only from their long slope.

The ship was hove to with her head to the northward, and remained so nearly a fortnight; in the course of which time she was driven back an immense way. Being a sharp vessel, she was not very dry, so that I and others who had no duty to perform on deck, were kept prisoners below. Thus mounting up to heaven and descending into the deep, we were preserved in the hollow of His hand, although few of us, I think, I may say none, looked so much to God as to the ship. I often think of the words of Mr. Smith of London (the most active and best friend of seamen) when preaching on Berwick Town-hall Steps, and describing a gale of wind in Yarmouth roads. It appears that at that period Mr. S. belonged to a line-of-battle-ship, and the danger was imminent, as all they had to depend upon was one rope or cable. When morning dawned, the ship was still riding, the cable having preserved them. The words of Mr. Smith were, "Oh how we praised the ship! Oh how we praised the cable! But not a soul on board gave praise to God!"

In a ship of that description in which I had at this time the honour to be tossed up and down like a football, no kind of weather prevents cooking. There is a much greater difficulty in the way than this, which is to get the provisions eaten when they are prepared. Many are the unlucky gormandizing scenes in which I have borne a share upon the watery waste. The following is a sample of mess-room dinners in a heavy gale and tremendous sea.

The imagination may paint the company seated round the table, which, as also the chairs, cannot move

but in concert with the vessel. When the ship lurches to starboard, those on the larboard side of the table arise above their opposites, and would descend upon them very indelicately, were it not that the centre of gravity is transferred from the posteriors to the breasts; which now rest upon the edge of the table, causing the owners to give a groan. Here we have one party lying upon their breasts, peeping down upon their comrades below, who are deposited for the moment upon the backs of their chairs, until the return of the swell, when they in their turn gain the ascendancy.

Many of my friends must have seen a close approximation to the nature of this scene, in that very complicated piece of machinery which has been frequently exhibited at the Easter Walls and other fairs, under the title of a Swing or Shuggy Shoo. This piece of morality has been frequently set up before the eyes of the public, but its merits have not been duly appreciated, nor its mystical meaning discovered. The constant change of the balance of power in the swing, produces a corresponding effect upon the parties, who alternately possess the superiority. Who, but the deaf, has not heard the shout of exultation from the throats of the party uppermost, when the end of the shuggy shoo ascended to the pinnacle of glorious elevation, like a balloon among the clouds? Who, but a blockhead, cannot extract an excellent moral from this scene, and discover the innate propensity of human nature to exult over its fellows, when inferior in rank, talents, property, or power? Who, but a simpleton, has not observed, when viewing this aerial amusement, that a sudden change of position in those who this minute were at the lowest end, produced the very same ebullitions of joy, which were so conspicuous in their comrades? Who cannot see the parties of Whig and Tory shadowed forth by the two ends of the swing,

each acting the same part whilst in power, whilst the manager, like a wise sovereign, takes care that neither party shall predominate too long, and so receives profit from both.

I have thus glanced at the swing, in order to give the cook time to hand a tureen or two of soup to the steward and his mates, who, by the exclamation of "Scaldings!" I hear, are approaching. The soup, at these times, can only be put into the hands of an experienced person, who can manage to keep it upon a level. The division of this liquid now takes place, and the inexperience of some renders the affair more serious than before. Six, eight, or ten plates of soup are entrusted to the hands of as many individuals, one of whom, not properly drilled to the exercise, forgets that soup, like water, has a constant bias towards a level. The first surge, therefore, which the vessel gives, enables the soup to desert the plate, run across the table to leeward upon the gentleman opposite, and form a pond upon the front of his trowsers.

The gentleman so invaded is thrown into confusion, he sets his plate upon the table, which, with the return of the surge, sallies, soup and all, in a straight direction to the first offender. The declivity of the table increasing, the velocity of the plate increases in like ratio, until check'd by the ledge of the plane. The obstruction of a table's ledge, although sometimes effectual to stop the career of a solid, is by no means so successful in checking a liquid. The moment, therefore, that the vehicle halts, the soup flies full in the breast of the ill-fated individual, who, from the position of the ship, is lying upon the back of his chair. As soon as the straining ship comes more upon a level, the gentleman, with his breast full of soup, leaps upon his chair. The ship heels over, he loses his equilibrium, is precipitated right over the table upon the

stomach of his opponent, and, finally, lies stretched upon the cabin-floor.

The Captain, who is sitting at the head of the table as steady as a pump bolt, views the state of things with a seaman's eye, and cries, "Mops here, Mops! otherwise you wont be able to keep your legs." Mops are applied, and the floor is made tolerably dry. The soup is removed; a turkey, a ham, a leg of mutton, with some fowls and ducks, are deposited upon the table. The turkey is placed before the Captain, who commences his incision upon the breast, and gets through the dissection tolerably well. A swell higher than usual strikes the vessel, she lies over nearly upon her beam ends. The cry on deck is, "Hold on," that below, at table, "Steady, gentlemen;" but this is not altogether attended to; for the gentleman before whom the mutton stands, rather paying more attention to himself than the viands, permits it to take a run from the plate, as fast as ever it did when alive upon the hills. It takes its course immediately upon two ducks, drives them before it into the face of an old planter, who is coming home to lay his bones in England after having led a life of dissipation and toil within the tropics. The gentleman catches one of the ducks in his hands, but the other vaults over the chair-back, through a window of one of the side cabins, and, as fortune would have it, leaps into a chamber utensil, when it moves no more.

Wine is brought; the decanters with glasses are placed in such positions that they cannot slide. A glass of wine, Mr. Pine Apple? Sir Pumpkin, will you do us the honour? Mr. Crosstree, will you join us? The glasses are filled, and they drink to each other; but there is a great deal between the cup and the lip; for Mr. Pine Apple having just put the glass to his mouth, gets a sudden jerk with the shock of a sea; his elbow is involuntarily elevated, and the whole

of the wine is emptied in his eyes. Hah! is the exclamation; the glass goes to the floor in a hundred pieces, and cuts the feet of a poor *blackey* man standing behind his master, but cannot as yet wear shoes. A cry on deck now intimates that there is a sail bearing down from the eastward. Bearing down upon us! What, scudding? Yes, Sir! a large ship. She must be the flying Dutchman then, for nothing else could scud in this weather. We'll have a peep, however. All hands anxious to see the sail, endeavour to scramble from the table, and, upon the whole, succeed tolerably well. As soon as they get on deck the packet ships a sea, and every individual is drenched through. Were this the worst it would not amount to much, but Mr. Mangrove, slipping his foot, is precipitated headlong, and his limbs get entangled under a gun, so that he cannot move an inch. As soon as he has got clear the sail approaches, and proves to be an American bound for Carolina. The company go below again, get on dry clothes, and sit down to their wine; thus end the comforts of dinner in a gale of wind.

British seamen when deprived of natural comforts, can sometimes substitute artificial ones, which, in some respects, give more pleasure. During this long and severe tempest, the sailors got up an entertainment, which, for broad humour and low wit, has not often been excelled. Many of the crew being Cornishmen, and having a perfect knowledge of Penryn, determined to hold the Fair of that Borough, on the day when their countrymen would be assembled to sell their pigs, horses, and other commodities.

As there was little or nothing to do either on deck or below, the whim was rather encouraged than kept back; so at a proper time the fair began to assemble. The chests and hammocks were cleared away as well as circumstances would admit, and the first exhibition was a pig-market. Here were a number of men trans-

mogrified into pigs, and guarded by a farmer with his dog. The part of the pig-owner was sustained by Billy Howl, a thorough, broad, country Cornishman; whilst his dog was no less ably personified by John Clark the black cook. The pig-dealer was dressed in a long great coat, and muffled about the neck with handkerchiefs, a mop shank serving for a rustic walking-stick.

—Will, Varmer, vir have thur pigs been ved? — Polscatha, vriend! Oura, Blackey, mind un good dog! Here Blackey, seizing one of the swinish multitude by the heels, received an uncomfortable kick upon the muzzle, which sends him to a distance. — Darnee, the pork will be all vish, vid on the teils o pilchards. — No more thin thou beest fid on conger pye, Zolomon! dost wont to buy? — Yez, mun, Yez! Didst cross at King Harry? — Ees, and they have most put me maized. Thou zeest, as I were a passing Trewithian, six of them ran into uncle John Ball's barn-yard, and gan to pull owt t corn. Out coom'd uncle John, an az aw ware hurryin them owt, you zeest, he tould me he'd take me before Squire Crigga. Oura, Blackey, watch un there! Darnee, says I, uncle, aw cares as little vor Zquire as thee! Dost thou indeed, zays a gentleman, thumpin me on shoulder? Ec co, it ware Zquire Crigga himsen! Maynt no fence, Zquire, siz I. Thou zeest aw be gwoin to Penryn vair, and — Ha, Ha, Zquire loff'd mun, he saw me zo zhamed. Watch un, Blackey! T next bout I had was at Gerrans Church Town. Th knowest little Peter Ceggan, the Irish innkeeper, opposite the bowling-green. Well aw called fur pint of ale, aud drunkt it on my legs; I vinishd un all on a brathe; when by the piper, the whole of pigs ware off, Blackey and all. I rund, and rund till my zides eavd lyke belluz, and where dost think aw overtook un? — Don't know, Varmer! — The whole

family on un ware chok up t waterside, Blackey and all, hurrain for boat t coom aver.

Well, az zun az boat cumd to land, boatman zhovd out plank from head t boat azhore. Zbootikins, siz I, boatman, d'ye take me vur zhowman, and my pigs rope dancers, that they can walk upon t plank? No, No, mynt be dezent pigs, bred in barn-yard. Zo he put zide of t boat against zhore, an I lifted them in one by one, but az fast az I put them in at one zide they jump'd owt at tother. I began to think that legion had got un, and that they were inclined to drown. Boatman and I then turn'd to, tyed un nick and eels, and here they be. Watch un, Blackey! wilt buy min? wilt buy? In this sort of way was the fair carried on, in the highest good humour, and to the satisfaction of all. Imagination placed some of the partics among their friends, and the enjoyment was real.

The gale ceased, and as soon as the ship could make head way against the sea, we shaped our course for land. In a few days we made Scilly, and Falmouth shortly after, from which place we were ordered to Plymouth in consequence of a new order, which some were pleased to say was a very foolish one.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Slight Sketch of Plymouth and Devonport. Ships in Hamoaze. Torpoint. Ferry at New Passage. Dock-yard. North Corner, Mutton Cove. Stone-house Row. Female Seduction. Author sails from Cawsand Bay for the West Indies. Arrives at Barbadoes. Amazing Ingenuity of the French in Ship-building and Veterinary Surgery. Arrives at St. Pierre's. Woodbridge's Bay, Dominique. Remarks on West India Morality.

PLYMOUTH DOCK, now Devonport, is one of those places where snares and traps are set for seafaring people at every step. Here is the Jew ready to cheat them, the tavern-keeper ready to overcharge them, the pickpocket to unload them, and the harlot to rot them. It is scarcely possible, in such places as Plymouth or Dock, for a thoughtless man full of spirits, and pockets lined with money, to escape his enemies.

I have been in no part of the world to which I would give the preference as a home, (London always excepted) to Devonport or Plymouth. Its approach from Crofthall, a Cornish village five or six miles to the westward, gives a most interesting and magnificent view, in some respects unequalled. To the left is a distant view of the far-famed Dartmoor, upon whose barren surface was erected that necessarily cruel establishment, too well known to many poor Frenchmen by the name of Dartmoor prison. Full in front is that immense harbour formed by the river Tamar and the tide of the ocean. Upon the bosom of this most beautiful and picturesque sheet of water, floats an incalculably valuable deposit, whether we consider it in respect of its pecuniary value, the nation's safety, or as

an enormously powerful spectacle which has frequently been held forth to the view of tyrants, with this inscription painted in legible characters, You have the *will* to enslave the world, but here is the *power* to prevent it.

When the enlarged and patriotic mind, descending from the Cornish hills, gazes on the floating treasures in Hamoaze, the petty distinctions of Whig and Tory are lost in enthusiasm! A retrospective view of history exhibits clearly, that whether honest John has worn his hat Whig or Tory fashion, with those oaken cudgels he has never failed to break the heads of his enemies; and frequently succeeded in keeping the peace among his neighbours.

Without hyperbole, and a decided aversion to war as a principle; with a thorough contempt for the men who delight in hostilities; with my eyes wide open to the abuses of the navy, and the bad usage of British seamen; there is no viewing those floating castles without the grateful remembrance, that they have protected my native land from that slavery of the mind intended for us by Spain, and the horrible anarchy of Deistical Revolutionists in France. My eyes cannot glance at the history of Europe in my own short life, without feeling a glow of thankfulness to God, and to British Monarchs, who have, by those mighty engines, protected truth and liberty of conscience, even in the peasant's cottage.

As the traveller approaches the harbour, he enters the pretty little town Torpoint, surrounded with many snug retreats for retired officers, both in the line of small gentility, of what are term'd commissioned officers, and in the much more comfortable, unaffected, and broad bluntness of the boatswain, gunner, and carpenter. Any person wishing to retire to private life in Torpoint, and who does not groan under that horrible slavery, the dread of losing caste, may save himself the ex-

penance of purchasing, or the trouble of reading the histories of late naval wars. He may obtain all the battles, bombardments, cuttings out, and chases which have taken place in the memory of the living, in the very best verbatim style. In addition to this, he may get possession of the *real* characters and merits of the various commanders, with remarks, critical and explanatory, up to the fiftieth edition.

In crossing the ferry from Torpoint to New Passage or Morice Town, the stranger's eyes are kept open with staring at the sterns of the large ships, as the boat passes, and his ears are amused with the mixture of Cornish, Devon, and every other provincialism in Britain; which, like a pentecostal meeting, produces curiosity and surprise. It is rather singular, that altho' I have crossed this ferry, perhaps hundreds of times, I do not remember having seen any thing approaching indecorum. Pressgangs are evils, but they are excellent things for keeping Jack in order.

After walking up the hill into Devonport, the Dock-yard is worthy of observation. To those who have never seen such an establishment, it must appear one of the wonders of the world. It extends along the harbour of Hamoaze 3500 feet, and has every convenience for building and fitting out the largest vessels. To take a walk through it, from the gate at the bottom of Fore Street, is, in fact, to view a separate, enclosed town. The houses of the different officers, the numerous shops of the artizans, the deposits of the immense stores connected with the establishment, the ships in dock, or upon slips, are all testimonials that they are the property of a great and mighty nation.

But after all, I like much better to observe individual character than human workmanship, and the greatest curiosity I ever saw in this dock-yard, was a sailor with his hat full of bank-notes. It was not the

quantity of money that excited my wonder—it being the termination of the war, when the ships were paying off—but the manner of Jack's handling it. He was seated upon a log of wood, with his hat between his legs, and both hands in the hat turning over the notes. The expression of his countenance, the awkward manner of handling his treasure, with a certain something in his sitting, moving, and general appearance, denoted that he was completely at a loss. I have no doubt that as soon as he found his way out at the dock-yard gates, he would meet with those who would either unload, or attempt to unload him of his burden.

We lay a considerable time in Hamoaze; and did my pages permit, it would give some amusement both to writer and reader to describe this great port, as it really was at this era. I would lead the reader to North Corner, or Mutton Cove, and exhibit the frolics of Poll and her partner Joe. From thence I would lead him to Stone House, and permit him to take a view of the hackney vehicles, full of tars and tr—s; and whilst the coach runs at full gallop, some of the inmates crawl from the cabin upon deck, and amuse themselves by taking a perilous dance. I would take him to the Theatre, and let him see an audience, compared with whom those of Drury or Covent Garden are an assemblage of saints. After the dismissal at the Theatre, I could take him to Stone House Row, or elsewhere, and exhibit those miserable wrecks, who, in consequence of attending to false lights, lie strewed up and down upon the shores of debauchery.

The act of deluding young women is one of the blackest in the catalogue of crimes. To calculate the probable extent of a single seduction may well cause the callous heart of the delinquent to shudder. A young creature led astray from the ranks of virtue, becomes an outcast; her family are immersed in misery; the feelings of her family connexions are seri-

ously injured ; she has no resource but a bad one ; she forces away shame by means of deleterious stimulants ; it now becomes her turn to seduce others of both sexes ; she succeeds in her endeavours ; one vice thus spreads, until the infection has slain thousands ; she proceeds in her career till youth passes away, or disease invades her constitution ; she is deserted, and turned out of doors. An hospital or a pent house receives her sickly frame ; from thence she is conveyed to the tomb by two or three of the dregs of society ; and as the haggard band crawl along the street with their putrid burden, the black seducer rides past in the discubitory vehicle, loaded with the world's esteem, and the blasting curse of eternal justice.

The Captain obtained liberty to stay at home this voyage, and Lieut. C. obtained the temporary command.

We received orders for the Leeward Islands, or more properly, the Windward Islands, and got out of harbour ; but were detained several days in Cawsand Bay. Here I had some very pleasing excursions about the banks, the fields, and around that spot where stands the old building, called by seamen *The Devil's House*.

We sailed from Cawsand Bay early in the year, and proceeded to the West Indies. Off Cape Finisterre, we fell in with a fleet from Lisbon under convoy of the Poictiers, Capt. Beresford, and after giving him some vegetables we held on our course. I soon began to find that some of our people were not more healthy for having been in Plymouth. On our arrival at Barbadoes we were all well, and found here the *Statira* frigate, the Hon. Capt. Stackpole. This gentleman was a noted shot with pistols, so much so, that he was counted a sort of terror to those who might be in the way of receiving a challenge from him, a thing which not unfrequently happened ; he met his match at last, and

received a passport to the shades of forgetfulness. Lieut. L. of this frigate, and Lieut. C. our commander, had been in India together with Pellew, so that we made some pleasant parties ashore. I found the Postmaster, Dr. C. very polite and attentive.

In a day or two we sailed for Fort Royal, Martinique. This is a capacious and delightful estuary, and the fortifications extremely strong. On sailing along the coast of Martinique, my notice was principally attracted by the number of beautiful small bays with sandy beaches, and those encircled by trees, which contain in their bosom a pretty retreat from the noise and bustle of the town. Those bays cannot be viewed from the sea without the indulgence of ideas, which border on the desire of possessing one of them, with a proper income, to spend life in rural retirement.

We next visited St. Pierre's, where we found H. M. S. Dragon. This is an exceedingly bad place to anchor, there being no shelter from the sea; and landing is difficult. My old friend, Mr. F. the Deputy Assistant Commissary General, came on board; I went to his house, where I was treated with great kindness. This is my favourite town in the West Indies; it has water running in every street, which imparts a coolness; not only so, but the very sight of water in the tropics imparts comfort. In the French Islands the blacks are more civil and cleanly than in the British; they have also arrived at much greater excellence in the manufacture of Liqueurs and other delicacies. The French are certainly an ingenious people, and in many little inventions they seem to outstrip us. I cannot, however, forbear remarking, that I am one of those who cannot see French superiority in every thing.

There is a class of Englishmen who are continually extolling French achievements, in the cabinet, the field, works of art, &c.; these men are not to be overcome with argument; there is something more power-

ful required. I was witness to a conversation of such a description about this time. Several gentlemen were conversing, after dinner, on the comparative merits of French and English ship-building; much argumentation was used on both sides; one gentleman in particular insisted, in the strongest terms, that the French ships were by far the best sailers. So zealous was he for victory, that he had nearly silenced all opposition, and was beginning to exult, had not an unfortunate remark shivered all his theory to atoms.

The commander of the ship, who had sat and heard the whole of the arguments without taking a part in them, with great gravity remarked, that he was not sufficiently versed in ship-building to discuss with pertinacity the various merits of the two nations. Now, said he, I don't mean to dispute for or against French superiority; I believe many of the French ships are excellent sailers, but it is d — d odd that we always catch them! This was so exceedingly well put in, and had such an instantaneous and powerful effect upon the company, that a roar of mirth against French ship-building was the consequence, and the gentleman silenced most effectually.

No man of sense will be inclined to dispute the ingenuity of the natives of France; indeed in some things the genius of Nick Frog far exceeds that of John Bull; you may take the following fact as an instance of it. It is well known that several years ago the French turned their attention to that very useful and laudable science, Veterinary Surgery. Their knowledge of the subject increased most rapidly, and, like all men of true science, they wished to communicate that knowledge to others. Books were published by them both in France and England, and John began to peruse the pages of his brother Nick; when to his astonishment he found a class of emetics in print for an animal that could not vomit! John scratched his

head ; considered ; scratched again ; threw down the book, and yielded the palm of victory to the Frenchman. By St. George, exclaimed John, I believe I can do every thing that is possible ; but my worthy brother Nick can do impossibilities, and therefore he is the conqueror !

In St. Pierre's I found much hospitality ; they seem to aim greatly at elegance, and are by no means void of that little thing called ostentation ; such as making an exhibition of pieces of silver, wrought into a variety of shape, and having a number of black servants waiting at table. If my reader should ask, what harm is there in this ? I answer, none : but I must at the same time be permitted to say, that there is a wide difference betwixt using plate and exhibiting it : there is a propriety in the one, but a littleness in the other ; and this will apply with equal force to the employment or exhibition of servants.

From St. Pierre's we bent our way to Dominique, which is no great distance from Martinique, and lies between that island and Guadaloupe. This island was discovered by Columbus, on Sunday 3d Nov. 1493. It is about 29 miles in length, and 16 in breadth, containing several lofty mountains, some extinguished volcanoes, and springs of hot water, said to possess medicinal virtues. We anchored in Woodbridge's Bay, which, I believe, takes its name from a large plantation embracing its shore.

We lay here sometime, and spent a good part of each day at Woodbridge's plantation, seeing the manufacture of sugar, viewing the negroes at work in the field, taking inspections of negro-huts, and drinking sangaree to support perspiration. Here it was that I discovered the fallacy of styling a negro-driver a book-keeper. Many poor lads have been kidnapped by this title, supposing they were going to a clerk's place, whereas, in truth, it is neither more

nor less than simply and plainly a person that follows the slaves in the fields, to keep them at work. This situation, in point of real rank, is as much beneath him who stewards the British peasant, as a slave is beneath a free man ; the one occupying the stewardship of freedom, the other of slavery.

I would rather see a relation carried to the grave, as view him prime manager in a plantation with slaves. The best tempered man in existence cannot avoid acting the tyrant in some things, otherwise he is not fit for his office. It is, I may say, universally common to lead a life of unrestrained debauchery ; this, in fact, is encouraged rather than restrained ; the British conscience by degrees gets West Indianized, and the man is left to his own depravity.

Perhaps a very striking fact may here occur to my reader, viz. that I am using harsh language when referring to West India manners, and at a very short distance back I have painted scenes in England which appear to be much worse. To this I would say, that those wild scenes in Britain are not countenanced by society : and surely there is no difficulty in distinguishing a difference betwixt breaking the rules of good society, and having those rules completely reversed. I do not covet the perceptions of that man, who, as it refers to society, does not observe a distinction betwixt the abhorrence of a free and unrestrained sexual connexion, and the open approval thereof, both in principle and practice.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sails for Guadaloupe. Sailors incautious. A British Fleet manned by cool Sailors. Its consequences. Enthusiasm necessary for great Actions. Arrival at Antigua. A Cargo of newly imported Africans. Soliloquy of an aged Black Woman. Sail for and arrive at Montserrat, Nevis, and St. Kitts. Soldier without a Head. Black Regiments not a good Force. Tortola unhealthy and unpleasant. Old Women the best Doctors. Quacks and Regulars. St. Thomas's. Remarks on Hyperbole. Sail for England. Make Bermuda, and get a New Mast. Arrive at Falmouth.

FROM Dominique we departed for Guadaloupe, one of the largest of the Windward Islands, being 60 or 70 miles in length, and 25 in its greatest breadth. This island is divided into two parts, Grand Terre and Basse Terre. That part of it which I visited, viz. Basse Terre, has a very pleasant town, a fine row of large trees growing on each side the street, with seats below them. Upon Columbus discovering this island, he was opposed by females using bows and arrows. The Brimstone Mountain is worthy of remark; it is continually sending forth sparks of fire; marks of volcanoes are also seen in many other places of the island. During our run down those islands the weather was extremely fine; not a gale or a squall did we experience the whole of the passage. The greatest luxury which I tasted was that of sea-bathing; and surely the custom gives fresh vigour and animation to the relaxed state of the body in that climate. A very good and safe method of bathing the youths of the ship is, to extend a sail between two yards or spars in such a way that it descends a little depth into the water; upon this

the little fellows are enabled to flounder about without danger, until they learn to swim.

Sailors are very fool-hardy and thoughtless, notwithstanding all the cautions they receive about sharks and other accidents. They seem to be a class of men utterly incurable by caution; and indeed there appears to be something providential in this, as a fearless headstrong man is sometimes the means of saving a ship, whilst the more prudent and cautious keep looking at the danger. I am aware that it may be said to this, if all sailors were prudent and cautious, a great part of those dangers might be evaded or avoided. This is the language of the fire-side, and does not merit an answer. The greater part of the dangers of the ocean, no prudence can avoid, no penetration can foresee.

Methinks I see His Majesty's fleet manned by cool, prudent, calculating seamen. They get out of Cawsand Bay, and clear of the Eddystone Lighthouse, when a stiff breeze from the south-west, and rising clouds in that quarter, send them all back into the Sound: this is prudence. A fair wind arises, and they get off Brest; but in consequence of fresh weather from the westward, they think it best to run across Channel, and take shelter till the weather moderates: this is prudence. In the interim the French get to sea without falling in with the British fleet, and fortunately for England it has so happened: cool-headed people are very cool fighters.

There must be enthusiasm in the mind before great actions can be produced, and that enthusiasm we know has sometimes bordered upon fanaticism; it is the growth of a very superficial mind to expect great achievements from cool calculating men. Had Edward Pellew been a cool calculating man, he would not have been the means of saving lives in the wrecked Indiaman. Had Nelson been a prudent, cool sailor,

he would have *seen his superior's signal*, when thrown out for his return. Had John Wesley been a cool calculating man, that immense work which he accomplished could not have been executed. Had Knox been a cool-headed individual, his great operations would not have been thought of. There must be enthusiasm to produce extraordinary actions, whether those actions be good or evil.

From Guadaloupe we set sail for Antigua, and on entering the harbour, St. John's, nearly run upon a rock; fortunately a sloop of war discovered our error, fired a gun, and sent a boat which piloted us into the road. We lay several miles below the town, and enjoyed ourselves among the plantations.

At St. John's I had the opportunity of seeing a cargo of newly imported Africans, which had been captured by a ship of war, and brought in there. They were in a long building, something like one of those large barns that may be seen in the south of England. Upon going to the door, a sight presented itself which exceeds description. Men, women, and children, as naked as they were born, huddled together in a miserable mass. The skin was worn from their backs, arms, legs, and other parts which had come in contact with their miserable place of repose. Their boues stood forth as prominent witnesses of the treatment they had received in the limited quantity of food. Whilst I was musing upon their deplorable appearance, they gave a simultaneous spring towards the door, which had the appearance of an intended attack upon the gazers.

The cause of this sudden movement soon appeared. An old black woman, with an armful of sugar canes, presented herself in order to bestow her mite upon her African brethren and sisters. Their eagerness for food stimulated them to rush forward for a share of the donation, precisely in the way which a herd of swine

do towards their feeder. We may, without committing harm, attempt to dive into the thoughts of this antiquated black dame. Might they not be something in the following strain:—

Alas! here is a houseful of my miserable country people, stolen from their happy homes. It is now above sixty years, since that evening when my father and mother were sitting at the door of their hut, enjoying the cool air in company with others, and beholding the gambols of their children playing around.

The gentle breeze fanning the trees, refreshed the senses; the western sun sending his rays obliquely from the ocean, gilded the delicious scene; whilst the harmless animals, exulting in our joy, took a share in the pastime; the very flowers peeping from among the long uninjured grass, seemed anxious to bear a part in the evening's enjoyment, and spring into animal existence!

In the midst of our happiness, a rustling was heard among the trees. The dread of the lion or wolf made the men start upon their feet, for the purpose of self-defence. The children interrupted in their sports, and dreading they knew not what, with the velocity of the wind flew to their mothers. In a moment, two parties of armed, ruthless, British seamen, with hearts more indurated by avarice than the hardest granite, rushed upon, and instantly secured us. My father, my brother, one sister, and myself, were driven away without mercy or sympathy to the slave-ship. The other party took my mother, with the remainder of my brothers and sisters, to another floating hell, and I never more heard of, nor saw them.

Thus were the inhabitants of a peaceful and happy village swept away by the sanction of a parliament, the tenderest ties of nature wrenched to pieces, and dark desolation spread over those innocent minds, that but now bloomed with the blossoms of cheerfulness. Never

can I forget the look my father gave his children, as the ruffians put him in irons, and threw him upon the planks. It was a look unutterable; it seem'd to say, My dear children, where is your mother? Where your brothers and sisters? Is there no more home for us? Are the pleasures of life vanished, and we doom'd to misery unutterable? My spirit was overpowered; I sunk into a scene of forgetfulness; until I was aroused by the smart of the lash, and the pain of returning memory.

My brother and sister died upon the passage; thus were I and my father left, careless of our future existence. On our arrival in the West Indies, my father was sold to a far distant island; and as the man-dealers tore him from me, every tear was followed by the lash of the whip, and the oaths of incarnate devils. My torments now were beyond endurance; wholly cut off from any thing which gave a relish to life, a wretched orphan, without a pitying eye, or a friend to whom I could tell my sorrows. In a state of half-sullen, half-delirious excitement, I was purchased in this island, where many days of horror's-depths floated over my head; until time, that blunts the keenest edge of misery, enabled me to enter a little into the feelings and affections of my companions in adversity. I became a woman; but an ignorant, and consequently a wicked one; until the Missionary came, and told me concerning another and a better world. I followed his directions, felt the good effects thereof upon my mind, and am in daily expectation of my future happiness, a foretaste of which I now enjoy.

From Antigua we sailed across to Montserrat and Nevis. Montserrat is a small island, about 20 miles from Antigua; it was discovered by Columbus in 1493. Nevis is very pleasant; it is literally a mountain rising out of the ocean, about 25 miles in circumference. In fine weather the Carribean sea, studded with islands,

is uncommonly delightful, but in the hurricane months few would choose it for their station.

We next came to anchor off Basse Terre, St. Christopher's, the history of which island is rather curious. It was discovered by Columbus, but he did not take possession. In 1626 a party of English landed, and a short while after some French arrived for the same purpose. They lived a while on good terms, but the English seized on the lands of the natives, and murdered many. The island did not prosper long after this; a treaty of partition was signed between the two parties, determining the extent of territory. National animosities and interests disturbed the place; the French frequently oppressed the English, and I dare venture to say, the English would not be behind hand when it was in their power. It was at last ceded to the English, and its plains are some of the most fertile in the Archipelago.

We sailed down to Old Road to water, a place about 5 miles distant from Basse Terre. Here Lieut. C. and I took an evening's walk, and the air was so delightful that we prolonged it until it got dark. On our return to the ship we were both put to a stand with a very singular apparition. Had we not come into close contact with the object, I am confident we would both have asserted, that a soldier without a head had been seen by us. We stood and reconnoitered the spectre which was approaching us, and could very distinctly discover the white trowsers and red coat of a soldier, but nothing was discernible above the shoulders. There was nothing for it, however, but to go forward; and upon approaching the vision it turned out to be a black soldier. This man's clothing was discoverable in the dusk of the evening; not so his skin, which was precisely the colour of the night, and consequently the appearance was such as to present the appearance of decapitation.

Black regiments, that is to say, black privates, with white commissioned and non-commissioned officers, is a description of force kept up in the West Indies. A philosophical view of such a force tells us at a glance that it cannot be a good one. This does not arise from a defect in the men or the officers; but the contrary. It is the very manhood of the troops, however paradoxical it may appear, that renders the force defective.

Were a black soldier unconscious of the station which he holds in society, he would be less of a man, but safer as a soldier. By the whites he is treated as an inferior being, and every day that a black regiment is seen upon parade with white officers, his colour is insulted. He is aware of this, and fearful have been the ebullitions of those men, attended with the massacre of their officers.

I am not unaware that some would answer this by saying, that the force is altogether desirable, and that the blacks have often shewed themselves efficient. This, instead of proving what is intended, proves my position to a tittle.

I allowed the blacks the quality of manhood, and it is not in the nature of a good man, however conscious of his degradation, to prove himself a coward; but if the blacks be efficient, and if they save the lives of white soldiers, in consequence of climate, for what reason are white soldiers sent? The reason is very plain; black regiments, although made up of good materials, have, unfortunately, by a fatal system those materials rendered heterogeneous, and incapable of adhesion; so that white regiments are sent to prop up those erections which are not trust worthy in a hurricane of rebellion, or a tempest shock of war.

At St. Kitt's we were joined by H. M. schooner Barracouta, which was to accompany us to Tortola and St. Thomas's, by way of mutual defence. I use the term mutual defence, because we were much better qua-

lified to protect our convoy than she was to protect us. However, we passed St. Eustatia and the Virgin Islands, arriving in the anchorage at Tortola. At this place we were under considerable alarm from a report of some desperate cruisers cutting out British vessels in that neighbourhood.

Tortola is mountainous; I took a ramble upon the side of the mountain above our anchorage, and during my excursion stumbled upon a miserable hovel, inhabited by a man who seemed to be above his present situation. He informed me that he had spent much time in taking charts of the Virgin Islands, and had sent his papers to England for the purpose of being published; but between the carrier and publisher he had lost sight of them altogether. He had expected to reap some little fruit from his labour, to alleviate the miseries of age; but his hopes were not realized, all his labours being lost. This is not a new thing among men of science; they are often choused out of their profits by those very men whose interest it is to protect and encourage them. It brings us in mind of the fable of the boy with the goose and golden eggs.

Tortola is said not to be a healthy island, and that part which I saw seemed any thing but pleasant. I attended the College of Old Black Women at St. Kitt's and this place, and found that they cured a certain disease by means of West India vegetables. I have also seen them cure ulcers, when hospitals and other establishments have failed. It is worthy of remark, that the greater part of powerful and effectual medicines have originated with Empirics or Quacks, so termed by those denominated Regulars.

Betwixt those two classes of gentry there is a mutual disrespect, and it would be good for the world if both parties would adhere to truth. If an *Irregular* cure a patient, why should he not have the credit of it? I have frequently heard Dr. Pearson laugh and

tell a story of a *Quack* who had found out a cure for a disorder, and the *Faculty* were so enraged that they commenced a paper war, exclaiming against him as an ignorant impostor; "He could tell nothing of diagnosis or prognosis, or proximate or occasional causes; he could not tell how medicine acted upon the system," &c. The Quack's answer was short, but rather pithy; he replied, that he never had pretended to understand those things upon which they seemed to set such a store; he only *cured* the disorder in question; crowning his assertion with the appalling question, "Can you do as much?"

It would be well if the Faculty would leave Quacks to their own energies; science never can be seriously injured by Empirics; neither will the Faculty ever persuade a man that he is not cured by a Quack, when he finds he is healed by his medicines.

We departed from Tortola, and soon came to anchor at St. Thomas's, the distance not being great. At this place the only thing remarkable which I saw was a very large Aviary; it exceeded any thing of the kind I had then beheld. I found out here that there are different ways of obtaining celebrity, besides burning a heathen temple.

There is a figure in rhetoric which is genteelly termed Hyperbole, and to which men of genius have a great attachment. A plain, blunt, honest Scotchman would term the figure "Downright lein," but the natives of St. Thomas's termed it a Dwyer. It appeared to me that Shakspeare had not outstripped nature when he drew Falstaff as partial to stretching a point; he was far excelled by this European in the Western Ind. To slide down mountains of prickly pears, and jump 100 feet over rocks with his body full of those prickles, and then swim off to a ship six or eight miles, to escape from 100 men in chase, was one of the many hyperbolical figures which gained this

immortality to a name deservedly *great* without it. Such gluttons for fame, not content with what they have in possession, grasp at the shadow also, and whilst doing so lose both.

I can scarcely suppose that any gentleman in Berwick is so extremely silly as to try how wide the throats of his north country cousins are, in the way of swallowing impossibilities. If such there be, I can assure him that the attempt will only cause the matter to be ejected with such a violent propulsion, that he will be spattered from head to foot, and covered with that filth which has been produced by his own folly.

At St. Thomas's we experienced much hospitality, and sailed from thence for England. After we had been some days at sea, the carpenter discovered that the main-mast was damaged; this circumstance induced Lieut. C. to call at Bermuda for a new one. The Bermudas were found with a little trouble, and a black pilot came off, and took us into St. George's. This harbour has an exceedingly narrow entrance, and there are rocks outside which cause the pilotage to be very difficult. The pilot gets upon the fore-yard in order to see the rocks under water, and they are so numerous, that it is hard up, and hard down all the way in. At the same time I have heard a naval captain on that station say, that the pilots make much more fuss about these rocks than is necessary.

In St. George's we found the Goree sloop of war, which rendered us good assistance in getting in a new mast. The master of her and I found we were country folks, he belonging to Paxton, I to the other side of the river; so that a jollification was the consequence. I believe I have out-lived this very warm-hearted young man, so that he is moored by an unerring Pilot, where all the ship's company meet.

On our passage home we had a dreadful gale from the westward on the fourth of June; those summer

gales, although short, are extremely violent, and I do not remember having been in a heavier, if I except a hurricane. We arrived safe in Falmouth, and after remaining a few weeks, got our orders for Halifax and New York.

CHAPTER XX.

The Writer sails for Halifax. Arrival at that Port. A few Remarks on Halifax. Pirates in Chains. Thoughts on the Subject. Arrives at New York. An amazing Quantity of sage Remarks on New York.

OUR passage out was somewhat tedious, our passengers rather motley; there were several French gentlemen, some English, and several ladies; one of these was sick, with but little intermission, the whole passage. We made Sable Island, and found fish so plenty, that we could have obtained almost any quantity. From this island to Halifax is but a short distance, which we soon ran, and got into harbour in safety.

Halifax is the principal town in Nova Scotia, and stands upon the west side of a beautiful and most capacious harbour. Its seat is upon the side of a hill, the principal street running along the harbour, and the others rising by regular gradations one behind another; these again crossed by others at right angles. The King has a very complete Dock-yard here, and the harbour is capable of containing 1000 sail of ships. Upon the top of the rising ground behind the town, it is little else than a barren heath. On the other side of the harbour is a place called Dartmouth; Capt. L. and I took a walk into the country,

it had a miserable appearance, there being little else that I could discover except stunted pine trees. In this country there are extremely thick fogs, one of which enveloped us on returning to the ship; we were dubious that there was a possibility of our getting out to sea, instead of reaching the ship; however, we succeeded in getting on board.

The Little Belt was now lying here, after having been roughly used by an American frigate. This circumstance made much noise at the time, and among other things led to a war. There are many good houses in Halifax; their outward appearance is clean, and their inside does not belie what appears outwardly. I felt it uncomfortably hot; nor do I remember having ever been more oppressed with heat than in Halifax.

On entering the harbour of Halifax, I observed the bodies of one or two pirates hanging upon gibbets, which stood upon shoals at a considerable distance from the shore. With my glass I discovered, what I supposed to be their bones, substances of a white colour. This crime, which is one of the blackest is justly punished; but, ah! the punishment is awful.

Horrible thought! On the morning when one of those men was born, and his enraptured mother gazed upon her babe with delight, did not fancy paint him, a man rising into respectability and worth? Did she not solace herself with the idea that he would be a comfort to her latest years, and his progeny play around her knees? Did she not imagine that she heard herself applauded for the care which she had taken in bestowing the necessary tuition for the cultivation of his mind?

During this enchanting reverie, had a seer or a vision check'd her fancy by exclaiming—Woman! That being whom thou hast brought into the world will be a disgrace to his species, and a sorrow to her

who bore him ! Perfectly unteachable, he will desert his parents for the ocean, and his bed of comfort for a swinging hammock. In a few years a slave-ship from Liverpool will receive him as a part of her crew, and he will prove one of the most abandoned of man-stealers. Riches not flowing in sufficiently quick, he, with others, will seize a vessel, murder the crew, and take to the ocean as common robbers. Dauntless and cruel, they will attack every vessel where there is the slightest hope of success ; the ships shall be captured, and their crews annihilated.

At last, however, the judgment of the Deity shall visit them, by blinding their eyes to take a sloop of war for a merchantman : their capture shall be the consequence. The laws of their country shall try them ; they shall be executed ; and this wretched being, now born, shall be hung upon a gibbet, and fixed upon a sand bank at a distance from the shore.

Whilst the tide flows over the bank twice every day, the cold blast blows upon his rags till they are shivered to tatters. The spray of the ocean lashes upon his now denuded body, and whilst the sea-fowls tear the flesh from his putrid carcase, the voracious inhabitants of the deep swim around the foot of the gallows, to catch the crumbs which fall from their repast ! Now the bones are bare, and bleached with the howling tempest, the overwhelming surge, and the rays of the sun ; and as the midnight squall whistles his death dirge upon the culprit's shivering skeleton, the chains respond in awful chorus, " Behold the hopes of an anxious mother, a Beacon to mariners at Halifax harbour !" What, I say, would have been the feelings of the woman at such a recital as this ? Would she not at once have become torpid with fear, or furiously mad with excitement ? But let me close the scene, and proceed on my voyage.

On our passage from Halifax to the United States

nothing occurred of any moment ; it was here, however, that I first became acquainted with the celebrated Mrs. M'Clarty, well known to many of my readers. Squalls and water-spouts are, upon this coast, occurrences with such short intervals, that they are not much wondered at. Off Sandy Hook we took on board a pilot, and as we passed through the Narrows there opened to us a view, which, although not strong in features, is beautiful and rich. A little above the Narrows, which is a passage that connects the bay of New York with the Atlantic, lay the very large and elegant ships belonging to the States, denominated frigates. Before and around us extended the bay of New York, which, from its extent, the beauty of its surrounding shores, and the distant but fascinating view of the city, seated like the goddess of wealth upon land and ocean, and nearly girt about with her watery but invaluable belts, the North and East rivers, not only captivates the sense of vision, but convinces the judgment, that the individual is entering upon a country where civilization has not only opened her school, but been very successful in forwarding her pupils.

New York is the capital of a state which bears its name, and is built upon the point or end of an island named New York Island. It is here the Hudson and East rivers join their waters into one mighty mass ; and a little above this junction, on the North or Hudson, the packet let go her anchor, and by her pendant and ensign, display'd to the New Yorkers that their great forefather, honest John, was still alive and hearty : not only so, but they found by the letter from John to his rebellious offspring, that although he had forgiven them for past offences, he considered his arm still sufficiently strong to cudgel them well, if they thought to treat him with insolence !

The city New York is large, and in England would be considered a third or fourth rate city. It

extends from a point where the two rivers meet, along the shores of each, and is said to be about 8 miles in circumference, if going round a figure something like a triangle can be called a circumference. Many of the old streets are narrow, but there are many spacious and well ornamented new ones. Broadway is the chief street, and may be considered the principal trunk of the tree; the others branching from it in a variety of directions. It is reported that this spacious channel of communication is three miles long. It may be so, I do not know the extent of an American mile; but were I to travel along that well frequented pathway, and sit down at the end of it, expecting I had walked three English miles, I think I would be greatly deceived. It is true, I might say that Berwick High Street is nearly three miles by measurement, after having measured the road, with a house here and there, as far as New Farm; but this is only giving the public a sound for substance, a donation which has no beneficial consequences.

There are a number of public buildings, some of which are greatly praised by the Americans. First, the New York hospital, which includes a receptacle for the sick and maimed, the lunatic house, and the lying-in-hospital. A city-hall, a custom-house, an alms-house, a penitentiary, a theatre, a museum, an orphan asylum, a jail, a bridewell, a state prison, an arsenal, a number of banks, insurance offices, a vast number of places of worship, for Presbyterians, Dutch Reformed Episcopalians, Associate Reformed Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Friends, Universalists, Primitive Methodists, Moravians, Lutherans, and Calvinists. The city-hall is a large and handsome building, several of the churches are also ornamental to the city. There is an University here which has been well endowed; sometimes there are between one and two hundred students.

The government of this city is vested in a mayor, recorder, aldermen and assistants, who constitute the common council. Each ward elects an alderman and assistant; the mayor, recorder, clerk, sheriff, and coroner, are appointed by the council of appointment. Every free male citizen of 21 years, possessing a freehold estate of the value of 500 dollars, is a qualified elector.

There can be no doubt that New York ranks as the first commercial city in the States, and its situation connects it so with the interior and Canada, that it must remain so for a long period. There are several newspapers published in New York, but they are, when compared with some in Europe, perfectly contemptible: there being in them a very glaring display of the need of able writers. There is in this city also a theological seminary, and an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb.

At this place I had many invitations, some of those I paid attention to, others not. My humour was, and still is, rather to wander about and make solitary observations, than to join much in society. I observed here considerable attempts at displaying fine furniture, fine dress, and such like littlenesses, that I was somewhat disgusted. Whatever kindness my entertainers may bestow upon me, whenever I see an attempt at display, my mind sickens, and I fly for a cure to the society of Thomas Marshall, to entertain myself with the little share of rationality which I can extract from his lucubrations. I can compare a family making an ostentatious display of furniture, of dress, of plate, and of equipage, to nothing more aptly than a little old woman that I have seen sitting on a bed in Berwick poor-house, with a half dozen or more little dressed dolls, which she exhibited to the beholders. The display was great in her imagination, but that imagination was unaccompanied by reason.

But although I here notice these little foibles in society, I see very clearly that my error is greater than theirs. I am aware that I am rather a humourist; I am equally certain that my humour has often injured my worldly circumstances; indeed every thing that is wrong must be injurious; and I am confident that my humour of not accommodating myself to the foibles of society, so far as it can be done with propriety, is wrong,—essentially wrong. If an individual has been treated with kindness by worthy people, where an evident attempt at display on the side-board, the table, the body, or the servants appeared, a man of good sense ought to bury the foible of the entertainer in the amiableness of the family. And although the weakness of the parties may be such, that they cannot stand without crutches made by the cabinet-maker, and tipp'd with a little silver by the hands of the jeweller; though their valetudinarianism be such that they cannot breathe without being enveloped in silks or lace, and their powers of digestion so feeble that the admiration of the visitant is necessary as a whet; still a judicious man ought to respect the individuals, though he may pity their weakness, and consider the whole as a compliment paid to himself, albeit he sees the complaisance mixed with self-adulation. It is evidently a symptom of a dictatorial spirit, to take offence at every little thing that does not exactly correspond with our ideas; indeed such a humour in every person would sever society altogether, and insulate every individual in existence. The man who takes offence at the little harmless foibles of others, should be very certain that he has none himself.

Perhaps my reader says, If you know those things so well, why don't you pursue the right path? The answer is easy; knowing a thing, and being capable of performing it, are often materially different. I have known the captain of a ship, a most excellent judge of

work, whom it would have puzzled to splice a rope well, or mended the defect in a sail.

CHAPTER XXI.

New York continued. A Black Congregation. Mistakes of Americans respecting Equality. New Countries not Moral Countries. Anecdote of Mr. Cooke the Actor. Reflections thereon. Advice to malcontents. Sail for Halifax, and arrive in England.

I do not remember that ever I entered a place of worship in New York except one, and that proved to be a congregation of blacks. I was strolling along a street, and heard a most uncommon noise, produced by the discordant sounds of human voices. Curiosity prompted me to follow the sounds until I came into the presence of the sable congregation, and certainly if making a din be a proof of piety, they were the most religious body of people I ever saw. This is a subject upon which much has been said, and something written; and, like every other argued topic, the parties on both sides are partially right and partially wrong. Had my limits permitted, I would here have presented a few thoughts on the subject; but I take the liberty to refer my reader to a note on one of the pages of the *VILLAGE BLACKSMITH*, by Mr. Everett, Wesleyan Methodist Preacher.

I visited the Circus, and was much surprised at the appearance of the audience. The weather was exceedingly warm, and every male, I think I need except none but myself, had his coat off. There were

slack rope performances, and other things of the like stamp, as we have seen in Astley's and elsewhere.

The Americans have a tolerable conceit in the excellence of their government, and their equality, but they evidently confound an equality of rights with an equality of station or rank. That every man has a just claim to an equality of rights wont bear a dispute ; but that equality must have respect to the various grades of mind and stations in life. Had an ignorant coal-porter, with a mind as hollow as a bass-drum, marched up to Benjamin Franklin, and presumed to have talked upon an equality of terms with that philosopher, would he have been correct ? If a pot-house politician, with ideas besotted with the froth of his own foibles, were to call upon the President of the United States, and presume to take equal grounds in argument with him as a statesman, would this be as it should be ? Undoubtedly not. Every man has an equal right to be protected by the laws, in the sphere in which he moves, but every man has not an equal right to move in the same sphere, because every man is not equally qualified.

There was at this crisis a rooted animosity to England and English government in the minds of the people ; and in most points they thought themselves vastly superior ; but with all the candour that I had in possession, and with all my partiality to their form of government, I could not discover their superiority as a people : I never saw vice in such strong forms as in the States.

If we consider the materials of which a new and growing country is formed, it would not be a reasonable expectation to look for a high state of morals. Bankrupts, adventurers, culprits escaped out of prison, the unfortunate, the discontented, the useless and the lazy, make up some part of the mass of emigrants, and surely from such we are not to look for that refine-

ment in morals, or acquirements in science, which we have a right to look for in a more established state of society.

The greatest enemies which our colours seemed to have were a set of renegade Irish, and some very low English. On a Sunday they take a pleasuring excursion in a boat, and delight to abuse where they see British vessels. The English sailors are not very shy about such a contest, lay themselves over the side, and very quietly ask them how long it is since they were transported for horse-stealing? This puts them into a most ungovernable fury; so that if they had the power as they have the will, their vengeance would take fearful amends.

I found books done up in a very inferior style here. Living ashore in New York I thought much more expensive than in England. In the places of pleasure, such as tea-gardens, &c. there is no lack of vagabonds, ladies of pleasure, and others, whose callings could not bear the test of a strict scrutiny. The late Mr. Cooke, the actor, had been in New York a little before I was there. His eccentricities had gained much public attention, his performances much admiration. One of his whims had gained him much of the approbation of his countrymen; it was this: in America, previous to the performance, there is generally a national air performed, called Hail Columbia; the gentleman in question, however, had taken a fancy to his old favourite, God save the King, and John Bull being in company with John Barleycorn, determined to have it. Mr. Cooke knew well the thorough aversion which his brother Jonathan had to such a performance, neither was he unaware of the dilemma in which such a proposal would place the manager. The time of performance arrived, but there was no Mr. Cooke forthcoming unless his desire were granted. He said he had made up his mind, that the Yankies

should not have every thing in their own way, and if he played for *their* amusement, the Orchestra, this, night, should play for *his*. The manager knew his man too well to persist, and found himself under the most unpleasing necessity of ordering matters so that the tune was permitted to be played, and Mr. Cooke satisfied.

Some may think such a circumstance as this unworthy of notice, but that arises from a superficial view of the matter; because it was in truth a national question. It is well known to many who have been in America, that the natives are perfectly childish in extolling every thing belonging to that country, and things which appear in the eyes of an Englishman as scarcely worth notice, are, by an American, "lauded to the very echo." Their ideas are so exceedingly diminutive, that a person newly arrived from Britain is sometimes at a loss to judge whether the praise bestowed is satirical or laudatory.

Mr. Cooke had been frequently bored with this puerility, and began to despise them; the consequence was, a thorough contempt caused him to insist upon what he did. It is no easy matter to avoid imbibing this principle towards them; they boast of their naval force, whereas it would scarcely amount to what we call a squadron; and coming in contact with the force of Britain would be annihilated in a quarter of an hour. Soldiering they know nothing of farther than ambushment or bush-fighting; science still holds her throne in Europe, wealth has not as yet crossed the Atlantic, so that were they in possession of the science, the wealth, the ships, and the influential territory of Britain, and their conceit increase in proportion, earth's narrow space would be too limited for them, and they would take their flight into boundless æther.

But this act of Mr. Cooke was of some moment from its consequences. Its effects upon the minds of

the respectable British shewed that, however much they themselves choose to abuse government institutions, they will not willingly listen to hear them depreciated by others. No. Wherever you meet with a respectable Briton abroad, you will find he glories in his country; he is a true patriot, and he has good reasons for being so.

I believe very few men have their eyes more awake to the abuses of this country than myself; but after all, I think those who will not allow any thing good to exist in Britain, should take a morning's walk across to Sweden or Norway, and feast with the peasants upon a compound of saw-dust and barley-meal. If that does not suit their palate, they can take a trip over the Norwegian mountains, and taste the luxuries of Lapland, or the delicate comforts of a Russian hovel. If they still consider themselves too near the pole, they may migrate to Spain or Portugal, and try a meal of garlick or onions, with a crust of bread and an inquisitorial priesthood. From thence it is an easy matter to cross the Alps into Italy, and feel the comforts of filth and vermin. I have no particular objection to their stopping a minute or two in France, and tasting the leg of a frog. From Italy they may sail into Greece, Turkey, or Egypt, among midnight darkness. It is possible then to travel through Persia into India, and digest the consolations of Hindooism. The malcontents may then come to the Cape, and join the happy Hottentot, or cross the Pacific into South America, and look at the poverty struck wretches in the Brazils. They may cross the mountains into Peru or Chili, and view the amiableness of anarchy, or the extatic pleasure of being confined under ground for life, to ransack the bowels of the earth for silver. Lastly, I would advise my discontented countrymen to leap over Mexico, and come to the States, the boasted States of America. Here they can try their abilities

at felling the inhabitants of the forest. During this process they will feel the comforts of a log-house, the bites of mosquitoes, with the enlightening conversation of trees and quadrupeds. If a Northumbrian has been of the party, and done nothing amiss during his peregrinations, I think he might now come home.—Well, and what must he do then?—Believe me, I will not need to tell him what to do. He will look upwards with thankfulness that he has the Tyne and Tweed on his flanks, the German Ocean in front, his rear covered by canny Cumberland, and his douce auld doxy Caledonia cheek by jowl!

We were all healthy, and sailed again for Halifax, at which place we arrived without accident; with the exception of a poor Irishman, who mistook his thumb for a billet of wood, and amputated it with the hatchet, but unfortunately forgot to make a flap to cover the stump. In entering Halifax harbour we unluckily got upon a rock; but a boat came off from the admiral to our assistance, and we soon got afloat. I met with a Mr. Donaldson here, formerly a confectioner in Berwick; the evening's conversation became a little interesting. If I mistake not, Halifax is a place where a great deal of intoxicating liquors are swallowed; but as I have a number more voyages to make, I will leave America and sail for England, at which island we arrived in 17 days.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Author joins another Ship, and sails to the Brazils. Arrives at Madeira. Situation of Funchal. Bone Chapel. Filth and Nastiness of the Lower Orders. Female Committees in England. Proposal to Magistrates concerning them. Peak of Teneriffe. Reflections. Magistracy. Shaving at the Equator.

I JOINED another packet bound for Madeira and the Brazils, and sailed from Falmouth in autumn, in an immense large fleet; indeed there were three fleets which joined here, so that I never saw as many ships collected upon the ocean in one body. We fell in with very bad weather in crossing the bay; the fleet put back, but we kept at sea, and were three weeks before we got round Cape Finisterre. After this we had very fine weather, and got safe into Funchal Bay. The road at Madeira is dangerous, there being no shelter from the sea. The wine is put on board of ships in a curious way; they float the pipes into the sea, and the blacks swim and shove the casks before them to the ships, which lye at some distance from shore.

Landing is at all times difficult, and often dangerous, from the surf upon the beach. The situation of Funchal is pleasant; it stands in the bosom of the bay, which is bounded by high points each way. The ground behind the town rises by degrees into a mountain, covered with country-houses and vineyards. In the town there are many good houses, but the greatest curiosity I saw was the Bone Chapel, or Golgotha, which is a chamber attached to a convent. The inside of this place is built and arched over with human skulls, regularly disposed between the interstices o.

thigh bones, which are placed in the form of St. Andrew's Cross. From this melancholy picture my eyes were next fated to behold a very striking contrast—a painting of a naked Venus, in a large anti-room of the Governor. This picture, which was nearly as large as life, hung above the mantel-piece, and was the only ornament of that description which I noticed. Low and degrading conceptions of the owner took an involuntary possession of my mind. I know not what to say, or what to think, of the taste which displays such an ornament in a large, elegant room, into which strangers of every nation are ushered.

As another contrast, I next mention the filth and miserable appearance of the lower classes. It is as common in Madeira to see the women picking vermin from each other's heads, whilst sitting upon a step of the door, as to see our females in England collected for the purpose of interfering in the affairs of their neighbours. Now, although neither of these practices are worthy of great applause, I cannot help considering the custom of the Madeira ladies as the least objectionable of the two; because, in the first place, they sit quietly, and interfere with none but themselves; secondly, although they might choose a more appropriate situation, still they are doing a necessary and useful work; thirdly, because our English ladies not only trouble the inside of their heads about what concerns them not, but, if I may judge from the appearance of some, to the gross neglect of that very proper investigation of the outward man, the spot for which is so unappropriately selected by their sisters in Africa. I do therefore, out of pure love and regard for my fair country-women, suggest most seriously to the proper authorities of every town in Britain, that they would appoint a prudent and well conditioned officer to amble the streets from morning to night; and wherever he sees a female committee engaged in their ma-

ture deliberations, let him ring a bell, and notify *stentoriously*, that the magistracy does most strenuously insist, that every female graduate who means to take her standing in such committee for the day, must, as a necessary diploma, first,—Go to Madeira. The term will soon be understood ; it is perfectly polite, and we shall thus have the very great satisfaction to know by appearances, that such committees, previously to interfering with the affairs of others, have not neglected their own.

As I dined once or twice on shore, I discovered there were some good viands in this island ; there is, however, much of that squalid poverty easily discoverable, which, in every Portuguese town is, by much, too apparent: the greatest share of domestic comforts here is to be found among the British merchants.

A short time after quitting Madeira, Capt. P. called me early in the morning to look at the Peak of Teneriffe. The weather was now very fine ; I arose, and went on deck. I looked in all directions for this celebrated elevation, but could not discover it. My ideas were too grovelling ; I was looking for the top of a mountain said to be 12,072 feet, but I looked beneath the clouds. I was then directed to cast my eyes above the floating impurities of the lower atmosphere, which was no sooner done than I clearly saw the stupendous object. Leaving the clouds, and the wind, and the sulphur, and the mighty ocean about Teneriffe to such a towering poetical genius as a Jameson, I shall merely remark, that a view of Teneriffe impresses me with the exceeding littleness of man, and at the same time with his greatness. Man, standing upon the side of this wonderful mountain, appears little more than a cypher ; yet small as he is, his soul can not only grasp its superficial and solid contents, but take it in its hand, and tell its mighty weight. How is this? The great Israelitish historian tells us how it is. “God breath-

ed into his nostrils the breath of life!" He is therefore a part of that Being who weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. It is from thence that his greatness is derived; and if a single spark of Deity in man can weigh a world, how great, infinitely beyond expression great, is that Light from whence the spark proceeded!

Reader, such a view as this of the inexpressible power of God, would, if we were not deeply depraved, deter us at all times from the abuse of his goodness: the thunder of his power who can withstand? How little, how shrivell'd, and how besotted must be that soul which does not see in all things, that as is his greatness, so is his goodness!

We had left at Madeira some very amiable gentlemen from London, who were invalids; but at this place we took on board a merry little Portuguese, said to be the mayor of Funchal. It was really a diverting scene to hear this figure of fun converse in a language which none on board could answer, but in words of broken Portuguese thrown in here and there. A mayor it must be confessed is rather an equivocal term; and as I know not precisely the nature of this office under the government of the Braganza family, I must content myself with knowing that in England this office is of exceedingly different grades. There are in small towns in England and Scotland, Mayors and Provosts, who certainly are not very elevated; so that from the degraded Cornish Borough to the City London the steps are almost innumerable.

Were I interrogated at which of those steps I conceive a functionary of this description has it in his power to be most useful, I would point at the rank which Berwick holds. In many small places the office is not sufficiently dignified to command obedience, in others the magistrate is rather too much elevated. The superiority of a Magistracy in such a town as Berwick

consists in this; the greater part of them are gentlemen who know a majority of the people, as also their characters; they are therefore enabled to judge of, and deal with cases, with much greater propriety and prudence than a magistrate, who, knowing nothing of the parties that come before him, can deal with such matters merely in the abstract. It cannot be doubted that an act which in one man is a very aggravated offence, is in another scarcely worth the name of crime; and I have frequently remarked this very proper discrimination on the part of the Berwick Bench. I have never seen the present Recorder of Berwick in his official character, but the late lamented Mr. Cookson, it was evident, was always, to a certain proper point, guided by this; and, indeed, in many cases, without it the greatest injustice would be done. I would also remark, that in Berwick there is a sort of *identification*, if I may so call it, existing between Magistrates and people, which frequently leads the latter to grumble a little, by way of getting their wind off their stomachs; but notwithstanding this, I am firmly convinced, that there is not a magistrate belonging to the town, but might venture, with the greatest safety, into the centre of a mob, if such an unfortunate occurrence should ever take place. Why is this? Simply because it is a merciful magistracy. I say not this to flatter magistrates; I scorn it; but I have seen magistrates, not a hundred miles from Berwick, who could scarcely enter a town without being hissed. Why was this the case? There was tyranny in the way. Tyranny never did, never will, never can advance the cause of morality. Let magistrates foster and encourage every movement which has either an indirect or direct effect upon the propagation of morals. Let them, like wise parents, stimulate the people to honesty and industry. Let them also, like the prudent head of a family, never punish but when it is

unavoidable; in this way, and this way only, will a magistracy be either successful or beloved.

After passing the Canaries and Cape de Verds, we held on our way to the equinox. On approaching the line we had very cloudy, rainy weather; calms, torrents of rain, and lightning were prevalent. The winds were so baffling, that we had to cross the line different times before we could get to the southward.

In the last packet in which I sailed there was no shaving permitted, in this it was different; and Neptune was permitted to come on board with all his attendants.

I will here give my readers a description of the operation, as performed in this vessel. When the time was appointed for shaving, all hands, except a few, who had crossed the line, were put below. You may now suppose the cabin dinner on the table, and Captain P. enjoying the idea of the shaving scene, cries, On deck there;—Sir?—Do you see any thing of the line yet?—Mr. L. is on the fore-yard with a glass looking out for it, Sir;—Fore-yard there;—Sir?—Is the line hove in sight yet?—I think I see it just looming aboxe the water, Sir;—Very well, I thought you would see it about this time; what colour is it to-day?—It is between a green and a brown, Sir;—Ah, ah, the Old Fellow has his barber with him then; depend upon it he is not in a good trim to-day. Well, when you come near, set all the sail you can, and dash her bows right through it at once. Come, let us have a little wine in the interim, that we may receive the King of the ocean with all due honours.

In a little time some heavy article was let fall upon the deck, which shook the vessel from stem to stern. A hurra was then set up, with the exclamation, The line is broke, the line is broke. The ship was then hailed from the bows.—Ship, a-hoy!—Hallo!—What

ship is that?—H. M. Packet, Diana, from Falmouth to the Brazils.—Ah, ha; very good, I thought so; how is my brother King George, and all his family?—All well.—Glad to hear it. I dare say you have some fine young lads, who have not been in this part of my dominions yet?—Yes, we have several young lads and an officer or two abaft.—Very good, very good. I must go and see the Captain.

Here Neptune and Amphitrite entered the cabin, dressed in as fantastic garbs as the mind of man can well imagine. Neptune had a long beard of rope-yarn; his face, and naked limbs were painted a diversity of colours. Amphitrite was as ugly a pregnant monster of a female as ever came out of the sea. After a few compliments, and slang talk in the cabin, they each got a glass of wine, and then went on deck. I and one of the mates were then put under a sentry in the after-cabin; the new comers were guarded also in the fore-part of the ship, and called up one by one.

I was the first that was called up, and, as they understood the trade of bribery, was shaved, *pro forma*; that is to say, the barber came upon the quarter-deck with his razor, which was a part of an iron hoop, with an edge as rough as a saw; and a shaving-box, which was a slush-bucket. Your servant, Sir; any person needs my profession here?—O yes, barber, here is the doctor, but lay d—d light on, for if you kill the doctor we shall all go to Davy together.—Very well, Sir, there is something in his pocket speaks wonders, light hand, old barber. Come, Sir. The brush and the razor were then passed over me, and so ended my part of the shaving.

Next Mr. Jones was called. He had no mercy shown; he was placed upon a gun-carriage, had his eyes blind-folded, and was wheel'd round the deck upon this vehicle, to the no small danger of his limbs. He was then placed on a seat over a boat filled with

water, and a bucket full of all manner of filth was placed beside him. His name was then asked, with many other questions; and every time he opened his mouth, the tar-brush loaded with filth was crammed into it. After much of this beastly treatment, a trumpet was put into his hand, and he was told to hail the ship; the instant he did so, a bucket of water was poured into it, which nearly choked him; before he could get breath, he was immersed in the boat-full of water, and sallied backward and forward until nearly suffocated; thus ended his operation.

The rest were treated in a similar way, and a short scene of wetting each other with buckets from the tops succeeded. Thus terminated an affair, which, for the honour of human nature, it would be well to abolish for ever.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Arrival at Bahia. Passage from Bahia to Rio de Janeiro. Remarks on Rio. Churches. The Stage. Religious Processions. Female Chastity. Paraisical Life. Mode of Washing. Sobriety of Catholic Countries. Bad Taverns. Sail for and arrive in England.

WE had baffling winds the whole way to Bahia, or the Bay of All Saints. On our arrival here, I certainly viewed the finest piece of water, as a harbour, that had as yet come under my inspection. St. Salvador, the town, is large and well fortified. This is the place at which the Portuguese Court arrived in 1807, to avoid the threatened invasion of Buonaparte. It appeared to me to be overrun with priests, the clerical livery being exceedingly predominant. I was informed

how many hundreds of those gentlemen were in the place; but the number I have forgotten. The Portuguese here seemed to be uncommonly fond of military parade; the saluting upon a store-ship going to sea was almost like a fleet getting under weigh.

We found upon our arrival here, that the packet which sailed a month after us had arrived before us, and proceeded to Rio. This was principally owing to us keeping too near the African shore, so that we had light winds, whilst the other had good breezes.

The passage from Bahia to Rio is rather an awkward one, there being shoals which run an immense distance from land; ships therefore run out to sea until they get into the latitude of Cape Frio, and then steer west to make the land. Our old luck pursued us still; however we arrived at Rio at last, after having been several months at sea.

The entrance into the harbour at Rio is delightful, and somewhat romantic. British rivers dwindle into mere rivulets when compared with such as this. The harbour, or bay—for indeed it is a cluster of bays within bays in all directions—is, to my taste, of the most enchanting nature. We found H. M. S. Foudroyant here, also the Chesterfield Packet. The town at Rio is very large, the streets are straight and rather narrow, the houses lofty. The palace fronts the landing-place, and looks beautiful from the water.

The churches were the first objects of my attention, as they are always open. Some of them are tolerably elegant; that is to say, they are so as Roman Catholic churches, the grandeur of which far exceeds ours. There is one theatre here; I visited it on the Sunday evening, but as I did not understand the language, it was nearly lost upon me. In the middle of the performance the scenery ignited, and we began to shift for ourselves; however, it was extinguished, and the performance went on. I understand the display of

the passions by Portuguese performers is quite opposed to that of the English stage; so much so is this the fact, that an Englishman, ignorant of the language, and listening to two actors in an amatory scene, supposes them to be in a boiling hot rage at each other.

Many people in England stare at the idea of a theatre being open on a Sunday; but viewing it merely upon the principle of amusement, I think we would do well to desert the fields, the street, the promenades, and to many I would add the churches and chapels, before we find fault with the Brazilians. Confident I am, that in the small town of Berwick, there are hundreds go to places of worship upon no other principle but that of seeing and being seen; and I certainly do think that a solemn mockery is worse than an open transgression.

I had here a view of one of those religious processions which astonish a person from this island; I think it must have extended upwards of a mile. Here, monks, friars, and priests of all descriptions, effigies of saints, black, white, and grey, candles about a yard long, and an innumerable variety of ornamental decorations, presented themselves to the gaze of the beholders. The exhibition was really grand; but as I did not properly understand a great part of the insignia, I apprehend I was as far short as many who were in the procession. Capt. P. and I were invited to the house of an English merchant, for the purpose of seeing this imposing scene, and as it passed under the windows, my view was complete. I observed some of the young priests looking very waggishly at the ladies; but as priests live in a state of celibacy, and as I have said, an Englishman does not understand the Portuguese manner of expressing the passions, my own evil suggestions must have stepped forward to the disadvantage of those holy men. The effigy of a black saint attracted very particular attention; this no

doubt was intended as a stimulus to his brethren of the sable tribe. The people seemed mightily pleased with it:—so was I. It was a sort of holy fair, and put all the people in good humour: this circumstance alone is an object of no small importance.

I have heard it hinted, that to look for female chastity in Rio, would be like looking for a pin-head among a house full of corn! One can scarcely credit this. What! are long candles, figures of saints, long gowns, demure faces with a roguish leer in the eye, tinkling of bells, fine music, and holy water, not capable of preserving female chastity? The ladies must be belied. Besides, here are confessors to whom the ladies would have to tell their foibles; and surely female modesty would blush to record any slips which their affections might cause them to make. It is true that in the confession box the lady sits alone, and whispers through some holes to her confessor; this no doubt saves a blush, yet still there is a something in it not pleasing to human nature: in short, we don't like to expose our faults.

Well now, suppose a lady have a convenient memory, and occasionally forget a trifle that should be told to the holy recipient of her faults. I say, suppose so,—and what then? What then! Why it just brings us back to the old conclusion, that the virtue which needs guarding is not worthy the preservation. Yet female chastity, like every other virtue, will only produce good fruit when well cultivated; there is not a moral virtue under the sun, which in principle and practice can properly be said to grow of itself: therefore when I have used the somewhat loose proverb, that “the virtue which needs guarding is not worthy of it,” I allude to chastity in connexion with all its proper train of education, restraint and prudential means, because, in fact, without these there is no virtue in existence.

But a word more about female chastity. I know it is asserted, that in Catholic countries this virtue is rather feeble, when compared with Britain or Ireland. In order then to ascertain this, we must compare town with town, and country with country, it being extremely unfair to compare a very large town, as that at Rio, with a small town, or with a country village.

How comes it, then, that in Catholic cities a man is not assailed in the streets with abandoned females, in the way that he is in Britain? If Catholicism give greater licence to females than Protestantism, they certainly use that licence with decency: but I am far from being convinced that this is the case. Are the Catholic females in Britain or Ireland less chaste than their Protestant sisters? By no means. It is a gross calumny, and far from the truth to say so.

The question resolves itself into the very lamentable fact—that the great part of those who live where those religions are professed, do not, properly speaking, belong to either. It is true they bear the names of Catholic and Protestant, but they are not so in reality. Whatever difference exists, therefore, either in the quantity, or the form of female licentiousness, ought to be attributed to a numberless train of coincidences which it is not in the power of the human mind to fathom, and not to the religion of the country.

I passed a very pleasant time at Rio. Capt. P. and I used to go to all the bays many miles round, sailing, shooting, &c. &c. To wander around the border of a beautiful bay, in one of the most delightful climates in the world, sometimes reclining in an orange grove, and plucking the fruit which hangs around your head; anon to take that minute specimen of nature's beauty, the humming bird, by stunning its faculties with a few particles of small sand,

shot from a fowling piece ; next to immerse the body in the southern waters, and cool the heated frame by swimming in the tide ; then refresh with viands and liquor of the best, the heavens for a cieling, the sun for a lamp, and for a carpet the fragrant scented herb ; and towards eve to launch the boat, and set her sail, to partake of the pleasures of the city, or greet your shipmates on board ; thus roaming as fancy may direct, is a sort of paradisaical life, and rather sounds like the vision in a fairy tale, or the fancied scene in a novel.

The mode of washing clothes here is a most destructive one. They immerse the garments in water, and then taking them in their hands, thrash a stone with them, in the same way that a baruman thrashes wheat with a flail. This, it is evident, is an excellent plan to destroy the articles. I had many articles destroyed by this method, but none properly washed.

Butcher-meat at Rio is miserable stuff, neither was there a good tavern in the place ; the people are more in the habit of going to coffee-houses and sipping coffee, than in getting intoxicated. Now if religion be the principal influential cause of good morals, the Roman Catholic religion must be the best ; for certain I am, that there is much less drunkenness in Catholic than in Protestant countries. The truth is, as I have before hinted, the major part of communities are not influenced by religious principles, but by the habits and customs of the country in which they dwell.

I slept ashore one night in what is called The Head Tavern, but came on board next day with one of my eyes shut up ; there happened to be a small hole in the mosquito curtain, at which orifice one of the tribe had entered, and stung my eye.

I believe there is no set of men in the world excel the English in paying dear for an article to please their fancy. I saw a number of bottles of preserved

English gooseberries sold at a dollar a bottle. It was found, that, during the war, wherever the British took possession, the price of almost every thing increased most rapidly; this no doubt was owing principally to their greater comparative wealth, and possibly also to an increased commerce, as the sea at that period was almost exclusively British.

We were now to prepare to sail for England; I went on board the *Foudroyant*, got her dispatches, and sailed next day for England. To give a historical account of our passage home, would take up too much of my paper; suffice it to say, that after a very fine, but most tedious passage, we arrived in Falmouth in the beginning of summer, after having been given up for lost.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Sail to Cadiz. Bombardment at Cadiz. Bomb-shells not agreeable Visitants. Wonderful variety of Mind. New invented Mortars. Dispersion of a Body of old Market-women. Jovial Lives of Fighting-men. The Grandeur of a Bombardment at Night. A Description of the general Character of Warriors. Arrive in England, and sail for Surinam. "The Land in Surinam all Trees." Good-looking Negroes. Excess at Paramaribo.

WE were next ordered to Cadiz in Spain, to which place there went with us gentlemen of considerable rank. One young gentleman, a Spanish youth, had some English books, which he told me he must necessarily part with, or otherwise the Inquisition would be his portion. This is an abominably ugly excres-

cence upon the front of religion ; and here we have a text to a sermon, the doctrine of which declares, that whenever a church has obtained worldly power, its figure has become so disfigured by unseemly blotches, that the original can scarcely be discovered.

I scarcely remember what sort of passage we had, but I well remember we heard the bombardment of the city long before we discovered the city itself. At last we came in view of that great and well fortified mart of Spanish commerce. The British fleet were riding at anchor in the harbour, the flag of Admiral Legge on board the *Revenge*. We brought up near the *St. Albans*, and I, with several passengers, officers, &c. went ashore. On landing at the wharf, some of those unwelcome visitors, called bombshells, began to fall around. This rather discomposed the order of march, so much so, that one gentleman took to his heels, simply imagining he could run away from them ; but as soon as the party were convinced that they were as likely to run into the way of danger as out of it, the outward composure became greater. In this landing upon the *Isle de Leon*, there was much food for a philosophic mind. The amazing variety of mind was clearly discoverable ; some lively active men were much moved with the danger around them, others did not seem greatly concerned. There was a young artillery officer of the party ; I have seldom met with a more mild gentlemanly young man ; the commotion did not seem to move him. I was informed he was an excellent and tried soldier, and a very admirable combination of courage and urbanity of manners. It is rather curious that courage should have its varieties, and some men who are little better than cowards in one case, are real heroes in others. In this, as in every thing around, we see unspeakable wisdom.

At this period of which I now write, *Cadiz* suffered a long blockade, and there can be little doubt that the

presence of the British fleet kept it out of the hands of the French. This large and beautiful city stands upon the point of the Isle de Leon, the main land and island being separated by a river and canal. The island is entered by a bridge, the access to which is along a causeway leading through the salt marches, and the bridge is fortified on the Isle side.

The British had here at this period a temporary dock-yard for repairing their gun-boats, which were daily engaged with the French batteries. The French had a new invented sort of mortar; it was much longer than the common mortar; I believe one of those was put into St. James's Park, and obtained the title of "The Prince Regent's Bomb." They threw their shells an immense distance, so much so, that the English had to go half-way from Cadiz to reach their batteries. Those shells, altho' they did not explode, made dreadful havoc where they fell: I saw one which fell in the dock-yard; it made a hole six feet deep, and weighed 132 pounds. To dash away the corner of a house, or go from the roof to the cellar, was but a trifle to those inventions of the *great nation*.

The two batteries, Puntellas and Matagorda, the one on the island, and the other on the main, were the places where the cannonade was chiefly kept up, they being tolerably near each other.

As to the city, nothing but shells could reach it, as the fleet kept the harbour clear of the enemy. I was witness to a terrible scramble among the old market women sitting bawling "Castanyas." A shell fell right among the throng of those poor creatures, smashed every thing in its way, gave a sort of rebound, and shivered a vehicle with a mule into different pieces. The bawling, shrieking, running, yelling, and fainting of those Signoras, were more alarming than the cause of them.

It is surprising how happy those men can make

themselves who are engaged in war. I have been in Hill's Tavern at night, among perhaps 100 persons, commanders of gun-boats and others, who had been, and were about to engage again with the enemy, all driving away dull care, and catching the moments of enjoyment as they fled. I have also seen British artillery-men, with their wives, enjoying themselves; males and females equally jovial.

I think nothing proceeding from man exceeds in grandeur the bombardment of a city at night. The flash of the guns, the thunder of the mortars, the fiery arch formed by the shells meeting each other in the air, the tumbling down of houses, the sinking of gun-boats, the shrieks of females, the burning of houses, the groans of the wounded, the flight of inhabitants from one quarter to another, the bustle of boats, bombs, and ships, the swearing, the activity, the attention to orders, the precision in obeying, all enter into the scene, and form a concatenation of circumstances awful in their nature, and diabolical in their origin.

Every flash from the gun denotes that it emanates from the region of fire and brimstone; every ball whizzing in the atmosphere declares it belongs to the prince of the air; every report of the engines of destruction declares to the very heavens, the princely domination of a great, though fallen spirit.—There are few better ways of judging of the nature of war, than by looking at the general characters of those who follow it.

Here we have the swearer, the drunkard, the debauchee, the felon, the run-away-apprentice, the man escaped from bastardy, the plunderer, the tyrant-commander, the ignorantly wicked subaltern, the active but careless private, the thief, the swindler, all huddled together in one mass of mischief.

What are they doing? They are very busily engaged

in destroying individuals like themselves, whom they characterize—the enemy. Here the wonderful machinery of Providence is displayed strikingly; men in power, for certain reasons, go to war with others not much better than themselves; they enlist the wicked and the thoughtless of every description; both parties are sent to what is called the Field of Honour; they cut each other's throats as fast as they are able; and thus millions of wretches, not fit to live, have, in the course of events, been sent to sacrifice each other; they have succeeded in doing so; and their memories are immortalized in the annals of wickedness.—Scatter the men that delight in war! We regained our lost credit this trip, by getting home before the packet which preceded us.

Our next destination was for Surinam, Berbice, Demerara, &c. We passed close past the north side of Madeira, and endeavoured to make the land of South America, about the river Marawiny. This is considerably to the eastward of Surinam; and ships from Europe endeavour to make Cayenne or Marawiny, in order to be to windward of their port. We found, before making the land, that the position of the ship, and the dead reckoning, were considerably different; this was attributed to the current from the river Amazon.

After making the land, we had to coast it down to Surinam, and now commenced the difficulty of the voyage. The water is so extremely shallow, that a ship dare not come within a few miles of the shore. Indeed at the distance of 6 or 8 miles, I have seen the mud turning up in the ship's wake, in a way quite alarming. There are few or no land-marks, the coast lying very low, and the water running up among the trees to a considerable extent. A common expression among seamen is, "The land at Surinam is all trees." The first place ashore that we could distinguish was a

village named Orange, which enabled us to ascertain our position correctly. At last we made the river Surinam after much anxiety, there being no person on board, except common sailors, that had been there before.

We sailed in by the chart, and anchored two or three miles below Fort Amsterdam, beside a very fine plantation. The negroes on this plantation were by far the best looking I had yet seen; altho' they had no covering except a small cloth for decency in the front. The planter lived upon his own estate; he and his lady were both aged, and also hospitable: good eatables and good wines were at his table in abundance. This river, from our anchorage up to Paramaribo, which I believe is 12 or 14 miles, is one of the most delightful that the eye can look upon. However, the general rule in the West Indies holds good here; viz. that the country looks best from the water. The first time I went up to Paramaribo, with the Capt. we stopped at the Postmaster's country house, a little below the town. It was a most enchanting dwelling, situated within a little of the river, with two beautiful rows of cocoa-nut trees, running up from the river to the house.

There is a saying, that "in Surinam all flesh dies," but in this gentleman's house we quite forgot the saying, and launched into tolerable excess. Indeed I had now thrown off all dread of climate, or sea, or fever, or any thing else; which no doubt was much in my favour. The town of Paramaribo is tolerably large, and many good houses in it; the country around perfectly level, with abundance of heat, a small quantity of morals, and the sooner an Englishman gets out of it the better.

CHAPTER XXV.

Sail for Berbice. Land at Mr. Tindall's Plantation. Arrive at Berbice. Narrow Escape. Arrive at Demerara. Sail for England. Singular Circumstance of a Fish. A Sheep's attachment to Sea.

AFTER lying a short time in the river, I went up to town, and brought the mails and dispatches; next day we weighed for Berbice. On our coasting it down we saw what had the appearance of a river, and supposing it to be our port, I was sent ashore with four men and the mail. I now began to feel it rather unpleasant to be a favourite, and in credit for activity and dispatch among strangers. The captain and his officers being all strangers upon the coast, he did not like to trust the ship in the hands of those he had with him, and therefore I was selected to do his duty. But although I was now become a much greater favourite than I wanted to be, I must assure my readers that I had always too high a mind to court any man's favour; could I have done this, you would have lost the invaluable privilege of reading my memoirs, as I would long ago have been independent.

Upon coming near the shore we found that the supposed river was only a small bay; so we pulled to windward in search of some living thing to tell us where we were. After we had pulled a mile or two, we saw some people on shore waving us; we neared the shore to hear what they said, but finding a heavy surf, we attended to their signals, and so were piloted into a little creek like a canal, where they shipped the produce of their plantation. The planter, a Mr. Tindall, with some others, came down, and took me up to the house, where I got some refreshment, whilst the men were regaled below.

It was now time to get off to the ship, but when we came down to the boat the tide had left her half a mile. This seemed no object to the planter; he told us to get into the boat, and the negroes would take us to the water. Accordingly we embarked, the boat was surrounded by negroes, and they ran off with us through the mud amazingly. Before the boat floated, however, poor Sambo was almost up to the middle in the mud, and shewed some inclination to return. But seeing this, and as it was now getting dark, I was obliged to take threatening measures, or we should have been left in a very awkward plight.

As soon as I found the boat floating, the negroes were dismissed, and we pulled to sea. Darkness overtook us; but as Mr. T. lighted a fire on shore for us to keep on our stern, and the ship had a light at the mast-head, we did tolerably a little while. At last the fire on shore vanished from our sight, and shortly after the ship's light went out, so that we were in a very unpleasant predicament. A strange coast, where we could not land, an open sea, and nothing to steer by, were circumstances by no means pleasing to the feelings. After some time the ship's light was again hoisted, and we got safely on board.

We at last found Berbice river, and I was dispatched to New Amsterdam, several miles up the river. I waited upon the Governor and Postmaster, got my dispatches, and pulled down with the tide. It came on a very heavy rain, so that I thought it prudent to go on board a large English ship lying at a plantation, taking in cotton. The captain was going to take coffee, so I met with kind treatment abaft, whilst the men were made equally comfortable forward. It cleared up a little, and we again pulled toward the ocean. There was a rapid tide, and the boat was wafting us very quickly down, when we were hailed by a soldier at a fort, who stated that the Commandant wished to

— speak with me. We landed, the officer came down, took me to his house, and the sailors were sheltered among the soldiers.

— This was one of the most providential escapes from death ever I had; for whilst the officer and I were taking a cup of comfort, a most dreadful squall, with heavy rain, came on, which continued a great part of the night. Had we gone to sea in the boat, we must to a certainty have been lost, as the packet stood off, the weather being threatening.

— We were given up for lost by all on board; however, as luck would have it, I was at anchor upon the officer's sofa; and this Commandant of a fort, the god Bacchus, and the author, were very merry until Morpheus asserted his privilege, when we retired for the night. In the morning we found the boat full of water; so after bailing her, we found our way to the ship, to the no small pleasure of all on board.

— We next got into Demerara river, and came to anchor off the town Starbroek, or St. George's. The captain being unwell, I waited upon the Governor, Gen. C. I found his Excellency very old and very civil; he was surrounded by officers who seemed all anxious to be enquiring, but none durst take the liberty, that being the prerogative of Excellency.

— What a dull, insipid, cold, heartless thing is military etiquette! It brings me in mind of a company of apes, who are all acting according to the motions which they see gone through by others. It may be necessary, but it is woefully unreal; there is no truth in it; it is a shadow, a shell, a nothing. That it becomes easy from habit, I don't need to be told, but on this account it is not the less unreal; give me truth and blunt honesty, though I should die in a hovel.

— I liked this town very much; it consisted chiefly of one long spacious street, with others running at right angles. I believe it has been all burnt down since

that period, and rebuilt. The inhabitants are very hospitable, many of them genteel, and live in West India dissoluteness. The practice here evidently is, Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.

Space will not permit me to enlarge much here, but I may give you a sample of Demerara living, by relating the nature of a Sunday-dinner. A large party dined at the house of an English gentleman, the wine went round very freely, singing commenced, and I seemed to carry off the bays, for the captain swore he never heard me sing so well in his life. I mention this, to shew the mode of life which is followed here, and also to shew that I had thrown off all restraint as to the Sabbath; as to death it was not thought about.

But don't let my English friends begin with canting exclamations against the people in the West, until they have cleansed themselves. I am firmly convinced there is much more honesty in this state of society, than there is with many in England, where the form of society merely, and not religious principle, constrains to a more sedate and constrained rule of conduct.

I had here a very handsome offer of £600 a year to go down to Essequibo, and attend three plantations in a medical capacity; but as my income was good, and I had other engagements in England, I did not choose to accept it. *Avarus semper eget*, is a proverb that never would apply to me.

The river of Demerara is pleasant, and although the country is level, there is a variety in the different plantations which relieves the eye, and gives a relish to the scene. We crossed over to Barbadoes, and ran down the islands to Antigua, from which place we took our departure for England, and after a good passage, arrived in safety. The ship was put into dock to be coppered, and the master-builder found her in such a state, that it was next to a miracle she

had kept afloat; the copper was in rags, and she was altogether in such a state that she might have been said literally to be hanging together.

I saw at this time a most singular, and almost incredible, event. The Express Packet, from the Brazils, was struck in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, by something which the crew supposed to be a rock. When put into dock, it was found that the horn of a fish had pierced the vessel's bottom through the solid, a little above the keel, and had broken off. The force of this animal must have been great beyond imagination, great almost beyond belief. I saw it before it was taken out of the vessel, and kept a piece of it. It projected from each side of the vessel's bottom, and when taken out was sent to London, I think to the Post Office, as a curiosity; perhaps one of the greatest my eyes ever beheld.

Another curious circumstance occurred in the natural history of a sheep at this period. We had one of these animals which had been many voyages in the ship, and was become completely domesticated. This gentleman was known by the name of Bill, and was kept for the purpose of teaching the strange sheep to eat their provisions. Bill was so completely initiated into the duties of his station, and knew his supremacy so well, that he had become as great a tyrant to those under him as ever floated upon the bosom of the deep. Never did a low ignoramus of a drill serjeant shew more airs to his men than did this animal to *his* recruits. He knocked them about in all directions, and carried his arrogance to such a height, that a check was sometimes necessary. This animal's wool was become like hair, and certainly needed ablution; he had nearly lost the figure of an English sheep, and was become in shape and agility more like a goat. His appetite was of that convenient kind, that he could eat in any mess, either with biped, quadruped,

or winged. Bread, sugar, tobacco, corn, biscuit, &c. were all nutriments which Bill scrupled not to partake of; and he could either walk down the hatchway-ladder, or leap the distance, join any mess, or every mess between decks, and make himself quite at home. Upon one occasion poor Bill had his leg broken, but he soon got well. This animal had now approximated very nearly to a sheep in its natural state; for my reader will please to observe, that sheep in Britain are the animal in a degenerated state, rendered so by the art of the agriculturist, for the pleasure of the glutton; a sheep in its natural state is an active, and sometimes a fierce creature.

When the ship was put into dock, four men were dispatched with Bill to put him into a fine pasture, thinking it would be a great treat to him. This was done, Bill was led into the pasture, and the gate locked upon him. But mark the result of old associations! The seamen had scarcely turned their backs before the animal leapt the gate; and as his shipmates had been troubled to bring him up, he thought it giving them too much to take him down again, so ran as fast as his heels could carry him, and was on board before his conductors.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Action with three Vessels. Spinning a Yarn. Arrive in the West Indies. Jamaica Voyage profitable. The Asia taking in Dollars. The Writer no longer a single Man. Hurricane and Earthquake. Ship on fire.

As soon as the ship was got out of dock, she was ordered to Jamaica, and we took our departure accordingly. The next morning at day-break our ears were

saluted with a firing close upon us; upon taking a view it appeared to be a large ship engaged with two or three smaller ones. The large vessel was bearing away to the westward, much in the same direction that we were, so that we kept company with them the whole of the day. It was a French frigate, with two English brigs and a cutter at her heels; but not being able to board, they were keeping as close as they could, and firing as they went, in hopes of some larger ship heaving in sight to take possession. A little after dark we found ourselves a little nearer to Monsieur than was agreeable, we therefore altered our course, and got clear. We saw the blue lights from the brigs long after we separated, and heard afterward that the frigate was taken. This was rather a dull trip outward, as we had no passengers, and as the American war was broken out several months, our circumstances were very hazardous. However, be Jack's outward circumstances what they may, he can always amuse himself at night with stories of the wonderful and marvellous. The man who excels in this peculiarity of talent is sure of distinction among his messmates, provided his incidents are such as to soar into the region of impossibilities, and amaze the faculties of the hearers with their being notoriously incredible. I will here give you a short sample of those stories which amuse sailors, and never lose sight of this fact, that a story has no relish to a seaman's palate, except it savours very strongly of the seasoning of Munchausen.

Suppose then that a party of those honest hearted tars are assembled together for the purpose of killing time with the marvellous; one of them commences thus:—

Sailors, I was born in Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut, in North America, I don't know how long ago, I believe a very long time; some were plea-

sed to say, before my mother. Be that as it may, I am a Connecticut man, and have seen many scenes in life; but the most singular adventure that ever I entered into, was at the Bellows Falls in Connecticut river. This river rises in the mountains which border upon Lower Canada, and runs through the most beautiful country in the world. There are a number of falls in the Connecticut river, and among the rest are those called The Bellows Falls.

At those falls the river is, as it were, split in two, by a rock standing in the middle of it. When the river is low, the channel on one side of this rock is dry, so that the river runs in one channel. There is a wooden bridge across this fall, and it rests upon this rock in the centre of the river. When the flood is large, and the water extremely red and rapid, you cannot look over the bridge without becoming giddy. Salmon in abundance manage to get up those falls, and they are caught in a very curious way. I caught one here in a way that never mortal man succeeded in except myself; and I am a witness to the truth of it.

You must understand, that upon the sides of the rock at those falls are slung arm-chairs, where people sit, and with a kind of poke-net catch the salmon as they go up the falls. Upon one of those chairs was poor Jack sitting, little dreaming of danger; when leaning forward to tie the string of his shoe, an unlucky jerk gave him too much head way, and down he goes head foremost into the falls. Now, lads, you all know very well, that when a man is betwixt life and death, he grasps at every thing like grim death. So no sooner was I below the water, and not knowing well what I did, I made a most precious hard grasp, and got hold of something, I knew not what, but I held on; and what do you think it was?—Oh, we don't know, Jack; perhaps a water-rush?—Pshaw, I

would not give a rush for you as a guesser ; it was the tail of a very large salmon, sailors ! The poor d—l thought no doubt that an otter, or some other bird of prey, had made a seizure, and he set down the fall at the rate of 65 miles an hour.—And you holding on, Jack ?—Holding on, sailors, aye with a deadly grasp ; I felt the thing which I held quiver, quiver, quivering in my hand, but the more it quivered the faster I held, and where do you think it landed me ?—Can't tell, Jack.—I dare say not, sailors ; well, then, I'll tell you. The fish was so mortally frightened that he had the strength of a grampus, and believing death was at his tail, like every desperate person, he took a desperate remedy, gave a fearful lunge, and leapt right ashore. As chance would have it, a lady and gentleman were sitting close to the river side, admiring the stream ; so that when the fish jumped out of the water, he lighted plump upon the lady's lap. Just as he gave the last leap, I let go my hold, but fortunately I was ashore also !

You may guess the astonishment of the lady and gentleman at this abrupt visit ; she fainted, he had nearly done the same. They thought I could be nothing less than a water-kelpie, an alligator, or crocodile, or perhaps something worse. So here was a scene ! Poor Jack lying on the shore stupid, the gentleman almost terrified out of his senses, the lady lying fainted, and the salmon dancing for bare life. By and by the parties came to themselves ; and as they began to discover who I was, things were soon explained.

The gentleman wanted me to keep the fish. No, no, Sir, said I ; one good turn deserves another ; my fellow-mortal here delivered me from death, and brought me out of *his* element, I will now do the same by him, and put him into his. Now whenever one sailor receives a benefit from another, let him act in

the same way as Jack did with the salmon, at the Bellows Falls, Connecticut River, North America.

This is what a sailor denominates "spinning a yarn;" and the man who can spin the longest yarn, or to speak more plainly, tell the most glaring lie, is accounted the most eminent character; the excellence consisting in going farthest beyond the range of possibility.

At Barbadoes all was well, at Martinique and Curaçoa the same. We found the Sapphire sloop of war here, and as money was more plenty than wit, I, with an officer of the Sapphire, went to Otrobando among the jewellers to purchase gold ornaments for our fingers: jewelry is very cheap here, and we made purchases of what *we* considered cheap. Positively there is nothing betrays weakness of mind more, than to see a gentleman biting his nails in order to turn up his fingers, to discover a gold hoop to the gazing spectator. Let the man's talents be what they may, I pronounce it a most violent emetic to my mind, to see a lawyer or priest turning up his fingers in all directions, with the tacit desire for the company to admire a gold hoop, as much as to say, Behold ye plebeians, and wonder, and gaze! Ye powers of mind, is it possible that a man can be proud of a gold ring?

At Jamaica, this voyage, I visited Spanish Town, the seat of government; I think it but a paltry place. The naval hospital at Port Royal is certainly a very fine establishment. There were here a number of American prisoners on board the prison-hulk in this port. One evening I and Capt. P. had been taking an excursion on the western side of the harbour, and were returning in the boat as it became a little dark. We were astonished with a terrible firing of small arms from the ships, and upon enquiry found that the prisoners had made their way through the plank, and taken to the water in spite of marines, or sharks,

or any other obstacle. These daring men had a long way to swim before they could reach land; several were taken in the water, and I believe a few escaped.

Kingston is a large and opulent place; I consider it more *English* than any western town in those islands. It is an immense mart for European goods, and there is a term, which I met with first in the *Spectator*, the principle of which, I think, is discoverable here: the term is, "The liberal British merchant." This is a principle which cannot be defined by those who have never seen any thing but dealing upon a small scale, neither can a mind circumscribed in selfishness feel its value. The table of the liberal British merchant is the resort of gentlemen of all nations; here the balance of commerce is discussed, and an expanded view of national property glanced at. The warrior may talk of his movements military, but he cannot stir a step without the merchant.

Being at the house of Sir James Duff in Cadiz, that worthy old gentleman told me he would shew me a sight such as I possibly had not before witnessed. This was dollars which were being put into waggons for the armies on the Peninsula. Here then was a liberal British merchant, and Consul, by whom the nerve of an army was sustained. Is there money wanted for national expenditure? How often have the merchants come forward with a liberal hand and supplied it. The mind, or the movements of such a man, are not confined to one country, they are linked by the reciprocal exchange of wealth with the whole world. Thus the soul is enlarged with benevolence to all nations, because they feel by experience that there are men of honourable dealings every where. What could England do with merchants, whose minds were circumscribed as her own shores? she would dwindle into insignificance. It is the enlarged souls of her

merchants, and not the valour of her troops, that have rendered her great.

The Jamaica voyage was always desirable for the packets, on account of the quantity of specie sent home by them; 30, 40, or 100,000 dollars was a desirable cargo. At this time the hazard by the packets was great on account of the Americans. They had to contend with fearful odds; many of them had fought nobly, some were taken, and some escaped. The insurance therefore was less by large ships, and this the admiral at Jamaica encouraged for reasons sufficiently apparent. The *Asia*, line-of-battle ship, was here taking in dollars, and it may give the reader some idea of the wealth of Kingston, to view the merchants loading a floating castle with money. This was in fact the British merchant sending home his specie in his own ship, and his own ships ruled the world: *ergo*, the British merchant did at this period in a very great measure rule all nations.

I could much amuse my readers with our homeward bound voyage, but I perceive my pages are fast diminishing in number. On my arrival in England I joined another ship, and again bent my course for the West.

I feel it necessary here to inform my reader, that the future part of my history is written upon a somewhat different footing from the former, as I no longer write in the character of a single man. I had a right to publish my own life, but I certainly had no such privilege with that of another; it was therefore proper to gain the approbation of all parties involved in this most important history; and this being obtained, I shall proceed accordingly.

On our arrival at Barbadoes I waited upon the Governor; I was ushered into the presence of His Excellency General—. I do not know that ever I was more put to my *pinches* than in this interview. The

old soldier asked me half a dozen questions before I got time to answer one.—What's the news in England? How go things in the Peninsula? Is the ship healthy? What passengers have you out? &c. &c. I thought of Sancho Pancha and the island Barratario: I wonder if ever there were any queer governors except—Sancho Pancha?

We got safe to Jamaica, all well. The first Saturday night we were there, I had retired to bed, and had fallen asleep, when I was awaked by the steward, who told me we were going to have a hurricane. I rather doubted his assertion, but as he had seen such things before, and asserted that he knew by the appearance of the sky over the mountains above Kingston, I slipped on a pair of trowsers and jacket, and went on deck. The boatswain had just piped all hands, when the wind broke upon us like thunder. As I stepped on deck, I attempted to look to windward, but the tempest chok'd me. It was impossible for any man to stand upon his legs without a hold. The captain was ashore, and the master had men getting the lower-yards on deck. This was accomplished, but I dare say no one could tell how; for to distinguish words was impossible. One cable soon snapped, the other brought us up, and we rode it out. Next morning the sight was awful; there was not a vessel afloat in Port Royal harbour but the Shark, which at this time carried the flag, and the ship to which I belonged. There were at this period not many ships in Port Royal, but up at Kingston, where the merchantmen were, there was great havoc. Ships, boats, canoes, lay mingled in an undistinguishable mass; it might be said in truth He blew with his winds, and scattered them. There was an earthquake at the same time with the hurricane, but we who were afloat did not feel it; I lost a very intimate friend in this hurricane upon Watland's Island.

The Hinclinbrook, which preceded us, was wrecked upon that Isle, and Mr. Thomas, the surgeon, drowned. They buried him in the sand, but from thence he was washed by the tide, and the body of that most friendly and kind-hearted Welsh gentleman, became the sport of the billows. The wind commenced from the direction of Kingston, and coming round gradually, formed a semicircle, and terminated. I have been in thunder-storms in the Mediterranean much more terrific than this hurricane; but never in any situation where the overwhelming power of wind was so much felt.

On our way home the Sapphire accompanied us to Bermuda, at which place I went ashore with one of the mates; it was Sunday; as we came off the boat was waiting for us at the steps, but instead of stepping into the boat, I stepped into the water, where there was room enough to float any vessel. This was a ship of which it might truly be said there was not a righteous man in it; and I do not believe there was a sober person in the ship this Lord's day evening. At a farther advanced period of the voyage, I had actually set fire to the ship, and had not the steward discovered it, there is every probability that the packet would have been burnt. I had retired to my cabin, and gone to bed, in good time, placing a candle in a certain position to be in bed and read, but had fallen asleep. The candle in the interim had set fire to one of the timbers, which was all in a blaze when discovered; thus were we saved by accident, and arrived in safety at Falmouth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sails to Cadiz and Corunna. Ship paid off. Takes the Road to London. Travels by Plymouth, Ivy Bridge, Totness, Exeter, Collumpton, Wellington, Bath, Devizes, Reading, Maidenhead, and arrives in London. Goes to Berwick and Melrose.

I NEXT went to Cadiz and Corunna in the Express, but I must of necessity omit particulars, as I have done many in the two last, from want of room. When we arrived at home the ship was paid off, in consequence of the peace; this was not so very pleasant, as I was now married, and consequently had some more necessary demands upon me than usual. I had, it is true, saved a trifle; but money, without an income, is something like a well without a spring; yet strange to say, I was such a wiseacre that I scarcely knew this, till I began to feel some stones at the bottom. I now undertook a trip to London, I scarcely knew for what purpose. I arrived at Plymouth, but had rather too many acquaintances there for "a gentleman of moderate income."

I found it amazingly pleasant to sit and spend the little I had, without knowing in the smallest degree from whence the next supply was to come; neither did I think of stirring from the Fountain till my money was nearly expended.

I determined however to see London, and I as positively intended to see Bath upon my way thither, although off the proper route. I resolved to walk to the Metropolis, and set out accordingly; and if any one were to ask me how I expected to get thither without the means, I would answer, I had not as yet ruminated upon the matter.

Ivy Bridge, Totness, Newton Bushel, and the City of Exeter, were in my rear, when, between Collumpton and the pretty little town Wellington, on a Sunday eve as I was bending my steps to London, I discovered by accident that it was of very little consequence whether my pockets were full of holes, or as full of foramina as the ethmoid bone. They had undergone a purgation, and I might have said of their contents, as Dan to Dennis Brulgruddery, they were gone "past all condemnation."

I think there must be an absurdity in talking of the specific gravity of silver and gold; because if gold be such a heavy metal, how came it to pass that I walked so much heavier along this piece of road than when I had plenty in my pocket? I have always found that my step is much more agile, my circulation more brisk, and, in short, I am a lighter man when carrying a weight of this description than otherwise. Gold, although it is said to be the root of all evil, has an immense virtue; there is a certain influenza which passes from it to the brain, the brain affects the nerves, the nerves the heart, the heart the circulation, the circulation the whole man; and from this chain of causes and effects proceeds the well-known gait, termed, An Independent Swagger; such a swagger had not I when I entered Wellington.

I waited upon a surgeon at this place, and told him how matters stood; he informed me that there would be a meeting at Taunton in two days, at which a number of medical men would be assembled; and if I could stay until then, he had no doubt that I would get a supply. I got a trifle, and proceeded to Taunton, at which place I lived upon one meal *per diem*, until the meeting took place at the Castle Inn.

After some examination from Dr. M'Donald, who seemed to know Berwick, I was desired to sit down, got some wine, and nearly three pounds. I was now

as rich in imagination as though I had got a £1000 ; so settling at my lodging for three nights repose, and with my stomach for some trifling arrears due to it, I set forward on my route to Bridgewater. I have said that I had determined to see Bath ; this therefore was the cause why I took the road by Bridgewater, Glastonbury, Wells, &c. &c.

Some of my prudent readers will here discover that I was acting in a most inconsistent way in not taking the nearest road to London ; be it so, I don't love to contradict a reader ; but suppose I were to meet this very sage person upon a road, and ask him whither he was going, and he were to answer, " no place in particular ;" if I then asked him the road to No Place, perhaps he would be puzzled to answer. Now let any of my readers be cast adrift, let them take the road for " No Place in particular," and they will then be much better qualified to judge of my merits or demerits, than they now are.

On my arrival at Bath I acted as do other gentlemen in easy circumstances, strolled about the town, took a peep at the pump-room, went to the theatre, from which place I was nearly ejected by finding fault with the scenery. The scene was a street, but they had forgot to shift the side scenes, so that the street was in the middle of a wood ; this I found fault with, and had nearly got what every critic deserves, provided he does not know the difference betwixt Bath and Devonport. Every man who takes upon him to criticise, should not only know the *what* but the *how* ; for what may be real humour in a sailor's theatre, may be as truly an *out of place vulgarism* in the polished circles of Bath.

I thought not of leaving this elegant town, until an unwelcome visitant, of a very solitary complexion, stared me in the face. This is an old acquaintance of the writer, and has frequently succeeded in his ad-

monitions when nothing else could. To poets, players, authors, and men of genius, he is well known by the title of, *The Last Shilling*.

I took the hint, started for the Metropolis in the evening, walked a few miles in company with this solitary being, and parted with him at a public house by the road side. Night being close upon me, I told my situation to a mill-wright, who, among others, was making merry. He bid me come with him, and I should have a part of his bed; I did so, and found that the old woman where he stopped was inclined to grumble most hideously. I saw, however, that my new companion was determined that I should share his couch, so I stripped, and took possession quietly.

Next morning I arose hungry, nervous, and thirsty, and had to take the road to Devizes in this state. I went into a druggist's at Devizes, and got a shilling, bought some apples, they being both meat and drink, and went right on towards Marlborough. At Marlborough it began to rain, I took shelter in a public-house, although my few remaining pence would scarcely admit of it. As I sat looking out, I observed a surgeon's brass plate opposite; I called at the house, he was not in: I therefore sallied forth upon Marlborough Downs, sick, low spirited, cold, hungry, and an approaching night.

I kept on my way to Newbury, and was informed that the London waggon was before me. As it was getting dark, and I did not know an inch of the road, I thought if I could keep up with the waggon all night it would be a pilot; I endeavoured, but could not overtake it. I passed on; it became pitch dark, with rain; I was now to the east of Newbury. I could not see across the road, but came at last to a little road side cottage. I rapped at the door; the people were to bed; an old man from a window answered me, they had no lodging, but informed me there was a public-

house a mile on. When I arrived at the house, I found the kitchen full of customers. I offered the half of an India handkerchief for sale, and stated my distressed circumstances. A man took it at once, and gave me what I asked; not only so, but insisted upon my sharing what he was drinking.

I really know not what I should have done had I not succeeded in my sale at this place. I left Bath in a half-starved state, as far as food was concerned; I had tasted little since, except two or three apples, and an occasional glass of ale; and here was a wet night precisely at the 60th mile stone from London. When I look at the many interferences of Providence in my favour in the hour of need, I must, all cant apart, view Deity as having been my merciful guardian by sea and by land; and although my rebellions would have tired both men and angels, I remain to this day. I would also drop a hint here to those cold-hearted wretches, who are much fonder of asking a man how he came into distress, than of relieving his wants, that they would in future relieve the man, and then they can ask questions with a better grace.

Here I perceive Mrs. Prudence peeping in at the door, and would fain have admittance to prefer her plea. I'll tell thee what, old lady, although my acquaintance with thee has not been of the most intimate kind, I know thee sufficiently well to be assured, that, however good thou mayest be in thy place, whenever thou usurpest the place of charity, the devil is close at thy elbow; therefore avaunt for the present.

I trust I have too much penetration to be very far deceived by the charity of Prudence; we see her daily subscribing to charities to get a name, to institutions to bring trade to her shop, to Sunday schools, and other schools, for purposes sufficiently glaring—by all these she is actually into pocket—but if there be not charity in the general character of the man, those

insulated bestowments are all a hoax. I know some of my logically prudent acquaintances would say here, "This is not real, but a false prudence you wish to depict;" no such thing, my friend, it is prudence out of place, and whenever she is so, she acts the part of a demon.

As far as my experience of the world goes, I must give the Irish the preference in point of charity; verily the heart of an Irishman is rather too warm a climate for prudence to dwell in, when he sees real distress.

After having slept in this house, I took my miserable tramp next morning for London. After passing through Reading and Maidenhead, I overtook the waggon as it was getting dark. I offered the driver the remainder of my India handkerchief, and mounted. This was such a night as I have seldom passed for misery. The cold was perishing; my limbs had almost lost their power when I got off in Holborn.

After remaining a week or two in London, I came down to Berwick in the Alert Smack. I then thought I would try a surgical practice in Melrose. I went to that village, and remained about a year and a half. The change from liberal minded society to souls more contracted in their views, was too much for me; I became quite unhappy. My circle of action was too contracted; I had become a citizen of the world, and to converse with people who thought an old abbey the greatest wonder in the universe, was like a man walking with his back bent to accommodate himself to the stature of a child.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Writer leaves Melrose, and Enlists. Characters of some of his Comrades, Tom Nott, Jack Stewart, Bess, Deists. Some Remarks on Deism. The Devil a religious Character. March to Newcastle, Tinmouth, Edinburgh, Glasgow. Knapsack drill.

I LEFT Melrose in the summer, and found my way to Newcastle, where being completely reduced, I enlisted into the Durham Militia, and was sent to Barnard Castle.

The Regiment was just called up, and a more motley group has seldom made its appearance in any small town. Here was Tom Nott from Corbridge, a shoemaker, of respectable *Vulcanic* parentage, well clothed, an old soldier, and liked a glass. Next came Jack Stewart, from Morpeth, an itinerant dealer in crockery-ware, with brown coat, a dangerous looking red spotted waistcoat, white neckcloth, *knee bandies*, blue and white stripped stockings, with their feet in dancing pumps. These were good and truthful men. I have seen those two gentlemen soldiers leading up the street of Barney, and Barleycorn knocking them both into the gutter, from whence neither of their efforts could extricate them.

Next was a personage known by the borrowed name of Bess; he had landed from some barn-yard in the county; his rig was highly worth observation. To begin at his head—the cover was a hat, the top of which formed a round eminence, rising in the middle like the large end of a duck's egg. There are some heads, which to attempt to improve, or make them suit themselves to circumstances, would be little short of madness. Bess's head was of this description; the

hat was of too enlarged capacity to be filled with the small quantity of noddle belonging to the owner. A mechanical invention had been put into practice by the friends of this youth; for as their inventive powers could not fit the head to the hat, they determined to fit the hat to the head. A strong band of twine encircled this recruit's roof, and a stick was inserted therein, and screwed about, as carters do with logs of wood to keep them upon the cart. In this way was the hat screwed, until one side gave way, and formed a hollow, which pressed upon his head, thus keeping it firm upon the *caput*.

The coat had been brown, but unfortunately had a large olive patch, which covered both shoulders. One of the tails was gone, but this evil was remedied by the thigh of that side of a pair of light trowsers, being covered with brown. Thus the purpose of uniformity was completed, as far as regarded a distant spectator. One leg of the trowsers was slit up to the knee, which exposed a stocking, or rather two stockings made into one, by sowing the top of a black to the bottom part of a grey.

The shoes had been made upon different sized lasts, but this was not the worst of it. Every body knows what is meant by rights and lefts, but Bess's shoes were both lefts, in consequence of which, that which was on the right foot was sure to be on the wrong side. These two *odd* shoes of my brother soldier shadow forth more than some shallow mortals can discover. One of them, which was by much too large, cock'd its front up to the clouds in consequence of its emptiness, a tolerable picture of some who think themselves superior to poor Bess. The other foot sheath was too small, and crippled the wearer most dreadfully; the shoe pinched, as we say; this was a sort of equiformity, for as the head was too small for the hat, the foot was too large for the shoe.

I am particularly anxious to impress the figure of this gallant soldier upon the comprehension of my reader, because he became my rear rank man, and many a time has he trode down my shoe-heels, singed the back of my coat with the flash of his pan, and made the serjeant-major abuse him for his blunders.

There were one or two men of respectable conduct and amiable manners, who were deeply tinged with deistical principles. Those men sounded me, but I had tried the system, and could not embrace it. My cause for trying deism is perhaps one of the strongest proofs of its being rotten. I wished to throw off checks of conscience for immorality, and those checks were produced by the Bible.

I would desire no stronger proof of the worth of the Bible, and the opposite of deism, than to know that a man wishes to throw off the one, and embrace the other, in order to become immoral with an easy mind.

Yet these men were moral, and I have no doubt conscientiously believed what they professed. Who more strenuous than Satan for morality, provided you will deny the truth of God? Who more religious than the Devil, provided you will be a formalist. These are the deepest games such a gamester plays.

I set to work in good earnest to learn the exercise, and was not long in accomplishing it. However, I had no very particular ambition to excel in cutting capers; I was sunk, and cared not much how I acted. We marched to Newcastle and Tinmouth Barracks, owing to some unpleasant work among the sailors. From thence we got the route for Berwick, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.

At Newcastle we got sixty rounds of ball cartridge, and unfortunately one of the serjeants and I got a little more Edinburgh whisky than we should have done, the evening previous to our marching for Glasgow. The next morning I was not got steady, and

the drums were beating at the west-end of Princes-street as I went along the North Bridge. I could not overtake them, and so by way of amusing myself, I determined to have a field-day by firing at the mile-stones. During the heat of the action a coach came up, I fired over her, and the major was in her. Nothing was said until I got to Glasgow, when I was treated with the honour of knapsack drill.

CHAPTER XXIX.

March from Glasgow to Barnard Castle. From Barnard Castle the Author journeys to Falmouth on foot. Arrives at Falmouth, and is cured of a bad Cough by sleeping at the Road-side in a cold frosty Night. Takes two Voyages to Malta, and again turns his face Northward. Arrives at Exeter.

KNAPSACK drill is a severe punishment to many, but it was none to me, as I scarcely ever tire with walking. We next got the route for Barnard Castle, where the regiment was broke up, and I got a letter, saying, that if I came to Falmouth I would get the first vacant surgeoncy of a packet. I determined therefore to walk the whole length of England from Newcastle to Falmouth. Although I am now above half a century old, I prefer walking greatly to riding, and would much rather walk a thousand miles than ride or sail them.

I started from Newcastle with my bundle on my back, and the first night slept at Ferryhill. Next day I reached Busby Stoop, a place to the southward of Northallerton. My next day's march was wet, but I fell in with a serjeant and corporal of the Guards,

the latter of whom had been receiving a handsome legacy. They understanding the length of road I had before me, were very kind, and the corporal's money flew tolerably fast. At Ripley and Harrowgate we got as happy as money could make us, when liquor is in the way; and that night we slept at Leeds.

Next day I took my journey to Bradford, which was quite off my road; for as I was going by way of Wakefield, I was as near to that place at Leeds as at Bradford. The corporal's ale was not out of my head at Bradford, so here I got to a beggar's opera, and was asleep, when two police-men came in and waked me, by asking where I came from, and whither bound? I gave them a saucy answer, not at all to the point; and was ordered to arise and go before a magistrate. There was no difficulty in this, for, to use a common phrase, I had turn'd in all standing. I got up, and told them that would be done with a deal of pleasure, as I liked to talk to Magistrates. However I was well dressed, and, as soon as they saw that, they went away.

I was so raw respecting the office of those men, that I knew not they had a right to ask such questions. I next steered for Wakefield and Sheffield, and got very wet weather. From Sheffield, through Chesterfield, to Derby, was my next day's march. This is three stages, and darkness had overtaken me when I got to Derby. I could get no lodging superior to a mendicant's lodging, and here I passed such a night as I have seldom witnessed.

I think there were eight beds in the room, and the company were nearly of the lowest description. These receptacles had two tenants each, and one exceeded this number in consequence of a young woman shoving herself in between two young men. They certainly were a merry race of people, more particularly an old man, who had a method of imitating a number

of noises: he kept the party in a roar the whole night. If they slept any, it must have been after I departed early in the morning; as to me I never shut my eyes.

From Derby, through Burton and Litchfield, I next day got to Birmingham: here I lodged in a respectable public-house. Next night I got to Bromsgrove, and the day following I made a long stretch and got to Tewksbury. My next day's march was to Bristol, but I got a very severe cold, which was like to have kill'd me, had it not been cured in a very singular way.

At Bristol I got short of cash; but falling in with a soldier, who was billeted in the same house that I stopped at, he advised his sweetheart to purchase from me a shirt and some other things; and as lovers do not spare money upon each other, I succeeded tolerably well.

I had still twelve stages to go, and my purse was far from being adequate to supply me during the distance. Yet, notwithstanding all the cautions I had got, it might have been husbanded better. I travelled from Bristol to Bridgewater in a day, and lived freely. Next day I got to Collumpton, and, after paying my bed, I was penniless.

Next forenoon I reached Exeter, and, after selling a pair of drawers and a waistcoat, pursued my way to Oakhampton. My shoes were now worn through the soles, and, as a matter of course, my stockings were the same; my feet began to get blistered, and I had a dreadfully bad cough.

I arrived at a heath to the east of Bodmin, where I was kindly treated; and next day arrived at Falmouth, perfectly done out. This certainly was a march which every man could not accomplish in the time; neither was it to be my last.

I mentioned a bad complaint in the lungs which I

got at Bristol. The proper medicines were resorted to, but without any effect. It began to be alarming, until one of the most unlikely circumstances imaginable cured it.

I went into the country about ten miles to see the captain of a ship, upon some business. We made tolerably free with the bottle after dinner; and upon my road home there were a party of musicians in a tavern at which I stopped. Music has charms, and more particularly so when aided by the power of Bacchus. This jolly little god detained me longer than good sense would have dictated, and upon the remaining part of my journey I lost my way. I turned sleepy; it was a sharp black frost; I reposed on the road until five o'clock in the morning; when day light and a pilot shewed me the way home.

I went to bed, and after taking a nap, found my cough wholly gone; a circumstance remarkable, because contrary to every thing said to be proper for the cure. Now whether was it the spirits, the sleeping in the cold, or both, which cured this inflammation in the lungs?

My next change was a voyage to Gibraltar and Malta, which we commenced in the beginning of summer. We had fine weather until we got to Gibraltar, and here we fell in with Exmouth's fleet which had returned from Algiers. This was the first expedition, which returned without effecting any thing. The admiral came along side to hear the news from Falmouth, his brother being collector of the Customs in that town.

Off Cape De Gatt we had dreadful weather; thunder-storms made the ship shiver like an aspen leaf. One night in particular we were taken in a storm of this kind; the men were blinded with it, as it ran along the booms. It is not only astonishing but

gratifying to see with what courage and perseverance seamen encounter such dangers.

Malta is about fifty miles from Sicily, the climate is hot, thermometer 90 to 95 in summer. Mount Etna, in Sicily, can be seen from it sometimes. It has been under the dominion of many nations; Phœacians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Saracens, Sicilians, Knights of Rhodes, Napoleon, and now the British.

Earth is brought from Sicily to cover this barren rock, for the purpose of vegetation. It is about 20 miles long, 12 broad, and 60 in circumference. There are plenty priests, and abundance of superstition in this place. I was informed of a bell, the ringing of which drives the devil out of the town for the day; I was not told whether he returned at night! I think the inhabitants cheated the devil when they painted a silver gate black, and thus deceived the scrutiny of the spoilers who followed Buonaparte.

On our arrival at Malta I paid a visit to the catacombs, St. Paul's Bay, and other curiosities; but I must hasten home to undertake my last voyage, which was to Lisbon and Malta, including Gibraltar. Gibraltar and Malta are two amazingly strong places, the one by nature, the other by art, but I certainly would choose neither for a residence. In my last voyage I quarrelled with the captain, and insulted him in the presence of a nobleman of high rank. This I knew he could not forgive, and I knew also that he would strike at the very root, as soon as he set his foot in England.

This man, in consequence of my giving him the advantage, was the cause of all my future misery and degradation. Well he knew how to worm himself into the good graces of an agent, or the agent's favourites; and well I knew that could I do so, I would despise myself.

The man who can sneak to hoggs in office is sure to be successful; but I never knew such a man worth the name. I grant that the want of worldly prudence is no honour to any person, and certainly I never possessed much of it. It is truly wonderful to see the different turns of men's minds; an intimate friend of mine from "The Sod," in the same service with me, and as wet an old gentleman as possible, could never be injured by any one in that service, simply in consequence of his attentions and presents to those in power; this I never thought of doing, and the consequences were such as I will now proceed to relate.

As I had no prospect of going to sea again, I thought I would, by way of *variorum*, turn Quack Doctor. Accordingly I filled a box out of my medicine chest, and sent it to Truro; from thence it was conveyed to St. Columb, where I meant to commence operations. Of all professions, that of Quack Doctor was the most unlikely for me to succeed in, and that from a variety of causes.

There were some things in it, no doubt, which suited my taste well enough, such as travelling from town to town, and spying out *farleys*, or sitting in an evening, and enjoying myself over a frothing tankard, and listening to the ignorant and conceited jargon of a pot-house mania. But when morning came, and I had to face the town, things were mightily altered. I found it was in vain to expect any practice unless I would lie straight forward, and positively assert that I could cure every thing.

To make a living in an honourable way by the travelling system is impossible. In short, the people were determined to be cheated; and unless I would become as great a knave as they were fools, they had made up their minds that I should not live by my present calling.

There had been two *gentlemen* of the *faculty* on this

circuit, a little previous to my coming; they were both well mounted, one acting in capacity of servant, the other the doctor. The servant carried the bottles on horseback, which they sold at 4s. 6d. each; they were the real *Bottleorum, Infalliborum*, that is, when translated into English, the infallible bottles; the *Gulpins* swallowed the contents by emptying scores, but before they were cured the doctor and apothecary were out of reach. They found out that I was not an impostor, and this was my misery; because unless there be something approaching the supernatural in a quack doctor no one will listen to him.—It was well said, by Solomon of Gilead House, that “the people of England would swallow cannon-balls, provided they were well puffed in the papers;” but in reality I was not a good puffer, and consequently the people did not swallow my panaceas in sufficient quantities to enable me to continue *my survey of the country*. I took my rounds by St. Columb, Bodmin, Launceston, Lostwithiel, St. Austle, Truro, Redruth, Helstone, Helford, and so forth; and I now began to find out that I would be one of the cleverest fellows in existence, provided any one would pay me for wandering about, and staring around me; but in the art of money-making I was a downright novice.

As soon as my funds were nearly exhausted, I, with my wife and child, set out for the North, with as slender means of travelling as can well be imagined. The child and bundle we carried alternately; and it soon appeared that the carried was a greater sufferer than the carriers; for, as we were no great adepts in the art of managing a child upon a march, his posture became frequently uneasy, and caused him much pain.

The first night after we left Falmouth, we stopped at a public-house on the side of the way, a few miles to the westward of St. Austle, designated the “Hewas

Inn:" I believe this whimsical title is derived from a mine in the neighbourhood. The next night we got to Lostwithiel, the place where Mrs. Brulgruddery's first husband, the lean exciseman, had the honour to reside. Here we were nonplussed, having got short of that useful article which by some is styled the ready.

We were cogitating deeply how to *raise the supplies*, when it struck one of the party that there was an Exile in company, which by the laws of Britain could be bought and sold: this was a book called "The Exile of Erin." We were next a little put to it how to get a master or mistress for this Exile, because, in a small town, sales are sometimes not very easily accomplished. This, however, was brought about, by the fortunate circumstance of having a monied relation in the place, to whom we were under the painful necessity of stating our wants. The person alluded to took the book at our own price, which enabled us to clear off at the house where we had stopped, and proceed on our journey to Torpoint.

We had not as yet found out the secret of cheap travelling, and consequently made public-houses our lodgings. I am an extremely dull scholar at learning abstinence, when I have money in my pocket. I was now, however, about to go again to the school of that stern pedagogue, Necessity, whose admonitions are always enforced with a ruthless castigation; and however much the will of the disciple may be at variance with the master, obedience, in the strictest sense of the word, must be attended to.

There is a slang expression much in use at the present day, it is, "The Schoolmaster is abroad;" this, I apprehend, arises from the universal blunder of all ages, that the present generation is wiser than their forefathers. But this venerable old teacher, Necessity, has been always abroad teaching the un-

wise ; and it really does not appear from experience that he is so successful as one might imagine he ought to be. Of this I am certain, that he has often chastised me very severely, but I do not think he ever gave me any effectual or lasting instruction.

At Plymouth Dock we were recommended to a Quaker gentleman, who, in conjunction with some others, took an interest in our destitute situation. Like most Quaker connections, this was a truly respectable one, because money, feeling, and simple sincerity were blended. He dispatched his clerks to the shipping, to see if any were going to sail for Newcastle or Liverpool, in order to give us a passage. This not being the case, we were supplied with money to carry us so far, and kindly dismissed.

From Plymouth to Ivy Bridge we had a pleasant walk, lodged here in a private house, and from thence, without any particular occurrence, arrived at Exeter.

It has just occurred to me, that at an overseer's in Stone-house, the mother of that person advised my wife to exchange a silk gown and a pair of silk stockings, for a stuff gown, and a pair of worsted stockings ; thus cheating those she knew to be distressed out of several shillings ! Will the devil get such wretches ?

CHAPTER XXX.

Monument to Mr. Bell at Exeter. An amazing Attraction between a collapsed Stomach, and a Devonshire Carrier's Supper. A curious Accommodation in Somersetshire. A Tale of Providence. Arrival in Worcester.

ON taking a walk into the cathedral at Exeter, the first thing which struck my sight was a small marble

monument against the wall, to the memory of a son of the late James Bell, Esq. of Berwick. My lonely and melancholy situation was, by this circumstance, rendered exceedingly gloomy. I knew the youth, and it now flash'd upon my mind, that, had he been in life, he probably would have lent me some aid to proceed on my journey to the North.—But—money belongs not to the dead. In this respect Mr. B. was now become even poorer than myself. Farewell! Money thou hast none to give; the commerce of sepulchres is not carried on by the exchange of money.

The intimacy and union of the inhabitants of the tomb, are too close and familiar to need a pledge of gold for each other's sincerity. The inmost substance of their hearts being blended in social compact, the republic of the dead leaves the use of money to torture the heart of the miser, and pamper the vitals of animated distrust.

Pecuniary resources were become very scanty; I was therefore obliged to look for supplies. I enquired for a magistrate, and was directed to a public building, where I saw an old gentleman, whom I understood to be an overseer; with another, whom I found to be a magistrate. The old magistrate was rather dull in hearing, seeing, feeling, and more particularly in understanding my case; I therefore left him to his own sensibility.

As magistrates are appointed for a praise to them that do well, I could not in reason expect praise from this gentleman, as I could give him no proof that I had done well for myself. I now took my way to find my companions in tribulation, in order to take the road to Collumpton.

On our way to this town the afternoon was disagreeable, and the roads dirty; so that we arrived in a fatigued state. We stopped at a carrier's tavern, although our means were very circumscribed.

A number of gentlemen of the long whip arrived, and set themselves down to a plentiful board; but our fare was somewhat more light, and easy of digestion. People may talk of chemical affinity and chemical attraction as much as they please; but I know very well, by the best possible test, that there are few attractions in existence which are stronger than that between a collapsed stomach and a Devonshire carrier's supper.

Does my reader know any thing of the feelings of appetite peeping through the eye's window, at a table loaded with ham, bread, potatoes, and porter tankards, without the hope of having those feelings gratified? If he does not, he knows nothing of the nature of my lodging at Collumpton. The child was more fortunate; the fire warm'd and cheered him; he turned a little gamesome and interesting; thus becoming a favourite with the hostess and her customers; the consequence was, he fared better than his parents.

Our next stage was to Wellington, and from thence to Taunton; at this place we stopped at a public-house where the people were kind. A foreigner who sold telescopes, &c. and kept men travelling, having a little discrimination, as travellers generally have, saw that we did not abound in money, and became a friend without solicitation. The people in Cornwall and Devon are much more kind than when the traveller gets a little farther north.

Whenever large cities are approached, the people get more sharp, and less hospitality exists, from the circumstance of there being more vagrants of a bad description, and imposition more common. At Bridgewater we sold some necessaries, and kept advancing toward Bristol. Near Cross, a woman standing at a door, nigh the road-side, in the evening, asked if we wanted lodging? I replied, yes, and we entered.

The accommodations certainly were not very creditable to Somerset. In the kitchen we found a society of pigs; the mother of this litter being engaged in drinking tea, or something else, out of a chamber-vessel which shall be nameless. The anxiety of the family to partake of this delicacy endangered the safety of the vessel. There were two or three ponds in the floor, in which a young generation of ducks were bathing; and whilst they enjoyed the ablution, the before-mentioned four-footed gentry upset the principal table, two of its legs being of wood, the other two were substitutes. Had a diagonal line been drawn across the table, from one corner to another, each end of that line would have been contiguous to those temporary legs. One of these understandings was a pile of stones, the other, a piece of an old iron boiler, which had got its discharge from a steam engine, and rested against the wall at the end of the table.

It would have been well had nothing but the table fallen; but a certain deposit, which by the scent had held its station a considerable time, fell into the hands of the Philistines, to the loss of the owner. There is a certain standard writer, one of whose publications has been esteemed by the public very many years, and is called Jack the Giant-killer. In one of the pages of this work the author talks of tripes and trolly bags; and this is the proper title of that load of baggage, which came within reach of sow, pigs, geese, ducks, and unfortunately upon my shoes.

A complete riot ensued, about who should share best in this delicious repast. In the mean time the landlady or mistress, who had been busy in the parlour, entered, and perceived the devastation: the gourmandizers were put to the route, and their repast was put into the parlour.

At night we were led through this parlour to go

to our state apartments, and surely if ever a place deserved the title of Mount Rascal, this sleeping apartment merited it. The mode of ascension was by what had been a trap-ladder, but several of the original steps were gone, and rope substituted for wood. The bed was neither four-post, tent, camp, folding-down, shake-down, nor any other down, but of that class of repositories termed Indescribables.

We managed to sleep upon it, and next day got to Bedminster, which is much the same to Bristol that Tweedmouth is to Berwick.

A Tale of Providence.

EARLY in the spring of 18—, a married couple with a child, who were travelling from Cornwall to Scotland, passed through Bristol. Being quite out of money, they had to pursue a plan which thousands had done before them, viz. to make the best of a bad bargain. They were beginning to feel, that the world, generally speaking, does not hold in very high estimation those whom it finds are rather inclined to take as give.

As they proceeded on their path to Thornberry, they mused on the inconvenience of empty pockets, and felt by their present experience, that travelling through a pleasant country gives very little satisfaction to the mind, unless the individuals have an equivalent to barter for the necessaries of life.

When they arrived at the above village, they waited upon the overseer, who kept a petty shop. They found, that, although he was not of that class of Jacks in office who know not how to give a civil answer, he was one of a much worse stamp. He was one of those wretched beings who labour under a palsy of the mind, so that the annihilation of a country can no more touch their feelings than the execution of a culprit.

As I have hinted, the man was not uncivil; but

the proof of his charity was so minute, that after the cravings of nature were partially appeased, they had to proceed as pennyless as before. Exceedingly fatigued, they came to a village where coaches for Bristol change horses. Perceiving a saddler's shop, they stepped in and told the master, a young man, their distress. He was a person of very kindly feelings, and compassionated the woman exceedingly; he then brought forth some bread and cheese, and said, that if the travellers would apply to the landlord, waiters, &c. of the inn opposite, he was certain they would get a supply.

They then asked if there were an overseer in the place? The answer was, that he was a farmer, and lived about a mile back on the road they had come; but a stone might as well be applied to with hopes of success, on such an occasion as this. The man determined to try him notwithstanding, and for this purpose set out, leaving the woman and child in the saddler's. He came to a dirty lane which led up to the house, where he had to march through an army of geese, which set up such a gabble, that one might have imagined himself in an army of Bedouin Arabs. At last he arrived at the house, and was directed to this tiller of the ground, whom he found examining the tail of either a horse or mare.

The critical moment was now arrived, and none can tell the throbbing of heart which takes place, when upon the point of a decision of this description, except those who have tried it. The application was made, and the negative answer received; his words were civil, but it was evident that the man had a diabolical feeling of joy at misery: the monster looked at his animal, and smiled! Can there be any more of the same breed in the world? Yes, numbers: and some of them are in Berwick upon Tweed. I know some that would give ten pounds any day to have it inserted in

the papers, who would not give a wretch a penny to save him from starving.

Well, I envy not their disposition; and shall now proceed back again to the village with the man. He met a gentleman's carriage, and had not passed it two minutes, until he saw upon the middle of a wet road, a piece of paper: he took it up, stared, doubted, believed, that it was a pound note of the Gloucester Bank! It was evident that *Providence* had dropped it from the carriage to relieve these poor travellers, when driven to extremity. It was perfectly clean, and therefore must have been laid down at the precise time that the distressed object came up.

When the man arrived at the village, there was a temporary sensation of joy in the breasts of those travellers, a temporary thankfulness to Him who had sent it, and in this state of mind they arrived at a small village called Cambridge.

Thus ends the tale of Providence, and I will now tell the reader a secret, which every one does not know. A man may be extremely thankful to Deity for a benefit received; but if he does not commence to be thankful, *in God's way for every thing*, he will still remain the same unchanged character as the man mentioned in the tale of Providence.

Next day we passed through Gloucester, and rode to Tewksbury, where we slept: the day following we arrived at Worcester, and stopp'd one night.

CHAPTER XXXI.

From Worcester to Broomsgrove, Birmingham, and Litchfield.

Curious Scenes in Litchfield, with incomparable Reflections thereon, for the Illumination of the Mind of the Reader.

WORCESTER is, in my eye, by far the handsomest town in England or Scotland, that I have visited. From Worcester we stepped along to Broomsgrove, at which little town, in consequence of seeing a pawnbroker's shop, I went into a field, put off my only shirt, and applied to those relievers of the distressed. I fell into a chat with those people, and found they knew Berwick. This rather raised my hopes that I would sell well, but when I came to the point it was evident they understood their trade. A substitute was contrived for the shirt, and from this town to Newcastle the substitute was my wear. By way of Birmingham we entered Litchfield, and were directed to a lodging.

This was a tavern for the accommodation of those individuals, who, not choosing to trouble themselves about the affairs of this world, have left these with the profits thereof to other men. They have made this special reservation, however, that whilst they depute others to manage the world, they expect support from those whom they have so deputed. Now there is something extremely reasonable in all this; because all men having an equal right in, and to the world, if a part of those men choose to give up their claims, it is but just that they should receive something in return.

Among men and women who live by this kind of barter we found ourselves now placed. On the right

of the fire sat a young man in sailor's dress, with his female comrade. Next to them sat Susy M'Donald, an old Scotch woman, who seemed by her talk to be at home every where. To the left of Susy sat Jemmy Vigurs and his boy, who by their conversation had been raising supplies in Litchfield that day with considerable success. On the extreme left sat a man, whose inquisitive and wandering eye I did not much relish. We took our stations in the rear. A white woman with a black child soon arrived, so that we were a tolerably large party.

But I am rather incorrect in using the term party; a person who enters a house of this description, and thinks that those gentry will permit him to be of their party without belonging to their profession, is under a mistake. Mankind are apt to despise beggars, but I can assure my readers, that there is no small degree both of pride and points of honour amongst them. They well know that they are despised by others, but this they do not value a rush; they are a commonwealth who know that they must exist by their talents, and those talents they put into active exertion; the most successful being the most honourable.

There are some who have not talents for their profession, such are treated with considerable contempt; I have seen them get the dish-washings, as they are termed, of the tea, with very little ceremony. The people of the house, who sat in a very snug parlour, were very civil, and they, with our fellow-lodgers, discovered with half an eye that we did not belong to their class. I do not remember what sort of refreshment we took, but things were going on pretty comfortably, when an old devotee of Bacchus arrived. He had been kicking up a *shindy* in the street, and was brought in by the constable, who threatened him should he not keep snug.

Amidst the noise we desired to go to bed, and were ushered up stairs to a room, wherein were six beds. We were shewn to a corner bed, and knowing the kind of gentry that were to follow, I could not compose myself to rest. In the course of an hour, the brethren of the bread-bag began to ascend to their dormitories. I must here, however, notice that this was not a receptacle of the very lowest order of cadgers, there is a grade, or perhaps two, still nearer the foundation of society, if the lowest rank be the foundation.

First, The man in sailor's dress, with his spouse, arrived: they lay in a corner opposite to us, and conducted themselves soberly. Next came Jemmy Vigers and his boy; their bed and ours were next neighbours, being within a foot of each other. We, therefore, were in something of the same predicament with Jemmy that Ruth was with Boaz, as we lay at his feet all night. Jemmy and his son carried on a long conversation about a property in Litchfield, which he asserted to be his, although cheated out of it. Susy M'Donald, the white mother and black child, next came up, and turned into one nest. Next came our suspicious looking friend in the corner, and last of all came the old Bacchanalian.

As there was a variety of beds, he seemed inclined to choose; so taking a look at several of us, he at last cast his eye upon that couch, where were deposited the bodies of Susy, the mother and child. Susy lay outside, and consequently she might be considered the front guard to those on the bed upon which she lay. The old fellow sat down upon a chair in front of Susy, and began to ungird himself.

Susy raised herself upon her right elbow, and put the question to him, "What are ye duin there ye bruit?"—"Waw, aas coomin in to thee, hooney," was the reply. "The deil ain o ye, callant," quoth Susy,

“unless ye want a broken heed.”—“Waw, sure aw wont harm thee, child, aw louve Scotch people very much, hooney.”—“Sae do I, my jewel, and theres ane here I like sae weel, that yeese no be her pairtner this night ony hoo. Sae be aff fra the foreside o this bed, or heres a wee bit o a thing (taking up a shoe) shall mark ye on the cantel, ye auld vaygabon.”

“Awy, awy, aw see th rt lyke aw th’ ladies, th lykest to fight a little shy.”—“E faith, yeese no find me unco shy in twa meenits, if ye dinna remove yeer ugly tawbernacle to yeer ain place.” So, starting upon her posteriors, “Noo,” said she, “remove maydently, or yee sal pae the tax for impudence, ye theif lookin loon.”—“Waw,” —“Wha, wha,” cried Susy, mimicking him, in a red hot passion; and jumping over the bed, shoe in hand, menaced this drunken *enamorata* most furiously. The menace, however, seemed to have no effect upon him, for putting forth his right hand, he attempted to take hold of her chemise. The consequence was, a blow from the heel of Susy’s shoe upon the arm, which was seconded by a still heavier upon the forehead, or what Susy called The Cattle. He now got upon his legs, but his trowsers being unbuttoned at the waist, they instantly fell about his feet, so that he was in much the same state as a horse that is hopped.

I had observed our suspicious looking friend, upon the side of his own bed, enjoying the scene, but this completely overcame his gravity.—As soon as the trowsers fell, the persevering old fellow grasped Susy upon some certain spot, where I know not; so giving a loud scream, she laid at him with the shoe most heroically; and his legs being fast with his own garment, in the heat of the action he tumbled upon the floor; but unfortunately having hold of Susy, he pulled her upon himself, and there held her. Susy was not idle.—Her hands, her tongue, her every limb,

and every nerve were in action, and she was punishing her adversary most grievously; indeed he was now bleeding profusely.

At this very important period of the action, the landlord came in and disentangled the parties, who certainly were not in the most delicate posture imaginable. This being done, peace was restored, and the parties went to their own places of repose; the man to repent of his folly, and feel his sores, and Susy, after venting her state of mind by the woman's weapon, to fall asleep.

I beg of my delicate female readers, that they will not here usurp all virtue to themselves. Those persons who consider that virtue cannot exist but in certain states of society, have a most degrading opinion of it. The strictest virtue, as regards female chastity, can, and does exist, in a barrack-room, as well as in the most secluded sleeping apartment. Virtue is not necessarily connected with a set form of dress, of manners, or of customs. Were that the case, what would become of the characters of our virtuous Scottish females, who, going to the kirk on Sunday morning, pull off their stockings, tuck up some of their petticoats, and foot it along the road with their lower limbs exposed? This, by their English female neighbours, is viewed as abominably indecent; and nothing, but the most positive assurance will convince some, that it is consonant with female virtue.

Were a respectable woman from the south of England to take a walk around Glasgow-green, and view the females engaged in washing, bleaching, &c. nothing but the most incontrovertible facts would convince her, that they did not belong to a class of females, which I do not at present choose to name. Were a Scotch woman going to foreign climes, and there behold the female creation still more exposed than in Scotland, her views of her black sisters would

be much the same as an English-woman's are of her.

In order to become sober and sound minded, the first step is to throw off every shackle of prejudice respecting habit and manners. A person such as Susy M'Donald, travelling with little commodities for sale, and existing partly by the profits arising therefrom, and partly by the benefactions of the humane, is not precisely that kind of character which those of a more confined circle are apt to imagine. We may suppose a woman of this description, a soldier's widow; this woman has been long from her native place, so long indeed that she scarcely knows whether she has any relatives. Her habits of changing place in the army has extended her views, her knowledge, and her connexions. Perhaps there is not a town of any importance in Britain that she is unacquainted with. She therefore finds herself among acquaintances go where she will. If she be a sober decent woman, she becomes domesticated, in some sense, in those lodgings where she sojourns. Indeed to confine a person of those enlarged views and customs to one place is frequently impossible, and would indeed be cruel. But there is nothing in all this incompatible with the strictest virtue, or with sterling honesty.

I know some, whose circle of action never exceeded that of 12 or 14 miles in diameter, who have such amazingly circumscribed views of things, that almost any custom differing from their own affects their consciences. This is truly a diseased state of mind, and pitiable in the extreme. By travel the trammels of prejudice get shaken off; the soul becomes enlarged; its views of its Creator becomes more worthy the character of Deity; and the man is better enabled to judge of things as they really are.—Ah! ladies, I have often seen those leers and looks from a side box in the theatre, and a pew box in the church,

which, maugre all the decency of dress, indicated a state of mind, compared with which that of Susy M'Donald would have been purity itself.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Author and Family depart from Litchfield to Burton-upon Trent, and Derby. Travel all night in a miserable plight to Chesterfield. Curious Dress of an old Show-Woman. Conversation in the High Street, Berwick.

NEXT morning, being Sunday, we took our route from Litchfield to Burton; the day was fine, but comfort was far from us, as our prospects of dinner were very distant. We passed through Burton, and in the evening arrived at Derby. To travel two stages on foot upon little or nothing, had the effect of exhausting; and when we applied at the Mayor's, we got one shilling. It now became a question whether we should take a little supper, and walk all night, or rest all night, and want supper.

We chose the former plan, got some ale and bread, and proceeded out of the town toward Chesterfield. As we got out of Derby it was becoming cold, so we put one pair of large stockings over the legs and thighs of the child, and another pair over his arms, and wrapped him up the best way we could.

Never did I pass a more miserable night; fatigue, hunger, and dejection came upon us with the darkness; and in addition to these, we did not know the road. I looked with longing hope for a mugger's encampment, and would have been extremely happy to have lodged under their canopy; but it was in vain, no such refuge appeared. In such desperate cases as these, timidity vanishes, and a lodging among banditti would scarcely give alarm.

As we journeyed on, a light appeared, which we hoped would be a place of refuge for us, as connected with an engine, but we never came to it, the road leaving it to the right. About midnight we came to a saw-pit, where we took shelter a little. I lay down upon a log, but the cold would not let us sleep.

About day-light we arrived at the stage, half-way between Derby and Chesterfield; a few miles farther we passed one or two caravans by the road-side, which appeared afterwards to be going to Sheffield fair. We had now walked a very great way, viz. from Litchfield to near Chesterfield, being four stages. Mrs. M. was resting her head upon a gate, being like to faint, when a Quaker came out of the town, and seeing us distressed, asked what was the matter, and gave her sixpence. We went into the first house we came to, and got a pint of cold beer; it was like to make us sick; we proceeded through the town, and the sun now becoming comfortably warm, we rested by the road-side, and slept; this was the first rest worth the name since we left Litchfield.

As we crossed Chesterfield race ground, the show caravans came up with us; and really the singularity of an old woman's dress, walking by the side of one of them, took my attention for a while from my own misery. She had on an old cloak bound about with pink ribbon, a bonnet that had been very gaudy in colours, but the colours of the bonnet, as well as of the gum-flowers which stood erect thereon, were gone for ever. Her feet were incased in a pair of yellow kid boots, all to pieces, but tied round and round with tapes in all directions to prevent their desertion. She appeared to be grandmother in the party, as some children of the *corps dramatique* addressed her by that title.—

Here Mr. Wiseman suggests, that to have misery alleviated by looking at the dress of an old show-

woman, bears evidence of a light mind. Be it so, children are pleased with trifles. If Mr. W. will condescend with me to take a view of the different effects which a variety of dress has upon the mind, he will perceive something worth looking at.

If you will take your station in the High Street, Berwick, about the mouth of Weatherley's Square, or the Boarding School Yard, and join a female committee, when the people are going to church, on a Sunday forenoon, you will hear remarks in the following strain.

"Only look there," says one, "there goes Miss Cock Ma Noddle, wie her fal de rals; ay, sirs, bit that's an expensive gown; an look at the bonnet, how it cocks up in the front to show her curls. Od she dis na need, after a'n, she's na sic beauty."—"Aye, aye," says another, "Aw mind the day sin she hadna sya muny flurds, when her fayther was brikin styenes upon the hee road, an suppin his crowdie aback o the dyke."—"Hoot, toot, what o aw that," says a third, "its weil whare the world mends; I believe Miss Cock Ma Noddle's a vera decent lass; bit look! here's Mr. Gait an his wife, or the cloon turn'd dandy; I declare a fine dress an a plooman's walk's just like a scavenger suppin porridge wie a silver spoon."—"Dar say he's a canny eneuf man fir aw that," says a fourth; "Heigh, Ho, now, only see; there's Jacob Prim, quite sleek and trim; his coat, hat, skin, every thing shining like his new cleau'd shoes."—"He's ower stiff fur me, aw like fwoks to walk free an easy, its genteel."—"Ay me, fur ever an ever, look there; poor Make the Best Ont, clean, clean to the bone; bit, O hinny, it'l no hide; the threeds is poppin out their ugly faces at back an elbows: weil, he's ein seen better days."—"An there, there's young Frizzle! Its no a bad coat, bit ony body can see it wasna mad fur *him*; look atween the shouthers, an see how the neck

steeks out; a craw might big her nest atween the coat an the neckcloth!" — "The stock, woman, the stock." — "Is't a stock? ha, ha, ha. I'll lay my life he's away to the Ranters' Chapel."

At this last expression out rushes Mrs. Don, from the Black Bull-yard, red-hot for the preaching. She steps up to them, and says, "I think, good folks, it would be better for you all, if you would go to the Ranters, or any other Chapel. And mind I warn you, there's a day coming, when you will need something more than a chapel to cover you from the punishment due to Sabbath-breaking!" — "Heit she's ee sya full o her impudence; od she meddles wie every body." — "Wha minds her? She's half daft at ony rate." — "Ay, ay, half daft, is she? We didna think that i th time o the Cholera, whan we ran till her prayer meetins; an whan ony thing was th' maiter ran to Nelly Don. By night an by day she ran, an enter'd thaym hooes that nane of us durst show face in. Mind poor M'Crink and his family, an others I cud name, that were swept off. I'm as bad as ony on you, bit I like to give the devil his due; an I'll lay my lugs if the Cholera was cumin th' morn, we wad a' rin to Nelly's prayer meetins again." — "I believe what you say is too true, there were a great many pretenders that had to sing dumb then; when worthy Mr. Adshead, the Wesleyan preacher, put his life in his hands at all hours to go to wherever he was sent for; and when Messrs. Herod and Parrott of the Primitives did the same, a number of their abusers were glad to hide themselves in their holes till the storm was over. After they thought it was forgot, they began, like the snails, to shew their horns again, and to talk as large as ever; but whenever I hear them, I immediately say, Mind the Cholera; that's enough; the things shrink into their own place, they are sore, and feel abash'd." — "Bit ye shud mind that

some vera gud folks are narvish, and sum have faymilies, and"—"Ay, ay, fine holes to jump out at, and if it will answer at the last, all the better for them; but had Mr. Herod and Mr. Adshead no families? I heard some fine reasoning upon the thing, and whilst they reasoned, the others worked; some difference though, I think."—"I have a grate mind to turn gud mysell, for, faith, Nelly said some things to me then that I dream often aboot yet; I think we had better gang in and read the Bible;" thus ends the confabulation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Difficulties of opening a Door. Enter Critic. Faults in the Reminiscences. The Author cares very little about them. Too much Sense sickening. Author and Family come to Alwick, and go from thence to Liverpool. An astonishing Quantity of interesting Matter.

HARK! There is a rap at the door. Grace, run and open it!

Grace. Am oastin de tail of a herrin, fadder.

M. Excellent! Author's fare to a tittle. Anthony, you run and do it.

Anth. I'm paintin a ship wie shalk, fadder.

M. Run, you rascal, and do it instantly!

Anth. Stop till I finish the bolspit.

M. Henry, what are you about?

Henry. Reading Robinson Crusoe.

M. Run, open the door!

Henry. Stop till Friday kills the bear; I'm just at it.

M. That's beyond every thing. Where's your Mother, and Jane, and John?

Henry. Mother's at shop, Jane is out with Eliza, and John is writing a letter to James.

M. Ha, ha, ha, a house full of geniuses! Well does the old farmer say in the play, that his horse Genus would never work any. Here are painters, authors, readers, and writers, and not one of them will so much as open the door. Well, I'll do it myself. Ah, Mr. Critic, how do you do?

Crit. Tol, lol: how's all here?

M. We are two steps above you, Tol de rol lol: sit down.

Crit. I'm truly sorry for you, friend Marshall!

M. For what pray?

Crit. Why I have got a glance at some of the sheets of your book, and you have made a beast of it.

M. In what respect, Sir?

Crit. Your grammar, orthography, punctuation, and in many places the structure of the sentences are sadly defective.

M. I know that; is that all?

Crit. That all! Is not that enough to damn any book?

M. My dear fellow, I thought I had spoke high treason, or atheism at least; or, what would have been worse than both, that my subscribers were all dead: however I must inform you for your comfort, that this edition cannot be damn'd, and I will have the second edition improved.

Crit. Pshaw, pshaw, second edition, do you really expect to sell a second edition?

M. Sir, If I take it into my head, I will print it whether it will sell or not.

Crit. Well, I know you are what we call an odd fish, but the matter, Sir, the matter. You are just

like the Vicar of Wakefield's son, you rather write of what you have *seen*, as what you have *done*.

M. I must confess there is some truth in that: but have *you* seen as much?

Crit. N, No, I do not pretend to it; but —

M. Well then, to come to the point with you at once; when you have seen more, and also written a better book, I will pay the utmost deference to your opinions; at present you must allow me to finish it in my own way. I beg, however, to hint, that to narrate all the curious passages in my life, would occupy many volumes.

Crit. Is it possible? I really thought you would have had to stretch a point now and then, in order to fill up your pages.

M. There can be nothing farther from the truth, I assure you. Indeed my principal difficulty has been to select such matter as I thought would be acceptable to the majority of readers.

Crit. I think your life has been little else than a scene of blunders!

M. The reading of the book, certainly, does give it something of that appearance; however, you will keep in view, that the little volume is not precisely the history, but "*Reminiscences of my Life*;" now I have enough of the *author* about me to know that the common sense part of my character would not be at all interesting to the public; I have, therefore, throughout the work, kept the small share of it which I possess as much in the shade as I judged proper. Any fool can write common sense, but it is to me, and, I believe, to mankind in general, weary, stale, flat, and I will add, unprofitable.

Crit. What! You are surely in the humour for embracing incongruities at the present moment!

M. Not at all, Mr. C. but lest my expression might not be sufficiently explicit, I will make it more

so.—I say then, that books written with a constant succession of thread-bare assertions, and giving numberless demonstrations of what is self-evident to common sense, are, to every judicious man, perfectly uninteresting.

Crit. I think I have seen you as far as Chesterfield race ground, where did you get to next?

M. We came as far north as Alnwick, at which place I sold a small property greatly beneath its value, and then proceeded to Liverpool, with an intention to go to America.

Crit. Did you go thither?

M. No. Upon arriving in Liverpool, I consulted my wife, and we agreed to try the practice of surgery in that town.

Crit. What! Mere strangers, without connexions; you certainly were insane!

M. We would have been equally strangers in America, and had less to commence with; however, to be brief, I took lodgings in Kent Street, put a brass plate upon the door, and commenced an adventurer in medicine.

Crit. What kind of success?

M. The success may easily be imagined; I staid till the money was done, and—

Crit. What then? I suppose I may sing the song of

The Duke of York, and all his men,
Who went to France, and—then came back again.

M. You are correct for once, Mr. C. I took an excursion through Lancashire, and—then left it.

Crit. I hope you don't call being in Liverpool taking an excursion through Lancashire?

M. I find you don't know your man yet; think you I would leave the county without seeing Manchester and other places of note?

Crit. I cannot suppose you would attempt it in a state of destitution.

M. Listen, then. My usual rule has been to leave no place until every thing was gone; in Liverpool there was a trifling departure from this general axiom: I had lent a fellow six pounds, which I expected would have been forthcoming when necessary; but when I applied, I found it was "departed never to return." The law could not bring it, as I had no witness to the lending of it except my wife, who in this case was a nonentity in law. I first went to an attorney in Drury Lane, and then to the Mayor and magistrates, and stated my case. Fortunately, an officer in attendance knew the rascal better than I did, and informed the gentlemen that he was crimp, swindler, and every thing that was bad; and in addition to all this, kept the devil for a lodger. The devil, Mr. Critic, is a broken attorney; but don't say so to the lawyers, because they are my best friends, and I must not offend them. The magistrates felt that in my case they would be no match for this devil and his imp; they compassionated the case very much, and partially made up my loss; charging the officer to keep an eye upon the villain that they might get him into their clutches. His name was Ryan, an Irishman, and kept a large house in Veruon Street. I have no doubt that, from the life he led, he is gone to his account.

I got under weigh from Liverpool, and took the road to Warrington, Manchester, Bolton, Preston, Lancaster, and so forth, by way of exploring the country.

Crit. Ha, ha, ha, I believe your explorings would be of much the same consequence to the public, as those to the ice about the north pole; but I suppose your money would not last longer than necessary?

M. Believe me, no. You may fancy that you see us about a mile to the south of Kendal, in company with some men who were returning from their

labour at the canal. The attention of those men had been attracted by the distressed appearance of Mrs. M. who could scarcely walk. They were feeling men, took us into their lodging, and produced victuals of the best ; but we did not tell them that our pockets were totally empty.

Under pretence of seeking a lodging, I went out and sold my hat ; got a shilling for it, and then came back, saying, I had got a lodging, and had left my hat there. We sallied forth *hatless*, to look for a lodging, and were shewn into one ; but of all the places that ever I put my feet in, it “ bore the bell.” As I entered the kitchen, or hall if you please, there was a stair to the right, upon which sat a man with a wooden leg, amidst a few young girls, who set up a sort of titter, and with a half-vacant, half-impudent stare, seemed to ask, “ who are you ? ” Upon the centre of the floor sat two men, whose countenances had no pleasing aspect ; and, if possible, the shreds and patches which clouded their beauties were still more repulsive. These individuals seemed to be knitting something, I knew not what. At the fire-side was a hump-backed boy, a timber-merchant, or manufacturer of, and dealer in, matches ; he was preparing a cargo of those small spars, in order to illuminate his customers, and support his credit. Around the house, in groups, sat the legless, the armless, the crooked, the halt, the blind, lame, and lazy ; as a whole, constituting the real fundamentals of society, as I apprehend nothing could be lower.

It appeared in a short time that I was not to have the honour of sleeping in this repository of arts and sciences, as the mistress came, and, in a half-whisper, told us, although I wanted the hat, that we were too respectable for her house ; but she would send a person with us, who would shew us a suitable place.

There is a sort of chemical union of effluvia in a

house of this kind, which produces an indescribable gusto, goo, hog, scent, savour or smell, not excelled by a chemist's laboratory, or a perfumer's shop; these are the productions of meal-bags, brimstone, ulcerated limbs, itchy bodies, and an infinite variety of delicious crumbs from genteel tables, which, when mixed up, secundum artem, have a close alliance to those exquisite fragrances which flow from the scented capilla of a well-dressed gentleman.—Bear's grease, real and factitious, civet and the excrements of various animals, are above measure elegant and precious addenda to the outside of that head, whose delicate notions would cause the nose to turn up at the lively description of a congregation of beggars.

We were now put under the protection of a young female, who conducted us to a hotel, one shade and a half higher than the former. If any of my witty friends should carp at the idea of shade being high and low, they most undoubtedly display not only their ignorance but their arrogance. The ranks of men to which my attention has been turned are, as I have hinted, like every foundation of a solid building, under ground; that is to say, they are beneath the world; below the surface as it were; whilst every succeeding rank approaches nearer to splendour, and therefore a shade higher, as the stones in a building which approach nearer and nearer the sun, are a shade lighter.

Crit. Positively, Marshall, you are getting altogether unintelligible; I most particularly request that you will speak in plain English. You are seriously, and I fear irrecoverably subject to a figurative epilepsy!

M. Ha, ha, ha, a figurative epilepsy! What an idea! Thank you, good Sir; I can now assert with truth, that you have, at least, said one good thing in your life. I will, therefore, lest the fit should return,

proceed as fast as possible. We had scarcely taken our seats, when Mrs. M. whispering, said, do you see that man in the corner? I replied, yes. That, said she, is Captain L—e. This was a very singular man, who had frequently been master of a merchant vessel, and had a very respectable family in Falmouth, in whose house I had frequently been; yet, strange to tell, preferred the science of mendicity to every thing else.

Let no one say that such characters as Bampfylde Moore Carew exist only in the imagination; this is the language of the greatest inexperience: there are many such. Here was a man who had often left a comfortable home, and respectable situation, for the elegant enjoyments of a beggar's refuge, and the polite society of vagrants. Were it not a consciousness of some idiocrasy in ourselves, it is scarcely possible to think that such a choice could be made, without the mind being previously unhinged.

Being in such deplorable circumstances, we did not make ourselves known to him in Kendal, but we again fell in with him, as you will see in my relation of our journey. After a tolerable night's rest, and breakfast in the morning, a hat was wanted to cross Shap Fell. Mrs. M. took a piece of black silk, and with wire for a frame, soon launched a hat for me, and forthwith we proceeded to the North. I have frequently heard people speak, with evident symptoms of pride, about wearing silk hats, but I never in my life wore a silk hat, except two days, and I had no such feeling.

We crossed that fatiguing, bleak, and barren wild on the north of Kendal, and came within view of Shap; or I would rather say here, we got sight of land, as it was becoming dark. This is a miserable village on the confines of that moor or fell which bears its name. It was rendered more peculiarly miserable

to us from entering it in atmospheric darkness, with a black dark cloud over-hanging our minds, generated by the miasmata of empty pockets, producing a mental ague; and, in addition to all this, futurity was dressed in a sable cloak, and so completely muffled, that to trace her lineaments was impossible.

Crit. Whew! You are off with the harrows again, as we say; mental agues! sable cloaks upon futurity! miasmata of empty pockets! You surely imagine you are talking to a pack of poets and schoolmasters, for I am confident none else can guess at the meaning of such stuff!

M. I thank you for the check, Sir, and will endeavour to proceed with the greatest sobriety of language. Mrs. M. was sitting upon a stone in the utmost distress, the child was asleep upon her knee, and I was standing beside them, when a gentleman belonging to the village came up to us, and enquired if any accident had happened? The result was, a donation of sixpence, and with this we entered a house, and staid during the night. Next day, for the first time, we approximated the system of Nebuchadnezzar; for although we did not eat grass as did that monarch, and as do oxen, we imitated the oxen by living upon turnips. In the afternoon we entered Penrith, and here our sorrows ended, by a way which a kind Providence alone could bring about.

Without any solicitation on our part, a warm-hearted friend appeared in the person of Mr. Law, surgeon. This gentleman having heard of us, and that we were going to Berwick, found us out at our lodging. Mrs. L. turned my silk hat into a stuff one, and supplied us with clothing; and Mr. L. desired us to stay two days, as in that time he would solicit Lady Lonsdale on our behalf. Her Ladyship sent me, by the hands of our benevolent friend, two pounds; he, with others, made up nearly two pounds more, so

that we were now enabled to take the road to Carlisle with minds comparatively easy.

I do not mean to pass a long eulogy upon Mr. L., neither would he thank me for it; his soul was large, and such carry their reward in their own bosom; it is now seventeen years since he, his lady, and, I believe, Miss L. were engraven upon my heart, and there they will remain 'till that heart ceases to beat.

Crit. There certainly was something singular, as well as benevolent, in such generosity as this!

M. It was by no means singular in that gentleman, as the people in Penrith spoke of the family not only with respect, but admiration. I believe I may add, that Mr. L. was brother to Mrs. P. of Scremerston.

On our arrival at Carlisle, one of the first things we noticed was our brother lodger at Kendal, Captain L—e. We accosted him, and after making him understand who we were, I took him into a house, gave him some ale, and a shilling, and so we parted. I do not think he was an adept at his trade, he had neither stocking nor shirt, and had every appearance of a quiet inoffensive man.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

Departure from Carlisle, through a part of Scotland, on the way to Berwick. Cured of an old Disorder by Means of Whisky. Arrive at Berwick. Commences Mason's Labourer. Much momentous Matter.

As we had to trace a small section of Scotland on our way to Berwick, our plan of living was necessarily

changed. Travelling in England is much more convenient than in Scotland; in England a small quantity of ale may be obtained, but in North Britain it cannot be had, but in such quantity as is sometimes inconvenient for the purse, and very frequently, from its quality, rather so to the stomach. Neither can this inconvenience be overcome, unless by the article becoming more a necessary of life, or, in consequence of an increased demand, the dealer be enabled to sell it from the cask. Instead of this, "The scathe of Scotland" is substituted, and perhaps it would be a difficult matter to find a worse.

Crit. But why take either ale or its substitute?

M. I will answer that question by asking another; Did you ever travel much on foot?

Crit. Very little, I confess.

M. Upon what would you live, where would you rest in wet, or in cold weather, provided you were so situated?

Crit. I am really unable to answer those questions.

M. Ah, Mr. C. I doubt you are like many chatters that I have heard in Abstinence Societies, who know no more about the matter than reading pamphlets. I protest, it is sickening to hear such *things* theorize so dogmatically. Don't imagine from this, that I am either a beer drinker or a whisky drinker; I frequently pass a twelvemonth and upwards without tasting either; but I am an advocate for truth; and I give the lie most flatly to every man who stands up to denominate them deadly poisons. Very few have seen more of the evils arising from intoxicating liquors than I, but those evils flow from the excess, not from the liquor.

On my entry into Scotland, I was partially necessitated to change ale for spirits, and here, I believe, the spirit accomplished a cure which all the external

and internal nostrums of doctors could not accomplish for many years.

Crit. I wish you may not have adopted a little of the Brunonian system; you know he found out a number of virtues in whisky.

M. It is of little consequence to me whose system I follow, so as it has facts for its basis; and as I am firmly persuaded that whisky cured me of what I am about to mention, I will proceed. During the space of several years, I had had a large spot upon one of my limbs, which was frequently attended with an intolerable itching, and at times with some discharge of ichor. I had scarcely crossed the border until the *virtues* of whisky appeared; at Langholm the spot began to inflame; before I reached Moss Paul, the action of walking and the rubbing of its covering increased it to a great degree; at Hawick it began to scab; and as soon as that excrescence fell off I was cured. This confirmed me in my previous opinion, and which remains unaltered, viz. that although alcohol is the source of innumerable evils, it is also the preventive and cure of many others. During our excursion along the border, I met with much originality of character, which I would take much pleasure in describing, were it not that I might possibly find room for it, in an intended publication, called "Norham Castle, or Life in North Durham," to which I hope to have the honour of your subscription.

Crit. Undoubtedly. Set me down for six copies.

M. Sir, I thank you.—I think I may now bring you to Berwick, at which place I commenced a new profession, by turning mason's labourer, at the building of the Pier!

Crit. I think this must have been the most trying change which you had as yet experienced?

M. You are perfectly correct; I felt it so.—To be the associate of uncultivated minds was extremely

unpleasant at first, and unless there be considerable strength of character, it is almost certain to have a fatal effect upon the man. In this class of mankind prudence is very apt to degenerate into cunning, civility into sneaking, and that manly firmness which commands respect even from masters, into a vacillating, low, pick-thank knavery. These are highly derogatory to uprightness of character, and inundate the lower orders of society, through a lack of proper information concerning the attitude which a man ought to exhibit towards every class of his fellow-creatures.

Crit. I suspect there are some features of these to be seen in every rank.

M. I readily grant that; there are many low minds in high stations; there are also many uninformed men dubb'd knowing ones; but still, I think, those vices are most predominant among the inferior classes; and, had we time, it could easily be accounted for on rational principles.

I found the men very friendly, and began to feel myself more and more at home. Mr. F., the master-builder, behaved extremely well; for although he treated me as Laban did Jacob, by changing my wages several times, those changes were always for the better. Indeed he did more than that, for when I had the misfortune to be driven over the Pier, by the large crane—

Crit. Over the Pier!

M. Yes, over the Pier! I fell 22 feet, my side alighting upon the gunwale of the stone-boat, and was carried home upon a barrow, by my friends and fellow-workmen. But I was going to remark, that Mr. F. called, and did me a kindness, which I have not forgot, and for many personal favours I have reason to respect his memory. Messrs. Rutherford and Whitehead, the foremen upon the work, also acted

the parts of friends, and I really became attached to both masters and men, with the pleasing assurance that their minds were under the same influence towards me.

Crit. Did you meet with many *originals* among these your brethren?

M. I did meet with some, though not a great many. One in particular, an old man-of-war's *Jack*, was made to believe most implicitly, that Berwick-bridge, provided proper levers could be obtained, might be used as a draw-bridge, and set on end at pleasure!!! I see you smile, but it is a fact; and the man who taught Jack to believe in this gigantic piece of mechanism is alive and well, and in Berwick at this day. As to calculations concerning the separation of the materials of the Bridge, and other essentials, Jack might have said, of his mind, Who is sufficient for these things? In short, he was the best believer ever I met with, although he had been buffeting salt-water all his days.—A mind open to teaching may learn something in any situation, and I began to learn something even here.

Crit. What could you learn in such a place as this?

M. I here, for the first time, perceived a phenomenon, which I had frequently read of, but nothing more.

Crit. What might that be?

M. A man keeping his garments unspotted.

Crit. Really: at such dirty work as that?

M. Yes, Sir, at such dirty work as that; but I perceive you are in the dark as to my drift.

Crit. Then pray enlighten me.

M. You are aware that there is a certain old writer, called James, who speaks of a man keeping himself unspotted from the world—

Crit. Oh, now, I think, I perceive; but surely that is no phenomenon.

M. I suspect very much that it is extremely rare ; but to proceed : In such a crowd of men there was a great deal of jesting, a great deal of foolery, a great deal of drollery, and a great deal of wickedness ; and worse than all, a great deal of talk about religion without the power.

Crit. I don't exactly comprehend the latter, but go on.

M. Amidst all this, there was a man who, I observed, never acted like the rest, and consequently he attracted my attention ; I watched him closely to see whether he was a fool, or proud, or what might be the cause of his singularity. I began to get a little acquainted with him, and by degrees our acquaintance became close and familiar : we opened our minds to each other, and I found, notwithstanding all my reading, and all my fancied knowledge, I was a perfect ignoramus : this man's singularity was neither more nor less than practical godliness. He was cheerful and obliging, but never joined in the frivolities with which his workmates were so deeply tinged : in truth I had seen nothing of the kind before.

Crit. I believe, if some person does not check you, you will contradict yourself ; mind what you have said in your book about Mr. Sanderson.

M. There is no contradiction in it ; you will please to observe that almost every christian man has some particular quality more prominently excellent than the other parts of his character ; one man excels in patience, another in charity, another in fortitude, and another in meekness ; I suspect this man's excellence consisted in what I have now stated. Sanderson was in his own shop, he was his own master, he was not subject to insults, he had not to wrestle continually with levity, brutality, conceited ignorance, and the mongrel character of jesting formalists ; had

he been placed in such a situation, I have no idea that he would have been so conspicuous.

Crit. Was this person of whom you speak a clever man in other respects?

M. I always consider that man cleverest whose actions are best, but I will not pretend to misunderstand you: he was not clever in the way you mean; his mind was narrow in the extreme, he was pent up in his own little system, and in many things sufficiently weak; however, I suspect, some of those failings arose more from the want of an early education than from the structure of his mind. I am now come to the causes why I mentioned this man, and they are worth more attention than any man's singularities. The circumstance points out, first, in the most glaring light imaginable, the utter darkness which by nature exists in the human mind. I had been bred a bible reader, I had been accustomed to hear preachments from various sects, I had seen good men, and marked their lives, yet, more than wonderful, I never saw clearly that religion was a practical thing in every situation, until this man's walk and conversation in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, revealed it to me.

Crit. You must have been an extremely dull scholar.

M. Yes, Sir, I was both dull and froward, and therefore I needed a stronger teacher than usual; this giant, therefore, he was truly gigantic in this, made me understand a lesson which no other man had done, and I believe very few could have done.

Crit. This is surprising; I always understood this since I understood any thing.

M. Are you sure of that, Mr. C.? or are you sure you understand it now?—You must not imagine me to have been so ignorant as not to know that such and such things were written, and that Christians are said

to be a *peculiar* people; but to know a thing is written, and also to approve of the thing that is written, is not a conviction of its truth. I know it is written that there are inhabitants in the moon, and in the stars, and really my mind does not disapprove of it; but if I saw those inhabitants, I would then be convinced of its verity. Now, Sir, is your feeling, as to the peculiarity of Christians, a bare speculation, or a thorough conviction?

Crit. Really, friend M. you are coming a little closer home than I have generally done; and I half suspect that mine is not that impression or conviction to which you allude.

M. This man's singularity exhibits very clearly also, that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of speculation both to the individual and to others.

Crit. But, not to interrupt you, what good effect had this conviction of a Christian's peculiarity upon your mind?

M. Truly not much, unless that it set me upon the search after truth. A thorough belief of the necessity of Christian morality never did a great deal of good to any man; there must be a credence of a much more elevated character, before any buds, springing from Christianity, will shoot forth, and shew themselves. But perhaps we may speak a little of that too, if you have sufficient time to wait.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Writer a Canvasser for the Sale of Books. Scavengers' Steward. Writer of Essays. Flying Stationer. Road-side Author. Northumberland Fisherman. Burke's Execution. A Journey thereupon. Singular Circumstance. Dwarfishness. Charities. Thoughts upon their Abuse. Excellence of Infant Schools.

I WAS employed two or three years about the pier and its dependencies, until I got a severe cold, which attacked the lungs, and had nearly finished me. After this I can scarcely trace in regularity the route of my procedure. I at one time might be found travelling with a bundle under my arm, canvassing for the sale of books; at another I became a steward of scavengers; then a vender and writer of short essays on a variety of matter. With those I have frequently travelled over all the eastern part of Northumberland, and there are very few houses in that district whose threshold I have not crossed. In this line I have also visited the Merse, Roxburgh and part of Selkirkshire; but the thing which met with the most successful sale was written by myself on the side of the road, by the six mile-stone, betwixt Morpeth and Newcastle. I was nearly out of *goods*, and it struck me that something with a title alluding to fishermen would please the *sea-siders*. "The Northumberland Fisherman, or the Way to get Rich," was the name which I hit upon; so I out with my pencil, without knowing what I was going to write, and penn'd it as it tumbled out, carried it to my namesake at New-

castle, got it printed, and then took my peregrination along the coast.

The story was concerning Wm. Blyth a fisherman; and this individual, who was ushered into existence by the side of a road, had more enquiries after his birth, life, and exit, than any gentleman that had been in the county since the days of The Laidley Worm at Spindleston Heugh. I had no other resource to push through such a host of enquiries but to use a certain style of speech, which, like a finger post, pointed three or four different ways.—I got on wondrously; one took one road, another a different, whilst I took my own, that is, one understood one thing, another an opposite, whilst I scarcely understood myself.

The *substance* of an elaborate production, like "The Northumberland Fisherman," is of very little consequence; its merit like that of some other *things* that I could mention, lies chiefly in its *title*.

The late notorious Burke ended his days in a very profitable manner to flying stationers. Another person and myself accomplished a journey to inform the natives on both sides the Tweed, concerning the manner of that criminal's end. We were so extremely anxious to enlighten the public on that subject, that we went over more ground in the time, at the breaking up of a storm, than would have puzzled the half of our professional brethren in Britain.

We started from Berwick on the Friday morning, visited Eyemouth, Ayton, all the adjacent villages, Chirnside, Allanton, and back to Chirnside the first day.—Saturday, Whitsome, The Hill, Swinton, Leitholm, Coldstream, and every farm steading upon the road.—Sunday, Crookham.—Monday, Crookham, Heatherslaw, The Forge, Etal, Slainsfield, Ford Moss, Ford, Kimmerston, Nesbit, Daddington, Turvelaws, Wooler.—Tuesday, Wooler, The Middletons,

south as far as Roseden, crossed the road to the east, and north to Chillingham and Chatton, over Whitsunbank-hill, and back to Wooler.—Wednesday, Akeld, up to Kirk-Newton, back to Akeld, Copeland, Millfield, The Floddens, West to Howtell, back to Crookham.—Thursday, Berry-hill, Greenlaw-walls, east by Woodend to Lowick, Howburn, The Hazelriggs, Lyam, and east to Belford.—Friday, Ross, Allick, Buckton, Fenham-hill, Beal, Goswick, Cheswick, Berwick. Any person at all acquainted with this route must see, that to do it, and call at every house, during bad weather, is a very heavy piece of work.

Crit. I am quite unacquainted with it, but have no doubt that it required very great exertion. It appears to me that you have had some remarkable deliverances from your difficulties?

M. These have been much more frequent than I have mentioned, or can remember. I will now mention one, to the honour of an individual who has been some years in the dust. About twelve seasons have passed over my head, since, on a Saturday night, being out of employ, we had neither meat nor money. We had made up our minds to an involuntary fast next day, and I was sitting in a manner sufficiently disconsolate, when a rap came to the door. On opening the door, a lady entered, to whom I had never spoken, and who never was in our house either before or since. After a little preliminary matter, she said, that after supper, when she had been about to retire, a singular impression took hold of her mind, so that she could not rest until she called; and, holding a piece or two of silver in her hand, added, here is something I have no use for, if you will do me the favour to accept it? I was so much struck with the coincidence that I knew not well what to say or think. She, I have no doubt, is now in a more happy region,

but her deeds are, and will be, ever fresh in my memory.

My wanderings, tossings, fastings, &c. have been such, that the mind becomes in some measure assimilated to them; and, when I hear people complaining about trifles that would never move me, I am obliged to view them as mere children. I never meet with any man who has an equal degree of practical knowledge of the world with myself; there has been such a diversification of changes in my career, and some of those are so much removed from the other extreme, that, I believe, few men can enter into my feelings from any experience of their own. The consequence is, that when those take upon them to talk to me about what they understand not, my feelings are compounded of pity, and, I am sorry to add, contempt.

Crit. Yours, I am afraid, is language to which Gratiano's is applicable, when he says, "There is a set of men, whose visages do cream and mantle like a standing pond, as who should say, I am, Sir, oracle, and when I ope' my mouth let no dog bark."

M. Not at all, Sir; it is the language of sober judging; for surely to consider a man's talk, who knows not what he is talking about, in the light of any thing but mere wind, is not the action of sound mindedness.

I find the ideas of most men exceedingly dwarfish; a few years ago, I was reading in a Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, a short treatise concerning fasting; the writer made a curious job of it, for he gave certain allowances for certain states of body, until, from one step to another, he positively made a Methodist fast, far superior to my feasts.

Is it possible, thought I, that such people can take upon them to write about fasting, who don't know what it means? Here is a man making a great fuss

about wanting food a part of twenty-four hours, whilst I sometimes go two days together without it, and never say a word to any one about the matter. A few years since, whilst acting in the capacity of a mason's labourer, I came in contact with one of those tradesmen, who, in his own estimation, was exceedingly wise, and his conceit was equal to his fancied knowledge. This *being* held labourers in great contempt; a civil word he could not give them, and was extremely fond of applying the term "ignorant," to his under-strappers. As he and I were upon tolerable terms, I asked him if he knew what masons worked among in general? He said, "very well, they worked among lime and stone." After asking him a few questions concerning the process of lime burning, and its subsequent uses, I saw his utter ignorance. I then gave a glance at lime-stone, being the compound of carbonic acid and lime, and how this acid is expelled by fire, as the smell from the lime-kiln testifies. From thence I brought the lime and expelled the heat, mixing it with flint. After this it was put upon the house in a soft state, and then by absorbing the same substance from the air which had been expelled at the kiln, it again becomes hard. My superior stared, and seemed to feel his situation; I told him that it would be well before he termed people ignorant to get a little more knowledge himself, as he was only a dwarf as yet; and it did not become those minutiae of human nature to talk about the littleness of others.

Crit. I think your prospectus included the profession of schoolmaster?

M. It did, Sir; I followed that calling a few years, and for a considerable time was tolerably successful. Teachers became more plenty, and some commenced schools at half my prices; this, in almost an imperceptible manner, thinned my ranks; but the most

serious injury my school received was from the penny a-week system.

Crit. What system do you mean by that title?

M. I can scarcely give you any more information on the subject, except that children are taken at a penny a-week, and it is considered a charity; some denominate it the Lancasterian plan, but I believe it is not precisely that. The first fortnight that this plan came into operation, I lost nearly twenty scholars, and had they been objects of charity, I would not have felt hurt; but the fact was, many of the parents could well afford to pay for their education, and it seemed to me a strange perversion of the term to teach those for charity who did not need it, and ruin poor men who had to live by those who could pay them. I spoke to some of the subscribers concerning the impropriety of the thing, but found it of very little use.

This satisfied me more and more of what I always thought, that a great part of subscribers to those institutions do it not upon a true principle. Some subscribe to be like their neighbours, others to get a name, some for profit, and if many were asked the reason why they do so, they could not give an answer. We cannot therefore be surprised that there is not that discrimination used which propriety warrants in the admission of pupils. I was not the only sufferer by the abuse of this system; some are suffering most seriously at this very day, and they inform me that a few of the subscribers are beginning to see the horrid iniquity of teaching children for nothing, to enable the parents to drink the money.

I have no doubt that you can distinguish very clearly, the difference between an objection to the system, and an objection to the *abuse* of the system. This is not the only charity which is most dreadfully abused; I once lost a scholar that went to a charity school whilst his father was building a house. Another

I knew at the same school, whose father was earning above thirty shillings a-week, and others I could mention, who were in very comfortable circumstances.

I have seen so much of public gullibility with the term charity, that when I hear it mentioned, my soul freezes at the thought of substituting favouritism for need. Depend upon it, Mr. C., that when I leave my bequests, they shall be so guarded that it will be no easy matter to abuse them.

Crit. Ha, ha, I verily believe what you say is correct; when you leave a donation to the public it will serve the purpose for which it will be intended. I cannot help thinking, however, that there is no inconsiderable degree of real charity in Berwick upon Tweed.

M. I am as confident of that, as it is possible for man to be, and there is a system commenced of late, which, if I mistake not, will be of excellent use to moralize society.

Crit. Pray what is that?

M. My allusion is to the Infant School.

Crit. An excellent institution indeed, but I must for the present bid you adieu.

The Infant School

was, a few years back, commenced by Mr. Herod, the Primitive Methodist Preacher, in the vestry belonging to that chapel; and although upon a very inferior scale, the little creatures were *amused into good* in a most wonderful manner. When Mr. H. left the town, the concern was dropt. Some benevolent ladies have again set it on foot, and if any class of individuals deserve the title of benefactors to society, they certainly merit it. Other schools may lop off twigs of vice occasionally, but this strikes at the very root of depravity. The first time I saw the operations of a school of this kind, I could scarcely credit my senses; the teacher had become a child, and was joining in

the gambols of improvement; and whilst the smile was seen on every face, their minds were getting stored imperceptibly with a variety of useful matter. Every thing is taught upon the principle of amusement, and the familiarity and kindness with which the teachers and ladies treat them, give them a love for the school, and a taste for respectability. There is no observing person, who has had an infant or two at one of these establishments, but must have noticed the amazing change which takes place in their inclinations and habits. They lose a relish for that degraded class of play-mates, who are too numerous in our streets; and were every infant sent to school, it would completely alter the face of society.

I had a little fellow at that school, which was under the inspection of Mr. Herod; and the improvement of character, which soon became visible in him, was almost beyond credibility. He positively revolutionized a society of little men and women like himself; he got mounted on a stool, and sung, repeated hymns, counted numbers, talked of the four quarters of the globe, the distance of the sun, the good place, the bad place, and exhibited such a fund of literature, that his little auditors stared with astonishment, and wondered such a head could carry all he knew. His prayers were not to be omitted; and indeed there was a necessity at times to put a restraint upon him, as he seemed determined to make the text, which says, "pray without ceasing," perfectly literal. It was extremely pleasing to remark how his little comrades drank of his spirit, and what vigour they threw into this new system of things; a sufficient proof, were there no other, that children can be delightfully amused, and at the same time initiated into religion and virtue.

This is not, in the strict sense of the word, teaching the young idea how to shoot, it is planting it in a

climate where it shoots of itself; their varied, pleasing, and sometimes whimsical mode of amusement, puts them in possession of principles before they are aware.—I remember having seen Mr. H. one afternoon, and, upon asking him how he did, he replied, I am almost out of breath; I have been running round a post with the children 'till I am nearly tired; whilst doing so they learned to count. Now here was the true spirit of an Infant School Teacher; for although he was not the teacher of the establishment, he was a lover of children, and a lively man. No person should attempt to go into a seminary of this kind without a smile upon the countenance. The children would as soon see a ghost, as a person with a long vinegar aspect enter among them; such an individual is a serious evil in a community of Lilliputians, who are intended by their Maker to be cheerful and happy. Neither will they learn any thing from such a person; the attention of the little pupils must be gained, and their attention is caught through the medium of the affections, and those affections are caught by the instructor identifying her, or himself, with the juvenile assembly.

Perhaps there is not a more dignified station in which ladies can place themselves, than in the centre of an Infant School Room, romping and conversing with their little disciples, whilst they hang upon them with love, affection, and familiar respect; all the while drinking instruction with avidity, because mixed with such ingredients as suit the palate of the juvenile mind.

This is a subject upon which I feel so interested, that I could expand to almost any extent; but necessity compels me to desist, by urging the respectables of the town to strengthen the hands of those amiable and worthy characters, who have set such a glorious example. Visit the school, judge for yourselves, let

works bear witness ; and permit me to whisper a secret into the ears of the Fair ; it is this, if you will throw your talents into the school, in your turn, among the children, you will feel how much more happy you will be at night, than if you were flaunting about the town or the walls, to see and be seen ; the former communicates happiness to the mind, the latter anxiety.

I confidently hope that there will not only be a great accession of numbers to the patrons and patronesses of the school, but that their funds will enable them to increase the number of schools to a very considerable extent.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Excellent situation of Berwick Town-hall. Lower Apartments. Mr. Statham's State Apartments. The House of the Elect or Chosen. The Aristocracy of the Elect, and the situation of their Mansions. Public-house Critics. Much important Matter, with a grave Conclusion.

HERE I perceive that I have omitted, according to the prospectus, to enable the reader "to coop himself up in a jail." This is rather a misfortune, as I did intend the last chapter for more grave matter. Well, then, let's see! Hem, ha!—There is a building which stands in the High Street, Berwick, which, in point of situation, is nearly unrivalled. Its spacious steps, elegant entrance, majestic pillars, and towering steeple, were erected, it has been suggested, for a purpose which none but an experienced engineer, or superior architect, could have devised.

Every blind man knows the houses at the foot of Church Street, which, at the corner, form a right

angle with others, that run in a line up the Wool Market. Neither is it a secret that the Scotch carter, like modern Jehus, drive most furiously down the High Street; these, with the coaches, like so many battering-rams, put the old corner in imminent danger.

This elegant erection, therefore, like a bastion, without counterscarp, chevaux de frise, or flanks, acts as a rebuff, and secures the lives and tenements of the good people, in this angular situation. This appears to have been the primary intention of the building, and it is an exceedingly laudable one; but there were some minor propositions, which were included in the grand plan, and which the eagle-eyed architect saw at a glance.

On the ground-floor are deposited ladders, filth, fire-engines, or rather water-engines, and some of J. Proudfoot's customers, who are not of sufficient rank to be admitted to the Upper House.

Upon the first flat up stairs are two spacious apartments or halls, where my very worthy friends the Burgesses or Guild Brethren associate, to consult the good of the nation, take and give instruction in logic and oratory, quarrel and agree again, with numberless momentous matters.

On the second story, in a detached part of the building, are the state apartments of that very respectable and attentive official gentleman, Mr. T. Statham; he has a very useful, but noisy family who reside here. At five o'clock in the morning, how often have I been roused from my drowsy pillow by a long-tongued member of this clamorous household, whose organ of speech is at times so extremely glib, that I have heard her note of preparation as far as Longridge. One of those gentry is enough for any man, but when they all begin to talk together, what a clatter! A pack of hounds, or a Walkergate Lane

fray, is nothing to it! The very air is rent asunder with agitation, and the harmonic discord produces such an oppression of titillation upon the drum of the ear, that the ladies in the High Street, with a nervous head-ache, press their hands upon their heads, run into the back parlours, and wish my good friend, with his whole concern, at a certain spot in Derbyshire, which goes by a very ugly name.

The upper story of the principal part of the edifice consists of two suits of apartments, which are intended for the accommodation of a class of people that *are retired* for the good of society: *pro bono publico*, as they say at Otaheite. This denomination of persons may, with great propriety, be entitled The Elect; being chosen for certain grave reasons, and set apart to peculiar privileges, which none but themselves enjoy. They are evidently raised above all other ranks in the town, except one; and to this they yield precedence. This, the most elevated, consists of the Aristocracy of The Elect, who, in imitation of a great nobleman at the Midian Court, entitled Haman, live and die above the heads of others. They have their mansions distinct from those of the people, upon a delightful little knoll, or knowe, beyond Tammy the Miller's, on the left hand side of the Dunse road, close to that spot where the Edinburgh turnpike separates from the other.

Being a man of obscure birth, I had not the honour to rank with Aristocrats, or Noblesse, but have frequently carried my election to sit among the ladies and gentlemen commoners of those worthies!

As every circumstance of my life is marked with singularity, after I got into the *house* I would not come out again—until I chose! At one period, I occupied the whole house myself nine weeks, so that I had the largest mansion in Berwick, was speaker of the house, and constituted ministerial and opposition

parties in my own person ; in short, I was the house ! I had a chaplain, aye, and a very worthy one too, to myself ; I saved some from melancholy, and met with friendship in return ; I have had my choice either to go out or stay in ; sometimes I chose the one, sometimes the other. I have received many useful pieces of information, and many personal favours from the usher of the black rod, Sir Robert Denham, whom I hold in the highest esteem, as the oldest servant of the Corporation, and an honest beadle. I hope, when the public can dispense with his offices, he will have a retiring pension, live comfortably in the latter part of his days, and be gathered to his fathers covered with honours.

My discerning friends cannot but see that I am now merely glancing at things for want of room, otherwise I could amuse to a very great extent, with the humours of Berwick Jail ! I have hinted, in a former part of this book, I always thought there was a good deal of fairness with regard to prisoners. The powers that were, as far as ever I could discover, seemed always inclined to befriend the culprit, unless he put it totally out of their power ; and in such cases mercy would be no friendship. Indeed I never saw, where the prisoners would confide in Mr. Brown, but he gave them advice of the most solid and beneficial nature, and which terminated ultimately for their benefit.

There have, I believe, somewhere about twelve years elapsed, since I had the honour to be a gentleman commoner of the chosen ; but an omission at the proper place has unfortunately caused its insertion here.

As I am now drawing towards a close, I cannot refrain from again expressing my thankfulness to those who, by their favour, have enabled me to wade through such a heterogeneous mass of matter. I have

studied to give offence to none, and, therefore, if any be displeased with what may have inadvertently slipped from my pen, I can assure them that there was nothing farther from my intention than to hurt personal feelings. I must at the same time declare, that any principles which I may have exhibited, have been so upon a thorough conviction of its propriety; and until I am thoroughly persuaded of my error or errors, it matters not although the whole world should take a different view.

That there will be carpers at this my little performance, I have not the slightest doubt; to such I say, if it will not stand upon its own legs, let it sink, and sink for ever: I farther say, that if it meet the public approbation, I care not a jot for all the silly critics in existence.

I have frequently, when among that most sagacious, wise, learned, prudent, upright, and able class of men, the critics of the porter pot, acted upon this principle to other men. Often have I, when those sage plebeians were criticising Byron or Scott, asserted that neither could write any; and that it was merely in consequence of their connexions that their works had gained any celebrity! Now, an assertion of this kind, when stuck to, has a most glorious effect; it raises an instant hurly burly; it brings the talents of the company into action; the brethren arise, although not precisely in rotation, to espouse opposite sides; tongues wag, oratory is displayed, eyes glance, pots clank, hands rap, beer spills, glasses break, the landlord runs, tobacco whiffs, sweat pours, the sleeping awake, ire arises, looks turn sage, the lie direct is given, fists clench, friends interpose,—What next? What next? Why, it just ends as it began; and the agitator well knew that it could do neither good nor harm either to the writer or the book.

Now, my friends, enemies I have none, rally away ; prove my *Reminiscences* excellent, assert their stupidity, exhibit their incoherency, shew their wit, deprecate their levity, extol their good sense, crush their merits, approve their faults, abuse the author, praise him to the skies, shew that he can write none, maintain that he is an excellent scribe, rail at his redundancies, batter his brevity, object to his obsequiousness, discover his independence, find out his forgeries, trace his truths, controvert his opinions, oppugn his theories, tear his temerity, laud his prudence, run down the printing, establish its superiority, blame the binding, slash the paper, dash the stitching, massacre the margin ; do all these, and a great deal more, and whilst you are busied in my affairs, I will endeavour to be the same, and—*pocket* the affront.

I have said above, that I have no enemies : this I know to be a fact. It is possible, indeed, that some creatures may have such a degree of malice towards me, that they would really do me an injury if they could ; but I must not on this account dignify them with the title of enemies. So far from that, were a cur to bark and grin at me, I would not even throw a crumb to make him cease. There may be some, who, through vanity, have characterized me as a foe, but this is impossible ; there must be *mind* in that being whom I will elevate to the dignity of my enemy.

If there be any such barkers in existence ; I now inform them, that although they were the most wretchedly wicked monsters that crawl the streets, though they may have aspersed my character publicly and privately ; though they may have wronged the fatherless ; though their illegitimate spawn should be scattered over the whole surface of the globe, were their characters so black'd, that not a single white

spot is left, and their property, if ever they had any, so macadamized that it would go through a mason's riddle, yet still, if ever they should be in want of a breakfast, as such a thing may happen, and come to me, confessing their faults, if I have a breakfast or dinner in the house, they shall have a share of it: but never for a moment let such think that I will put them so much upon a level, as to consider them enemies. I would as soon attempt to raise that man, who sits days and nights to spin a hand-bill from his brain, and ekes it out with quotations, to a level with him, who can exhibit such exquisite specimens of character as are to be found in *The Border Tales*.

THE CONCLUSION.

Now, reader, thou hast travelled with me over a number of pages, containing sketches of a life, which do not much redound to the praise of their author. I cannot boast of having improved, in a proper manner, many opportunities, which might have been turned to a good account, both in money and morals.

But perhaps you can sing to a different tune; you can look back with self-approbation, and thank God you are not as other men! Well, to be singularly good is a great happiness to the possessor, and I congratulate you upon your attainment! But mayhap you are only a common character; your faults and your foibles are too much like my own, and the less there is said about them the better.

Well then, I will suppose you and I are a couple of scape graces, and as that does not promise much for our future happiness, would it not be well to endeavour to fall upon some plan by which we may obtain a little moral improvement?—As far as regards myself, I can say, with a simple-hearted old woman of

Berwick, "I wish to be better;" and I shrewdly suspect you desire the same.

It is evident to me, that the cause of our walking morally wrong is our mental blindness. No man that is blind can walk in a straight line, without something to direct him. I have often seen it tried, but never with success.

I have seen all the officers of a regiment try to walk blindfold, straight across a barrack-yard, to a certain point, and not one could do it: I have tried it myself, with the same result. How can it be? The man has no point to steer to, and consequently is wholly at the mercy of circumstances. It is the same in the moral world; the man who is mentally blind, has no *fixed* point to direct him, and therefore, is continually diverging from the right way, moving in crooked paths.

That every man is born mentally blind will not admit of a moment's doubt. Did the wisest of us know any thing when born? Can any of us remember that we knew any thing when infants? Do not we remember the time and circumstances connected with our mental acquirements? Truly, we are but of yesterday, and know nothing.

Now to see a thing, and to understand it, have the same meaning when applied to the mind. Suppose I were to tell some persons, that there are people directly under me, on the opposite side of the globe, who walk with their feet towards mine; "Oh," say they, "that must be nonsense, because, at that rate, they must walk with their feet uppermost!" The truth is, they do not understand it, and consequently are mentally blind upon the subject. Our Saviour applies the same terms to the same idea, for when his disciples, in Mark vii. 18. asked him concerning a parable, he said, "Are ye so without understanding also? Do ye not perceive?" Here, according to our

Lord himself, not understanding a position, is the very same as not perceiving it; which is mental blindness.

Be it understood also, that blindness, both of body and mind, may be classed under two general heads, viz. curable and incurable: that is to say, by natural means. Cataracts have been couched, specks and films removed hundreds of times; but if the optic nerve, which is a white cord that connects the eye and brain, be divided, the cure is impossible. This is precisely the case with the mind; a child is blind as to the knowledge of the alphabet, till his eyes are opened by instruction; a sailor cannot navigate a ship across the ocean until he is taught navigation; and then he *understands* the nature of it, and *sees*, that by a very simple process, he can take a ship to any part of the globe. A young brass-founder cannot tell what brass is made of until he *sees* the process, and then he *understands* that it is a composition of copper and zinc. These, and many others, are cases of mental blindness curable by natural means, and we see them cured every day; in short, the great employment of life is curing the mind of blindness by these means.

But there is another kind of mental blindness, of a much more inveterate nature than the former, and it is incurable by natural means; St. Paul denominates it spiritual blindness. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned; having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart."

Now, reader, I apprehend this latter kind of blindness has been the sole cause of you and I having walked in such a zig-zag direction, whilst we ought to

have been travelling in a straight line, and therefore our great object ought to be, to find out the means of cure.

I am the more anxious about this, because I have tried hundreds of times to get cured of this disorder by natural means, but without success.

There seems to have been a feasible sort of plan, which an ancient poet adopted, when he cried, "open Thou mine eyes!" For what purpose? "That I may see wonderful things out of thy law." Now what eyes did he want open? The eyes of his understanding undoubtedly. You cannot but perceive the propriety of this application to a supernatural Power, because the god of this world hath blinded both your mind and mine, until the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, shall shine into them; shewing the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But when this is done, mark the results! The man beholding, as in a glass, (the glass of the gospel of Jesus Christ,) the glory of the Lord, *is changed into the same image*, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.

No man ever became *truly* moral by being convinced of its propriety. To expect to become moral in consequence of admiring it in others, or seeing its rightness and fitness, is like a man expecting to become an elegant dancer, because he admires the art. This, I am certain, you know, cannot be done without going to the master to be taught. By the same rule, then, if you and I love a straight walk, we must go to the doctor, and get our eyes opened.

To come to plainer language, we must do the very same that the blind man in Luke xviii. did; he sat by the way side begging. The Psalmist did the same, "Open thou mine eyes." We must do it in a proper place; "by the way-side," for it is only where Jesus passes by that our wants will be relieved, and that is in the ordinances of the gospel of Jesus: if we

want our eyes opened by the oculist, we must go where he is. Let no man say we cannot do this, or we cannot do that; it is in every man's power in Britain where the gospel is preached, and who is not confined, to attend the ordinances, or to sit by the way-side begging. The blind man, you will observe, was convinced of his blindness, and so must you before you will beg for sight. You must not say that it is not your fault that you are not convinced; because there is ample evidence to convince any sane mind, provided that attention is bestowed upon the subject which its importance requires. The blind man did not merely beg, "he cried so much the more." The consequence was, that Jesus stood still and granted his petition; the man saw the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and the happy consequence was, he followed him; he was changed from glory to glory, he was now enabled to walk as straight as his neighbours, and by so doing he glorified God.

I must repeat what I have said before, that I am *supposing* you and I to be a couple of scape graces; but I must now add that I am not a mere theoretical writer, I *have* some *knowledge* of what I am writing. I have applied to the Doctor, *in his way*, received his prescriptions, and used them with the most beneficial effects; but the moment I cease to use the medicine, that moment I become blind, and walk as crooked as ever.

There is not only a necessity for getting a cure, but also a daily washing after the cure, to prevent ulceration and a second blindness, which is sometimes worse than the first.

This I am determined to set about from this moment more seriously than ever, and that you may do the same, and meet me in another, and a better state of being, is the sincere desire of the Author.

THE END.

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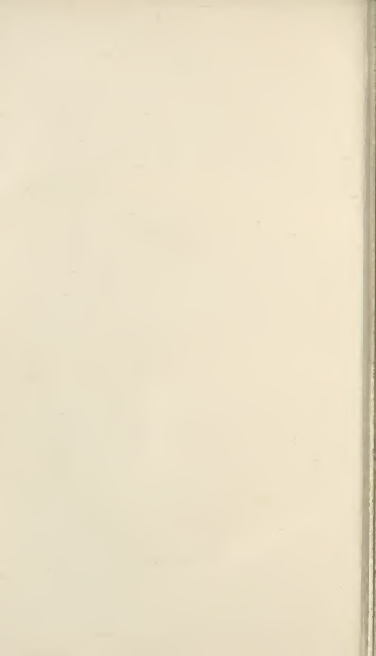
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