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NOTES

MADE DURING AN EXCURSION TO THE

HIGHLANDS OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE

AND

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF BOSTON.

Nathan Hale

Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste
The pleasures of vicissitude. *Dryden.*

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To Mrs. H. W. B.

These notes having been exposed to the curiosity of an Editor of a distant Newspaper, extracts, I know not to what extent, were printed without the writer's knowledge.

The remarks which remained on the loose, and nearly worn out cards, are here transcribed for your amusement. In one instance they have excited the curiosity of some of your friends to make an excursion to the region of lakes and mountains; but I understand they returned exceedingly disappointed. The Spartan soup that gave vigour to the Lacedemonians, was very distasteful to the luxurious Asiatics; so your fair friends not being prepared by a proper temperament, to feel the invigorating freshness of mountain air, returned to their sea coal fire, exhausted by the fatigue of the journey. Happily, however, for them, their nervous and dyspeptical complaints were suspended from the hour they came in sight of Lake Winnipiseogee to the seventeenth day after they reached home; thus giving them a taste of the pleasures of vicissitude.

"Sometimes 'tis grateful for the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty:
A savory dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great." *Dryden.*

EXCURSION TO WINNIPISEOGEE.

The Jews must have been a happy people during the forty years in which they were journeying through the desert; for they were not encumbered with the care of houses and farms; and though they were a money-getting and a money-saving race from the time of their first migration from Mesopotania; through their long captivity in Babylon, and ever since their dispersion, they had no temptation to accumulate what would but increase their burdens without gratifying their desires. The land of promise was before them; to this all their movements were directed, and here all their hopes were concentrated. Somewhat of the like feeling animates the man, who, determining to visit a certain quarter of the earth, on quitting the Egyptian hubbub of the city, leaves all his cares in the Red sea, or the River, and committing himself to the Hobab of the stage coach, proceeds, almost unconscious of the time, to the place of his destination.

It requires no strong effort of the imagination to picture scenes of beauty and magnificence; with the conception of something enchantingly picturesque or sublimely terrific in the unknown regions we are about to visit; the impressions we have received from the written or ver-

bal accounts of former travellers; the sketches we have seen delineated by the pencil of the artist; and the vivid descriptions of the poet all serve to divert our attention from intermediate objects; and we pass over rugged roads, and even encounter perils without much observation.

This propensity of the human mind to anticipate happiness, has afforded much speculation to philosophers, and much theologization to divines; but its immediate influence is in the common occurrencies of life, where we stop not to analyse and theorize, but to receive impressions; and having exhausted curiosity, or blunted the edge of sensibility with common and daily objects, we eagerly catch at any thing that can revive or excite emotions.

The same principle that urges the scholar to the ruins of antiquity; Capt. Parry to the frozen ocean; Bishop Heber to the burning and deadly climate of Calcutta; the man of fashion to the court; the lady to the rout; the citizen to the coffee house; the politician to the news room; the crowd to a conflagration; the mob to a camp meeting or an insurrection caucus, drives some to Niagara and us to Winnipiseogee.

We may however, be as much disappointed as was the amiable Mrs. Murphy, who, when transported from the simplicity of a rural life to the fashionable associations of the city, said to her husband, "I expected from what I had heard of the affectionate amiability of your female friends, to have been introduced to a very polished circle, accomplished in manners; elevated in principle; social in intercourse, and open hearted."

To Winnipiseogee, however, we go, and having chosen almost the only day that has escaped the superstitious denunciations of some civilized, classical, or savage nation, we set out under the most promising and propitious sky.

A long sojourn in a private carriage appropriated to a

select few, is of all dull modes of conveyance, the dullest, for this very reason, that all know each others sentiments ; and this may be the reason why so many married people appear so listless in each other's company. On the contrary a stage coach is generally animated, at least after a social dinner has opened the mouths and removed the timidity and restraint of the company.

It has often been my fate to be seated among some very pugnacious animals of a political party, and a more unpleasant bearbating could not occur. Now the men were all gentlemen of intelligence on other subjects than the five points, and the pending election and the women unobtrusively kind ; and when we left them, we felt the loss of agreeable companions with whom we had broken the same bread of humanity, and drank of the same cup of kindness.

" Now," vociferated a lad from the top of the carriage to a companion within, " we are on the summit of Tug hill,"—a name which they had given to the eminence on which the Andover Theological Seminary is situated. Whether it derived that name from the labor of the ascent from the village below, or from the toil of their studies we did not learn. From this summit we had an extensive prospect of a rich and fertile territory, reaching to mountains on the west, over a space of 60 or 70 miles. A gentleman in the carriage assured us that he had clearly distinguished the buildings of the Institution from the summit of Wachusett.

Much has been said, and much written about and against this Institution, and Amherst College. All literary institutions have some peculiarities, which do not much affect the ultimate object of education. In general however, it is but prudent that the friends of classical education, should miss no opportunity for strengthening the

hands, whether sectarian or not, of those who would erect barriers against a fluctuating, if not a deluging sea of ignorance and indifference. That all institutions must eventually conform to the spirit of the age has been proved by experience. Catholic England, yielded to Protestantism. Harvard may become Calvinistic, or Amherst Unitarian ; but while they both improve the understandings of young men by unrestricted classical learning, they are among the most efficient means of elevating the moral feeling, and character of the people. Our liberal fruit grows from the puritanic stock, and this perhaps is the best for producing that which is durable and refined.

This Institution is constantly furnishing the public with able preachers. I could name one, and he not the only one, who has the superlative art of blending ethical and theological subjects, so skilfully as to make deeper impressions than probably either would, separately treated. His labor is in ratiocination ; his relaxation in wit. From profound abstraction, he rises to a ready popular display of impressive moral truths. His style bears the impress of originality ; it may exhibit the thoughts of others ; but it is with examples and illustrations furnished by observation on life. Hence he has no paragraphs which look like accidental patches ; and though not new, every idea so perfectly belongs to the subject, as to make the whole consistent and novel. His style is likewise correct without being labored ; impressive without being pointed, and variegated without deviating from simplicity. A mind that strongly conceived, and furnished with a copious supply of words wanted not the embellishments of the rhetorician to arrest attention. It was impossible not to admire the expression, while we deeply felt the force and justness of the sentiments. When we read a Rambler, we are hurried on by the torrent of Johnson's eloquence,

and afterwards wonder whence our mingled sensations of surprise and energy. We return to examine phrases, images and splendid paragraphs, and conclude in admiring the art of a writer who could clothe common place thoughts in such a captivating dress. In ***** we have the like strength of mind—that more profundity of thought, and an equal felicity of illustration, yet so simple, and perspicuous that we select no extrinsic beauties to examine.—Striking peculiarities of language sometimes appear—always racy—sometimes quaint—and often bold.

A grand, magnificent, or strange production of nature, takes, it appears to me, a stronger hold on the memory, and is connected with more associations, than belong to such works of art. Is it because they have the character of permanency of age? A Town that has such a land mark is sure to be remembered. Amid a thousand trees, the great elm in the centre of this village is distinguishable. An attempt to remove this Tree was successfully resisted by the neighbors, the lovers of the picturesque and the useful. We were shown a copy of some verses made on this subject, which, though destitute of all poetic merit, we thought worthy of being preserved, as a memorial of a patriotic and philanthropic spirit.—See Appendix A.

How many of the little incidents of social intercourse, indifferent at first, afford agreeable sensations on recollection. In passing yonder low roofed cottage, seeming to the traveller never to have been the abode of gay amusement, many past pleasures, of which it was the scene, rise vividly to view. *There*, once associated a few summer boarders, who, for the sake of health had come from the sea-ports to breath the invigorating air of this salubrious region; not unfrequently seeking inspiration in the cool and shady scenery of yonder eminence which they

named Mount Carmel. They soon drew around them some of the literati of the vicinity. A little society was thus formed, which by conversation curtailed the hours of sleep. Among them was a gentleman, remarkable for sudden bursts of rare and original observations. There were in his manners and his remarks something irresistably engaging. Society mellowed his wit; and when the thoughts of others seemed to be exhausted, he would strike a vein, and produce a flow of animation. Then it was that his flashes, like a morning sun, aroused every person, however much disposed to retire. He however could not avoid, nor always parry the jokes of the young ladies; and once he was the subject of a *Jeu d'esprit* which, if we remember right ran thus:

'Twas a beautiful day, and the beauty was brighter,
That care on our bosoms grew lighter and lighter,
As friends sitting round us, repeated with pleasure,
" How sweet is this meeting of friendship and leisure ;"
Not a cloud in the sky, nor a curl on the brow,
A repose stole upon us, we could not tell how!
Nor should we have broken this feeling of heaven,
Had the tongue of the clock not reported, " eleven,"
When the 'Squire starting up at his client's loud call,
" From paradise," cried, " thus was old Adam's fall,
Yet, though care approaches, and though the sky lowers,
In sun-shine, we ravish'd a bliss of three hours,
And may I to Jericho, rudely be carted,
If next when we meet thus, with ease we'll be parted."—
To Jericho! wherefore—cries 'Lis, with a smile—
" But you need not remain there a wonderful while—
And should you go thither, I trust you will ride,
For you walk it so slowly, you'll lose the whole tide!"
The 'Squire was struck dumb by the sly little wit,
And in private, confessed 'twas a palpable hit,
For now, to his sorrow, so long had he tarried,
The Church might be closed ere he went to be married!

Noon brought us to Haverhill on the north bank of the Merrimack, a town no less beautiful from its natural situation, than from the aspect of its buildings. Its antiquities and history afford some tragical, and many romantic

incidents for the embellishment of future novels, and the catastrophies of future dramatic compositions. The sack of the town by the Indians and French in 1708; the heroic conduct of Mrs. Dustan; the sagacity and address of Hagar the slave, in secreting the two infants, and many other events which are yet fresh in tradition, narrated with truth, and embellished with the colours of an imagination that could remigrate a century and a half, would be as interesting as it would be novel.

I dislike historical romances even from the pen of Florian, because they confound history. But those whose bodies are real, and where dress only is fanciful, like the historical plays of Shakspeare, personify the age, assist our conceptions of character and actions, and bring the very fashions and pressure of the times home to our bosoms.

After dining at the hotel, we stopped the stage on the Exeter road, to receive Mr. W. who was to conduct us to the White Hills, but not being ready, he promised to join us to-morrow.

While the horses stopped to bait, after we left ***, curiosity prompted me to look at the unwashed cheeks of Mrs. ****. Thirty seven years had elapsed since a beautiful girl of 15 sat on the knee of Washington at *****. A kiss of Washington could not leave a spot on the charriest maiden's cheek, and if it had, it would always be considered a beauty spot, which no fair one would erase. As Washington passed to New Hampshire, he was conducted through this rout, to be present at the wedding of his secretary Mr. Lear.

People of each sex, and all ages flocked from every part of the country to see him. Two beautiful girls went on the day previous, to their relative's where he was to lodge, in order to see the reputed father of his Country.

After the evening levee was ended, they were introduced, with reference, by their jolly relation, to the visit of the queen of a far distant Country to see the glory of Israel. Their, modest, gentle, and affectionate carriage exceedingly gratified the General, and engaged his attention. Nothing tends more to social intercourse, than the performance of some little favour. One of Washington's gloves had a rip—one of the girls, without speaking, took it up, opened her thread case, repaired it, and silently put it on the sofa. Washington observed the act, and instead of complimenting, took her hand, and drew her towards him, and impressed a kiss on her cheek. All this was a movement of the heart, on the part of both. She declared she would never wash that spot; and I could not help thinking, as I looked upon her, that the rosy blush had not been impaired by time, and that like the immortal amaranth it retained its freshness and beauty, fed by the "sweet contentment of her thoughts!"

I must here relate another instance which came within my knowledge of the feelings of Washington towards his friends, because more of the heart is seen in these little remembrances, than in a whole life of public transactions. Thomas Austin was his steward while the head quarters of the army were at Cambridge. Mrs. Austin superintended the household. Many years had elapsed and she was advanced in years and infirm. Probably he never expected to see her again. Old as she was, however, she determined to see him; and on the morning of his departure from Boston, was conveyed to town and seated at a window in Union street to see him pass. The cavalcade approached; she was all eagerness, and fixed her eyes intently on the carriage containing several persons, one of whom she supposed to be the man she longed to behold; but neither of them noticed her, nor did

she see any resemblance of Washington: time and fatigue must have changed his appearance or she must be forgotten. On a sudden the procession made a momentary halt; what was the matter?—Washington had caught a view of her face; he checked his horse, moved his head, waved his hand, repeated the movements; she turned not her gaze from the carriage, and he was obliged to proceed without being recognized. When the good lady was informed of all this, she almost fainted, and looked as though she would say, "now let me depart, for he remembers me."

We tarried a little while in *****, formerly the second town in New Hampshire. Though it shows the marks of age, it has not many relics of ancient times. Formerly the people of ***** were noticed for their extreme division into classes; there was an aristocracy separate from the plebeian. In all small places, where the property is in the possession of the few, those few will soon be employed by the rest to conduct the public affairs of the community; and a long continuance in the magistracy, attended with the deference usually paid to authority, superinduces a feeling of superiority; increasing till it swells into a kind of hereditary claim; and every new aspirant is viewed as an interloper. This classification continued to the end of the revolution. A few struggled to preserve it long after, but to a new order of things old prejudices were obliged to submit. The age of buckram, of hoop-petticoats, of scarlet cloaks, bush wigs, slashed sleeves, silver buckles and tight breeches, must yield to the more easy and convenient forms of modern dress. *Madam* comes into church metamorphosed into a plain matron, and *Sir* is revolutionized into pantaloons, a round hat, and shoe strings. The congregation no longer wait at the door for the Squire's, the General's and the Cor-

poral's family to enter or depart the church; and even the minister has ceased to strew flowers over the *illustrious* dead where none grew before.

Hence this country shows at present no class of singular old men, retaining with ancient garments, ancient manners. Broad caricatures may be given to regularity, but broad comedy can draw but few supplies from odd and singular characters; these are furnished by older countries; these belong to the old age of nations whose every condition of life is stationary; and manners grow up with the peculiarities of the soil. Hence our novelists, who profess to paint the manners as they are, have recourse to other nations, and other times, for broad and singular characters; not perhaps recollecting, that as society refines, though the same nature pervades the age under different shapes and modifications, the colours given to the one will not represent the other; in fact, that it requires a very comprehensive knowledge of human society under its various modifications, to trace the operations of the passions, and detect the same character under different circumstances. He will be little respected as the painter of the times, though he employ the wit of Swift, who shall place to this age a grave procession of Templars, marching in solemn order, with all the paraphernalia of clouts and banners, to lay the foundation stone of a public edifice; because, every one at once perceives, that it is out of character with the age. An age as remarkable for the exercise of a discriminating judgment; a taste critically correct in manners; and an exquisite sensibility of moral propriety; as for its lofty assumption of that grave dignity of character which elevates above the childish adherence to those solemn triflings, which enchanted the barbarous and superstitious inheritors of the feudal spectacles which the aristocracy of Europe used as the

means of diverting their vassals from the exercise of that common sense, by which the American people commenced their career of free inquiry, and by which they have established a national character peculiarly original. He might as well pretend, that Washington danced on the slack rope for the entertainment of the rabble, as that grave judges, learned lawyers, pious ministers, skilful physicians, alert chimney sweeps, dignified barbers, and the whole fraternity of masons, entered and performed in the puppet show, in an enlightened age, and this, not in the doubled locked recess of a tavern, but in open day, and amid thousands of spectators. In fact, every age, like every shrub, has discriminating characteristics. The pupils of Linnæus so skilfully arranged the dissimilar parts of different plants, as to form one whose juncture could not be discerned by the unpractised eye, but the naturalist at once detected incongruities that could not exist in nature. Yet, whoever attempts to contrast the manners of the former with the present times may find in **** some fine relics of the formal and dignified demeanour; the set, mathematically adjusted bow and courtesy; the measured step, the polite oblique turn of the body, the complimentary address, and the high disdainful toss of the head, among the men and women of the old school. But even these will not afford a full picture of the olden time, for diluted by modern mixtures, the colours are not strong enough to tinge the whole ground. In other times, (and had this country been acquired by conquest,) these would have been the magnates, the Dukes, the Barons, the Lairds whose territories would have stretched from Portsmouth to Boston, from Boston to Wachusett, and from Wachusett to the White Hills. The few owners of the soil, would have transmitted their power to govern and dispose of the many born to serve; and, what is

more, would have assumed all the genius and talent which prodigal nature now sifts over the very serfs with which she has filled the country.

At sun set we arrived at D*** where my friends encumbered me with civilities. In the evening I was told that Capt. Porter was on that station, engaged in making daily excursions in his steam boat; and that a company of the villagers were to make a cruise with him tomorrow, and that I was to be of the party. In vain did I plead indisposition, engagement, and disinclination. I was promised to be landed at the bridge at Portsmouth, or any where I chose, but go on board we must, or *he* and *she* and *she* and *he* would not go. Besides, Squire S., one of the *heads* of the town, and even his lady, the minister, the doctor, and half the *selectmen*, were going—nay the S. had sent his commands that the boat should not proceed otherwise—there was no resisting the orders of the *respectable*, united to the solicitations of the *gay* and *amiable*—so on board we went at 10 o'clock, but the tide did not float the vessel till 12.

Such delays produce a temporary sadness, and never fail to be announced by some superstitious persons as ominous. It is certainly annoying, as there is no communion of spirit till the vessel is under way; as in our Boston governmental excursions in the harbour, there is no punch till Fort Independence is passed, however long may be the voyage thither. Capt. Porter promised to recompense his delay with a dinner of fresh fish and chowder at 4 o'clock, and till then we were to amuse ourselves as well as we could.

The company consisted of several entire families; some single women; the Doctor, the methodist minister and his wife, amounting to about 60 persons, accompanied by a drummer and fifer, and several loungers and attendants.

Luckily we had no wits aboard to bespatter the cloth of the clergyman; and no cockney to strut about with his cigar and cane; on the contrary, all were rational and orderly people, determined "to please and be pleased."

The first thing requisite is to lose no opportunity in making one's self useful: the next is to discover by the countenance and manner of strangers, whether a wish is indicated for further acquaintance.

When you have once got an opening, you may take the high road to conversation. The minister soon gave these indications. There was nothing obtrusive, and the liberality of the judge, his lady, and family, to whom all due deference was paid, made the conversation lively and pleasant. The day was fine, and the variety of the scenery on both banks of the river was animating. The whole had a character of absolute beauty, and without being broken or mountainous it was extremely picturesque. What made it more lively and interesting, were the living forms of men, women, and children, singly, and in groups, running down the hills, emerging from the copses and clumps, leaping over rocks and ditches; some popping their heads out from tangles and bushes, and others running along the margin to get a sight of the first steam argonaut that ever navigated Piscatuqua river. Jason himself could not have excited more wonderment: and the author of the Argonautics might have drawn embellishments from the surrounding scene.

We passed Portsmouth, and approached the Isle of Shoals, when the wind shifted to the east, and blew so strong and cold as to make it necessary to put about. In the mean time a boat came along side, with a fine fare of those delicious fish for which this coast is celebrated.

Leaving the boat where the fish were to be cooked, we landed and were conducted by the officer on duty round and through the fort. Getting under way again we repassed Portsmouth. The tables were now arranged, on which were soon displayed a variety of cold meats, and a number of tureens of hot chowder, served up in excellent style. After the repast, it became too cold to remain long on deck, and the whole company retired to the cabin; not to sleep, nor to play at drafts, or tee-to-tum, nor to discuss political, or religious propositions—no, these are subjects for the pleasure parties at Boston—What did we do? Why we sung psalms—that is, the minister and his wife, with Hannah, Susan and Eben S. did, what few persons would have ventured to do; and the selection was liberal enough for any Unitarian whatever.

This was as well, if not better, than the customary harmonious entertainments, on board the annual packets of the municipality of our cities, where three or four hereditary singers were always invited to entertain the company with the same identical ditties that have been in use on these occasions, ever since the jolly days of Capt. Kidd. But since the economical reign of new councils, these feats have been discontinued; and on the several religious societies has devolved the task of making annual visitations to the great deep in a more edifying style.

There were two bridges to pass; night was now approaching, and the last bridge was three miles ahead. The remaining light barely served to enable the pilot to avoid the perilous posts of the draw; just beyond which the vessel struck on a sandbank. All was dismay. Fifty or sixty persons to sleep on board a small vessel, the minister absent from lecture, the doctor detained from his patients, the squire who had not been abroad, or out of his

bed at dark for some time; all—all to be kept from home till 4 o'clock in the morning—horrible. In the mean time some comfort was diffused among the passengers, by the rumour that the good Squire was fast asleep in the cabin, while his heroic lady was coolly assisting on deck. The pilot and crew kept at work in the water, and after an hour's labour, worked the vessel into the channel, and at length reached a pier about two miles from the town. Suspicious of our disaster, horses and carriages were dispatched from our friends, to convey us home ; but they had halted and lay intrenched behind a hill and a wood, so that after landing we had to wind our way through a wet marsh, and a dense wood, covered with dew and clothed with darkness. One gentleman and two ladies, in compassion to a stranger, took me in tow, and just as I was on the point of giving out, we heard footsteps behind. A caravan soon approached, each horse having two guides, and each carriage containing three, or four, and some, five persons. In one of which I was accommodated with three other persons, and arrived merrily at our lodgings.

The two friends who had promised to be of our party, had been in waiting several hours, and we all adjourned to the house of our friend, where a very social circle was formed. Among the guests, were two members of the New Hampshire Bar, who had left the Court at ***** to accomplish this visit. They amused us with the recital of some of the many oddities, and peculiarities, of a country session. E. was peculiarly gay, fluent, and excursive ; he delineated character with the accuracy of an engineer ; described men and manners with the perspicuity of a Logician, and embellished his narratives with the ingenuity and splendors of a poet. He is one of those men whom Godwin would admit to be a man of genius because, in

walking the street, without seeming to observe, he notices more than common men who profess to see every thing.

The conversation happening to turn on the practice of the law, one of the company remarked, that in the capital of Massachusetts, strange notions were entertained of New Hampshire lawyers: that they had the character of being more expert in detecting flaws, and glossing facts; of puzzling judges, and confounding jurors, than the lawyers of Massachusetts, who prided themselves in going strait forward, without ever attempting to evade evidence, or pervert law. "You compliment us on our superior address," said the other, "for which you are entitled to our gratitude, for while you admit, that we show a wonderful expertness in making the plain intricate, you admit that we make the intricate plain. But the true reason why the New Hampshire lawyers have this appearance of sophistry, for it is appearance only, and does not, I conceive essentially implicate the character of the bar, is, that the very nature of their business, requires a very different mode of proceeding, from that of Massachusetts. In Massachusetts the practice of the law grows out of the knowledge of a methodical science, taught in books, and commented on, and settled by a permanent judiciary. In New Hampshire, as in every new state, both the judiciary and the law, are comparatively, temporary and loose. The principle is to be found in the people themselves, and derived from the peculiar circumstances of real property. Land-jobbing was formerly an extensive business; and from it, investment has followed investment, so that to arrive at a just title to a piece of land, it became necessary to institute suit after suit, for as soon as one claim was set aside, another would come in, and so on, till more money had been spent before a final settlement was made, than would purchase twenty such estates.

Now the man whose title was good, must, in order to regain his property, dispossess all that went before, who, in their turn, not only defended their spurious titles, but when ousted, instituted suits to recover damages. In addition to this, a class of men characteristically named by your discriminating editors, Squatters, had inserted themselves into every bosom of the wilderness, and claimed a right of possession ; and these were to be removed by a legal process. Another class likewise, were the cause of much litigation, I mean that of Poachers, not on game, but on the most valuable timber of the forests. Thus a very great proportion of the people of the state became familiar with courts of law, and, unhappily, with its delays and the legal means of protraction. Nor was this confined to real property. For the debtor, learning how to protract payment, began to consider the costs of a lawsuit as nothing more than a commission or interest for the use of the property which he withheld from his creditors. Hence a dereliction of every practicable moral principle. Clients of this description require the utmost sagacity in the counsel, and expect that defence be with weapons similar to, and even sharper than those with which the attack is made. Hence lawyers acquire acumen from exercise. Hence you find at our bar, discriminating talents, that would do honour to Scotus himself. In fact, in this contest of intellect, I see little difference in the exercise of the reasoning powers, only in the subject matter, between the subtilties of the school-men and those of the bar-men. Both are pushed to their utmost strength ; and while one is at variance with the liberal logic of modern metaphysics, the other is equally so with the common sense and straight forward practice of other courts.

But the spirit of the people must always control, and

lawyers are but the organs of public opinion. New Hampshire lawyers are thus disciplined in a dialectical rather than in a rhetorical school; yet you will allow, that from this school have, and still issue, many of the most eloquent pleaders, and powerful statesmen that ever adorned the annals of our country.—It may be that we are less attentive to oratory, or elegance of language than are those who have to address a more polished audience. We aim at the language of business; and for this purpose have occasion for no other than our vernacular Anglo-Saxon dialect; our phrases are therefore familiar to the most illiterate understanding. It would be ridiculous to adopt the periodical style of Cicero, which we were compelled to study at College; or according to Shaftsbury's rule restrict the use of monosyllables to nine in a sentence; or to speak uniformly in Johnsonian triplets. This idiomatic language was sufficient for Addison and Swift, and such we derive from our common education.

"So says Sir James,* —and so we thought before;
His commendation makes us love it more.—
So our own Orator, who learned, when young,
To use with force his native mother tongue,
The country's currency, and undebased,
With foreign mixture, or the pride of taste.
His Salisbury teachers viewed with ridicule,
The splendid pomp of fashion's heartless school:
With truth severe, they knew the graceful art,
Through reason's key to touch the social heart,
He with home-strokes, was never known to fail,
Firm to the mast, the union-flag to nail—
In observation curious, speech concise,
His words arrest us, and his thoughts surprise;
Be it a flash, it leaves a spark behind,
That kindles, and illuminates mankind."

D. has an excellent soil, but the inhabitants of the village blend the occupation of the farmer with that of the trader, and thus bestow little attention to agricultural improvement.

* Sir J. Mackintosh.

Formerly ship building, and the fishery employed many hands; both of these occupations have almost ceased. The communication with the Isle of Shoals was so easy, that a very considerable part of the fish cured there, was exported from this place. But the Isle of Shoals, which was once the sixth on the tax book of Massachusetts is now comparatively poor. In this country there is no knowing when barrenness will end. The hundreds of manufacturing establishments that have sprung up within a few years in the most neglected wastes, lead us to think the fishery of the Isle of Shoals will again be the contributor of subsistence for the people of manufacturing establishments.

The old people manifest a great affection for their townsman, one of the most popular and patriotic Generals of the revolutionary army. They say, and they say truly, that nothing short of absolute necessity, could have swayed the General to violate his well known principles of humanity, in destroying the Indian orchards; and they attribute it to the imperious circumstances of the case, or the most positive orders of the government. The lines of a newspaper poem, on this subject, say

"No, 'tis not the savage, but the civilized man,
The subject of culture, improvement, and plan,
Who, what takes an age of forbearance to rear,
Destroys in a moment of caprice or fear.
O! Prophet of Israel! 'twas truly divine,
To guard from destruction the nest and the vine;
And false was the maxim, and foul was the deed,
The orchard to fell, lest the savage should feed.
The fields that are cultured and worth our enjoying,
Deter us from wars at the risk of destroying—
The way to make savage hostility cease,
Is to give him a country that's worthy of peace.
But when all his comforts are hung on his back,
You feel when he strikes, but you know not his track;
His couch is the mountain, his course is the river,
In thunder he moves, and in lightning he shivers."

At this rate we shall never get on to Winnipiseogee. Were I a Statist, or curious in political economy, I might have some excuse for this delay: even were I a man of letters, my desultory remarks and slow progress might be excusable. But I think not what I shall write, but write what I think. I came from the city expecting to find the residence of health in the Switzerland of New England. She met me on the road, and informed me that she was a Ubiquitary. Hence we may conclude that Abernethy's blue-pills dig in vain for her in the cavities of the stomach. "The seat of health," says Abernethy, "is the stomach; and the legion of disease must be driven out by the blue-pill." Yet the blue-pill, does not remove idleness, which Jeremy Taylor discovered to be the Devil's pillow; nor prevent gluttony and repletion, the great engenderers of disease; and therefore does not reach the cause. But, with Bacon, he assigns another and sounder reason, and makes mental exercise as necessary to health and longevity, as bodily exercise. Bacon declares that nature forces upon us the pleasures of existence, of which we may be insensible at the very time we enjoy them. She provides for the future, both pleasures and pains; and it should be the main business of a wise man's life, to gather the one and avoid the other: to gather the food of health and keep the moral faculties pure and free from every particle of irritation, so that the soul may always be supreme; surveying with satisfaction her own stores, and gratifying imagination with multiplying pictures &c. But Bacon was a poet, for, "he accommodates the show of things to the desires of men's minds." Yet he was a philosopher of genius, and condenses poetry in an aphorism; and thus provides for every disease of the body, and every defect of the mind. But Bacon, says a learned reviewer, "left no system to be studied as a guide." Yet

Bacon raised the scaffolding, by means of which all modern science is built. "And Bacon," says a moralist, "was a time-server, and therefore not to be trusted as a guide to truth." Still he was a philosopher, and what is better, a philosopher unshackled by theory. Bacon's feet were in the bird lime of the age ; his head was in the sky, and his wings expanded over the earth. The spirit of the age always has some hold on the genius that is capable of soaring above and beyond it.

To return to health. There is an artificial cure for every disease that is fashionable. Just now, Liverwort is in high repute. A few years ago album grecum was in great request. 'Tis only about twenty years since the tepid bath was introduced. We grow wise by experience. Physicians formerly held the cold bath to be bracing, and the warm bath debilitating. Since Count Rumford wrote, the warm bath is found to be bracing, notwithstanding it has been assigned as the primary cause of the corruption of the luxurious Asiatics ; and the remote cause of the downfall of the Roman empire.

When I met health on the road, I understood that she prescribed no other regime than regular, sound, and easy sleep of six hours in twenty four, and to obtain this, required the exercise of all the faculties of the body, and a perfect freedom of the mind from every perturbation. With this assurance we took our departure, from the village where we had rested.

We expected convoy, but our friends could not leave the causes of their clients, and instead of accompanying us, returned to ***. We had letters of introduction to several gentlemen whose seats were to be passed, but we did not use any of them. It may seem churlish to spurn hospitality ; but excess of civility is often inconvenient. No people in the world are more sincere, not only in giv-

ing a welcome to visitors, but in loading them with attentions. Those who have been accustomed to French society, seem to have acquired a distaste for that of every other country. "In France, or on the continent," says an elegant observer, "society is one of the greatest luxuries; it is in fact an interchange of polite vanity; and as it is itself so great an enjoyment, it constitutes a principal object." This is meant to apply to the higher kind of society, but even among the peasantry the same spirit prevails.

> "They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
> Till seeming blessed, they grow to what they seem."

"In England," says the same English observer, "comfort, the boast of an Englishman's language and life, consists in *home*, and a consciousness that he is not obliged to entertain any body, but gratify his pride, and his hospitality by giving a dinner or a supper."

In this country, neither the polite servility or vanity of the French, nor the pride and reserve of the English, is to be found. A genuine, sincere, frank, and almost offensive earnestness prevails. And he that feels and appreciates not the goodness of heart that exists under this obtrusive exterior, had better remain at home. It will be long before we reach the true point of perfection which old Homer has so well expressed, as constituting the fine rule of intercourse.

> "Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
> Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend;
> True friendship's laws, are by this rule expressed,
> Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

One class of travellers appear to be much disappointed in not meeting with what they are pleased to call, a natural state of society. By which they mean a kind of Arcadian simplicity, such as poets and novelists have de-

picted in a golden age. Such States, if even they had a real existence, cannot now be found in Europe; and if they could be found, how much would the charms of poetry, and the animation of romance, be diminished by the reality? How narrowed would be the field which now affords such excursive ranges to the imagination? All acknowledge and feel, that fiction can transplant us from the cares of life, to something freer, and better, and holier than the present affords. All know that passion is controlled by the magic of numbers; that sorrow is solaced, and satiety relieved, by the variety of well told adventures; that the soul is exalted by delineations of noble thought and lofty bearing; and the moral sense is awakened and harmonized into a benevolence more honourable to humanity than is recognized in the ordinary occurrencies of life; but most forget, that these effects belong less to a state of nature, than a state of refinement. It is vain for them therefore to turn to a new country for a society uncorrupted by the arts and refinements of civilized life.

Here are no pastoral occupants; no shepherds watching their flocks, while stretched beneath the spreading oak; no swains piping to their loves beside a warbling brook; no rural fetes, innocent merriments, rustic sports, harmless superstitions, traditionary tales that lull the villagers asleep, nor any of that naivete which excites laughter, and characterizes the Doric peasantry. They forget likewise that such scenes are best sought among an old stationary people, and not with a people on the march, whose home hours are full of business, and who are yet on the borders of that promised land to which the whole society is tending.

On a good road, through a hilly country, we advanced towards the mountainous region. Wild and picturesque views were perpetually rising into notice. Before night

we arrived at Guilford and took lodgings at Badger's hotel. Guilford is united to Meredith by a bridge thrown across the river that issues from the great lake. The two villages seem to form one town, both equally pretty and thriving. Guilford being the shire town where the County-courts are held; and Meredith possesses some manufactories. The streets are broad; the houses well built and uniformly painted, making a beautiful show as you descend from the hills. This beauty is blemished by the neglect which is apparent on approaching the two public buildings, the Court house and the Church. These are in good style of architecture, but are decaying for want of a coat of paint. We felt indignant at this deficiency of public spirit, in a place that displayed so much private affluence and taste; and as two beautiful ladies passed over the steps on which we stood, we requested them to attempt a removal of this shameful negligence, by using their well known influence to induce the gentlemen to be at a small expense, for the honor of the town. The ladies were instantaneous in the business, and in twenty minutes some gentlemen came up and thanked us for our remarks, saying, the notice of strangers would have more influence upon the inhabitants, than any thing they could say; that a subscription for the purpose had been made, but was yet inadequate; and that the neglect was not owing to any want of public spirit, but to the jealousy that existed between the County and Town party, with respect to the County location.

The afternoon, though rainy, did not prevent the sportsmen from practising their favourite art of angling. Lines and rods were obtained, and a mess of excellent trout, with several large pickerel, and several other kinds of fish came in before night. It is well for the fish that they never navigate in the water near Boston. Winnipiseogee

is too remote. Our sportsmen who sit under a burning sun four or five hours to capture a few breams at Pontapog, or sojourn in the swamps of Sandwich, for the sake of a few trout; or stand on one of the bridges in heat or cold, in sunshine or snow; watching and sometimes taking, bass, smelts, and flounders, would soon depopulate both the river and the lake. For variety of fish, and diversity of water, few sites can equal that of Guilford and Meredith. You may go on the lake in a boat with sails or oars; and drop your lead in deep water; and you may stand on the bridge or on the bank, or by walking half a mile, walk on the border of cold streams with a fly bait, and a trailing line, and be sure of filling your basket in a short time. The towns likewise furnish good accommodations, so that those who are fond of this exercise, might here enjoy it through the year; besides, might find society that is intelligent and agreeable, in the intervals.

Through the whole of this route, the land is remarkably fruitful; and while Massachusetts is almost destitute of apples, New Hampshire enjoys an abundance.

On the 25th we left Meredith, after visiting the very thriving manufacturing establishments of Mr. A. There is no joint stock company with its multitude of agencies, in and abroad. 'Tis but a few years, since the owner and conductor of this establishment was a small trader. He began with a few spindles; enlarged with great care his own house; built a convenient store; kept extending from time to time; and in thirteen years was master and owner of a very respectable manufactory, conducted under the management of himself and his sons, who at this time are preparing to erect another and a larger house.

I suppose it may be explained, for philosophy attempts to explain every phenomenon; but I have never met with any notice of the singular appearance on the surface of

the earth, when viewed from the window of a running vehicle. There appears a stratum unconnected, but passing rapidly over the surface in a contrary direction, to that of the carriage, while the earth beneath is stationary. Whether the like separation appears while we pass on the water and the trees seem to move I cannot say. Has it any affinity with the mirage by which we seem to be close on Ontario, when many miles distant?

The road hence to the Lake, about thirteen miles, is extremely hilly. The variety of the scenery, hill, water, mountain, and valley, so completely engaged my attention, that I was not aware of any danger, till our horses made a sudden halt at the foot of a precipice. We were immediately congratulated by some countrymen, on our escape from such imminent danger. Our driver to oblige a friend, had attached two horses to his team of four, and in descending the last long and steep hill, lost all power of checking or directing their course. So rapid was their flight, a man driving a light wagon over a short bridge, seeing our carriage descending, stood motionless with affright, and we passed him with the rapidity of lightning, within an inch or two, of his wheels, while our off wheels left their traces just within the verge of the plank of the bridge. In Connecticut, before descending such mountainous roads, the wheels are locked; yet these hills, steep and tremendous as they are, are hourly passed by men and women in a chaise and one horse, on a steady trot; so sure footed are the beasts that are bred among the mountains.

The great Lake at length came in view; and descending the southern hill, we entered the village of Senter Harbour, situate on a cove at the extremity of the Lake.

A Mr. Senter was the first settler on this spot; and

when the petition for an act of incorporation was presented to the Legislature, it was proposed that it should bear his name. Whether the Legislature supposed this place to be the centre of the world ; or whether the learned clerk, who drew the bill, supposed the petitioner ignorant of orthography, is unknown ; but certain it is, that Mr. S. was deprived of that distinction and chance for immortality, which he deserved for his enterprising spirit and perseverance ; for at that time a settlement in this, then wilderness, was a bold and hazardous undertaking.

The stage stopped at the tavern ; a house not very inviting either by its exteriour, or its community. We were enjoined to put up at Senter's hotel ; and when we inquired for the place were very reluctantly told, that, Senter's house was on the other quarter. To another quarter we went, and soon found a new and well appointed house.

The landlord ushered us into a very commodious apartment, and learning that we intended sojourning with him a few days, directed a servant to give us the choice of any bed rooms that were unoccupied.

We have known men of the highest talents, and eminent pleaders, totally fail, and disappoint high-raised expectation, when transferred from their own Bar, to a Legislative assembly. Even the bold and impetuous G. H. who overrules a club or a caucus, by his rattling and audacious eloquence, becomes a perfect mute under the parliamentary order that prevails in a city council. So women, who at home appear to possess all the estimable qualities that are required to conduct a domestic establishment with the utmost elegance and grace, seem to loose all their self possession, ease of manner, and independence of thought, when introduced to the polished circles of fashionable cities.

We were told by some of our city female friends, that we should meet with fair damsels who would amuse us, if not provoke our ridicule, by their awkward attempts to appear elegant in manners, and sentimental in conversation. That they would sing "Moore, spout Byron, and quote Scott." But these our friends had not seen these fair damsels at home and at ease, or were accustomed to measure other people by their own partial standard of excellence.

Home is really the only place in which the heart has its peculiar sphere of action. From home, every thing is external; every movement is measured; every word is weighed; and every attempt to conform to the prevailing mode shows something unnatural; and even the most successful attempt is not divested of an air of affectation. But at home, with a proper knowledge of their own affairs; free from all factitious restraint, these "rustic damsels," delighted us by their energy; their simplicity; their courteous ease; with the pleasantness, and correctness with which they received and treated their visitants. There was no embarrassment; no attempt to show off; no awkwardness; no arrogance; no consciousness of shrinking, timid inferiority.

Miss Hardcastle stooped to conquer, but a Chancellor and a Bishop were conquered by the very kind of barmaids whose character Miss H. had to assume. A strong mind loses none of its native delicacy by collision with the world, as a discriminating taste is formed, not solely by the inspection of pure models. The most discreet, at the same time most polite women, are those who have associated with large and mixed companies of men as well as of women. If Mrs. Montague acquired, as she says she did, her great power of thinking, and her ready power of expressing her thoughts to the requirement of her fa-

ther in law Doc. Middleton, that she should be present at the conversation of his learned friends, and afterwards report and review the subjects of their conversation at the family hearth; the bar-maids of some hotels enjoy the like opportunity of gathering materials for reflection, though perhaps of a less refined nature. Few could have given us a more courteous reception, and shown a more polite address, than did the females of this establishment.

A North Carolina planter, with his fair daughter, who had resided here a week, were now about to depart. A short interchange of civilities led to conversation, and that conversation to regrets that we were so soon to separate. They had travelled all summer; dow they meant to cross the White hills, pass along Connecticut river, look at the transparent Lake George, and visit Niagara, in a week. A long journey for so short a time. "The natural curiosities of that region are worthy of longer observation. You there will tread on a vast Gazometer; take care that you do not fall through." "What mean you?" said the gentleman. "Call on Mrs. Steel at the mill in Chippeway, and she may cause the river to be set on fire, for the amusement of the young lady, your daughter." "Still I must repeat the question, what mean you?" "Look, and you may see bubbles on the surface of the water—they are filled with Hydrogen gas; perforate the crust of the earth and the same gas will issue through the aperture, both will blaze on the application of a lighted candle." "How long will the cavity continue to afford the gas?" "How long will Etna and Vesuvius continue to burn?" "They are of a different structure." "Perhaps it would be as correct to say, there is a different modification of matter." "But Etna throws out sulphur in flame, which cannot be like this gas." "Leave that to chemists." Perhaps in this great laboratory of

nature, hydrogen gas will continue to be made by the decomposition of water, till the subterranean inlets are closed, and then the eruptions of Etna may cease. "If this hydrogen proceeds from water, I do not see but that the gas of Chippeway may continue while the river and the lakes furnish that fluid; in which case, may not means be devised for conducting it to Albany or New York, as we now do the water of the lake, by means of canals? what a magnificent project—worthy of Alexander himself. Hydrogen gas generated at the region of the great falls, conducted through tubes 500 miles; supplying the country through which it passed, and illuminating the great cities! well, I do not despair of any thing." The gentleman was no theorist, but there is no doubt of his communicating the idea, so that it will fall on some tinder-like brain, and make a fine blaze. Many a theory has been raised on as airy a base; and Americans are said to be peculiarly ingenious in extracting from the most absurd theories, some hint for useful inventions.

The living beings were not the only good things to be found here. The house was new and neat; the furniture good; and the provision all that ought to be expected at this season; and we had but two artificial people, in a company of fourteen. Fastidious people should never travel. At Scituate in Rhode Island, our party stopped at Fisher's about dinner time. Two very fine gentlemen were whipping their boots at the door. We called for dinner. The gentlemen observed, that we probably could not have any thing fit to eat, for the men had all gone to town meeting, and the landlady was dumpish and alone. They had been waiting an hour, and could not get any thing. We however procured a good dinner, in very good season; and one of the gentlemen whispered, "we are indebted to you for this entertainment—*we* gave or-

DERS, supposing we had a right to command a licensed Inn keeper; *you* made a REQUEST, as though you asked a favour. If reproach was intended, let those laugh who win. So much for civility. A little more than civility however is useful—a determination to be contented, and to enjoy, even the variety if it be of paucity, which the world presents.

Two of the native boarders, Doct. M. and Lawyer T., both very intelligent men, became very useful guides in all our excursions in this mountainous region.

Senter Harbour is situate on a cove at the western extremity of the Lake. The house stands at the foot of a high hill, on a gentle slope, bordering the lake about 100 rods distant. There are many sites more beautiful and romantic, but few so convenient for use or pleasure. The great road from Vermont passes through the village, and thus makes it a thorough-fare for business; and for pleasure, it presents a fine sheet of water in the midst of mountains, and diversified by villages, meadows, and projecting points of land, covered with forest trees. Directly in front of the house is an almost level tract capable of being converted into a garden, the alleys of which might terminate on a pier or platform, where ladies might enjoy the cool and refreshing breezes from the water, or amuse themselves by fishing under awnings. In cold days the walks might be screened from the winds that sweep down from the mountains, and which might be intercepted by plantations of evergreens. Fir trees, which are indigenous, would admirably suit this purpose; and besides their perennial verdure, while every kind of forest tree collects, retains, and sheds a chilly moisture,—in addition to the soft carpet which its fallen, but undecayed leaves forms on the earth, gives out balsamic exudations, not only to perfume, but to give a genial warmth to

the air. Hence a residence in the midst of a forest of Fir trees, must be far more salubrious, especially for invalids, than one amidst branching oaks and chesnuts.

All travellers urge the proprietor to convert this spot into a garden, and assure him that it is the only improvement wanted, to make this little village as lovely a summer retreat, as invalids or parties of pleasure could desire. Lake Ontario and Erie, are in the midst of a level country; Winnipiseogee is in the bosom of mountains; hence the scenery is various and highly picturesque.

It is said, that the lake contains at least 300 islands; whether the number be less or more, those are sufficient to give variety and interest to water excursions. Besides, those who delight in fishing as well as in sailing, would here find ample encouragement to renew the exercise; an encouragement which is often wanted, since it is a great trial of their patience to feel scarcely a nibble during a four hours' excursion on the salt water of the Bay of Massachusetts.

Previous to the Revolution, Gov. Wentworth had a seat at Wolfborough, on the N. E. side of the lake. Since his time it has had many owners, none of whom had much public spirit. The Governor caused that species of codfish, called the cusk, (said to be a scarcer and richer fish than the cod) to be transported to this lake, where, contrary to the predictions of the learned and the unlearned, it lived and multiplied.

Nature, said Brindley, the original projector of English canals, deposited water in reservoirs of lakes to supply future canals. Nature, says the manufacturer, made these deposits for the purpose of machinery. But if Nature had any forecast of these works of art, it seems to have been a secondary consideration, and that these waters should be thus applied, only when her original purpose was ac-

complished, and they had become superfluous; and this original purpose was to supply food for her human population.

The savages hence drew their sustenance; and the white people found here a supply before they ground corn and salted pork for their winter use. But the original stock was small, and rapidly diminished as the population increased; yet man neglected to replenish these wastes of water with emigrants, from an opinion that fish would not live under any change of temperature.

As well might you say a Frenchman would not live in Canada, nor a German in Pennsylvania, as that a fish of the salt ocean could not live in a fresh water lake. Besides the numerous kinds of fish that alternate between the sea and ponds, the experiment has been tried in various countries, with success, and proved beyond a doubt, that salt water fish will live and breed and thrive in fresh inland waters. Whether Gov. Wentworth was influenced by philosophical considerations, or merely the whim of a man of pleasure, his experiment completely succeeded.

Did I reside near the Lake I would stock it not only with several kinds of swimming fish, but with stationary clams and oysters, and even assign the rocky bottoms to shrimps and lobsters. I would cultivate, as the Legislator said, the waste water. The principal and only difficulty would be in the preservation of the stock from the depredations of the Yankees; for wherever they go, they exhaust, by their energy, or cupidity, the productions of earth and sea.

Gen. Burbeck, the military commander at Michilimackinac, told me, that the fish of that lake would supply an abundant population with food, and be the means of inviting settlers into that country, if the provision was restricted to home-consumption. But that during the term

of his residence on that station (3 years) the fish had evidently diminished, in consequence of the immense depredations of fishermen employed by the traders, who exported a vast quantity. "In short," said he, "tell a Yankee of a Beaver station, or a fish pond, and he will destroy the stock with thoughtless avidity."*

On the guide-post opposite my window, are the following notations:

Fryeburg, ...	40 miles.
Portland, ...	70
Portsmouth, . . .	65
Meredith, ...	13
Concord, ...	40
Boston, ...	100

Winnipiseogee river flowing from this lake, enters the Merrimack at or near Pembroke. Two canals are proposed, one to the Merrimack and one to Dover. The latter is generally preferred on account of its vicinity to the sea, and that it will pass directly to the great manufacturing establishments of Dover and Somersworth. Capt. Porter proposes establishing his steamboat on the lake; to be connected with the canal.

Some years hence, this lake, so near the Capital and extending so far into the heart of the Country, and contiguous to a chain of smaller lakes, must become of immense importance to agriculture and commerce. Its banks, and the banks of the smaller lakes, will be covered with villages and population; while a thousand mill streams will be drawn off to work the machinery of numerous manufactories. Guilford already wants such a mode of conveyance for its treasury of excellent iron.

The lake is 472 feet above the level of the ocean, and 232 above the Merrimack, and between Meredith and the

* Mr. Giles of Detroit took in one seine, in two nights, 4700 white fish, equal to 316 barrels. Columbian Centinel, April 26, 1828.

Merrimack, a distance of twenty-one miles are only ten falls.

The makers of books of travels often confound times and seasons, by copying what belongs to one age as characteristic of another. Manners, though not so changeable as women's dresses, yet change once an age ; and he who takes his descriptions of the present age from Danton, or Robine, or Rouchefocault, will give very false portraits. Specimens of former times are to be seen in all countries, but they are varieties—curiosities of antiquity, to be examined and admired by antiquarians. Such has been the interchange of modern times ; such the commercial intercourse ; and so generally and strongly has the migrating spirit prevailed, that scarcely any part of the population remains stationary, except the elderly inhabitants of old villages.

The older towns on the sea-coast, send their young men and women into the wilderness, where they are obliged by the nature of the circumstances, to adopt new modes, and practise substitutions for conveniences they have abandoned.

In the old settlements every thing partakes of decay ; the soil is much exhausted ; the houses are out of repair ; the spirit of the people is depressed. In the new, all is fresh, vigorous and improving ; even religion, the predominating principle of the old, though it seem to hang more loosely, is more practicable, and, perhaps, as fervent in the new settlement. Yet writers of tours and travels, harp on the peculiarities of our puritan ancestors, and gravely talk of prejudices and customs, which are far more common in England, their birth place, than in this country, at this day.

From the infancy of the country, political inquiry, and political discussion, have been popular and general intel-

lectual exercises. The principle, that enlightened men only, can endure political freedom, where individual convenience must be the voluntary sacrifice to the general good, is fully recognized. From this principle proceeds that attention to education which prepares the mind of youth rightly to estimate his own interest in the general welfare of the community. Hence he is accustomed to examine and to require the reason for all public acts—and thus he acquires the habit of rejecting in his private concerns and opinions, every thing not corresponding with the dictates of common sense, or the conclusions of legitimate reasoning.

Hence superstition gains no ground; and hence a very general rejection, among the men at least of those religious dogmas, which a good Catholic might admit, because they are mysterious. Yet there is no question that dogmas are better for those who can digest nothing else, than unbelief. Ignorant people in rejecting dogmas fall into infidelity. Men of understanding, in rejecting dogmas adopt liberal sentiments; and liberal sentiments in religion, necessarily warm the heart, cherish the affections and influence the conduct. Women, on the contrary, more susceptible and less accustomed to reason deeply, give up their whole souls to what strongly affects the heart; hence religion with them is a sentiment, which like love, rejects all doubt, and suffers no analyzing process to disturb and cool its confiding faith. They are of course most liable to be influenced by address and enthusiasm, and what Bishop Jeremy Taylor applied to the women of his day, may, perhaps, with equal propriety, be applied to our own times: "The cunning sects, (Jesuits and Presbyterians) prevailed more by whispering to ladies, than all the church of England, and the more sober protestants could do by fine force, and strength of argument."

Saturday night came, but with it no such straight observance, as some have noted as peculiar to New England. The family and the guests enjoyed a social musical evening. On Sunday, part of our company rode to Moultonborough, to unite in public worship; part made an excursion to Red Hill. I sauntered to the side of the lake, towards which I saw a boat approaching. Four men dressed as laborers, composed the crew. After making fast, they landed, and seemed prepared to wait leisurely for others who were expected to proceed with them about twenty five miles on the lake. I fell into conversation with them, and learned much concerning the navigation and the country. One man was uncommonly intelligent. He had travelled and observed much; knew not only the geography of the United States very minutely, but appeared completely at home, when speaking of the characters of our eminent men, who had been, or were now engaged in the concerns of the States, and of the country. "Had he been in Congress?" No. "In the Legislative assembly of New Hampshire?" No. Well, thought I, many a less knowing man has occupied a seat in both those bodies. He seemed to make an excuse for thus deviating from the customary employment of the Sabbath. "Whatever may be my own opinions," said he, "nothing but necessity should induce me to set before my children any example of disregard and disrespect to the established customs of my ancestors. Besides, both in religion and politics, however we may change in doctrines, early associations and impressions retain a secret, and I presume, a beneficial influence, by rendering us more earnest in search of truth, and more critical in examining opinions." He spoke of the new minister of M., whom our friends had gone to hear, as "a very good man, but more zealous for points of doctrine, than refor-

mation in morals; observing that the epistle of James, was of more value, than all the sermons that had ever been published." "He, he said, had learned his religion in the woods, and in the world." "New Hampshire," said he, "is reprobated by your missionaries for its impiety; by your liberals for its zeal,—the first applies to the men, the second to the women. Yet they both spring from religious feelings. What appears impious, is a detestation of such repulsive doctrines as are preached by fanatics; and zeal is the ebulition of pious emotions. Dogmatism and mystery are repulsive. Doctrines that do no violence to common sense, enlighten the understanding, and warm the heart; and common sense is always teachable. When we look on nature, every thing is characterized by benevolence of design. When we hear your missionaries, all is gloom and horror. Man is instructed to believe prayer to be the sole object or occupation of life. He who follows the instructions of such missionaries must forego all other labour. Discord in families ensues, and doubts and terror shake the minds of the weaker sex. The catholic has a remedy; his confessions are followed by absolution, and his doubt has an end; he believes in modern miracles, he believes in mystery, he believes in saintly and invisible agency. The Quaker silently meditates till his heart is warmed, and the true spirit of devotion has descended upon him. The methodist beats himself into fervour. The Swedenborgian has visions and communion with glorified beings. These all have the poetry of religion. All the rest are fiery fanatics, abstract metaphysical theorists, or cold reasoners. Yet the latter often enjoy gentle inspirations, that refresh and invigorate, and send them back among their fellow beings warm, cheerful, and benevolent. Revelation becomes the interpreter of nature. The mystics, on the contrary, of every description, are under perpetual dread,

and hence are forced into action to drown their sense of misery; for miserable are their feelings, and doubtful are there hopes." "See here" continued he, taking from his pocket several tracts, "what pitiful tales you scatter through the country; making our women tremble, and filling our children with dread, I wish Congress would establish a board for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and fill the space these missionary tracts now occupy in the national post bags, with a weekly paper exclusively appropriated to subjects of domestic utility, and carried free of charge to every man's door."

"But religious tracts are not the only benefits you attempt to confer on us. Here are your political pamphlets, without cost, instructing us in our rights; that is, in the view of a party. It seems as though your Bay-folks thought all sense and knowledge belonged to them. Did knowledge however depend on their books, or indeed on any books, we should have few practical Legislators. It is a mistake that learning must meet learning in State affairs. The man was right who said, "ordinary men of plain common sense were the wisest Governors; and that those have been the best ministers who rested on downright common sense to baffle the arts of the most skilful diplomatist." In our corporations of states, those are the safest Legislators who avoid the involvements of law. The less learning, the greater the observation, greater originality of thought, less doubt, more judicious decision, greater developement of genius, more exact judgment, more judicious adaptation of expedients. Whoever follows the writers, must always have precedents for leading strings.

A little popular learning makes men conceited; a limited range of observation, intolerably dull, or monotonous. Our men of business, when advanced to the Legislature,

make business speeches; our orators steal there ideas and expand them, as boys expand soap bubbles, round, light and glittering. Yet after all, the clown of observation is the single minded judge. He judges of every measure of Government by applying it to himself; he works hard for his money, he feels that he has a right to reap the reward of his own industry; consequently that his right is infringed, whenever the Legislature demands more than is sufficient for the necessary purposes of Government. Hence he considers restrictions and bounties as impolitic and partial. Impolitic, because they produce an unnatural extension of manufactures, which are liable to be destroyed by succeeding Legislatures, and thus distress a body of people, who have been diverted from their proper employment by fallacious prospects, of subsistence or wealth. Plants that require a hot-bed can never become the ordinary articles of the field culture. And they are partial, because they give a bounty to the few at the expense of the many.

Equality is destroyed, when the people are compelled to purchase of monopolists; and any manufacture that will not support itself is premature. A free competition with other nations is the best security for manufacturers at home, as it gives permanency to the concern. How much does England suffer, by forcing a great part of its population to depend for a support on the contingency of a Legislative act? Take for instance its silk looms. Designed in the first instance to supersede the manufactory of Italy, to whose climate and people it properly belongs, 50,000 people are liable to be thrown on their pauper lists, for want of the knowledge, and the means of any other employment. A repeal of the law; a change in commerce; or the introduction of such machinery, as en-

ables one man to supersede the labour of ten, brings on distress, riot and punishment.

This and many other manufactories must be cherished. Hence come revenue laws, or, as more properly they might be called, laws for the *promotion of smuggling, multiplication of crimes, severity and frequency of punishments, and the entailment of pauperism on posterity.* When the duty on commodities is worth saving, means will be sought, and risks encountered to avoid the payment. Your merchants well know this. Excuse me, sir, for my boldness, but I have lived in Boston, and during the embargo times; and know that several of my friends, enterprising young men from this neighborhood, made their fortunes in this way. They profess to have clear consciences, because the leading Statesmen of the times openly declared in their speeches and writings, the restrictions to be unconstitutional; yet while the law was in being, submission to its restrictions was a moral obligation. What is profitable to government, will be supported by law; and every attempt to evade the law, will be punished as a fraud; and spies, who are the receivers of a part of the forfeiture, will be on the watch; accusations multiply; the courts will be filled; and the prisons will groan with victims. A host of idlers will hence begin; and will create families who are to live by their wits and transmit their vocation to a numerous progeny. "If the law had not come, they had not sinned," and society would have beheld none of the evils which have their origin in revenue and protection laws; which are fed by these laws; which are propagated by these laws; and which the law can never stop."

But do you not forget, said I, the great dissimilarity of Europe and America? In Europe the manufacturers have been, and are, *hands.* In America, *machines.* It is a

happy circumstance that the ingenuity of the people has been tasked to invent substitutes for manual labour. With our extensive country and thin population, no great manufactories could possibly be supported without those substitutes; and with them we shall prevent, in a great measure, the evil of pauperism, while Europe, overstocked with hands, cannot introduce labour-saving machines, without feeding those, of the present generation at least, who must be dismissed from employment. With us, on the contrary, how many thousands begin and continue in the more congenial employments of farming, and the mechanic arts, and thus spread a healthy population through our immense country. And is it not vastly better that a manufactory should be encouraged to its full capacity in an early stage of society, that men may sooner learn the necessity of preparing themselves, and their children for permanent employments that depend on the provisions of nature rather than on the precarious contingency of law, or the demands of ever shifting fashion?"

My friends returned, and hoisted the signal for dinner. I was highly gratified with the specimen of New Hampshire sagacity; and departed with an exchange of hopes to meet again.

Europeans cannot have more erroneous *notions* concerning the people of New-England, than the inhabitants of the capital of New-England have concerning the inhabitants of the interior of Vermont and New-Hampshire. The printed reports of some missionaries have tended to strengthen these misconceptions. The labours of the missionaries are generally among the most ignorant and shiftless part of the community; they have much personal suffering to endure, and much obstinacy to encounter and no doubt sometimes write under the irritation of mortified feelings, and with the indignation of virtuous sensi-

bility. It is extremely uncharitable to accuse them as many do, of exaggerating the difficulty of their labours, from interested and selfish motives. They are generally honest and zealous men, though not always the most judicious; have little knowledge of mankind; and frequently abound with sectarian bitterness and bigotry. Even that elegant, liberal and accomplished scholar, who a few years since, made a tour of inspection into this part of the country, seems liable to the charge of selecting sentences for the purpose of effect. It would be well for all missionaries to study the instructions of the Jesuits as given in the life of Francis Xavier, the great catholic apostle, as he was called, to the Indies.

The Attorney general of Vermont once invited me to visit the village school. I found the method of instruction to be similar to that of our best city schools, and the books in use, uniformly the same. This uniformity in elementary books will eventually banish every species of Provincialism. No instructor will henceforth be tolerated, who deviates from the national standard. This school is free from one absurdity which our city schools still retain, viz. that of dictionary lessons.

The old towns neglect their schools; the new towns are remarkably careful of them. "Our people," said the Attorney General, "are young and enterprising, and are ambitious not only of keeping up the school establishment, but of introducing all the improvements which the best city schools have adopted. Fortunately likewise we have fewer objects to repress the invention and curiosity of children, than are offered to those who live in luxurious cities. We are remote from toy-shops, that supply without effort, what boys would otherwise invent. We have prevailed on our traders to forbear importing idle story books, and unnatural pictures, from a conviction that va-

riety enough for amusement or the excitement of curiosity can be had from the realities of life. Plato wisely excluded poetry from his republic. Fables may originate in an ignorant age, but all the splendid fascinations of poetry are bestowed on them in an age of refinement. Idleness and luxury require the stimulants of fiction and wonder. The Quakers long ago, learned the secret of engaging the mind of infancy itself, by truth. They found that children always inquired "if the story were true?" And of Jack the giant killer, Tom Thumb, and the infinite host of nursery and shop books, what account could be given? From all such, impressions are made on young minds, and a foundation is laid for the admission of fiction, or in other words, for invention of falsehood, equivocation and lying. We had rather a whole Encyclopedia should be torn in pieces, and the parts distributed among the pupils, than that cheap books of amusement should be introduced; for here they find abundant matter to excite and satisfy curiosity."

Horses and carriages were in readiness to convey some of our party to Red Hill, about four miles from this place. This is the highest accessible hill in the vicinity, and is usually visited by all travellers. Part of the road is very rough and steep, but a proper curiosity overcomes all difficulties, and the prospect from the summit, richly repays for the labour. Mountain after mountain seems floating in the midst of many a lake; and it said, that the scenery is more varied and more extensive than what can be seen from the White Hills, because Red Hill has a medium station, which is usually clear, while the White Hills are generally involved in mist and cloud. A view of the White Hills is obstructed by the Ossipee.

This hill is the retreat of a certain contemplative recluse by the name of C. D. who occasionally enters the

house, and sometimes travels abroad, but spends most of his time in the open air among the trees and bushes, without any other apparent motive than that of musing. Here, likewise, resides a very genteel family of talkative and civil beggars. They sold us a refreshment of blueberries. This species of whortleberry grows in abundance on such eminences; we found them on Wachusett 3,200 feet above the sea. They are gathered and dried, and used as a substitute for Zante currants. Mrs. C's cake, with which we were regaled the evening before, satisfactorily proved that the berries thus prepared, were as sweet and as palatable as imported currants.

A long register of the names of visitants was spread before us, on which we were requested to write our names, while the master amused us by the recital of the most remarkable sayings of several great and honourable men and women, who had been his visitants, and whose names had been thus immortalized. He had likewise taught a crow to pronounce the names of a few who had been peculiarly bountiful to his wife and children.

Among other animals that mingled with the company was a venerable dog, of whose capacity and genealogy we were entertained in a specification of considerable length. The ancestor of this dog was said to be the most famous in Essex County in Massachusetts, for libertinism and stratagem. D. told us that he had recollected having once seen a history of the achievements of two in Ipswich; and he had little doubt that this was one of the same breed. He promised to procure a copy for our perusal, observing however, that it offended some political partizans, whose sensitiveness construed it into a satire on some of their leaders. (See Appendix B.)

This region I thought might be similar in appearance

to some in the Highlands of Scotland. "Oh, you are not the first that has thought so," said Miss L . . . "An old Scotch beggar, a beadsman, perhaps, more like the Douglass than Edre Ocheltre, was here a few years ago. He stood at the door for some time, wrapped in thought. At length he exclaimed, "How much like my own country!" Are you from Scotland? "I am, may it please you, lady," said he.—"and M^cDonald loves every thing that is Scotch." M^cDonald, said I—what, find his way into woods as well as into cities? "Did you know him, sir?" Yes, he has been a noted personage for 20 years past. I have heard that he belonged to a family remarkable for their physical strength, and longevity—one of the name having lived 117 years; another 111. And the one you saw here, died lately, at about the same age, at the Alms House in Lynn.* This last has been the inmate of every Alms House in the United States. He has been an incessant traveller, and at the age of 105, was firm and athletic, though a little more contented to sleep under cover and on a pillow of straw, than on the ground, with a stone for his head piece. He has been, even to extreme old age, one of the most active and athletic men I ever heard of; and I do not wonder that he brings the Douglass to a romantic mind. Intoxicated with a very small quantity of ardent spirit, he was

* At the Alms House in Lynn, Donald McDonald, aged 108.—He was born in Scotland in 1722. He was in the British service before he came to this country; was at the taking of Quebec, when Wolf fell, and with Braddock when he was killed by the Indians, and was one of the few, whom Washington, then a Major, conducted from the field of battle. Donald served several years in our revolutionary war in Gen. Green's regiment. He left Portsmouth in April last, and travelled on foot to Washington, and on his way back stopped at our Alms House, where he died on the morning of the 4th inst. Before his sickness he was intelligent and related many incidents, both of his early life and latter years with great minuteness. He had an intercourse with President Jackson and his Cabinet, while at Washington, and gave a correct account of his reception at the seat of Government.

boisterous and frantic; but when sober, sprightly and intelligent, and never forgetting his good manners. On one occasion he exhibited a fine trait of his national pride. It was thus related to me, by Mrs. P. The superintendant of the kitchen of the Boston Alms House, Mrs. Shaw, was a young Scotch woman. McDonald, on being brought in one day, was questioned by her about something relating to her department. Attracted by her accent, he turned to her, then from her, and giving her a look of ineffable disdain, passed on without making any reply. The next morning, when he came to her larder for his breakfast, he bowed very low, and with a peculiarly obsequious tone of invocation, *begged a thousand pardons* for his rudeness the evening before, saying, "Indeed, indeed, I thought you Scotch, and was mortified to find a *Scotch Lassie*, in a Yankee Alms-House; but I did not know then that you was an Officer." On further conversation, it appeared that they both were natives of Inverness. McDonald had known her grandfather, and mentioned so many particulars of the people and place as to verify that part of his story.

We returned to our lodgings, not a little fatigued, but highly delighted with our excursion.

Taking advantage of a fine day, we resolved to make an excursion of about twenty miles to visit an Indian encampment. It was situated on the skirts of a forest of oaks, and near to a very flourishing village. An annual excursion from Penobscot, usually begins in May, and occupies several weeks. The Indians make a residence of several days in the vicinity of some place which offers a market for their baskets, brooms, mats, &c. as well as an opportunity to solicit charity. Their encampment was not dissimilar to that of the gipsies of Europe, as described by writers. The principal difference consists in their

freedom from predatory practises; their occupation of basket making, and their daily exercise of shooting with the bow and arrow. These half civilized Indians, have lost much of that freedom, that elasticity of spirit, that lightness of limb and movement, which belong to untamed savages; yet in the management of the bow, they are equally alert and skilful; and when excited by game or the temptation of reward, exhibit great physical power and skill and intellectual intenseness. In fact the human form cannot, in any circumstances, show more intensity of feeling than does that of the Indian when under strong excitement. An Indian is indifferent, listless and lazy, or active and even sublime, in exact proportion to the danger he is in, or the value of the object he pursues. In firing at insignificant animals, he is careless; at dangerous ones, so intent, that his whole soul seems to be condensed into one act. In one case, he snatches up his bow without any preparation, shoots with carelessness and re-relaxes into inattention. In the other, he rises silently, slowly and stooping; he proceeds with caution, examines his weapon, adjusts his string and arrow, takes a firm position, balances his head; stands erect, and moves with slight vibrations of his body to examine his prey; throws his head on the left, draws, lets fly his arrow, but remains fixed till he sees the effect of his shot; then, if successful, relaxes with an air of triumph, throws back his head, draws home his left foot, and becomes upright. During this transaction he is a study for a statuary; and he who can transfer the image to the marble, though he but copy nature, will produce one of those inimitable works, which become the admiration of mankind. But to catch the attitude, the intenseness, the fire, the sublimity, the soul, as they glance from the combined effect of the position, action, and spirit of the whole; from

the dawn of exultation, to the completion of triumph, to have the intuitive perception of rapid sensation; to embody them in his own soul in one moment, character obtained and fixed by a glance, must be the property only of genius of the highest order.

Mountain scenery expands the mind more than the grandest exhibitions of art. Every work of man has some littleness blended with its grandeur; and the feelings that arise from the first observance of magnificent temples, are soon frittered away by the intrusion of art: yet caged in a city, we deem them to be wonderful efforts of creative genius, and superior to the productions of nature. And to eyes limited to city walls, the objects are adapted to the vision of contracted observers. Fix the summer clouds of twilight like a frozen ocean, and their beauty would soon vanish; deprive the mountains of their waving forests, their tumbling cataracts, their immediate accompaniments, and they would be lifeless as the desert. It is the splendid radiance of shifting forms, ever moving, ever assuming new shapes, ever seeming to be animated with active power, ever performing new and singular evolutions, both in the sky and on the earth; and all under the pressure of unseen energy, sensibly referring to some agency; mysterious without fearfulness and superstition; grand without the abasement of art; beautiful without a tinge of prettiness; immeasurable, without any standard of comparison, any rule of adjustment, any limit to change. any geometrical outline, any nicety of coloring—that arrest the eye, expand the imagination, absorb every feeling of the heart, and fill the whole soul with inexpressible and contemplative delight. No wonder that in ages of ignorance and consequent superstition, not the vulgar only but the imaginative, should people every deep dell

and mountain cavern with "the unseen genius of the wood."

If parents desire to expand the minds of their children beyond the wires of the city-cage, let them look at, and become familiar with the woods, the wilds, and the mountains. Let them not trust to the conventional formulas of poets and novelists for just ideas of nature. Let them receive early impressions from nature herself, and then the descriptions of writers will be fully understood and appreciated. Then we shall no longer hear grown people express a wonderment at what is natural; nor see enlightened men bring art as the standard by which to measure nature, instead of judging of art by nature, the mother of all art. A picture will not then be estimated by its coloring, only, or by the individual correctness of single figures; but by its large and general character, expanded by the hand of the genuine artist, who so disposes, combines and animates, as to create a perfect whole, which fills the mind by its completeness. We should no longer hear the names of great masters profaned by boasting connoisseurs, whose taste has been bought in Paris, or by girls who have giggled at the exhibitions of the Atheneum. One noble idea of nature, prepares the mind for the reception and love of the arts; and he who does not acquire the rudiments of taste, by the contemplation of her beauties, by living in the midst of her magnificence; by frequenting her romantic wildernesses; by surveying her picturesque and animated scenery, till his mind becomes impregnated with the true spirit which she pours in profusion on every thing around him—may judge of the accurate contour of a profile, but will never be a correct judge of the picturesque, nor a "fit auditor," for a painter, "whose big imagination moves in the lip!" "to the dumbness of whose gesture, one might interpret."

Two ladies and two gentlemen arrived to-day from Holderness, where they had spent a week, being unwilling, they said, to quit this region, while fine weather by day, and fine moonlight by night, favoured their enjoyments. One of the ladies was so enraptured with a moonlight scene, on one of the intermediate hills between this and Squam Lake, that some of our company determined to visit it, either now or on our returning from the distant region we proposed to reach next week.

With two boats, both under a light sail, we took our departure about 9 o'clock, and looking into several creeks which indented and sometimes penetrated far into the woods, we arrived at Moultonborough in about three hours. We might have ascended the Ossipee mountain, had time permitted, and have had from the summit, a fair view of the White Hills.

The Indians resorted to this broken country for safety, and to the lakes in general for the purpose of fishing. Relics of their encampments are frequently found, hardly curious enough however to suit the magnificence of poetry, or to afford any illustrations of history. European Literati would want employment, were there no ruins to explore, to describe or to quarrel about; and as no age can be without such amusing speculations; our successors will probably *invent antiquities;* poets will people the recesses of the forests with sprites, fairies, goblins and genii; novelists will import fables; historians will naturalize classic and gothic stories, and traditions, or assign periods of migration from the Asiatic shores, provided an age of fiction can by the force of genius, be made to supersede the age of reason; or if the routine of regular employment must be relieved by strange and marvellous recitals.

Novelty we know is prodigiously fecundant, and he

who resuscitates the dead of an old country, or remote age, becomes the progenitor of an overflowing population in the new. These are as yet virgin woods: and it remains to be seen, whether the fictions, the fables, the goblins, the ghosts, the evil eye, the second sight, and all the host of vulgar superstitions, together with the decrepit cupids, the stale venuses, vampyres, bowers of bliss, enchanted gardens, haunted castles, witching cells—subjects, that migrating from the east, have appeared in every quarter of Europe; will be imported, naturalized and nourished, in a country that has not been darkened by ignorance, nor conquered, divided and parcelled out to chiefs, hierarchs, and conspirators, whose policy and interest silenced inquiry and interdicted knowledge.

Having heard much of the Indian Doctor, and the wonderful cures he had performed, we were desirous of paying him a visit, and actually set out for that purpose, determining to cross the Ossipee, rather than wind around it, by a road, that in some places was little better than a foot-path. We were however soon discouraged, and turned towards the residence of Doctor C..... Here we met with a hospitable reception, and much curious information. Informing him of our first intention, he gave a very graphic description of the person, the habitation, and the manners of the singular Indian Doctor. "He owes his reputation, said our friend, to accident. It was necessary to secrete a notorious debaucher, and this remote place was to be his residence. Being obliged to live on vegetables and water, he was not only restored to perfect health, but a complete revolution was effected in his mind. His irregularities being forgotten, or forgiven in consequence of his reformation, he was again admitted to the society of his friends. From this time, he assiduously promoted the interest of the Indian Doctor, by recom-

mending his skill in curing dyspepsy, intemperance, and other disorders. The doctor soon found it convenient to lay in large quantities of roots and herbs. You may readily conceive how many disorders would disappear, by being deprived of nourishment; and this is the secret of his skill and reputation."

Our host, the physician, is a man of great learning, and large experience. He received his medical education in Philadelphia, under the celebrated Dr. Physic. He had intended to make Portsmouth his permanent place of residence, but the decline of health became so alarming, that it was necessary to retire to the country and give himself up to moderate exercise and perfect seclusion. In a short time he recovered so much vigor, as to be able to practise in the neighborhood, merely for the sake of amusement, and occupation. In the course of two years, his health was perfectly restored, and his practice had so extended, as to put him in danger of being overcome by fatigue. "Of all professions," said he, "that of a Physician is the most laborious. It is so in Town—it is much more so amid a widely scattered population. In the course of fifteen years' practise, the greater moiety of my nights has been disturbed by requisitions from a distance. Sometimes twenty miles of woods were to be threaded; sometimes the Lakes were to be passed over in an open boat. No matter what was the weather, the Doctor's humanity must always be put to the test. Remuneration was a thing not to be thought of; if futurity brought any, it was well, but recollection seldom accompanied restoration. Why I have lived *here* so long, may naturally be inquired. Habit, occupation, and health, answer that inquiry. There are privations to which we all must submit; to a Physician, the greatest, is the want of intercourse with professional men, for, however full the

books may be, the suggestions of reasoning and living experience are infinitely more important to a practitioner. But in the country, consultations must necessarily be rare. Educated men will not willingly settle where they must labor without reward, and cultivate their own fields for subsistence. Doctors there are, it is true, in abundance—men who have read the *Family-Physician* and rode six months with some popular practitioner. As the country improves, this class diminishes, and the people give a preference to regular physicians, where they can be obtained. What the practice was thirty years ago, you may learn from a description written by Mr. S. who was detained by a storm at a miserable tavern in no very remote village, where a sign board designated it to be the residence of a person who was both an innkeeper and a doctor." The Doctor then going to his desk, took from one of the drawers a manuscript, of which he permitted me to take a copy.

At the corner of an obscure village, we discerned a sign-board inscribed with the name of a rich merchant of one of our large commercial towns. It was a singularity which attracted notice, and induced inquiry. We were told that the owner of the land, (for it could not be called a farm, nor a gentleman's villa), resided here from April to June, in order to avoid the high taxes that were assessed on his property in his place of business; the tax in the country being nine tenths less. This we considered as a pernicious example among any order of citizens, more especially among those who exercise the power of self-government; that government even when exercised by a select body, being nothing more than the substitute for their own personal attendance, advice, and decision. The wisest Legislatures have always deemed

a personal tax a necessary means of making the people feel their individual interest in the government. The Jewish Legislator laid a perpetual tax on the people for the support of his Hierarchal government, and this example has never been abandoned. Modern governments, separating themselves sometimes from the people, have by indirect taxes, broken in a great measure this bond of connexion, and applied the revenue to objectionable purposes. Wars would seldom occur if the pockets of the people were immediately to be lightened to support the expenses ; and corruption would abate where the treasury must be replenished by a demand on the individuals of the community. An abundant revenue derived from unfelt taxes is the main-spring of war, and the source and support of corruption. In the necessary support of government, all acquiesce, and equal taxation for that purpose, may not justly be evaded. But with regard to indirect taxes by means of commercial revenue acts, there is reason to think that few who pay them, feel perperfectly satisfied with their equality, or of the entire justice of their application. Hence mercantile men, for want of due consideration, sometimes act very basely. Instead of proposing and effecting Legislative amendments, they break the law, and thus set an example which operates as a precedent for the unprincipled and the more speculative.

A high sense of honor, a national feeling ; and a jealous regard for the character of personal integrity, which gives distinction to the mercantile class, and procures respect and confidence, at home and abroad, was universal during the long period of the Federal administration. One or two instances occurred, but they were branded with disgrace. The restrictive system operated as a bounty upon fraud, abated the indignation of public opin-

ion, relaxed the ties of good faith, and thus impaired the soundness of public morals. But in the local concerns of a municipal population, where all have some connexion, and one general interest, it is rare that such a case as this of a merchant shifting the burden from his own to that of his neighbor's shoulder occurs; and where it does, the man may justly merit contempt.

"Ask you, why in the country that new sign?—
Comes a rich merchant, a whole month to dine.—
But why this labor ere the first of May?
In loyal townships is no tax to pay?
Or does the mob, in flattery of the great,
Remit the county, town, and parish rate?
Go, hapless mortal, count thy gold in haste,
For chance that gave, succeeding chance may waste.
Ask of no Judges to protect thy wealth;
Ask of no watch to guard thy house from stealth;
Ask of no arms on ocean or on land,
To check the hostile, stop the lawless band;
Ask of no neighbor, lest thy sons expire,
Help, or to rescue, or to quench the fire;
Let order, government, be all o'erthrown,
Be bridges broken, roads with woods o'ergrown,
Be wives promiscuous to the rude embrace,
Be houseless children and unknown their race,
Spread ruin, anarchy, and rude uproar,
Wild ruffians plunder, murder cloy the door,
Since from the general stock withdrawn thy gold,
Th' example teaches—why not all withhold?
All who protection take, must pay the price,
Of power to rule, and law to punish vice!
The social compact never makes a slave,
And each man's wealth, the social compact gave.
Without its rules, thy canvass ne'er had spread;
Without its fences, masts had been thy bread;
It guards thy cargoes, it protects thy fields,
Thy freedom warrants, and thy being shields;
It gave to thee, thy fortune's well to carve;
And yet the social compact, thou wouldst starve."

Anon.

The M., once the most splendid family in the region, and literally the *Lords of the Isles*, have left no palaces adorned with columns of granite, and arches emblazoned

with heraldic devices, no tombs distinguished by the chisel of the sculptor, nor monumental tablets inscribed with records of lofty or beneficent deeds; the name of the town alone remains.

I had heard much, when a boy, of the greatness of the ancestor, and was very desirous of meeting with some of his descendants. The impressions of my youth were, that he was a mighty chieftain, before whom every savage band fled, and every fortress submitted. An elderly man very shabbily dressed was walking on the plain. His figure might pass for heroical, and his step was that of a disciplined soldier. 'Tis not difficult to distinguish a veteran from a militia man. One has a firm step and a lofty bearing; and crosses the street at right angles, or with an oblique tread with his face forward; the other has a tripping, straggling gait and fidgety shake. I put myself in his way, and soon entered upon inquiry respecting the country. This led to a free communication on his part, and he seemed to be gratified with the attention of a stranger. The territory of his ancestors, he said was very extensive, but misfortunes had left their descendants little more than the recollection of what it was. If however the estate of his father did not secure to him a competency, his own good and respectable children kept him from want. The first favoured lot of age is, to retain its powers undecayed; the next is his, who is sensible of their decay, and diffident of their exertion, says the author of the Man of Feeling, Wm. McKenzie.

The land hereabout is fertile and cheap. We were offered a good farm, with requisite buildings for four dollars an acre. A disposition to roam so prevalent among the young men, is however a great preventive of improvement in agriculture. A restless propensity for enterprise, among the men, keeps them looking forward to some-

thing better, and, like the Israelites about to leave Egypt, to stand " with their loins girt and their staves in their hands."

A taste for foreign luxuries among the women, is no less detrimental to domestic economy. Contentedness belongs exclusively to a stationary people, and it is the substitute for contentedness found in the hereditary tenures of Europe, that has advanced rural economy generally, and made England in particular such a lovely garden.

In Canada every peasant has a fund in reserve, saved from his annual income; and however small that income may be, a tythe is laid by for a *rainy* day, and old age. The Greeks, says an intelligent traveller, indulge a pitiful vanity—wear ermine, velvet, &c.—and say " it is better to live like a prince one year, than to exist fifty like a beggar." In Turkey a Greek knows his head is liable to be cut off any day, without his asking why? We likewise forget the future, and live as though we were always to be young and prosperous.

Traders grow rich, and by no unfair means, if it be not unfair to encourage, or to let a man run up an account, till security must be made by a mortgage of his farm; and finally, by an accumulated interest that eats down his oak trees, undermines his house, and ousts the owner. How much of this debt is to be carried to the account of strong drink, cannot be well ascertained. Some part of it must be charged to expense of lawsuits, for litigation is resorted to as the common appendage to the business of the trader, while the debtor continues the suit as long as law will allow, and lawyers will plead. A trader's establishment in the interior, is intermediate between the wholesale merchant of the sea port, and the scattered population of the country. From the same

source the farmer draws those commodities, which he must otherwise want, or wait for, till winter brings leisure, and a canal of snow, to enable him to accomplish a journey from home. The trader thus finds a sale for his goods, and collects in return in small quantities daily, a cargo for the merchant's ship, and maintains his own credit. But it must be obvious, that the manner in which this traffic is frequently conducted, is injurious to both parties, impairing the honorable integrity of the one, and the independence of the other. Coin has the peculiar virtue of attaching the owner to its possession and retention. It is a pledge of independence; and the man with a clear shilling in his pocket, has a higher sense of self respect, the underpinning of morals, than he who has a thousand guineas in his pocket liable to the touch of his creditor. The debtor who is sued, neglects no opportunity of injuring his creditor, and the trader, after growing nominally rich from the imprudence of the farmer, finds it necessary to remove from the neighborhood of those who are ever willing to attribute to others, misfortunes which they brought on themselves.

Mr. C. informed me that during the haying season, he retailed sixty barrels of spirits, in his small settlement; and likewise that he was sued in one year on fifty-four complaints for a breach of the license act—50 of which he defeated, and four only, remained undicided.

From one general principle proceeds the love of the law, of political and religious discussion. Men desire to be in action, and in action that promises victory over an antagonist. Were the contest confined to hunger and the means of supply, some indulgence might be allowed; the forbidden shew-bread must be yielded to necessity; but unhappily, a desire of profit on the part of the seller; and a wish of immediate gratification on the part of the buyer,

blind both to inevitable consequences. The daughter trusts that her hens will lay as many eggs, and her onion bed produce as many onions, and sell for as great a sum as they did last year, and therefore she may anticipate the sale, and take up from the shop, those beautiful feathers; those tortoise-shell combs; that charming sprigged muslin and that leghorn bonnet, which are all the fashion in the capital. Besides, this is exactly the way in which her cousin Oliphant, now the wife of a Boston merchant, furnishes herself with the newest fashions and the most costly articles. And though Mr. Oliphant frequently remonstrates against her taking any credit, especially at a fashionable milliner's, shoe-maker's or cheap variety-shop, at 50 per cent. advance, and yet she heeds not his admonition; and so long as people have confidence in the solvency of her husband, so long they answer all her orders. "Why should she not adopt the same method, as she is to pay the bills from her own stock?" But this is not all. The account once opened, the whole family soon learn the way to the shop; become acquainted with, and feel a desire for many articles which they otherwise would not have wanted nor have thought of—father's account rapidly swells to a far greater amount than his yearly income, and bankruptcy is the consequence. And bankruptcy in the country never enriches the bankrupt, whatever it may do in the city. In the country it usually makes men modest, retired, snug, economical and active, and showing by their manners and mode of living, that they regard public opinion, and sedulously avoid every thing which has a tendency to elicit unfavourable remarks, or to do violence to the feelings of those whom they have made to suffer.

The word *taste* is much used by our acquaintances the Grimshaws; with them however it has no reference to

arts, literature or sensibility, but to mode of living only. But even in these they seem not to be aware that it consists in the combination of the useful and elegant. Magnificence has here no place, and wealth is not absolutely requisite. It exhibits nothing but what is perfectly consistent with moderate fortune, and the station we hold in society. Poverty cannot take away its propriety, and wealth cannot diminish or increase its simplicity. It presents a face of cheerful independence that depends on no fortuitous sunshine—an independence that is real, because it springs from a conscious rectitude of intention, and a happy execution of duty.

A great change has taken place throughout the country in the consumption of ardent spirits, and nothing affords better evidence of the progress of truth, brought home to every man, by physical demonstrations of the inevitable consequences or error in living, than the success of those strenuous efforts, at first of individuals, and then of associations, in propagating principles and superintending the means of abating intemperance.

The three learned professions set themselves earnestly to work, to encounter this raging and increasing pest which threatened destruction to all sobriety; the divine by his morality; the jurist by his law, and the Physician by his physiological demonstrations. The tendency of intemperance to the utter prostration of all capacity for sensual enjoyment, shown even to the most ignorant by men in whose science and skill they had confidence, had an effect, where threats of punishment or final destruction failed to restrain or reform. It is thus that philosophy finally triumphs over ignorance, the mother of all vice; it is thus that moral, religious and benevolent men, by combining in the cause of virtue, awaken the thoughtless to the use of reason, and effect a reformation in society.

Though many affected at first to ridicule the associations, as the mere enthusiastic engaged in a hopeless undertaking, no sooner had the lovers of order and good morals announced their intention to enlist in this crusade against a vice that threatened to ruin the character of the country, than ridicule was converted into respect for the men who had undertaken so arduous a task. The success of these efforts proves that where the great current of public opinion is made to set, every side rill will be drawn into its channel, and augment its force. The shame attendant on drunkenness, has banished it from good; and from fashionable society, and fashionable society makes a precedent and extends its influence to the remotest dregs of the vulgar *would be genteel,* from its high carricature of the woman of fashion, soon yields to the modest dress of the well-bred gentlewoman.

At the tavern in Middlebury in Vermont, I was not a little surprised at the quietness of the house during my residence of a whole week. In most towns the tavern is the rendezvous of the idle, the dissipated and dissolute; here, it was free from all gambling and drinking. The seats of the Bar-room were every evening occupied by some of the fathers of the town. The novelty of this reverse of character, induced me to inquire if there was any peculiarity in their municipal regulations. Judge Chipman and Squire Painter, two of the oldest of the original settlers, answered my questions. I learned that after the termination of the revolutionary war, they explored the country, and finding this a suitable place for the erection of mills and the establishment of a town, they obtained a grant, and proceeded with a few families, to make a settlement. From their knowledge of men, and their experience in business, they determined to profit by their sagacity in the selection of future inhabitants. Great em-

igrations from the old States were then taking place. Some would pay for the land, and many wanted credit. All passed in review. Those who had the "right marks" were not suffered to pass on. Land they should have almost on their own terms. Those who "had not the right marks" were advised to proceed. From such a stock we expected industry, economy and enterprise, and the continued good order of our town has never been interrupted by a single lazy or drunken man. "Why you see us at the tavern, may be accounted for, I suppose, or you may go away with erroneous impressions. By making the Bar-room our exchange, people of business know where to find us together. This our practice is likewise a check on visitants that might be inclined to indiscretions, and thus set bad examples to our youth. And finally by encouraging our young men to meet with us and join in our conversation without restraint, they become acquainted with our methods of business, and derive, we presume, no small advantage from our knowledge and experience. Not to tax our Landlord however, we regularly deposit a trifle on the table, though we neither drink nor smoke."

"Another benefit has resulted from this practice of frequenting the tavern," said Mr. P., "disputes are referred to our really *civil tribunal.* Lawsuits for trifles, are unknown, and as for street broils, they never occur. This latter circumstance, however, is as general a characteristic of New-England men, as is that of a fondness for litigation."

This war of words, is not so bad as a war of swords. As men in a social and civilized state are necessarily liable to contentions, our wise ancestors designated the arena, ordained rules for the lists, determined on the periods, when and where; instead of entering as gladiators, as

knights of the round table; as claimants of the right of trial by battle, or as community against community in deadly array in the open field, and all for the purpose of settling disputes by the removal of one of the parties by death—they might expend their passions in harmless though windy words. The substitute for the brutal personal combat, though productive of much litigation, so far from lessening the courage, has a strong tendency to make man strenuous in the defence of his rights. The men of New-England are brave in actual danger, but by no means quarrelsome; even their sailors are less quarrelsome than those of other nations, and never provoke a battle merely to acquire the victory, or the character of a Bravo. The general diffusion of the knowledge of the laws, and the care with which they are applied, cause the people in most cases, to resort to that remedy for injuries.

The first great school of men is the world in which they live. All seminaries from the infantile to the manly; from the rudimental to the finished, are but auxiliary and subordinate to this. The next are the practical institutions, whence the great principles result in the course of example and experience, without being directly taught.

Oral communication was once the only method of instruction. Without letters men grow wise by observation, and whatever additional power letters and the art of printing confer, the advantages in most countries are restricted to a few; in N. E. they are accessible to men of all conditions. That must be an elevated auditor who can examine into the truth or falsehood of every proposition; collate evidence; balance arguments; draw legitimate conclusions; establish opinions, and fix on a rational foundation, a certain judgment with respect to

the two great concerns of all social communities, politics and religion ; but for these subjects he must derive instruction, and he derives it from the very circumstance of his social relations. The schools have enabled him to read ; the institutions have compelled him to think ; the interchange and collision of opinions, have corrected and established his judgment, the consciousness of his own weight in society expands his self-love into social feelings, and even when submitting to passion or vice, he feels the check and influence of public opinion ; hence the moral atmosphere in which he lives has an irresistible influence on his character.

However poor or rich, ignorant or learned, every man is a participient of the business and concerns of the little community of which he is a member, and has likewise an interest, and exercises a power, in the state and national government.

The division of the country, into states, counties, towns, and parishes, renders the assemblage of the people frequent. Every citizen has an immediate interest in the assessments of a parish, the election of a minister, the building of a church, the establishment of free schools. Every town assembles its inhabitants to consider and decide on all projects of improvement, on all taxes and expenditures, to scrutinize the proceedings and accounts of its agents, to elect definitively, its representatives in the municipality, and in the General Legislature, and conjointly with other towns the Governor and Senators ; the members of Congress, and the President of the United States.

Every Country has its more select assemblies, and its Courts Laws are expounded, and cases argued before Jurors and Witnesses, and a multitude of attendants.

Every State has its annual election meetings ; its frequent assemblies to examine and discuss the qualifications

of candidates, and every man reads newspapers and pamphlets, all which prepare him to form his opinion on all the subjects which come before any of their assemblies.

As on public affairs he has abundant means of learning to form correct opinions, so with respect to religion, there is no want of opportunity to be rightly informed.

From the first settlement of the country, religious discussions have been prevalent, and seldom has an age been free from controversies that sometimes produced a tempory agitation, and sometimes engrossed the entire attention of the people during a greater part of one generation.

If such discussions become, as they frequently do, uncharitable, they create thought, and he who thinks on religious and moral subjects, cannot fail of assenting to the existence of some good principles, the observance of which, contribute to his happiness; and he who is made to hesitate in the career of vice or infidelity, in becoming sceptical of their efficacy, wants only a touch from the magnet of truth to stop his oscillations, and direct his course.

That infidelity has extensively prevailed among the ignorant, cannot be questioned; nor that the example of men of education, and of gentlemen has had some influence.

When every dissent from the assembly's catechism was deemed heresy, the educated rejected doctrines which they deemed not corresponding to that aspect of benevolence which is universally apparent. But when liberal and enlightened men ventured to call in question, popular and hereditary doctrines; when clouds of mysteries began to be lifted from the ark of truth; when the rubbish of visionaries and of metaphysical cobwebs were

swept off; when new arguments were presented to the mind, and the heart was approached through the understanding; when a rational system was found to emanate from the gospel; when men were shown in the doctrines, in the character and the example of Jesus Christ, the perfect model of moral virtue, such as antiquity sought for, but could not find; when, like Sir J. Reynolds, who at first saw no beauty in Raphael, yet, who at length by long contemplation, understood the character, and rose to a full conception of the superlative excellence of the painting; when they felt the dormant spark of piety kindle in their breasts, by such contemplations the snow of indifference melted away, and the warm and genial rays of a mild, animating and satisfying religion diffused themselves, and operated on the whole character and life, and fostered that beneficent spirit which now distinguishes the wise and good.

Thus has been removed all pretence of the ignorant of following the example of their betters, for it is now as unfashionable to affect disbelief, as it is to be barbarous or rude.

Exceptions occur, which come within the scope of Sir Humphrey Davy's remarks, "that education in great cities, forced on the population, in all that regards science, must be superficial, in consequence of which some become idle and conceited, and above their usual occupations, scepticism and discontent with the order of things follow. Whereas in Scotland, education is sought for, as a distinct object of interest or freedom." The exceptionable class however, in this country, is small; yet when one is removed from the control of that public opinion which suppresses the corruption of character, he becomes in the country a great nuisance. Such a case happened in one of the towns through which we passed, and as

that town has an item of ancient history among its traditions, it may be worth noting.

There was no great gulf between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, so that the ladies of former days might easily pass to the arms of their beloved. There was no crabbed ferryman to resist all importuners who had not the golden branch, nor was there any chance of rescue, as at Gretna Green—but there was a line of division as impassable as the boundary of both States could make it. A great stone marked with mystic characters, projected at one corner of the road, and whoever escaped encountering this without being overturned, was in two minutes beyond the reach of Massachusetts law; but whoever was upset, instead of being married, was liable to be seized by the Sheriff, and remanded to durance vile.

The Clergyman's house was divided by the boundary line of the two states, so that the father and mother might be in one room, remonstrating and protesting against the marriage, while the happy couple stood in the other room, and in the sight of the parents receiving the benediction, and exchanging the wedding ring, according to law.

Many a gay pair were thus united, but the union of the States, rendered the practice unnecessary.

Many a pleasant tale used to be told concering these stolen matches, and many a sad one has drawn tears from sympathetic eyes.

Since these things were common, a Clergyman resided in this house; and whose parishioners and acquaintance cherish his memory with uncommon respect. Not thinking any system infallible, he adhered to the apostolic faith, and cultivated a cheerful rather than a gloomy theology.

He was a man of great erudition, an elegant classical scholar; a wit, a subdued humorist, possessed great con-

versational talents, and diffused cheerfulness and happiness, not only through his own house, but through the families of all his parish. By his industry and economy he had become owner of a small farm. In haying time the people of the Parish came and mowed the grass, made the hay, and put it into his barn. After a few years had thus harmoniously passed, a certain superficial and conceited *citizen* took up his residence in the parish. Such new comers are frequently disturbers of the peace of individuals, if not of the public; they know more than the poor country people, they understood policy and the theory of government, they have heard speeches in town meetings and caucuses, they have even taken part in debating clubs; they have approached greatness, as they have eaten at the same table in the hall with Senator Lancelot and .....

Among the improvements, the citizen suggested the abolition of slavery—not the African, but the Clerical slavery to which the innocent people were subjected. He wondered they had so long submitted to taxes for the support of a rich clergyman. In short, he made such impressions, that operations under his directions were commenced—at first with great caution. The first attack was on the out-works, and by merely withdrawing part of the annual assistance they had given the Parson in haying time. They accordingly appeared as usual, but instead of tending and carrying in the hay, they cut the grass and left it, observing that the Parson was rich enough to hire men to finish it, or make *his own improvement.* The next sabbath the minister went through the usual exercises, and then after naming the text, closed the book, observing he left it to them to make the improvement, as they had undoubtedly grown able to do without his assistance. They took the reproof, and never after omitted the hay.

We now took a S. E. course, determining to land and pass the night at Tuftonborough or Wolfeborough. After a pleasant passage we arrived at noon at the former place. Here we found a party who had been making a slow and rambling progress towards the White Hills. They were from the South, and seemed to be tired of journeying over hills and rocks. Some of the young men were evidently out of humour. Two of them appeared to be too reckless to disguise their feelings, even from us strangers, for after dinner and the departure of the ladies, two Pennsylvanians, Charles Marvel and Robert Miller, began rather a fierce altercation, about affairs in which we had no concern. "I tell you what, Charles," said Robert, "I have freely owned that my affections have been strongly inclined towards Celia Howard. She has beauty, good temper, understanding; but then I am not so dull as to forget that the two first are contingencies, and though I like the girl, she discloses every now and then, propensities that will not suit my finances, my business, my station, nor my ideas of domestic happiness. Gold watches, gold chains, and splendid habilaments, are indications of wealth, and when assumed for fashion's sake only, without the means of continual change and augmentation, show false colors. Where the expense cannot be continued after marriage, the pride of woman is mortified and the affections of men are cooled or suppressed. Thus for real trifles, the calm dignity of a contented mind and a happy establishment, are converted into chagrin and discontent. For even good understandings are pervaded by the omnipotency of fashion." "Then discontinue your civilities," said Charles, "or you may be forced to sacrifice happiness to honour"—"That you may reap the benefit." Ha, Ha, Ha!—

At Wolfeborough we again encountered our wise boat-

man. He was, he said, conducting a raft of timber designed to be landed at the east end of the Lake, and then to be conveyed by land to Portsmouth. He had, he said, furnished timber and laborers, for some of the public works in Boston during the mayorship of Mr. Quincy, and spoke in the highest terms of the urbanity of that gentleman, and of the extent and grandeur of his views. But you know, said he, that the new revolutionary wheel is dragged up hill with great difficulty; when it has surmounted the top, it descends with vast rapidity; tearing up the old roads, tumbling down the stone walls, and making horrid destruction, till it arrives at, and sometimes moves along the level plain; but when its first impetus is expended it may be approached with safety, and become the most useful of engines. Cities and Towns, as well as States and nations are liable to such concussions. My Cousin Daniel who lives in Boston, entertains us, when he comes home to Thanksgiving, with an account of your turns and overturns, dilapidations and improvements, since old Boston has been elevated to the dignity of a city. At first, he says it was a rage—a commotion—a fever; but has now subsided, for—

"Now comes the reckoning, when the banquet is o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more."

"I learn from him of no abatement of popular jealousy, or of struggles to possess power. Mayor Quincy is accused of encumbering the city with a debt, which must enslave future generations. How absurd! future generations will enjoy more of the benefit, than the present, and it is right they should pay a proportion of the expense.—Daily waste should be paid for by the consumer, but permanent structures should always descend with the incumbrance of a part of the cost. You have nothing to blame your Mayor for, unless it be for undertaking too much at

once. Without ardour, or enthusiasm, enterprise would fail. His views were large and noble; his plans judicious, his adoption of the projects of improvements offered by others, ready and free from jealousy; his capacity for business almost without a parallel, and his industry remarkable. He might have involved your city in too heavy a debt, had your council not checked him a little; but subsequent councils got alarmed, and instead of restraining him with an easy bridle, put a double bit and curb on his head, and then added fetters to his feet, rendering it impossible for him to leap, scarcely able to trot, and very inconvenient even to hobble. All this proceeds from selfish, or narrow and local views, which always prevail in such councils as you have, where many want to govern, and often, if they cannot govern, will embarrass. Where councils fluctuate, there is no permanency of principle; temporary expedients supercede system, and system alone can unite the present with the future, on subjects that will be equally beneficial to both." As a general principle, I agree with the Virginians respecting public men, "apologise for their errors of judgment, and defend them if injured."

Though we had made many fatiguing excursions by day we were resolved to encamp on the eminence, on which the young lady before mentioned experienced so much pleasure. It lay not far out of the road to Plymouth, and we arrived at the foot of the hill, just on the edge of evening. In broad day-light, nature seems to be in haste to perform her day-task; fervour pervades the atmosphere and stimulates vegetation into audible movements; the forest impatiently pushes up its branches; the flowers and the grass spread upward; the wind whips the waters into chaffing. In the night, "when man falleth into deep sleep," and all nature is in repose, he attempts to grasp at something real, but every thing is floating in space. He looks abroad, all is silent, calm and impressive. He seems

stand on earth in the midst of waters. Transient gleams of light glancing from the lake, play on the flickering leaves of the forest trees; dark caverns appear between masses of dense woods; light steps over these, and leaps on the bald peaks that approach the clouds, gradually the rays slide down the western side, vast vallies of darkness are for a moment encanopied with light, which soon gaining a sufficient height, fall instantly below; long shadows of horns stretch before on the meadow, then shorter, and the head of the recumbent ox appears resting on his nether hoof. The moon beams, checked by dark masses of distant woods, seem to halt, like waters intercepted by a dike, till flowing over the edge, they drop into the bosom of the wood, and fill the whole scene with a flood of light. Man is silent, but nature is active within; the pulsation of the heart is quickened by emotions of the soul filled with serene sensibility to the moral sublimity of nature; yet he feels as of the earth, earthly and insignificant. Something like this we felt while watching the moon's advance, gradually throwing light, and calling into life objects that were a few moments before buried in oblivion.

We remained on the hill almost unconscious of the passage of time. The whole scene was soft and beautiful. The surface of the lake was smooth and silvery, reflecting the moon and stars and the high trees which hang over the projecting points; the eye was in constant exercise, yet not distracted by too great a variety of objects. The occasional tinkling of cow bells from the woods, assumed a sweet and melancholy tone, as they fell on the ear. The associating faculty was busy, and we could not help imagining how pleasing would be the effect, in such a scene and time, if the chiming of a multitude of distant bells "swinging slow, with solemn roar, over this wide watered shore."

The bells of the city produce no peculiarly agreeable sensation, when heard in the streets; but to a person elevated on a remote eminence, above the noise of this lower world, where the breaks and stops of the different ringers do not intrude, the harmony of mingled sounds is perceptible. Like the rays of light, the rays of music seem to approximate a common centre at a great height—to lose all their discordancy—to blend and produce a melody peculiarly sweet. I sometimes think that there is great affectation among amateurs. But where there is no temptation for display, the natural sensations will prevail.—We were all silent, but it was the silence of intense feeling, when the sounds of distant music made us stretch our heads towards the points from which they came. Our minds were in perfect accordance with the scene around us. Shut out from objects which divide and distract, a single one was sufficient to absorb all our attention. As the music drew near, the points whence it came seemed to multiply. It now glided smoothly and whisperingly from trees and forest, here and there making a melancholy echo, among the declivities and caverns; and now leaped from hill to hill, spread over the surface of the lake, and ascended to our station. Every thing around seemed to be getting into motion, when the instrument ceased playing, and the human voice only was heard. But the cessation only served to increase our delight, and by again uniting, showed how the power of music is exalted by the blended strains of natural and scientific notes.

Milton himself, the most perfect of poetic harmonists requires "the full-voiced choir below" as a necessary accompaniment to the "pealing organ." We perceived a boat approaching, and were soon saluted by a choir of village singers in full chorus. Dr. M. and Counsellor J. had contrived this entertainment, for the double purpose of

gratifying several of their young friends with the enjoyment of a moon-light sail, and of surprising us strangers, with what they supposed would be a novel species of amusement. And truly it was as new, as it was delightful. Almost suppressing our breathing, to catch without interruption, the melodious strains which came floating through the air, animating the hills and woods, thought was excluded and sensation only prevailed.*

If such perfect abstraction could be obtained at concerts, would not the effect of the music be increased? Abate the exercise of all the other senses, and is not that of hearing rendered more exquisitely susceptible of the melody of vocal or instrumental music? Is it not almost impossible to abstract our attention from impertinent objects; from the skill of the singers in touching the keys; the flexure of the arms and body accompanying the movement of the bow, or from the evident disposition for display, visible in the affectation of feeling, or the contortions and grimaces, or the conversation of fine eyes, inviting smiles, or expectations of applause in the singer who is the object of observance, either in the orchestra, or in the church?

On returning to our lodgings we found it deserted by most of the company we left there. Some had gone to

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* *Invitation to the Concert of a female singer.*

"Eustis, tomorrow, if the world permit,
We'll fill some corner of the ample Pit,
And listening to the Siren of the Stage,
Lose the remembrance of our busy age;
Rapt in delight of her melodious strain,
Forget of life, the interest and the pain.
On life's dry desert, snatching as we pass,
One breathing moment on a tuft of grass!
To warm our bosoms we require no wine,
Mortal forgetting, we become divine!
Of pleasure's cup unlimited we drink,
Nor of the future, nor departed, think.
Absorbed in bliss—long may the concert last,
Unclogged with what is coming—what has passed!"

Z.

the White Hills; some to the east end of the lake in order to visit Dover, and four had gone to spend a few days in a nearer neighbourhood to Squam Lake. This defection was soon repaired by other arrivals, among whom was a newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. W. The lady is the daughter of a poet, and sister of an eminent scholar; therefore we were not unreasonable in expecting to find in her conversation, some of the qualities of both. Tom, whose musical talents had not been in requisition for 24 hours, and who had more than once been heard to soliloquize on paucity of taste, (repeating, "The wren doth sing as sweetly as the lark, when neither is attended. And I think the nightingale, were she to sing by day, when every goose is cackling, would be thought no better a musician than the wren,") and who had been frost bitten for some time, now had his tongue thawed. The gentleman was talkative, and the lady made for travelling; she was at home in half an hour, and without any effort, became as it were, an old acquaintance with every body in the house. The female coterie was of the right number, three: Two are dull, four or five interfere, and interrupt each other; some confusion likewise arises, from a desire in one or two, to exhibit an emphatic arm, a set of poetic teeth, a persuasive lip, a seducing smile, some personal or mental accomplishment, or too strong and forward a desire to contribute to the amusement of the company. It is not always that we meet with strangers of education, willing to dispense their mental wealth without a long acquaintance with their casual associates; but when they engage in the commerce of conversation, the interchange is brisk: so said a gentleman, and so we found it. "I declare," said a southern traveller, "these Yankee girls are vastly sharp and shrewd."—Yes, sir, and you will find as you become acquainted, that they possess

strong reasoning minds, even where they have not had the advantage of much modern instruction; but where a propper cultivation has been given, few exceed them in aptitude either in the application of the brilliant colours of imagination, or in the sedate expansion of good sense. They are not furnished, to be sure, with all the nicknackery of city or boarding school education, but with a great deal of useful knowledge. They cannot bring into conversation the *titles* of all the new novels, but you will find them on further acquaintance to be, as the divines say, well grounded in the solid writings of the great authors of the past and present age. They lose nothing, but rather gain, by their remoteness from circulating libraries, for, limited to a few authors, they read them over, and over again, till the matter, as Dr. Johnson says, "is concocted and the essence enters into the marrow." Principles are adopted, which have stood the test of experience. Critical acumen is acquired, and taste perfected. The solid, or fine thoughts, the peculiarities and beauties of style are all noticed, and characterized by a discriminating judgment. And to these which have afforded so much exercise to the mind, they can return with as much delight, as the great actor said he did to Shakspeare, who, during a study of twenty years, discloses new beauties on every daily perusal.

Those who devour books, acquire a taste for variety and stimulants only. Shakspeare and Milton, and all the old authors are, with them, unintelligible or tedious. They want subjects for conversation, or rather for gossip and chit-chat; these swim on the surface. Those who have no access to the running books of the day, are free from temptation. They drink at the fountain, not at the *soda* shop. They bathe in the deep river, and not in the shallow though smooth canal. Standard works, both an-

cient and modern, are read by them till every passage is familiar, every beauty developed, every proposition examined, till they are fully possessed of the spirit and genius of the author, and sensible of the "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." If the classic scholar returns with delight to his Virgil or his Cicero; if the musician continues to be enraptured with the same song or tune after a thousand repetitions; the real lover of literature will equally enjoy the improving, undissipating seclusion of the country, where he can give his heart and soul to the contemplation of passages, where great minds have concentrated imperishable truths, and expressions that charm the sense, fill the imagination, enlarge the mind, and cherish and improve the affections of the heart.

"But you must allow," said the gentleman, "that in all sciences, and even in general literature, modern works are to be preferred, where both cannot be had; and were all the ancients to be lost, all their original ideas would survive, since modern literature repeats with improvement all that was said before. For this reason, I would reverse the order of study, and ascend through the present to the past, as we trace a stream to its source. In Philosophy, Morality and History, this is the most proper method. The chart of science and of mind, like that of Geography, must be very imperfect for want of experience and extent of country to survey. The ancients had no explorers of human passion, to delineate like the moderns, every fold and intricacy of the human heart, and to give not only the exterior character, but the source, the progress, the working and the termination, of each and all the passions, as they operate and affect individuals, or in society—or private life—or in national concerns."

"Admitting," continued the gentleman, "all which you and the Roman Orators have alleged, regarding the durable pleasures of literature; and even that deeper and

more intense attention may be given to studies in seclusion, yet I think the living comments of the world, the collision of opinions, and the vivid discussion on all subjects of which we read, give the mind an elasticity, which it cannot acquire, and so well preserve, as in the sportive or manly exercises of the social Gymnasium. And for man, I am sure, these purposes are almost exclusively to be fulfilled in cities. The brightest scholars lose their lustre in the shades of retirement, they lose their energy for want of that nourishment which the city affords." To know how the world goes, we must not only have access to libraries, cabinets, the galleries of artists, public spectacles, and foreigners of intelligence ; but we must watch the revolutions of opinions, and trace the slow growth of truth, from its first germination in the mind of the philosopher, to its complete expansion under the potent influence of some popular geniuses. In fact, daily communication with the active world, and all that belongs to it, with an interchange of thought on every subject of our observation, is the only means by which studies can be rendered useful, and these cannot be had in the spare population of the country."

Real learning is shown judiciously, only by results ; the dullest of all society is a recluse and absorbed author. I was once shut up six weeks in a cabin with one. The person was present, but the soul was not with me. Every remark was forced ; every proposition assented to. This I thought was too bad ; give me opposition, give me a flow of sentiment, observation, wit, or even levity.— Every thing I see of genius, reconciles me to talkative ignorance ; this has novelty, character, original nature, feeling, aptitude. Living conversation is better than that which is reported of the dead. The principal interest from reported conversation, arises not so much from the

facts themselves, as from the agreeable dress in which they are presented by the fancy of the reporter. S. E. without an abundance of learning, and with very little compass of imagination, has an aptitude in seizing on the merest trifle, decorating it with prismatic colors, tossing it into the air, and bandying it about with the elastic spring of untired sportiveness. Conversation in most companies is frequently heavy and common-place; or it is meant to be argumentative and scientific. An intermixture by way of parenthesis, makes an agreeable variety, but dissertation should be adjourned to the lecture room. Men go into company to relax and recreate their minds; they may be disgusted with frivolity, but they will hate pedantry. In the city, D. was generally meditative. P. seemed always to be plumed with poetic feathers; Dr. with classical allusions, happily applied, smart and apt. G. elucidated by science. L. S. and A. P. sprinkled jurisprudence. O. answered on commerce and finance. M. the general literature and speculation of the times—such made up a delightful evening party for conversation. There was no pause of intellect. To set down what was said, would be to reduce the lively to dullness; the happy narrative, to dry detail; the just remark, to common-place, and every well timed witticism to stale jocularity. Medicine----Disease----Ariosto----Milton----Shakspeare—Genlis—Aqueducts--Treadwell—Greek tree--Dr. Popkins—Oratory—James Otis—William Tudor—La Fayette—his poetical life—Romance of character—Waverley—What a variegated and brilliant picture would be given by one who possesses the happy faculty of sketching scenes of society, with all the lights and shades, the graceful colors, and accurate outline, which this group thus afforded!

"This to be sure may belong to male society of the city, and why should women be unfurnished with the like resources?" Many are, but it is to be feared that even among the best educated, and most highly accomplished, the slavery to which fashion has reduced them, demands too great a sacrifice of time, and burdens them with such heavy tasks, that little leisure is afforded for other pursuits.

Buonaparte, that unmerciful tyrant, yet gallant master of ceremonies, was the only man who could dictate to ladies on the art of dressing; according to him, dress should never be the subject of meditation, but of action. And for this, instead of hours, minutes only should be employed. Women living in cities therefore, in addition to the various other circumstances which dissipate attention to the solid mental culture which women of the country enjoy, have a great part of their time occupied for personal decoration. "This," said the gentleman, "reminds me of an affair at the springs, somewhat like a trial of strength arising from an accidental meeting of two accomplished young ladies, whose education had been conducted under very different circumstances. In all parties made up for summer excursions, there is generally some favorite object of attention. Sometimes a distinguished beauty is the magnet, till beauty alone becomes too insipid to excite admiration; sometimes a dashing heroine drags the world at her chariot wheels, till her romantic exploits and boisterous career, fatigue curiosity itself; sometimes a wit, rather feared than beloved, serves to amuse and animate, what would otherwise be a dull company, and sometimes the party is fortunate in the possession of one, who is soon discovered under an unassuming exterior, to possess genius and talents, and a disposition to communicate liberally to the entertainment of her friends."

"Two parties of well-bred and well-informed gentlemen and ladies, arrived at the Springs about the same time. One came from the metropolis of N. E. and one from the interior of Connecticut. A congeniality of feeling and sentiment, soon brought them into close intimacy, so that they became as one company of long established intimates and friends. A slight superiority of good sense; a striking brilliancy of imagination; a pleasantness of humour; an acuteness in observation; a tact in the adaptation of conversation to the humour of the company; a sprightly wit; or an artless simplicity with its careless bursts of genuine, natural naivete,—either is sure to make the possessor queen of the fairy ring.

One lady in each party, was soon distinguished by the gentlemen, as having the supremacy, where all appeared to be nearly equal.

At table one day there was a discussion respecting a public and a private education, in which the ladies took a small part, leaving, of course, no want of sprightliness in the midst of profound sense.

When the ladies had retired the subject was renewed with an especial reference to some of the females of their own company, as affording very fair examples of the merit of both systems.

Col. B. strenuously maintained that the private education of Miss. C..... in the seclusion of the country, with very little intercourse with the literary world, and few opportunities of becoming acquainted with general society, or even with persons of either sex distinguished for their talents, was a circumstance more propitious to the development, and much more so to the perfect improvement of the faculties of her mind, than could be obtained from the most splendid education establishment, united with a long and extensive acquaintance with the world.

Y .... on the contrary observed, that though he admired the lady in question, and was not a little astonished at the novelty and justness of her remarks, he doubted very much if she could parallel the accomplished Miss L...., who, in addition to her being a poet of the first order, and a general scholar, was polished and perfected by conversation and intercourse, with the most refined society in Europe and America. Their native powers might be equal; but power must have materials on which to exert itself. The marble must be quarried; this may be done by a laborer; the image of man may be sketched by a savage; but he must have viewed the human figure in all its variety of form and attitude, must have studied the exterior development of intellect, under all its various emotions, whether of heroic excitement, or deliberative grandeur—when the turn of a battle or the cast of a vote, is to obliterate, or exalt a nation, before he could, like Chantry, give to the block of marble that character of Washington, serene in dignity, and protective in influence. Genius, without a wide range of associating principle, will be dormant. Ability to combine, may exist; an aptitude to receive impressions may exist; but a limited sphere of observation, cannot supply that multifarious store of images, among which, a rich fancy delights to revel, and from which intuitively as it were, it selects the illustrations of those subjects on which it dilates; uttering truths not only powerful in themselves, but in terms so appropriate and perspicuous as to arrest attention, and delighting the imagination, by the beauties with which they are adorned, and by the novelty and skill by which a thousand sources both of nature and art, have been made tributary to the general effect."

"Could the ladies be brought into a situation where some interesting subject might present itself, as it were casually, so that their powers should be called into action

without either thinking it to be a design, as a trial of strength, we might form a more correct judgment respecting the two modes of education."

An opportunity soon offered. The conversation gradually advancing in interest, the gentlemen in order to remove every obstruction to the free exercise of their respective talents, retired, yet secretly contrived to hear. The conversation was continued for a considerable time, with great spirit and intelligence, with great sweetness of manner, and plain, yet choice and elegant expressions. The gentlemen from the specimen came to the conclusion that by different means, both had attained the highest intellectual improvement; possessed like endowments, and had they exchanged circumstances, each would have obtained the same point, and equality of excellence."

What is the reason the pen moves over soft and thin Italian paper, which costs two hundred and fifty cents a ream, more easily than over these leaves of an old book that cost nothing, and have remained idle and useless for more than fifty years in the Inn-keeper's desk, for he had no other paper? I have at home a score of half-blank books, some a century old, which would supply me with paper as many years, even were I, like some great authors, or some great extractors, to fill a sheet every evening. It will not be denied that this paper made fifty or sixty years ago from linen, is much stronger than the present fabric of soft and spongy cotton. Should this be doubted by the strenuous advocates for home-manufactures, we need only refer to public records, the paper of which is as tenacious as the unrolled papirus of Herculaneum; or to the printed volumes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which seem from their undecayability as well as from their ponderosity, to be destined for eternal duration; whether they attain it or not, is another question.

There may be something very appalling to your imagination, at the sight of a great bound book spread before you, ready, waiting to receive any impressions you may please to make upon its fair and innocent countenance. Perhaps the mind casts its eye back on the unimproved years of its existence ; on the generations through which it has travelled without bearing on its leaves, a single indication of the great and the wise ; the learned and the witty ; the elegant and accomplished, who have had it before them, and thence you hesitate lest you should desecrate with mean and idle thoughts, what so many before you have left untouched. Perhaps the durable quality of the paper is the cause of its rejection. You have noticed how much the ashes of the dead, has been disturbed by the revivification of memoranda, made while the writer was waiting for his boots, and left on the table to be brushed into the fire by the chamber-maid, whose ideas of the neatness and order required by every bachelor, would not suffer any incumbrance to remain in the room she honored with her superintendence.

But alas ! alas ! these innocent memoranda fall into less careful hands.

Had such memoranda, however, been made on paper of the present improved age, the memoirs of a thousand men would have been lost to posterity.

But while the texture of the old style paper, admitted of the manuscript's being passed from hand to hand—from generation to generation—supplying materials for magnalia, and anecdotes for male and female gossip, and characters and incidents for novels and romancers—while it endured the thumping of greasy spinners, and bid defiance to the smoke of the brew-house, the new manufacture would have disappeared as down before the wind.

No—none of the cogitations would prevent my writing in the blank books; but to sit down to write in a great book, has so much formality in the act; looks so much like laboring to become an author, that I never would do it, unless I were compiling a work of public utility—in which case I would leave nothing afloat—no loose paper should be exposed to the dust-brush of the servant—every fact and idea on the subject should be noticed in the blank-book, duly headed, registered, and numbered. This mechanical arrangement assists if not supplies memory, saves time, and tends to correctness. On the same principle, I prefer Italian paper; if you want strength and durability, it possesses both those qualities. It is smooth, easy, and soft to write on—it can be squared, folded, and if you have several half sheets, stitched, and be made to occupy a very small place in your pocket-book, accessible when riding, walking, sailing, or resting at an Inn, and when you have done with it, makes very tractable papillotes.

Mentioning this subject to Dr. M. as we sat one evening at the window, looking at the play of the moon beam on the gently agitated surface of the lake below, his metaphysical fancy immediately began to work.—"I submit to the learned," said he, "if it is not solely the power of association."—It is a delicate, a deep, and perhaps a metaphysical question; but hyposhesis is deducible, and may be supported by anology. Some I know assert, dogmatically, metaphysically, or chemically, that whatever had existence cannot be destroyed: that the same indentical particles in which the essence of a substance resides, however separated and dispersed, will under other circumstances, attract each other and assume a compact form. Others, not hardy enough to proceed further, nor 'to consider curiously' with Hamlet, 'say lazily that

it is vain to puzzle our heads with what cannot be brought to a certainty, (saying with Bishop Heber,) "in our profound ignorance of the world of spirits," though a direct contradiction of all the sober truths which cost the scholastic age so much labor to investigate. But these mistake the question, and argue about a spiritual existence, and we about substance.

We have substantial forms, and as all our ideas originate in sensation, matter cannot be annihilated, why should we not rationally pursue the thread or fibre through all its transitions and ramifications ?"

Travellers, Missionaries, and Philosophers, concede that the soil of Jerusalem, notwithstanding the winds of the desert, and other causes, have shifted its surface a thousand times, is still the identical soil on which Solomon studied botany, and where the fair daughter of Judea "went into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded."—Yet this soil has assumed a form very different from what it possessed, when Palestine was studded with villages, and the whole country, from Lebanon to the sea, and from the sea to the Euphrates, teemed with the most luxuriant vegetation.

And is there more irrationality in supposing that this very sheet of paper, may be composed of the particles which formed, according to Hamlet's conception, the cloth of a bung-hole, and that that same matter once was suspended on the mast of Cleopatra's barge when she sailed gallantly down the 'silver—Cydnos, when she came from Egypt' and the gentle winds were lodged in purple sails, and gazing crowds stood panting on the shore? That these being captured by Cæsar, and conveyed to Rome, were converted into the identical paper on which the poets of that age wrote those immortal works which are

yet the delight of classical scholars. This supposition once admitted, the paper becomes a mental telescope, unfolding to our view the distant Appenines and all the magnificence of Italian scenery ?"

On our arrival at H******, we found the village in commotion. Three competitors for patronage were on the ground: a lecture on astronomy, an opera-manager, and a ventriloquist. All could not be attended on the same evening, and no accommodation could be effected, as each believed it would be a sacrifice of the dignity of his profession to relinquish its claim to priority. On the interference of a wise senator, it was finally settled that, as the astronomical lecture would be more instructive to young, and the ventriloquist more entertaining to the grown people, than a concert of theatrical music, three evenings should be appropriated to the astronomer, and two to the ventriloquist; then only Saturday being left for the musician, and public amusements being disallowed on that evening, the company departed.

I met the ventriloquist descending the stairs just as I entered the hotel. He seemed inclined to avoid recognition; this being unavoidable, we met, and being curious to know a little of his history, I invited him into the withdrawing room.

R.———P.—— is a man of color. Till the age of eleven, he was the favourite pet of a very respectable mistress, and of her whole family, whom I after visited at H*** about thirty miles from town. He was as agile as a squirrel, and as full of trick and mimickry as a monkey. After leaving his relatives and the family of his mistress, he went with a gentleman through various parts of Europe; passed into several services, and finally returned as an assistant to Rennie the Ventriloquist. After Rennie quitted the stage, P. commenced his carreer, and soon married a respectable colored woman.

Finding the profession profitable, he endeavoured to please the public by rendering his exhibitions more various, and improved his power of ventriloquism by observation and exercise.

He told me that during the last twenty years he had visited and exhibited in Europe, the West Indies, and most of the large cities of the United States—generally with the most beneficial results to his finances.

"The good advice given to me while a child," said he, "I trust was not thrown away; it has always been present to my mind, and I hope has influenced my conduct. The experience of my whole life has confirmed what my friends inculcated. My profession, you know, Sir, is exposed to corrupt influences, and seldom leads to any thing short of total destruction. It is looked upon as the lowest among the low, and therefore people allow no moral rectitude to one whose business consists in cheating the senses. It is the province of a wise man to turn credulity and curiosity to his own advantage. It is the maxim of the politician as well as of the judge."

"Seeing as I did, that few public performers withstood the temptations of dissipation, and finding that 'birds of the same feather flock together,' I determined to avoid the entanglements of company; and I could do this without much exposure to the sarcasms of the witty, or the importunity of the idle, since the pretence of preparation and experiment, for the succeeding exhibition, always served as an apology for retiring. Thus I have avoided gambling, drinking, and idleness. But the surest anchor, I thought, was to have some determinate object always in view, and none appeared to me more decisively powerful, than an independence that would secure me from poverty and public charity, (the common fate of strollers), when advanced age, or youthful competitors

drove me from this temporary enjoyment. Having a good wife, well acquainted with country business, I concluded, that instead of carrying her about with me as an assistant, it would be better to have a *home*, which would be to her a congenial occupation, and to me a polar star, towards which I should always set my course."

"I accordingly took up about two hundred acres of nearly wild land in New-Hampshire, and laid out a plan of improvement. Here, as I returned periodically from my excursions, I found a bank established, which gave good interest for my deposits. My purchase and my improvements have cost me more than ten thousand dollars.

"It was not long, before I found it necessary to build a house, and I thought I might as well have a genteel, as a mean one. You may have seen it, Sir, as you passed from Concord to Hanover. It is the original, as I have been told, from which the government of the State, did me the honor to model the State House. The natural coincidence of professions probably suggested this. There I have reared a family, and should be very happy to show you all the civilities in my power, when you pass that way again."

"Some people," says Montesquieu, 'hate digressions,' but I think he who understands their use is like one with long arms: he has more objects within his reach."

From the time that we entered this region of mountains and lakes, the eye has been kept in constant exercise: sometimes overlooking a vast expanse of water reposing between immense ranges of hills, and often darkened by overshadowing mountains whose summits blended with the clouds: sometimes painfully stretching to penetrate through a magnificent vista of hills and woods, beyond which the rays of the sun were reflected from the silvery surface of many glistening lakes, and sparkling torrents

leaping over precipices, and dashing into deep caverns below. Now a canopy of light hung over a dark valley; reversing the order in which the poet has placed them, who says "then shine the vales," etc.

One cannot help contrasting the littleness of art with the magnificence of nature; and of feeling impressions of sublimity which all the skill of the describer or the painter cannot adequately impart. Yet it is only after we have seen the scenery of nature that we can properly appreciate the skill, however inadequate with which they describe and delineate. There will be some prettiness in all secondary describers, and there may be some strong points in every original to discriminate the peculiarities of the landscape.

It is difficult for a man like ****, with a mind filled with all kinds of knowledge, and a fancy which illuminates every impression, whether of past or present objects, while he is contemplating one scene, not to grasp at what is beyond, as he finds his vision expanded by casual association.

And is it to this opulence of knowledge that we owe, not only the masterly pictures, but the imagery and even the sentiment of that delightful poetry which satisfies beyond the reality of things? Is it to the transferrence of qualities from other objects, artfully combined, and tastefully disposed, around the dull and inanimate realities of life, that we owe our most pleasurable sensations?

Could Milton have imagined an Eden, without having seen the Appenines? Could he have adorned the sun, without reference to a mortal beauty?

> "The golden-tressed sun
> All the day his course to run."

So charmed are we with the general effect, that we desire not to examine by a cold analysis the source of that

power which the poet possesses. Yet when we do examine, we find it to be imagination working on those materials which nature and art supply. Thus the celebrated description of the hunting in Shakspeare,—of the poets eye in a fine phrenzy rolling—the antique fables—the fairy toys—seething brains—shaping phantasies—brow of Egypt—all are of earthly origin; every significant word belongs to some object, and has its origin in perception. Could Shakspeare himself have conceived, what one of his commentators calls the most elegant passage in the whole compass of English literature, (and who can tell why) without having the image of some ruined tenement in his mind.

" O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no monument of what it was!

Who could have written

" Thus while I musing pause o'er Shakspeare's page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the sage,
High o'er the wreck of man, who stands sublime;
A column in the melancholy waste,
Its cities humbled, and its glories past,
Majestic midst the solitude of time,

unless Palmyra, or some other ruin had furnished the materials with which he constructed that magnificent and melancholy stanza? So he must have recollected Niagara, or some other cataract, who, by means of the permanent fixes the image of the transitory—making the terms belonging the cataract exactly applicable to the clouds of the departing day, as we now behold them in majestic splendor, in the western horizon.

Poured o'er the edge of azure clouds, a foam of silver white,
And down the midst, a cataract of gold and purple light.

The vicissitudes of showers, storms, tempests, contrasted with a vivid sun, a clear atmosphere, a brilliant rain-

bow, a bright Aurora Borealis, an unpicturable sun-set, with a thousand moving forms of every hue and tint; moon-light, when every thing is clothed in the mellow hue of sober gray; a reviving day, when the birds awake, the herds rejoice, the waters sparkle, the woods resound, the salutation of the morning lark; the glittering dew drops on tree and bush, and briar hedge and green orchard, and meadow sparkled with flowers; the cheer of the cock, the whistle of the robin, the bleating of sheep, the low of cattle, the tinkling of the cow-bell in the forest, the noise of the distant mill; the dash of torrents hidden in the wilderness; the woodman's axe throwing back the sun-beams as he emerges from dark woods, and slowly ascends the distant hill—the surface of the earth, here rising into inaccessible mountains, and abrupt precipices; there undulating in hills, and sloping into valleys; now enclosing tracts of sand, and now immense forests; embosoming vast lakes, or bounding great oceans, gushing mountain torrents, streams leaping over rocks, and through fertile meadows; gliding rivers, and pebbly brooks irrigating and fertilizing rich fields and vineyards, the buzz of cities; the gaiety of assembled elegance and beauty; choice music—devotional concords—painting—sculpture—architecture—ships gliding among islands—boats dancing on rivers—fleets covering the ocean—those are facts, with which imagination has nothing to do; most are tangible—some are only seen; we see the river glide, the moon move, the mountain tower, the sea roll, we see the infant play, the youth rejoice, the man employed, the aged calm—all, all bestowing a sweet influence on the blood, causing it to move cheerily, and opening all the avenues by which pleasurable sensations are communicated along the nerves to awaken the intellect, and warm the heart.

Hence the imagination is furnished. He who observes most, collects most. He who collects most is richest in stores for imagination, and he who exercises most imagination on the materials which nature and art supply, increases his power of combining, and of creating new forms, purified perhaps from the feculencies of earth, but still congenial with that etherial spirit which has existence in every heart, and with those aspirations after something more elevated, than earth supplies, but of which nature gives the promise in every rain-bow, as well as in every faculty of the human mind.

Yet there is a feeling of enjoyment, in the absence of the variety, as well as of the stirring phenomena of nature. We want not the turbulence of the ocean; the uproar of the tornado; the rattling of thunder rebounded by every hill; the fearfulness of lightning leaping from rock to rock, from heaven to earth; the rocking of the earthquake; the torrent of the volcano—the sublime is in the silence, the expansion, the awful serenity, the repose of the mountain in the moon-light, or the orb of day penetrating every where, illuminating, and watching, and vivifying from the minute ramification of a fibre, to the extent of the universe.

The eye, too much fatigued by constant exercise, required some relief; the light of the lamp itself was irritating. As soon as this inconvenience was perceived, the whole medical faculty was put in requisition, and various remedies were proposed. The majority of the company agreed in recommending *June water*. Some was immediately brought from the cellar, and not long after its application, we were sensible of its meliorating properties; and began to speculate on its peculiar qualities.

I have often smiled at the pains city-ladies took to catch *June water* in a bright *pewter* basin, none other being al-

lowed to receive this precious lotion for the eyes, and cosmetic for the complexion. In the city, however, it has lost its reputation as a good cosmetic ; it neither bleaches a fair skin, gives bloom to a ruddy cheek, nor softness to a delicate and expressive countenance: and those who have the least need of additions to their natural beauty, are often the most sedulous to heighten their charms by artificial means. In this place it is in great repute, both externally as a cosmetic, and internally as a solvent of crudities, and a specific for dyspepsy ; and an indigenous doctor, residing in a hermitage in the forest, pronounces it to be a never failing remedy for disorders arising from the use of ardent spirits.

June water possesses peculiar properties, but those properties depend on circumstances, not within the reach of city ladies, and hence it has fallen into disuse.

The atmosphere near the sea is always charged with saline particles; hence rain water in any season, ceases to be a good solvent. Snow precipitates from the atmosphere all heterogeneous substances, as fining carries down all feculencies in wine, and hence after the first fall of snow, the succeeding is perfectly pure, and possesses a powerful solvent property,—so as to penetrate leather, and drive us to the use of India rubber to exclude moisture from the feet—but after a long rain, the water is less pure near the sea, than at a distance.

In mountainous and watery countries, the vapours that accumulate into clouds, carry with them no salt, for the winds that come over the ocean deposit the saline particles before they reach the interior. Yet the vapors that form clouds, and descend in mists, dew, or rain, are impregnated with extraneous substances. Animals that have olfactory nerves of much greater sensibility than those of man, detect approaching or distant objects,

which no man perceives. The Buffalo and the horse will scent a bear long before the most sentient hunter of Kentucky.

At the distance of a hundred leagues from the Azores, dogs have been noticed to run to the wind-ward side of a ship, snuff the wind, and at length spring overboard and swim directly towards the quarter whence the wind blew, though no man on board could perceive the least effluvia in the breeze.

It is not therefore in poetic vision, that those who are made to sail "beyond the Cape of Hope—beyond Mozambique and far off at sea, rest on their oars to smell Sabean odors from the shores of Araby the blest;" but a reality well authenticated. The sublime and beautiful conception of the powerful effect of such fragrancies, as expressed in the concluding line of the description, where sensibility is attributed to the ocean, is worthy the genius of Milton.

"Cheered with the grateful smell, old ocean smiles."

Now is the month of June, when the forest is in bloom with a thousand flowers that never wasted their fragrance in the desert air of a hot-house, "gentle gales, fanning their odoriferous wings, steal perfumes, and waft them through the whole atmosphere, impregnating the clouds that shed May flowers"—make the water, suspended in the air, a perfect compound of etherial essences, whose exhility of particle is more subtile than what mortal chemistry can produce.

Gross essential oils constitute all the peculiarities of cosmetics and scented waters which are used in cities: but the finer soul and spirit of these essential oils are carried up to blend with, and contribute to, the softness, and to the balsamic, and solvent, and cosmetic properties of the water of the flower month; and besides, they are so

intimately blended, and so nicely proportioned, that they lose their individuality, and hence cannot be detected and separated by the finest organs, or most delicate contrivances of man. While they remain above, they afford an etherial sustenance to myriads of little butterflies, who dance and sport in gay fantastic rings; living as we think on air, while they are feasting and bathing in etherial dews.

Rivers and lakes likewise imbibe much of these essences, as any person may sensibly feel, who enjoys the luxury of bathing in them.

If you bathe in sea water, you are braced, and your skin is rendered dry and acid. The solvent properties of lake-water, immediately remove the exudations which plate the most delicate skin; renders soft and supple, and at the same time gives elasticity to the limbs; and your very heart seems to breathe through the emancipated pores.

'Tis this water, caught in a wooden tub set in the open field after the rain has precipitated the motes that danced in the sun-beams, that is bottled, and kept sweet and pure for several years, undergoing no fermentation in any change of season or climate. And this was the specific for our inflamed eyes.

No circumstance so well sets off the charms of a lovely woman, as a little amiable altercation with her beloved. "Why, Matilda, do you want to risk your precious limbs on the Lake?" Because I do, replied she. "*Because,* ay, *because*—the same word, implying the same reason—absolute will—from Eve, to this time." Then *why* did you ask the question? "There again, another word belonging exclusively to the Ladies' vocabulary. This *why,* so hateful to all master Miles' dull scholars—and this *because*—as handy as *if* to a Justice of the Peace—and

truly as convenient likewise to English, Irish, Scotch and American women." How absurd, when you know perfectly well it is seldom used through ignorance, but generally implies *a deference to your superior judgment;* and when you proposed a question that implies an objection, now be honest, and tell me if you did not expect this flattering word, in compliment of your understandstanding?—So over the lake the party prepared to sail or row.

Were I an inhabitant of this vicinity, and fond of water excursions, or desirous of gratifying my friends with this amusement, I certainly would have a barge, or a life-boat, light, convenient, and safe, notwithstanding half the pleasure of such excursions seems to arise from the inconvenience of the accommodations, and the rickety state of the boats in use, putting in requisition, even to temerity, the courage of the adventurers, and requiring the incessant resort to expedients, to provide both for safety and accommodation. "The boat has no awning—it may rain--the sun may shine out and the rays may be excessively hot." The lady spread her umbrella.—"There is but one thowl." The lady had a knife, borrowed for the purpose of taking plants up by the roots; how lucky—the handle just fitted. "The bottom of the boat is wet,"—India rubber boots defy water—In short, the lady found a remedy for every defect. "Perseverance is good, my lord," and so to sea they went.

I honor such perseverance in a good cause; it bespeaks character; but when it degenerates to obstinacy, it is to be reprobated, as it betokens ignorance and a defective understanding. The lady came for pleasure, and it contributed to her pleasure, to convince her husband that no cowardice on her part should ever disturb his queit. *He* should not be stopped on his journey by *her*

dread of a distant cloud. *He* should not be kept from sailing, through *her* fear of drowning; her *temerity* was to confirm his *confidence; he* was going, and why should she not go? If he had married her for money, an establishment, a coach, &c. she would remain at home. People are entitled to no more than they marry for; a compliance with the terms, nay even with the concealed spirit of the contract, is all that can be required. "Her husband was going, and why should she fear going where he would venture. She had implicit confidence in George. Dr. Fothingal in one of his medical lectures, (a very odd place to think of love;) advised his pupils never to put on a new coat to go a courting in, lest the lady should like the new coat, and overlook the wearer. Matilda regarded not coat, coach, nor establishment; she married for love of an affectionate heart and a good understanding. And George estimated rather the internal than the external wealth of his wife.

I minute these particulars for the sake of my friend who composes novels. She may imagine and depicture, the very attitudes, and gesture, and look which accompanied the expressions of Matilda. She may touch-off, with her usual grace, the evanescent exbibitions of the finer emotions of the heart, assuming various shapes and shades—now in the mocking lip; the half closed and archly contracted eye-brow; the protrusion, in defiance, of the slender foot; the bending, insinuating, and now assumed, haughty posture; the waving of the arm so as to display the voluptuous chest, as well as to repel approach; the extension of the delicate little hand stretched out in defiance, and the tripping away singing, "follow, follow, follow" &c. I only request her to reject the old moulds of prescriptive description. We have stereotyped terms on French hangings which answer for rural

scenery. For moral beauty we want something more appropriate and characteristic, especially when we want to convey, even a faint idea of the peculiar graces which belong exclusively to that delightful era when youth and beauty are in the spring of happiness, and when every unrestrained motion, is an emanation from the affections; and when benevolence beams on all around. Such is the paradise which is perpetually present, when infancy and youth remain in the garden of Eden, without having tasted the tree knowledge through the temptation of delusive desires. And happily when one set is driven out of this paradise, another enters, and creation succeeds creation.

In the evening we had a delightful concert; the ladies had voices, and the gentlemen clarionets and flutes. A French horn or some other instrument might have added reverberations from the mountains which would have mingled harmoniously with the notes below, but an Italian chromatic exhibition would have been as incongruous as St. Peter's church in the wilds instead of being in Rome. Every thing is good in time and place. Scientific music, properly so called, is fitted to scientific ears; and scientific ears, like scientific taste, loves nature in the involutions of art. The instinct of nature prompts children to imitation, and then they are natural and charmingly graceful; the age of education substitutes reason for instinct, and they continue to copy, but with measured steps, and the stiffness of restraint. It may be that the manners and habits of professed musicians and amateurs, too often mar the pleasure that might result from music. Real scientific taste, is often so exquisitely critical, as to produce much misery to the profession; and the manner in which this refinement is shown, disgusts the hearer and renders him insensible to the melody. The sensibilities of a man of taste are

entitled to respect, but that sensibility is liable to run into the character of irritability. A stamp, a knitting of the brow, an angry look, reproof, impatience—all, or either, demonstrate some error of which the company is not sensible, and the whole pleasure of the music is destroyed by the action. In addition to their susceptibility to the harmony of sweet sounds, the consciousness of skill is gratified by applause and popularity, and the performer is mortified if they are withheld; while we receive an exquisite pleasure from less scientific performers, who pretend to no skill, but please to sing and sing to please, by simple, sweet, and touching strains; and no doubt most people receive more pleasure from hearing an artless singer, than from all the thousand pretenders to science which make up the usual concerts to the fashionable world.

After all, I may be very much mistaken, since I have so absurd an ear, as to feel no delight from the utterance of sounds that convey no sense nor sentiment. The vocal music of the Theatre is therefore my delight, because without book, I understand those articulating singers, who accompany the notes and instruments with the words and sentiments of the poet,

"Enriched with vocal and articulate powers."

Notes alone may tittilate the toes, "and give the elastic limbs their play! but they never can draw tears to moisten the soldier's grave," transport us to Ceylon's "sunny isle," or subdue our passions to the gentle soothings of the watchman "what of the night." Nor can I admire the practise of our churches.

"There let the pealing organ blow,
To the *full voiced* choir below,
In service high, and anthems *clear*,
As may with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

Instead of which, without the book before us, we should not know that choir did any thing more than repeat, Fa, sol, la !—nor am I an admirer of those sublime starts and shouts which " split the ears of the groundlings "—In all of which the Philo-harmonists accuse me of want of taste and science—agreed ; though I might appeal to the stage, where vocal music produces a profound silence in the audience, while instrumental alone gives the signal for conversation and laughter. And were I called on to select an example of devotional music, I should go to Brattle Street Church, where a single female, Mrs. W. was so powerful in musical expression, as to thrill every bosom with devotional feelings ; or to the solo of the Methodist M****, which discoursed most excellent music."

Those who observe the customs of the first settlers in a new country, will find an explanation of many things which have perplexed the antiquarians of Europe when attempting to investigate the remains of antiquity. The expedients to which men resort, either for comfort or security, under similar circumstances partake of the same character. A moving tribe, like our Indians, bury a single corse in the earth ; but if the defuncts are numerous, as after a battle, they are piled on the surface, and a mound or barrow raised over them. When a community is formed in a new country, a burying place is designated near to the centre of the population ; but if the people are much scattered, and isolated, and remote, each family buries its own members, within sight of the log-hut they inhabit. In our route we noticed several of these graves, and they are to be seen in all newly explored places remote from old settlements. We should smile, if any antiquary should gravely bring forward these monuments as proofs of the population of this country previous to its occupancy by our ancestors, yet it is not improbable that

this will be done. Already a foreigner has written on the antiquity of the fortifications, which were erected at Charlestown, and Roxbury, at the commencement of the revolution.

As these lakes were stored with fish, their banks became the stations of Indians at certain seasons of the year; and many rude stone-tombs have hence been collected, and deposited in museums. Such are common to all wandering tribes, and afford no indications of their national origin. The South American Indians have images, resembling those which have been discovered in Asia. The Indians of North America, have left no religious monuments.

As soon as wandering tribes are reclaimed and become stationary, policy, interest or fear, cherishes superstitious rites and practices. Imagination is an original faculty: judgment an acquired habit. To bridle imagination is to curtail, and at the same time to regulate pleasure: to indulge it, engenders fear. The wise men of each community soon learn from observation and experience, to manage the faculty, and harness it to the car of superstition. But it may be questionable whether the North American, ever had any images, or religious observances, like those of the tribes of South American Indians, excepting such as are common to all people.

Idolatry is natural to man; he must refer the striking phenomena of nature, to invisible power; and he will deprecate the wrath, or admire the benevolence of that power. Solomon has philosophically traced its origin and progress in the 13th Chap. of the Book of Wisdom, (a book by the way, rather fuller of inspiration than some canonized by the Church). Only a part of the subjects which he names belong to all stages of society; the rest belong to advanced and refined periods.

The North American Indians appear to have fewer superstitious customs than the people of refined nations. People must become stationary, perhaps idle and luxurious, before they incline to indulge in trifling pleasures, or deprecate trifling inconveniences; before they acquire a tenuity of nerve to vibrate at every jar, and thrill at every sound. Probably what we call superstition owed its origin to accident, to whim, or policy. The daily practice of an individual becomes a habit; makes an impression on the child, is imitated, and an oddity, a whim, a punctilio of pride, is continued, and reverenced with filial devotion.

Many, if not most of the superstitious customs of Europeans, are derived from elder Eastern nations.

Our ancestors brought a few of these with them from England. Few however remain with us at this day. They could not long exist among a people who professed, "that old things were done away." Some of a purely domestic class remain, such as that of preceding the removal of a family into a new habitation, with *salt*, *bread*, a *broom*, and the Bible—a custom, with the exception of the Bible, as old as the Grecian Republic.

Antiquarians are very much engaged in tracing the origin of nations through the medium of language. I wonder whether peculiarities of phraseology mark the original connexion of the people of many towns here, with the people of the English town or district whence they came? Though it is said that there is more uniformity in the spoken language of N. E. or of the U. S. than there is in that of England, yet there is a remarkable difference between the vulgar phrases of different towns. Ipswich, for instance, it has been said, has always been distinguished for the purity of its diction, while Salem and Marblehead have a singular set of cant and vulgar

phrase. The old school-master Burnham, used to attribute this peculiarity to the early, and continued attention of the Town to its Public Schools; declaring that the original settlers imbibed a taste for letters in the English town from which they emigrated, and where Cardinal Woolsey established a celebrated school, the spirit of which had been retained and transmitted through every successive generation. If this be a just deduction, Let Ipswich erect a monument to the great political Cardinal, who amid the splendour of royality, regarded the learning which conducted him to power, as the only sure means of elevating society to the comprehension of its duties, the capacity for freedom, and the enjoyment of good government.

New-Hampshire has some singular phrases. One of which has acquired celebrity from its being used by Gen. Miller, who, being asked by the commander in chief, whether he could take a certain fort, replied, 'I'll try.' Singular customs of employments likewise discriminate the people of different places. Stop a Vineyard sailor, or a Boston lounger at your door, and inquire if the one wants a voyage, or the other a service—if engaged, they will both give a short answer, and pass on—if disengaged, and a pen-knife is in the pocket—haste to close your bargain, or your house will be cut down.

Notwithstanding we are daily reminded of the generations which have passed away, magnificent monuments only, furnish palpable evidence of the existence and destruction of nations. These perpetuate the slavish and ambitious spirit of the age; and while the individual is dreaming of immortal remembrance, his mausoleum becomes a chronological tablet. These tablets, however barren, yet connect the living with the dead. Of such monuments the Indians have left no remains. That

something of the kind would remain, there can be no doubt, had they not been driven by frequent wars from the stations where they made temporary encampments.—When they had tasted the fruits of the orchard, and substituted the scanty harvest in winter, for the still more scanty and precarious provision of the chase; when instead of a few bushes, they had piled up a hovel of stones to shelter their wives and children from the inclemency of the storm—from the natural energy of the human mind, rude, but ingenious contrivances would have added to their comforts, and with these, an attachment to a permanent residence would have constituted a *home;* and *home*, consecrated by feelings and associations which it never fails to cherish, would have advanced them as it did the Mexicans, to a state of social order.

All the sketches I have seen, and all the descriptions I have read, gave me a very imperfect idea of the country. Local beauties may be shadowed out by the pencil, but in general, pictures are as inadequate as is a piece of the giant's causeway to raise conceptions of the whole of that magnificent battlement.

Little can be expected from a short visit: to know a country well, we must live in it: to describe it well requires no ordinary talents. It requires skill in the use of instruments; I do not mean instruments of surveying only, though this is requisite; but a quick and educated eye, a practised pencil, and the art of describing in words what cannot be made visible by models. Remote countries can be visited by few; and it is therefore desirable, that the descriptions should be such as cannot fail of conveying a true picture to the mind. The language of science is universal. When a botanist and mineralogist speaks of plants and minerals, the terms are appropriate, and understood by men of all countries. So a traveller

may give the height of a mountain; the breadth of a lake, but there are features, and not portraits—he has no special term which can give the reader an adequate conception of that *totality* in the aspect which results from the relative position, and harmonious combination of natural objects, each holding an important and appropriate station in the landscape, the omission of any one of which destroys the completeness or effect of the whole as a whole. Most men admire a noble animal, but the jockey alone, at one glance, discerns that proportion and perfectness of the parts from which result the symmetry and beauty of the whole combined; so a drover decides instantaneously on the character of an ox, and a sailor on the properties of a ship. All admire a gem, a pebble, a rock and other remarkable objects on the surface of the earth, but none but the painter, who sees every thing in connexion, and who neglects not even the curl and color of the moss, can give each an appropriate place in the landcape.

Let Mr. A. give us the journal of a tour, and we shall have an almost tangible landscape, not of the pencil only, but of the pencil flowing with associations, and pointed with those colors of imagination which give life, indentity, condensation and compass to the whole, and to the parts as they appear in nature; and even when indistinct to the sensible, yet so admirably disposed as to bring a full picture to the mind's eye.

Physiognomy and Craniology are two uncertain sciences. Yet there are some remarkable cases in which they so far agree on indications of character, as to make us think they have some foundation in nature. The indications are to us, however, imaginary, while to the teacher they are true signs; So the poet and the painter, present us with descriptions of landscapes which we cannot realize, though to their full minds the images are

distinct. How is it that one man sees objects so differently from another? How is it that a musician is in ecstasy at a performance, which affords others only a vague sensation of pleasure? How is it that every beauty of nature, and every exquisite quality of art, do not give the like pleasure to all? Is there this immense difference between, a cultivated ear and eye, and the contrary? I believe there is, as there is between an intense observer, and a casual looker on. Though endowed with the like natural capacity; favoured by the like opportunity, one comes prepared, with a *habit of attention*, the other with a *habit of indifference:* one with his lamp trimmed and burning, the other without a wick to his oil. In short, it is *attention*—attention habitually in exercise, upon all and every object which comes before him, which 'checks at every feather that comes before his eye.' But admitting that we cannot arrive at this skill, or acquire this art, we may acquire such a knowledge of external nature, as to enhance the pleasures that result from imitations and combinations of the pencil, in proportion to our knowledge of the principles of the arts: for the principles are in nature, and may be learned by experience and observation. For want of attention to these principles, we have loose and vague descriptions both in words and colors. A part is given for the whole; and a whole, indistinctly in a mist.

Some landscapes are hence dull and flat; trunks glued to the back ground, and branches and leaves matted as though they had been screwed in a hop-press. It is not perhaps in the power of art to preserve the same distinctness that there is in nature where it exists in the midst of variety. But must the painter, (as one said to me,) always throw out a tub to the whale, to draw the spectator to some remarkable object, thrown in for the express

purpose of inviting attention? This seems to argue a want of power, so to affect the imagination of the observer, as to make him think he could walk under those branches —that he could go to the termination of those woods, by the light which beams on the foot path—that he could put aside the living leaves which surround the core or the fruit—that he could hide behind the trunks of those massy oaks—and yet this power is exhibited in paintings. But what have I to do with landscapes or paintings? Believing as I do, that one of two circumstances is absolutely requisite to the beholder of a fine landscape painting, to cause the piece to afford him supreme delight, the one a comprehensive acquaintaace with that *kind* of country which is delineated,—the other, an intimate knowledge of the particular scene which is the original of the picture which serves as an index to revise the impression which a view of the original made, and which, mingling with the sketches before him, transports him back to the very place where he received his earlier pleasurable sensations.

But you must come to this place more than once if you expect to have your mind filled with any thing more than the perception of a brilliant cloud; come, if you want to feel the beauty and the variety of the scenery. Come, as a resident, calm, observing, sedate: in company, and alone—minutely inspecting, to acquire a knowledge of every thing in detail; and then by frequent, extensive, and varied views under various aspects, the combined sublimity and beauty of the whole. No country is well known till after a second visit. We return with minds furnished with new powers for observation. Fresh objects start up, and new beauties disclose themselves. We go away it seems, only to sharpen our faculties, and

obtain a fresh relish for new objects of delight which become more permanent than the former.

We form a landscape on the tablet of the mind for after times and seasons. And it might be urged in favour of giving strong and deep attention to every scene in nature, that we thus lay up a treasure that shall be bright in old age. This attention assists, and stocks the memory with objects ever various and pleasant; and, since it is an old remark, that age forgets the present, and remembers the past, it is of infinite importance that we preoccupy every corner of memory with ideas of pleasurable sensations. Let the present go, if the past is sufficient. When the vessel of memory is full, all the additions made, are on its surface, and may be allowed to flow over the brim.

"I'd have you better know this trade of ours. 'Tis a profession, Sirs, to ravish admiration. Its nursing father is the Law."

Therefore we made a journey to the county-court, which is a copy of every other court in the State. In the management of cases, the bar of all civilized countries nearly agree. Not so in the pomp and circumstance of Courts. Here they are less formal than Europe, or than under the Colonial Government. An admirable simplicity prevails in all that regards etiquette; the Americans requiring that the aspect of a court of Justice should be as unimposing and simple, as its principles are pure and independent.

The language and manners of the pleaders, in common cases differ little from those of ordinary life among men of business.

It is recorded by an ancient Historian, that Pericles always practised before a mirror, that he might see what effect the utterance of each *letter* had upon his mouth. Were modern orators to attempt thus to operate upon the

senses, they would be ridiculed for their affectation. And in fact, such is the critical discernment of the age, that a man must be careful to avoid leaving his track in the snow of his predecessors, and even to shun a studied form, which indicates a mannerist.

Those who have studied the artificialness of oratory, lay much stress on externals. Those who have been conversant with the great models of ancient and modern eloquence, and from the diligent perusal of their works, have imbibed the spirit of their originals, expect to find among the great men of this improved age, the most perfect examples of all that has been attributed either of action, knowledge of the heart and passions, dignity of sentiment, pathos, grace, and sublimity of language, to the splendid names which illuminate the otherwise dark annals of the world.

"Those," said Valerius, "who, like myself, come strangers to the scene of Oratorial triumph, cannot fail to bow down and submit themselves, in awful homage, beneath its sway. When I heard the clear and harmonious periods of my kinsman, following each other in their undoubting sweep of energy—when I observed with what apparent skill he laid his foundations in a few simple facts and propositions, and then, with what admirable art, he upreared from these, a superstructure of conclusions, equally easy and unexpected—equally beautiful and ingenious—when, above all, he had conducted us to the end of his argument, and closed the whole magnificent strain with one burst of passionate eloquence, in which he seemed to leave even himself behind him, I could not but feel within myself as if I had been till now a stranger, not only to the most splendid, but to the most awful of enchantments—as if I had now, for the first time, contemplated the practised strength of reason, and the embodied might of the soul."

Such perhaps may be the expectation of some who come fresh from the halls of the University. How great must be their disappointment on hearing the most celebrated men of our day !

Alexander Hamilton, as a Statesman and as a pleader at the bar, was allowed to be one of the most powerful the country ever produced. A student of one of our colleges obtained leave of absence, for the purpose of attending court where Hamilton was to plead, in a cause that was supposed to require the full exertion of his strong mind, and the display of his great talents. He accordingly entered the court, but not till the closing counsel had risen to speak. After listening four hours, the case was given to the jury, to his great disappointment, as he supposed he had arrived too late to hear the great Orator. On returning home, he was met by a number of his fellow students all eager to hear his recital of what he had witnessed. He informed them of his disappointment, as he had the opportunity only of hearing a little man who began to *talk* just as he entered, and continued till the cause was finished—and he thought that he himself could talk full as well—and this little man was Alexander Hamilton.

When we arrived at the Court, the great M..... was pleading or rather drawling over a little cause. Here we had an evidence that the greatest, are the simplest minds. A great mind, like a great planet, performs its evolutions with silent regularity ; a little mind like an eccentric rocket, which whizzes along and agitates the atmosphere. Buonaparte arranged the little figures of the toy-shop, dressed in the costume of the several dignitaries who were to perform at the coronation, and at the wedding of his Austrian Queen, with as much ease and interest as he showed in arranging a campaign, and both were done without *fuss*, and M..... was as much at *home*, as when

he was discussing, with the knowledge of Marshall, the logic of Ellsworth, the wit of Burges, and the moral dignity of Ames, the interest and policy of nations in the Senate of the United States, to the great discomfiture of Senator B..... who said, he "cared not a fig for any opponent, provided it were that *knock-me-down gentleman from New Hampshire.*"

On our passage from the lead mines of Eaton, which General L..... had invited us to visit, we were stopped in a narrow part of the road by four waggons, one of which, in descending a rugged declivity of a spur of the Ossipee, was upset, and the whole cargo, consisting of women, children, and household stuff, was thrown out and lay spread on the ground.

Our assistance was required, and more gladly accepted as the day was far spent, and indications of foul weather appeared in the sky. Besides, they were fearful of not arriving at any place of shelter ; preparations for lodging in the waggons having been deferred until they had passed into the woods, where no tavern was yet to be found.

Their equipage consisted of four waggons covered with sail-cloth, and drawn by two horses each. Two of those contained the luggage ; and two were appropriated separately, to the accommodation of the men, and the women and children.

It appeared, that they were migrating to Indiana, where land had been purchased, and several log-huts erected by the young men, and were in readiness to receive their families. Three of these young men, had returned from Indiana for the purpose of conducting the removal of the four elderly men and women—three younger women and six children.

After helping them to refit, we left them to pursue their

tedious journey; with which, however, the old men and women seemed not to be perfectly reconciled; but the young men and women were in fine spirits; full of animation, and not doubting of a prosperous termination of their labors.

Such emigrations have lessened within a few years, and perhaps it is well for N. E. that they have; for had they continued, such as they were, during what were called in Maine, "*The years of famine*," that is, between 1810 and 1816, they would have drained the country of much of its youthful strength. Such was the emigration at that period, that four thousand *families* were said in the journals, to have passed one of the bridges in the western part of New York, in one season. We presume, however, this to be incorrect, and that four-thousand *persons*, was meant.

As a group of those emigrants passed through the main streets of Boston, it excited much attention; and a sketch of the caravan appeared in the following Elegy.

THE FLIGHT.

AN ELEGY.

Whither travel you, ye men of robust frames and sunburnt complexions? Why do the beautiful countenances of the young women droop? Why groaneth the matron in spirit? Why rest the old men on their staves, casting their eyes reproachfully around, as though they had been stripped of their well earned possessions by the ingratitude of man, and were now out-casts of society, or as those who go into banishment? Why is the waggon the habitation of thy children, whence, from amid beds and utensils of a household, they look out and lift up their hands, and shout, and point the finger, and cry to each

other, as their imaginations are struck with the wonders of the City?

Are the waters of Kennebeck and Penobscot bitter? Are the streams that nourished the meadows of Androscoggin dry? Have the fires failed for want of fuel? Has the sea yielded no salt? Have the rivers withholden their salmon their shad, their bass, and their alewives? Have the kine and the sheep ceased to bring forth their young? Have the pans of the dairy been empty? Will the churn produce no butter? nor the cheese-press stream with rich whey?

And the young men answered and said: The waters of Kennebeck and Penobscot are not bitter, but frozen; and the streams that coursed down the mountains and the hills, are not dry, but rare and scanty. The land is still covered with forest, but the wood thereof will not cause grass to grow; nay, the peat of a whole forest would be no substitute for summer—neither has the salt, nor the fish failed; but the kine and the sheep die for want of the winter fodder, and no milk can be spared from the lank udder to fill the churn or cheese-press. Moreover, the corn yieldeth not its increase, for the kernel thereof is withered in the milk.

Now, considering that for seven years, yea, ever since the total eclipse, the summers have been chilly, and the winters long and dreary, we said one to another: Let us abandon our possessions, which afford no adequate return for our labor, and let us remove to the south or to the west, where the land is more fertile, and the seasons more genial.

So we harnessed our cattle and put covering over our waggons, and took what was needful for a long journey, and prepared seats of straw and moss for our old people, and our wives, and our children, knowing that we must often encamp in the wilderness.

But our fathers and our mothers refused to depart, and said: "Here did we begin our lives, and here we will end them. Did not our fathers and our mothers, in the prime of life, leave Massachusetts, and come into these forests, where no tree was felled, and no church was built, and no roads were formed? And did they not labor and toil, to clear away the forests, and to fence in fields, and to provide corn for men and cattle? And did they not lodge in log huts, without windows and chimnies for many years? And were not these the places of our birth? And until we, their children, had become able to tend the cattle, and to hoe, and to reap, and to cut wood, were they not content and happy?

And when they had erected framed houses, with chimnies, and with the fruits of the land had bought glass for windows, and made parlours, and kitchens, and chambers and cellars, and dairy-rooms, had they not stores of provisions, and apples and cider, and every thing convenient for long winters.

And did they not erect churches and school houses? And have not we enjoyed the benefit of their labor, and transferred to you, our children, all those blessings, continually adding that of our own labor and care, together with better instruction than our fathers, by reason of incessant toil, could afford to us?

And would you now remove us into a far country, where all this labor must be repeated, and all those privations be endured?

Ye are young and sturdy, and with all the buoyancy of youth delight in change and new scenes. Your affections are not linked to the tombs; you have no sighs to mingle with the flowers that grow over departed joys! you saw not the apple tree when it first burst through the soil; neither did you watch and nurse it into bloom; nor did

you feel the rapture which its first mature fruit imparted. Will you now unearth the bones of our parents and of our children, and of our friends ?—We will be laid with them in this place ! Children, children, we cannot depart !—

And we saw that their grief was great, and our young women were overcome with affection. But having taken our resolution with judgment, we determined to persist. And when they saw our waggons harnessed and our goods laden ; in the anguish of their souls they said : "We will go with you !"

The whole population of New England seems to be, without intermission, engaged by specific subjects : Politics ; Revivals ; Education. Politics and education are universal, and permanent ; Revivals, local and temporary.

No great political subject being in agitation during our journeyings, education was the general topic. No village, however small, is destitute of an elementary school ; and in the larger towns we found from 5 to 10. In addition to these primary schools, in which reading, writing and arithmetic are freely taught to all, at the public expense, higher seminaries, supported by private subscriptions, are numerous.

The public, however, provides only the school house, and for the pay of the teacher ; and a far greater burden falls on the people than that of the cost of these two items, viz. that of books. It would be impolitic to exonerate the poor wholly from some personal recognition of his obligation to educate his children ; but it is the duty of society to lighten every expense which this obligation imposes. From various causes, school books are expen-

sive, and from frequent changes, the expense is much increased. To the rich this is of small account, but when it is considered that the majority are poor, the rejection of an old book, and the substitution of a new one not essentially varying in its elements, is a heavy burden. It is to be wished therefore, that following the example of the Bible Society, the State would furnish to towns, the necessary books for the public free schools which they establish by law, at the simple cost of the materials and the labor. This would bring the price within the ability of the poorest ; the state would be refunded by the towns ; and one half of the expense be saved to the poor.

It is a fact that in Boston, where the greatest attention is given to education, and where great pride is taken in their schools, that many are kept at home, and many in the schools meet with discouragement, and are kept from advancement equal to their talents, by the want of books —and the same occurs in the country.

We had now wandered beyond the Merrimack, and part of the company that had assembled at Winnipiseogee, passed to the Connecticut—part had taken a south-west course, determined to gratify a romantic wish to stand upon the highland, from the summit of which the waters descend in contrary directions, to the two great rivers. Being indisposed, I remained alone for three days. These might have been tedious, had I not in a truly yankee style determined otherwise. On the second day I walked abroad, trusting that chance would bring me in contact with some person or thing with whom, or which, I might associate. Man is not necessarily solitary, because he is not with animals that use words. Whether his mood be grave or gay, he may always find beings of the same temperament. The ox with a senatorial countenance, patient, contemplative, tractable ; the colt that

like a sprightly damsel coquettishly dances around you, but spurns your near approach; the sheep and lambs that timidly fly to shelter; the squirrel chattering and leaping from tree to tree and bidding you defiance; the steed that leaves his pasture and gallantly prances towards you, tosses up his head, and snorting seems to demand your business—all these court your company—and then again, the instincts by which they are impelled; the variety of their motions, and the beauty of forms and attitudes and postures—and your conjectures respecting their intellectual powers—all engage your attention, as did the oyster that of Dr. Paley who found it not difficult, he says, to "find out amusement for all animals but oysters, periwinkles, and the like."

Observing on a sign board the name of the county Attorney, and knowing that a person holding such a commission must possess great merit, I entered the office and introduced myself to the gentleman. Soon after another gentleman came in, and a very general conversation was begun and continued for nearly three hours. These were both men of extensive information; nearly about the same age; were married and had families of children. They spoke with great respect of their clergyman, to whom they were strongly attached. This person, they informed me, was originally a very popular minister in a large town of Massachusetts; "But he had *run out* with his parishioners; that is, the novelty had worn off. The most zealous suspected his orthodoxy because he discountenanced the *getting up*, as the technical phrase is, revivals, and was moreover suspected of inclining to Arminianism; and the indifferent and the liberal were too inert to give him support and encouragement. Thus he felt himself neglected, and probably for that reason was too much depressed to put in requisition his very superior

talents. Finally he was dismissed, and came into these parts; and he is to us, an acquisition of inestimable value."

"Dr. Paley found the place he removed to, I think it was Carlisle," continued the Attorney, "extremely illiterate and unpolished. He soon brought it into a state of comparative refinement. Our minister has likewise been the means of improving the society of this village and its vicinity. If classical scholars are considered requisite to instruct the youth, liberal scholars are as requisite to enable men of business, (whose time is principally appropriated to their respective callings), to keep pace with the advancement of improvement in society.

"The Baptist clergyman of this place, though zealous for his sect, and a little disposed to dogmatize, had a great knowledge of mankind, and united much philosophy with his theology. A liberal clergy, however they differ in doctrine, always agree respecting the influence of letters in elevating the moral character of the world; but it may be doubted whether they always take the most judicious course to extend this influence. 'Tis with the clergyman, as with the physician: Confidence must be almost absolute. The people must be satisfied that he is learned in his profession; able to give a reason for his doctrine; sedulous in the investigation of truth; he must not merely give the result of his studies, but he must have the tact of perspicuously stating the steps of the process by which he arrived at his conclusions. With less than this, men of common sense will not be satisfied. They will not be put off with dicta; and he knows little of the world, who imagines, because his hearers are not learned, they therefore cannot reason, or follow a process of reasoning. Were this the case, Juries would be absurd. They do reason about all the affairs of life

with as much connexion and precision, as the logician with his sylogisms. And I am inclined to think that the argumentative and explanatory style of the last age, made a deeper and more lasting impression on men's minds, than the declamatory, sententious, desultory, and dictatorial of the present. Now much is loose and disjointed; then every thing was consecutive, pointed, conclusive. Men went away with something to think of—they now depart with a pleasantness of feeling; a disposition to admire the ingenuity and fineness of the remarks. This kind of patch-work, amuses rather more than it instructs, or raises a devotional glow. It may do for the old, who want a rocking chair; but it does not mark out the country over which the young are to course in the race of life. You may think I speak like a lawyer—well, be it so—I consider every audience to require evidence as well as reasoning; and it is a contradiction in terms to grant to the common mass of men, from which our juries are composed, capacity to weigh the arguments of opposing counsellors, and of deciding on the most difficult cases of civil and criminal jurisprudence, and doubt of their capacity to decide correctly of the evidences of christianity, and of the justness of all moral and religious deductions. If therefore a minister, instead of trying to raise his people to his own ideas of excellence or improvement, lowers his discourse to what *he* conceives to be the low state of their understandings he certainly does not advance his audience. This is as great a mistake as that of assuming an artificial and lofty tone, so opposite to that simple, convincing and penetrating eloquence which perforating the understanding, opens the well-springs of the heart and affections."

"Besides, most men of the world have some taste by which they judge of what is trite and common place; and

truth, good and solemn truth, incessantly iterated in trite and common-place form and language become the Sunday lullaby to the fatigued hearer. Yet it is not merely the dry, didactic discourse which uninterests; the most passionate declamation, and the most copious display of figures, however appropriate and elegant; though they may charm the fancy of the poetic hearer, fall coldly upon a common audience. If engaged at all, they are engaged on the most solemn and important truths, and every thing that has a tendency to divert attention, from the straight forward course of argument, whether in attempts to rouse the passions or to delight the fancy, interrupts the progress of thought, by which a determinate end is effected.

"It is vain to deny that there is a great deal of eloquence, in *manner*, or to pretend that truth, naked, unadorned truth, is sufficient of itself to arrest attention; what is rhetoric, but the knowledge of the means by which, through the medium of language, the minds of men are to be affected; and here address is all important. He who would bring down his game, must select one object in the quarry. The public speaker whose manner is diffusive; who speaks to his audience, addressing now the right, now the left, always dissipates attention, while he who seems to address a single man, kindles by the spark he has thrown on the other, and acquires animation and earnestness from noticing its effect, and thus bends the whole force of his excited mind to give energy to his arguments, while all the attentive audience are insensibly attracted and feel a sensation corresponding with the person addressed. An effective public speaker, may be likened to a magnet dropped amid the rubbish of a goldsmith's bench, mixed with inert steel filings,—yet these possessing a quality of attractability, immediately arrange themselves around and point to the central object."

" Men will not be scolded into belief. They will not fully admit of doctrines which are discordant with their conceptions of what nature instructs them to be, the benevolence of God.

"Another circumstance has impaired the influence of the clergy. Presidents, Governors, Judges, and ministers, should never be partizans. Too many ministers have meddled, not so much with general and everlasting principle, as with local and temporary dogmas of factions. Hence they separated, as all partizans must, from their opponents. Their influence in society was consequently diminished. In sects, whether political or religious, union of individuals constitute party. Party must act, as such ; religion becomes implicated, and enlisted, and both must unite. Hence combination to obtain power in order to enforce what they conceive to be right ; till finally, actual hostility ensues, not with swords, but on the same principles, and with the same interest, as originated all the wars of persecution which have been unjustly attributed, by sceptics, to religion itself. The shrewd politician, in the mean time, sees in this organization of the clergy, an essential part of the machine, with which they proposed to operate on political society. Hot headed zealots were encouraged to thunder from their pulpits—till being no longer wanted, they were neglected, and the most outrageous fell into contempt—a warning to their successors never to lend their talents to the cause of any political party, however deeply they may be convinced of its rectitude.

" We in this place, disposed to strengthen the hand and encourage the heart, as the proper way of calling talents into action, determined to have no preacher who was not only independent of politics and party, but would ad-

here strictly to the ancient Congregational independence; devoted exclusively to the religious and moral instruction of the people, secured to ourselves the talents of a man, which old Massachusetts rejected, but who is every way capable, and earnest to promote improvement.

"The qualities we sought for we knew would make a minister popular; and a union with the Baptist minister respecting means of improvement, would produce harmony, among the people. Both being ambitious to promote general intellectual improvement, the state of society we think has been essentially benefited; our society has become intelligent, and liberal; and our schools have been very much advanced—but you will visit our schools, and judge for yourself." Assenting, the gentleman conducted me first to a primary school; then to the town school, and next to the academy.

"In the primary school was there not too much restraint? Is not the practice of some of the Boston schools better? In these, exercise and cheerfulness are studied, as less counteracting the indications of nature. It is at a more advanced age that children become frivolous, but even then the frivolity of grown persons far exceeds that of youth. The careless play of instinct is superseded by vanity under the garb of reason. Children, on the contrary, are ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and delight in the vagaries of young imagination. If you supply them with toys, these are soon disjointed in order to discover the interior contrivance. A watch gives them no note of time, but it must be broken open to observe its wonderful machinery. This done, they fly to something else. Nothing suits them long. Yet if these toys are not supplied, they invent amusements for themselves. They set up a row of bricks, and touching the last in the series, watch the impetus given in succession till the whole lie

prostrate. The enterprise is accomplished, and the shout of pleasure is as hearty as that of the successful engineer who springs his destructive mine, and prostrates the walls of a fortress. They dig in the sand hills, and make ovens; they build houses with sticks and bushes; they invite company, arrange the guests, furnish the viands, and go through all the ceremonies of the tea-table; they imitate military manouvres, and read and preach without knowing a letter. Their inventive and imitative faculties are always at work. It is at this age peculiarly dangerous to have any thing equivocal in action, look, or word, for deception in action, word or look, offers a precedent that is never obliterated. They seek truth in things; they ask the solution of questions; and a deviation from truth will be detected, for they remember a former construction, and apply it to another subject: confidence is lost by the slightest prevarication: doubt is substituted for innocent frankness; thoughts are concealed, and the foundation of a bad character is laid. The vices of parents are not unfrequently alleged as mitigating or excusing the faults of children. "Quakers," said the gentleman, "attend more to the cultivation of the mind than of the body. I do not mean by the study of books, but by example and conversation. Children in cities are likewise instructed in the same manner, but not in the same kind. What is held as supremely excellent, makes deep impressions. And what can appear to children more supremely excellent than what are the subjects of daily conversation? And what subjects are so predominant as parties—dress—fashions—courtship—marriages,—novels, &c. &c.? Mothers, sisters, and visitors all unite in discussing these subjects. Hence the young mind is taught to consider them as all important. Hence they grow up in a hot-bed of frivolity; and when they become parents,

they must continue in the same course from habit. The conversation in Quaker families, on the contrary, is never thus wasteful,—but is always about things in themselves useful and improving; and the children of Quakers hear nothing about such things, till their judgment is so matured, as to reject them as beneath the dignity of a rational being."

The town schools are generally conducted by competent teachers. Too much however is expected, and too little done. Too much is expected by parents, and too much attempted by systems; and too little is done through oral instruction to awaken thought, and excite ingenuity. A scholar has nothing to do, but to get by rote, or copy by rule, a lesson that requires only retention. There is as much difference in these methods, as there is between plenitude and poverty in the acquisition of the arts of life; between a person who has to forage for himself, and one that has the means by which every wish is anticipated. The one is ingenious, contriving, improving on every suggestion, and learns to reason through necessity. The other is dependent, limited in resources, and can seldom substitute any thing for the golden lever with which he has been accustomed to lift every burden. In short, the person of limited means, acquires infinitely more power over the affairs of life, than the one who is furnished with every thing spontaneously. Necessity is truly the mother of invention; and invention is the most improving exercise of the mind. Curiosity, on the contrary, attains its end and ceases. Curiosity is terminable—Invention, progressive. The thousand contrivances of others to gratify curiosity, are far less stimulating than a single invention by which we are made sensible of our own power. Success in producing something ingenious or useful, encourages us more to continue our

efforts, than a whole museum of articles already furnished by others, and of which we have only the inspection and the handling.

Mothers very judiciously teach their girls to fabricate and arrange the dresses of the dolls, for the purpose of instructing them in the use of the needle. If they were occasionally to extend their employment to objects by which they would become sensible of their power to communicate good to others; if they would bestow the same cost on materials to clothe some destitute object, and allow the child to feel the gratification of assisting by actually providing for and patronizing such a one, what a new and powerful motive would be given for their industry, and how impressive would be the lessons on their own hearts, which such acts would furnish? How would it secure them from an exclusive regard to self? Without exposing them to the contamination of vulgarity, they might visit Glenburney without learning its language. By letting them see that people could live contentedly and happily without any of the luxuries or conveniences, to which they themselves were accustomed and deemed necessary, would it not check the growth of that arrogance, fastidiousness, and pride, and frivolousness which so early bud in the sunny apartments of the wealthy and elegant families of cities? Those among the rich and educated, who at a more advanced period of life, have entered into the social connexions of charitable societies, have hence derived some of their sweetest pleasures; and some have regretted that this source of knowledge, as well as of benevolence, was not disclosed to them while they were, as Miss C**** called it *idling* away the morning in ornamenting a Dutch image—or as Miss P**** said, while she was devouring a *cart load* of romances.

We next visited the academy. The boys and girls as-

semble in different apartments, under the superintendance of preceptors of their own sex. Some of the boys were fitting for College, but most of them for the active business of life. As this was a higher establishment, designed to complete the education which had been carried to a certain extent in the town schools, it was expected that every one should be well acquainted with all the elementary branches taught in those primary schools; such as writing, arithmetic, reading and grammar, and immediately commence the study of higher branches.

This however was not the case. Notwithstanding that during the daily studies in these higher branches, all his previous acquirements must necessarily be brought into practice, the boy was still condemned to pore over the pages of Murray the greater part of the day, and even to continue the same process while he remained in the academy.

The inability of nine tenths of the pupils when they leave the schools to apply a rule or parse a sentence in which they have not been drilled, seems to show some defect in the system of instruction. That a habit of attention and of accuracy is acquired by this process may be doubted. Young people in former times were shut up the greater part of the sabbath day, and compelled to study, religion as it was called, in Henry's five folio volumes of commentaries on the bible, Burkit on the New Testament, Flavel's Navigation spiritualized, Ames' Medula, or some such abstruse works, and the effect was, a disgust, and almost abhorrence of every religious work; and so it is with grammar and all the books of lessons which youth are compelled to study and re-study during four or five tedious years. Even new books of the same class, serve not the purpose of varying the study, and of exciting the curiosity; for what curiosity can be excit-

ed by presenting the same subject in the new style of another compiler? The millenary is different, but the body is the same. The imagination of youth is lively and excursive, and no lessons can have such attractions for young minds as not to weary by daily repetition. This routine furnishes neither subjects of comparison, by which judgment is formed; nor variety by which imagination is enlarged; nor views of actions and situations by which the heart is affected; nor topics by which conversation is supplied.

"But youth," say the Preceptors, "must not be indulged in desultory studies." No. You must tread the mill, in order to run the race. "Young minds would be distracted with variety, and would not know where to fix." Would they?—would they not read with avidity and improvement, books which are full of action; and which open to their view the realities of life? If they can be made to understand grammar, as you admit they can, by the labor you compel them to bestow on it, they can understand history, narratives of voyages, travels, and such books as give a real knowledge of tangible objects. If you would give them abstract, or moral notions, why not give them pegs to hang they ideas on, and rounds on which they can climb? What signifies it, to order a boy as you do to compose a theme on the immortality of the soul; on political economy; on virtue; who is not furnished with examples to which his ideas will attach? Ask the masters themselves, whether the philosophy of grammar was not with them a matter of late acquisition? Whether they ever thought the niceties of grammar to be of much moment till they determined to become instructors either by speech or writing? and whether all that was necessary, was not understandingly obtained with little attention,

after their minds were matured by the knowledge of things?

So, with regard to reading, that neglected, yet greatest and best of all accomplishments, what gives facility but extensive practice? How is the ear tuned, and the perception quickened, without hearing others? or the capacity of the voice ascertained, or cultivated, and modulated without hearing himself? How is the extension, the force, the strength, the sweetness of a language distinguished but by an intimacy with the various styles in which different subjects are treated? This general and diffusive reading teaches grammar through practice. We reverse the order of nature, and get the language by grammar, instead of grammar by language. Scholars used to system, deem that method infallible by which they were taught. The sun moves, and the earth stands still, Ptolemy taught; and Galileo was an innovator, say the cardinals still. But a youth cannot enter College unless he can pass a critical examination. Be it so. A conformity to the rules of a public establishment is proper for every one who voluntarily selects a profession. A man that proposes to exhibit before the public, must move correctly in the prescribed figure; but very few are of this class.

As reading, various and extensive reading, shows the copiousness, the precision, and the perspicuity, of the language, so it generates ideas, opens the mind, disciplines the understanding and judgment, and teaches more of correctness and discrimination in the use of language than the exclusive study of grammar possibly can.

But in almost all schools, the great object seems to be to make the scholars *thorough*, as the saying is, in the *rules;* and this *thoroughness*, passes too often, with the visiting committee, for proficiency. Exhibition day comes,

and applause follows. In all this there may be some quackery. He who can show a painted map, and tell where the prominent features and capes are, is complete in Geography; but it is a chance if he can tell the course a ship sails from Boston to London, or knows so much of the topography of his own state, as to line out the road to any of the great towns, rivers and mountains whose names are familiar. Notwithstanding this, we get on wonderfully well, and beat all the world! But might we not get on better? Instead of studies being monotonous and repulsive, might they not be rendered pleasant, and full of hope and encouragement?

Six scholars of the *first* class of a public school I once visited, performed several exercises, both of mental arithmetic according to Colburn, and of the manual, by the pencil and slate. These being finished, the preceptor, with an affectation of indifference, and a seeming confidence that his visitors would be astonished at the rapidity of the calculation, and the correctness of the result, stated a question, which appeared to all of us so complicated as to require considerable time, and many lines of figures to solve; but, to our surprise, scarcely was it stated, before every boy held up his slate as a sign that it was done. The committee could not but admire the readiness which so well displayed the attainments of the youth in this most useful branch of study; and agreed that the preceptor must possess uncommon powers for teaching. One of the committee thought so rare an occurrence should be made public, as an excitement to other instructors; and accordingly honorable mention was made of it in the next Gazette.

On mentioning this to a mathematician, he smiled, and opening a book, showed me the same sum done in a short way, observing that there were several hundreds of

the like kind at the end of many books of arithmetic ; not used, or admitted by any teacher as practical examples ; but allowed to be used as recreating questions.

In the school we now were visiting, a class was next arranged to be examined in rhetoric. This is considered as a finishing branch ; including reading, grammar, style &c. An abridgment of Blair was the only book studied. Let a nation begin to think, even about algebra, said D' Alembert, and it will soon think correctly on other subjects. So let a youth think on the art, and the principles of rhetoric, and every branch of literature will more studiously engage his attention. The scholars however had not yet learned to exercise any powers of their own, beyond that of memory. They could recite correctly the rules and observations of Blair, but did not extend them farther. They could call over the names of the great authors, with as much facility as the students in geography could name places.

The elements of experimental philosophy are likewise here taught. One of the committee informed me that an apparatus was soon to be added. I was sorry to hear that, unless it were to be of the most simple, cheap, and plain construction ; being of opinion, that most young minds attach all the science exclusively to the instrument.

The late Mr. Cummings, one of the most successful Instructors I ever knew, used to say, *that it was in the power of a competent instructor to make the necessary instruments of demonstration grow out of the mind of the pupil.* Egg shells of different sizes, hoops, and wires, constituted his apparatus.

Together with the friends of the pupils, about a dozen scientific and literary gentlemen were present at the quarterly examination of his female school a few years ago. They were informed that no one had been taught

to recite in the language of any author; their instruction being by conversation only. The gentlemen were requested to ask any questions they pleased, on any of the branches which were taught in the school. The questions were miscellaneous; skipping without any order or connexion, from astronomy to geography, arithmetic, optics &c. All the scholars, save one who failed through diffidence, returned correct answers in their own words, even to questions that required considerable combinations of thought. The Professor of Philosophy, on coming out, told me that he had never witnessed a more general and correct knowledge of astronomy on the examination of a collegiate class.

Few however, possess that peculiar faculty of touching the keys of intellect so as to cause vibrations responsive to the wish of the master. A peculiar tact at seizing on the first rising of a wish, or the first intimation of curiosity in the mind of the pupil, and of attracting it attentively to the single object of desire, seemingly without any other aim than the gratification of a laudable curiosity, made Mr. C. the fascinating leader while he appeared only the fellow inquirer, after a true explanation of every phenomenon.

He always had a motive, and casual suggestions would lead to remote conclusions. The memoirs of Dr. Franklin, and the notice of his kite, caused some inquiries about Electricity, and the lads were desirous of seeing the operation of an electric instrument. They were gradually led from this to other topics—lightning—the aurora Borealis—meteors—the production of fire by friction—whether fire was of the same nature as lightning &c.—Curiosity being intensely engaged, one of the boys was directed to enter a dark closet, and rub a large dry decanter with flannel, or silk, the other boys waiting without.

They soon heard an exclamation, and the boy rushed out, playfully exclaiming that he '*was on fire.*' A plate of glass 12 inches square was then placed on the table, and one made to rub it in the same manner, and sparks soon appeared. After some conversation, mathematics were resorted to, which led to the conclusion that if twelve inches of glass would produce so much fire, twenty-four inches would give double that quantity—again, that if the number of times which the hand went over the twelve inches could be increased to twenty-four, the same would be effected; but the hand could not be moved so swiftly as the fliers of a spinning wheel,— at length, one of the boys started in ecstasy, exclaiming, *I have it*, a glass as as big as our grindstone, and whirled in the same manner will be completely the thing wanted. The complete idea of an electric instrument, as a means and not an end, was thus fixed, and ever after all Instruments were known to be but modifications on, or improvements in power, of this simple machine; and that the sparks which they shook from their flannels when undressing on a cold winter night were electric showers of that invisible fluid which is diffused through all nature; around him, and in him—and thus, if the master please to moralize, he might illustrate the universality and omnipresence of the invisible Deity.

If in any one thing Mr. C*** was more strictly systematic, than in another, it was to what the French call the art Raconter or narration in which they excel. Proper words in proper places were required in all cases; and he considered conversation as much an exercise of improvement as any other part of education. Every error in the language in which any thought, both in familiar discourse among themselves, and in the more formal communication with the teacher, must be corrected, and never re-

peated. Never, said he, reject a word that is proper, nor seek for one that is more elegant; for this inevitably causes hesitation. Those which you know, and come voluntarily, are sufficient—their grace depends on their positions; reading and conversation will increase their number, and those which flow with ideas are always natural. And above all things acquire the power of maintaining a perfect composure; haste produces confusion; thinking for a better word, hesitation and affectation. Precision and perspicuity are the two great requisites of conversation as well as of writing: other qualities are required and will be insensibly attained in composition. And it must be remembered that a language, or the proper use of words is not be learned from a dictionary, but that the true meaning and use of the word is to be learned by the sense it has when combined in a sentence, and this requires practice and extensive reading.

Thus his scholars were not more to be remarked for their rightly understanding every thing they studied, than for the fluency, simplicity and even grace displayed in their common talk. And this was still more to be remarked, as it is rarely attended to in schools even of the highest order: vulgarities, and errors in grammar in common intercourse, being never noticed by masters save in recitations of lessons; and to the shame of parents, is neglected in the daily intercourse, where all which the schools have taught, is to be shaped and polished into useful ends. "'Tis the parent which shapes the ends, rough hew them as you will."

Fortunate are those children, whose parents, less fondling and indulgent to their own selfish gratification, always bear in mind, that manners are of their peculiar formation; and that ease, copiousness, and grace in conversation are great and useful accomplishments. And

that these are to be learned at home, and become a habit, never wanting public occasions to call forth those applauses which vain people are always desirous of obtaining for the displays in music, dancing and dress of their children, and for which they are not seldom privately ridiculed by the like sister aspirants.

In the Academy for females, the pupils were pursuing studies suitable to their ages, in several apartments under the superintendance of assistant instructors ; though at stated hours they assembled in one room for general exercises.

The arrangement of the establishment appeared to be dissimilar to that of any other seminary; and we found the studies to be more various and extensive, though far less laborious and sedentary.

In conversation with the Preceptress, she said that Madame Genlis, and Miss Edgeworth, had furnished her with many hints, on which she had endeavoured to improve in practice. She professed not to give a showy, but a useful education ; and happily the parents were such reasonable people as to prefer a general knowledge of the affairs of the active world, to the more recondite, or fashionable studies. She wished to appear as little as possible to give direct instructions, but to leave her pupils to instruct themselves. If she could excite attention to the aspect of nature, and lead her scholars to discriminate the few simple principles which entered into the composition of all bodies, producing an infinite variety by the mere proportion and distribution of parts, curiosity would be sufficiently active to keep them in corporeal and mental exercise. The vegetable and the mineral kingdom, would at least make every pleasurable walk a source of instruction ; and every step in the knowledge of the economy of nature must enlarge and exalt their minds.

In one room was a table covered with plants, and another with fragments of rocks. These were picked up during their walks, and reserved for examination at leisure; then to be separated, and assigned, according to some specific property, to different parcels. Thus on examining the flowers, similar characters designated the family to which they belonged. Families were again designated by names; and these families were again subdivided according to their deviations from the primary characteristic. Thus, one of the girls pointed us to a superb wild flower. That, said she, we call Eve, and those are her children, twenty seven in number, all varying in some particular from each other, but agreeing in one general family character.

There, said another, are seven primitive chrystals, and here are fifteen specimens of the rocks which compose the hills in this neighborhood; and they are all formed by a combination of those seven, in different proportions.

Thus without any knowledge of Linnaeus or any systematizer, they were acquiring a practical knowledge of botany and mineralogy. Nothing was suffered to pass without notice; every tree was known; and from the woods and meadows, specimens of every plant had been transplanted to the garden, so as to form a complete collection of native flowering shrubs, forming a luxuriant display of natural beauty.

A kitchen garden, laid out in squares, was wholly cultivated by some of the scholars, and which furnished some knowledge of vegetation and horticulture. Every little plantation partook of the nature of private and of public property. That is, each was the property of one for cultivation, and the property of the seminary for use; the products, when wanted for the table, being appraised, and the value credited to the owners' account.

The business of the world, so little understood by females so far as it could be shown in such an institution, was exemplified, by a mercantile system. The lessons, of course, both of hand writing and arithmetic, were practically connected with business. And the account books of each scholar, were kept with great neatness, and correctness. The method adopted was on principles that apply to useful purposes: to form habits of well regulated economy, and correctness, while it cherished benevolent affections by making prudence the means of usefulness to others; and the end of industry.

This plan was much aided by another. At the commencement of each term, the pocket money of every girl was placed in a common treasury, constituting a bank; the contribution of each being subject to her order alone, without restriction or inquiry. For the purpose of practising and understanding accounts, the money was drawn out by orders or checks; the amount charged in the Bank-book, and credited by the scholar in her own. In her own book she charged the Bank with the sum deposited, and herself with every disbursement; and at certain periods every account was examined, and settled in both books, and the balance paid over according to its appropriation. This balance, instead of being paid to be expended by each individual on herself, had a specific appropriation of a charitable nature, involving two motives of great utility--that of prudence, and of benevolence. Thus if the stock was forty dollars, and but thirty had been drawn out, the balance of ten was destined for the benefit of the poor children of the sunday school. The distribution of this was a new and powerful stimulus. This method precluded all that exercise of judgment which frequently compels the distributors of the Franklin Medals to witness the most violent emotions of sensi-

bility in those who are unsuccessful candidates, for here nothing is left to discretion: the balance of the book, is the absolute rule of decision; and no jealous feelings are roused, while the active motive is of the noblest self-denying nature.

Instead of paying these balances into the hands of the governors of the sunday school, each scholar is her own almoner. By general consent, the balance was apportioned among those, who, without denying themselves any gratification or committing any breach of decorum, had not expended the full amount of their own money. During the term, the girls were induced to notice the poor children, and select the subjects on which they would bestow their charity. Accordingly on the receipt of their balances, they immediately proceeded to invest the money in articles of necessity; and to carry and bestow them on the children they had selected.

In short, in this institution, in addition to the usual studies, the whole business of house-wifery, extending to the art of buying and selling, the fabrication of clothes, &c. &c. were attended to and understood; and even the superintendance of the kitchen, and parlor, was performed in rotation. And the great engine which was the spring of the whole, was the application of all the energy of an inventive mind.

On alighting at the Hotel, we were received very courteously by the landlord, and ushered into a room that had the appearance of city elegance. Not long after, supper was announced. Passing through a spacious entry, the door of a large hall was opened, and a show of considerable magnificence was presented. A table, long enough to accommodate sixty persons, stood covered with furniture that would be thought rather too costly for a very reputable tavern in the capital. It is too

often the case, that country Inn-keepers overload their tables with superfluous dishes, deeming that abundance is the perfection of good house-keeping. It is rare that one is found, who has the good taste, to hit on the proper medium between profusion and parsimony; and so to arrange the substantial and ornamental parts of the entertainment, as to please the eye of the most fastidious by their order, and the appetite of all, by the variety of viands, and goodness of cooking.

Two elegant young women, moved silently about the room, now and then pointing the servants to something either to be removed, or supplied. But if the arrangements of the room and table surprised us a little, the sight of about forty gentlemen dressed as guests for some civic feast, surprised us more.

We at first, doubted whether we ought not to retire from a company to which we had no introduction; but we remained on being informed that these were members of the Legislature then in session, who lodged at the Hotel. Mr. B———, an old acquaintance, and now a member of the House of Representatives, came up, and after due civilities had passed, conducted us to seats, and during supper, acquainted us with the character of many of the leading members of the assembly; and invited us to attend the debates on the morrow, when an important political question was expected to call forth the talents of the most prominent characters among the two parties which divided the State.

On asking for some explanation respecting the appearance of the members at the table, whose dress and address, were so remarkably distinguished from the Members of the Legislature of Massachusetts, he replied, that peculiar circumstances influenced the elections of this year, and fewer farmers were returned than usual;

—"though I think," said he, "that in the numerous assembly of Massachusetts, generally there is a greater proportion of yeomen, than in the assembly of New Hampshire. You do not see our farmers; they mostly put up at private houses; lawyers, physicians, and traders, take lodgings at a more expensive Hotel; so that you see here a select body of persons, who having had, from the nature of their several callings, a more extensive intercourse with polished society, have acquired a little more taste in dress, and more ease and confidence of manners—together perhaps with a more worldly ambition, and an undaunted spirit of intrigue. New Hampshire, you know, is an agricultural, though called *the Granite State.* It is strictly granite in heart, though that heart may be, and is, wrought upon by the numerous tools incessantly employed in stamping upon it the image of some idol to be worshipped. In what class of mortals such tools are most abundant; whether in that which is insatiable for civic honors; or tormented with a restless spirit of change; on or leaping after wealth on the railroad of power; certain it is, hat the great mass of the N. H. population are disposed to sit quietly under their own orchard trees, and so would remain, did not the loud and frequent calls from abroad disturb their repose, and create a belief of some real danger. No man thinks that he is under the influence of another; but is gratified by finding the other coinciding with him in opinion. The more artful take advantage of this weakness, and honest self-love is made the dupe of the designing. The principles of liberty are so interwoven in the constitution of the people, that the least surmise of its danger, arouses their jealousy, and he who succeeds in inflaming this passion, has a powerful element at his command.

While the honest yeoman, resting in the rectitude of

his principles, and believing that the civic constitution embodies those principles as the rule of all the acts of the Government, he is peculiarly liable to admit the unfavorable constructions which are made on those acts by interested and artful politicians. Not having leisure, nor means of analyzing the whole operations of Government, the construction which is openly and boldly given by demagogues is readily admitted, till they accumulate into a mass of evidence which makes him believe that all the measures of a particular administration are but parts of a system calculated to violate his principles, and undermine or overthrow the constitution. Under this impression, hebecomes the member of a party, and supports all their measures even should the agents be otherwise considered as dishonest men.

"In fact, antifederalism, or whatever name be used, is but the effervescence of that party lever, which, for a time puts the whole body in commotion, but which state being unnatural or accidental, finally subsides into that pure and genuine Republicanism, which constitutes the heart and soul of his being.

"The fibres of liberty are in the very soil of humanity. They may be checked, but never killed. Compression gives strength, and the heaviest as well as the lightest load, is thrown of by their vigor. Liberty is the universal attribute of man, and it is developed by cultivation. Its light and its heat radiate from every sentient being—at first, weak and diffused, but converging through condensing lens, gathers to a focus, and withers every obstacle that attempts to intercept its power. Hence the great men whom History immortalizes, are but the organs of public feeling, and serve to mark the age with intellectual glory, or to brand it with the disgrace of moral degradation.

"In the rectitude of the public mind, lies the stability of social order; and the whole art of legislation is so to commute individual interest, as to make even the conflicting harmonize with the general good. While the individual seeks his own exclusive interest, the philosophic Statesman, seeing all the parts of the system, and anticipating the bearing of every single act, raises up other interests, by the collision of which, the best effects may result from contrary and violent measures. Every man thinks justly on single subjects, but only he, who by reflection analyzes and generalizes and condenses his thoughts, and has the art of conveying the just conceptions of his own mind in the clear and perspicuous language of common sense, possesses the power of making truth visible. And this is the perfection of that oratory which is simple, clear and impressive; from which reason cannot escape; and conviction is the consequence. 'Tis the perversity of wrong motives, and insane passions only, that violate the consciousness of truth.

"Observe," continued he," that little man. Hear him dictate: what a confident tone! what a consequential nod! He has long been the organ of a great party; and often the trumpeter of sedition. He is possessed of mischievous talents, and they are always employed in intrigue. Power has been his great object, and deception the means of obtaining it. He made himself too strong to be neglected when his party succeeded. He has a list of persons for every office, and the heads of departments dare not reject his nominations. Already his menials have been promoted to good livings, but they are of such a voracious cast, that the regular emoluments of office will not gorge their appetites; and all enormities pass without notice, provided the men are true to their master, and do his bidding without regard to means. "Or-

dinary services," says Mr. Burke, "must be secured by the motives to ordinary integrity; but I do not hesitate to say, that that State, which lays its foundation in rare and heroic virtues, will be sure to have its superstructure in the basest profligacy and corruption. An honorable and fair profit is the best security against avarice and rapacity; as in all things else, a lawful and regular enjoyment is the best security against debauchery and excess. For as wealth is power, so all power will infallibly draw wealth to itself by some means or other; and when men are left no way of ascertaining their profits but their means of obtaining them, those means will be increased to infinity." If such were the majority of the people, we might despair of the Republic; but there is a redeeming hope, that the good sense of the public will reassume its energy, and emerge from the present cloud of infatuation.

"When offices," continued he, "are impartially distributed, opposing parties neutralize each other, as they did in Washington's time. When they are conferred exclusively on partizans, a powerful and mischievous body is arrayed in the midst of the State; they constitute a ministerial army. They annoy the peaceable, and stimulate the unprincipled. They rake open the dens, and drag to the poll every profligate. They station themselves at every corner; they waylay every voter; they inspect every ballot, and return to the black-book of the Bureau the name of every one who dares to exercise his civic right of voting conscientiously. They become tyrannical and oppressive, by hanging together, not to support the laws they are bound to execute, but to spy out actions, and forage for plunder; they lose all regard to equity and decency by the association of numbers; nothing short of gross enormities can endanger their places; nothing good

can be expected from their principles; and yet, singular as it may appear, it is the very moral feeling of the public, that prevents these people from being driven with contempt from the poll. A profound respect for general rights being the glory of Republicanism, they submit to minor evils for the sake of sacred principles." Though vituperative, there probably was much truth in Mr. B's observations.

The debates in the house were of the same nature, and not more interesting than those of our own Legislature; saving that in the smaller assembly, motions on trivial subjects were less numerous, and the ambition of legislating less active. A large Representation exhibits a better picture of society at large; a small and more select number, converges the wisdom of the State. The Knights of Chivalry, had a retinue of non-combatants; each modern Knight of Legislation, has as numerous a train, whose sole occupation seems to be that of seconding the motion, or of encumbering the march of his principals. There is always a strange propensity in large assemblies to legislate on small affairs; every private or local inconvenience, is proposed to be remedied, and laws are passed for those purposes, to which all but the interested are indifferent.

One of the greatest evils of a popular assembly arises out of the liability to change, before its members have time to become practically aquainted with its rules and orders; much less with the general principles of Legislation. A project, popular in a Town or County, will frequently produce a change in the whole representation. Hence few, or no members will be found, whose knowledge of public affairs, and intimate acquaintance with previous enactments, enables them to detect and expose the inconsistencies, and interferences of the measure proposed,

with the provisions already in force. And hence the most partial, and frequently iniquitous enactments are made, while general laws are sketched so imperfectly, as to require endless revision on revision. "Laws," says Montesquieu, "should not interfere where public opinion will rectify." Common Law is public conscience; and where public conscience is enchained to the Statute Book, society is liberated from this great law of nature; morals are measured by artificial rules; and the generous and noble spirit of humanity, thrust out of the congregation of the legally righteous, by, what is called, the perfection of human reason. "I require," says Shylock, "nothing more than what the bond specifies."

"One consideration, however," said Mr. B., "reconciles me to a large representative assembly; for, with respect to the unnecessary consumption of time in debate,—a popular objection--I find little difference between a House of Representatives of 500 and a Senate of 40. Legislators, having to act upon all subjects which relate to social life, require a minute knowledge of the concerns of men in society; and this, their own experience cannot give. The representatives of every class and profession can alone supply its place. These representatives likewise acquire a knowledge, not only of the general principles of government, but of the vast variety of subjects in detail, on which government is to act. From such descriptions much is added to every man's small stock, and he goes back, and diffuses among his constituents, knowledge that they otherwise could not obtain."

On arriving at H——, we found the door of the Hotel besieged by a crowd of people. A number of young women, emigrating from a remote factory, were discharged from two stage coaches at the door. It appeared that these passengers, displeased with some new regulations,

had left their employment in disgust, and having no means of paying their fare, were refused conveyance any further. The town's people were remonstrating against this proceeding, and threatened the drivers with prosecution for leaving paupers on the town. After much altercation, the women were re-embarked, and proceeded on their search for employment in some other factory. The directors of most factories are very sedulous to promote economy among the work people; but however prudently disposed a girl may be, it is almost impossible to check improvidence where a great number congregate, and the natural disposition for amusement and dress is cherished by association. Where savings Banks have been established, a spirit of economy has inevitably prevailed. In one factory we visited, it was made a condition that one per cent should be reserved out of all wages, for the purpose of supporting a Lyceum, for the benefit of the work people.

Farewell, the country—we now approach the metropolis—and what good have we obtained by this tour to Winnipiseogee?—Health; one thing desirable—what more? the confirmation of the old opinion, that change is good for the mind and heart; dissipating local prejudices; expanding the affections; and rendering us less liable to be disturbed by trivial inconveniencies—what more? impressions of nature that will remain as long as memory retains its power—and further, that pleasant recollections are far more useful, interesting, and influential in life, than hope.

And now, with the addition of the report of our friends, who went out a few years ago in search of the centre of the earth, suppose you should sew these cards together, and when you go to Winnipiseogee two years hence, take them with you for the sake of comparing notes? You

know they are memoranda of thoughts and things without order, and written without any care, sometimes without ink, or the use of eye sight,—therefore with omissions which you have to supply,—orthography, grammar, and punctuation to correct—and to be regarded as conversational only.

Extracts from the Report of those who went out in search of the centre of the earth.

And as we sojourned at the foot of mount Tug, we saw the gowns of the young prophets streaming to the wind, as they hastened onward, pulverizing the hard granite, and making the pillars of the solid hills to tremble with their determined tread.

And the youthful academicians, ceasing their fencing exercise and their mimickry of the Trojan games, thrust their foils under their arms, as they ran from every quarter towards their several domiciles.

And the grave doctors hastening from the venerable and beautiful oak-groves of the good man Abbot; groves favourable to contemplation and full of the spirit of heavenly prophecy; took longer, but not quicker strides, as they rounded the corner of conventioner Kneeland, thickening as the cranes on the approach of a storm, and who, wheeling round Nantasket head, fly over the beach towards the firm land, and seek the covert of the dark sheltering woods of the great blue hills.

The maidens too, who had wandered to the top of Carmel to inhale the balsamic fragrance of the dark foliaged spruce, and gather throb-repellent hearts-ease, and the red straw of the buck-wheat for bandelets.

And she who, truant to the praying assembly, canopied by the ancient oak, hung over the azure waters of the

Shawshin, spell bound by the wizard stream, and swelled in her imagination every ripple to a mountain wave over which her destiny might lead:

And she, to whose poetic eye every motion of leaf or wood or tumbling wave had charms, of power to impress her soul and engage her fancy; to whom every dash of the mountain water-fall suggested thoughts and images, pure and brilliant as the diamond-sparkles, which chequer the caverns of the deep, all glided rapidly along by the fences and walls, careful to avoid the reproving eye of the too severe matron, yet not unambitious of the native look and courteous bow of the Virgilian, whose heart, always bounding to the innocent simplicity and the feminine graces of his fair Andoverians, gave impulse to an arm of courtesy.

While Nomotheta and Nomarch, whose noctilucal countenances seemed yet sensible of the heresy of deep potations from the Armenian cydervaults of farmer O***, and the hale and panting young men, who after sporting on the lake had refreshed their spirits with *the sweet diet drink*, "tempered with drugs of sovereign power to assuage" the disordered nerves, quitting the neat tables of white pine, issued from the low hut of the centenary Pompey, each taking a sedative of moss from the north side of an oak rail, and a lightning rod of house-leek, to ward off the chance discharge of a thunder cloud.

All these and many more, a chequered multitude, hastened homeward, scattered like pigeons which the Wilmington hunter has frighted and dispersed by the bursting of his fowling-piece.

For lo! the tops of the distant Wachusett, and of the Monadnock, that form the weather-guage of the mariner of the Atlantic, and of the hunter roving towards the St. Lawrence, began to be shrouded in mist; and soon the clouds ascending from the north, and the south and the

east, and the west, congregated over the summit of mount Tug, darkling as the swallows, who at the autumnal summons assemble from all quarters on the willows of Cambridge, before they break wing and shower away to their several Hibernacula.

And the rains of heaven descended upon the Academy, and the Institution, and flowed thence bountifully in every direction, filling the deep wells, swelling the rivers and causing the little brooks to bound, to sparkle, to murmer, and to sport with the virgin lillies that bent over, and receded, and nodded, and danced on their margins, like innocent maidens, when with gentle gaiety they fling dew-drops, and rose buds, and dashing laughter, among their companions.

And the Andoverian said, surely this is the centre of the earth, for behold it toucheth the clouds, attracteth and condenseth the vapours, and thence diffuseth the waters through all the regions of the world.

And the waters, by their exaltation and tenuity, are purified from all the feculencies of the lower climates, and possess the sweetness and softness of the Hermetic Nile, the cleansing and salubrious qualities of the Jordan, the soul-affecting efficacy of the Ganges, and the energizing power of the Mississippi.

And is not this process of nature like unto that of the Institution that is situated on this summit? for here assemble all the clouds and the waters of knowledge to be filtered and purified from the feculencies which they have passed, again to be poured out in refreshing and fertilizing streams over the whole earth, truly indicating this to be the receptacle, and dispensing fountain of pure doctrines? the source of the only element that will heal the leprous? or that will change the heart, as the waters of the Potomac will remove the rotten fibre and substitute

in the wood immersed therein, a firm and substantial whet-stone, capable of receiving a polish and of resisting change?

But a man of Salem lifted up his voice and said, Like many other people, ye vainly dream that you are over the centre of the earth! How limited and contracted are the views of those whose understandings are not enlarged by navigation, and who form theories upon insolated facts? We too should have fallen into the vulgar error, had not the expert mariners of Salem descended the declivity of the ocean, and ascertained, that in returning from Archangel, and from Ceylon, and from South-Wales, and from Beerhing's straits, they had to *ascend*, even to the inlet by Baker's Island?

Besides, in a moral view, all other people as they have declined from this primitive position, have degenerated and become corrupt.

But this primitive race still retain their lofty bearing, and superior excellence, as they did when the warmth of public favour expanded the blossoms of John Endicott's benevolence, and prompted him to plant the green-bury pear-tree that now bends under the weight of its fruit, and showers upon his posterity of the seventh generation the bounteous refreshments of the season?

And besides, does there not remain on the pasture ground a huge rock balanced upon a pivot, which a child may turn, but which a man cannot overthrow? How, if this were on the side of the earth, could it remain in an upright posture?

And while we journeyed into the interior, we came to a wilderness of Pine barren, and we and our beasts thirsted, for there was no brook for many miles.

At length we discerned smoke curling over the high hemlocks, as though it came from the chimney of an in-

habited house, for it was columnar and wreathed, and not diffused and pitchy, as is the smoke of extensive fires in the forests.

And we encouraged our beasts to proceed, by promising them water and refreshments, for though not refractory, they wanted the alacrity which the distant smell of the provender of the Inn never fails to bestow.

And we wandered about from the time of the opening of the wild rose, to the first inclination of its petals, for there was no path.

At length the shining of the white wood of the fir-trees directed our steps ; for it was the custom to strip a hand's breadth of the wood and bark at short intervals as a guidance to the plantation.

And the plantation was in the midst of stumps, yet black from the burning ; and the house was composed of logs piled together, and roofed with the branches of trees interwoven ; and the fire was in the midst, and the smoke issued from an aperture under the southern end of the ridge-pole.

And the forester had gone abroad in search of wild berries and ground nuts, for as yet the maize was not in the milk, and the potatoe was in blossom.

And while we rested, we entered into conversation with the good woman, and learned the story of her poor but contented life.

And she inquired of our journeying, and whence we came ; and when she learned that we lived at the distance of five days' journeying, even on the shores of the great ocean, she was moved with compassion, and offered unto us hospitality and succor, and wondered that we could live so far out of the world ; for she considered her cottage, as placed in the middle of that part of the habitable world that was designed for the subsistence and

accommodation of man and of domestic animals, and that we lived almost beyond its margin.

So, turning the heads of our steeds eastward, we departed, and passed over the ground, and stood where the waters of the two great rivers, Connecticut and Merrimack murmur to each other, but never meet, but pass diverse one to the right and one to the left, like two missionary brides who mingle their departing sight as they shed tender tears on leaving their beloved country, and sail one towards the rising, and the other towards the setting sun, never more to mingle their devotions on the soil that gave them birth.

And it is reported that the moon once a month resteth on this spot and refresheth herself with the water of two hemispheres, as Bainbridge on the passage of Leander refreshed his hands in the contiguous waters of the four quarters of the world.

And the sweet Poet of these mountains avoucheth for the intercourse of Endymion Bunker with the man in the moon, while his mistress is thus performing her lustrations in the serene and tranquil noon of night.

And we departed and coursed along the banks of the river Merrimack.

And leaving Bradford, we came to a spot called Dalton's Hill.

And it afforded so varied and beautiful a prospect of the river—the lofty, smooth, and cultivated hills—the deep stretching valleys—the fertile plains—the luxuriant orchards, and the clumps of dark woods vocal with lowing herds and bleating flocks, interspersed with neat farmhouses and barns, and animated by blooming and healthy children, and youth, and reverend age, that we thought that in this Arcadia there could be no vain presumption,

or curious inquisition, or bigotted assertion of superiority!

And though it was on the road that leadeth from Newbury, it was unvisited by, and unknown to the Tourists who seek after curious landscapes with abrupt precipices and broken caverns and all zig-zag unevennesses of picturesque infertility; nay, it was as a foreign country to the house-loving Newburyites themselves, for they trod not down the grass of their own public walks, nor vexed the rural air by their morning and evening excursions;—content with the little variety their own mart of trade could display; with nerves too obtuse to expand and thrill, rejoice in the animating gales that wafted pleasure and health;—unconscious of that invisible spirit which diffuseth a moistened and mellow glow over the complexion of beauty; which imparteth elasticity to the limbs of age, and giveth a masculine freedom to the chest and movements of vigorous manhood, kindling the dormant sparks of beneficence and sensibility in decrepitude itself.

But while we rested at the little Inn of the two doves, we heard some men disputing in the bar-room with elevated voices.

And we attended to them and found that they were endeavouring to determine upon the centre of the Earth; and after much animated debate they agreed that the *centre of the Earth* was at Grasshopper Parish!

And when we were returning and had passed the breast-work which Washington made upon Winter Hill, and had gotten within the sight of our beloved city, and saw the clouds of smoke rise from its graving-yards, and from its glass-house, and from the furnaces of the distillers, of its care-dispelling cordials, and from its manufactories, and beheld the towering dome of the State-House,

and the towers and steeples of the Churches, and the little pavillions on the hills, and the flags waving from the tall masts of the man of war, and the merchant ships; and the chimnies, like friar's hood, and like sugar loaves, and at length the undefined mass of innumerable houses, and finally heard the ring of Christ's Church Bells, and the clinking of the shoes of our horses over the stone pavement, we were so overpowered by the pleasing sensations, that all other places seemed to lose whatever they before had of excellence, and to be unworthy of regard; and our judgment was almost swayed to pronounce our own city exclusively the very head and fountain of all that was good, and beautiful, and magnificent.

Yet after we had received the congratulations of our friends, and finished the courteous greetings of our curious acquaintances, we began to feel a lassitude, and a want of subjects in the city to excite us to observation.

For the slight traces and faint shadows of objects, and scenes that had occupied our perceptions during our excursions, now arose in our meditative minds adorned with all their original charms of novelty, making such pleasing pictures as to make all the show, and bustle, and pomp of the city distasteful.

Yet we forbore to publish a book, since we felt that we had not the power of conveying in "apt and gracious terms" our views so as to make other men's minds the mirror of our own, but we reported our discoveries and information in plain words to the Advocate, and the Advocate embellishing and enlarging the same to the people, they were mortified!

But the Advocate consoled them by remarking, that every city was a little world within itself; that every second place had the ambition of being thought the first in some particulars, and that neither the simplicity of the

good woman in the forest, nor the ignorant prejudices of the people at the bar-room, nor the vanity of the Salemites, nor the exalted pretensions of the Andoverians, though undoubtedly at the centre of gravity, ought to disturb the orthodoxy of our own opinions.

APPENDIX

A.

In laying out a Turnpike from Boston to Andover, the Commissioners designed to remove a large and venerable tree, which stood in the centre of a very extensive tract, from which four roads diverged in different directions. To deprecate the removal of so picturesque and so useful an object, the following lines were addressed to the men employed.

THE ANDOVER ELM.

Not that it took ten years, to form
This clement shelter from the storm;
  Or gave one picture to the arts;
Or taught the sculptor how to trace
The lineaments of rural grace,
  Enrapturing to all happy hearts:

While from the parent-trunk, sprung out,
And spread their ancient sire about,
  Of infant shoots, a shady host,
Their home—their bosom's home to hedge,
Of filial piety the pledge,
  While to the circle's verge they post:

Order, variety, and strength,
In symmetry of breadth and length,
  Forming a whole, each single part,

Yet, in one greater whole combined,
Beyond the reach of mortal mind—
Beyond the picturesque of art—

Not that beneath its rustic bark,
Remain the fair distinctive mark
Of age on ages long gone by—
Of sires, the green and lasting page,
Memorial of a sainted age,
Beneath its virgin soil who lie;

Who, with a spare devoted band,
Redeemed from savage men the land—
Laid the foundation, whence arose,
Though storms assailed and tempests beat,
Determined Freedom's last retreat,
Your sacred Temples of repose:

Would we invoke your arm to spare
This Tree, high branching in the air,
Casting a cooling shade around,
Where many a bird has built her nest,
And many a rover east or west,
A sacred resting station found.

Whether from Afric's sultry clime,
Or Cuba's grove of scented lime,
Or from the Ganges' holy tide,
Or from the golden isles that gem
Th' Atlantic, and the Iceberg's stem,
Which rush the southern seas to hide.

Their annual visits here who wing,
Spontaneous with the warming spring,
On tepid gales that sweep the sea—
Who, for *us*, hail in warbling strains,
Our native home delighted plains,
And *their* remembered cradle-tree—

But that beneath its clement boughs,
The ox a moment steals to browse,
  Regardless of his galling chain—
That shepherd boys a moment grant,
Within its shade, the flocks to pant,
  Short breathing, midst their weary pain.

One draught for half extinguished life,
Snatching with eager, bitter strife,
  Amid a land with sweet that flows ;
As though in mockery to tell,
How men ungratefully repel
  The good which God for all bestows.

That children, indolently gay,
Immersed in all the joys of play,
  Escape the tyrant teaching rod,—
That female helplessness and woe,
From Church who, laboring heaven-ward, go,
  Here find and ampler house of God.

That pilgrims, with fatigue oppressed,
Here find a transient seat of rest,
  And breathe of gratitude the prayer,
That nature, while she decked the land,
Had bid these shading limbs expand,
  With a benignant mother's care.

His solitary lyre, not strung,
Since mountain scenery among,
  That here, the minstrel of Savoy,
Once more may touch the notes of pleasure,
Burst into wild, transporting measure—
  A new and transitory joy :

That while the sun with radiance glows,

Here meditative minds repose,
The young with sportive wit and glee,
The old with wise experienced saws,
Prudent in council, grave in laws,
Commix beneath the union Tree.

That we, with troubles unperplexed,
For meditation find the text,
Of novel or poetic tale,
And in narration round us bring
The Idlers in a courteous ring,
Without alloy of wit or Ale!

Then pause, ere falls the galling axe;
Not half, not all, your Turnpike tax,
Your all commanding power--
Can build in years, a shade so kind,
As nature raised for poor mankind
In her creating hour.

ADVENTURE OF THE TWO IPSWICH DOGS.

p. 49.

At Ipswich, just about the county bridge,
Where the small river threads a stony ridge,
And where, alas! sweet maidens, in despair,
Oft sacrifice a favorite lock of hair,
Believing in the ancient wizzard spell,
To turn each ringlet to a pearly shell,
Whose magic touch, with ciphers covered o'er,
Will work a miracle, and Love restore:
Two dogs—to Farley's tan-yard one attached—
To Story's mill the other—nearly matched
In size, in strength, in speed—and with a brain
Ingenious, sensitive, and somewhat vain

Of a poetic talent; loud and oft
Together, when the moon was in the loft
Of heaven's clear azure, like Thessalian hounds,
Made the hills echo with Pindaric sounds,
In musical distraction, till they came
Softer, like hunters chiding mountain game.
Congenial spirits in near contact brought,
By curious instinct feel each other's thought;
Like lovers, who with sympathetic twine,
Thoughts and the feelings of the heart divine;
Invisible the wheels on which they roll
The noiseless meshes knitting, soul to soul.
The banks were high, the river ran between;
Their friendship, by the prying world unseen;
Wise politicians, severed by consent,
From nods and looks deciphering what was meant.
Sometimes on holy-days abroad they meet,
Or on the bridge, or in some narrow street,
Then homeward hie, and sitting on the haunch,
Be musing innocently, as down launch
The chips, and withered leaves, and tufts of grass,
To ocean's deep eternity which pass;
Demurely, without moving tail or paws,
Weighing with deep intent effect and cause,
Reasoning conclusively on what they scent,
Then wag their happy heads, and smile content;
Not gravity itself assumes to wear
A more imposing, self-complacent air,
When having paid the fine for every sin,
And pardoned for the past, might now begin
A new account, and running up a score,
Might bankrupt turn, and be discharged once more,
Or let some charitable deed suffice,
To veil, or to retrieve a life of lies.

Alas! should heaven demand each mortal pledge,
Man could not hold a single foot of sedge!
In law or equity, he dare not plead—
Behold on record, the uncancelled deed!
Two curs more popular were not in town;
Their sweet demeanor brought them great renown,
No gentleman was ever half so trigg;
No lady courted time so long to rig;
No orator such pains unwearied took,
His steps to measure, or to prim his look;
With hopes exterior, sedulous to win
From thoughts voluptuous, and from acts of sin!
Dress, and address, what mighty power they show!
They more than reason,—rule the world below!
So sleek their ribs, so shining black their feet,
With cloth of gold you might have lined the street,
And then unsoiled distributed in shreds
For soldiers' badges, and for courtiers' beds.
No man would think within such glossy hides,
A speculative intellect abides;
For deepest thinkers, made of steady stuff,
Allow no varnish-polish to their rough;
And prone are men by outward signs to trace
Th' interior labyrinths of native grace;
And deem, where beauty is possessed, a heart
Of gentle nature dwells, devoid of art!
And yet these dogs with spirit were endued,
No engineering genius was more shrewd;
Instinct with Algebra, they measured Mars,
And squared with ease the circle of the stars!
The minutes cast, each journey to commence,
And what projectile force required the fence,
Not more in war the mighty Buonaparte,
Weighed all the subterfuges of his art;

Formed all his plans to plunder or defeat,
Save disobedient winter howled—retreat—
Than they—but beasts, like men, a chief select,
Obey his call, his wise decrees respect.
Whate'er he plans, if he directs the course,
Faith in his judgment gives their courage force.
One of these dogs was through the village known,
To courteous fawning singularly prone ;
With skill intuitive, or tact refined,
To feel and strike the chieftain's cord of mind.
Not even the great magician at the chain,
So were controlled each vibratory brain.
Him, urchin boys would ride, but never pelt,
Seemed in his mouth that butter would not melt.
And yet distinguished by peculiar traits,
An eye which keenly scrutinized his mates,
Curious, yet cautious, prying and yet sly,
Knew all that passed, yet never seemed to pry.
'Twas known this dog had a peculiar mark,
Which, like a glow-worm, glittered in the dark,
As oft, so ancient fables fondly say,
Round genius' infant head was seen to play
A lambent glory— so, his ears between
A play of lunar beams was often seen ;
And when th' aurora borealis lit the sky,
Sparks like electric stars would skip and fly,
Like showers of fiery scales beside the bed
In healthful wintry nights which flannels shed.
Whether this dog was of the Celtic race,
Or drew his Thesian origin from Thrace,
Or of that wild Castilian breed which slew
The harmless priestesses of mild Peru
Is yet uncertain—no heraldic scribe,
Has traced the pedigree, or marked the tribe ;

Or borrowed to adorn a modern name,
The gartered title of a wolfish dame;
For since nobility is sliding down,
Swifter the course, as weightier the renown.
A learned Phrenologist, who lectures read,
And missed no chance to finger a new head,
Said "'twas an animal of little speed,
And of th' Egyptian contemplative breed,
Bohemian gypsies, chroniclers so write,
Smuggled the stock into the Isle of Wight.
The furrows o'er his eyes prognosticate
A metaphysical, or a reasoning pate;
The mild, and gentle curved retiring nose,
The seat of complaisance and sweet repose;
The soft, indented temples, must imply
A love of geometric symmetry;
But these discordant lumps above the jaws,
Denote a latent hatred of all laws;
And lo! this belted suture, broad and thick,
Marks wit, inventive, curious, sly, and quick;
This slight protuberance behind the ear,
A power peculiar to an engineer.
Retentive, calculating, and exact,
Fitting a head remarkably compact;
But then those lips so mincing, and so thin,
Denote a slender intellect within,
Save when at times a lady passes by,
They swell with moisture, and emit a sigh,
Which show a sentimental turn at least,
Not common to an unromantic breast,
Who never from the fashionable novel took
The tone of sighing, or the cast of look."

The younger dog, submissively believed,

All that his more decisive friend conceived ;
So bold, determined counsellors impose,
And lead whole Senates often by the nose !
After discussing broadly, 'twas agreed
To make a nightly hunting o'er the mead ;
And full of stirring metal for the chase,
To choose an ample, but a secret place ;
The time, when weary of the toils of day,
In Town, the soldiers slept the night away.
Far from the Town, remote from war's alarms,
A tract extends of richly cultured farms ;
From winds defended by a screen of hills,
Secured from drought by thousand gurgling rills ;
From one high rock, a grey and lofty ledge,
A fountain's spray foams sparkling o'er the edge,
Between two banks ; then gently murmuring glides,
And forms a mimic ocean without tides ;
With laughing life the sportive banks are seen
To wither last, and first in vernal green ;
Of tillage, easy to the single plough,
With meads whose grass o'erloads the spacious mow ;
The sea in shells supplies a rich manure,
Whose nurturing virtues twenty years endure ;
Not far beyond, a range of hills commence,
Whose black thick forests form a pierceless fence ;
There feed the flocks by day, but every night,
A fold receives them in the owner's sight.
There to the charge of youthful shepherds fall,
With scores of oxen fattening at the stall.
Should chance or pleasure their return delay,
The flocks all linger where they fed by day ;
Woman alone from tasks forbid to roam,
Old men and children, vegetate at home ;
Thus when carousing at the public Inn

Midst toasts and revels, and incessant din ;
Where the sweet drops of oratory lull
Each prurient, pulpous, and encoring skull,
Should deadly sleep come hovering o'er their eyes,
Were it a crime, if shepherds could not rise ?

Soon as the night her sable cloud had spread,
The watchful dogs, with soft and silent tread
Began their march ; in single file they pass,
Nor once saluted till the tedded grass
Sank softly under feet—th' elastic air
Seemed to give pinions to the loving pair ;
They leaped exulting on the downy flock ;
So the sly Greeks the sleeping Trojans shock ;
From this to that they sprang, nor ceased to slay,
Till gleamed the streaks of thief-exposing day.
Of vulgar sheep, 'twere vain to number all,
Fame's trumpet only sounds when chieftains fall !
Of rich merinos, ten at least were slain,
The dark fat bleaters of the flocks of Spain,
Each worth ten golden eagles—brought to Greece,
When plundering Jason stole the golden fleece,
Of Colchian race, a progeny as rare,
Except in Spain, as Norway's gristly bear !
Exclusive breed ; with shaggy wool as fine,
Soft, and tenacious, as the spider's line,
At vast expense, through secret roads, by stealth,
When France unburthened Spain of cumbrous wealth,
A yankee captain, never at a loss
To strike a bargain, or a knave to cross—
A yankee captain, safe conveyed o'er seas,
And gave his Sire, the hence diffusive fleece !

When now the dawn gave warning of the day,

Towards home they turned, but in a different way :
Far north and west deserted tracts they took,
And broke their trail, with many a brawling brook,
In Indian file, alert, and shy, and mute,
All various arts assumed to shun pursuit ;
Then with an ample compass far and wide,
From every house, they skulked the wall beside,
And reached the river, half a mile beyond
The wild duck meadow, and the beaver pond ;
Creeping along, they gained their wonted seat
Ere the first cocks the rays of morning greet.
While in deep sleep, abroad the young men lay,
Morn, rosy morn, brought on the gladsome day.
Men, women, girls, the ancient, young, and fair,
Throw ope the doors, commence their daily care;
To milking some, and some to yoke the plough,
Some tend the swine, and some ascend the mow;
Some o'er the rustic style alertly vault,
To count the sheep and bear the sacred salt ;
The harmless sheep, alas ! will bleat no more—
Red was the field with rivulets of gore !
A cry was raised—the cry became a screech,
Scarcely resembling any human speech.
Struck with the sound, th' expecting people stood
To catch the roaring of the flaming wood,
Or hear of worse disaster—one returned,
No forest kindles, and no wood has burned :
But O ! the sheep ! some murderous bears by night
Wreaked on the unguarded flock their raving spite :
A Bear, a Bear, becomes the instant cry ;
To rouse the town the children divers fly,
Old men and women rush—some seize the scythes,
That on the trees hung slanting to the skies;
Spits, pans, and stakes, and every thing of strength,

Some short, some broad, some of prodigious length ;
Not the first army ranged on Cambridge plain,
Showed arms more diverse, or a wilder train.
All leap the fences, on the field encroach,
Hush to assault, yet cautious to approach.

There stood a copse, a hundred perch a-head,
Where scarce was known a woodman's foot to tread.
Some superstitious notion, once impressed,
In passing by, would start within the breast ;
Even holy priests, who preach against the fear,
Would feel a sudden tingling of the ear,
And veteran men, in camps whose lives were spent,
Quickened their pace, and whistled as they went.
But past the edge, none ever dared proceed.
It was to most, a fearful place indeed !
For 'twas received for truth, here Satan hid,
When from the rock before the church he slid,
And left th' impression of his foot—a strong
Memorial that the lands to him belong.
For by the sacred laws of nations, he
Who first possesses, has the legal fee !
A doctrine state expediency suspends ;
When interest enters, equal justice ends ;
Or where the speculating nullifier stands,
Capidious of the Cherokean Lands !
But now, surrounded by the raging crowd,
" Enter and hunt the Bear," was cried aloud :
" The bear, the bear—courageous hunters spring,
While round the copse, we women form a ring,
Strike with what arms you have, and lame at least,
Till some more fatal weapon kill the beast."

Vain was the search—at length an elder came ;

Slow on his crutch he dragged a feeble frame;
Wise from experience, and in instinct read,
" Waste no more time in seach of bears," he said.
"Look round the field—the evidence is plain,
These sheep from wantonness, not need, were slain,
For hungry bears too precious is the hour;
They kill for food, and what they kill, devour;
'Twas done by dogs, or some of puppy race,
" Who kill for pastime, to their sires' disgrace."

First through the town untraced the rumor flew;
Then came th' express, and made the rumor true.
Then rose suspicion, pointing with her thumb,
At the pale paupers who exist on rum;
Then envy, starting from her green-eyed cell,
Let fall her hints that cankered as they fell,
On lively youth, an ever sportive race,
Who loved the sprightly dance and active chace,
And sometimes indiscreetly overleap
A neighbor's fence, at which they blush and weep.
Already had the ferment grown to strife,
And discord from the grind-stone snatched her knife.
Already had the guards who slept too late,
Cursed the militia musters of the state,
And leaping from the windows, raised a dust
Along the distant road of their deserted trust,
When on his heavy-footed steed, it chanced,
The Doctor with his saddle-bags advanced,
His nightly visitations having led
Him o'er the hills, even to the ocean's head,
And stopping in the midst, and wondering why
So great a crowd, and wherefore such a cry,
Heard the disastrous tale—and quick to catch
At causes, ere they into action hatch;

(Such are the leaps of genius, that they come
Untraced between the finger and the thumb;)
The privilege of genius is, to strike
Out likenesses from substances unlike.
He recollected, from the green-hill top,
He saw two dogs into the meadow drop.
But 'twas a glance alone—he could not say—
'Twas when he turned to view the break of day.
To guard from future ills, 'twere well to trace
If any town-dogs had been out in chace—
A sudden thought electrified the crowd,
" The bridge dogs," shout the people, long and loud,
And towards the bridge all rushed—but 'twas too late—
Dogs have a wise presentiment of fate.
So great men, when their interests decline,
Surmise defeat, and modestly resign.
For now, beholding what a great array
Of men and boys were gathering on their way,
They shook and quaked; for guilt will always quail.
Men drop their eyes, and dogs submerge the tail;
They thought, although no evidence appears,
Betraying stains might hang around their ears;
So skulking on the river's margin, fled
Full thirty miles, before they ceased to dread,
And took new quarters; hence the certain fact,
These dogs by science had performed the act.
Such acts performed on some defenceless town,
To martial heroes bring a great renown;
And who desires a marshal's staff to gain,
Has only to recount the children slain.
Why then, when heroes' souls in dogs are placed,
For the like action, should they be disgraced?

M. S.

THE TAVERN DOCTOR.

PAGE 58.

What have we here?—A Doctor, by the sign,
A master of an art once deemed divine!
No pupil, sure, of Esculapius' school,
To cure by science, and to kill by rule;
Him nature teaches; well he knows to trace
The sister-symptoms in each varied case;
Be but one colored thread of fever shown,
By instinct, all anomalies are known.
The great specific waits on each disease,
First weak, though copious draughts of catmint teas.
If the ear tingle, if the nose be red,
Where others blistered, embrocated, bled,
Emolient melilot allays the smart;
Balm cools the liver, sooths the throbbing heart.
Do pains infest the regions of the spleen?
Bind a black snake's skin warm, the ribs between.
If melancholy humours most abound,
The dreams distractive, and the sleep unsound,
And Hypochondriac megrims start and twitch,
Black spirits rise, and temptingly bewitch,
Ten drops of poppy nectar, freshly pressed,
Will lay the peccant agitants at rest.
More serious evils if you apprehend,
Your brain still wander, and your eyes distend,
Especially if round their orbits spread
A streak of yellow, or a tinge of red,
From barberry-bushes scrape the orange bark—
Observe the time of scraping—just at dark,
Or ere the dews exhale—mistake in this,
And planetary influence you miss.
In a brass basin, bruised, and on it pour

A pint, not more, of June's salubrious shower ;
This, taken in the morning, noon and night,
Will set the humours circulating right,
And in seven days, at farthest, all is well.
But faith, full faith, is requisite to save
A melancholy patient from the grave ;
He must believe, although his sense resist.
Conscience must sleep, and reason be dismissed ;
How can he know what is or good, or vile ?
Are not his optics prejudiced with bile ?
Through such a medium, Newton's eyes had ne'er
Traced out the orbit of the lunar sphere ;
Belief is half the cure—to doubt, obstructs
The free secretion of the spongy ducts—
Inquiry—keep th' inquiring spirit still ;
Rebellion springs from freedom of the will.
Not ten black cat-skins, skilfully applied
Across the bosom, or along the side,
Or seventeen leeches, ever can restore
The valve elastic of one breathing pore,
If the sick patient hesitate an hour,
About the Doctor's medicative power.
Yet after thirty years' experience, he
Found no specific equal fresh Balm Tea.
He never practised what might sometimes harm :
And what more innocent that sprigs of Balm ?—
Balm was the sovereign plant in David's reign ;
Balm eased the Queen of Sheba's love-sick pain ;
King Solomon the wise, who knew all arts,
Pronounced it " cordial for all breaking hearts."
Judah's fair daughters, than whom none were found
In form more lovely, and in heart more sound,
Sipped it each morning, and from thence a skin,
As gauze translucent, rosy, fresh, and thin,

Veiled, as a painter veils in clare-obscure,
Charms, though voluptuous, yet as infant's pure!
Pure emanations of a soul divine,
Where unobscured the stars of mercy shine,
Whence many a sweet Rebecca, wrapped in prayer,
Breathes the soft accents, soothing of despair;
Whence on the dying couch the beamy ray
Of Hope celestial whispers, living day!
Popes, reigning by authority divine,
In conclave called it a celestial wine;
And John and Martin, apt to wince and wink,
Tempered their humours with the nectar drink,
And found a scruple vanish at each sip,
As party maxims o'er a mug of flip,
When at elections, all obstructions fail,
Before the deluge of Jamaica'd ale!
Nay Balm, than Soda-water drank at night,
Woo's sleep more sweet, and dreams of more delight.
Better than cans of dandelion tea,
Better than hyson, or low-priced bohea,
Better than holy johnswort laced with gin,
Better than Turkish mead, or Metheglin,
To quench the embrio passions, and assuage
Ambition's thirst, and controversy's rage,
Save where the love of gold is close allied
With bloated, self-sufficient, impious pride;
Though both repellant, artfully combined
To seize and spurn the weakness of mankind.
Pride, that in every age, and in all states,
The heart contracts, the head intoxicates,
From opposition that still harder grows,
Like iron underneath the hammer's blows.
From its own entrails that subsistence draws,
At once the end of living and its cause,

Unquelled remains—unamiably aloof,
A granite fortress, cold and powder proof!
Fashion in medicine, as in female dress,
Oft springs from some material's great excess.
The wily sempstress, eloquent of tongue,
Installs some cap her costomers among,
And lo! the patterns double—fortunes waste,
And ten triumphant days—how swims the Taste!
Not so with balm—the good old Leech of Coos,
Prescribed it then, as now does modern Morse.
'Tis like the Quaker garment, simply neat,
Changeless, becoming, graceful and complete!
Well had the Doctor learned to probe man's mind;
Men thought him skilful; women found him kind.
Such condescension!—in a Leech how rare!
Despotic Doctors, no dissentient bear!
Save Quaker L..... of whose sweetened cup,
The rich may drink—the poor may bitter sup.
To men, as wiser, harder terms were used;
Women, as softer, gentler words amused.
And who so good to hear each fond complaint?
Pains of the vile, and languors of the faint?
Whole hours to listen to an old wife's tale,
From horrid dreams who predicates her ail?
Her corns predicted some disaster nigh,
And then, the unusual twinkling of her eye,
A sure, portentous warning, to beware
Lest she come tumbling from the old gray mare,
Yet heedless of the warning, on she rode,
Till Dobbin started by the teamsters goad,
Leaped from the bridge, and plunged her head and heels
Deep to the bottom, midst the hissing eels.
Hence daily palpitations, trembling limbs,
Before her eyes a dreadful vision swims;

Around her heart the cold eels seem to curl;
Her head grows dizzy, and her senses whirl.
Thus patient, listening, sits the Doctor down,
Sips his brown mug, and pockets half a crown!
Save here and there, oracular of lip,
Opinions bubble 'twixt each pause and sip.
With patient ear he heard the tedious preach;
In words appropriate flowed his comely speech:
"All is uncertain in this vale of tears;"
All science changes with revolving years,
Save in old Rome, th' eternal city, where
The holy Pontiffs fill St. Peter's chair.
Who still, in spite of Galileo, hold
Diurnal Suns around this earth are rolled;
That demonstration with tradition jars,
And earth is central midst the host of stars—
Who new reversing heresies declare,
Would topsy-turvey turn the Pontiff-chair.
From venial errors, trifling evils come——
Of revolution——Who can count the sum
How much of war, ambition, lust and hate,
Is charged on patriots who reform the State,
But whose reform begins an age too late.—
The Jew's religion failed to hold its ground,
When a less cumbrous liturgy was found.
Rome, that once governed every christian State,
Shorn of her locks, resigned herself to fate;
And when her Martin Luther dared rebel,
Drew her reluctant horns within her shell.
The Hierarch's splendor, once so dazzling bright,
Grew dim before the Presbyterian light;
What Calvin held in one age, sacred text,
Was deemed heretical and weak the next.
Opinions hard as adamant give way;

Even new opinions live but half a day.
Who knows, but what is now believed revealed,
May yield, when truth's unerring book's unsealed ?
Yet for our use we need not further look ;
Sufficient what is clear in nature's book.
Why need we take the whole machine apart ?—
The work of God—and substitute our art ?
Like children, who the tinkling watch despatch,
In hopes the spirit-musical to catch ?—
Things that are made by God, are perfect made ;
Cut down the tree, retires the grateful shade ;
Yet what the shade protects, the sun too, cheers,
Warmed are its dew-drops, like affection's tears.
To form this world, four principles conspire,
Earth, water, air, and all diffusive fire ;
Sublimely simple, God Almighty's will,
From few begins, and few his plans fulfil ;
Atoms on atoms heaped, alike compose
The hardest diamond and the softest rose ;
With their own kind all particles delight,
Pebbles, and globes, are formed as these unite ;
Yet all commix in one dissolving fire,
And mountains melt, and animals expire ;
Ethereal ethers all things thus dissolve,
Creation's Laws again the forms evolve ;
The particles that form the rose to day,
Dispersed, reblush in the succeeding May ;
The ashy dust of yon gay temple frieze,
Rises in plants or graceful forest trees.
Thus on yon elm, adorned with fleecy snow,
From the rude south, the tepid breezes blow ;
From every leaf the gelid beauty shakes,
And the ground whitens with the playful flakes ;
From wondering children swift the snow-balls glide,

In flowing rills, to time's relentless tide,
Yes, a new winter comes, others they see,
The flakes dependant re-emboss the tree
So soft or solid, all things hence combined,
In man, the great receptacle of mind.
Mixed principles give life, and life sustain,
But disproportioned, tempest, death, or pain.
If too much earth, then sluggishness prevails;
If too much water, slow, retarding ails;
If too much air, then hypochondriac throes,
If too much fire, a raging fever glows;
Just equilibrium to the whole restore,
Diseases cease, and tempests rage no more;
And all the aim of science, is to know
Which to subtract, and which in time bestow:
Abstract the lightning, ere the clouds can meet,
In flames descending comes no vivid sheet.
Yet skill, exhausted in th' attempt, departs,
For mother Nature spurns officious arts.
If elements are hostile in excess,
She aims the raging tumult to repress,
And in his skill though man may feel secure,
'Tis nature's efforts that effect a cure.
And have the learned a more successful guess,
Than who more labors, and conjectures less?
Who makes a system, to that system points
Each stubborn fact the system that disjoints.
In physic, with all system leave the schools,
Let observation track out nature's rules;
Nature's continual efforts are to gain
That equilibrium once disturbed by pain;
To aid her efforts, means of gentle kind
Must soothe and calm all nervousness of mind."
Such fair accordance passed for matchless skill;

For physic asked—he gave his brown bread pill.
Compassion—what compassion filled his breast;
No hour to pleasure lost, nor scarce in rest.
By night, by day, in weather fair or foul,
When mewed no cat, and winked abroad no owl,
From the warm precincts of a downy bed,
When called, he rode to either sick, or dead.
Want you more proof?—behold his wasted health,
Exchanged for what? for consequence and wealth?
For wealth, enchested for a thoughtless heir?
For consequence, to meet a vulgar stare?—
Wealth the main object—hence both heat and cold
Dissolve before the magnet touch of gold.—
And is not cash as innocently made
By this, as by another's roving trade?
All, hazards run, where nothing is to lose;
An even well-being necks the golden noose;
The gracious widow, her rich master gone,
To spendthrift boldness gives herself in pawn;
The wealthy damsel, in romantic fit,
Yokes to a tyrant profligate of wit;
In speculation many lives are spent;
The merchant wearies heaven for cent per cent;
The pirate prowling stems the ocean's strife,
For plunder, hazards a precarious life,
And both look on for that propitious time,
When wealth acquired abates the sense of crime,
When ostentatious charities may bribe
The world to pardon an obnoxious tribe;
Or flattering conscience with a tythe of gain,
Though yet unquiet, mitigate her pain.
From golden products, swollen to a plum,
What cool reflecting aphorisms come!
For hard experience all the past surveys,

And wakes, though late, to conscientious ways,
And many a prudent maxim strews to guide
Adventurous youth on life's tumultuous tide.
O come the day, when Science spreads her beam,
Free, as through every soil, the virgin stream,
Quack mix no more the soul seducing drop,
Nor death ensue with every limb they lop.
Laws punish frauds that scarce affect the purse,
Yet pass unnoticed life's immediate curse.
Is it less fraudful, nature in distress,
When the fierce torture rages in excess;
When at the bed the child with anxious eye,
Chills at each heaving breath and laboured sigh;
When hopes and fears alternate, rise and sink,
And life hangs hovering on oblivion's brink,
When with full confidence the Leech's power
Is felt to shorten, or protract the hour;
When too absorbed the bursting heart to flow,
And icy anguish checks the gush of woe—
Is it less fraudful to the weeping wife,
To him who lingers on the verge of life,
To those dear babes whose years can scarce discern
Why all this grief, and whence this deep concern,
That men unskilled to note the pulse's throb,
At large should range, and life by license rob?
Come then, O Science, mother of each art,
Show to weak man where truth and error part;
Show him his nature, and how nicely joined,
His Frame corporeal and celestial mind;
How that impaired, the tenant glides unseen,
A houseless wanderer from a dome so mean;
Show him the interior structure—how the brain,
Pressed by the stomach, throbs with raging pain;
How thence reacting o'er the vital core,

Screws up the heart, and freezes every pore;
The breathing tubes in active function fail,
Nor beat elastic to the heavenly gale;
Health's living tide, the blood's delightful speed,
As rocks in rivers, cramps and aches impede,
Teach him the structure of the fine machine,
The screws how nice, the razor edge how keen;
Then, if he dare to hack, and wrench, and hew,
Pain must succeed, and death itself ensue.
Yet let him know that many a mortal ill
Yields where the God imparts a nobler skill;
Good science gives the ways of God to trace,
Yet in subservience to the human race.
Life's purest current, each excess impedes,
From tube to tube the deadening torpor speeds;
Health's living tide, the blood's delightful flow,
The eye's gay sparkle, cheek's celestial glow,
The free, the light, th' elastic spring of limb,
The joyous bound, the graceful, dancing swim,
All, all must cease—are Nature's laws suppressed,
And food distend, and wines inflame the breast.

S. Q.

END.

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