

A journey in North America, described in familiar letters to Amelia Opie. By Joseph John Gurney

A JOURNEY IN NORTH AMERICA, DESCRIBED IN FAMILIAR LETTERS TO AMELIA OPIE.

BY JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

“He is a freeman whom the truth makes free, And all are slaves beside.” Cowper.

Not to be Reprinted IN PART OR WHOLE WITHOUT THE AUTHOR'S PERMISSION.

NORWICH: PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION, BY JOSIAH FLETCHER.

1841.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 1881 CITY OF WASHINGTON.

E 165 G 98

A JOURNEY IN NORTH AMERICA.

309 59

LETTER I.

Earlham, 1 st month, 18 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

I am glad that I at length find myself at leisure to record some recollections of my late long and interesting visit to America. I propose to do so in the form of letters, and I avail myself of our old and intimate friendship, in freely addressing these letters, to thyself. Thou art aware that my journey was undertaken under the apprehension of religious duty. I left

Library of Congress

my own country and family, traversed the Atlantic, and continued nearly three years on the other side of it, partly in order to visit many of the meetings of the society of Friends in America, and partly for the purpose of preaching the gospel of Christ, so far as ability might be afforded me, to persons of every name and class. In the pursuit of these duties, I travelled through most of the states of the North American Union, as well as in Upper and Lower Canada.

It is very far from being my intention, on the present occasion, to enter into any detail of my religious B 2 engagements. I shall, of necessity, make some reference to them from time to time; but I now wish to note down the more common incidents of my travel—the objects, natural, civil, and moral, which attracted my attention by the way—and to communicate to thee, some of the general impressions which have been made on my mind respecting North America and her inhabitants. I am very much of the opinion, that partly from political prejudices, and partly from the discoloured accounts of America, which have been published by some of our English travellers, false notions on the subject prevail to a considerable extent in this country.

While I desire to maintain a strict accuracy and impartiality, I shall be glad to do my part towards correcting these misapprehensions. Certainly I am bound, by strong ties of Christian love and gratitude, to promote the cordial good-will and affection which ought to subsist between the people of Great Britain, and the citizens of the United States.

I believe that the object which I have thus in view will be best answered, in the first place at least, by a simple narrative of my journey. Such a narrative I will now commence without further preface—only requesting thy patience, if it should appear in any of its parts irrelevant or tiresome. I am not disposed to exclude those small incidents which may afford some degree of entertainment to the young or casual reader; and I know thou wilt allow me to indulge occasionally in familiar descriptions of the beauties and rarities of nature.

Library of Congress

Having bade a long farewell to my nearest and 3 dearest friends, I sailed from Liverpool in the Philadelphia packet Monongahela, Capt. Mierkin, on the 8th of the 7th month, (July) 1837. The commencement of an extensive pilgrimage by sea and by land, and one of undefined duration, was to me a new experience; and, independently of the separation from my family and friends, was accompanied by more than usually solemn feelings respecting the uncertainty of human life. For my own part, I consider that there are only two grounds for entire rest and confidence, under these peculiar circumstances. The first is an honest conviction that the object which we are pursuing is consistent with our Christian calling and duty. The second is an unqualified reliance on that divine and omnipresent Being who conducts and regulates the stormy elements of nature, and protects his obedient children from every external danger, so far as is consistent with their highest good.

We sailed down the Irish Channel with a fair, though light wind; and lovely was the view presented to us, as we passed along, of the Welsh mountains on one side, and the sugar-loaf hills of the county of Wicklow on the other. Our first exit from the narrows of the channel, after passing the Tuskar light-house, on the coast of Wexford, and our entrance on the true Atlantic, were marked by a sense of pleasurable sublimity. Great were the beauty and glory of the scene, ruffled as the ocean was by a gentle breeze, and sparkling under the sunshine with innumerable living diamonds. But if the pleasures of imagination were set afloat for a season by this spectacle, they were soon damped by a succession of B 2 4 head-winds, and by that peculiarly distressing nausea which was produced in most of our company, myself amongst others, by the tossing of the vessel. Happily this inconvenience subsided after a short time, and although our voyage was almost constantly impeded by calms and light head-winds, it was by no means unproductive of instruction and enjoyment. Our company was not numerous; but amongst them were three members of our religious society, besides myself, and we enjoyed many quiet opportunities for reading and writing, as well as for the regular holding of our meetings for worship. These

Library of Congress

were sometimes attended by most of the ship's company, and were, I believe, occasions both of comfort and edification.

It was to me an unexpected circumstance that a large number of whales came at various times within sight of our vessel; some of them, which were seen very near to us, were of the *grampus* kind, and displayed a round whitish back, with a dark thorny fin at top of it; others, at a greater distance from us, were the large black whales. These were often observed throwing up vast geysers of water, and after lifting up their enormous tails—which have been known at times to break through the sides of large vessels—suddenly dashing into the deep waters. We once saw one of these creatures pursued by a thresher—a kind of shark about six feet long. This dreadful enemy cuts the whale upon its back with a sharp-edged fin, while its ally, the sword-fish, harpoons the animal from below. I presume they make a feast of their vast prey; and that, in this as in other similar cases, destruction may be regarded as the law of life.

5

When many hundred miles from land, we often observed a dark winged gull which the sailors call the shearwater; and, on one occasion, a very large bird, described by the captain as a *Cape hen*, a species of albatros I believe, was seen hovering over us. But the birds which most frequently attracted our attention, were the stormy petrels, called by the sailors, “mother Cary's chickens.” These interesting little creatures are often seen at a distance from land of a thousand or fifteen hundred miles, playing with the waves, and, in calm weather, to all appearance, walking on the water. The sailors have two notions respecting them—first, that their coming portends a storm, and secondly, that they breed at sea; but I suppose that both these ideas are without foundation. Their sprightly motions, dark wings, and pure white belts, form together a very agreeable spectacle.¹

1 To wild discursive nature true, O'er old Atlantic's breast of blue, And o'er his crest of foam, Intent the roving mind to please, And fitful as the summer breeze, A wanderer loves to roam.

Library of Congress

Her wing is jet, her belt is snow, She flits above, she darts below
The wave's her only pillow; Rides on the wind her tiny form,
She greets the gale, salutes the storm, And mocks the dancing billow.

Strange to relate, some sages sing, She bears her egg beneath her wing, —No
inconvenient station; If this be true, her vital breath She drew at sea, and only death
Shall end her navigation.

The banks of Newfoundland are an object of great interest on the voyage to America. This immense feeding-ground for codfish, is of vast value both to England and America. We observed a large number of fishing schooners, and having been ourselves unsuccessful in the attempt to catch fish, we availed ourselves of the near neighbourhood of one of these vessels, and obtained an abundant supply of fresh cod, for the use of the whole ship's company. These fish are here finely speckled, and differ in appearance from the cod on the English coast. The weather now became extremely foggy, and having made an unusual northerly course, we were considered to be in some danger of running on certain rocks near the coast of Newfoundland, called the Virgins. But a fair wind (to us a rarity) carried us safely by them, and we soon found ourselves on the west of the great bank, about a thousand miles from the Delaware capes.² The sun-fish, looking like a very large turtle

² Oh, pine not for the distant shore, For He who wings the storm, And bids the mountain
billows roar, The pilot's part performs.

While He is stationed at the helm, The wild wind—let it rave! Nor rock shall smite, nor gulf
o'erwhelm, Whom God delights to save.

Jehovah, may thy light and grace, For man's salvation given, Reflected from the Saviour's
face, Beam on our way to heaven.

Library of Congress

Just as in yonder farthest west, The silent sun descending, Illumes his glorious path of rest, The sky with ocean blending.

O God, in whom we live and move, From whom not death can sever, Raise in our hearts the flame of love, And let it burn for ever.

7 floating on its back, was observed alongside of the vessel; also a small species of black whale, not to mention the schools of porpoises, in vast numbers, pursuing their course by leaps of wonderful agility, at a swift pace. The attempts of our sailors to harpoon these rapid movers, as they passed by us, were utterly fruitless.

Six weeks had been spent at sea, and we were now in the neighbourhood of the gulf stream, which sets out on its travels from the gulf of Mexico, and after running many hundred miles northward near the coast of North America (annually unlocking the ice in its progress) takes an easterly direction. Our captain assured me one evening, that he would almost as soon run on a reef of rocks, as involve himself in this mighty current, after so protracted a voyage. For not only does it run several knots an hour, in a wrong direction for the westward voyager, but is peculiarly liable to dead calms. After such a declaration, I was by no means pleased, the next morning, to find the temperature of my sea bath to be 75°, a proof that we were already caught by this wonderful stream of warm water. The predicted calm soon followed; we seemed to be hopelessly imprisoned on the bosom of the ocean; not a ripple was to be observed on its glassy surface. This state of things often continues, in the gulf stream, for many days; but our lot was different. After a few hours, a high wind in our favour suddenly arose; with extraordinary rapidity the sea was tossed into mountains, and we soon found ourselves within a short distance from land. Near the coast, the storm had been terrible, 8 but before we could reach the shore, the wind hauled to the westward, becoming almost equally strong in this new direction. Happily we had succeeded in obtaining a skilful *Yankee* pilot (I use the term, in its true sense of a *New Englander*) who by a rapid succession of skilful tacks, succeeded in bringing us within the Delaware breakwater, close by Cape Henlopen lopen. There we enjoyed a station

Library of Congress

of safety, the work being one of considerable magnitude and strength. We found Irish labourers upon it, who were earning a far better subsistence than they could possibly obtain in their own country. Our detention for a long day in this artificial harbour, was relieved by some communication with the neighbouring village of Lewiston—striking to the eye of an Englishman, from the appearance of its neatly painted frame-houses. From this place we were supplied very acceptably with fruits and vegetables; and the next morning, the wind having become fair, we pursued our voyage up the Delaware bay and river. The sight of the land on either side was very cheering, after forty-seven days spent at sea. I was pleased to observe some finely cultivated country; and the Brandywine hills on the southern bank (the field of one of the battles of the revolutionary war) seemed clad with beauty. We passed by the neat towns of Wilmington and Newcastle, and the mouths of the Christiania, Brandywine, and Schuylkill rivers, which all flow into the Delaware; and having met with a steamer to assist our course, we at length arrived at the city of Philadelphia (a hundred miles from the capes) late in the evening of the 24th of the 8th 9 month (August)—the happy close of no unpleasant voyage, although of nearly seven weeks' continuance.

Some kind friends were waiting my arrival, and I was soon conveyed, through streets shaded by trees, to one of the most hospitable and agreeable abodes in which it has ever been my lot to dwell. I found the warmth of the air to be far greater than that of an English summer evening; and the ceaseless songs of the cricket, so entirely new to my ear, gave me shrill notice that I was now a stranger in a strange land. I will now conclude my first letter.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER II.

Earlham, 1 st month, 21 st, 1841.

My dear Friend,

Library of Congress

My stay in Philadelphia, on the present occasion, was only of three days, ending with the first of the week. The number of Friends, in this city, is large, and there are four distinct meetings. A joint assembly of them was convened, at my request, that evening, in the principal meeting-house—about 2000 persons present. We were led to remember, that the “memory of the just is blessed;” and the Christian character and conduct of William Penn and his associates, by whom this city was founded, afforded a subject of grateful commemoration. The great principles of justice and mercy, which this eminent servant of the Lord maintained with so much integrity, as governor of Pennsylvania, and the wisdom with which he conducted the affairs of the province, afford an important example in history; and may well animate those who profess the same religious views, with hearty desires to walk, as he walked, in the light of truth—to follow him, as he followed Christ.

Early the next morning, in company with some of my friends, who were bound on the same mission, I commenced my journey to the state of Ohio, with the view of attending the yearly meeting of Friends, then about to be held in it. Our route lay through Pittsburg which is distant nearly 400 miles from Philadelphia. The journey was to me singularly novel and interesting. We travelled the first hundred miles by railroad to Harrisburg, a pleasant town, and the seat of the Pennsylvanian government. The country through which we passed was well wooded and fairly cultivated, adorned with neat looking villages, farm-houses, and barns; the latter generally built on a declivity, so that the upper story can be conveniently entered from the ground. The grain harvest was quite finished, but the Indian corn was still growing in large quantities, and of great height. The appearance of its broad, dark, pendent leaves, and vast ears, was highly beautiful; it may be considered the staple crop of this part of the country. At Harrisburg, in company with numerous other travellers (for the Americans are a moving people,) we commenced a long voyage by the Pennsylvanian canal which passes through a delightful country, alongside of the rivers Susquehannah, Juniata, Conemaugh, Kiscamenitis, and Alleghany, in succession—the canal, in certain parts of its course, being exchanged for some one of the rivers themselves. The scenery, on the banks of these noble streams, is amongst the finest that I have anywhere seen;

Library of Congress

especially, on those of the Juniata and Conemaugh—lofty and picturesque hills of various shapes and sizes, covered with the native forest; a wild solitude often prevailing, and the rocky beds of the rivers, in some parts, adding to the picturesque beauty of the prospect. 12 I observed the osprey floating over one of these rivers; and a bald eagle, quietly seated on the top of an old pine, seemed entirely to disregard us as we passed by him. I also remarked the bright little “yellow bird” flitting about in every direction; and just caught a sight of one of the water-snakes of the country, of a muddy green colour. There were also to be seen, as we passed along, a variety of wild plants which would, in England, be considered fit ornaments for the garden; the blue and crimson lobelia, the latter of splendid beauty; a small *ænothera* or evening primrose, the wild sunflower, the scarlet salvia, and different kinds of *convolvulus*, and of *calceolaria* or lady's slipper. I am no botanist, and may possibly be mistaken in some of the names; but these “smiles of Providence” (as Wilberforce used to call the flowers) filled me with no small delight.

But for the *morale* of our boat—we had a fine assortment of company, crammed together, and feeding heartily at a long table three times a day—everybody easy and good-tempered, as if the degree of roughness which they undergo had rubbed off all inconvenient corners. I remember having been much struck, on the occasion, with the aspect of these American travellers—their persons generally slim and active, their countenances thin, eager, and intelligent, and marked by a peculiar air of independence. This independence—this practical oblivion of all distinctions of class—although strange to my former habits, was far less offensive to me than I expected. Every body was civil to all around him; and those whom we should have regarded as belonging to the 13 upper class of society, displayed no want of refinement or polish. Amongst them, were the four judges of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, in which law and equity are united, and an appellant jurisdiction exercised over the local and inferior courts. Chief-Justice Gibson, who is evidently a person of superior parts and extensive knowledge, informed me that the English common law is maintained in this state, with the exception of a few changes introduced by American statute—a remark which equally applies to the generality of the

Library of Congress

states of the Union. I learnt from him, that small crimes are decreasing, but that those of a heavier nature had, of late years, increased alarmingly. He ascribed this lamentable fact to the universal determination prevailing among the people, to do what they please: or, in other words, to *ultra-radicalism*. The tendency of democracy, even in Pennsylvania, to this dangerous condition of society, has, of late, been lamentably evinced by a change in the constitution, which renders the judicial office dependent on the will of dominant parties in the legislature, instead of being, as it was formerly, an office for life. I understood that the chief-justice's salary was only £600 per annum—a sum, in my opinion, far too small for the responsibility and dignity of the station.

Speaking of the late change in the constitution of Pennsylvania, I am painfully reminded of the insertion of a single sad word in the present legal description of the qualification for citizenship. It is the word *white*. And what is the lamentable effect of this mere stroke of pen? Nothing less than the exclusion 14 of the whole coloured race, of every grade, from the privilege of equal rights, on equal terms, with those among whom they dwell. The infliction of the unrighteous system of caste, in one reserved case, on the frame-work of a democratic society, is a frightful anomaly. Whether it is considered as matter of law, or of universal habit and practice, it must be regarded by every fair observer, as the greatest blot in the escutcheons of the free states of the American Union.

If persons of all classes on board our boat (white only of course) were mingled together during the day, what am I to say of our bundling by night—judges, merchants, mechanics, ministers of religion, &c. &c. huddled together, in near contact, and covering both the seats, and the whole floor of our vessel? Very little air was allowed; and being much indisposed, I was prevented by my kind companions from enjoying the delightful breezes on the deck. Thus a measure of hardship fell to my lot, and it was not unnatural that I should be thinking of the comforts of my pleasant and far distant home. But there is a stimulus in a total change of scene and circumstance, which carries the traveller over many difficulties; and if the mind is at peace, one can be happy anywhere.

Library of Congress

In one part of our journey, between the rivers Juniata and Conemaugh, I had for the first time to cross the Alleghany mountains. For this purpose, having left our canal boat, in which, by means of locks, we had already ascended to a considerable height, we were conveyed, in rail cars, along a series of levels and inclined plains, being drawn up the latter by vast ropes set in motion by steam. This wondrous railroad is one of the most extraordinary works of man to be anywhere met with, and does great credit to the energy of a people so much distinguished for “going a-head.” The novelty of this mode of travelling—connected as it was with my first introduction to the wild scenery of the native American forest—for the forest, chiefly of pines, covers this part of the Alleghany ridge—was indescribably strange to me. In our descent from the mountain (which, where we crossed it, is about 1400 feet above the level of the sea) we were gradually *let down* to the little town of Johnstown; from which we pursued our canal-boat voyage as before.

We arrived at Pittsburg at the close of the fourth day of our journey. The approach to this American Birmingham, down the Alleghany river, on which we had now entered from the canal, is uncommonly picturesque and striking. The town—black and smoky, (for bituminous coal, as well as iron, abounds in the neighbourhood)—is said to contain 21,000 inhabitants, and is constantly rising in importance from its hardware manufactories. The city stands on the fork of two noble streams, the Alleghany and Monongahela, which here meet and form the Ohio. This fork is famous in history for having been the seat of an old intrenchment of the French and Indians, by whom General Braddock was defeated. It was the scene of General Washington's first exploits, when he was a young officer in the British service. We were unable to make any stay in the city of Pittsburg; and were 16 therefore deprived of the opportunity of inspecting the Western Penitentiary of the state of Pennsylvania, which, like its prototype in Philadelphia, is arranged on the solitary system, and has the character of being well conducted. Poor specimen had we of the morals of the West, in the uncounted falsehoods of the managers of different steam-boats which were waiting for passengers on the Ohio; and it was at last, in despite of our better judgment, that we were carried on board the S—which was positively to start for the south that very

Library of Congress

evening. The promise for the evening soon merged into one for midnight; the machinery was out of order; we could not start till it was mended. In fact, we did not begin our voyage until a late hour the next morning, after undergoing the mortification of seeing our happier fellow-travellers glide away in a far better vessel, long before we moved. We had not a single hour to spare, and might be excused for a little impatience.

Our day's voyage down the Ohio was however singularly interesting. The hills on each side of the river might often be said to rise into mountains, and were covered with forest from top to bottom; and the winding river, interspersed with richly wooded islands, assumed, during a course of several miles, the appearance of a lake—one scene of this description following another in rapid succession as we moved along. It was then evening, and the mellowed brightness of the sky was in character decidedly Italian.

To me it was a new world indeed, and, as I walked the deck, excited a variety of thoughts and meditations. 17 The name of this river is Indian—a word of a pleasant sound, and indicating the true character of the lovely stream—it means *Beautiful*.

Our vessel, like many others of the kind on these western waters, was no ark of safety; frequent little accidents impeded our progress, one after another, until about ten o'clock at night, when it was quite dark, an important part of the machinery suddenly gave way, and, in spite of our anxious desires to “go a-head,” we came to a dead stop. We were then about five miles from Wheeling in Virginia, the place of our destination for the night. The captain, half penitent for having so grossly deceived us, made the best amends he could, by offering us his little row boat. In this we sped our way, not without some peril, down those vast dark waters, and found ourselves safely lodged in a very comfortless hotel, just before midnight.

I am, &c. &c. C

LETTER III.

Library of Congress

Earlham, 1 st month, 25 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

The town of Wheeling, although infected, like the rest of Virginia, with the curse of slavery, derives considerable commercial prosperity from its situation on the bank of the Ohio. We left the place early on the morning after our arrival, and having crossed the ferry into the state of Ohio, pursued our journey in a light springy coach or wagon, through wild and beautiful forest scenery, and by roads dangerously precipitous and full of holes. I remember being very troublesome to my companions, from my perpetual inquiries respecting the various kinds of forest trees, which were new to me, and which attracted my attention as we passed along. It may not be unsuitable to take the present opportunity of mentioning some of these ornaments of American scenery.

The oaks of America are generally distinguished from those of England, by the larger size, deep indentation, and bright polish of the leaf; but in consequence of the near neighbourhood of other trees, they are seldom seen to spread like the pride of our parks; they often rise, however, to what we should call an extraordinary height. I am told that there are no less than thirty 19 species of oak belonging to the forest of America; the principal of them are the white, black, red, and yellow, named, I believe, from the distinctive appearances of their bark. The red oak is the most like ours. The chesnut, somewhat similar to the Spanish species, abounds in many parts, and produces in abundance a small sweet nut. Equally common is the hickory—a beautiful tree resembling the English walnut—the nut very hard, with a palatable kernel. The black walnut which produces a nut of a larger and coarser kind, is much valued for articles of furniture; it spreads handsomely, the leaf somewhat resembling that of the ash. The buttonwood, a species of sycamore or plane, is found chiefly on the banks of the streams; it grows to a prodigious size, and is highly picturesque. But the chief glory of the woods of Ohio, as of those of many other districts, is the rock or sugar maple, often a very lofty tree, brightly green in the spring and summer, and in the fall of the year still more brightly scarlet. As

Library of Congress

we pursue the thread of our story, we may probably be reminded of many other species—enough of trees for the present.

The country through which we were passing was what the Americans call a *rolling* one; being composed of a succession of hills and dales. When we had travelled about fifteen miles, just after winding our way out of a wooded valley, and scaling a well-cultivated hill, we found ourselves in the midst of an agreeable group of houses and farms, with a large barn-like meeting-house, well-built, and commanding a most agreeable prospect. The village was Mount Pleasant, and the meeting-house the accustomed place of rendezvous for the yearly meeting of Friends in Ohio.

Vehicles of various shapes and sizes, were standing about the building—the horses being *hitched*, or fastened to branches of trees. It was the meeting of ministers and elders, which precedes that of the general body. In consequence of the difficulties of our journey, we were a full hour beyond the right time, and a well-known Friend was engaged in fervent vocal prayer at the moment when we entered. I shall, I trust, never forget the solemnity of the occasion, or the kindness with which the brethren and sisters present welcomed the coming of a stranger from a distant land. The general yearly meeting which was large, lasted several days, and was to me a time of peculiar interest, beginning on the first day of the week with public meetings for worship, and proceeding on the following days with the business of the church in its usual order. I need not tell *thee* that a Friends' yearly meeting is very unlike any other large deliberative assembly. Without any human president—the clerk acting only as the organ for *recording* the decisions of the meeting—it is our principle on these occasions, as thou art aware, to wait on Christ himself, as the ever-present Head of his church; and in the consideration of all questions of practical importance, to seek the gracious guidance of his Spirit. Feebly as we may act up to this principle, the actual consequence, for the most part, is a quietness and order in the discussion of subjects, which goes far to promote the predominance of truth; and is often accompanied by a remarkable feeling of unity and solemnity.

Library of Congress

21

This goodly order is doubtless connected both with the habits of our education, and with the method of our discipline; but the only availing ground of it, is the dependence of the mind on a divine and omnipresent Saviour. When he is denied or disregarded, the order of the church is deprived of all its security. This truth was remarkably exemplified in the yearly meeting of Ohio several years ago, when a number of persons who had lapsed from their faith in Christ, succeeded, by a noisy and violent demeanour, in throwing an otherwise peaceable assembly, into a condition of uproar and confusion; but these persons have long since been separated from the Society, and at the period of my visit all was quietness and peace. In the meetings for worship, which were thronged by persons of various denominations, the gospel of Christ was fully preached, many ministers being present, and appeared to be received with much cordiality. I was most kindly lodged in a comfortable, though rather humble dwelling, where I was fed on the fat of a fruitful land, and enjoyed the society of many pious though simple people.

The breakfast hour was seven o'clock; dinner half-past one; tea (*à fourchette*) six in the evening—several tiers of friends, in this hospitable abode, sitting down one after another, until all were satisfied. The simplicity of the mode of living was to me at once entertaining and agreeable.

After the yearly meeting was concluded, I spent many days in excursions to various parts of the country, not very distant from Mount Pleasant, holding public meetings for worship, as I went along, with 22 Friends, and their neighbours of every denomination. It is surprising with how much readiness the population in these half cultivated districts, may be convened for this purpose; and there certainly appeared to me no indisposition among the people to accept the great doctrines of the Christian faith. The Methodists are very numerous and useful, and are spreading in all directions. In the course of my travels, I often observed the traces of their camp meetings, which are held for two or three days continuously, under the shelter of the woods, and are attended by vast numbers of

Library of Congress

persons. It is commonly stated, that a considerable degree of dissipation has been one consequence of these large assemblies, the looser and wilder part of which cannot be expected to submit to the control of the ministers; but there is every reason to believe, on the other hand, that these meetings have been productive of a diffused knowledge and love of religion; and I was told, on good authority, that they are now much more prudently regulated than was formerly the case.

The country over which I travelled during these excursions (chiefly in Jefferson County) is very much of one character—a beautiful wooded wilderness of hill and dale, gradually coming under more and more cultivation—about half of it now cleared from wood, and very productive of nourishment for man and beast. The settlers are becoming wealthy, many of them being already possessed of considerable property. The average value of land, when I was there, was from 25 to 40 dollars per acre. Plentifulness and ease, on the sole condition of industry, appeared to be the universal order of things. At a cottage one morning, after a neighbouring meeting had been concluded—such a cottage as an English peasant might not unsuitably occupy—we were hospitably received by a small farmer and mechanic. There was no strong drink on his table, but the abundance and variety of the articles produced at dinner, all served up in the most simple manner, really astonished me. We had fricasseed chicken, beef cutlets, fried ham, two kinds of excellent bread, pumpkin pie, apple and currant jelly, mashed apples, stewed plums, preserved pears, apple pie, rice pudding, tomatoes, cucumbers, beet, new butter, virgin honey, milk, tea, and coffee. At the six o'clock evening meal, at another house, we had sweet potatoes, potatoe pie, fried ham, beet, apple sauce, preserved peaches and cherries, two kinds of butter, &c. &c. No servants of course in any such house. All people do all things for themselves. I heartily wished as I went along, that I might myself become imbued with some small measure of this hardy independence. I saw no appearances of poverty among the people, much less of pauperism.

It is greatly to be regretted that the black and coloured people of this state, are far from being on equal terms, in point of civil right, with the white population; and, by some late

Library of Congress

law, their condition in this respect has become even worse than before. Repeated appeals to the Legislature have been made, in their favour, by the Society of Friends. In the mean time they have more appearance of respectability, and even ease here, than in some others of the free estates of the Union. 24 I remember meeting three negroes one day on horseback. One of them was a farming man who had realized a little property; another a minister of the gospel, on his way to his congregation; the third a female, respectably attired, the wife of one of them. How happy will be the day when such scenes shall become general on the other side of the river, in the states of Virginia and Kentucky!

There are few *walkers* to be found among the meeting-goers of Ohio. Convenient wagons are built cheaply; and excellent horses (here called *creatures*) are obtained at a reasonable price, and kept on the produce of every man's farm, free from all burden of taxation. Thus every one rides or drives—a remark which applies to persons of all religious denominations. The exception to this picture of prosperity, is to be found in the unhealthy looks of many of the women, especially the mothers and mistresses of families; who from the utter want of servants or helpers, are often compelled to undergo a degree of domestic labour, totally at variance from the habits of females in our own country. Nor can it be denied, that the children as well as the mothers, suffer great loss from this condition of society. Uncontrolled by maternal care and tuition, the little ones who are not ripe for school, are often found running wild about the premises, and imbibe the spirit of American independence, long before they are capable of using it rightly. This observation is not intended to be confined to Ohio; much less to the Friends residing there, whose habits, comparatively, are rather remarkable for order; it is in the nature of things, of 25 general application to the middle class of society in the country districts of America, especially those which are newly settled.

Among the places I visited in Jefferson County, was Steubenville, a handsome town of 5000 inhabitants, finely situated at the foot of a hill on the banks of the Ohio. It seemed to be a very thriving town, and I was glad to find in it seven or eight good places of worship; I also heard an excellent report of their being well attended by the population. I often

Library of Congress

wished for the company of my worthy friend, Dr. Chalmers, when I was engaged, in contemplating, from place to place, what appeared to me to be the favourable working of the voluntary system, in the administration of the Christian religion. I well remember the delight which he expressed, when we were taking a view together from an eminence, of one of our cities which lay below us, dotted with steeples. The city in question, through the pious zeal of olden times, had been far better supplied with churches, than most of the large towns in England. But I remember telling him that his pleasure would probably be decreased, could he but witness the scanty congregations by which many of them were frequented. In Steubenville, and a multitude of similar towns, in the more thriving parts of the North American Union, it has often been my lot to observe an equal proportionate number of well-built meeting-houses (including those of the Episcopal Church) scattered conveniently over the town, and attended, as I was often assured, by the bulk of the people. Although Ohio is a comparatively young state, I did not find any town or village in it, on the roads 26 by which I travelled, which was destitute of a place or places of public worship, or of the usual means of religious instruction. As far as I could perceive, the physical developement had already been very fairly overtaken by Christian culture. Meeting-houses, chiefly belonging to the Methodists, Baptists, or Presbyterians, are also frequently to be seen in country places.

The state of Ohio is a noble district, remarkable for fertility, and watered by large streams—it already contains upwards of a million of inhabitants; but so great are its natural resources, that it may probably in the end support ten times the number. Law and liberty seem to be pretty well balanced in it; and, on the whole, it is a country in which any man of good character and conduct, may live with no small degree of comfort and satisfaction. I reserve a few further particulars for my next letter

I am, &c. &c.

27

LETTER IV.

Library of Congress

Earlham, 2 nd month, 1 st, 1841.

My dear Friend,

On the 23rd of the 9th Month (Sept.) 1837, I set out for my journey to Indiana by the National Western road—a macadamized turnpike, and a perfect contrast to the rough and almost dangerous ways by which I had been travelling since I entered the state at the beginning of the month. I was conveyed in one of the homely but comfortable wagons of the country, a light carriage on springs, drawn by two good horses, and fraught with other conveniences. It belonged to the kind and intelligent friend who undertook, from pure love to the cause in which I was engaged, to be my driver and companion. I once idly thought, before I left England, that it would serve some useful purposes to take a servant with me to America; but experience soon undeceived me. My every want was amply supplied by the kindness of my friends; and had I taken any one with me in such a dependent situation, the probability is, that he would soon have become an American on his own account, and have left his master in the lurch.

Our first day's journey on the road in question was of 40 miles, to a little *pseudo* -Norwich, an uninviting 28 village of about 700 inhabitants. I was glad to observe two meeting-houses in the place, in one of which we held, during the evening, a satisfactory assembly for worship.

A single stage from this village brought us to Zanesville, on the river Muskingum, a neat and prosperous-looking town, of about 7000 inhabitants. It is connected by one of those long covered wooden bridges, so common in America, with the town of Putnam on the other side of the river. This latter place is of a very agreeable aspect, its good frame houses being pleasantly intermingled with fine trees. At Zanesville we passed the First day of the week; and the attention and solemnity which prevailed in a large public meeting in the evening, afforded an evidence that its inhabitants, varied as they are in point of denomination, are no strangers to the blessings of our common Christianity.

Library of Congress

As we had no change of horses, our progress was a slow one; but our next day's journey was of 42 miles, ending at a small place called Reynoldsburg. The following extract from my journal, written that evening, may give thee some notion of the country through which I was passing. "I have been travelling to-day through a dull country—the hills and dales being now exchanged for a flat plain, half covered with woods, and tolerably cultivated. The little new-born village to which we are come for our night's lodging is surrounded by forest; but it cannot be called very desolate, as it contains four Christian congregations, and two very tolerable houses of entertainment. These houses are of much more frequent occurrence on this national road, than on many of the high roads 29 in England. I am rather disappointed by the absence of variety in birds and flowers; The country here has few ornaments. I have, however, observed several species of woodpecker—some gaily marked—haunting the forest; a large plain-looking kingfisher; and the "blue bird" of bright plumage, between the size of a thrush and a sparrow. This last is named from its colour, and is a fit companion for the "yellow bird" already described—both being common in almost all the states. The "red bird" also occasionally occurs, but not so frequently. The wild flowers of this season are not very attractive; they are chiefly of the class syngenesia—Michaelmas daisies, yellow chrysanthemums, &c. Limestone is the geological characteristic of this district. It is supposed to have a deleterious effect on the water, which is remarkably irritating to the bowels; but this inconvenience is experienced chiefly by strangers. Good coal is also abundant, and is obtained without difficulty from horizontal shafts on the sides of the hills. In Pennsylvania the coal is called anthracite, being destitute of bitumen, and throwing out a red heat without flame, but not, as I believe, without some undesirable mixture of carbonic acid gas. *Here*, as at Pittsburg, the coal is bituminous, and is equal, as far as I know, to that of Newcastle. This surely is a country of wonderful resources."

From Reynoldsburg we proceeded, before breakfast, to Columbus, the seat of government—a baby metropolis bursting into life, and already making some show of magnificence, though at present with a population of only a few thousands. The meeting-houses and 30

Library of Congress

some of the private dwellings are large and handsome. One gentleman has been building an excellent stone house at the expense of about £6000 sterling—just a specimen of what American citizens are doing! There is a good institution in this young city, for the maintenance and education of the deaf and dumb; and a state lunatic asylum, on a noble plan, for the accommodation of 700 patients, was in rapid course of erection at the time of our visit. The people at work there, were inmates of the state prison. They seemed to be very industrious. We saw them assemble in excellent order for their dinner, and held a religious meeting with them after the meal was finished.

The state prison itself is however the most interesting object of attention at Columbus. It contained, at the time of our visit, 374 convicts, including those who were at work at the asylum. Of this number I was glad to find that only 16 were coloured persons; and the females who occupied a separate part of the building, were only four. The prisoners sleep in separate cells, and each cell is furnished with a Bible. During the day they are employed in their respective working rooms, in large companies, all in silence—as busy a scene as I ever witnessed—carriage-lace weaving, tailoring, shoemaking, manufacturing saddle trees, carpentering, working in iron, and stone cutting—the raw hands stone breaking. The several divisions of men were employed in executing the orders of certain joint-stock companies engaged in their respective trades; and I was assured that the payments for the work defrayed the whole expense of the prison. Whipping is the penalty for the breaking of that perfect silence which is here enjoined; from the very nature of things, it is to be feared that great severity is too often practised, and I remember being much annoyed by observing watchmen on the walls, with rifles in their hands. The prisoners are fed daily on what appeared to be a sufficient quantity of meat and coarse Indian-corn bread. We saw them assembled at their dinner, and great was their attention to the words of Christian truth, which were afterwards preached to them. I was, however, pained by an appearance of much depression in many of them, and a pallid state of health seemed to be of common occurrence. After all, to work hard without wages, and under the terror of the whip, is a wretched slavery, and ought to be in some way or other alleviated, even in

Library of Congress

the case of criminals. Some of these prisoners were sentenced to terms of ten or twelve years; in such persons hope must sink to almost its lowest ebb; nor can it be denied that nature shrinks, from the long continued pressure either of solitude or silence. Murder of the first degree is the only crime in Ohio punishable by death. How strangely different is this state of things from that in the slave state of South Carolina, where the statute-book is stained by the enactment of the last sad penalty of the law for 30 different offences!

I own was surprised that the convicts in this prison, though a very small proportion indeed of the population of the state, should be as numerous as they are. In a country where every man may earn his livelihood without difficulty, why should there be any crime? The enigma was solved by an inspection of the records of the prison, from which I learnt that a large number of its inmates had become criminals, through the medium of *intemperance*. I was sorry to hear that some of the Temperance Societies of this state were on the decline, and that whiskey drinking is a reviving practice. It would be well were Father Mathew to make them a visit; but I do not suppose that the inhabitants of Ohio are more given to intemperance than those of many other states of the Union—certainly not more so than the people of our own country.

I was pleased with visiting the halls of assembly of the upper and lower house of the Ohio legislature; they are handsome and convenient rooms. The senators are 36 in number; the members of the lower house 72; but this little parliament was not then in session. The latter are elected annually; the former, once in two years. The governor of the state is allowed, as I understand, a salary equivalent to £800 per annum. Nothing indeed can be more simple than the frame-work of this and other similar republics in North America. As far as I could observe, it is a political constitution which works pretty well. The dangers attending it appeared to me to arise, first, from the violent spirit of the two parties to which the public good is often sacrificed; and secondly, from the prevailing tendency in democracy, to descend into that condition of society in which every man is his own master

Library of Congress

even in defiance of the restraints of law and justice. I did not myself perceive any peculiar evidences of this degenerating process, in the state of Ohio.

33

After spending an interesting morning at Columbus, we took our afternoon stage to Jefferson, still on the national road, where we held a meeting in a little chapel belonging to the Methodists, who seem to be the leading religionists in these small places. At our *pot-house* breakfast, early the next morning, our table was supplied with venison steaks, fried chicken and ham, molasses, preserved cherries, etc.—one of the usual indications of the plentifulness of the country. The deer are abundant in the neighbouring woods, from which they often emerge, and, as the people say, “plague the corn.” At Jefferson we were compelled to desert the national road, which was no further in a finished state; our route lay over a flat country and through fine woods—the road intensely bad and muddy. It was in this part of my journey that I caught a glimpse of the natural prairies of America—rich and beautiful meadows, with which the forest is here interspersed; but I am not one of those American travellers who have enjoyed the privilege of traversing those more extensive districts of the same description, in the far west, where fine park scenery, adorned with a profusion of the gayest flowers, is said to be the aspect of uncultivated nature.

A wealthy settler named Gwyn, over whose territory we passed, is the owner of a multitude of fine Durham-like oxen, which we saw grazing about his wild pastures. Any Norfolk farmer would have applauded the comeliness of the beeves. As we drove along, my attention was attracted by the “blue jay,” a bright bird, which is the noisiest inmate of the woods, and very common. I also observed a D 34 pretty kind of partridge, gaily marked about the head.

The day's journey which I am now describing, brought us to Springfield, a rising town of considerable importance, where we held a public meeting for worship, and were kindly entertained at the house of an opulent friend, with all the refinements of English hospitality.

Library of Congress

Thus were we prepared for the somewhat tedious journey of two more days, through a half-cultivated country, until we reached the pleasant town of Richmond, on the White Water River, in the eastern part of the state of Indiana.

The next night we lodged in a miserable house of entertainment by the road-side, which was crowded with persons travelling westward, and almost intolerable was the bundling. Undoubtedly the most interesting and surprising circumstance which engaged my attention, during this journey on the main route to the westward, was the unparalleled scene of movement—all in one direction—of which we were witnesses. “Westward, westward speed thy way,” seemed to be the common motto. I am wholly unable to conjecture what might be the number of wagons, all of large dimensions, and filled with the sturdy families of the east, which we overtook as they were making their slow but sure progress towards the wilderness of Indiana, Illinois, or possibly Wisconsin. These movers had in general the appearance of considerable respectability, though sometimes they were rough and rude. Not uncommonly my ears were grated by profane swearing, carelessly uttered, as it seemed, in cold blood; for I may observe, in passing, that an American is seldom seen in what we call a *passion*. Sometimes these moving families would fill the houses of entertainment by the road-side at night. More frequently, however, we observed them bivouacking, for their night's lodging, in some convenient spot under the shelter of the woods.

Here it is only fair to remark that this perpetual move to the westward is by no means always attended with success. Occasionally we observed a wagon-load of these migratory people returning eastward. The dejection and disappointment evidently marked on their countenances, formed a singular contrast to the comparatively careless and hopeful aspect of those who were journeying towards the setting sun. One could not witness the scenes which I have now described, without many a reflection on the floating and uncertain circumstances to which we are all liable in this state of discipline and change. In

Library of Congress

the mean time, who can calculate what will be the ultimate diffusion and greatness of the people of the United States?

I am, &c. &c. D 2

LETTER V.

Earlham, 2 nd month, 3 rd, 1841.

My dear Friend,

Never, to the best of my knowledge, have I witnessed so remarkable an assemblage of people, as that which was convened for public worship, at Richmond, on the commencement of the Yearly Meeting for Indiana—Friends and others, arriving on horseback, or in the grotesque carriages of the country, almost without end. The horses, hitched to nearly every tree of the wood which surrounded the vast red-brick meeting-house, formed in themselves a curious spectacle. It was supposed that about 3000 people were accommodated within the walls; and nearly as many, unable to obtain a place in the house, were promenading by the hour together on the premises. It is the constant custom of the people in the surrounding country, to attend the “Quaker's Meeting” on this particular occasion; and I cannot think that they were actuated by much of religious zeal: for those who could not obtain a place in the house, seemed perfectly satisfied with the opportunity which they were enjoying of walking and talking with their neighbours. It was however, for those within, a time of great solemnity and refreshment.

37

On the following morning we proceeded to the business of the church. All strangers had now withdrawn; the great shutters which divide the house in two, were let down; the one compartment was filled by the men—the other by the women. Each sex, as is our custom on these occasions, formed a deliberative body of its own,—the attention of the women, amongst us, being exclusively directed to the care of the female part of the society. The

Library of Congress

brethren only have a legislative power; and this as thou art aware extends over the whole body, including both sexes. The Friends who had assembled on the present occasion had many of them come from great distances; some from the state of Ohio, others from the extreme west of Indiana, others again from Illinois. The whole population of Friends, within the limits of this yearly meeting, is about 30,000.

I am not about to occupy thy attention with a description of the various sittings of this annual assembly; but there are two or three points on which I am inclined to make a few remarks. The first is, the care exercised by this large body, in promoting the Christian education of their children throughout their limits. From the reports which were presented on this occasion, it appeared that some thousands of them were placed in select day schools, in which they were taught the elements of useful knowledge, and at the same time trained in the principles and habits of the Society. It was also determined that a large boarding-school should be instituted, for the still more liberal education of the children or those members who were able to undertake this extra expense.

38

Another point to which I allude is *slavery*, which formed the subject of a lively discussion. The result was the issuing of a powerful printed document on the evils of the system, which was ordered to be freely circulated among the population at large.

Nor was there less interest felt on this occasion, respecting the long persecuted Aborigines of North America. The small tribe of Shawnee Indians, who were compelled, some years since, to remove from their former reservations in Ohio, to a new location west of the Mississippi, are under the particular care of the Friends of Ohio and Indiana. A few individuals of the society have long been resident amongst them, and have not only instituted a school for their children, and are promoting, as far as they were able, the Christian instruction of the tribe, but have been very successful in training them to regular agricultural habits. Great was the affliction felt at this time by the friends of this cause, in consequence of the lamentable circumstance, that nearly 100 of the Shawnee warriors,

Library of Congress

whose attention had been directed by the Friends to the arts and comforts of peace, had been induced by the Federal government to quit their homes, to undertake a long march and voyage to Florida, and there to engage in a dangerous bush warfare against their brethren, the Seminoles. I believe that most of them have since returned to their families and their farms. It is only justice to state that, when I was at Washington, a few months afterwards, Joel R. Poinsett, the secretary at war, a gentleman of integrity, as well as information and ability, frankly assured me, on behalf of the Van Buren government, that the labours of the Friends 39 among the Indians should never again meet with such an interruption. A respectable Friend, in the station of a minister, has lately moved a thousand miles westward from his own home in the north-eastern part of Ohio, under an impression of religious duty, to settle among the Shawnee Indians. Thus it may be hoped that the work of evangelization and civilization are likely to go forward, hand in hand, for the benefit of that interesting people.

Many days, after the conclusion of the yearly meeting, were occupied by a visit to the settlements of Friends within a hundred miles of Richmond. In the course of this excursion I saw much of the wild forest, and passed over roads which might truly be called dangerously bad. The mud holes, in some parts, were indeed tremendous. But in extremely sequestered spots, I was occasionally refreshed by meeting with instances of simple, but genuine piety; and although the cultivation of the land was by no means in so forward a state as in many parts of Ohio, I still found myself hospitably entertained with a sufficiency of good food, and very tolerable lodging. I remember being led one night by torch-light, through what appeared to me an almost impervious forest, until I arrived in safety at the humble abode of one of the settlers, where I found all my needs abundantly supplied.

There is, however, one exception to the wholesomeness of diet in many of the newly-settled parts both of Ohio and Indiana. It is, that the milk is occasionally found to be poisonous, though its deleterious qualities are not to be detected by the taste. The 40 effect of a free use of the beverage, under these circumstances, is a violent sickness of

Library of Congress

the stomach, often terminating in death. In one of the meetings which I visited in Indiana, the master of a family had been carried off by the "milk-sick" (as they call it) just before I arrived, and I heard of several instances of the same description. This lamentable effect appears to arise from the almost inevitable custom of suffering the cattle to graze in the wild woods: there they probably meet with some kind of food, which, without any apparent injury to their own health, infects them in their character of the feeders of man. The cheese and butter, as well as the milk, become fraught with danger, and the beef itself is found to be equally poisonous. A dreadful mystery hangs, at present, over both the causes and the remedies of this evil, which renders travelling in these parts of the country in no small degree unsafe. Wherever one goes, one is assured, that the "milk-sick" is not there, but only at some village or settlement ten or twenty miles distant. As the country comes under cultivation, and the cattle are confined to cleared pastures, this strange affliction gradually disappears. In the mean time, it is evident, that a life of successful labour, in the wilderness of America, is not without its dark shades.

Here I may remark, that when I speak of cleared and cultivated land in Ohio, and still more in Indiana, I do not mean land without any remaining vestiges upon it of the forest. The stumps of the trees are in general left in the ground, and although they are, in the end, uprooted, either by a machine used in some parts, or by the spade, this is the result of a 41 further advance in cultivation than is usually to be met with in these western states. Nor does the new settler, in his effort to clear the land, by any means always make use of the axe. Often does he content himself with girdling the tree, so as to destroy its life. He then leaves it to wither, rot, and fall by the common processes of nature; or sets fire to it, leaving a black unsightly trunk to deform the beauty of the scene. Sometimes the fire spreads far beyond his intention, and wonderfully injures the delightful aspect of the native forest. I have already mentioned the sugar-maple as an ornament of the woods. I wish now to remark, that it is very far from being a mere object of admiration to the settlers of Ohio, Indiana, Canada, and many other parts of North America. It is one of the grand resources for the supply of the domestic table. The tree is tapped (near its root) early in

Library of Congress

the spring; and the juice which flows from it, is converted, by the usual process of boiling (roughly conducted of course), into a very nutritious sugar, of a dark brown colour. The flavour is peculiar, but not unpalatable; and the molasses which drip from the sugar, when it is left to granulate, are much more agreeable to the taste, than those obtained from the sugar-cane.

In my notice of Ohio, I mentioned that I everywhere found the physical and civil development of society overtaken by religious culture. It is only candid to remark, that as I travelled still further west, I was sorry to observe, that this was far from being uniformly the case. Small scattered villages are to found, even in the eastern parts of Indiana, in which, 42 at the date of my journey, there was no place of public worship; and there can be little doubt, that this destitution becomes more frequent, as one proceeds further and further into the western wilderness. In the mean time, a surprising number of missionaries are sent out from the societies in the eastern states, on visits of Christian love to the settlements in the west. Partly from the influence of these persons, and partly from general causes, the existing defect is in course of being gradually remedied; more effectually so, perhaps, than could possibly be the case through any intervention of the powers of government.

In the course of the excursion which I am now describing, I called on S—M—, the sheriff of Wayne, whose office (being of course the highest in the county) is not merely to *superintend* the catching of thieves, but literally to catch them with his own hands—his fine athletic person being, among other qualities, the recommendation for his post. It seems that, in this young country, bursting as it is into new life and importance, and marked by a perfect democracy of institution, the high-sheriff and constable are one.

I have one more point to mention before I take my leave of Indiana. Newly settled as it is by immigration from the eastern states, it has already become a point from which a further movement westward, is rapidly progressing. A curious evidence of this fact came under my notice, in connection with our own society. The families which composed a

Library of Congress

country meeting in North Carolina, afflicted by their vicinity to the curse of slavery, moved almost with one 43 consent, to a new location in Indiana, about 600 miles from their former home. There they cleared and cultivated a large portion of land, and made themselves very comfortable. The land, of course, rose proportionably in value. In the mean time the children of these families had grown up, and each son was requiring a farm for himself. These industrious persons then concluded to sell their improved lands, and to remove in a body, as before, many hundreds of miles further west, into the wild but fertile territory of Wisconsin, where any quantity of land might be obtained for nothing—subject, however, to a future pecuniary arrangement with the federal government. There, as I understand, they are cultivating the wilderness on a system of subdivision, which meets the utmost demands of the rising generation; and they have happily been able to maintain their religious polity without material loss. Ministers and flock were all gone together, and their unity as a body was not broken.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER VI.

Earlham, 2 nd month, 5 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

The yearly meetings in America are eight in number, four of which are held in succession during the autumn, and the other four in the spring and summer. It could not fail to be an object of importance to me to attend these general assemblies of a people whom I had crossed the Atlantic to visit. It was for this reason, that I felt constrained to quit Indiana; to give up the satisfaction of making my acquaintance with the queen of the west,—I mean the beautiful and prosperous city of Cincinnati on the Ohio; and to pursue as direct a course as possible to North Carolina, where the yearly meeting assembles early in the 11th month (November). The question was, how I was to perform this arduous journey of 600 miles, across a region more or less settled and cultivated, of which I

Library of Congress

had no knowledge. My friends found it very difficult to contrive either a companionship or a conveyance. It so happened, however, that a worthy member of the society, a wagoner by trade, was employed to drive me to a neighbouring meeting, with a pair of horses which he used in his 45 business, and in a carriage borrowed from one of his neighbours. The animals were diverse in colour, but admirably matched in pace and quality; doubtless it was because of their suitability to each other that they bore the names of David and Jonathan. I soon perceived that this was the man and these the horses which were to transfer me from Indiana to Carolina. I had indeed afterwards much reason to acknowledge that this was one of those many instances of a kind providence, by which my course in America was wonderfully facilitated; my friend and his horses suited me exactly, and continued to be my helpers through a much greater extent of country than I then contemplated. I bought a humble but convenient wagon, on wooden springs, of a carriage-maker at Richmond; an active young man accompanied us on horseback, as our guide, or, as they say in America, our *pilot*; and our party being joined by three other friends bound in the same direction, we set off on our pilgrimage, at the rate of about four miles an hour (a rate which, though a slow one, was often exchanged for a slower still) in good health and spirits. Our route lay, for several days, through the south-western part of the state of Ohio, a region of uncommon fertility, interspersed, of course, with extensive woods of native growth. Nothing scarcely could exceed the beauty of the autumnal colouring of the forest, very superior to the corresponding effect in our own country; the bright red, orange, and yellow of the maples, oaks, chestnuts, &c. intermingled with the unfading and lively green of the pines. Large sepulchral mounds are to be observed 46 in this part of America; and in one place a circular embankment surrounding a valley of ten miles in circumference, with intersecting dikes, all of great antiquity—a sure indication that the present tribes of Indians had predecessors much more civilized than themselves—a people who understood the art of fortification. The pottery and warlike weapons which were used by this mysterious people, now so completely extinguished, have been discovered in various parts of the United States.

Library of Congress

In the course of this part of our journey, we came to several of the settlements of Friends; and the readiness with which they and their neighbours flocked to the meetings which we appointed, convinced me, to my own comfort, that my long pilgrimage had not been undertaken in vain. One morning, though it was a common working day of the week, about 1600 persons assembled; but the settlers of Ohio can afford to renounce the labour of a few hours in their fields, with little difficulty. The district to which I allude, is fertilized by the big and little *Miami* rivers, and its sturdy occupiers appeared to be living on the very fat of the land.

We spent a few hours on our way, and held an evening meeting at Chillicothe on the river Sciota—a town of about 6000 inhabitants. Public races were going on, at the time; affording an evidence that dissipation is ever prone to follow in the tract of civilization. On this occasion I saw something of the public dining and supping at large hotels—a practice with which I afterwards became very familiar. Certainly it is not a scene of much punctilio—a multitude of 47 persons sitting down together, but wholly regardless of each other, and devouring their food with great rapidity—every man laying hold of the best he can find, and no one waiting for his neighbour. Since that time however, it is only fair to confess that I have witnessed many such repasts in America, conducted with considerable quietness and order. Undoubtedly the English traveller through the United States, has small cause for complaint; if he conducts himself with common kindness, he is sure to meet with almost universal civility.

I took my last leave of the State of Ohio at the town of Gallipolis, which was originally settled by the French, and is pleasantly situated on the lofty bank of the “beautiful river.” I was told that the people of this place had no very high reputation for morals or religion; their French extraction was said not to be favourable to these ends; but they flocked in large numbers to an evening meeting, on less than two hours' notice, and were evidently capable of impression on the most important of all subjects. I believed it to be my duty to hold a similar meeting at Charleston in Virginia, on the ensuing First day of the week.

Library of Congress

For this purpose we left Gallipolis early on the preceding morning; and, having crossed the Ohio, we entered at once on the Virginian forest. Our journey was adventurous and difficult, the road winding through apparently interminable wood; in some parts, rocky and hilly; in others, deep with mud. We were ordered to travel nine miles by a wild and almost untrodden path, to the house of a settler, who it was hoped would furnish us with a breakfast. After a 48 tedious drive we arrived at the appointed spot; the master of the house was absent; his wife was preparing the family linen for a grand move to the Westward; and all breakfast either for ourselves or our horses, was at first peremptorily refused. After a little gentle persuasion, however, our friend relented, and long patience was at length rewarded by as good and plentiful a morning meal as I ever saw. We had hunger for our sauce, and grey squirrels, with many other articles, for our food. These animals abound in the woods, and are excellent at the table. As night approached—and night in these regions comes on with little notice of twilight—we were pursuing our journey, through the forest over a very high hill. By an almost precipitous descent we arrived, just before total darkness, at a little farm house where we earnestly hoped that we should find a lodging. But no such accommodation was there—we were instructed to go half a mile further to a more likely tenement. In the course of this half mile, we were in great danger of being overturned in descending the steep bank of a stream which it was necessary to cross, though all was then darkness. I shall not forget the comfort of at length finding ourselves in shelter and safety beside a blazing log fire, though with rough fare, and in a most humble dwelling. Of the two little beds in the kitchen, one was occupied by an elderly friend of our company and his wife—the other was kindly reserved for myself. The rest of our company was stowed in a small garret. Want of cleanliness is the only real pain on such occasions. I find a note in my journal that the spitting consequent on the chewing of tobacco, is in these parts, nearly universal. It is a strange fact to notice—but I actually mistook the sound of it for the noise of rain, during the silence of one of our public meetings.

Library of Congress

We were glad to leave our lodging-place in the wilderness, at break of day, and after a few more miles of difficult travelling, arrived at a good house of entertainment, where we washed, breakfasted, and held our morning meeting—it was the First day of the week. Our travelling on that day being fully justified by a religious object, we continued our journey by a heavy public road to Charleston on the Kenahwa. Though rather late in the autumn, the weather was hot; and the journey, tedious in itself, was rendered most afflicting to me by my first full sight of slaves; men, women, and children, in large numbers. Many of them were tidy, and looked tolerably comfortable; others were poorly clad, and had a very wretched appearance. Often, in the course of this journey through Virginia, did we meet companies of slaves, themselves on foot, following the planter, or merchant, who owned them, and who (with part of his family, perhaps, and a favourite slave or two) was going before in some kind of carriage. On these occasions it was sorrowful to observe the lame ones limping behind, and yet compelled by a stern necessity to keep within the limits of the straggling company.

It is impossible for a casual traveller to form an exact estimate of the real condition of the slaves in America. One thing is certain—that they are systematically excluded by law from all school instruction; and though, undoubtedly, there are many humane E 50 slave-holders, it follows, from the very nature of the case, that great cruelties must often be perpetrated. I well remember that an ingenuous white lad who guided me, one day, to a bathing-place on the bank of the Kenahwa, gave me a most affecting account of the whippings with the cow-hide (sometimes amounting to 200 lashes) which are still often inflicted on these children of oppression. The best aspect under which I saw American slavery, was at the public meetings for worship, which were held, in the course of this journey, in numerous towns and villages of Virginia and North Carolina. The slaves often attended in considerable numbers, and generally occupied the gallery, while the body of the house was filled by the white inhabitants. I was glad to find that this liberty was allowed them in many places, though the practice is not universal. I felt it to be a privilege on these occasions, freely to proclaim those grand principles of Christian truth, which are of equal

Library of Congress

application to bond and free; but which, nevertheless, when truly received and acted on, cannot fail to undermine the system of slavery at the foundation. Although, of course, the subject of slavery itself could not, with any propriety, be adverted to on such occasions, I was often surprised by observing that a close practical application of the principles of the gospel, was not only patiently borne in the slaveholding states, but even received with apparent cordiality.

I ascertained, after one of these meetings, that the sexton or verger was the *property* of the minister. Both parties seemed pretty much at ease in their relation to each other.

51

Our journey was so much delayed by the badness of the roads, that our hopes of reaching Charleston for the projected meeting, fell to a low ebb. Night was approaching, and we had to cross the river by a ferry, before we could enter the town; but, late as we were in our arrival, our object was happily accomplished. The Methodists, with the greatest goodwill, lent us their meeting-house, notice of our intentions was rapidly diffused through the town; the house was well filled with whites and blacks; the meeting was solemn and refreshing; and after all our anxieties, the travels and labours of the day were crowned with peace.

The next morning, we pursued our journey eastward by the turnpike road, on the north bank of the Kenhawa. This river, which flows through western Virginia, and at length falls into the Ohio, is noted for its picturesque beauty. The high wooded hills on either side, were at this time painted with the autumnal scarlet, crimson, and orange, while the cedars and pines were in all their greenness. The shumach, with us a garden plant, is here one of the most common of wild shrubs, and its leaves were then of a ver-millon dye. The weather happened to be lovely, and the atmosphere very clear, so that when the sun was setting, the scene was gorgeous.

Salt works and coal mines abound on the banks of the Kenahwa. It is a curious circumstance that numerous fountains of brine are found within a few yards of the river; we

Library of Congress

were told that they bored for it, to the amazing depth of 6, 7, or 800 feet. The salt produced is excellent. The Americans are wonderfully E 2 52 eager and enterprising; but alas for the slaves, who are employed in these works!)

We arrived at nightfall at a comfortable house of entertainment, kept by a notorious hunter, who amidst the wild mountains and forests of this neighbourhood, had succeeded in destroying an amazing number of panthers, wolves, and bears. These animals are still frequent in a district which, with the exception of the narrow and fertile valley through which the river runs, defies all attempts at squatting or settling. Wild cats are also numerous here, and the deer abound. Our landlord's stories were highly amusing. Not long since he had killed two bears and three deer one morning before breakfast—at another time, a panther which, from the tip of its tail to that of its nose, measured 10 feet, 10 inches. The young panthers are spotted; the old ones of a light brown. One day, when on horseback, he was carrying a dead deer across his saddle through the forest, and suddenly found himself surrounded by seven wolves. The foremost aggressor, on a rising ground, was ready to make his spring; but the hunter shot him with the least possible delay, and the others immediately fled.

In the course of the following day, we left the romantic river, and wound our way at a slow pace into the high country—this being the course which the new turnpike takes. As we were pursuing our journey in an uninteresting part of the road, and along-side of the forest, we observed on our right hand a small path running up a hill, through the wood. We had been advised to watch for it, and when found, to examine it for ourselves. We accordingly left our 53 carriages, and after pursuing this sequestered path, on foot, not much more than fifty yards, we found ourselves, quite unexpectedly, on the flat top of a perpendicular rock, many hundred feet high. This was the celebrated Hawk's Nest. We laid hold for safety on the bare boughs of a sturdy little cedar on the edge of the precipice, and willingly gave ourselves up to the silent contemplation of one of the most magnificent prospects to be found in North America. The New River, which afterwards, with another stream, forms the Kenhawa, is here seen winding its course, first through a romantic dell, and

Library of Congress

afterwards along an open plain at the foot of a glorious chain of mountains covered with forest, amongst which it appears at last to lose itself. The beauty of the scene was much enhanced by the rich woods which lay immediately below the precipice, and covered most of the plain through which the river was flowing. It was scarcely possible not to attempt to sketch, so lovely was the scene. But this is a spot where nature may fairly be said to bid defiance to the pencil.

Slow was our progress through Virginia, and not remarkable for many circumstances which require to be narrated. We passed through the towns of Louisburg and Fincastle; and in both these places, as well as many others on the road, we held our public meetings for worship, and were treated with that civility for which Virginia is celebrated, by persons of every class. On one occasion we diverged from the high road, in order to visit the blue sulphur springs, an interesting spot in the midst of wild scenery. Major 54—the head of the establishment, summoned his neighbours and servants to our meeting, and entertained us handsomely for the love of the gospel, free of all expence. We met with similar treatment in Virginia and North Carolina on several occasions—an hospitality which was the more remarkable because we were a large party; and the principles which, as Friends, we were known to entertain on the subject of slavery, were generally understood. We also passed by the white and sweet sulphur springs, which at this season are deserted, but in the summer are frequented by large numbers of visitors. At the latter establishment we lodged and held our meeting. The weather was then cold; and the miserable manner in which the slaves were clad, excited our great commiseration. I quietly remonstrated with their master, who bore the title of Doctor. He first assured me that the slaves were among the happiest of human beings; but was nearer the truth, when he afterwards observed that they were remarkably able to *endure hardship*. Certain it is, that the negroes here, as elsewhere, are an easy, placid, and long-suffering race.

In the course of the journey, the high road passes over two ranges of mountains—the Alleghany, and the Blue Ridge. These mountains do not appear to the eye quite so lofty as the Snowdens, Helvellyns, and Ben Lomonds of Great Britain, and they are covered

Library of Congress

with pines and other trees to their very tops. Some of the scenes, however, which were presented to us, as we passed over them, were of singular grandeur and beauty, and we felt it a privilege to feast on the wild magnificence of uncultivated nature.

55

On the eastern side of these mountains, we came into the land of cotton and tobacco, and often saw the slaves at work in the fields, looking wretched enough; poorly clad, and under the perpetual watch of a white overseer. Much of the land, however, is extremely poor, having been exhausted by slave labor; and large tracts of it have been deserted, and have again become a wilderness. On the more fertile estates, the appearance of the vigorous green tobacco plants, and of the cotton pods, now in all their whiteness, was to me at once new and agreeable.

Slavery is uniformly accompanied by the prevalence of immorality; and it is in the slave states of America, that crimes of the deepest dye are the most common. On asking, in one of the little county towns through which I passed, whether there was any one in the jail, I was told that one "gentleman" was confined there, who had been left for execution for stabbing his friend to death. I visited this "gentleman," and a more miserable creature I have seldom seen. I was sorry to find him very regardless of his awful situation. Stabbing, alas, is a common crime in Virginia. Very soon after, in another small village, I was called to witness a precisely similar scene.

After holding meetings in the towns of Competition and Danville, (the latter of which is situated on the Dan river, and is a place of considerable importance,) we entered Guilford County, in North Carolina; and after a long day's journey arrived at New Garden, a well-known settlement of Friends, and the place where the yearly meeting of that state was then about to be held. It was now the 3rd of the 11th month (Nov.) 56 and we were glad to find a shelter in the humble dwelling of a Christian widow who, although poor herself, was more than willing to make us partakers of the best that she had. Such was the termination of our three weeks' transit from Indiana to North Carolina.

Library of Congress

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER VII.

Earlham, 2nd month, 10th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

The old Friends' meeting-house at New Garden (a building remarkable for the utmost simplicity, and not in the tightest order) is situated in the midst of the forest; but the oaks and other timber trees around it, have room given to them to spread their branches like our large trees in England. In the picturesque burying-ground, attached to the meeting-house, and under the shade of one of these oaks, rest the remains of numerous British soldiers who died of their wounds after Lord Cornwallis's victory at Guilford, in the first American war. The meeting-house then served him for an hospital. The Friends of North Carolina are a somewhat rustic community, and many of them are numbered among the poor of this world; but they are warmly attached to the cause of religion and virtue, and have done themselves great credit by instituting an excellent boarding-school, for the education of their young people. The house is built in the woods, near the meeting-house, on a large scale; and at the time of my visit, 98 young people, including many adults, were there pursuing a useful course of study, under a most respectable superintendence.

58

I can hardly refrain from mentioning to *thee*, the name of our friend, N. H. who was once in England, and who, at the date of my visit to New Garden, was in his 80th year—abounding in love, eloquent in preaching and prayer, full of life and vigour bodily, intellectual, and spiritual. He may truly be called the father of this yearly meeting, being a man of large views and great influence over Friends and others. When in business he was a blacksmith; but blacksmiths, and other mechanics, are gentlemen in America—an observation which I have a right to make, as I once had my horses shod, in North Carolina,

Library of Congress

by a most respectable magistrate. Our aged friend, however, is truly a gentleman, both by nature and grace.

I am not about to describe the particulars of another yearly meeting, but I may just observe that the present occasion was fraught with solemnity and interest, the characteristic of the assembly being, as I thought, lively Christianity in its very simplest form. Our yearly meetings do not always confine themselves, as thou art well aware, to the mere concerns of their own body. They often discuss public matters which affect the cause of religion or humanity. On this occasion the Friends united in a petition to the Federal government for the abolition of slavery; on which subject, two years afterwards, they appealed to their own state legislature in a very forcible and spirited manner. Both these petitions, as might have been expected, were met by a rebuff.

Resident as the Friends of North Carolina and Virginia are, in the midst of slaves and slaveholders, 59 they are often placed in trying and difficult circumstances; and to this condition of things it is chiefly owing, that so large a number of them have migrated to the Western states. In the mean time they are bearing, as a Christian body, a conspicuous, though quiet and inoffensive testimony to the eternal principles of justice in reference to this subject. It is a well-known rule of our society throughout America, that no slaveholder can enjoy the privilege of membership in it; thus there is one body of Christians, at least, in America, which is of clean hands on the subject of slavery; and it may be hoped that their example will be followed, ere very long, by other denominations.¹ In the mean time the slavery of Guilford county, and other parts of North Carolina where Friends are settled, assumes, through their influence, a much more mitigated form than is usually to be observed.

¹ I understand that the separatists, who left the Society of Friends under the guidance of the late Elias Hicks, and who now form a distinct religious community, maintain the same discipline as it relates to slavery.

Library of Congress

Here it seems necessary for me to mention a singular circumstance, which may appear at first sight to contradict the letter of these remarks, but which perfectly consists with their spirit. In consequence of the almost insuperable difficulties thrown in the way of manumission by the laws of these slave states, the Friends of two or three generations back, who held slaves, and were desirous of emancipating them, and others of a later date who have become slaveholders, against their own will, either by heirship or by bequest, were compelled, for want of a better mode of clearing their consciences, to transfer their slaves to the yearly meeting itself. That body has held them at a vast expense both of money and trouble for many years—there having been at one time at least 1500 negroes upon their hands. Practically these people were, all the time, at perfect liberty, being kindly cared for, and treated in every respect as freemen. The bulk of them have, at length, been transferred to the free states—a small remnant only, who were unwilling to remove, being left under the care of their kind patrons in North Carolina.

I will take this opportunity of stating that the three yearly meetings, which I had now attended, severally petitioned Congress (on religious grounds of course) against the annexation of Texas to the Federal union. This was a question at that time warmly agitated in the country. That vast and fertile region having shaken off its allegiance to Mexico, is settled by slaveholders; and as its population increases, there can be little doubt that the slaveholding interest of the country will be constantly augmenting. As Texas, when sufficiently peopled, would admit of a division into seven or eight distinct states, its annexation to the Union could not fail to throw a vast preponderance, in Congress, into the hands of the pro-slavery party. The South was violently for the measure; the North, as decidedly against it. Happily for the cause of justice and humanity, all thoughts of it seem to be now abandoned.

After the yearly meeting was concluded, I set off with my kind friend the wagoner, and our excellent 61 horses, with a young man on horseback for our “pilot,” on a visit to a round of meetings in Guilford and Randolph counties. Our journey, which lasted nearly a month,

Library of Congress

though somewhat laborious, was to me fraught with interest. The people at whose houses we lodged, from night to night, were in the utmost simplicity in their mode of living; but their tables were well supplied with wholesome fresh pork, corn bread, and sweet potatoes; and the rough accommodation which often fell to our lot, was amply compensated by unvarying kindness. One day I was fed upon an opossum, an animal common in these parts, which grows fat at this time of the year on the luscious fruit of the persimmon tree. Its flesh tastes like young pork, to which, however, it is inferior. The persimmon grows wild, and abounds in this neighbourhood. Its fruit contains large black pips, which, from their size, it is somewhat dangerous to swallow. It is very astringent, until it is almost withered in the sun, when it becomes excessively sweet, and falls in abundance to the ground.

The lands through which we passed were very much covered, either with vast woods of stunted oak and pine, or (in the open parts) with a coarse sedge grass, then of a dark brown—almost the only pasture for flocks or cattle afforded by North Carolina. This pervading grass imparted a very dreary aspect to the country; and whether the woods are a second growth after the exhaustion produced by slave labour, or the first production of an originally poor land, they have, in general, very little of the luxuriant beauty of the 62 forests of Ohio and Indiana. The roads through them are often rocky and precipitous.

These woods were, however, rendered interesting to me, by circumstances pertaining both to nature and to grace. With regard to the first, I found much to admire in some of the birds and animals. The elegant forms of the wild turkeys on the full run, were sometimes seen gliding through the forest; and on one occasion, I observed a little herd of wild deer, bounding about the woods within a hundred yards from us. The wolves which still inhabit these regions, did not come within sight of us, but they, or their ancestors, yet furnish anecdotes for the cottage fire-side. Some considerable time ago, a Friend was passing through some of these woods, with his wife, and a large dog, in their train. He saw a wolf in the distance, and unwisely excited his dog to follow him. The wolf turned round and entered on a most fearful conflict both with dog and man. While they were struggling, the man being already bitten, his wife boldly came up to the scene of action, disengaged a

Library of Congress

large butcher's knife from her husband's person, and quietly cut the wolf's throat,—thus saving the lives of her two companions. With regard to birds, the woodpeckers are gay and numerous; the Virginia nightingale, of a bright red, was also observed, and on one occasion, I thought I heard his lively song; a very elegant long-legged bird with brown wings and snowy tail (called here the kill-deer) was often to be noticed on the open lands, and a small black vulture, called the Turkey 63 buzzard, was seen roosting on many a tree, or slowly floating through the air, utterly regardless of the presence of strangers. Here I must just remark, that although the general aspect of the country was poor, fertile and well-cultivated spots, covered either with the ripe Indian corn of the declining year, or the young wheat just springing up for the year to come, were to be observed in the neighbourhood of the branches and creeks, as the Americans call the smaller streams which water their country. Many of the farms occupied by our Friends were in good order and tolerably productive.

With regard to matters pertaining to religion, I could not be otherwise than surprised and delighted by the flocking together of the people to the meetings which were held, one after another, in the midst of these woods. They seemed to emerge out of the surrounding wilderness, as if they had been summoned by the touch of some magical wand; and on some occasions, the numbers collected were so large, that, although it was now late in the 11th month (November), we were obliged to hold our meetings in the open air. This circumstance, however, occasioned no material difficulty, as the weather was delightful; and the sky without a cloud. Never did I enjoy a finer climate than in North Carolina, in the latter part of the fall of 1837. In the evening, after the work of the day was done, I often wandered about, enjoying the solitude of the forest, conversing in mind with my far distant family, and contemplating the splendid beauty of the evening star, 64 which looked at least twice as large as it does in England*

* Thou radiant star of the darkening west,
Thou diadem in the train
Of the sable queen
whose velvet vest,
Envelopes the dewy plain.

Library of Congress

Gladly I hail the mellow light, That from thy centre flows, And gaze with joy on the diadem
bright Thy circling beams compose.

How steady is each pencilled ray, How calm thy vestal flame, Lent by the glorious
monarch of day, From age to age the same!

Thy lamp is hung in the heavens above, In the midst of etherial blue, Of the church
redeemed by a Saviour's love, Perpetual type and true.

When sorrow o'ershadows each temporal gem, Of man's uncertain story, The church lights
up her diadem, And travels her path to glory.

And why so clear and steady the ray, That illumines her race of duty? Because from Christ
the fountain of day, She has borrowed all her beauty.

After holding a meeting in a place called Kennet, in the midst of a wood as usual, and in
a barren district, we were invited to visit a mine of gold and copper in the neighbourhood,
there being several in this part of North Carolina, which produce both these metals. The
gold ore is first broken, then ground, in a powerful mill, to an impalpable powder; and
lastly, amalgamated with mercury. The mercury takes up the gold, and, when distilled,
leaves the precious metal as the residuum. I understand that the pursuit of gold in this
country has 65 been very far from enriching those who have been engaged in it, but the
copper ore which has only lately been. discovered, is rich and abundant, and is likely to be
worked to great advantage.

After the month's excursion which I have now described, we returned to New Garden, and
spent a day or two very agreeably at the boarding school. It was delightful to observe how
eager the young people were to be instructed, both in the book of nature, and the book of
scripture; and a plan was set on foot for the latter purpose, with the sanction of our aged
friend already described, and greatly to the delight of the scholars. Having taken our last
leave of this interesting community, we set off, with the same equipage, for the southern

Library of Congress

and eastern part of the state, intending afterwards to go northward into Virginia, until we reached the city of Richmond. This also was the journey of a month. We passed through the pleasant country towns of Hillsborough and Greensborough, where large meetings were held; and, on our route, we visited the university of this state, at Chapel Hill. It was the first institution of the kind that I had seen in America. It contained 140 students, and seemed to be well-conducted under the presidency of W. Swain, late governor of the state, a person of superior parts. About a hundred of the young people attended a meeting appointed for me in the college, and though playful enough at first, at length listened with much attention to a view of the internal evidences of Christianity, which I was led to unfold to them. The gospel is the one great conservative principle in America; and nothing F 66 can be more important for her civil, as well as spiritual benefit, than the training of the young men, in her colleges, in the knowledge and love of the Christian religion.

From Hillsborough we proceeded to Raleigh, the village-metropolis of the state. It is a very goodlooking place, interspersed with trees, and the unfinished capitol, built of granite, in the Doric style of architecture, is by far the handsomest building that I saw in America. It is, in fact, magnificent enough for a *nation*; and quite too grand as I thought for one of the poorest states of the Union. Times no doubt, were good with the planters of North Carolina, when they commenced this undertaking, and when they expended a vast sum of money in procuring a statue of Washington, which they employed Canova to execute. But vain was their patriotic effort; after the statue had been placed in the capitol, it was destroyed by fire, and is now a mass of unsightly stones.

I was treated with great politeness by some of the principal gentry of Raleigh; and the meetings which were held during our visit of two days to the place, were well attended both by them and their slaves. But my heart was sickened by the accounts which I heard, in this neighbourhood, of the prevalence of the internal slave-trade. I was assured, on the best authority, that two-thirds of the funds of the bank of North Carolina, were invested in loans to the slave merchants, and that not less than a million of dollars had been expended, the year before, in the single county of Caswell, for the purchase of negroes

Library of Congress

on 67 speculation. The plain fact is, that the lands of North Carolina and Virginia, have been for so many years under a process of exhaustion by slave-labour, that this labour is no longer a source of profit. The negroes themselves are now the only profitable article on the estate, and to breed them for sale insensibly becomes the regular business of the country. In defiance of the ties of home, matrimony, and kindred, they are sold to the dealers, and afterwards transported to Alabama, Louisiana, and other states to the south, and south west; and thus a traffic, ruinous in its own nature, and utterly disgraceful in its moral character, becomes more and more familiar to the slave-holding public of America.

Raleigh presents an encouraging specimen of the good effect of the voluntary system in religion. Ample accommodation is there to be found for the public worship of the inhabitants; the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists, are all well supplied with ministers; and all seemed to be living in Christian good fellowship with each other. But alas, for their blindness on the topic of slavery! I ought, however, to remark, that North Carolina once had an established religion, which was demolished, as far as regarded its connection with the government, at the time of the revolution. It does not appear that the void occasioned by this circumstance has been uniformly filled up by the voluntary energy of the people. Deserted Episcopal churches, falling into decay, are to be seen here and there; and I passed through one considerable village at least, in which there was no provision whatever for public worship. F2

68

As we proceeded south from Raleigh, we entered by degrees on the country of the long-leaved pines. The forest, in many parts, is completely composed of this beautiful tree, the foliage of which is deciduous, and looks like large bunches of green hair. These trees are tapped for turpentine, and are much disfigured, though not destroyed, by being bared of part of their bark. The oil is perpetually dripping, and the receptacles or boxes into which it falls, are formed in the trees themselves, near their root. A single turpentine orchard sometimes contains 15,000 pines in this disfigured condition. The flying squirrel is an inhabitant of these forests. I remember picking up one of them which had fallen with a

Library of Congress

tree, blown down in a tempest. It was stunned and injured, but with a little cherishing, soon recovered its life and sprightliness. The large black eye of this little animal is of singular brilliancy. The membrane which connects its fore leg with the body, serves the purpose of a wing, as it springs from tree to tree, and its tail has much the appearance of a feather. I afterwards brought home to England two of these lovely creatures, which are easily kept in health, in this country, at a warm temperature. After holding meetings in the little towns of Smithfield and Waynesboro', and visiting some sequestered settlements of Friends on the deep and rapid *Neuse* river, and at a place called Contentnea, we turned our course northward, passed over the Roanoake and Chouan rivers, and entered on the counties of Perquimans and Pascotang, at the north-eastern extremity of the state. This part of the country is remarkable for 69 swamps and jungles, which are still inhabited by bears and panthers; and alligators are frequent in some of the rivers. The soil is rich; and notwithstanding the unhealthiness of the climate, we found rather a large community of Friends settled in the district. George Fox visited this country, through great personal difficulties, and laid the foundation of a society here, which still maintains itself in a very creditable manner. The forests through which we passed in this part of our journey, presented no interesting scenery; but the holly trees covered with red berries, under the flickering sunshine, were highly ornamental, and the sweet-scented American myrtle is common amongst the underwood. The cypress trees in the swamps throw up their roots to a great extent in elevated cones, which go by the name of cypress "knees," and have a strange appearance; and a large species of cane with long leaves is to be observed in abundance.

A species of aloe is cultivated here, called the Bear's grass, the long spiked leaves of which consist of tough fibres. From these the Americans manufacture the "grass rope," which is quite as strong as that made of hemp, and is much used in this part of the country.

Library of Congress

After spending many days among our friends, inspecting their excellent school, and holding large meetings at Elizabeth city on the coast, and many other places, we were guided by some of our kind brethren into the south-eastern part of Virginia.

In this district the meetings of Friends are extremely reduced by emigration to the west—a circumstance which occasioned us no surprise; for the country both morally and physically had become a 70 waste, under the blighting influence of slavery. We heard a wretched account of the licentiousness which almost universally prevailed among the white gentry;—at the same time their noble demesnes, once productive of cotton, corn, and tobacco, were now covered, to a great extent, with a miserable second growth of pines. Such is the curse which rests upon this iniquitous system. A few days after the commencement of the new year, we arrived in safety at Richmond, the capital of the state, a handsome city of 20,000 inhabitants. Here a flood of letters from home after long and painful abstinence, proved a delightful reward for the labours of our long travel.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER VIII.

Earlham, 2 nd month, 12 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

At a small village called Summerton, through which we passed on our way to Richmond, we were kindly lodged at the house of a worthy Friend, who is known through all that part of the country as the protector of the negroes. To him they are accustomed to appeal in every difficulty; and the respectability and inoffensiveness of his character, make way for his useful exertions among the slave-holders themselves. At this time he had just succeeded in securing the freedom of 50 black people. Their late owner had emancipated them by will, with directions to our friend, who was his executor, to send them to one of the free states. The widow disputed the will. The executor beat her at law, just in time

Library of Congress

to avoid the operation of one of the wicked statutes of the Virginian legislature, which enacts that if slaves emancipated by will, are not sent out of the state within twelve months after the testator's death, the bequest of liberty shall be revoked, and the poor creatures sold by public auction. This is one specimen of the many laws of the southern states of America, which, in order to support a system fraught with ruin and danger to the white 72 inhabitants, as well as of deep affliction to the blacks, are enacted from time to time, in defiance of the most common principles of justice and mercy. I was told that in North Carolina, no marriage licences are allowed to the slaves, and thus by constraint of a so-called Christian government, no such thing as legal marriage is known amongst them. This remark applies in substance to all the slave states; for when the connubial tie can, at any time, be dissolved by a sale at auction, and the property of parents is not allowed to be inherited by their children, it is obvious that marriage has no real sanction, either civil or religious. In plain truth, the continued existence of slavery essentially depends on the continued degradation of its victims. Bought and sold as they are like beasts, they must needs be reduced, as far as possible, below the level of rational humanity. Train and educate them as the possessors of intellectual souls, and their bonds must fall from them. It is doubtless on this ground, that common school learning is strictly forbidden by the laws of North Carolina and Virginia, (as well as of other slave states) to the children of slaves. But it seems a refinement of cruel caution to extend these laws—as they are extended—even to the free coloured population.

Having made these remarks, it is only fair to observe that many of the Virginians make way for the *oral* religious instruction of their slaves, as well as for their attendance at public worship. At the town of Petersburg on the Appamattox river, where we held a meeting just before we arrived at Richmond, I was assured by a Baptist minister, that he was in the practice 73 of thus communicating the familiar lessons of scriptural knowledge to two thousand black people, including children.

The city of Richmond is situated on the brow of a hill, hanging over the beautiful James river, and crowned, magnificently enough, by the capitol—an elegant building planned by

Library of Congress

Jefferson. The view of the city, from the hill-top, is somewhat of the same class as that of Norwich from Mousehold, and of Rouen from Mont Catterine; except that of old churches and cathedrals, there are *none*. With places of worship of modern date, the town is well supplied; and a handsome new church stands on the site of the theatre, which some years ago—with many of the gay citizens within its walls—was suddenly destroyed by fire. On the First day of the week, a meeting for worship was held in the morning with Friends and their neighbours in the old Quakers' meeting-house; another in the afternoon with the 200 prisoners in the State Penitentiary—a prison pretty well conducted on the silent system; and a third, in the evening, by the speaker's permission, at the capitol, which last was largely attended by the gentry of the place. It was said that a thousand persons returned, being unable to find room in the hall. I mention these circumstances to show, that although the sentiments of Friends on the subject of slavery are perfectly understood, the inhabitants of these strong-holds of the system, if prudently dealt with, are willing to receive our ministers kindly, and to give an open reception to the preaching of the gospel, for which repeated opportunities occurred before we left this city. In 74 the mean time it cannot be denied that slavery and the internal slave-trade, are the curse of the place. Terror reigns in this metropolis; and at the tolling of a bell at nightfall, all persons of a coloured skin are compelled, at the risk of severe punishment, to leave the streets and retreat to their homes.

Before we left the city, we attended a debate in the legislature, which was conducted in a gentlemanlike manner. We afterwards called on the Governor, General Campbell, to whom our views respecting the oppressed negro population were freely stated. He received us with kindness, but bitterly complained of what he called the violence of the Northern abolitionists. He wished to persuade us that their proceedings had operated, in Virginia, as an effectual bar to the progress of emancipation. Certain it is, that before the late movements in America on this subject, it was freely discussed in the legislature of the state, and considerable hopes were entertained that measures would soon be enacted, with a view of gradually effecting the extinction of the system. *Now* the doors *seem* to be

Library of Congress

effectually shut to any such views; and the local newspapers teem with the most absurd and extravagant praises of their favourite "institution." I am nevertheless inclined to the belief, which was afterwards expressed to me by a distinguished British functionary in America, that the free agitation of the subject has been the means of producing conviction on many minds, even in the south; and that more has thus been done for the undermining and final extinction of the system, than is generally supposed. Certainly I could form no such judgment, were I to rely on the Methodist Conference of Georgia, or on the "Richmond Whig." The former decreed, about this time, "that slavery as it exists in the United States is not a moral evil;" the latter observed when I was at Richmond, that "slavery is good in itself—calculated at once to develop the nobler faculties of the whites, and to afford to the blacks the greatest degree of happiness of which their natures are capable."

During a week's journey from Richmond to Washington, we came to a considerable settlement of Friends, at Cedar creek. One of the principal of them—a person of high respectability—had been distributing some time before, an excellent address against slavery, which had been issued by the yearly meeting of Philadelphia. This was an offence, which by the law of Virginia was punishable with two years' imprisonment, and hard labour, in the penitentiary. The case was brought before a court of justice, and our friend was certainly in great peril. But his known respectability called forth the better feelings of the gentlemen of the district, with many of whom he was familiar; and, greatly to their credit, the grand jury ignored the bill. I believe that his influence and labours, in relation to this subject, were by no means fruitless; improving sentiments respecting it were diffusing themselves in the neighbourhood; and in our public meeting for worship, at Cedar Creek, some close practical remarks, which were fully understood as applying to the evils of slavery, were listened to with great respect and attention. I am indeed most willing to acknowledge, that there is much of a generous and gentlemanlike demeanour attaching to the character of the people of Virginia; and the marked politeness and hospitality which we received at their hands will not easily be forgotten.

Library of Congress

It often appeared to be my duty in meetings which were attended by the gentry of this state, to plead for “the faith once delivered to the saints,” and to dwell on the evidences which prove that it comes from God. I was afterwards informed that this was no unsuitable direction of the ministry, and that speculative views tending to infidelity were not uncommon amongst them. This effect I have heard ascribed to the almost unbounded influence of the late Thomas Jefferson, himself a Virginian. But whether the charge of infidelity so often brought against that eminent person, had any foundation in truth, is, I believe, a matter of considerable doubt. In the mean time, it is certain that the influence of individuals over large communities in this land of democracy, is very much greater than it is in England.

It was now the depth of winter, and the prevalence of snow and frost, with almost extreme cold, seemed like a practical denial of the fact, that we were under the 38th degree only of north latitude. Such being the case, I had little opportunity of observing the natural productions of the country. Almost the only remarkable animals which had caught my eye for some time past, were two live opossums which a boy on the road was carrying suspended by their tails. They have the appearance of large guinea pigs, with small snouts, and long grey hair. They are sullen animals, and when caught pretend to be dead. On this occasion, the deceit was of no purpose—the lad was carrying off his prize in triumph.

We visited a place called Wainoak, where there was once a large settlement of Friends, but where the meeting had been reduced (by emigration, the consequence of slavery) to a state of desolation. I was interested in observing the process of rapid restoration which was taking place on the land, from the use of shell-lime, of which immense beds have lately been discovered. It is also a curious fact that nature, in these regions, has her own method of restoring land without the intervention of man. The leaves of the otherwise useless second growth of pines, which now covers the once cultivated estates, are perpetually falling on the ground, and in some measure enrich the soil; and the trees

Library of Congress

themselves die in great multitudes, fall, rot, and serve the purpose of manure. The strange consequence is, that instead of the pines, up springs a forest of oak; but this remarkable change is only occasional.

After holding a large meeting at Fredericksburg, a considerable town, pleasantly situated on the Rappahanock river, we took the steamer the next morning on the river Potomac, and enjoyed a delightful voyage of 60 miles, to the city of Washington. The river is of a magnificent breadth—the banks generally low and woody. Both the Virginia and Maryland shores, as we were informed, had once been highly cultivated; but the blight of slavery had now rendered them comparatively unproductive. Shad and herring are caught in abundance in this river; the finest oysters are also found here; and, during the cold of winter, its surface is sometimes half covered with millions of ducks. 78 We saw considerable numbers of them, of a black and white plumage.

On the south bank of the stream, not far from the city of Alexandria, is Mount Vernon, a lofty wooded bluff, on which stands the elegant but simple villa where General Washington lived, died, and was buried. We had no opportunity of visiting this interesting spot; but as we passed by it, we could not but pay a cordial mental tribute to the genius, as well as political and private virtue of that most extraordinary person. To think of his having been both a soldier and a slaveholder, was indeed a subject of deep regret. But we nevertheless knew that he was a man of prayer, and his qualities of mind were peculiarly calculated to obtain for him the warm affections of America, and the respect of the world. I was a good deal interested afterwards in examining a copy of his pecuniary accounts, in his capacity of Commander-in-chief. They were written in his own bold, clear hand, and displayed an astonishing accuracy of detail—perhaps I might say a scrupulous kind of *honesty*. The union of this minute care with the most comprehensive opinions and designs, constitutes a singular feature in his character. He is generally regarded as having been the most religious of all the American Presidents.

Library of Congress

The aspect of the city of Washington under the bright sunlight of a winter afternoon, as we glided over the vast sheet of water, (into which the river here dilates) partook rather largely of the sublime and beautiful. The capitol which stands on a considerable elevation, and is built of white stone, was 79 the most conspicuous object in the scene. It is the restoration of the building to which the British army so wantonly set fire in the last American war; and might be considered exceedingly handsome, were it not for its leaden, heavy dome, which is sadly out of proportion, and mars the beauty of the edifice. We landed at the wharf at nightfall on the 17th of 1st month, (Jan.) 1838, and found very comfortable accommodation at Brown's hotel. There our company was soon joined by some of our kind friends from Baltimore and Philadelphia.

On this occasion we spent four days at Washington, ending with the first of the week; except that on one day we were occupied in visiting our friends, and holding a religious meeting, in the neighbouring city of Alexandria. In a commercial point of view the two places may be described as rivals, neutralizing each other's prosperity. Neither of them can be said to flourish as places of trade; and Washington particularly, derives its main support from its being the seat of government. The district of Columbia in which it is placed, is only ten miles square. Every one knows that slavery exists in it, and that the city itself is a notorious slave mart. With the exception of the territory of Florida, these ten square miles form the only area on which the Federal government, according to its present constitution, has the power to abolish slavery. Its competency for this purpose—considered on the ground of equity—has indeed been denied by a solemn vote of the senate; but there can be no doubt that this decision was the effect of southern influence. That Congress has the right, both legal and moral, to 80 effect this object—and further, that it is bound to do so by obligations of the most sacred nature—seems to be the conclusion of every unprejudiced by-stander, who calmly inquires into the subject.

The notion which I used to derive from the stories of English travellers in America, respecting the grass growing in the streets of Washington, is not altogether untrue, as

Library of Congress

it relates to the cross streets which run into the country, and are not much frequented. The fact is, that the situation of this city precludes the probability of its ever becoming a large or thriving metropolis; the present population is only 22,000. But the main street, which is upwards of a mile in length, is very handsome and imposing. At one extremity stands the magnificent capitol, with its rows of Corinthian pillars. Near the other end are the public offices of government, and beyond them the commodious but unpretending "White House"—the official residence of the president, and the only palace in democratic America. The hill on which the capitol stands is well laid out as a pleasure ground, and in the green seasons of the year, is striking for its resplendent verdure. An extensive flight of stone steps encompassing a fountain of cold pure water, leads into the great rotundo, which is adorned with pictures representing some of the most interesting scenes of the American revolution. On one side of this rotundo, is the hall of representatives, and on the other the senate chamber—both of a semicircular form, and handsomely fitted up; each member being provided with a station, chair, and desk, for his own particular use. The hall of representatives is distinguished by a fine row of pillars; and is altogether much more aristocratical in its appearance than our own house of Commons. But as a place to speak in, and hear in, it is if possible worse than St. Stephen's.

n. lecture

On the morning after our arrival we went up in good time to the capitol, and were introduced to several of the senators, particularly to Col. Preston, from South Carolina, a gentleman of remarkable urbanity of manners, and endued with what may justly be described as the *silver* tongue of eloquence. I also enjoyed a short interview with Daniel Webster, a stout person, of manly appearance, whose intellectual powers are, I presume, superior to those of the generality of public men on either side of the water. His forehead is of remarkable prominence and breadth, his eye penetrating; and the little which I heard of his public speaking was strong, clear, and fluent. With Henry Clay, of Kentucky, we conversed for some time in private. He is the Brougham of America, as it relates to his ready wit, and powers of fervid declamatory argument; but is doubtless his inferior in

Library of Congress

literary and scientific attainment. His figure is tall and slender, and there is an expression of humour and benevolence in his countenance, which, in connection with his marked politeness, is very winning. He expressed kind feelings and good principles on the subject of slavery, as well as on that of the wrongs of the Aborigines. But he complained bitterly of the abolition movement, and was evidently, like other slave-holders, under the influence of some very strong prejudices. G

82

In the evening we spent a very agreeable hour with John Quincy Adams, once the President of the United States, and almost the only anti-slavery advocate in Congress—though, on several points, himself differing from the abolitionists. He is now 76 years old, yet full of mental vigour and animation, and probably more fraught with learning and information than any other man in America. He received us with great kindness and cordiality. On a subsequent morning, at the early hour of nine o'clock, we were introduced to Martin Van Buren, the president,—a gentleman of the utmost affability and ease of manner, with much of acuteness, and I think benevolence also, marked on his countenance. During our short interview, the subjects of our conversation were the claims of the native Indian tribes, and the African slave-trade, on both which topics he spoke with a good deal of fairness. It was my endeavour to impress on the mind of the president, the vast importance of the cordial co-operation of America with the European powers, in the suppression of the slave-trade, *on the perfectly reasonable principle of a mutual right of search*—a principle which surely ought not to offend the pride of any one nation. But the Americans are a community of kings—every man his own ruler—and they shrink from the very notion of indignity. Thus I fear they are but too likely to persist in sacrificing the interests of humanity to what is falsely regarded as national honour.

The principal object which I now had in view in visiting Washington, was the holding of a meeting for worship with the officers of government, 83 and members of Congress. My mind was attracted towards these public men, under a feeling of religious interest; and far beyond my expectation, did my way open for accomplishing the purpose. Colonel

Library of Congress

Polk, the speaker of the representative assembly, granted me the use of the legislative hall; the chaplain of the house (a respectable Wesleyan minister) kindly surrendered his accustomed service for our accommodation. Public invitation was given in the newspapers; and when we entered the hall on the following First day morning, we found it crowded with the members of Congress, their ladies, and many other persons. The president and other officers of the government were also of the company. Undoubtedly it was a highly respectable and intellectual audience; and I need scarcely tell thee that it was to me a serious and critical, occasion. One of my friends sat down with me in the speaker's rostrum; a feeling of calmness was graciously bestowed upon us; and a silent solemnity overspread the whole meeting. After a short time, my own mind became deeply impressed with the words of our blessed Redeemer, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Speaking from this text, I was led to describe the main features of orthodox Christianity; to declare that these doctrines had been faithfully held by the society of Friends, from their first rise to the present day; to dwell on the evidences, both historical and internal, which form the credentials of the gospel, considered as a message to mankind from the king of heaven and earth; to urge the claims of that message on the world at large, on America in particular—a G 2 84 country so remarkably blessed by Divine Providence—and above all, on her statesmen and legislators; to advise the devotional duties of the closet, as a guard against the dangers and temptations of politics; to dwell on the peaceable government of Christ by his Spirit; and finally, to insist on the perfect law of righteousness, as applying to nations as well as individuals—to the whole of the affairs of men, both private and public. A solemn silence again prevailed at the close of the meeting; and, after it was concluded, we received the warm greetings of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and many other members, of whom we took our leave in the flowing of mutual kindness. Thus was I set free from the heavy burden which had been pressing upon me. In the evening, we met a large assembly at the Methodist chapel at Georgetown, a populous place almost adjoining Washington; and the next morning pursued our journey to a small settlement of humble Friends, in the state of Maryland.

Library of Congress

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER IX.

Earlham, 2 nd month, 25 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

The circuitous route from Washington to Baltimore, which we took on this occasion, presented but few objects of interest. The country appeared very poor—exhausted, in many parts by slave labour—and clad in the brown livery of an American winter; but the weariness of our route was well compensated by our approach to Baltimore itself, under the bright light of the setting sun. The view of the city, with the Patapsco river on which it stands, and the great bay of Chesapeake, into which that river runs, was beautiful and animating; and being much at ease in my own mind, after our engagements at Washington, I took no small pleasure in the contemplation of the scene. The commodious home which I there found at the house of a beloved friend, at once opulent and generous, presented a singular contrast to the rough, though equally hospitable accommodations which I had met with among the woods of Indiana and Carolina. The city of Baltimore, which is said to contain 100,000 inhabitants, is well built, handsome, and cleanly. It stands on the brow of a gentle hill, and the upper part of it is adorned by a large Roman Catholic cathedral (for this state was originally settled by Catholics) and by a lofty pillar of no common beauty, on the top of which stands a statue of Washington. The places of public worship throughout the town are large; the Methodists abound here both white and black; and the voluntary system in religion seems to be working remarkably well. On the First day of the week after our arrival, the Friends' meeting was largely attended in the morning; we had 2000 people, as was supposed, at a Methodist meeting-house, in the afternoon; and nearly 3000 in the evening at the Baptist chapel. On another evening a crowded meeting took place with the black people, in a Methodist meeting-house

Library of Congress

appropriated to themselves. They received our gospel message with extreme cordiality, and we found no small difficulty in restraining their audible responses.

Afterwards we visited the jail and the penitentiary—the former in a very bad condition, without any provision whatsoever for the moral reformation of the prisoners, and with scarcely any classification. The latter appeared to be well conducted on the silent system. The prisoners work in companies, and during the religious meeting which we held with them, conducted themselves with great propriety.

Baltimore may truly be said to be distinguished by polite hospitality, and is somewhat remarkable for its luxuries. The terrapins, a species of land tortoise, found on the coasts of the Chesapeake, are a common delicacy at the tables of the gentry; so are the canvass-back-ducks, which are said to derive their fine 87 flavour from the wild celery which grows in the Chesapeake, and which is fetched up for them from the bottom of the river by certain inferior ducks, which they employ as their servants. The finest oysters abound. I was informed that racoon hunting is still common in this neighbourhood. The hunters go out at night and cut down the trees on which the animals are detected, their dogs being of course ready for the prey. The flesh of the racoon is eaten, and its fur is valuable.

Although Maryland is a slave state, yet the influence of the system on society in general is much limited by the small proportion of slaves, as compared with those of the more southern states. If, however, the question be asked by what means this proportion has been lessened, I fear we must answer, Not by the liberal hand of the emancipator, but by the perpetual trafficking of the slave merchant, who buys up these children of bondage, (too often without any regard to the nearest family ties) then consigns them to one of the negro jails, and finally transports them to the far distant regions of the south, where their labour is valuable. There are two of these jails in Baltimore, one of which I visited on a subsequent occasion. It was indeed a most painful visit. The wretched inmates, though properly fed and clad, loudly lamented their condition; and one young man eagerly assured me that he was free and had been kidnapped. I seized a private opportunity of

Library of Congress

taking down his name, residence, etc.; but we were too closely watched by a malignant-looking keeper to find any opportunity⁸⁸ of satisfactory communication with these afflicted beings. This jail is in the open street, and the whole affair is carried on without the least attempt at privacy or apparent sense of shame. This miserable traffic, and the slavery with which it is connected, is the blot of Maryland; but as there is a large preponderance of free people, and a gradual diffusion amongst them of just sentiments, we may entertain the hope, that, before very long, it will be finally erased.

In the mean time, the legislature of this state, which meets at Annapolis, has been passing the most stringent laws in order to retard—and, if possible, for ever to prevent—the coming of the day of liberty. Well might Jefferson say, “I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just.”

A journey of six hours by the railroad (except that we crossed the beautiful Susquehanna in a steam-boat) brought me back to Philadelphia, on the 2nd of the 2nd month, (February) 1838. A multitude of persons, thronging three or four long and commodious cars, were our fellow-passengers. The Americans are indeed a moving people, and principal rail routes frequently present crowded with which those in England can by no means vie. The distance between the two cities is about 100 miles, and one circumstance on the journey is well calculated to interest a stranger. It is the conspicuousness of the line, though without any natural division, which separates the slave-wrought lands of Maryland from the free territory of Pennsylvania. The sudden transit from inferior to superior cultivation, and from impoverished⁸⁹ soil to fertility, is extremely striking—especially at the more advanced seasons of the year—and certainly it speaks volumes for the instruction of statesmen, in proof of the utter impolicy of slavery. One can hardly imagine on what grounds this perpetual visible evidence can be long resisted.

The quiet, pleasant home which had been so generously offered me at Philadelphia on my first arrival in America, now became my peaceful shelter for upwards of three months. It would be totally irrelevant to the plan of these letters, were I to detail the religious

Library of Congress

engagements which closely occupied each passing day during this period. I will however give thee a very general sketch of them.

Philadelphia having been originally settled by Friends, the influence of our Society in that city has always, been considerable, and may perhaps have been one cause of the quiet, orderly habits for which the more respectable classes of its inhabitants have been so long remarkable. Before the Hicksite division, Friends formed a considerable proportion of the population which was then much less numerous than it is at present. There are still upwards of 3000 members, who compose four large meetings in the Northern, Middle, Western, and Southern districts of the town. During the early spring of 1838 all the Friends united in holding an evening meeting, every First day, in the large central meeting-house in Arch Street. These several meetings were of course frequently attended, and the joint evening assemblies which were much thronged, not only by our own people, but by strangers, afforded ample scope for the work to which I believed myself to be called—the plain preaching of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, in all its parts. Public meetings were also occasionally held, to which the citizens who had no connexion with Friends were specially invited. But the livelong hours of each succeeding day were occupied by domiciliary religious visits to the families of Friends. Thou art well aware of the nature of this engagement. It is, as thou knowest, an arduous service; but I apprehend that it is a means of no inconsiderable good to our religious society—it brings home the truth to the private and intimate fire-side. I will just add that, with us, it is peculiarly a work of faith; for we generally enter the families total strangers to their circumstances and individual characters; we then sit down in silence with them, and express only what we believe at the time to be given to us to say. This at least is our principle; in accordance with our well-known views of the spiritual nature of the ministry of the gospel of Christ. Upwards of 500 families were thus visited during my stay in the “city of brotherly love.”

Although I was thus closely occupied, I availed myself of occasional hours of leisure in visiting several of the public institutions; and daily opportunities occurred, in the course of my rounds, of admiring the beauties of the city or immediate neighbourhood. Philadelphia

Library of Congress

occupies a space of two miles square (not fully built over in all its parts) between the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill. This space is subdivided into squares by a long series of streets, which cross at right angles. A few of these squares are still left open, according to William Penn's original design, and are adorned with grass lawns, gravel walks, and a rich variety of American forest timber. Had this plan been maintained throughout Philadelphia, it would assuredly have presented as lovely a scene as any city in the world; and even now it has few rivals. Many of the principal streets are lined with rows of trees, and the broad side-pavement of brick, forms a pleasant sheltered walk in warm weather. Arch street and Chesnut Street are distinguished for their beauty in these respects; and the houses, though generally built with red brick, are (in those streets particularly) of a remarkably neat and handsome appearance. Several of the public buildings are also ornamental to the town, especially the mint, the Bank of the United States, and the meeting-houses of various denominations.

The city is admirably supplied with water from the Fairmount water works on the Schuylkill river. The water is carried by forcing pumps into an extensive reservoir at the top of a picturesque acclivity, composed of primitive gneiss. A pleasure ground, with various accommodations, the works. It is a scene of real beauty, and is the constant resort of persons who are in search of amusement, air, and exercise. I cannot wonder that Philadelphia is so much beloved and admired by its own inhabitants. Often did it remind me of the old monkish rhymes which were written in good old times, in praise of our own city of Norwich.

Urbs speciosa situ, nitidis pulcherrima tectis, Grata peregrinis, deliciosa suis.

92

Perhaps, however, the *speciosa situ* would by some persons be scarcely considered applicable to a city built, as Philadelphia is, on a perfectly level plain.

Library of Congress

I have heard it observed that the spring *creeps* in England, but *leaps* in America. During the earlier part of my stay in the city, the mighty Delaware was filled with large masses of ice; and it was only by the singular contrivance of an ice-boat, edged with a sharp iron, and impelled by steam, that we could gradually cut our way across to the Jersey shore. At the same season, the sleighs were gliding rapidly through the streets, the needful notice of their approach being given by the bells on the horses. But in the course of the 4th month (April) the traces of winter had disappeared, the verdure became beautiful, and the avenues and wooded squares burst into beauty.

The tranquillity of Philadelphia, especially in winter, is often interrupted by alarms of fire, and the rattling of the fire-engines through the streets—accompanied by the eager vociferation of idle people on the full run. This was a circumstance of frequent occurrence by night and by day, and serious fires sometimes took place; but, generally speaking, the alarms seemed to be little more than the sport of the young men, who are associated, in large numbers, in the fire companies. The practice is no small nuisance both to the quiet citizens themselves, and to the strangers who happen to be visiting there.

It would probably be difficult to find, in any city, markets more abundantly supplied with a vast variety of provision than those of Philadelphia. They are held in buildings of great length, under cover, which 93 run along the centre of some of the streets—the largest in Market street, which divides the northern from the southern districts of the town. Often did I walk through this market, partly for the sake of its shelter in rough weather, and partly in order to observe its ever-varied contents. As the spring advanced, I here remarked the rock fish, which is caught in the river in great abundance, much resembling the English *carp* in shape, but growing to a larger size, and beautifully striped. It is a great delicacy at table; but the favourite fish of Philadelphia is the *shad* which comes up the Delaware in vast multitudes in the 4th month (April) and is caught in large nets or seines constructed for the purpose. The flesh of this fish is very rich and nutritious; it looks like a thick *breem*, varying from two to six pounds in weight; and forms for many weeks an important and

Library of Congress

general article of diet. About the same time wagon loads of the *passenger pigeons* were brought into Philadelphia and were seen in heaps in the market. The pink breasts and illuminated necks of the old male birds are very beautiful. I also observed clusters of *waxen chatterers*, the large grey *robins* of America, with breasts of a bright purplish pink, and *meadow larks*, bigger than our fieldfares, spotted with black above, and of a bright yellow below—all brought in for food. The country districts are in this way much despoiled of some of their choicest ornaments. Venison from the wild districts of Pennsylvania is sometimes seen in great abundance. The beef is excellent and plentiful; the mutton, once so inferior, is now 94 much improving; and, as the year advances, the show of fruits and vegetables bespeaks the plentifulness of the land. The most tempting and beautiful part of this display, is the vast supply of delicious peaches, in the latter part of the summer, from the fields of New Jersey.

The museums of Philadelphia are well worthy of attention. In one of them, which is well furnished with the treasures of natural history, I was much interested in examining the almost perfect skeleton Of the mammoth, *Mastedon giganteum*. It was discovered several years ago in a marl pit, in the state of New York; the skeleton of an elephant which stands by its side is much less than half its size, and might easily be mistaken for one of its young. On my return to Philadelphia in 1839. I had the opportunity of inspecting the magnificent Chinese collection made by one of the wealthiest and most respectable citizens, who had long been resident at Canton. It occupies the whole of a vast apartment in the new museum. Its owner, Nathan Dunn, politely showed me the treasures which he had collected. They consist of the paintings, manufactures, and natural productions of the country. But the most striking feature of the collection is a lively representation of the costumes and habits of the people, in a succession of shops and rooms of different kinds, fitted up á Chinoise, and supplied with appropriate figures, admirably made in clay under the direction of our friend Dunn, while he continued in China. They are (if my memory serves me right) the work of native artists. As one paces 95 along through this department of the Philadelphian Museum, it is no difficult matter to imagine oneself in China.

Library of Congress

In the other public institutions of Philadelphia, there is much to be found of an instructive and interesting nature. I will now make brief mention of some of them, which I had the opportunity of visiting before I left the city. *The institution for the deaf and dumb* is admirably conducted; and highly entertaining was the examination of the pupils, of which I was a witness. I know not whether I was the more amused by the nice skill and tact of the teachers, or by the acute yet curious answers of the young people who were questioned on the occasion. In the course of one of our walks I had much pleasure in visiting the *house of refuge* for young criminals, boys and girls, about 160 in number. I found them eating a wholesome supper of mush (or Indian corn) and molasses. They are well instructed, and each child has a comfortable solitary sleeping cell. The children displayed much tenderness of feeling in a meeting that was held with them, and I could not but conclude that this was truly a place of reformation. Equally was I interested with the *shelter for coloured orphans*, where these helpless ones are well fed, clothed, housed, and instructed. I afterwards saw a counterpart of this institution, equally well conducted, at New York, both chiefly under the care of Friends. Another asylum in Philadelphia is occupied by fifty poor *widowed ladies* who seemed to be supplied with every comfort; many of them were under deep religious impressions. I saw several of the schools; 96 some confined to the children of Friends, others for the public; and all conducted, as far as I could judge, in a manner likely to insure a useful education. I think, however, that more of scriptural instruction might be given in the public schools with great advantage.

The Philadelphia hospital is richly endowed, and is under excellent management. One half of it is at present given up to the insane, but the governors have lately erected a large new building for a lunatic asylum, on an excellent site, which they have purchased in the country. This building is admirably suited to the purpose. The Friends' asylum for the insane, at Frankfort, near Philadelphia, is conducted on the same wholesome principles as the York retreat. There is a society among the patients for the promotion of literary and intellectual improvement, which has a decided tendency both to arouse and rectify the latent and morbid faculties of the mind.

Library of Congress

The almshouse, about a mile from the city, which answers in character, though by no means in style, to an English poor-house, contained, when I visited it, about 2000 inmates—the sick, the insane, the fatuitous, the impotent, and the destitute. Here there is an ample refuge for extreme poverty, under any of its forms, even for the wandering stranger from England or Ireland. All are well lodged and fed. The institution is under able superintendence and management; and the attendance at the meeting which we held there was large and satisfactory. But I confess that it appeared to me too much like the palace of the poor; and I felt alarmed at this decisive planting 97 of pauperism in the land of independence. It is impossible to calculate to what a head it may come, in the course of years. The seeds of the same system are now sown in almost every part of the union, but where the expenses of these institutions are defrayed (as I understand to be the case in Massachusetts) by the labour of the inmates, the danger of the plan is of course greatly lessened.

But I have yet to mention by far the most important public institution to be found in Philadelphia. I mean the celebrated eastern penitentiary, in which the *separate* system of prison discipline was admirably conducted, when I visited it, by our worthy friend Samuel Woods. It generally contains about 400 convicts, each of whom is provided with a small cell, or rather apartment, to himself, in which he pursues the work most adapted to his capacities, and is furnished with a Bible, and often with other books. The cells on the ground floor are small, but they are furnished with a little piece of ground behind them in the open air, which the prisoner is encouraged to cultivate. The cells upstairs, which offer no such privilege, are in themselves more roomy and agreeable; and it does not appear that the prisoners on the floor enjoy better health than those in the upper stories. The prison consists of eight large corridors, which meet in a central hall—the Governor's residence being separate from the rest of the building. When a prisoner is brought into this institution, he is in the first place washed and suitably dressed in a place near the porter's lodge. He is then blindfolded, and led H 98 by one of the keepers to the apartment which he is doomed to occupy, as a solitary inmate, for months, or for years.

Library of Congress

This process, which prevents his having the least notion of the location of his cell, and which imparts a dreadful mystery to his circumstances, is generally found to have a most humbling and overpowering effect even on the stoutest criminal. The prisoners are well fed, and their solitude is often interrupted by the visits of their jailors, who bring them their food, materials for their work, &c.; and the "moral instructor," a lay religious teacher, who seemed to me to be a man of good sense and piety, is constantly going his rounds from cell to cell. But the chief circumstance which renders this long solitude bearable, is constant employment; nor can any more cogent punishment be inflicted on an unruly prisoner than the withdrawal of his work. Religious service is generally performed on the First day of the week, either by the moral instructor, or by some benevolent volunteer. But I am not sure whether this is constantly the case. On my first visit, religious worship took place, after the manner of Friends, in two of the corridors successively. The doors of the cells were then thrown open, that the prisoners might hear the words of the preacher, which is the usual arrangement on such occasions. An awful silence reigns through the whole prison; and the solemnity which we felt when we were thus engaged, with a congregation which we could not see, is not easily to be expressed. I believe it to be impossible so to construct a prison on this system, as absolutely to prevent the possibility of communication between prisoner and prisoner. Nevertheless the experiment of solitude may here be said to be very fairly tried.

I am unable to come to a satisfactory conclusion, whether it answers its purpose or not. The proportion of returns to this prison, which is generally considered to be the best test, is certainly considerable; but this fact is said to be accounted for by some of the peculiar circumstances of Pennsylvania, especially its immediate vicinity to the slave states. On a subsequent occasion, I was kindly allowed to spend a morning in going from cell to cell, just as I pleased. Some of the criminals, who had been before in Sing Sing, or Auburn, where they work in silent companies, positively assured me that the system under which they were now placed, was the more comfortable, and had the better effect on their minds and tempers. In the course of my rounds I met with the deep sufferer, the hard inveterate

Library of Congress

criminal, the noisy hypocrite, and, I believe, the true penitent. Many persons among them seemed, in some measure, civilized by the process; others appeared to care for no man; and one of the prisoners, whose expression was peculiarly unfavourable, assured me, in answer to my private questioning, that his solitude made him worse and worse—that even thieves, when together, thought it creditable to put the best leg forward, as he had once done; but that now he surrendered himself to his iniquity, and his soul was always feeding on garbage. I have no reason to suppose that this was a common case. On the whole I am inclined to believe that when under the most kind and religious care, this H 2 100 system tends to reformation *more than any other*. But let the Christian visitor neglect his calls of charity, or the superintending magistrates their frequent and unexpected visits to the cells; or let the governor on the spot become hardened by his office, or soured in temper, and no one can answer for the consequences. Favourably as matters now stand, in this institution, occasional instances occur of insanity—chiefly, I believe, among the blacks. There is a possibility, in the system, under less happy circumstances, either of dangerous neglect, or of the exercise of private cruelty, which renders it, in my opinion, almost too dangerous an experiment; and I cannot say that I hail the probability of its introduction into our own country. The females in this prison occupy a distinct gallery, and are under the kind notice of a committee of ladies. Heartily do I hope that these pious visitors will persevere in their praise-worthy, voluntary exertions; for if these should be withdrawn, the objects of their care will be left in a condition of painful destitution, as it regards an effective moral and religious influence.

The “Moyamensing prison,” or jail, in another part of Philadelphia, where we also held meetings, seemed to be well conducted on the same system. I was glad to observe that several intelligent and influential gentlemen were taking a lively interest in its welfare.

During my stay in Philadelphia, several circumstances transpired of a public nature, which were by no means calculated to impress me favourably on the subject of democratic institutions, though I am well 101 aware that those of America are not without their great advantages. One of these was the want of public virtue manifested in Congress, on the

Library of Congress

occasion of the fatal duel between Graves and Cilley. These combatants fought with rifles, fired repeatedly, and drew ten paces nearer to each other (as I was informed) at each fire, until poor Cilley, the father of four little children, fell and died. This murderous affair was suffered to pass with impunity; the murmurs in Congress, on the subject, soon died away, and the members attended the funeral of Cilley, who was of course just as guilty as his antagonist, with every mark of respect. It seemed to me that this was partly the result of the general notion, that every citizen of the state is left at almost unlimited liberty to do as he pleases.

Another circumstance which produced a similar impression, was the combination of a large company, called the "pre-emption company," to deprive the Indians of the Seneca nation, in New York, of their reserved lands; and under the pretext of a false and surreptitious treaty with some of their chiefs, to drive them into the western wilderness. Some of our Friends in Philadelphia have long been zealously engaged in the endeavour to stave off this act of unrighteousness by personal applications to the officers of state, and other influential persons at Washington; but the corruption of *numbers*, who were set upon seizing the property of their neighbours, has prevailed over the simple dictates of justice; and thus this shameless treaty has, at length, been ratified.

A third circumstance alluded to, was that change 102 in the constitution of Pennsylvania, which I mentioned in a former letter, and which had at this time been just carried, *en masse*, by the votes of a majority of the people. I have already noticed the reduction of the judicial office, by this change, to a state of entire dependence on the government and legislature of the day; and the introduction of that single word "white," by which the whole coloured population, 40,000 in number, were at once deprived of their citizenship. This affecting act of degradation was received by that people with deep sorrow, which happened to come in some degree under my own observation. I was told, that a white boy was observed seizing the marbles of a coloured boy in one of the streets, with the words, "*you have no rights now.*" The latter submitted in silence. The number of coloured persons, in the Eastern penitentiary, forms a considerably larger proportion as compared with the

Library of Congress

white criminals, than the whole coloured population of Philadelphia bears to the other inhabitants. This fact is accounted for, partly by the frequent access into Pennsylvania of runaway slaves from Maryland, Delaware, &c., and partly by the greater readiness of the magistrates to commit, and of juries to convict, the coloured people; but who is not aware that the more any class of men is held and treated as degenerate, the more prone they will be to acts of immorality and fraud?

Shortly after this visit to Philadelphia, an event occurred which perfectly corresponded, in its nature and principle with the circumstances already mentioned; but was of a more frightful and violent character—I mean the conflagration of the Pennsylvania hall, at the time of the anti-slavery convention, and after the assembly had been compelled to leave the room by violent and abusive conduct. The work of destruction was effected by an uncontrolled and uncontrollable assemblage of the people, including many persons dressed like gentlemen. True, indeed, it is, that no small provocatives to popular fury were administered on the occasion, by the imprudence of some zealous individuals; but nothing of course could, in the least degree, justify this most lawless attack not only on the personal safety, but on the undoubted civil rights, of a respectable part of the community. Nevertheless this tremendous outrage was permitted to pass over with perfect impunity. The ruins of the hall still present to the view of the stranger a most significant memento, that there is no tyranny so bad as that of a mob—no government so dangerous, as that of a self-willed, self-regulated, and licentious populace.

If then, I am asked, what is the conservative principle which can alone hold together the elements of civil society, even in orderly Philadelphia, (as it has always hitherto been called) I do not hesitate to answer,—Christianity; and this, as I believe, will do it. When I call to remembrance the attention which is paid to religion in this metropolis, by the bulk of its inhabitants; the large and numerous churches and meeting-houses, and the ample supply of religious instruction, which have there sprung up without any aid on the part of the government; the pouring forth of multitudes of respectable people to and from their 104 places of worship, which I have often witnessed; the orderly keeping of the sabbath

Library of Congress

—a point in which Philadelphia appeared to me to be on a par with Edinburgh; above all, when I think of the large number of individuals, in that city, of sterling integrity and decided piety, with whom I am myself acquainted—I cannot but rest in a peaceful persuasion, that the cause of order, justice, and truth will still be maintained in these parts. The city will be preserved, not because of the wisdom of human legislation, or of any peculiar, political, or local advantage; but because of the blessing of divine providence on the “salt of the earth.”

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER X.

Earlham, 2nd month, 16th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

I was now becoming more and more acquainted with some of the distinguishing traits of American character, and there are a few points in it, to which it may not be improper just to allude. The first is a remarkable sensitiveness as to the opinions of others, a sort of punctilious deference to the verdicts of the community among whom one may happen to dwell. This feeling often engenders an extreme caution about little matters, which imposes shackles strange to the habits of Englishmen. Nor is this state of things diminished by the freedom with which the character and conduct of individuals are made the subject of common conversation. The tongue is a little member, but not easily controlled; especially, perhaps, in a perfectly democratic society: and without any intention to falsify, the warm imagination of the Americans is often found to clothe an original simple story in a new and unnatural dress. I am of the judgment, that the powers of the imagination are somewhat more predominant among them, than the cool, rigid processes of intellect; and probably it is on this account that their public oratory is often diffuse and flowery. It is not unusual, in this country, to run down the poetry of America; but there is much in the works of Bryant and some other authors, which ought to redeem its character; and a pretty, second-rate poetry is much more frequent among young persons of both sexes in America,

Library of Congress

than it is in England. The more severe and elaborate culture of the mind, and the higher attainments, even in matters of accomplishment, are still generally wanting.

But in the qualities of the heart, I found far more to like and to love in America, than I had ventured to anticipate. Friendship glows in Philadelphia, in New York, in New England, with a peculiar ardour. The degree of phlegm to which we are accustomed in our own country, is seldom met with; and from grateful and multiplied experience, I am able to testify, (and I do it with the utmost willingness) that the main characteristic of American society is *cordiality*.

The natural tendency of universal personal independence to weaken the social ties, is powerfully counteracted, among the Americans, by the warmth and fidelity of their affections. The tendency in question is indeed often perceptible; and yet I know of no more attached husbands, wives, parents, children, &c. than are to be found in America.

Before I left the city, I had the opportunity of attending the yearly meeting of Friends. The assembly was very large, and the affairs of the church were conducted in it with the utmost propriety and order. I remember that I found, on that occasion, an excellent opportunity of fully expressing my views on the subject of slavery, stating the results of my own observation. The points on which I thought it right to dwell, were first, the turning of a fruitful land into barrenness; secondly, the immense prevalence of immorality in connection with the system; thirdly, the iniquitous laws against the education of the blacks; and fourthly, the extent and cruelty of the internal traffic. But few of the friends of Philadelphia had connected themselves with the late public abolition movements—a remark which equally applies to those of New York. But they are not, on that account, to be regarded as indifferent to the cause. They think it best to pursue the object in connexion with their own society, and in their own way; being fearful of acting, in this matter, on any thing short of direct religious principle. My own hope is, that Americans of every denomination will become increasingly united, *on this ground*, in their endeavours to obtain the abolition of

Library of Congress

slavery; and then, if their proceedings are conducted in a truly Christian spirit, they will not fail to be blessed with ultimate, perhaps with speedy and unlooked-for success.

In the course of this yearly meeting, I paid a visit, in the capacity of a minister, to the assembly of sisters, about 1500 in number. Rightly were they engaged in quietly discussing and settling those affairs in our society, which appertain to the female sex, and thus came within their own province. A more beautiful scene of order and neatness I never beheld. I have no doubt, that we derive great advantage from our thus bringing women into the occupation of their right place in the church; and thou art well aware, that we lay no bonds upon them in reference to the ministry. It is our principle, 108 that all persons, of both sexes, who are called of God into the work, and qualified by his Spirit for its performance, are at liberty to engage in it in our public assemblies. But this view by no means embraces the practice which was, at this time, becoming prevalent in America, of the public lecturing by females in the anti-slavery and other philanthropic causes. An exhibition of this kind was one of the provocatives offered to a touchy public at the anti-slavery convention mentioned in my former letter. It was connected with a new-fangled notion, that women have in all respects equal civil and political rights with the stronger sex, and that their public functions ought to be identical. It is a happy circumstance, that this notion, so dangerous to the best refinements and comforts of society, has been pointedly discouraged in this country, and there is reason to hope, that in America, it is gradually but surely fading away.

After having completed my duties in Philadelphia, I was engaged in two interesting though not extensive-journeys; the first, in New Jersey; the second, in Pennsylvania. Near the close of the Fourth month (April) I crossed the Delaware under the guidance of an elderly and most intelligent Friend (himself a Jerseyman) who conveyed me in one of the convenient wagons of that country, from village to village, and from meeting to meeting. I well remember encountering an awful thunder-storm as we were approaching his house at "Pleasant View," not far from the Jersey bank of the Delaware. We reached our shelter just before the thunder-cloud 109 burst; and in a few moments, the house was struck

Library of Congress

with lightning, and seemed, for an instant, filled with flame. The stress of the shock was taken off by one of Franklin's lightning rods, part of which was burnt to an oxide, by the descent of the electric fluid. These tremendous storms are among the grand objects which characterize America.

As we jogged along over a flat and sandy, but not unproductive country, my kind companion gave me much information on the subject of its statistics and natural history. The population, amounting by the last census to about 400,000, is perhaps as respectable and orderly as any to be found in America. An excellent education may be obtained either at the Presbyterian college at Princeton, or at the seminary of the Dutch Reformed church at New Brunswick; and an enlightened system of legislation has distinguished this state, in relation to capital punishment and other similar subjects. These objects have been very much promoted by certain eminent men, who have risen to important political stations through their success as advocates in the courts of law. Among these are Samuel Southard, one of the senators from this state in Congress; and Theodore Freylinghuysen once his colleague, but now chancellor of the university of New York. I have the pleasure of some acquaintance with both these gentlemen, whose fine talents are truly valuable, because united with correct and enlightened sentiments on subjects connected with humanity and religion. This certainly is one of the most delightful of unions; and I do not consider it by any means rare in America.

110

The soil of New Jersey produces, in some parts, good Indian corn and other grain; but it is chiefly cultivated with fruits and vegetables, with which it supplies the markets of Philadelphia and New York, in great abundance. The peach orchards, adorned at this season with the greatest profusion of pink blossoms, were highly beautiful. Large fields are planted with these trees, which bear fruit only for two or three years, and are cut down before they grow to any great size; when fresh ground is chosen for the purpose. A small white worm generally attacks them, and finally succeeds in killing them, if they are left longer on the ground. Indeed, the insect tribes are waging a fearful warfare in

Library of Congress

America, against various kinds of fruits, and even of forest trees; so that some of the old and valuable productions of the land are gradually disappearing. In the mean time, it is a curious circumstance, that parts of New Jersey are starting into new fertility, in consequence of the discovery of a dark green marl which has lately been dug up, on the low grounds, at a depth of about ten feet below the surface. This marl is composed of lime, sulphur, and magnesia, and may probably have a marine origin. Such has been its wondrous efficacy, in some cases, that it has actually converted land of the value of five dollars per acre, into pasture and arable grounds of ten times the value. The barren soil bears a valueless herbage called Indian grass. After a single dressing with the green marl, it spontaneously produces abundance of white clover. I was told that the New Jersey farmers have not yet settled the question, whether this white clover is a new creation, 111 produced by virtue of the wonder-working marl, or whether the seeds were previously latent in the earth. I need not say that the latter is the truth. The white clover is indigenous to the soil of Jersey. Instead of turnips, they are fond of raising the *rutabaga*, which resembles the parsnip in appearance. They praise it greatly, as good food for their stock. Rye and rye bread abound; the latter very moist and sweet.

The Jerseymen are famous for the rearing and fattening of stock. I saw two of their enormous beasts, which were displayed in Philadelphia as a show. One of them was stated to be of the weight 4012 lbs. the other of 4005 lbs. and I was assured that 3500 dollars had been given for the pair. But I presume that all these figures may have been somewhat exaggerated. Certainly I never saw such bullocks in England.

Some of the sandy plains of this state are covered with pines. These are supposed to have a very salubrious influence on the atmosphere; and at one place, among the woods, comfortable accommodation is provided for invalids—especially those whose lungs are affected. This is a common resort for the Philadelphians, and others, during the summer. There are also large swamps in some parts of Jersey, covered with the native white cedar.

Library of Congress

This is a very valuable tree, and the posts and railings which are made of its wood, are said to last even a hundred years.

My companion informed me that the large black snake is still common; it bites, and sometimes winds somewhat fearfully round the limbs of those who approach it, but it has no poison. The water-snake is also found in the ditches, grows at times to the size of a man's arm, and is said to be poisonous, but not fatally so. I was engaged one day, in one of the woods, in the vain pursuit of some variegated lizards, from six to eight inches long—black spots on a basis of pale brown—the eyes bright and lively. I also observed, in the course of this excursion, the meadow blackbird, with a patch of bright orange in each wing; the cat-bird, of a blueish grey; the wood-robin, (a thrush) of a fine yellowish brown, with a long tail; and the Baltimore oriole, of splendid orange breast and sides (called here the goldfinch). All these are songsters, and their notes are sweet, but shorter and less melodious than those of our own singing birds. The female of the last-mentioned bird hangs her nest on the branches of trees, curiously attaching it with any threads or fibres which she may be able to pick up. I also remarked a handsome upland snipe which inhabits the corn-fields, like our landrails; and the king-bird, of mixed black and white plumage, of the size of a thrush, which mocks the hawks, and asserts its dominion over all the feathered tribes.

The towns of New Jersey, though none of them very large, are numerous; and several of them wear the appearance of considerable comfort and prosperity. At different times during my stay in America, I passed through Newark, on the Hackensack river, a well-built populous place, noted for its manufactory of carriages, harness, hats, and shoes. I also visited Trenton, on the Delaware, the seat of the legislature, where I had much satisfaction in visiting the state prison. It is formed and conducted on the same system as the eastern penitentiary of Philadelphia; it was under the close care of attentive and benevolent visitors. It is on the steady maintenance of such care that the prosperity of all prisons, and prisons of this description in particular, essentially depends. A person who had long been keeper of this prison, and was eminent for his qualifications for the

Library of Congress

office, was leaving it on the day of my visit. He was dismissed for the simple reason that he was somewhat of a marked politician, and the other party had just become dominant in the state. Party patronage in America is constantly made to apply to offices which ought to be held without the smallest reference to any such considerations. Who can tell the value of an intelligent, humane, and religious jailor? And who would not regret that such an one should be rejected or dismissed because the Whigs had beat the Democrats, or the Democrats the Whigs? Yet such is the law of party in America. Undoubtedly the same thing is too true in our own country; but by no means to the same extent.

On another occasion I visited the college of Princeton—chiefly under the care of the old school of Presbyterians. Several of the professors are eminent men in their respective lines, and there is, I believe, scarcely any institution of the kind in America, which bears a better character. Every facility was given me when I wished to hold a religious meeting with the students. About 200 of them attended, with the professors, and there seemed to be a prevalent feeling amongst them of the importance and value of sound, vital Christianity. I may give a similar account of the college belonging to the Dutch Reform church at New Brunswick, under the presidency of Dr. Milledollar. In that pleasant city of 6000 inhabitants, on the banks of the Rariton, I was received (as I had before been at Princeton) with the greatest hospitality, and the meeting held in the Dutch Reform church was large and interesting. This town affords a pleasing specimen of American *well-doing* in matters civil and religious. I was informed that the tradesmen of the place were making their living and saving money, and I saw no signs whatsoever of poverty. With regard to matters of a higher character, there are at New Brunswick, six commodious places of worship—one to each thousand of the inhabitants—all occupied by orthodox denominations of Christians, who seemed to be much intermingled in friendship and good fellowship. Dr. Milledollar gave me an affecting account of a tornado with which this place was visited a few years since. As he was looking from his window in the college (on a hill above the town) he perceived a pillar of vapour approaching, reaching from earth to sky, and with an appearance of fire within it—no doubt an electric formation. It whirled

Library of Congress

round and round, as it approached, with immense vehemence—passed through part of the town—tore up the trees, and demolished the houses—and at last travelled off in a new direction, and disappeared. Almost immediately after this frightful visitation, one of a much more genial character came upon the inhabitants of New Brunswick. It was the pouring forth of a spiritual influence, by which several hundred persons were brought, within a short space of time, from a worldly condition of mind, to decided seriousness in religion. It was one of the oft-mentioned *revivals*; and in this case, the experience of a few years subsequent to the event, had afforded substantial evidence that, with a few exceptions, the work of conversion was genuine. The pastors of the town had no reason to think that this extraordinary spiritual change was (under grace) the effect of the tornado. Yet the two events in their combination, afforded a practical commentary on the words of scripture, “Clouds and darkness are round about him; *righteousness and judgment* are the habitation of his throne.”

Our present excursion ended with a visit to a village-city which I shall (I trust) always remember with grateful and pleasurable feelings—I mean Burlington on the Delaware. This is indeed a pleasant spot. On the green bank of the noble stream, stands a row of villas which have a peculiar air of prettiness and polish; and the verdure, as the spring advances into summer, is delightful. The streets are wide and adorned with trees. The town is not distinguished for commercial advantages; but it affords a quiet and agreeable residence to many persons of retired habits. To me the pleasures of this spot were those of friendship. Often did I visit it, and as often did I there enjoy both intellectual and religious intercourse with many who are the objects of my love and esteem. In the immediate neighbourhood, there are some pleasant residences. Greatly should I enjoy introducing thee to W—, a lovely spot, laid out à l'Anglais, and inhabited by a family which could not fail to engage thy regard and affection; and to O—the agreeable country seat of a *Christian gentleman*, now in his 87th year, whose courteous demeanor, cheerful good-humour, and unfaded intellect, are rendered doubly delightful by the sunset glow of fervid religion. I have often heard the manners, the intellect, and the piety of Americans lightly

Library of Congress

spoken of; but most truly can I aver that not a few are the instances which I met with, among them, of finished politeness, acute intellect, and lively piety—all in combination. With this remark, which I can assure thee, is perfectly true, I will conclude this letter.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XI.

Earlham, 2nd month, 19th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

I will now proceed to describe some particulars of an excursion or two in Pennsylvania, which I may premise with the remark that the face of the country, on the respective banks of the Delaware, is very different; the advantage in point of beauty being decidedly in favour of Pennsylvania. The Jersey shore is sandy and flat; the other, comparatively fertile, and varied with hill and dale. The country about Philadelphia in particular, is gently undulating—wooded with a variety of timber, and adorned by the numerous summer residences of the more wealthy citizens. I was interested by the old villa of the Logans at German-town—a substantial brick mansion built in the English style of his day, by James Logan, the confidential secretary of William Penn, and the most effective of his helpers. There I was courteously received by its late owner Deborah Logan—an old lady remarkable for her poetic and literary taste, who had transcribed, in an elegant old-fashioned hand, many of the letters and other documents of William Penn's day, and had thrown no unimportant light on the antiquities 118 (as they may now be called) of this rising country. Her curious volumes have been presented to the Historical Society in Philadelphia. The house, over-shadowed by hemlock trees (a dark, lofty species of pine) and filled with antique furniture, has as much the air of the “olden time” as any thing one can find in America. The neighbouring village of German-town extends to a considerable

Library of Congress

length, consisting of pleasant houses on each side of a high road, encompassed with trees.

One of the prettiest places in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia is G—, the seat of a kind and intelligent Friend, under whose roof—shaded as it is with weeping willows, chesnuts, and other native trees—I sometimes found a delightful resting-place. I remember spending one morning in company with this Friend and some of his family, in a drive along the banks of the Schuylkill. It is a noble stream, and is found extremely convenient (as well as the Lehigh, another tributary of the Delaware) for the conveyance of the anthracite coal from the mines in the interior. The scenery through which I passed on this occasion, is wild and romantic, and I was charmed with the beauty of the red-blossomed Judas trees—with us a great rarity—but there, one of the profuse ornaments of uncultivated nature. The head waters both of the Schuylkill and Delaware, are said to present scenes of a most picturesque character; the distant highlands of Pennsylvania, out of which these rivers flow, being covered with the noble native forest. The people of this extensive state are still in possession of vast tracts of land, which have not yet been brought under the hand of the cultivator, and will probably add to the wealth and prosperity of a future era.

The friend to whom I have just alluded, kindly consented, after my return from New Jersey, to accompany me on a journey through parts of Pennsylvania; and about the middle of the 5th month (May) we set off in his easy comfortable wagon, on a round of visits to the meetings of Friends, in Lancaster, Chester, and Delaware counties—it being, at the same time, one of our objects to hold public meetings for worship with the inhabitants at large. The spring was now in all its vigour, and the apple orchards covered with white blossoms, amidst the general verdure, vied in beauty with the peach fields of Jersey. Woods of oak, hickory, and chesnut abound. But the country is *more* than sufficiently cleared, and is probably as well cultivated as any part of America. It is divided between arable land and pasture, and I was pleased to observe the rough angular palings generally called “the worm fence,” so usual in America, occasionally exchanged for the green thorn hedge. The grass grows abundantly; but, strange to say, it often becomes, under the summer heat,

Library of Congress

so unwholesome as to salivate the horses and cattle, for which no remedy has yet been discovered.

The wooded hills were at this time profusely adorned with the *calmia latifolia*, or mountain laurel, the exquisite white blossom of which, spotted with pink, and curiously folded and cut, is familiar to the English gardener. Another of our garden plants, the *azalia*, is here called the wild honeysuckle. The white and 120 pink varieties were then abounding in the woods. I also observed the blue *hepatica*, the dog-toothed violet, (I believe a kind of lily) the *sanguinaria* or blood root, which is used in medicine, and bears large white blossoms; and a true violet of a bright yellow colour, but scentless. One of the chief beauties of the forest, at this time of the year, is the *dog wood*, which looks remarkably gay as one travels through the green shade—being covered with large yellowish-white blossoms as they seem at a distance; but these, on a nearer examination, are found to be mere cups containing the small florets of the shrub. Still more ornamental, however, is the tulip tree, or American poplar (*Lilio-dendrum tulipiferum*). This tree grows to a great height, and is most luxuriant in its appearance when it bursts into greenness—the production of its leaves being by one of the most beautiful of nature's processes. The bud which contains the leaf is packed up and folded in a most curious manner, like a child's puzzle. In the course of the 6th month (June) the tree blossoms, and is then covered with *tulips*. The specimens of it, which are sometimes to be found in our English gardens, give but a faint idea of its native beauty and vigour in America.

The soil of the country through which I passed during this journey, is generally a kind of loam—in other parts, clay over limestone. It produces abundance of wheat, as well as of rye and Indian corn. Agates and blue beryls, crystalized like minature pillars of basalt, are among the minerals of the district; they were shown, me in a friend's cabinet. As we passed along we observed the little *salad bird*, black and yellow, 121 very active and sprightly in its habits; and the scarlet *taniger*, one of the most splendid of the wild birds of America, of the size of a small thrush, all of bright scarlet, except the wings, which are black; also the American *red-start*, of the size of a sparrow, orange and black-an agile

Library of Congress

bird, and a good songster. Near the dwelling of one of our friends, I remarked the greenish brown female of the Baltimore *oriole*, flying about her pendulous nest, which she had attached by threads, with the usual nicety and skill of her tribe, to the branch of a tall tree. The birds, in the more secluded parts of the country, are so little interrupted, that they seem to have scarcely any fear of man, and are therefore the more easily observed and admired. The humming birds were now beginning to make their appearance, ravishing the sweets of the azalias and other bell-shaped blossoms; but, the extreme rapidity of the motion of their wings, as they dart from flower to flower, generally prevents a satisfactory view of them. One of them, however, more considerate than the generality of his tribe, lighted on a pea stick in the garden of one of my friends, and continued there in quietness for nearly ten minutes, as if for the purpose of displaying his beauty to a stranger. It was a cock-bird, of a bright glossy green, with a blazing throat. Much more quickly evanescent was a garter snake, of a bright gold colour, variegated with black, of which I just caught a glimpse at the residence of another acquaintance, as the creature glided rapidly through the grass.

In the course of our drives, in this excursion, we caught a land tortoise, from 6 to 8 inches long—the 122 shell, orange and dark brown intermingled. These animals are common both in Pennsylvania and Jersey, and are said to live a hundred years. Sometimes one sees graven on their shells, the initials or names of the land owners of past generations, who have taken this method of transmitting their reputation to posterity.

I also observed a small species of tortoise, in the puddles and ponds by the road side; and the snapping turtle, an edible animal (so called from the peculiar motion of his jaws) inhabits the river of Pennsylvania, Jersey, and Delaware. I am little or nothing of a naturalist, but the variety of plants and animals which I met with, from day to day, was a constant source of recreation to me—a charm most agreeably mingled with graver pursuits, and in itself full of instruction.

Library of Congress

Often as I had to admire the natural beauties of American scenery, and to trace the constant improvement which is there taking, place in agriculture, I found the United States, including Pennsylvania itself, still lacking in the more polished charms of parks and gardens. The former are no where to be met with; and the latter are for the most part in a rough condition—luxuriant weeds predominating over the peas, lettuces, and other edible vegetables. Nothing is to be seen of the smooth-shaven lawn so ornamental in England, and very little of the gay flower bed. These defects naturally belong to a comparatively young country, where labour is dear; though they arise in part from the disposition so prevalent, among all classes of American citizens, to be always driving onward in pursuits of a more gainful and utilitarian character. 123 While honesty constrains these remarks, I am glad to be able to add that garden-cultivation is making a gradual progress among our transatlantic brethren. Amidst the general neglect, I saw many pleasing specimens of care; and the late horticultural shows at Philadelphia and Burlington, nearly rivalled those of our own country.

We held a public meeting at the pleasant town of West Chester, which is in the centre of a highly cultivated district; and in the evening took up our quarters at the house of some kind friends, at the little city of Wilmington, in the state of Delaware. This delectable place, as I thought it, stands near the south bank of the Delaware, upon a rising hill, on one side of which flows the Christiania, and on the other the Brandywine, two of the tributary streams which run into that magnificent river. The weather was lovely, and the sea breeze from the east, sweeping up the river, remarkably refreshing. Here we spent the First day of the week, and after having enjoyed a quiet meeting with our friends in the morning, attended an overflowing assembly in the evening, at the large meeting-house, now in possession of the Hicksite separatists who here proved a large majority. So extensive a departure from the sound principles of the Christian faith, was a subject of deep lamentation to the friends of divine truth. For myself, however, I was treated by this people with kindness. They offered no obstruction to our using the house; flocked in large numbers to the meeting, and listened with great attention—perhaps I might say with feeling—to those glorious truths of

Library of Congress

124 the gospel of Christ, which many of them, at the time of the division, had treated even with scorn and ridicule. I feel a hope that the attention which they thus gave to a stranger, was not altogether fruitless to themselves.

If the question is asked, how it came to pass, that the authors of this dangerous schism were able to lead away so large a number of followers (i. e. about one third of the Society of Friends in America) the answer is not difficult; for the mournful fact is explained by two circumstances—first, the extraordinary influence of individuals on communities of men, and particularly on religious bodies, which is one of the characteristics of America. This was pre-eminently the case with the late Elias Hicks, of Jericho in Long Island, who was a man of plain and simple habits; a pattern, as was supposed, of self-denial; and at one time a zealous preacher of the truth. He was admired and beloved by thousands; and being thus placed in an elevated position, gradually imbibed those false views of religion which flatter the natural pride of man's heart; rejected the Saviour who bought him; and became dogmatic and overbearing. His ministry, still eloquent, was now distinguished by bold asseverations, in opposition to some of the primary articles of Christian truth. His personal appearance and demeanour are said to have been highly imposing, and multitudes who were destitute of that knowledge which would have enabled them to detect his sophistries, bowed under his authority, and were carried away by the stream. The second point to which I alluded, as accounting for 125 this strange event, is *this very want of knowledge*. There can be no doubt that a careful, scriptural education had been grievously neglected before this heresy appeared. The consequence was that there was very little in the minds either of old or young people, which they could effectually oppose to the influence of error.

I am the more inclined now to make these remarks, because on our return from Wilmington to my. companion's pleasant residence at G—, we enjoyed the opportunity of visiting two institutions belonging to the society, which are eminently calculated to remedy this defect. The first is West-town school, which is situated in a healthy and beautiful part of Chester county. The landscape around it of woods, hills, valleys, and here and there a little stream, are quite enchanting. Here, about 250 of the children of Friends, of both

Library of Congress

sexes, receive, under the most judicious care, a guarded and religious education. The cultivation of the intellect was set at nought by Elias Hicks, who trusted implicitly to the strong powers of his mind, and defied useful literature. But here that object is steadily pursued on a somewhat higher scale, than in the public schools belonging to our body at Ackworth and Croydon. Above all, the Holy Scriptures are daily read, and the children instructed in their contents. I have every reason to believe, that the moral and religious influence of this institution. is at once powerful and extensive.

A drive of fifteen miles from West-town, across a “rolling” country of much picturesque beauty, brought us to Haverford, where there has been lately 126 established an academy, or rather college, for the education of an older and more opulent class of lads. Repeatedly, and always with great pleasure, did I visit this institution. At this time there were 70 boys and young men accommodated in the house, which was built for the purpose—pursuing a course of classical and scientific study, under well-qualified teachers. Each of them is provided with a neat little chamber to himself, in which may be found his bible, a few other books of his own selection, and the requisite articles of furniture. This separate lodging I hold to be a most important provision for the moral and religious welfare of the young people, as well as for their comfort. There was an appearance of order and sobriety to be observed in these young persons, accompanied by an obvious infusion of American independence, which pleased me greatly. A highly talented Friend on the spot, to whom they are greatly attached, devotes his time and mind to their moral and religious culture. In many of the young people whom I saw in different parts of the Union, after they had left this school, I was able clearly to trace the effects of that Christian care under which they had been placed at Haverford. The beauties of nature are not neglected here. The house, which stands on an eminence, is in the midst of a pleasure-ground, pleasantly laid out after the English fashion. The boys had just been raising among themselves and their friends, a purse of 2000 dollars, which has since been expended on an excellent conservatory. I look back on my visits to both of these seminaries, with

Library of Congress

peculiar gratification. 127 Long may they flourish for the intellectual and spiritual benefit of our young people!

The interesting little tour which I have now described, ended with a meeting at a sequestered and romantic spot (near the residence of my kind companion) called Merion; where, in a small select company, we were brought to feel the sweetness and strength of true Christian fellowship—"the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." After this meeting, I took leave of my friend and his family, returned to Philadelphia, and on the next day set off for New York.

Before I enter on this new scene of interest, I may just remark, that during my visits to Philadelphia, I was so much engaged in the pursuits of my own objects, that I had little opportunity of obtaining the acquaintance of many of her citizens, not connected with Friends, whom I should have been glad to know. I remember, however, with pleasure, a call which I received one day from Dr. Ludlow, the president of the literary and theological department of the university of Pennsylvania. He is a person of high character and superior parts; and the institution, under his care, as well as the corresponding medical department, is in good reputation. I also called at the laboratory of the celebrated Dr. Hare, who received me with great kindness, and much interested me by his conversation. Another day, at the table of a common friend, I met the aged Peter Duponceau, whose eminence as a lawyer is singularly combined with an intense love, and deep knowledge, of classical and oriental literature. He is 128 one of the few citizens of America, who has given up his time and mind to the profound study of languages; and has lately published an elaborate volume to prove that the general notion respecting the Chinese language (namely, that its written words or letters are so many pictures or hieroglyphics) is without a foundation in truth. The flowing grey hair, beaming eye, mild yet expressive countenance, and sprightly conversation, of this literary veteran, are peculiarly striking.

I am inclined to mention one more circumstance, which afforded me considerable pleasure during my stay at Philadelphia. It was a visit to the president and directors of the

Library of Congress

Pennsylvania bank of the United States. All commercial men, of course, understand that this is no longer a national concern, but only an extensive joint-stock company, subject to the laws and government of the state of Pennsylvania. I was introduced by a most respectable citizen of Philadelphia, who had been a member of the board, when the bank was national; and was very politely received by the well-known Nicholas Biddle and his associates. Banker though I am, our conversation was not upon banking; but on a variety of topics connected with my travels in America, and the impressions which had been made on my mind in the course of my journeying. I was much pleased with the easy manners, and intelligent conversation of these gentlemen; and was, of course, quite ignorant of the dangerous financial operations which were then going on under their sanction. The suspension of their specie payments, which took place in the 129 winter of 1839, the vast fall in the price of their stock, and the general embarrassment and difficulty which was then experienced in the money-market (evils which are not yet removed) are matters of public notoriety. But the root of prosperity in America is deep and ramified; and, if the legislature will but fairly do its part, this important institution may yet recover its standing. Be that as it may, I have little doubt, that in due season commercial ease and prosperity will again be enjoyed in Philadelphia.

In the mean time it is a singular circumstance—one quite strange to the politics of England—that *banking* is the main question which divides the two great parties in the United States. Very often is it discussed, both in public and private, not in the cold calculating manner which appertains to such topics in this country, but with all the warmth and fire of party spirit. I was shocked and yet almost amused at the strange toast which, I was told, had been given, about this time, in a loose assemblage of persons in New England, importing that the country must now assuredly prosper, “because the *banks* and *Christianity* were on their last legs.” The Van Buren party are considered to be the opposers of the banks—the Whigs their defenders; and great is the virulence often expressed on this subject. The controversy probably arose from the celebrated act of the Jackson administration, which dissolved the connexion of the bank of the United States,

Library of Congress

with the Federal government; and. it has been prolonged in consequence of the withdrawal of the national funds from the state banks, and the plan set: on foot by President K 130 Van Buren, for the passing of the public monies through the hands of treasurers and sub-treasurers, appointed by the government itself.

Whether the abolition of the national charter of the bank of the United States was wise or otherwise, in a commercial point of view, is a subject on either side of which much plausible reasoning may be urged. To me it appears that the absence of such a central power, as a regulator of the circulation, exposes the monetary system of America to very serious difficulties. But there can be no doubt that politically it was, strictly speaking, a democratic measure, tending to weaken the hands of the Federal government, by severing its connection with the common pecuniary and commercial transactions of the country.

In the mean time I have no idea that the absurd folly which dictated the above-mentioned toast in a company of low infidels, has any place in the minds of the more respectable portion of the Van Buren party, any more than in those of the Whigs themselves, I presume that all persons of common information in America, as well as England, unite in the judgment, that banking, conducted on sound and legitimate principles, is absolutely essential as a means of facilitating trade. Still more settled is my belief, that by far the largest and most influential proportion of the American population, of both parties, would deprecate nothing so much, as to see "Christianity on its last legs."

For my own part, I heartily crave that a better understanding may soon take place between these two parties, which appeared to me to be divided by 131 accident, and by different views of certain eminent persons—each party having its own favourites—than by any grand diversity of principle; and that all may unite in removing from America that stain of national guilt which still rests upon her, because of slavery. If this blot be removed, America must prosper, morally, commercially, and politically.

I am, &c. &c. &c. K 2

LETTER XII.

Earlham, 2 nd month, 21 st, 1841.

My dear Friend,

On the 25th of the 5th month (May) I quitted Philadelphia for many months, and paid my first visit to New York. It seems strange that I should have been nearly a year in America without seeing its great emporium of commerce; but afterwards my acquaintance with that city, and many of its inhabitants, became intimate and familiar. The journey from Philadelphia, of about 100 miles, was the easy occupation of a morning. In company with one of the moving multitudes of America, I first took the steamboat, for 25 miles up the Delaware to Bordentown; then the railroad across the state of New Jersey, to Amboy on the sea coast; lastly, another steamboat, for a run of 30 miles along the narrow arm of the sea between the Jersey coast and Staten Island—until the noble bay at the head of which stands New York, burst upon our view.

Here the scene is truly magnificent. Gradually receding, on the right hand, are seen the wooded and hilly shores of Staten Island, adorned with several handsome white buildings—two of them marine hospitals; a third, a large hotel; besides many private 133 houses. At a greater distance, in the same direction, and bounding the whole scene, runs the low green shore of Long Island; on the left is seen the main land of New Jersey, which, in this part, has much of picturesque beauty; and immediately in front, on the south-west point of Manhattan Island, the city itself, with its many spires and 312,000 inhabitants. The scene is varied by three small islands which lie in different directions between the opening of the strait and the city. On Governor's Island, the principal of them, is erected an extensive circular fort. Manhattan Island, on which stands the city, is separated from Jersey by the Hudson river, flowing from the north—here four miles broad; from Long Island, by the east river, a narrow arm of the sea, in which vast numbers of ships are seen at anchor; and lastly, from the main land of the state to the north, by the Harlaem river, by which the East

Library of Congress

river and the Hudson are connected. The entrance into this land-locked expanse, from the Atlantic ocean, is through a strait called the Narrows, between Staten and Long Islands. There can be no doubt that this bay is one of the most beautiful in the world; nor can one conceive of a more commodious location for commercial purposes than that of New York. The East river, which opens into Long Island sound, affords an easy daily communication with the ports of New England. The Hudson conveys to the city the riches of the state of New York itself; and through the Narrows, the merchantmen of Europe find a safe and easy access to the Tyre of the western world.

134

At the south-west point of the city, facing the bay, stands the battery, which commands (in a precisely opposite direction to that which I have just described) an admirable view of the whole great picture. Here a broad public walk, under the shade of noble trees, affords the citizens, when weary with the labours of trade, an excellent opportunity of inhaling the fresh sea breezes. On our way from the battery to the hospitable quarters which were provided for me in this city, we passed through *Wall Street*, which is generally considered the most concentrated focus of commercial transactions in the world. It consists of innumerable offices, public and private, several in each house, and all of them conspicuously lettered on the outside. The whole money-dealing of New York is here brought into a very narrow compass of ground, and is in consequence transacted with peculiar quickness and facility. Prodigious sums are given for very small pieces of ground in this part of the city. The destructive effects of the late awful fire, which is said to have annihilated twenty millions of dollars in property, and which happened in the most populous and busy part of the town, are now no longer visible. Numerous streets of perfectly new houses are seen on every side, and although many of them are narrow, their general appearance is that of neatness, order, and thrift. The Broadway, three miles in length, leads to the higher parts of the town, where the streets and squares are airy and spacious; composed chiefly of the commodious residences of the monied aristocracy of the city. The handsome stone buildings of the State University, in Washington 135 square,

Library of Congress

are of modern Gothic architecture, and vie in appearance with the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge.

About the centre of the city, is an open wooded space, called the Park, in which stand the City Hall, the Post-office, and other public buildings. These have an imposing appearance; and when the New Exchange, in Wall street, is finished, it will be one of the most striking buildings in America; it is supported by vast pillars, which, with the rest of the edifice, are of fine granite.

The principal hotels, though of no particular beauty, are of enormous magnitude. They serve the purpose not only of inns, but of boarding houses for families—all for the most part uniting in the use of a common table. They are vast concerns, and have the reputation of being ably conducted; but surely this mode of life will gradually disappear, as wealth, education, and refinement, make progress in society.

The private houses, like those of Philadelphia, are generally of neat red brick-work, four stories high, besides the basement. This last in New York generally contains the dining-room; so that we descend to dinner, instead of going upstairs to the second story, which is the usual practice at Philadelphia. The drawing room, in both these cities, (with the hall on one side of it) usually occupies the whole of the first story, being divided into two by large folding doors. These apartments are often very spacious; and in many houses, the open stoves, with their unblazing anthracite coal, are now banished, and plain marble slabs, perforated for the passage of hot air, substituted in their room. Venetian blinds are seen at all the windows; and, in the summer months, are universally let down—for the New Yorkers, as well as the Philadelphians, are lovers of shade in their houses, in hot weather, *even to darkness*. The flights of steps at the front doors, of a reddish brown sandstone (brought in large quantities down the Hudson) have a remarkably handsome appearance. Sometimes they are to be seen, at every successive door, along an extensive street. New York has the advantage of Philadelphia, in the beauty of the places of public worship, many of which have lofty spires—some of wood, but generally

Library of Congress

of stone. Those of the Episcopal church are, in this city, pre-eminent for architectural beauty; but generally speaking, in this state, as well as New England, the steeples of the Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, &c. are all equally aspiring.

Eager and active is the population of this city. It is impossible not to be struck with the mien and manner of the people as one meets them on the side pavements of the street; so different from the slow gait, and easy appearance of the Philadelphians. As in London, so here, every one seems occupied by business of importance to himself—every one in rapid pursuit of his object. The personal appearance of the New Yorkers is also peculiar. They are generally slender and pale, and one does not often meet the robust form and ruddy visage, to which we are accustomed in England.

The time of the yearly meeting for this state was come; and Friends were collecting in considerable 137 numbers, not only from the immediate vicinity of the city, but from distant parts of the country; and more than a few, from Canada. The followers of Elias Hicks, however, are here the more numerous body, and have taken possession of the large old meeting-houses belonging to Friends. They were holding their yearly meeting simultaneously; and as they have the same appearance in point of attire with the body from which they separated, the city to all appearance was much thronged by Friends. Our own meeting was composed of about 1000 persons, men and women, and was very agreeably conducted—the members being much united in their endeavours to maintain the cause of sound and primitive Christianity.

There are two large buildings in New York which may be hired for public meetings either of a philanthropic or religious character—the Tabernacle in Broadway, which is large enough to contain 4000 people; and an old theatre, now converted into a chapel, in Chatham street, which is said to hold more than 3000. Meetings for worship were appointed, at my request, in each of these buildings successively. These were attended by a multitude of Hicksites, as well as Friends and persons of other denominations; and we had reason to believe that the doctrines of Christianity, as plainly unfolded in the New Testament,

Library of Congress

were then listened to with attention and good-will, by many who had been accustomed to neglect or oppose them. I have no doubt that religion, under various administrations, is bearing with great force, on the stirring and intelligent population 138 of this great city. The Episcopalians, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, and the Baptists, are all of them vigorous; and the attendance on places of public worship is much larger in proportion (as I have every reason to believe) than in the generality of our own cities. On the other hand, lawless infidelity is rampant amongst many. Fanny Wright, and other persons of that description, give public lectures, without reserve, on deism and atheism; and liberty is degraded into licentiousness, among multitudes of low Irish and other uneducated persons. Commerce, in the mean time, exerts a prodigious sway, and the pursuit of gain is the regular daily occupation of almost every body. But on this free and bustling arena, Christianity is, in my opinion, lifting up her voice on high, with increased and increasing efficacy.

The state of New York, an independent republic of upwards Of 2,000,000 of people, imposes no taxes of any kind. The celebrated Erie canal, 360 miles in length, formed under the auspices of the late governor De Witt Clinton, connects the river Hudson with lake Erie, and not only affords immense facilities both to commerce and agriculture, but yields the state an annual profit of more than 700,000 dollars; and this in itself forms a sufficient revenue. I was informed that the salaries of all the public officers amount only to 66,000 dollars per annum. The state is divided into upwards of 10,000 educational districts, in which more than 500,000 young persons receive an elementary education, free of expense—being at school, on an average, for eight months during the year. These schools are supported, 139 partly by the funds of the state, and partly by local rates. They probably form, as a whole, the most generalized machinery for popular education to be met with in any country in the world.

There is only one point connected with these schools, in which a large proportion of them differ from the British free schools in England. It is that neither the Scriptures themselves, nor extracts from them, are used as daily reading lessons. I consider this to be a

Library of Congress

lamentable defect, and one which can scarcely fail to be injurious in its consequences. Happily the exception does not apply to the schools in the city itself, which are ably superintended by a committee of gentlemen, and are conducted, as all such institutions ought to be, on the basis of Scripture.

Here I may just remark, that the friends of education in New York were much indebted to the late Joseph Lancaster, whose invention they adopted, and who assisted them very materially in the formation of their schools. I often saw him while I was in America, and much regretted that his want of care and prudence was so constantly involving him in difficulties. In the autumn of 1838, he was repeatedly heard to say, that his work was finished, that he had now nothing left him to do but *to die*. Soon afterwards he was knocked down in the streets of New York by a runaway horse in a wagon, and died in a few days. Notwithstanding all his infirmities, there is reason to believe, that through the mercy of that divine Saviour in whom he trusted, his end was peace.

During the whole of my stay in America, New York, in a commercial point of view, was in a state of considerable depression. The enormous losses occasioned by the great fire, were by no means fully recovered; and, since that event, frequent conflagrations, to a less terrible extent, have taken place in the city. But the main cause of suffering was that unequalled course of speculation and gambling, chiefly connected with the cotton-market, which disgraced the mercantile annals both of England and America, in the years 1836 and 1837. The amount of accommodation-paper which was then in circulation between the two countries, probably formed a larger bubble than the world had ever before seen; and when it burst, in the spring of 1837, the desolation which it produced, in New York particularly, was extensive and overwhelming. One indication of the altered state of things, was afforded by the comparative prices of land in the immediate neighbourhood of this city. During the flood-tide of prosperity, large lots were purchased at Brooklyn, on the opposite side of the East river, and in other places near the city, in order to be laid out for houses and streets. Enormous prices were given; in many instances 2000 dollars for an acre. But now the delusion had been dissipated, the speculators in land were in distress,

Library of Congress

and it was found impossible to sell the subdivisions, from which vast profits had been expected, without incurring an equally formidable loss.

The plain English of the whole of this affair, is that the Americans, and especially the eager citizens of New York, are prone, in the pursuit of gain, to "go ahead" at far too swift a pace; and thus they are liable to the most appalling disappointments; but 141 give a little time, infuse a little patience, instil a little more of the sober and prudential qualities—and there is not the least doubt, that the energy of their native character, together with the inexhaustible resources of their country, will bring them into a state of prosperity, of which they need not, if they will not, be again deprived.

The island of Manhattan is twenty-one miles in length, and forms a county in itself. The city which now occupies its south-western extremity may be expected, with the growing prosperity of the country, gradually to spread over its surface. In the mean time, the handsome town of Brooklyn, containing some 40,000 inhabitants, has risen up on the Long island shore of the East river, immediately opposite to New York; and the perpetual plying of small steamers across the strait, serves all the purposes of a bridge, and turns the two cities into one. The view of New York and its harbour, from the heights of Brooklyn, is wonderfully fine—a remark which equally applies to the opposite prospect, from the hills of Hoboken on the Jersey shore of the Hudson. These are prospects calculated to fill the mind with large ideas both of the beauty of nature, and of the ceaseless energy of man. They are views, not only to admire, but to contemplate.

Of that energy, we have a remarkable example in the extraordinary works which are now in progress, for the purpose of conveying to New York the pure, salubrious waters of the Croton river, from a distance of forty miles to the north. The city, at present, is 142 by no means well supplied with water, and much that one drinks is inferior to that of Philadelphia. But should this vast undertaking happily succeed (which can only be at an enormous cost) there is reason to believe, that New York will be better supplied with this great necessary of life, than almost any city in the world.

Library of Congress

Every man, of whatsoever country, who has a head upon his shoulders, and who has resided a very few years in America (except only the poor coloured ones) is a citizen and a voter, both in New York state and Pennsylvania, without any respect whatsoever to the distinctions of property or education; and they vote by ballot. Whatsoever may be thought of this last provision, the universality of suffrage is found by experience to be *de trop*; and the more respectable classes have long begun to sicken of this fullness of democracy. Towards the close of 1838, the mob, under some passing political excitement, took absolute possession of the house of legislature of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg; and, for a few days, assumed the supreme government; but after having played their game to their own satisfaction, they at length dispersed, without doing any material injury.

It is an unhappy circumstance, that the mobility in America, especially the Irish emigrants, are implacably opposed to the people of colour, and follow up the prejudices entertained among their superiors, by acts of violence, when any sufficient excitement occurs. In New York state, a coloured man may vote when possessed of real property worth 250 dollars. This 143 provision, unequal as it is, is better than the total exclusion enacted in Pennsylvania. In the mean time, although the descendants of Africa of all grades of colour, are at present separated by an apparently impassable line from white society, there can be no doubt that they are gradually making progress, both in education, and in the acquirement of property. They have several meeting-houses in this city, and range chiefly with the Methodists; and lamentable as it is that their children should be excluded from the public charity schools to which the whites resort, it is some consolation, that separate schools are open for them in this city, at the public expense.

After having attended the yearly meeting, and held those meetings with the people at large, to which I have alluded, I was accompanied by four of my friends, on an excursion to the city of Albany, on the west bank of the Hudson, and the seat of the legislature. It was a voyage up that delightful river, of 160 miles, and lasted twelve hours, from seven in the morning, to the same hour in the evening. The steam-boat which conveyed us was

Library of Congress

large and commodious—the upper deck a place of promenading; or if one likes to sit, for sketching, or reading at ease. The company was as usual, perfectly civil, and the weather delightful. But what shall I tell thee of the scenery?

"Magnificent Hudson, I hail thy display, Of many a headland, and many a bay, And mountain with fordst impending, And villas of marble, that peep thro' the shade Of the deep-wooded glen, and the vast palisade, Of nature's own hewing and rending."

144

The river in most parts appears to be about a mile in breadth, but swells out, from time to time, into glorious bays. The depth of the water is so great and uniform, as to admit of navigation for 130 miles from New York, for vessels of considerable burthen, I believe for brigs which are often built at the city of Hudson, as whalers. Out-jutting points of wooded rock and hill are to be seen at almost every turn; with bright-looking villages on the banks, and ornamental houses among the trees, built of the marble which the prisoners work, in the pits of Sing-Sing. At this picturesque village, about 30 miles north of New York, and immediately on the east bank of the Hudson, stands one of the great Penitentiaries of the state, and presents an extensive front to the view of the voyager on the river.

The celebrated palisades are a long line of basaltic rocks, extending for several miles on the western bank, not very far from New York. They are not regularly crystallized in the usual form of basalt, but descend perpendicularly into the water, having the appearance of being split into stripes—wonderfully even, and of very considerable height. About 50 miles from the city the river becomes comparatively narrow, and runs, for 12 miles, through delightful mountain scenery—sometimes however, spreading into a Killarney-like lake, without any visible outlet—the whole scene being enlivened by numerous sloops with white sails, conveying the produce of a most fertile country, to the markets of New York. This district is called the Highlands. Just in the midst of it, on a lofty eminence, called West Point, 145 stands the national military college, which is backed by still loftier hills, and commands a variety of delightfully romantic views.

Library of Congress

After passing through these 12 miles of mountain scenery, we found ourselves in a bay of great breadth and beauty, on the west bank of which is the young city of Newbergh. Several miles further, the agreeable town of Pókeepsie, in Dutchess County, comes into view, on the eastern bank; and, after a further voyage, the city of Hudson, adorned with several steeples, and built on a height which descends precipitately into the water. This city is also on the eastern shore, and just opposite to it is a little American Athens, by no means destitute either of natural or artificial beauty. During this part of the voyage, the Catskill mountains on the west, covered with wood and rising to the height of 3000 feet, form a very interesting object; and one just catches a view of the celebrated "mountain house," that favourite resort of the lovers of nature—pitched, as it were by magic, on one of its peaks, in the midst of the native forest.

The approach to the city of Albany is very beautiful. It is a neat-looking town of 30,000 inhabitants, built on a rising ground on the western side of the river. The legislative and city halls—their domes covered with glittering tin—have quite an imposing appearance.

Here I was most kindly received by our mutually dear friend Dr. Sprague, the principal Presbyterian minister of the city—a person, as thou art well aware, of talent, learning, and piety. In his company we L 146 passed an interesting day. The morning was spent in viewing the scenery of the Hudson, from the neighbouring heights, and afterwards in a call at the house of the *Patroon*, Stephen Van Ranselaer. The respectable old gentleman was too ill to see us; and has since died, and been succeeded by his eldest son. We enjoyed inspecting the old English-like mansion, and trim, well-cultivated gardens; and were very kindly received by his wife and family. The *Patroon* may be described as a *Dutch Lord*, and is the only hereditary nobleman in America. In return for kindness shown to King Charles II, while he was an exile in Holland, the monarch, on his restoration, presented Van Ranselaer's ancestor with 20 miles square on the banks of the Hudson. The title and estate have since lineally descended from generation to generation; and although

Library of Congress

much of this territory has been sold or exchanged, the Patroon is still considered to be the wealthiest landed proprietor of the United States.

Dr. Sprague introduced me to several of the ministers of the city, who met us at dinner, and appeared to be persons both of intellect and piety. In this place, the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, and Baptist preachers seem all to be united in Christian friendship and fellowship. The afternoon was agreeably spent in the inspection of an admirable seminary, in which 300 young ladies receive an education considered to be quite equal to that bestowed on the stronger sex, in the generality of American colleges. I was surprised at the accuracy of knowledge which some of these young persons displayed 147 in answer to the questions addressed to them by their tutor. In the evening, a large and solemn meeting, after the manner of Friends, was held in Dr. Sprague's commodious meeting-house; and the assembled multitude seemed to be of one accord in the willing reception of those great doctrines, in which sound Christians, under every name, are substantially agreed.

Our friend Dr. Sprague has now, for several years, been a widower, and has experienced the blessings of vital religion in many an hour of solitude and distress. Early the next morning, we took an affectionate leave of him and his interesting children, and returned by the steam-boat of the day to New York.

I am, &c. &c. L 2

LETTER XIII.

Earlham, 2 nd month, 24 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

On the following day, in the company of a number of Friends, I took a large steam-boat for Newport, in "the island" of Rhode Island. Our object was to attend the yearly

Library of Congress

meeting of Friends for New England, which was then about to assemble at that place. We set off at five o'clock in the afternoon—the weather fine but windy—and under the bright beams of a clear evening, greatly enjoyed the view of the main land, on the left hand, and of Long Island on the right, as we passed rapidly up the East river. On the former shore are to be seen the penitentiary for the city of New York, a prison too well peopled, and although once regarded as a pattern, now somewhat in the rear of modern improvement; but I speak only from report, having had no opportunity to inspect it. In the same neighbourhood is the new lunatic asylum, a very handsome building of stone; and some of the gentlemen's houses, near the shore, approach to the magnificent.

The coast of Long Island has the aspect of greenness and cultivation, and is also diversified with pleasant residences. In a narrow part of the strait, 149 within a few miles of New York, the navigator has to steer through a rocky conflux of currents called Hurl-gate or Hell-gate. Our boat defied the whirlpool, and we soon found ourselves in Long Island sound, a noble expanse of water, which dilates to a breadth of twenty miles; the shores, on either side, being just visible. Dark clouds were now gathering over us, and the sky assumed a stormy appearance; so that it was unusually satisfactory to remember, that the God of his people is also the Lord of nature, “and holds the winds in his fist.” However the moon rose in great glory, and, as the sailors say, “scoffed away the clouds.” The night became exquisitely beautiful, and was spent partly on the quarter-deck in lively conversation, and partly in vain attempts to sleep. From the sound we passed into the open sea, and had no difficulty in weathering Point Judith, which from the meeting of currents is dangerous in rough weather. As the morning broke, we entered the beautiful bay of Narraganset, and landed in safety at our desired haven. I use the word safety with some stress, because I do not consider that the American steam-boats, although large and commodious, are exactly calculated for the open sea, especially by night. Very shortly afterwards, a fine new steam-boat called the Pulaski, on her way from Charleston to Norfolk, was destroyed by the bursting of her boiler, when about 200 persons were lost; and in the autumn of 1839, on the very same route by which we had now been going, the

Library of Congress

Lexington steamer took fire, and upwards of 150 passengers perished. Nevertheless, this voyage from New York to New England is a regular daily 150 business. It is 200 miles in length, and on this occasion lasted only thirteen hours.

Newport harbour is one of the finest on that side the Atlantic, and was the great naval station of the British, during the revolutionary war. The town, however, which contains about 9000 inhabitants, and is pleasantly situated on a sloping shore, has now but little commerce. The island of Rhode Island, on which it stands, is fifteen miles long, and three and a half broad, and is often called the garden of New England. It is a verdant spot of earth, well cultivated with different kinds of grain, though partly in pasture, and is much adorned with apple and cherry orchards; but these unhappily have, of late years, suffered greatly from the resistless warfare of insects. Much of the ground is rather lofty, so as to command delightful views of the sea on either side, and the air was, at this time, more delicious than I am able to describe. I thought it the perfection of climate. The thermometer was then standing at above 90° at New York, Philadelphia, and other places. But here, the warmth was tempered by the most salubrious sea-breezes. Well do I remember some of my country walks at this time, during the clear cool evenings, in company with intimate friends. The air was perfectly clear, and, when the sun was setting, the heavens seemed illuminated and dyed all round. The bright crimson melting into the brighter azure could not, as I thought, be rivalled on our side the Atlantic; except, as I suppose, in Italy.

We found a most comfortable lodging provided for us at a boarding-house kept by a female Friend, close 151 to the sea-coast; and a solitary rocky shore near at hand, afforded easy opportunities for bathing. The abundant table which was daily spread for us by our kind hostess, was distinguished by two articles which may be worth mentioning, as characteristic of the country. The one is the "black fish," which is caught here in abundance, and is remarkable for its agreeable flavour; it was our daily fare at breakfast, and is from one to three or four pounds in weight. The other is the soft moist bread of the

Library of Congress

country, made of a mixture of rye and Indian corn; it is quite sweet, and is considered to be a very wholesome diet.

In a meadow near our lodgings, I observed in one of my solitary wanderings, the little private burying-place of the *Dyer* family. Mary Dyer was one of the three Friends who were hanged at Boston in the days of Sir John Endicott's persecutions; not long after the first settlement of Massachusetts. The Nonconformists, who there found refuge from persecutors at home, soon forgot the principles for which they had been pleading; forbade any Quaker to enter the province on pain of death, and actually hung this poor martyr, and two of her brethren, who, in spite of the iniquitous law, were emboldened to visit that part of the country on a gospel errand. They met their death with perfect composure, and even with gladness. The story is current in America, that no wheat will grow on the place of their execution. I mention the circumstance because it was often told me, but I presume that it may be accounted for by other than supernatural causes.

The "Quaker great meeting," as it is called in the 152 neighbourhood, is the most marked annual event which occurs on this peaceful island, and great was the multitude of all sorts of people, who flocked to the large old meeting-house, on the First day of the week; as well as to another place of the kind, open at the same time, in the sequestered village of Portsmouth, a few miles distant. We were at Portsmouth in the morning, and at Newport in the afternoon. At the latter place about 2000 people were present; and amidst so great a diversity of names and sects, it was not, I hope, unsuitably that we were reminded of our Lord's words, "One is your master, even Christ." The meetings for discipline occupied several succeeding days, and the Friends in attendance being accommodated at large boarding-houses, the evenings were spent at one of these places after another, in pleasant and profitable communication with numerous companies of young people. Energy, good sense, and intelligence, with quick susceptibility of feeling, and a determined perseverance in the pursuit of their objects, are some of the marked characteristics of the citizens of New England; and we may observe amongst them a greater degree of bodily vigour than is often seen in other parts of America. It was delightful to observe

Library of Congress

the eagerness with which these simple-hearted young people received such familiar information and instruction as their visitors were able to communicate. The warm affections of the heart seem to form in them an invaluable counterpoise to *Yankee independence*. I have already hinted that the New Englanders are the only true Yankees—the name having been given to them by 153 the Indians. My young friends seemed willing to accept the plain hints of an Englishman, that the independence to which I have alluded is not without its dangers and temptations—that it pre-eminently requires the remedial discipline of the cross of Christ.

On the 5th morning of its session, the yearly meeting, which was somewhat larger than that of New York, was brought to its conclusion in peaceful solemnity; and in company with a beloved friend and brother, to whose affectionate attentions I am deeply indebted, I then undertook a long journey, for the purpose of visiting the Society of Friends, and of holding meetings with the people at large, in the several states of New England. These are six in number—Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine. Thou art aware that a yearly meeting of Friends consists of several Quarterly meetings; which latter are held every three months, being composed of the members of their constituent monthly meetings. It so happened that a series of these Quarterly assemblies were about to be held in succession, just at such times as would suit our convenience in gradually travelling northward; and thus we were furnished with a number of fixed points by which, in some measure, to regulate our journey.

At Newport I had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of Judge Story, who was presiding over the circuit court of the United States, then in session at that place. I called upon him at his lodgings, and was received with that easy urbanity which distinguishes the public men of America—no set of persons 154 can be more accessible to foreigners, than they are. His manners and appearance are remarkably lively, his conversation fluent, his information varied and extensive, and his legal lore almost unrivalled on that side the Atlantic. He invited me to take a seat by him on the bench; but although time did not allow of my accepting his offer, the short time which I spent in his court afforded me an evidence

Library of Congress

of his good sense and acuteness in his capacity of a judge. He was then engaged in trying a case of mutiny, which had occurred among the seamen of an American merchantman. We could not wait the issue of the trial.

Our first excursion was along the whole length of this beautiful little island, on our way to some settlements of Friends on the eastern main land of the state, from which the island is separated by a narrow arm of the sea. Over this inlet has been thrown one of those long wooden bridges, Supported by piles, which are so common in America—the land of timber.

On our way we paid our respects to another celebrated citizen of New England—Dr. Channing—who resides during the summer months in a sequestered villa, on this lovely island, belonging, I believe, to his wife's family. The place is embosomed in trees, and the garden is carefully laid out in green walks and flower-beds like those of England. He is a man of slender frame and small stature—his countenance as completely intellectual as any I know. His manners, in the first instance, appeared to me to be reserved, but he soon became free and animated when we conversed on the subject of slavery. Though he is classed among the Unitarians, having been for many years their favourite minister in Boston, I believe him to be no stranger to high devotional feeling; and most heartily do I desire that he may find his rest at last, in the "fulness which is in Christ." Every one knows that his pen is distinguished for felicitous vigour. His expressive portraits of John Milton and Napoleon Buonaparte are well known in this country; and his useful little work on the internal evidences of Christianity, might lead one to suppose that the leaning of his mind is in favour of evangelical truth. His pamphlets on slavery, on the annexation of Texas to the Union, and now, lastly, on emancipation, are full of just sentiments, expressed in a most lively, pointed, and spirited style. Our intercourse on this occasion was short, but was very agreeably renewed after my return from the West Indies. I then spent a long evening with him and his amiable wife and family, greatly to my enjoyment. On theological subjects I thought it best not to touch; but he listened to my story of the West Indies with the deepest

Library of Congress

attention; and, on whatsoever other topic we may differ, I have the satisfaction of knowing that we are perfectly one in sentiment on the subject of slavery.

On both sides of the inlet of the sea to which I have alluded, the land is strown in great abundance with a bony fish, of a blueish colour, here called the Manhaden, about the size of a herring. It is caught in immense quantities on these coasts, and is used chiefly for manure. We found the effluvia to be no luxury; but it is said not to be unwholesome, 156 and such is the virtue of this manure, that great crops of white clover are obtained by it on parts of the land, which in their own nature are stony and barren. During the whole of this drive the sea views presented to us at every turn were enchanting; and I well remember the enjoyment which I experienced in a long ramble among the hilly woods, interspersed with granite rocks, on the shore of the main land opposite to the island. Some young people who were my companions, busied themselves in gathering the wild flowers of the district, for my amusement. Amongst them were the Arethusa, of a beautiful red colour, and expanding like a small lily, but I believe of the orchis tribe; a fine yellow cistus; the blue lupin; the yellow star of Bethlehem; the pink columbine; the blue iris; and a small red species of calmia, called the sheep laurel, which is very destructive to the flocks. We also gathered a sweet-scented fern; and my companions showed me the bay-berry bush. This shrub bears a waxy berry, of which the Americans make excellent candles. One of the most remarkable animals of this district is a leaping frog with very long hind legs, the body of a bright green and gold colour. Quails are common here, and at this season of the year, their melodious cry, which seems to articulate the words "bob white," is heard almost perpetually. Some of the birds which frequent the coast are also well worthy of observation, particularly the small mackerel gull, extremely taper and delicate, and the most elegant of flyers. On the sands, I remarked pale yellow birds, like sand-pipers in shape, and not much bigger than sparrows; running about in large 157 numbers, regardless of man, and with the greatest agility. As a general remark with respect to the productions of nature in America, I was brought to the conclusion that the fruits have less flavour, the flowers less fragrance, and the birds less song, than in our own country. On

Library of Congress

the other hand the eye is more gratified with fine colours than it is here—a remark which particularly applies to birds, flowers, and skies. To these may be added the butterflies, which in New England particularly are large, and some of them distinguished for gaiety. One of a deep orange, and another yellow with black spots, attracted my attention; nor ought I to forget the fire-flies, which float about during the dark evenings like little stars or meteors. I understand that they are very small beetles. But, bright as they are, they by no means equal those which I afterwards observed in Jamaica.

Having completed our short excursion to the east-ward, we returned to Newport, held one more meeting with our friends in that town and neighbourhood, and early the next morning took our leave of that delightful centre of sea breezes, in health and peace.¹

1 FAREWELL TO RHODE ISLAND.

A long farewell to the verdant isle Where the corn-fields wave and the pastures smile,
And the greenings load the orchard now, And the cherry bends her blushing bough, And
the bread is brown, and soft, and sweet, Without one particle of wheat, And fishes from
the bright blue sea, Strewn o'er the furrow and the lea, Amply repay the boatman's toil,
And fructify the fattening soil, And the golden oriole hangs her nest, And the robin swells
his ruby breast, And floating fowls the deep explore, And sports the surge on the circling
shore, Where smooth the sands and level the space That lure the steed to a flying pace,
And health from many a fountain flows, And childhood wears on her cheek the rose, And
thrive the strong, and bloom the fair, And breathes the soft salubrious air, And sparkles
many a vivid eye Beneath the crimson canopy, When the western skies with glory glow
And o'er the east their radiance throw, And, kindled in the Saviour's name, Friendship
emits a steady flame, And Christian love abroad is shed, And blessings are poured on the
pilgrim's head— I weep, for I hear the signal bell, Rhode Island, I bid thee a long farewell!

158

Library of Congress

We were now moving westward; and, in order to reach the main land of the state in that direction, had to pass over the Bay of Narraganset by two ferries, each of three miles length—the small Island of Conanicut lying between them. A meeting of Friends was settled on this Island, about a hundred years ago, by some eminent preacher; but now there is only a small remnant left. I well remember the pleasure which I derived from a passing visit there, to an aged female on the couch of infirmity, whose lively hope and fervent piety afforded a plain proof that in the absence of external religious advantages, divine grace may yet be predominant. A green old age, in a religious sense of the term, was a spectacle which I often enjoyed in the course of my travels in America.

As we passed along by slow stages from meeting to meeting, through a rough and unproductive country, but one by no means destitute of picturesque beauty, I was pleased with the simple and hardy appearance of the people. Some of their habits are curious enough.

159

Women of the middling class, even among Friends, wear necklaces of heavy gold beads, which have, I believe, descended from generation to generation. I suspect that they are considered to have some advantageous physical or medical properties; and for the same reason, I suppose, men in plain clothes, are often to be seen wearing little gold earrings. Simplicity, industry, and good sense, are the characteristics of the people.

We held meetings at the manufacturing town of Greenwich, on the western coast of the bay, where the failure of an extensive house had produced a temporary desolation; after which a long stage brought us to Providence. This pleasant city is built on seven undulating hills at the head of the bay, and on the banks of a river of the same name. The views of the bay, from the upper part of the town, are peculiarly lovely. The houses are chiefly of frame, neatly painted white, and the streets, interspersed with fine elms and other trees, looked clean and agreeable. The churches and meeting-houses are large and handsome, and here again the voluntary system seems to be working very

Library of Congress

advantageously. The ministers of the orthodox denominations are in good fellowship with one another, and their congregations are large. There is a body of Unitarians in the town, under the pastorship of a gentleman of talent and-benevolence: and the Universalists also have their meeting-house. But it is evident that the sounder forms of religion have there a decided predominance.

This result may be partly owing to the beneficial influence of Brown University, which is conducted by 160 professors of good religious principles, and superior intellectual endowments, under the presidency of Dr. Wayland. The president is himself in high reputation as a theologian and moral philosopher, and is evidently a person of true piety, as well as powerful talent. I regret that in his work on "Human Responsibility" he has published an argument against the abolition of slavery in the district of Columbia, on the ground of constitutional equity. I consider his view on the subject to be a mistaken one; but it is quite an error, in my opinion, to set him down, on that account, as an enemy to the cause of emancipation. In the progress of that cause he is sincerely interested; and no person in America appeared to be more delighted than the doctor, with the good accounts of the working of freedom, which I had the happiness to give on my return from the West Indies.

Amongst the hospitable inhabitants of this city, we spent a week of no common interest. The society there is at once polite and intellectual, and nothing could be more hearty than the reception which they gave to the Gospel message, which a stranger amongst them believed it to be his duty to deliver. An interesting meeting was held, by permission of the president, with the students in the college—160 in number—many of whom seemed to be under deep religious impression; and great was the multitude which flocked to the meetings, appointed for the public at large in a vast Baptist meeting-house. During a few engagements of this description, we were led to contemplate the great features of the Christian religion, in the 161 view of the glorious attributes of the Father of mercies, and of the respective offices of the Son and the Spirit. These points are clearly interwoven with each other, and may be said to constitute the fabric of Christian truth. The more they

Library of Congress

are examined in reverent dependence on Him who is the fountain of light, the more they will be found to consist with the purest conclusions of sound reason, and with the infinite perfections and absolute unity of the Supreme Being. Excuse these remarks—I am led into this train of reflection in the remembrance of a time when a remarkable evidence of the truth of these things, was afforded me by the joint and concurrent feeling of Christians—accustomed to a diversity of administration—who appeared, nevertheless, to be “all baptized by one Spirit unto one body”—all “made to drink of the same Spirit.”

One of the dearest *homes* which were furnished me in America, was at Providence. My host and hostess, who are persons of large property and influence, and decidedly religious character, dwell in a most comfortable mansion in the upper part of the city, surrounded by a well-cultivated garden, and overshadowed with trees; and they have also a villa in the country, near at hand, which they frequent almost daily. Their orchards are loaded with fruit; and their house is the scene of simple but liberal hospitality. I shall not forget my happy friendship with their young children; but I wish on the present occasion to offer a brief tribute to the memory of the eldest son of the family—a young man of 20, when I first knew him—full of health, energy, and generous M 162 feeling, and remarkable for an acute and even powerful intellect. He was engaged to a young Friend who was in every respect worthy of him; and when we first became acquainted (several months before my visit to Providence) he received with gladness the message of life and salvation. I now found him much advanced in his religious course, but afflicted most unexpectedly with inflammatory rheumatism, and greatly weakened and undermined in health. I cannot forget his unwearied and affectionate attentions to me, notwithstanding his sickness; and I fondly hoped that he would yet recover, and live to adorn his appointed station in the church and the world—but perfect wisdom ordained otherwise. A few months afterwards, his health had fallen to a still lower point of infirmity; his heart was affected by the disease; and one morning, after a single gentle sigh, he suddenly expired. Though very young, he was extensively known, and beloved by all who knew him. The grief of his family and friends

Library of Congress

was inexpressible; but we were all consoled by the assurance that his faith and his virtue had now resulted in perfect and eternal happiness.

Our Society in this neighbourhood, though not very large, contains many valuable and interesting members—amongst others a “beloved physician,” the favourite practitioner of the city, and one of the ministers of our little church. In the immediate neighbourhood of the city, the Friends of New England have a well endowed seminary, in which from 60 to 100 boys and girls are comfortably boarded, and receive an excellent education. I was much pleased both with the literary and religious care under which they were placed. The building is large and commodious, on an elevated site—and the view from the top of it, of the bright clean-looking city, the blue bay, the rivers which flow into it, and the well-wooded country in full verdure—was one of the loveliest that I saw in America. On some of the streams there is considerable water power, and in the neighbouring village of Pawtucket, extensive cotton mills and manufactories are carried on with much order and success. Although the celebrated tariff on British manufactured goods (which once excited the warm indignation of South Carolina) is now so much lowered, and the manufacturers of New England are deprived in consequence of the protection which they formerly enjoyed, it was evident to me that these persons were substantially prosperous; and that as labour becomes cheaper they will gradually outstrip the English manufacturer in the American market.

Before I quit my record of these agreeable scenes, I must endeavour to do a little justice to that singularly comfortable little republic which had been lately under my notice—of course I mean that of Rhode Island. By the census of 1830, this state contained about 90,000 inhabitants, a number which now must be considerably increased. It is however, comparatively speaking, a small community, and the territory is also small. The soil is by no means particularly fruitful, and there is great room for improvement in the agriculture of the district. Although much of the land is interspersed with fragments of granite, and M 2 164 with woods which are picturesque rather than luxuriant, there can be no doubt that it might be greatly improved, were the attention of the people less directed to

Library of Congress

manufacture, and more to farming. The population is healthy, active, intelligent, and, I believe, moral; the government cheap and unpretending,—their king being paid only £100 per annum; taxation almost nothing; education general; literature cultivated, among the more refined classes, to no common extent; sound religion on the voluntary system, not only maintained, but diffusing itself with increasing energy; and law seldom overborne (as in some other parts of the Union) by that degraded liberty which defies control. I must acknowledge that the political condition of Rhode Island appeared to me to be highly respectable, and I scarcely know where one could find a community among whom—*cœteris paribus*—it would be more desirable to dwell. To a considerable extent these remarks would apply to the other states of New England, but perhaps not so fully. The account which I have given thee of this part of my travels, though certainly very favourable, is as far as I know, *impartial*.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XIV.

Earlham, 2 nd month, 27 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

Within a day or two of the close of the 6th month (June) 1838, we took our leave of our numerous kind friends at Providence, and were swiftly conveyed down the blue waters of Narraganset, 30 miles, to Falls River, a manufacturing town of 7000 inhabitants, on the eastern coast of the bay. It is pleasantly situated on a rising ground; and the water power, afforded by the falls of a small river which runs through it, sets many a cotton mill at work. It is evidently a rising and thriving place. At “candle-light,” as the Americans say, we held a meeting with the inhabitants in the new and commodious Friends' meeting-house. It was pretty well attended, though on the evening of a working day; and for ourselves, the comfortable dwelling of a hospitable member of the Society, afforded us every accommodation for board and lodging. Notwithstanding the great heat of the weather,

Library of Congress

we had been refreshed, after our labours at Providence, by our agreeable voyage; and the next morning enjoyed a long drive, through a rocky and wooded country, to another settlement of Friends in the little village of Newtown in 166 Massachusetts. There also we were engaged in a public meeting, and enjoyed, among some pious, simple-hearted people, the welcome of a cordial hospitality. In the afternoon we pursued our journey to New Bedford, a town on the southern coast of Massachusetts, of 11,000 inhabitants, admirably situated for commerce, and built on the brow of a hill which overlooks the sea. Many of the houses, in the upper part of the town, are built of stone, and form a series of as elegant residences as can be found any where in America. The weeping elm and other trees abound, and the place, as a whole, presents an uncommon scene of beauty and neatness.

The great expensiveness of some of the houses is the result of the commercial prosperity of the place—its inhabitants having grown rich on its principal trade—the South Sea whale fishery. Many a noble vessel leaves this port every year in the pursuit of the spermaceti whale, and many a story of adventurous exploits is brought back with the annual supplies of the oil and spermaceti. We were interested in observing the process by which the spermaceti is prepared for candles. Another article frequently brought home in these vessels, for the amusement of the women who are left at home, is an amazing variety of the shells of the South Seas, of which many beautiful collections are to be seen in New Bedford.

On the day after our arrival, large meetings were held in the meeting-house belonging to our Society, which, in this place, forms an important part of the community. The attention paid to religion in New 167 Bedford is general, and the orthodox denominations form a large majority. There is, however, a considerable body both of Unitarians and Universalists. The former chiefly consist of the more refined and educated classes. They appeared to me to form, in Massachusetts, an aristocratic caste, quite as much as a religious sect; as if it was inconsistent with the claims of polished intellect, and especially with the functions of public life (to which many of them are devoted) to be trammelled

Library of Congress

with what *they* regard as the superstitions of orthodoxy. Universalism may be described as a sort of heretical Methodism, in which an appeal is made, with no small measure of zeal, to a less cultivated part of the community. I had reason to believe that many low free-thinkers were embraced in this sect; and I fear that the leading tenet on which they are accustomed to dwell, is spreading among the people. It is that the doctrine of eternal punishments forms no part of Christianity—that good, bad, and indifferent, will all be ultimately saved. Thus the scriptural view of human responsibility is dangerously undermined, and the foundation of Christian morals shaken. Amongst too many, the very notion of retributive justice in a world to come, seems to be discarded, and the evil passions of human nature are let loose in proportion. The diffusion of this line of sentiment is one of the worst features of the present state of society in New England. Yet I am by no means seriously alarmed on the subject. It was evident to me, as I journeyed along from city to city, and from village to village, that the phalanx of those who are attached to the sound principles of the 168 Christian faith is growing stronger; and that the various forms and degrees of infidelity, although in somewhat turbulent action, will never prevail.

Early in the week, in company with numerous friends, I set off on a steam-boat voyage of sixty miles, for the island of Nantucket, in which the Quarterly Meeting of Friends, in this district, was about to be held. We stopped on our way for a supply of fuel at Martha's Vineyard, an island of considerable size. Here a discovery has lately been made, at a depth of 40 feet underground, but of 100 feet above the level of the sea, of some saurian teeth, I believe fossilized; also of the undecayed teeth of sharks, which must, on a calculation of proportions, have been no less than 70 feet long. Martha's Vineyard presents no feature of beauty. This certainly maybe said of Nantucket also, which was once well wooded, but is now a region of sand, almost a dead level, and with scarcely a tree to be seen upon it. It is, however, partly covered with a light herbage, which sustains some thousands of sheep, and the mutton is said to be the best in America. The island is fifteen miles in length, and three and a half in breadth; and uninviting as its aspect is to the stranger, it is beloved with an almost romantic ardour, by the simple-hearted, hardy,

Library of Congress

and hospitable people to whom it is a home. Separated as they are by 60 miles of ocean from the inhabitants of the main land, they have preserved rather a singular simplicity of manners. The square open carts which form their only mode of conveyance, are exceedingly rough, but their houses are neat, cleanly, and comfortable. Notwithstanding 169 standing the awkward sand-bar, which runs across their harbour to the north of the island, and the dangerous shoals on the south, which have been the scene of many a destructive shipwreck, the industrious people of Nantucket have long carried on the whale fishery, to a great extent. Almost the whole of them live in one large town close by the harbour, and they have all the appearance of a contented and respectable community. In this town there are still to be found upwards of a hundred families of Friends. The whole population is 7000; and great was the willingness which they evinced, even on the working days of the week, to attend our public meetings for divine worship.

The-sword-fish is commonly caught here. I observed that it has no teeth; its skin is nearly black, and its sword portentous. This vast creature (often about 200 lbs. in weight) is here a favourite article of diet. Its meat furnished me with a breakfast, and tasted like delicate veal. When our religious engagements were concluded, we returned by the same conveyance to New Bedford, and highly agreeable was our voyage. The weather was warm and clear, and a brisk head wind, against which our steam-boat carried us along in triumph, fanned us to perfection. I was surrounded in the boat by a group of ingenuous young people, whose good sense and good humour could not fail to, add to my pleasure.

On our return, to New Bedford, a few days were passed in a succession of religious engagements in that town and its neighbourhood. One of these was 170 a meeting at a romantic spot in the country, called Aponagansett. Here, in former days, was one of the settlements of the Aborigines. It is surprising how completely the tribes which once hunted among the rocks and woods of New England, or fished upon her coast, have now disappeared from the whole face of the country. A few lingering remnants of them, indeed, are to be found in one or more of the states, especially Maine; but for the most part, no memorial of them is left, but certain names of places which are obviously Indian. These,

Library of Congress

amidst the curious medley of names which distinguish the geography of the United States, stand pre-eminent in point of elegance, and beauty of sound. The weather, at this time, and, indeed, during the whole of the summer of 1838, was extremely hot, the thermometer ranging from 80° to 90° in the shade. In Philadelphia it rose to 102°. The Americans themselves seemed much oppressed by this degree of heat. To me it was by no means disagreeable; for there is something stimulating in the clear atmosphere, and when the sea-breeze was blowing, the temperature was delightful. I cannot, however, be surprised that the health of the Americans often suffers from their own climate, when I remember the sudden and violent changes to which it is liable. During my journey, at this season, in Massachusetts, I observed that the foliage in a certain district, was completely destroyed, or rather dried into blackness. This singular effect was owing to the frost of a single night, and wherever the enemy had penetrated, not a tint of green was left.

171

I observed this circumstance, as I was traversing the south-eastern part of Massachusetts which ends in Cape Cod—the whole promontory, which is of considerable extent, being familiarly called “the Cape.” In this district, there are settlements of Friends at Falmouth, Sandwich, and Yarmouth. Early in the 7th month (July), my kind companion and I took our last leave of our many hospitable friends in New Bedford, and were conveyed in a steamer, to a small village on the southern coast of the Cape, called Wood's Hole. There we were met by a Friend, with my own wagon and faithful horses, which had helped me along for so many hundred miles in the west and south; and after having served another travelling minister in the interim, were now destined to accommodate us for a long journey to the north and the east. Our equipage was humble, and somewhat rough, but it served our purpose well; and as we proceeded, at no rapid pace, from meeting to meeting, we had abundant opportunities for observing the country, and communicating with the people. The former, on this promontory, has little beauty to the eye of an Englishman. The soil is much covered with low stunted wood and fragments of rock; but occasional strips of fertile land repay the toil of that minor portion of the people which is engaged in agriculture.

Library of Congress

In the course of our drive, I observed the “boblink,” a small kind of blackbird, with white head and wings, which is known by its lively chirp, its name being the imitation of the sound. It is common in most of the northern states. Locusts, with transparent 172 wings, and bodies of about an inch long, were flying about in every direction. I was assured by our intelligent guide, that these animals make their appearance every *seventeenth year*. This happened to be one of the years in question, but they were not numerous enough to make much impression on the vegetation.

I was informed that the inhabitants of “the Cape” were about 30,000 in number; their chief occupation is salt-making (from the sea water) and fishing. Though strangers to what we should call luxury, they are most independent folks, every man finding a comfortable dwelling in his *own* little white painted frame-house, and supporting himself and his family by his *own* labour. These people are greatly attached to their native soil, rough and barren as it is, and, as far as I could learn, they wanted for nothing. Schools and meeting-houses abound amongst them, and the tone of morals and religion is unquestionably favourable. Our Friends, at their three settlements, gave us the kindest reception; and we left “the Cape” under the agreeable impression, that, in this secluded district, destitute as it is of any thing like wealth, there is much of sobriety and substantial happiness. Heartily do I wish, that the peasantry of Great Britain and Ireland were as generally comfortable and virtuous as the sturdy inhabitants of Cape Cod.

From Sandwich, a pleasant little town on the north-western edge of “the Cape,” we set off on our journey of three days to Boston. On our way, we visited Plymouth, a sea-port town, celebrated in American history as the landing-place of the “pilgrim 173 fathers.” The stone, or rather sea-washed fragment of rock, on which they first set their feet, has been transferred from its original location, and is now placed in the centre of the town; it is surrounded by an iron railing, and bears the date of the event, A.D. 1620. Well would it have been if these fathers had steadily maintained, in their own conduct and government, those principles of equity, mercy, and peace, which they so warmly

Library of Congress

advocated when themselves suffering persecution in our own country. But irresponsible power is generally found to be too great a temptation even for the good. The pleasantly-situated town of Plymouth was once flourishing in a commercial point of view; but now it has the appearance of decay, which I understand to be owing to the formation of a sand bank, in front of the harbour.

From Plymouth, we drove to the sequestered village of Pembroke, where we found a small body of Friends; and were kindly welcomed at the house of an intelligent farmer, in the depth of country retirement, and under the shade of beautiful trees. The farmer, his wife, and little boy, “piloted” us to Boston, where we found accommodation at an excellent hotel, and spent several hours—proceeding in the evening, to the neighbouring town of Lynn.

The extreme heat which was then to be felt in the streets in Boston, formed a singular contrast to the equally intense, cold, generally experienced there in the winter. We climbed up to the top of the state house, and from this elevated position, enjoyed a magnificent view of the whole city and 174 neighbouring country. Immediately below us, lay the “common,” a large verdant space, left vacant for the health and recreation of the citizens, and adorned both with wood and water. The city, including this common, occupies the whole surface of a circular peninsula. The streets, though not very broad, are handsomely built. The population, now upwards of 90,000 in number, is actively devoted to trade, and the whole appearance of the place reminds one of London. Making allowance for the difference of size, the similarity between the two cities is striking. The safe and beautiful harbour of Boston, together with the sober and intelligent character of its inhabitants, may be said to ensure its continued and increasing prosperity. Close by the town is Bunker's Hill, where a monument is erected in commemoration of the victory which the Americans gained there, in the revolutionary war. In the suburb, which goes by the name of Charleston, is the state penitentiary, which is conducted, like those at Columbus, Sing-Sing, and Auburn, on the silent system—the prisoners working in companies. I much regretted that no opportunity offered for my visiting this prison; but from the statements

Library of Congress

which I have received, I conclude that it is one of the best specimens of the system which can be found in the United States.

Although I was obliged, on the present occasion, to curtail my visit to Boston, I returned repeatedly to that city, and once held a public meeting with the inhabitants, in a large building, which (like those already mentioned in New York) may be hired for any religious or philanthropic use. I remember I 175 was then led to plead very earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints—to dwell both on the evidences and the essential doctrines of the Christian religion.

A large proportion of the people of Boston are, by profession, Unitarians. Several individuals of this description, who live there, are personally known to me; and far indeed am I from any desire to underrate the moral worth and respectability which attach to their character. It is nevertheless cause for lamentation, that a view of religion which excludes several important and fundamental evangelical points, should be now prevalent, and fashionable, where, in the days of the early settlement of America, it was wholly unknown. Certain it is, that many of the more wealthy and polished inhabitants of Boston belong to this sect; but the orthodox part of the community is said, to be decidedly gaining ground; so that the proportion of the people, which ranges under the banner of sound religion, may be regarded as considerably enlarged.

The places of worship in this city, and, indeed, throughout the states of New England, both in town and country, are both numerous and large, and are unquestionably well attended by the population. The quiet appearance of Providence, Boston, and other towns, in these states, on the First day of the week, is remarkably satisfactory; and the only circumstance which changes the face of things, is not less gratifying—I mean the pouring forth of the mass of the population to and from their respective meeting houses. It is my decided judgment, that in this 176 highly important particular, New England, has on the whole, the decided advantage over the mother country.

Library of Congress

The state of Massachusetts, by the last census, contains a population of upwards of 700,000; and every 1200 inhabitants are represented by one member in the legislature. The result is a House of Commons somewhat larger than our own. Education is general throughout the state; the people are orderly, intelligent, and industrious, and for the most part, obedient to the sway of the laws. It cannot, indeed, be denied, that liberty in New England, is, in general, so well checked by the restraints of law, as seldom to degenerate into licentiousness.

Having made these remarks in favour of the constitutional fabric and general character of these states, I am bound in fairness to mention certain exceptions which may be deemed to have arisen, in part at least, from the democratic freedom here so entirely prevalent. The question of slavery has raised mobs in Boston, and other towns of New England, as well as in Philadelphia. The first public efforts of the abolition societies were met by violent attempts to put them down, wholly at variance with the good order of society, and even with the principles of democracy itself. On the other hand it must be confessed, that in the train of the abolition movements in New England, some dangerous sentiments have been advanced and advocated. I allude to the new-fashioned notions which have been of late so much in vogue respecting the rights of women, passive non-resistance, the immunity of children from punishment, and even the 177 equalization of property. On these different topics, there has arisen, of late years, an uncontrolled wildness of sentiment, which, were it to prevail, would soon be found to be utterly inconsistent with the most fundamental principles of civil, social, and domestic order. When male and female itinerant lecturers are heard declaring that women have in all respects the same civil and political rights and duties as the stronger sex—that no resistance ought to be made, even by peaceable legal proceedings, to the violence of the thief or the murderer—that no allegiance is due from the Christian to any civil government, whatsoever—that children are at liberty to follow their own courses, and that it is unlawful for a parent to punish them—that wives and husbands may lawfully separate, when they are weary of each other's society—and that the agrarian law of olden times ought now to remodel the whole affair of property—

Library of Congress

when all these anomalous ideas are let loose each in its turn on an imaginative public, one cannot but tremble in the view of the consequences. One is brought home more than ever to the conclusion, that “it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps,”—that, unless he comes under the restraining influence of Christian principle, the “imagination” of his heart will be “only evil continually” in the sight of God.

My consolation in reference to this subject lies in the quiet assurance that the tide of these notions has been, and will be met by the unbending ramparts of truth; will soon ebb, and gradually disappear. In the mean time it is of high importance that the N 178 genuine, and unadulterated cause of the abolition of slavery, should be steadily maintained by all who love the truth—that the ministers of religion should clear themselves from the stain of giving any countenance to the unrighteous system—and that all Christians should unite, with a temper at once firm and gentle, in the adoption of every fair method for promoting its immediate and entire extinction.

In the houses which I visited in New England, I seldom met with any kind of fermented liquor; and it was evident that the practice of abstaining from all such beverage was increasingly prevalent throughout the more thoughtful part of the community. The air in those regions is so stimulating, that I found little difficulty in falling into the general practice; and cordially did I, rejoice in the temperate habits which distinguish so large a proportion of the rising generation in America. But I confess I had no pleasure in observing the social cup of tea or coffee exchanged for the glass of cold water; and I was really grieved when I saw many fine young people, of both sexes, undermining their constitutions (as I believe) by resolutely restricting their diet to vegetables. It seems to be one of the favourite devices of the great adversary of mankind, to accompany every virtue with its shadow in caricature, for the purpose, I suppose, of turning the virtue itself into ridicule, and of thus diminishing its legitimate influence.

I am, &c. &c.

Library of Congress

LETTER XV.

Earlham, 3 rd month, 3 rd, 1841.

My dear Friend,

I can hardly think of any two places more dissimilar than Lynn in Norfolk, and Lynn in Massachusetts. The former, with its narrow streets and various remains of antiquity, I need not describe to thee. The latter is an extensive, airy, wide-spread town, containing, by the last census, 9000 inhabitants, and consisting of broad, open, unpaved streets, and neat frame houses, painted white. Weeping elms are to be seen here and there, and from the upper part of the town there is a noble view of the sea, and of the neighbouring rocky promontory, of Nahant. It is quite a charming place, and was rendered the more pleasant, by the comfortable home provided for us. I remember that the table of our kind host was abundantly supplied with a variety, of fish, and with the wild berries common in the neighbouring country—blackberries, blueberries, whortleberries, and raspberries—the last of excellent flavour, and all. refreshing under that warm sky, being usually eaten with milk.

Although the people of Lynn are partly supported by fishing, their chief occupation is the manufactory N 2 180 of ladies' shoes. Almost every body you meet or see, gentle or simple, is a shoemaker. If thou art desirous of being entirely rid of the notion that handicraft trades are not *gentlemanly*, go to America, and the delusion will soon be dispelled. In New England, especially, the ingenious mechanic, the worker in leather or cloth, the storekeeper and the farmer, all wear the upright front, and every man is a king to himself. When these potentates are brought under the dominion of the King of kings, all is well; but here alone lies the secret of their harmlessness and safety. Crime is rare in these parts, and were it not for some infusion of those wild sentiments to which I adverted in my last letter, the Lynn of Massachusetts might be considered a place much distinguished for sobriety and good order. The undesirable operation of these sentiments may often

Library of Congress

be traced in individual examples. In this neighbourhood I made my acquaintance with an interesting young woman, who was conducting a large school with admirable propriety and success. I thought it a sad change for the worse, when she forsook her important, though quiet station, and became an itinerant lecturer in the antislavery cause. She was soon engaged in controversy on the subject of the rights of women, wrote letters in the newspapers, and described herself as “the advocate of *truth in its keenness*.” I mention the circumstance not to disparage the individual, who was evidently acting under the impulse of an honest zeal, but simply as a specimen of the peculiar nature and effect of the spirit to which I have alluded. Truth in its sobriety, in its quietness, in the meekness and gentleness which becomes the Christian—yet not without the keenness which may be required on occasions—will, I hope, prevail over the extravagance of new opinions; and then I am persuaded the true welfare of our species will be effectually promoted in the world.

A domiciliary visit to Friends (of whom a hundred and thirty families are to be found in Lynn, and fifty in the neighbouring city of Salem) occupied my companion and myself for about three weeks—many hours being of course set apart for the attendance of the usual meetings, and of public assemblies for worship among the inhabitants at large. I well remember the daily pleasure which I enjoyed before breakfast, at Lynn, in the use of the cradle bath, as it was called by the people. It is a hollow in one of the rocks by the sea coast, which nature fills every day with fresh sea water. My walk to this bathing place was through a field of Indian corn, then in all the glory of its greenness, the verdure being interspersed with the vast yellow blossoms of the pumpkins, growing amongst the corn, and fine creeping specimens of the pink convolvulus major. The chief recommendation of my bath, however, was its perfect safety; for sharks are common on this coast, and not very long before my visit, one of them attacked a sailor who was paddling a little boat, dragged him into the water, and devoured his prey, before any assistance could be rendered.

Library of Congress

A few years before, a still more remarkable circumstance occurred on this coast, within sight of Nahant. It was the appearance of an animal nearly a hundred 182 feet long, playing on the surface of the water—I believe during several hours. As the story went, his shape was that of a serpent—the waving lines of his body being very perceptible. His head was like that of a horse, his colour black, his girth of the size of a barrel. The sailors went out in boats to harpoon him, but dared not execute their purpose; and I was informed that one boat actually passed over him by accident, when his form was seen below in the deeper waters. A multitude of men and women were assembled on the shore, as witnesses of this rare spectacle. Amongst these were some very sober and intelligent members of our own society, who repeatedly assured me that they watched the creature, observed his motions, marked his protruding head—in short that he was literally and truly the sea serpent. Whether their senses deceived them or not, I cannot pretend to decide, but it is a curious circumstance, that old Bishop Pontopedon of Norway, describes the same kind of animal in similar terms, declaring that its body was as big as a barrel, and his head like the head of a horse. For my own part, I see no good reason why such a creature should not be numbered among the wonders of the Lord in the deep.

To change the subject to one of a far different nature, it was at this period of my visit to America, that we received the doleful tidings of the forcible removal of the Cherokee nation (in number I believe, about 1500) from their reserved lands in Georgia, to the wild regions west of the Mississippi. There can be no doubt that these Indians had a perfect and absolute right to the soil on which they 183 dwelt, and which they had already brought into a state, of profitable cultivation; for this land—their own originally—had been appropriated to them by the Federal Government, with every possible solemnity of sanction. Georgia nevertheless decreed that they should either adopt her laws and constitution as their own, and thus surrender their nationality, or give up their lands, and go forth from the country into banishment. This decree was covered by the vain pretext of a treaty with the Cherokees, which was in its nature utterly fraudulent, but nevertheless received the sanction of the senate, and had now at last been carried into execution. The Cherokees

Library of Congress

persisted in avoiding any voluntary movement—they were forced from their homes by troops under the command of General Scott; and although there can be no doubt that the General conducted this work of iniquity with great skill and kindness large numbers of these afflicted people perished, during a long and difficult march into the far west. There, alas, this once peaceable community is torn by dissensions. Two violent parties have arisen among them—blood has already been shed; and it seems highly probable that the final issue of this series of wrongs will be the extermination of the tribe. It must I think be acknowledged by every fair observer that the cruel treatment of the Aborigines, in different parts of the world, is one of the foulest blots on the character of the nations of Christendom; nor can it be denied that by this blot both the English and Americans are deeply stained. In the present instance, the direct participation of Congress, as well as of the 184 legislature of Georgia, in the nefarious transaction, has converted the lawless rapacity of individuals into national crime. Can any one who watches the order of Providence, and believes in the righteousness of God, entertain a hope that *national crime* will for ever remain unpunished? The political secret of the mischief lies here—the federal government at the centre has but little power, and I fear but little will, to check any lawless movement on the part of individual state legislatures; and many of these, in their turn, are far too much at the beck of a licentious population, whose especial dislike is directed against Indians and negroes. In the mean time, an eager pursuit of their own pecuniary interest confirms this dislike, and carries it forward into acts of oppression, which the more enlightened part of the citizens of America deeply deplore.

The little promontory of Nahant is separated from Lynn by a sand-bank of about a mile in length; and, at low tide, the ride or drive across is pleasant and easy. Nahant itself is highly picturesque; some pains have lately been taken to plant it; and near its extremity are erected a large hotel, a convenient chapel, and some pleasant residences. But the beauty of Nahant is its rugged lofty cliff of porphyry rocks, which descends precipitously into the sea, and affords a variety of romantic scenery. Among these rocks, sea bathing is enjoyed in safety even by the women; and the place is the constant resort of the citizens of

Library of Congress

Boston, during the summer months. Here by the help of a daily steam-boat, they can enjoy frequent recreation in the midst of picturesque beauty and delightful sea breezes.

185

We spent a few days very agreeably to ourselves in the city of Salem, where we were again favoured with a comfortable abode in the lap of courteous hospitality. It is a city of 15,000 inhabitants, many of whom have grown rich on the East India and China trade, which is the principal pursuit of the merchants of the place. It is a well-built town, and the old elms and chesnuts, which wave their branches over the streets, afforded us a grateful shelter in the almost extreme heat. Here we pursued our family visits, until the whole engagement was brought to its conclusion. During the few days of our stay, we formed many agreeable acquaintances, and held several large public meetings. The Universalists have a considerable influence in the place.

In a large concluding meeting, the great principles of human responsibility, the awful sanctions which Christianity has imparted to her code of morals, and the immense importance of the practical application of the law of holiness, were points on which we were led to dwell, in much unison of feeling (as I believe) with a vast number of reflecting people who were present on the occasion.

Before we left Salem, we had the pleasure of inspecting the museum, which contains a rich collection of East Indian and other tropical rarities, contributed by the merchants and sailors of the place—no person being admitted a member of the institution, who has not sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, or Cape Horn.

From this city we “piloted” by several of our affectionate friends to Andover in Massachusetts, 186 celebrated as the seat of the largest, and I believe the best theological seminary in America. It is under the care of the Congregationalists, but open to Christians of every denomination. The appearance of the whole place is beautifully neat and rural, and one can scarcely conceive of a location better adapted to study. The

Library of Congress

President, Dr. Edwards, kindly appointed a meeting at my request, for the professors and students to be held in the evening. In the mean time, I enjoyed a leisure opportunity for communication with an individual whose acquaintance had been an object of my particular desire—I mean Moses Stuart, who has long acted as the professor of biblical literature in this seminary. I need scarcely say that his researches in this branch of study are almost unrivalled. His work on the Epistle to the Hebrews, in particular, is highly esteemed in this country, as well as in America. He is about 60 years of age, of a slender person, mild and most intelligent countenance, and remarkable simplicity and cordiality of manners. Great is the ease as well as kindness with which he pours forth his information for the benefit of his friends. We were sitting together, during the afternoon, under the shade of some fine elms in front of our hotel, and I trust I shall not weary thee by introducing a brief record of our conversation.

Knowing how deeply he was versed in German theological literature (somewhat more so than would be generally desirable) I asked him whether neology, among the learned Germans, was on the increase or decrease. *Stuart*. —“Decidedly decreasing. It is a curious circumstance that the profound researches of 187 their infidel. critics have led to the development of many facts which not only Confirm the divine authority of Scripture, but illustrate and establish an orthodox interpretation of its contents. Many valuable commentaries have been lately published in Germany, and in the right direction. To be sure, the Germans are prone to take occasional, flights into the air; they plod through the mud with intense diligence, and then by way of change, give wings to imaginative speculations. Their novels are the Arabian Nights' tales renewed; and their theology partakes of the same romance. Even the orthodox—of B—indulges in speculations on the creation, which amount almost to pantheism. The sternest fagging is a joyous thing to these Germans. One of their great scholars has lately produced the best of Greek lexicons. At the end of his work, he observes that he might then be expected to recur to the intense labours which he had undergone—the unrivalled tax upon his patience, &c.

Library of Congress

—but all that he could say with truth was, that, while engaged in the composition of his lexicon, he had been swimming, for 20 years, in an ocean of pleasure.;

“What dost thou think of the commentaries of Kuinoel and Rosenmuller, for the use or young, students?” *Stuart*. —“Young men require the judicious care of a good tutor in the use of these books, although, as you know, the writers are essentially orthodox. But, in giving instruction to my biblical students, I make use of no reserves—I freely inform them of the neological objections to Scripture, and explain how they are refuted.”

188

“Dost thou not find that the sceptical doubt sometimes lays hold of the mind instead of the answer to it?” *Stuart*. —“I find about one student in fifteen, who has five doubts to one reason; but on the whole my method answers well. However I am Careful to do no harm. I keep in view the precept of the American Dr. Bellamy—‘Never raise the devil unless you are sure you can lay him.’”

“What is thy opinion of Neander's Church History?” *Stuart*. —“He is a great writer, but not always perfectly sound in his views; for example, he denies the validity of the Christian sabbath. He unfolds his subjects with great exactness. My students in joke call him, Dr. Entwickolung—Doctor Developement.”

“Is Hebrew much studied in America?” *Stuart*. —“All the students at Andover, study both the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament as a matter of course. As an evidence of the attention paid by American theological students to Hebrew, my Hebrew grammar has passed through six editions. I have lately been engaged in a controversy with Dr. Norton, a Unitarian divine, who has published an excellent book on the genuineness of the four gospels; but pretends that the gospel of Matthew was originally written in Hebrew, and that the Greek is only a translation. I consider this notion to be disproved by the old Syriac version, which is now ascertained to have been made in the first century, or early in the second. I have lately compared it word by word with the Greek of the gospel of Matthew.

Library of Congress

The correspondence between the two, even as it relates to the smallest particles, is so exact, as to afford a demonstration that this translation 189 was made from the Greek as we now have it, and not from any supposed Hebrew copy. It was therefore the Greek and not a Hebrew Matthew, which was *current* in the church, in primitive times.”

“What part of Scripture is now occupying thy attention?” *Stuart*. —“I am now lecturing on the Apocalypse, which interests and delights me more than I can express.”

“I hope thou art not riding the hobby of unfulfilled prophecy?” *Stuart*. —“Not I, indeed, I have no taste for such speculations. Your converted Jew—was here some time since giving proofs, as he called them, from the Hebrew Scriptures, that the Jews were about to return in a body to repossess the lands of Canaan; and that Christ would come to reign over them there, in person, in the year 1860. Nothing could be more puerile and inconclusive than his arguments. I see nothing in Scripture to warrant the opinion, that our Saviour will come again to reign personally upon the earth.” “That truly,” I observed, “is a Jewish notion.” *Stuart*. —“With respect to the Revelation, it has been said by persons who wished to disparage its claims to genuineness, that there are no books of its peculiar style, which belong to the first century. This assertion is fallacious. The book of Enoch, the epistle of Barnabas, the shepherd of Hermas, the vision of Isaiah, with some other productions, are all of its class in point of style and construction, and were all written in the first century. Yet they all fall immeasurably below the Revelation, in weight and excellence. There is nothing, in my opinion, which more clearly evinces the apostolic origin of the 190 four gospels, than the comparison of those writings with the *spurious* gospels which followed them. Just so, the authenticity and scriptural character of the Apocalypse is plainly shown, by the comparison of its contents with those of the unspeakably inferior productions of the same kind, which were circulated even in the first century. The apostolic date of the book is capable of being proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. The only question which can fairly be raised respecting it, is whether it was composed by John the apostle, or by some other John. The majority of the German critics, even the orthodox ones, are for some other John; but, for my own part, I have no idea that there was any

Library of Congress

other John, in the first century, except the apostle, who could have addressed the seven churches of Asia, as they are addressed in the Apocalypse.”

“Art thou acquainted with Dr. Mede's work on the Revelation?” *Stuart*. —“Oh yes, I have him by me, but I consider Mede, and *id genus omne* , essentially mistaken in the plan of their exegesis. They attempt to explain every successive conflict, described in the book, as relating to some particular event in history; but I consider these descriptions *generic* — a succession of pictures, intended to represent that *one* great conflict between Christianity and its enemies, which will finally result in the absolute triumph of the religion of Jesus.”

The meeting in the evening was attended by the president, the professors, and upwards of a hundred young men. It was, to my feelings, an unusually critical occasion, for I found myself constrained to touch on science and literature, as well as religion. The extreme importance of holding the two former in strict subordination to the latter, was the subject impressed on my own mind. Great was the attention of our quiet and intellectual audience, and the meeting ended in solemn and refreshing silence.

On the following morning, we pursued our journey to Amherst, in New Hampshire—a small but pleasant country-town—where we held a public meeting in the evening, lodged at a small inn, and visited some of the people of the place in their own houses, particularly the congregational minister. He seemed to have the population as much under his own care, as if he had been an English parochial clergyman. We then pursued our journey to Weare, in the same state. Here, there are numerous members, and two meetings, of the society of Friends. The country through which we passed is hilly and well wooded. Lofty mountains were seen in the distance; but we did not come within sight of the White Mountains, which are 6000 feet high, and are a celebrated resort for the lovers of fine scenery. The woods of New Hampshire are exquisitely beautiful, the light green of the sugar maple being frequently contrasted with the sombre shades of the hemlock pine—both very attractive trees to the eye. The maple sugar is here made by the farmers, in large quantities, for their family uses, and is of a lighter colour than that of Ohio and Indiana. The *lobelia cardinalis* ,

Library of Congress

that most splendid of wild plants, was seen in abundance, by the sides of the rivulets. The rocks, like those of Massachusetts, are of igneous origin, generally granite.

192

New Hampshire is the land of mountain pastures; and the cattle, generally horned, and of a red colour, are remarkable for their size and beauty. After having held a meeting at Weare, and made the acquaintance of several interesting Friends, we spent a day, under their guidance, in an excursion to Concord, the capital of the state. It is a long unpaved town on the banks of the Merrimac river, a stream of much picturesque beauty. The streets are shaded with noble elms. The number of inhabitants is 5000. Some of them were unwilling to attend our public meeting for worship, under the apprehension, that we had come in the character of anti-slavery advocates. The place appeared to us to be peaceful enough; but George Thompson had here been exposed to considerable danger, and had been driven from the place by a pro-slavery mob. We were sorry to hear of a circumstance so disgraceful to New England. The state penitentiary at Concord is well managed on the silent system. We held a satisfactory meeting with the prisoners, who were about sixty in number—a very small proportion indeed of the whole population of the state, which is estimated at near 300,000.

We returned to Weare, where we spent the first day of the week among our numerous and simple-hearted friends; and the next morning commenced our journey back again to Lynn. We held public meetings with the people, on two successive evenings, at the busy manufacturing towns of Nashua and Lowell, both on the Merrimac. The latter is a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and seems very prosperous.

193

Here we were accommodated with the meeting-house of the Free-will Baptists, who are very liberal in their sentiments, and agree with Friends, in allowing the ministry of women. Both there and at Nashua, our service in the gospel met with a cordial reception.

Library of Congress

We had great satisfaction in visiting the factories of Lowell. Cotton-spinning and weaving are carried on in them to a great extent; and there is also a manufactory of carpets. The points which chiefly pleased me, were the neatness, order, and comfort of these establishments; in which respect, they form a strange contrast to many of those in Lancashire. I found no little children at work; the persons employed, are chiefly young women, who have as much the air of a decent independence as any one could desire. All of them were neatly attired, and not a few were wearing gold necklaces and earrings. They are said to make quite a grand appearance at their places of worship. Undesirable as this may be, it shows the prosperity of a young, unfettered country. They earn sixteen shillings per week, on an average, besides their board; and many of them raise a comfortable property.

In passing through Andover, as we returned, I again called on my friend, Moses Stuart, and again enjoyed some of his interesting and edifying conversation. I must not attempt to enter into the detail of this second conference; but I think it right to remark, that, during the whole of our intercourse, not a word fell from him which betrayed the least unsoundness in faith or principle; and certainly, he conversed without the smallest reserve. “What do O 194 you think,” said he, as I was about to leave him, “of the apostle's command, ‘Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations?’” I replied, that the passage appeared to me to enjoin Christian love, liberality, and *forbearance* towards those, whose religious sentiments do not precisely agree with our own. *Stuart*. —“Yes, that is my view. I love all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and am willing to receive them without disputation; especially when I see the fruit of obedience produced. This is the point to which I chiefly look.”

“And is not obedience the pathway to knowledge?” *Stuart*. —“Yes, surely; who does not know that our capacity for understanding truth, depends, in great measure, on our state of heart and feeling? Who, on any great financial question, would take counsel of a miser?”

Library of Congress

“Now, professor,” said I, “my carriage waits, and I must leave thee.” “Well,” he replied, as he shook me warmly by the hand, “you know there is but one Lord, one faith, one baptism.” “The baptism of the Holy Spirit, I presume.” *Stuart*. —“Yes, to be sure; I, for one, lay but little stress on any other.” Thus we parted, in much mutual affection. He is a person of singular brightness, and I have done him but little justice. But, in attempting to give thee some account of his own opinions, in his own words, I hope I have not been travelling out of my record.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XVI.

Earlham, 3 rd month, 8 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

It was now early in the 8th month (August), and Lynn continued to be our head-quarters for some time longer. One evening was spent in an interesting visit to Marblehead, a small but prosperous sea-port town, between Lynn and Salem, inhabited by several wealthy Chinese and East India merchants and sea-captains. These gentlemen seem to be living with much of the ease and comforts of refined society. One of them showed me a valuable collection which he had made of Chinese natural curiosities and works of art. An intelligent and attentive assembly crowded our public meeting in this place.

The next morning was the monthly meeting at Lynn—the assembly of our members for the purpose of discipline. Thou art aware, that to these subordinate meetings are intrusted the power and responsibility of carrying into execution the rules of the society, which the yearly meeting alone has the right to enact. About 150 men, and as many women, formed the respective assemblies on this occasion. I remember, that in the men's meeting, a lively discussion arose on a question by which the Friends of O 2 196 New England have been a good deal agitated—whether it was desirable, that the members of the society,

Library of Congress

and especially the young people, should join the public anti-slavery associations of the day; or whether it was not preferable, that Friends should pursue their own course of duty, in promoting the abolition of slavery, in their select capacity, as a distinct religious body. Several individuals very eagerly advocated a union with the public associations, but the generality were in favour of the more prudential line of conduct in this respect. Stranger as I was, I took no part in the discussion of this question, with which it did not appear to be my province to intermeddle; but I plainly saw, that it was one of considerable difficulty and perplexity. On the one hand, I was fully prepared to admit the rectitude of the general principle of the union of Christians of all denominations, in the pursuit of philanthropic objects which compromise the principles of none of them. On the other hand, it was impossible for me not to perceive, that the public movement, in this cause, was here intermingled with collateral points and circumstances, dangerous to the character of the Christian and the Friend. I believed, therefore, that it was my duty to call upon all present, to seek after that depth and maturity of religious experience, and that humility, meekness, and forbearance, in which alone, our most interesting concerns, whether public or private, can be rightly conducted. I also expressed on this, and on many similar occasions, a heartfelt solicitude that the difficulties which impeded the union of many Friends, 197 in the public abolition movement, might not lead them into any coolness or indifference of feeling, on a subject respecting which the society had so long borne a conspicuous Christian testimony—that all might be watchful to perform their religious duty in reference to this vital topic; and move forward in the cause of justice and mercy, as the Lord and Giver of truth might be pleased to guide them, and open their way.

We had now another important excursion in prospect. On the same evening, we drove to Boston, lodged at one of the hotels, and, early the following morning, took the railroad cars for Worcester, in Massachusetts—a rising town of 8000 inhabitants, forty miles west of the capital. In this flourishing and good-looking place (adorned, like other towns and villages in New England, with numerous weeping elms) and also at the neighbouring pleasant village of Leicester, we held public meetings with Friends and their neighbours,

Library of Congress

and again found ourselves in the midst of a community much alive to the subject of religion. The citizens of Worcester have established an antiquarian society, and have already formed a public library of 12,000 volumes. But by far the most important institution in the place, is the state lunatic asylum, which is, in every way, creditable to the republic of Massachusetts. The building is a noble one, very pleasantly situated on elevated ground, and in the midst of fine prospects. Here the improved system of management is carried out, nearly to its perfection. The patients, whether paupers or independent, are managed with uncommon kindness; 198 and nothing could be better, to all appearance, than the modes adopted of applying moral remedies to their disease. They ride out, cultivate the soil, apply themselves to music, and attend congregational worship. While they are individually treated as free citizens of the state, there is a power over them and round about them, which they cannot overcome or resist. Dr. Woodward, the superintendent, who kindly afforded us every facility of inspection, is a person of high reputation in his line. He assured us, that one-third of his patients, (and therefore I suppose of the insane in general) labour under no *delusion*, but are suffering from “moral insanity,” that is to say, some one affection of the mind has become so predominant, and out of its just proportion, as to be wholly beyond the control of reason. On this ground, he is of the judgment, that many persons who are punished as criminals, are, in fact, only maniacs, and are, therefore, morally irresponsible for their crimes. There can be no doubt, that there is some truth in this doctrine, but it is surely not without a very dangerous tendency.

There is no such thing in America as travelling by post; but the stage coaches which are made to contain nine persons within, and can be closed or open on each side as the travellers please, are commodious conveyances, especially in New England. They are for the most part admirably well horsed, and as to the drivers—they are gentlemen not only by name (after the usual American fashion) but in manner. I was often struck with the mixture in these persons, of a perfect independence with studied politeness. 199 On most of the principal roads an *extra* stage coach can be hired without difficulty. In this way we travelled much at our ease, 65 miles across a country of little beauty or fertility, from

Library of Congress

Worcester to Hartford, a city of 12,000 inhabitants in the state of Connecticut, and on the river of that name. It is by comparison an old town, and its public institutions are said to be well worth visiting. Being bound for Newhaven, however, we had no time to inspect them; and a crowded public coach conveyed us in the evening of the same day to the latter place. We passed through the prosperous looking village of Middletown on the same river, and arrived at New Haven on the sea coast of Long Island sound, late at night. The extreme darkness, illuminated ever and anon by the most vivid flashes of lightning (for we were in a violent thunder storm) rendered our route somewhat perilous; and when at last we arrived at the Tontine hotel, we found to our disappointment that not a bed was to be had. We were happy enough however at length to find accommodation at another inn in the town. It was the 7th day (Saturday), and late as was the hour, I called at the house of Dr. Jeremiah Day, the president of Yale College, with a letter of introduction from the Professor of Theology at Andover. I was anxious to hold a meeting with the young people of the University. The president had retired to rest, and his lady requested me, if I wished to make an arrangement with him, to call the next morning before the college prayers, which are at half-past five. Such are the wholesome early hours of the presidents and students of American colleges!

200

Accordingly at the appointed time, I presented myself to the president in his college rooms, and told him of my wish to hold a meeting with the students in the evening. He is an elderly gentleman of pleasing appearance and grave manners. I remembered that Connecticut had long been celebrated for a greater degree of puritanical strictness, than any other state of the Union; and did not feel sure that the application was the more acceptable, for coming from a minister of the Society of Friends. The Doctor however, after a little consideration, allowed the meeting to be appointed, and proposed that it should be held in the "theological chamber" at eight o'clock in the evening. In the mean time we were closely engaged during the day; our own meeting being held in the morning, with a few friends who met us from New York, in one of the chambers of the hotel; and the public being

Library of Congress

convened, at our request, at the Methodist meeting-house, in the afternoon. In the course of the day we called on Professor Silliman, whose assistance we needed, with respect to some of our arrangements for the evening. He lives in a beautiful spot on the outskirts of the city, where he received us with great cordiality. He is at the top of the tree of science in America, and has all the appearance of strong sense and ready talent—I thought he would class well with the Jamiesons, Whewells, and Sedgwicks of Great Britain. He is greatly beloved and respected by the students, and happily unites the two characters of the philosopher and the christian.

At the appointed hour we repaired, not without feelings of fear and diffidence, to the theological 201 chamber at the college, which was soon nearly filled with young men who came flocking to the meeting. The respectable president joined our company, which soon *gathered* into silence, and we were favoured with a time of great solemnity and refreshment. We were reminded of our Saviour's words, "One thing is needful." To lay hold of that one thing—to become possessed of the pearl of greatest price—seemed to be the desire of most, if not all present. At the conclusion of the meeting the students overflowed with kind feelings towards us; and if the president had appeared somewhat reserved in the morning, he did not now hesitate to express his cordial good will. His government of the college, which contains upwards of 400 students (it being the largest in America) is said to be distinguished for ability and prudence; and he is greatly respected by the young community under his care.

This university was founded in the year 1700, and has long maintained a high reputation. A religious care is evidently extended over the students. Most of the colleges in America may indeed be said to be under an evangelical influence; and the seriousness which prevails among the young men, in many of them, is one of America's best hopes. Christianity, indeed, is the grand conservative principle in these seminaries, as well as in American society at large, and affords the only sufficient remedy for those outbreaks of juvenile independence, which are of no unfrequent occurrence in these institutions. I had no opportunity of visiting Harvard University, at Cambridge, near Boston, which is

Library of Congress

the most ancient of any of 202 these institutions. This seminary was once remarkable for rigid Puritanism, but is now conducted almost exclusively by Unitarians. Its literary reputation is decidedly respectable. I may take the present opportunity of making a general remark on the literary standing of American colleges. The system of teaching is arranged by a division of labour as it relates to the objects pursued. One man teaches the classics, another mathematics, another astronomy, another theology, &c. No one tutor is called to labour in more than one department of knowledge. As far as I could learn, the effect of this arrangement, was a respectable measure of attainment in the several branches, on the part of the students *in general*. No high honours, and no pecuniary ecclesiastical prizes, are offered as stimulants to the collegians of America. Accordingly we find, in that country, no senior wranglers, or medalists, as at our Cambridge—no first-class men, as at Oxford; but a fair, general average of scientific and literary attainment, and only a trifling sprinkling of the dissolute and the idle. In the last respect, the comparatively small size and insulated situation of many of the colleges, are, in my opinion, a decided advantage.

Newhaven contains upwards of 14,000 inhabitants, and has a fair share of commerce—chiefly, I believe, West Indian. It is a place justly renowned for its beauty. No one can walk under the avenue of magnificent weeping elms, with which its principal street is shaded, without feeling a kind of fascination; and the beauty of the central green which faces the extensive buildings of the college, is increased by three or four large and handsome places of worship, built on different parts of it. To me it was certainly a most agreeable circumstance—one which imparted a moral charm to the scene—that these edifices belong to as many different Christian denominations (including the Episcopal church) all on perfectly equal grounds in point of authority, and all pursuing the same great end in Christian good fellowship.

Although our Sabbath-day had been a laborious one, our prospective arrangements were such as precluded much rest at the end of it. About three o'clock the next morning, we set off, in an *Extra* with four horses (price 18 dollars) for Hartford—37 miles. There we breakfasted, and then took a second conveyance of the kind, for a drive of 40 miles

Library of Congress

northward, along the Connecticut river, to Northampton, where we had appointed a public meeting for the evening.

On our way out of the city we made a short but remarkably pleasant visit to Lydia H. Sigourney, a useful didactic writer, and the poetess of America. She is a married woman, of middle age, pleasing person and manners—very lively, intelligent, and, I believe, pious. We talked on subjects of a philanthropic nature, and with her, as with many others, I found it no undesirable introduction that I was the brother of Elizabeth Fry. My sister's labours in visiting the prisons of Great Britain and Ireland, and on the continent of Europe, are well known and much appreciated in America, and our friend Sigourney seemed to take the deepest interest in them. After cordial greetings, and an exchange of books, 204 we parted, and I was much pleased to have added so interesting and useful a lady to my list of acquaintances—I hope I may say, of my friends.

We changed horses, and dined at Springfield, a beautiful town on the eastern side of the river, which is well known for its manufactories, and contains one of the armories of the United States. The whole drive was indeed delightful, the views of the winding river, of the rich “intervale” on either side of it, and of the wooded hills which frame the picture, were highly fascinating. This “intervale” is considered the richest territory of New England. A considerable part of it was then covered with broom-corn, an admirable plant of the same appearance as the Indian corn, but of a loftier growth, and crowned with a feathery head, of which the sweeping broom is made. The plant produces no grain. It seems somewhat singular that a most fertile district should produce nothing but brooms. But the cultivation is highly profitable. Indirectly, this beautiful plant feeds many an honest family.

Northampton is in Massachusetts. It is a place of such remarkable beauty as almost to tempt a wandering stranger into residence—comfortable white frame houses, noble trees, commodious meeting-houses, with steeples and spires, a wooded hill with pleasant residences overlooking the town, the winding river flowing through rich meadows in the valley below, fine mountains in the distance, and a delightful country on every side. Here

Library of Congress

I was most comfortably entertained at the house of Charles Dewey, one of the judges of the supreme court of Massachusetts. He 205 is a gentleman of superior parts and decidedly religious character, and I was glad of the opportunity which this visit afforded me of understanding the mode of life of a genteel American family, quite unconnected with Friends. On this and some other similar occasions, I found it to be of the most simple character, although there was no want whatever of refinement and polish. I can truly say, that it suited both my judgment and taste.

I had written to the Judge to request him to arrange a public meeting for us on that evening; but my letter not having arrived in time, we were glad to comply with his earnest request that we should stay at Northampton over another day. Certainly that day turned out to be one of peculiar charm and interest. The morning was spent on an excursion to mount Holy-oak—a mountain composed, like Arthur's seat near Edinburgh, of greenstone; 1000 feet high, and covered with chesnuts, elms, and other forest timber. Mount Holy-oak is one of a range of hills, of which the regularly divided summits plainly indicate diluvial action. We wound up the mountain in our carriage to within one third of a mile from its top; after which a fatiguing clamber *upstairs*—for the stones are so laid as to become stairs—brought us at length to a bare open rock from which we feasted on the magnificent prospect so eagerly sought by the lovers of American scenery. The weather was radiant, the atmosphere as clear as possible, and the picture truly admirable. Nothing can well exceed the beauty of the Connecticut river, which was winding beneath us through deep verdure, in all kinds of fantastic 206 ways. A number of white villages scattered about among the woods were seen in various directions; and distant mountains bounded the horizon.

We returned to an American early dinner at the judge's, and in the afternoon, were conducted by a pious congregational minister to Amherst college. It was a drive of seven miles over a cultivated country. The college contains 240 students, under the presidency of Dr. Humphrey who was then absent. It is an unornamented red brick building in the midst of a pleasant village. We were cordially received by the senior professor Hitchcock,

Library of Congress

so well known on both sides of the water, as a geologist. His appearance is very pleasing, and his manners marked by that peculiar simplicity and originality, which indicate the man of genius. It was arranged for us to hold a meeting with the young men, at half past five, instead of their usual evening prayers; and in the mean time we were admitted to the professor's lecture on geology. It happened to be the concluding one of his course, and related to a part of the subject peculiarly interesting to me—viz. the harmony of that charming science with natural and revealed religion. The lecture was clear and satisfactory, and agreed with the conclusions which had been long since formed in my own mind. Let geology have her full scope in discovering the ancient secrets of the crust of the earth—she will wonderfully elucidate natural theology, and inflict no wound on the religion of the Bible. Our meeting with the young men passed off to our comfort. We were led to dwell on the religious results of sound science, and on the perfect consistency of evangelical truth with the most enlightened dictates of reason. The student and their instructors accepted our service with great cordiality.

We had previously been much interested in examining the professor's geological collection. It contains, amongst other wonders, those curious impressions on new red sandstone of the feet of some vast dodo-like bird, of which Dr. Buckland has published the figures in his Bridgewater treatise. The professor assured us that many such impressions are to be observed among the rocks in the neighbourhood of the Connecticut river, on the banks of which once stalked, in true American independence, these vast uncomely creatures—making a progress of about four feet of ground at every step.

On our return to Northampton we found the people rapidly assembling at the “old church,” a very large building occupied by the congregationalists, and a solemn edifying meeting for worship crowned the interests of the day. We parted with much affection and gratitude from our friend Judge Dewey and his family. At four o'clock the next morning we were roused from our slumbers, and a rapid journey of 100 miles, partly by stage, and partly by rail cars, restored us to our old quarters at the Lynn of Massachusetts.

Library of Congress

I am, &c. &c.

208

LETTER XVII.

Earlham, 3 rd month, 9 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

In attempting to give thee an account of a further journey through New England, which lasted several weeks, I shall endeavour to avoid much, of minute detail lest I should be found guilty of an uninteresting sameness. Slowly progressing in my homely wagon from one meeting to another, and lodged and boarded, as I went along, in the humble but comfortable dwellings of the scattered members of our religious society, I found much of daily comfort, as well as of constant occupation in the pursuit of the most interesting of objects—the dissemination of Christian truth. Before I enter upon any description of our daily travel, I will make a few general remarks.

The weather, during the whole of this summer and the early part of the autumn, was warm and clear, with little interruption; so much so, that the country, in many parts, was dried up, and the young crops of Indian corn, although a high degree of warmth is essential to them, were evidently withering. It is probable that this was a season of unusual heat and cloudlessness; but it is worth observing that the *basis* of the weather in North America, and especially in 209 New England, is *sunshine*. If it “storms” for a few hours (as the Americans say when it rains) we are sure to revert to a clear sky and a bright sun; and certainly nothing can be imagined more lucid than the evening skies of New England, when, just after sunset, the brightest orange or crimson is seen melting into azure. It was often my practice, at this time of day, to enjoy a solitary wander, apart from the haunts of men, and to converse in mind with the far distant objects of my nearest affection.

Library of Congress

I remember that in one of these evening walks, on the northern border of Massachusetts, I was much amused by observing the singular motions of the night hawks, an elegant species of goat sucker, with long brown wings spotted with white. About a dozen of them were flitting about me, very much in the manner of bats. These birds have a singular cry, but not so articulate as that of the whip-poor-will, another bird of the same species, with which I afterwards made my acquaintance. The night-hawks build no nests, but lay their dingy white spotted eggs on the bare ground.

Our journey lay through Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine; and although our lot was seldom cast with the opulent or the polished, the condition of our Friends, and, indeed, of the population generally, was one of great independence. Almost every man was dwelling in his own tenement, farming his own land, or serving in the little store of which he was himself the proprietor. In the several towns which we visited, it continued to be a constant source of satisfaction to observe how well the population was supplied with the means of religious instruction; and how completely on a par with each other were the ministers of the different religious denominations. If, in our own country, the preachers of the Methodists, Independents, Baptists, &c. are in some measure a depressed class, as compared with the clergy of the Church of England, and if some bitterness of feeling is the frequent consequence on both sides, no such results are to be found in the towns of New England. There the ministers of the different sects which are here regarded as dissenters, seem to breathe more freely, to walk and move more independently, and to act, if I may so express myself, with more of an easy and uncontrolled vigour.

The clergy of the Episcopal Church in New England—that celebrated refuge of British Nonconformists—are comparatively few, but, as far as I could learn, of a highly respectable character. It was often my lot to converse with this class of ministers in different parts of the Union, and I almost always found them intelligent advocates of evangelical religion. If the ministers of other denominations gained by their equality with those of the Episcopal Church, it was perfectly clear to me, that the latter were equally

Library of Congress

gainers, by the absence of any peculiar authority or worldly advantage. Take a hundred of the episcopal clergy of America, without selection, and compare them with those of any particular district in England, amounting to the same number—and the quantum of evangelical attainment will, as I believe, be found to preponderate on the side of the Americans. Among the hundred English clergymen 211 there will certainly be examples of learning, and perhaps also of elevated piety, of which no parallels may be found among the hundred Americans; but the *average* of the latter will stand the higher. Before I quit this subject, I will just express the regret which I felt in observing that high church views are increasingly prevalent among the clergy in America. Many of them have exchanged their former liberality for an exclusiveness which does not seem to befit their actual situation, and not a few of them have lately adopted the views, familiarly known by the name of the “Oxford heresy.” But there is nothing in the constitution of American society to nurture such feelings and notions. We may hope, therefore, that like many other excitements, into which the Americans are prone to fall, they will prove evanescent.

But for our Journal.—On our return to Lynn, the Friends of the district assembled at their Quarterly meeting. It was a large and interesting body of persons, and we took our leave of them in much Christian love. It was near the close of the 8th month, (August) when we journeyed northward on our progress towards Canada. After passing through the pleasant little town of Ipswich, (white frame houses and flourishing elms as usual) we stopped at Newbery-port, a large town on the mouth of the Merrimack. The appearance of this place did not, as I thought, indicate much of prosperity; and from the dull aspect of the town, I concluded that but few persons would trouble themselves to attend our public meeting in the evening; but, contrary to my P 2 212 expectations, the people assembled in large numbers, and appeared to be remarkably open to profitable impressions. Near this place there are two chain bridges over the Merrimack—the only ones I saw in America. They form a pleasing variety from the inclosed wooden corridor—unsightly in itself, and excluding all view of the river one is passing over—which is the universal bridge in the United States.

Library of Congress

After holding several meetings in the north-western corner of Massachusetts, we drove on to Dover in New Hampshire, a pleasant town of nearly 4000 inhabitants, nested in a picturesque valley on the Cocheco river. Here we held large public meetings; and afterwards went forward to North Berwick in Maine, where the Quarterly meeting of the district was about to assemble. The body of Friends is large, and the inconvenient old meeting-house was surrounded, as we approached it, by about 100 vehicles of different descriptions—the horses standing with the carriages, “hitched” after the usual manner, to wait the convenience of their masters. A remarkable flow of religious feeling seemed to pervade the assembly. We returned to Dover, where a most hospitable house and family now afforded us our head quarters; and early the next morning, set off on an interesting excursion, of several days, into the heart of New Hampshire.

A drive of seventeen miles, over a hilly country, brought us to the settlement of New Durham, where, after our meeting, we were entertained in the greatest simplicity by a mountaineer farmer's family, which afforded a cheering example of simple piety, wholly out of the way of the world. We enjoyed the fine healthy country, tossed into high hills, and abounding in granite rocks and maple woods. Oxen of great symmetry and beauty, were feeding in numbers on the sweet pasture with which the hills were clad. In the afternoon we went forward in the pursuit of similar duties to another scattered settlement, named Rochester, where we met with the like rough and simple accommodation among persons who love Christian truth, and are heartily willing to entertain its advocates. The next day was the First of the week, and a drive of sixteen miles, over extremely hilly roads, brought us to Pittsfield, a manufacturing village. Friends and their neighbours were there assembled to meet us at our morning worship; and after dining on the bacon and vegetables which are the usual fare of this country, we drove twelve miles further to Gilmantown, the seat of a little settlement of Friends, and of a theological seminary. The people of the place crowded to the small Friends' meeting-house in the afternoon, and in the evening, the Congregational house was freely opened to us. The vacation at the seminary had just commenced, but some of the students were present on the occasion;

Library of Congress

and the sufferings of our Saviour, as described in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, formed the subject of our consideration in the midst of a large and attentive assembly. Gilmantown is remarkable for its picturesque beauty; but finer scenery awaited us on the morrow, when we held our meeting at Wolfsborough, a village on the borders of Winnipisiogic Lake.

214

Here, also, we were lodged and entertained by persons of a very original character. Indeed the population of these districts is generally very pleasing, their persons strong and good-looking, and their manners of a Swiss simplicity. Although their living is somewhat hard, they are much attached, like other mountaineers, to their native region. On the following day we enjoyed a long drive by the side of the lake to Sandwich, where we spent a day or two among a community of Friends, composing two meetings, who enjoy but little of the riches of this world, but live in peace and simplicity on the fruit of their own labour. This romantic village is situated within an amphitheatre of mountains, near the head of the lake. They are from 12 to 1500 feet high, composed of igneous rock, and presenting a remarkably picturesque outline.

Bears still frequent the forest on and between the mountains. They are black, and, when full-grown, of a great size. An aged Friend here, when in the days of his strength, was attacked and embraced by one of them; for they always begin their work of slaughter with a *hug*. He had a jack-knife in his pocket, which he had the presence of mind to draw out and open, and then succeeded in ripping up his horrible enemy which fell dead at his feet. This district is liable to terrible hurricanes. In one of them, six years ago, the upper part of a house was torn off, and a child, wrapped in bed-clothes was literally carried away by the wind to a considerable distance. He was safely lodged among the branches of a birch 215 tree, in the neighbouring forest, from whence he was brought down alive.

Having been closely engaged for so long a period of time, I had intended to go forward from Sandwich to the White Mountains, so celebrated for their scenery, for the purpose of a little timely recreation; but finding the distance to be sixty miles, and the journey

Library of Congress

not an easy one, I was constrained (with the view to appointments ahead) to relinquish the design. As a substitute, I spent a long and delightful day, in company with several friends, in climbing to the summit of one of the shaggy Sandwich mountains, called Red Hill. At a little solitary tenement on our way, we were refreshed with a profusion of whortleberries and milk; and when we reached the top, enjoyed a far more delicious feast of rare scenery. Mountains, woods, valleys, and lakes were spread before us, as in a map. On one side, was the picturesque water which goes by the name of *Squam*; on the other side, *Winnipisiogie* lake was seen winding its way among the green hills, for a distance of nearly thirty miles. This lake is remarkable for its multitude of small islands covered with wood. Shoals of a blackish fish; called the barbel, and a small species of pike, abound in it; also salmon trout of a vast size. A boy, who had fastened his fishing line round his arm, and had cast his baited hook and line through a hole in the ice, found his arm forcibly pulled into the water, and himself nailed down to the hole, and wholly unable to escape. One of our friends, who happened to be passing by, forced up the line with a trout weighing 24lbs., which, had it not been for the firmness of the 216 ice, would certainly have succeeded in drowning his young adversary. I was told, that a large bird, called here the *loon*, frequents this lake—of black plumage with patches of white, and a long swan-like neck. When driven by the waves ashore, it is unable to walk, and is easily caught. But when once risen on her wings, the loon has a rapid flight; her melodious cry is heard at a great distance, and is said to sound like a trumpet. I afterwards discovered, that the creature thus described to me, is a large species of diver.¹

1 O Winnipisiogie lake of pale transparent wave, An isle for every day of the year, thy lucid waters lave; Three hundred sixty five, are the emeralds on thy brow, For, on every isle, the hemlock pine and bright green maple grow, Beside thy shores the barbels black, in shoals, pursue their way, And trout, of a gigantic race, their salmon spots display; The swan-like loon, thy narrowing streams or spreading bays among, Protrudes her tortuous neck amain, and pours her trumpet song; For thrice ten miles thy winding form betrays her silvery charms, And mountains green, with rocky peaks, infold thee in their arms. O

Library of Congress

Winnipisioogie lake, I bid thy beauties hail, And children, in a distant land, shall listen to the tale.

Having taken leave of our numerous simple-hearted friends at Sandwich, we turned our course eastward, with the view of spending the following First day at Portland, a large town of 17,000 inhabitants, on the sea-coast of Maine.

On our way, we visited a few scattered settlements of the society, and held a public meeting, one evening, in a village named Gorham Corner. The small villages in New England are often called *corners*. At this place, there are two large academies, and the people assembled with great willingness at the “free church.” I mention the circumstance, for the sake of observing, that, in many of the country districts of New England, are to be found places of worship built at the common expense of the inhabitants, and open for the use of Christians of every denomination. We sometimes found the convenience of these buildings, and could not but rejoice in the liberality which led to their being erected. As the population in such villages increases, the number of meeting-houses increases also; and then it mostly happens, that the free church, which had formerly been the property of all, falls into the hand of some one denomination.

Portland has a considerable West India trade—the exports being chiefly timber, here called “lumber,” from the state of Maine; and the imports, molasses and other West India produce. It is built on Casco bay, which presents a variety of picturesque scenery, and is said, like Winnipisioogie lake, to contain an island for “every day of the year.” There is a well-placed observatory near the city, with a good telescope. From the top of this building, we enjoyed a splendid view indeed. On the east, the bay, harbour, and scattered islands, and a vast expanse of sea beyond them; the neat town immediately below us; and the White mountains distinctly visible to the naked eye, in the extreme west, at a distance of eighty miles—so great is the clearness of the atmosphere of New England.

Library of Congress

Our public meeting, in the evening, was held in the large chapel belonging to the Methodists, and was numerously attended by persons of various denominations. The following day was spent in religious service amongst our Friends, and in a long 218 drive, first round the city; and afterwards to a picturesque spot amongst the rocks, called Cape cottage, from which we again enjoyed a magnificent view of Casco bay, and the White mountains—the whole picture being adorned with the radiant light of an American sunset. A dark brown fish, with scarlet spots, of the size of a tench, is commonly caught and eaten at this place; it is called the *conner*.

On the following day, we left this agreeable city. It may be worth observing, that all towns in America, which have received a charter of corporation from any of the state legislatures, are called cities. I understand that these charters may be obtained, whenever the inhabitants amount to 6000; but the title is not generally assumed, except by towns of a still larger population. We now went forward to the neighbouring villages of Falmouth and Windham. At the latter place, the quarterly meeting for the district was convened; and we again found ourselves in the midst of a large and interesting body of our friends. In this neighbourhood we went to examine a remarkable land slip which had lately taken place. Four acres of hill had slid down, in the course of five minutes, into the vale below, and had filled the bed of the Presumscot. The water in that river, above the slip, rose ten feet, in ten minutes, and then forced out for itself a new channel. Some curious marine shells, no longer extant, were developed on the occasion, the slip having taken place three miles from the sea.

In pursuing our course into the heart of Maine, we travelled over an uninteresting country not very well 219 cultivated, until we came to a fertile and beautiful district in the neighbourhood of Winthrop Pond, which is in fact rather an extensive lake in the midst of picturesque scenery. The landowners and farmers of this district are flourishing, and the little town of Hallowell, in the immediate neighbourhood, on the river Kennebeck, has all the appearance of prosperity. On our way we held a meeting for worship at

Library of Congress

Brunswick, the seat of the state University. The institution had become much disorganized in consequence of a misunderstanding between the president and the students, who were, I believe, in a state of insubordination. Our meeting, however, was attended by several of the young men, the president, and some of the professors, and they certainly formed a most intelligent and attentive audience. Many were the kind invitations which we afterwards received, but of which we could not avail ourselves. We made a pleasant call however on Professor Upham, who lectures on moral philosophy, and has written a volume on the subject of peace, in which he takes the same view as Friends. This peace principle is widely diffusing itself in America, especially in New England, where not a few persons have carried their views of non-resistance to such a length, as to refuse to avail themselves either of the power of the magistracy, or of the defence of the law. This must of course be considered an unreasonable excess; yet I could not but rejoice in the counteraction which even these views afford to the undesirable effect produced on the whole American population by their militia system. All persons capable of bearing arms, are called out for military training one, two, or more days in the course of the year. This practice, though of little or no effect in making soldiers of them, is highly undesirable as a source of dissipation; and is the means of imbuing the young men of America with *notions of warfare*, utterly opposed to the best interests of the community. One effect of this system is, that colonels and generals abound on every side. These titles, in the absence of all aristocratic distinction, are eagerly sought; and constantly applied in common conversation. The cashiers of banks, the owners of stores, the cultivators of land, the clearers of the forest, are alike dignified with such marks of military authority and prowess.

Brunswick is on the Androscoggin river—a rocky stream in which I observed large quantities of timber lying in heaps, ready to be carried down to the neighbouring port of Bath, by the next “freshet,” or flood of rain. This is the truly primitive method by which the noble pines of the forests of Maine are conveyed to the sea-coast for exportation. The

Library of Congress

practice, however, is not confined to this state. I often observed similar scenes in other parts of the Union, and in Canada.

Not far from Hallowell is the beautiful little city or rather village of Augusta, also on the Kennebeck. It contains the usual agreeable mixture of white frame houses, trees and gardens; and several excellent meeting-houses, with two of which we were kindly accommodated for our successive public meetings. Here, at a handsome new state-house, meets the legislature of this rising republic. By the census of 1830 the population 221 of Maine was very nearly 400,000, and must now of course be considerably larger. The citizens of this state have every where the appearance of sobriety, intelligence, and good order; but the fiery proceedings for which the legislature has of late been remarkable, on the vexed question of the boundary line, affords a plain proof that this is a people by no means devoid of excitability. At Augusta, we had the pleasure of conversing with Judge Weston, chief justice of the supreme court of the state, who is considered to be a profound lawyer. The little we saw of the society of the place, impressed us very agreeably.

From Augusta we proceeded to Vassalborough, a pleasant village higher up the Kennebeck, in which there is a considerable settlement of Friends. Here was held the last of our series of quarterly meetings—as large and edifying as those which had preceded it. Several days were afterwards spent in a round of visits to the neighbouring settlements of Friends, some of which were at a considerable distance to the north and east. The country is rough, hilly, and young; much of it but lately cleared of wood, and still full of stumps; the land pretty good and in some parts fairly cultivated. On several of the farms a machine is used for tearing up the stumps, and these are then laid together by way of fence, instead of the usual provision of palings or stone walls. A small streaked squirrel, very agile in its movements, is more common in these parts than any other wild animal, and is generally seen running along the rough stone fences. We were much pleased with the hardy, industrious habits, and, I may truly add, the intelligence and 222 piety, of the scattered Friends among whom our lot was now cast. More than a few middle-aged men are occupying the station of ministers amongst them. We found them generally engaged

Library of Congress

in the cultivation of little farms, of which they are themselves the owners. In the course of this round, we had much satisfaction in visiting the college at Waterville—another thriving town on the Kennebeck. We were kindly entertained at the house of the president, Dr. Everard Patterson—a person of talent, learning, and piety. The young students, with many others, flocked to the meeting which we held in the place, and seemed to have a good understanding of the plain truths of experimental religion—“He that believeth hath the witness in himself.”

We now returned to Augusta, where we separated from the young friend who had long been assisting us as our driver, and whose intelligence and information, as we passed along from place to place, we had found particularly useful. He was obliging enough to drive my wagon and horses back to Providence. In the mean time, my companion and myself took the mail route from Augusta to Quebec—not knowing what difficulties we might meet with on our journey through a country very little settled and frequented. We commenced our progress in rather grand style, that is to say, in a stage coach with four horses. Our route was by the side of the beautiful Kennebeck and the first day's travel was of 50 miles to a picturesque village called Anson. Here the stage rested for the sabbath—a circumstance very agreeable to ourselves, and an example which might be followed with great advantage, in our own country. To us it was a day of much peace and quietness. Several Friends came from a great distance to sit down with us in our morning worship. In the afternoon the public were assembled, and some romantic rocks over a tumbling stream, afforded me, in the interim, a grateful opportunity for solitary reflection. At so great a distance from my home, and now about to enter on a new region, and on fresh scenes of interest and duty, I could not but feel my situation very seriously; and it was delightful to remember that no distance or difference of circumstance can divide the love and fellowship of those who are endeavouring, however weakly, to serve the Lord.

On the following morning we pursued our journey along the banks of the romantic river, and soon found our mail coach exchanged for an open wagon with two horses. The Kennebeck abounds in picturesque beauty, and is adorned with many neat little towns

Library of Congress

on its banks. On this day we passed through two of these places—Scouhegan and Norridgewolke—which seemed to be deriving a healthy state of prosperity from the convenience of the river, and the richness of the “intervale” through which it runs. In the evening we came to the forks of the Kennebeck—so called from its here uniting with the Dead river. At this spot is a small sequestered village in the midst of pine-clad hills; the scene as we approached it was lovely, being bathed in the light of the setting sun. There was no meeting-house in the place, but the people assembled at our request in the house of a 224 pious methodist; and religious refreshment and edification were permitted to crown the day.

The Christian brother at whose house the meeting was held, was our driver, the next day, in another open wagon, with two sprightly horses, to the Canada line. He was a man of a blithesome spirit, and his wild whistle was perfectly accordant with the scenes through which we were passing. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more complete wilderness—if this name may be properly applied to the true, native, unbroken forest. But of the beauty of that forest what tongue can speak in adequate terms? Such a splendid mixture of colours could not be found, I should suppose, unless it be in the American western sky at sunset—every variety from the lightest to the darkest green, and from pale yellow to the rosiest crimson. This glorious scene continued for many miles; but was afterwards miserably exchanged for vast ranges of pines, unintentionally laid waste by the fires of the settlers. Sometimes one sees a great tract of land, covered with what may best be compared to enormous black *hop-poles*. The moose deer abound in these forests; and we were fed on its flesh at the house of a friendly settler, who gave us our dinner as we passed along—it being the custom of these persons to entertain travellers, and to receive a moderate payment for their provision. The moose flesh tastes exactly like beef, except that it is more tender, and of a very fine grain. Another kind of deer called the caraboo, is also found in these woods. The moose are caught chiefly in the winter, when their flight is impeded by the snow.

225

Library of Congress

I was told of a family who were nearly starved to death during a tremendous fall of snow. The children one day came running into the house crying out, "the devil is come." It was one of these vast grotesque animals caught by his prodigious antlers. The family fed upon him till the day of their deliverance. Bears, beavers, musk rats, and racoons, are also inhabitants of this district. Large brown hawks were floating about here and there; the blue jays were sporting and displaying their beauty, regardless of our approach; and still more familiar were the long-tailed Canadian partridges, which were seen running near us through the woods. The blackbirds too were assembled in congregations, and seemed to be holding councils respecting their intended migration to the south. We took up our abode that evening about four miles short of the lines, in a comfortable log-house belonging to an intelligent settler. He had cleared a considerable quantity of land, in the midst of the wild forest, and the neatness, both of his abode and his family, did him high credit. His sturdy sons were good readers; and I shall not easily forget the extreme eagerness with which one of these young men devoured a little volume of natural philosophy, which I happened to have among my stores.

We were positively assured that we should be met at the lines by another two-horse wagon, the usual mail conveyance to Quebec, which was now about a hundred miles distant; but alas! the only carriage which made its appearance was a small one-horse Q 226 cart, driven by a Canadian boy, and utterly incapable of holding us and our luggage. We were at our wits' end, for we had a difficult journey in prospect, and the road excessively bad. At last our friend the settler undertook to convey us in a little wagon of his own, which was just sufficient to hold us, with a single horse. The settler himself walked by our side. Long and tedious was our day's travelling, at the rate of two miles an hour. It was near the end of the 9th month (September) and the weather, strange to say, was excessively hot. The country was much less beautiful than on the American side of the lines, and the many-coloured variety of trees was now exchanged for the unvarying pines, a large proportion of which were bare, and black with the burning. A backwoodsman, who overtook us with his gun, shot us one of those beautiful partridges, which the wife of an

Library of Congress

Irish settler on the road cooked for our dinner. So “severely,” as she herself expressed it, did she perform her task, that the white meat of the bird was perfectly dry and tasteless; but when well cooked, it is considered a great delicacy.

Shortly before nightfall we reached the romantic banks of the rapid river Delou (properly De loups—the river of wolves.) Here we were received by another family of settlers from the north of Ireland, who had very much improved their condition, and were now in possession of a valuable estate. The land, pretty good in itself, is further enriched by the burning of the trees, and yields good crops of wheat, 227 oats, grass, and potatoes. The settlers hire the Canadian French natives as labourers, and pay them six dollars per month, besides board.

Poor is the spectacle which is now and then presented of the deserted farm, and the log-house gone to ruin; but, generally speaking, the people are doing well. The family who had now taken us in as lodgers, were protestants, and seemed delighted with the opportunity of religious intercourse with others—a privilege of which they had long been entirely destitute.

Here we obtained a better carriage, with two horses which we had the opportunity of changing in the course of the day. Our journey now lay through the rich valley of the Chaudere river, in which are the pretty little towns called St. Joseph and St. Mary. We had started very early in the morning, and after travelling 66 miles, arrived at night at Port Levi, on the St. Lawrence, just opposite to Quebec. The country through which we passed was thickly settled by French Canadians, who speak a patois. Their conversation, however, is tolerably intelligible, and they understand the common French when spoken to in that language. Their houses are white-washed, *roof and all*, and their little strips of farms are managed in a most old-fashioned manner—just as they were a hundred years ago. They are an amiable, harmless race, neat in their attire, and pleasing in their appearance; uneducated, and utterly indisposed to all kinds of improvement, but very civil

Library of Congress

and respectful in their manners. Their two great enemies Q 2 228 are ardent spirits and political agitators—were it not for these, they would yet be a happy and harmless people.

We lodged at a little inn at Port Levi, and the next morning crossed the noble river St. Lawrence, and took up our quarters at the Albion hotel, in the city of Quebec.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Earlham, 3rd month, 13th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

We arrived at Quebec on the 28th of the 9th month (September) the weather being still clear and warm. The city is built on the brow of a lofty hill, consists of the upper and lower town, and is crowned by the citadel on a lofty eminence. It was of course built by the French, who first settled this country, and its narrow streets and grotesque stone houses very much resemble those of many towns in France. Including its suburbs, it contains 35,000 people, English, Scotch, Irish, and French Canadians—the last forming (I believe) more than half the population. The nation which holds Quebec, almost of necessity holds Canada, of which it is the key. The position of the citadel over the St. Lawrence, is most commanding, and no stronger place is to be found—except only Gibraltar.

After having made arrangements for a public meeting in the evening, to be held at the Wesleyan chapel, we placed ourselves under the guidance of our friend Dr. Cook, the pastor of the Scotch church, and one of the disciples of Chalmers. He first led us to the citadel, from which we viewed, under the greatest 230 advantage of light and shade, the magnificent river and its shores, as well as the battle-field where General Wolfe fell. The scene, truly splendid in itself—I suppose almost unrivalled—was enlivened by the numerous ships in the river. The timber trade carried on from this port is very large,

Library of Congress

and we were assured by one of the principal merchants, that 1000 vessels sail from Quebec annually—I suppose, however, that this number includes the whole timber trade of Canada.

On our descent from this delightful eminence, we visited the museum, which, although not in good order, was highly interesting on account of the specimens which it contains of the fossils and animals of the country. The wild cat of these forests, called “the Canadian lynx,” is a handsome creature, and looks the picture of fierceness. The collection of eagles is splendid, including the bird of Washington. A gentleman who met us at the museum, had lately shot one of these creatures, which measured 11 feet 5 inches, from tip to tip of its wings. We also visited a small well-conducted hospital, under the care of the sisters of charity. We were glad to observe that the protestant patients were as kindly attended to as the Roman catholics; and their ministers have free access for the purpose of communicating religious instruction. Probably there is no part of the world in which the Romish priesthood is more disposed to liberality than in Lower Canada. I had opportunities of conversing with several of these pastors, and was favourably impressed by their manners and conversation. We called at an extensive Roman Catholic 231 seminary, in which everything had the appearance of cleanliness, comfort, and good order. The president and tutors received us with great good humour and politeness. There is reason to believe that the priests in Canada had done every thing in their power to discourage the late insurrectionary movements.

A peculiar kind of bonhomie certainly distinguishes both priests and people among the French Canadians. But there can be no doubt that, in its main characteristics, popery is the same all the world over. Exceedingly refreshing to us was it, in the evening, to have our lot cast among the Methodists, who here appeared to us to be a humble and spiritually-minded people. They seemed to be no strangers to those views of divine worship to which we are ourselves accustomed. Our congregation was large, and evinced much feeling and cordiality.

Library of Congress

On the following morning, after breakfasting with Dr. Cook, we accompanied him to the jail, which we found crowded with prisoners, both men and women—the political distractions of the country, and the prevalence of crime, having combined in producing this effect. The male criminals were herded together in idleness, to the utter destruction of their morals. The women were under the care of a good matron, and in better order.

From the prison we proceeded to the government house, and paid our respects to the Earl of Durham, the governor-general, with whom I had a slight previous acquaintance. He received us with much kindness, and I afterwards dined and spent the evening with him, his lady, and family. I had a great deal of conversation with him of a highly interesting character, and was much struck with his extensive information and superior talents. He was then 47; and greatly was I grieved on my first landing in England, nearly two years afterwards, to hear the unexpected tidings of his death. Though I had no reason to suppose that he agreed with me in my view of the paramount importance of evangelical religion, it was evident that he was a person of conscientious feeling, impressed with a lively sense of a superintending providence; and full of good designs for the intellectual and civil improvement of the people under his care. His government was steady, calm, and peaceable, and, as I have every reason to believe, impartial. Certainly he was called to rule in troublous times; for nothing could then be more uneasy than the juxtaposition of the two races which composed the population of Lower Canada. Lord Durham was utterly opposed to the shedding of blood, by the hand either of the soldier or of the executioner. He had put a stop to the capital punishments in Upper Canada; and above all, he was daily manifesting to the citizens of the United States, that liberal and kindly feeling, and that just appreciation of their character and circumstances, which powerfully tended to the removal of misunderstandings, and to the insuring of permanent peace between the two nations. Nothing could appear more ill-timed and unhappy than the fracas which had just taken place between Lord Durham and the British parliament. He seemed to be extremely chagrined; and not less mortified and disappointed were many enlightened members of the community under his care, of both parties. I believed it right to devote

Library of Congress

several hours to the object of laying before him in writing, the reasons why I thought he ought to refrain from giving up his government. I was informed that he took two days to reflect on the contents of the letter; but a kind note which I afterwards received from him, showed that his feelings of mortification had prevailed; for he had then determined to return to England. He seemed to be impressed with a notion, that he could best serve the interests of Canada in his own place in parliament. The event proved that this was an error; and when we visited Upper Canada, the following year, we thought we perceived many evidences that the publication of his manly and able report was premature.

If the view from Quebec is splendid, it can scarcely be said to exceed that which the city itself presents, when one is at some distance from it. We drove to a village a few miles on the road to the falls of Montmorenci. Time did not allow our visiting the falls themselves, which are said to be of eminent beauty; but, under the guidance of one of the obliging priests, we came to a position from which the prospect of the city, in its peculiar position both of strength and beauty, in connection with that wonderful river, was enjoyed to perfection.

The morning of our sabbath day was spent in the seclusion of our own hotel. In the evening a large promiscuous assembly for worship was convened at our request, at the Methodist chapel; and late at night we stepped into the crowded steam-boat which was destined to convey us to Montreal.

234

The voyage between the two cities is in length 160 miles, and I was sorry that the first part of it was occupied by the night. In the morning we woke to an interesting scene; for there is something truly sublime in the grandeur of this river. When we call to mind the immense extent of territory through which it runs, and the many enormous lakes of which it forms the outlet and connecting channel, we may regard it as the most astonishing flood of fresh water in the world. The general width of the river appeared to be about two miles. The banks are mostly flat, but the foreground of cultivation, sprinkled with neat-looking

Library of Congress

Canadian villages, and wooden spires painted white, and the background of interminable forest, were objects which excited both reflection and admiration. About 80 miles from Quebec the river dilates into the lake of St. Peter, on the southern bank of which is Port St. Francis, at the mouth of the river of that name. Here we witnessed a highly animating spectacle. It was the landing, at this quay, of the fertile eastern townships, of 200 Scotch emigrants. They came from Stewart Mackenzie's estates in the Isle of Lewis, and spoke only Gaelic. They appeared lively and healthy, and were evidently in good heart for their new life in the wilderness of wood. The whole affair seemed to be remarkably well conducted under the direction of the British American land company. I have never heard of these people since; but I have little doubt that under the blessing of Providence their sober and hardy habits have been the means of insuring their prosperity. Any man who is able and willing to 235 labour, and who has the good sense to abstain from ardent spirits, may soon live comfortably in Canada.

We did not reach Montreal until midnight after the second day of our voyage, and continued in our cots until the early morning. This city is somewhat larger than Quebec, containing 36,000 inhabitants, and, like Quebec, it has quite a foreign aspect. It stands nobly on a sloping bank in front of a wide expanse of the river, and is backed by a lofty wooded hill. The vast Roman Catholic cathedral which has been built of late years at an enormous expense (defrayed I suppose by funds from Europe) is by far the most prominent object as one approaches the town, We afterwards visited the interior of this building, which is spacious and splendid—affording a fresh evidence that the Romish church is still both wealthy and powerful. Our specific object in now going to Montreal, was to find a convenient passage to Farnham, one of the eastern townships, where, as we had been informed, an important meeting of our little church was about to be held. But a friend from New England was waiting to receive us, with the information that the meeting in question was about to assemble in Ferrisburg in Vermont. There was no time to be lost, and at an hour's notice we were again on our journey.

Library of Congress

We first availed ourselves of the only railroad in Canada, in order to traverse a flat-wooded country to St. John's, a considerable town on the Richelieu river. Here we took the daily American steam-boat, and soon found ourselves on the noble expanse of lake Champlain. Our voyage was highly delightful; 236 for we had every accommodation on board our boat, with good company, and in the midst of fascinating scenery. There are many richly wooded islands on the bosom of this vast water, and the distant mountains of the state of New York, on the western shore, and of Vermont on the eastern, give a Welsh character to the picture. We arrived at Burlington, in Vermont, at nine o'clock in the evening. The next morning, having hired a carriage, we drove sixteen miles to Ferrisburg, attended the meeting already alluded to, and were afterwards entertained at the dwelling of Joseph and Huldah H—. They are aged Friends of a most primitive character, and the father and mother of many sons and daughters. It is a remarkable circumstance—one that proves that the Spirit of God often breathes freely amidst wild and secluded scenes—that the old people themselves, and all their sons, and all their daughters, and all their sons and daughters in law (their children being all married), with the exception of an individual who is an elder, exercise the important functions of the Christian ministry amongst us. The family is now scattered in various locations, and are chiefly employed in the cultivation of land. I am able, from my own observation, to bear testimony to their Christian character and usefulness.

We spent two more days in traversing the neighbouring country, and attending some other meetings; and, at the close of the week, returned to the city of Burlington.

I was much pleased with the little which I saw of Vermont. In point of scenery, it is one of the most 237 interesting of the states. The green mountains are clothed with the forest up to their summits, being very lofty and picturesque in shape and feature. One of them, called the Saddle-back, is more than 4000 feet high; another, americanized by the name of Potato hill, presented at this season as fine a display of rich, unbroken, many-coloured foliage as could well be imagined. The farms are chiefly of pasturage—it being a country

Library of Congress

of dairies and rich cheeses—many of the farmers are also considerable wool growers. The people of Vermont are in general much opposed to slavery. I was ready to think, as I passed along amongst them, that they were the better, body and soul, for their retirement from the world, and for the remarkably pure air which it is their lot to breathe.

Burlington itself is a place of rare beauty. It stands on a rising ground; the streets are wide, the houses excellent, and the trees, every where interspersed, very ornamental. It is the seat of the state University. The college is built on a high hill above the town, and the view from the top of it is one of the most beautiful to be seen in America. On one side are the Green Mountains, in all their glory, the “Camel's hunch,” and “Mansfield,” of noble outline, towering above the rest—on the other, the bright-looking town, with its spires, &c., the lake, and the distant hills of New York; woods and pasture abounding in every direction. The scenery of the lake, at this spot, struck me as singularly like that of the lakes of Cumberland, particularly Derwent-water. Here we spent the First day of the week, 238 much to our satisfaction. Several Friends from the country joined us in our quiet morning worship at the hotel. In the afternoon a public meeting was held at a neighbouring manufacturing village, by the pretty falls of the Wollooski, or Onion river; and in the evening, a much larger one in the Methodist meeting-house, in Burlington, during which we were brought to remember that if we are Christians indeed, “our conversation” (in the original, our citizenship) must be “in heaven.” We drank tea with Dr. Wheeler, the president of the college, who has travelled much in Europe, and is remarkably well informed. Professor Marsh, who is the teacher of moral philosophy, was also of the party, and spoke in high terms of our late friend Jonathan Dymond's book of ethics, which I was glad to find in great repute in the seminaries of America. Thou wilt remember that his standard of morals is far superior to that of Paley—being simply and fully scriptural. The Americans are not suited by Paley's notions of expediency.

We had arranged to start at five o'clock the next morning, in a hired carriage, on our way to the eastern townships of Lower Canada; for we still felt ourselves to be in debt to the community of our Friends at Farnham; but were somewhat belated in consequence of a

Library of Congress

fearful accident during the night. I had not been long, asleep, in the third story of our hotel, before I was aroused by an alarm of fire, and the appearance of a mighty blaze near my window, soon convinced me that the enemy was close at hand. The back premises of our hotel, within a few paces of the wooden house itself, were burning furiously. A good 239 horse belonging to our guide, with eight others, was destroyed; and we found it necessary to make an immediate escape, bag and baggage, to an inn in another part of the town. There being no wind, however, the house which we had left was happily saved. The rapidity of the flames was such, that had there been an unfavourable breeze, we should have found it very difficult to make a safe retreat. Thus we had renewed cause, on this occasion, to acknowledge the providential hand of our holy Leader and Protector.

Our journey the next day was one of 50 miles, which we effected with four horses, in an open carriage, and without change. Our driver was, as usual, very much of a gentleman. Our route lay along the western part of Vermont, through a pleasant country. We had lake Champlain on our left, and the Green mountains to our right—our course being due northward. We dined at the village of St. Alban's, at a small *tabled'hote*—in company with Dr. Robert Nelson, one of the leaders of the Canadian rebels, who had here taken refuge on the American side of the lines, and yet within reach of his sphere of mischief. He looked buried in thought, even while he was dining. We of course imagined him to be brim-full of dangerous designs. At night we found most comfortable accommodation at a small secluded tavern, about a mile from the lines, on the Canada side. Although we came from the states, no one interrupted our progress, or made, any inquiry respecting our luggage. The next morning, having started early, we travelled several hours through a rich flat country, chiefly covered with forest, and arrived at Farnham in time 240 for an appointed meeting, at eleven o—clock. About thirty families of Friends are here settled; and although they have had to struggle hard in order to surmount their first difficulties, they have evidently pitched on a pretty good district, and are working their way to comfort and respectability. We were glad to observe that they had built a commodious meeting-house, and there appeared to be much of genuine piety prevailing amongst them. After

Library of Congress

the conclusion of the meeting, a Friend present proposed an address to Lord Durham, to be signed by all the settlers of the neighbourhood, begging him, for the sake of peace and humanity, to continue in his government. The address was approved and signed, and three members of our society were appointed to convey it to Quebec, and lay it before the governor-general. They were also commissioned to represent to him the peculiar difficulties to which Friends were exposed in consequence of their refusal, on conscientious grounds, to take any part, pecuniary or otherwise, in assisting the military levies. We afterwards heard that they were received with great kindness and condescension; but the governor—s mind was too strongly determined on retiring, to be changed by their petition. I believe the Friends themselves were relieved from all molestation arising from their scruple against war. They were in the midst of a very unsettled district, and were unable to take the oath of allegiance, or even to affirm to the substance of it, because it virtually involves a promise to bear arms in case of need.

241

After a further journey of twenty miles over muddy roads, and through an alluvial wooded country, only partially settled, we came to the village of Bedford, where we held a meeting with the people, and were comfortably lodged and entertained by a Friend who had settled there. The next day we returned across the country to St. John's, on our way back to Montreal. There we held a meeting in the Methodist house; and, in the midst of the rumours of war, were reminded of the "good fight" which the apostle fought—the fight of faith—the only warfare that becomes the Christian.

The rail-car of the following morning conveyed us to Montreal, where we continued over the following First day. It must be confessed, that Lord Durham was not far wrong when he stated, in his report, that this city is far inferior, in its general condition and appearance, to the Buffalos and Rochesters on the American side of the line. The streets are generally close, narrow, and dirty; and being wholly unprovided with lamps, are left, at night, in extreme darkness. Nor can we say much for the hotels, as compared with many in the United States. The soldiers were parading about the town, and the

Library of Congress

condition of the people seemed very much unsettled. The French population is large, and some of their demagogues were still restless and troublesome. On the other hand, we met with many persons in Montreal of respectability and intelligence, and our meetings were largely attended by the inhabitants. It is a place of considerable commerce, and nothing but the political squabbles of the day appeared to prevent R 242 its usual degree of prosperity. We found the jail still worse than that of Quebec. It was crowded with unclassed, unemployed, and uninstructed prisoners. Among the rest, were thirty-three deserters sentenced to transportation—no very pleasant token of the state of things which was then prevailing. In point of fact, the near neighbourhood of the American territory, and the certainty that common industry will there procure a good living, afford temptations to desertion among our troops in Canada, which no punishment would be strong enough to counteract.

Having a wish to attend the ensuing Yearly meeting at Baltimore, we now took our leave of Canada, for the present, and were heartily glad to exchange a further residence among its unsettled inhabitants, for the ease and comfort of the States. We took our passage on board the Burlington steamer, which has the reputation of being one of the best built and best managed boats in America, and again enjoyed a pleasant day's voyage up Champlain. In the evening, we landed at Port Kent, on the New York shore, and made our visit to a numerous settlements of Friends at Peru—a country district in the neighbourhood of the flourishing manufacturing village of Keeseville. The next evening, a public meeting was held at that village; and on the following morning, we were met by a large assemblage of Friends, Hicksites, and others, at the new Friends' meeting-house, at Peru. The truth, as it is in Jesus, was evidently in predominance, on that occasion, over all heretical and unbelieving views. Great cordiality was evinced towards us, 243 and a large number of our brethren and sisters followed us to the farm-house where we were lodging. They sat down in successive *layers*, at the dinner-table of our generous host, with that perfect absence of ceremony and reserve, so remarkable in the country districts of America. Keeseville stands on the Ossable, a small rocky river which runs into the western side of

Library of Congress

lake Champlain. In this river are some very picturesque falls, both above and below the town. The rocks are of sandstone, and are laid upon one another in perfectly level strata, with an exactness of natural masonry, which mimics the work of art. In one part the stream is very deep and narrow, and the rocks, on both sides, rise perpendicularly to the height of about 100 feet.

At the close of our second day in this district, we again took the Burlington steam-boat, and a night's voyage brought us to Whitehall, at the southern extremity of the lake. The last few miles of our voyage were by daylight. The lake is here very much narrowed, and flows through low meadows. I observed the ground, in one place, tossed up into neat conical hillocks—the work of the musk-rat, which is said to be as skilful a builder of comfortable chambers for family uses, as the beaver itself.

The Americans well know how to use, and how to *connect* their great inland waters. A canal runs from lake Champlain to Waterford on the Hudson; and Whitehall, which stands at the point where the canal joins the lake, is a place of much transaction and thrift. Here we hired an *extra*, for an excursion into Washington county. The country is fairly cultivated, R2 244 and is remarkable for fine pastures and dairy farms. The milk, cheese, and butter of this district are excellent. We visited two settlements of Friends; one at Granville, where our lot was cast with some honest and industrious farmers, who seemed to be living very comfortably on the fat of the land; the other at Queensbury, close by the pleasant village of Glen-falls on the Hudson. We arrived at this place one afternoon, in the midst of rain and storm; and were agreeably surprised in finding a large assembly of Friends and others collected to meet us, notwithstanding the wildness of the weather. Many of them had come from great distances. Thus, we were again furnished with an evidence, that the seclusion and rough occupations of the country people in America, are by no means incompatible with zeal in the cause of religion.

The Hudson, at Glen-falls, rushes over the rocks in a large volume, and the scenery of the place is highly interesting. The descent of the water, however, is not from any great height.

Library of Congress

The rocks are of marble, which, although not of a very fine quality, is sawn into slabs for chimney-pieces and other articles of furniture. From Glen-falls we might have diverged north-west to lake George, where delightful scenery is to be had in abundance; but our path of duty lay in the opposite direction. We therefore pursued our journey southward, to Saratoga; and thence to a settlement of Friends, in the county of that name, at a place called Half-moon. Saratoga is the Cheltenham of North America; and in consequence of the virtue of its aperient, yet stimulating waters, is 245 visited by thousands of persons during the summer months. They taste like those of Seltzer, and are exported in vast quantities. An Englishman, who is owner of the Congress spring, is said to make a clear annual profit, from this ever-flowing well of health, amounting to, at least, 30,000 dollars.

On the First day of the week, our meeting was held, in the morning, at Half-moon; and in the evening at Troy, where it was largely and promiscuously attended. I was sorry to be able to spend only a few evening hours, in this prosperous and truly beautiful young city. It contains nearly 20,000 inhabitants; the streets are wide, and much adorned both with the "nitida tecta," and goodly rows of trees. In consequence of its location on a navigable river, and in the midst of a fertile country, this place has sprung up into importance with wonderful rapidity. I observe the following note in my journal, made at this time—"The more I see of the United States, the more it entertains me to observe, how the infant Hercules is continually putting forth his new and surprising forces. I find it a relief to be again in the states, after Canada—the condition of things is so much preferable. The total absence of discontent and apparent misery is agreeable and soothing to one's feelings."

On the following morning, my companion, then very unwell, returned, by steam-boat, to New York. For myself, I was left by the way, with a young friend, at the city of Hudson, about forty miles south of Troy, where I formed an acquaintance with a small community of Friends, and held a meeting with the inhabitants, in the evening. This also is a 246 handsome place, and stands well on an eminence immediately above the river—its numerous steeples giving great point to the scene as one approaches it by the water. Brigs of considerable size are built here, I believe, for the whale fishery. Bright and

Library of Congress

beautiful was the morning, near the close of the 10th month (October), when we again went on board a steam-boat, for our voyage down the Hudson to New York. The hills, on either side of the river, were abundantly adorned by the many-coloured foliage of the woods; the Catskill mountains were seen towering in the western distance; and nothing could be more agreeable than the prospect of our voyage through the romantic highlands. But long before we reached them, our hopes were destroyed. When we were in a broad part of the river, far out of the reach of help, there was suddenly a tremendous crash on board. Volumes of smoke and steam, in the midst of noise and confusion, plainly indicated that we were in no prosperous condition. The engine fires were speedily extinguished, and the half-burnt logs, thrown out of the furnaces, were seen floating about the vessel. For many minutes, the passengers were wholly uncertain whether they should sink or swim. It turned out, at last, that the great iron shaft of one of the engines had snapped asunder; and nothing but the providential circumstance of the interference of a cross beam prevented its piercing the bottom of the vessel. Thus, in the result, we were only *crippled*; and, after long delays, slowly proceeded, by the force of the remaining engine, towards New York. Our expected day of 247 scenery-viewing, was exchanged for the uneasy voyage of a long night; and we could only hope, that the moral discipline was of more permanent advantage to us than the anticipated pleasure. Early the next morning, after an absence of five months, we again arrived at New York, and experienced no small enjoyment, on our return, in health and safety, to our numerous friends in that city.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XIX.

Earlham, 3 rd month, 16 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

Our stay at New York, on the present occasion, was only of two days, which were chiefly occupied by the Quarterly meeting of the Friends of that district. It was a time of edification

Library of Congress

and refreshment; and cloudless was the dawn of the following day, when I again found myself on board a steam-boat, on my way to Baltimore. We proceeded rapidly to Amboy, on the Jersey coast, much enjoying this fresh opportunity of admiring the beauties of the landlocked bay of New York. From Amboy, we traversed seventy miles of country in New Jersey, by rail-road, to Camden—a small town on the Delaware, opposite to Philadelphia; crossed the river, by a ferry-boat; and then stepped immediately into another steamer, which conveyed us forty miles down the river, to the old town of Newcastle. A rapid flight of eighteen miles, by railroad, carried us across the exhausted lands of the state of Delaware, until we struck the head of the Chesapeake. Here our last steam-boat was awaiting us, in which we were conveyed, with astonishing swiftness, fifty miles down that vast bay, and twelve more up the river Patapsco, 249 till we finally arrived at Baltimore, about ten-o'clock, P. M. This surely was a wonderful day's journey—215 miles, chiefly by water, and with winds and tides against us. Here I observe the following note in my journal. “What astonishing waters have I travelled over, in the last few weeks—the brobdignag St. Lawrence, lake Champlain 150 miles long, the Hudson 160, New York bay, the Delaware, and the Chesapeake. The impression made by them on the mind, is of a sublime order. They give one some little notion of the *larga manus* —the boundless liberality—of the God of nature.”

It was pleasant to return to the peaceful home which was always ready for me whenever I came to Baltimore. The Society of Friends in that place has become small in consequence of the Hicksite secession; but it is a choice body; and strong are the ties of affection and gratitude which bind me to its members. Here too there is a “beloved physician” in large practice, and yet much valued among Friends as a minister of the gospel.

The yearly meeting assembled on the day after our arrival, and although a small body (not larger than many monthly meetings in America) continued its sittings, for several days, after the usual order. The Hicksites were holding their yearly meeting at the same time with Friends; and being much interested on account of their younger members, I requested their leave to hold a public meeting at some convenient time in the large house which

Library of Congress

properly belongs to our own society, but which is now occupied by the seceding body. This would have been a meeting of my 250 own appointment, and would have involved me in no compromise of principle. My request was refused; and I declined the invitation which was at the same time given me to join them in their usual worship, on the morning of the First day of the week. This I could not do without forsaking our own meeting, and giving them a mark of religious fellowship, which the truth of the case did not warrant.

I mention this circumstance not for the purpose of lodging any complaint against the members of the Hicksite community, who generally treated me with great kindness and respect; but for the purpose of introducing a brief statement of the difference of doctrine which subsists between the acknowledged leaders of this body, and the original Society of Friends. That difference relates, not to any minor points in the fabric of truth, but to some of the fundamental articles of the Christian religion. Friends have always acknowledged their belief in the proper divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, the incarnate Word. The Hicksite leaders regard Him only as a man endued with superior measures of that divine influence which they, with ourselves, believe to be bestowed upon all men. Friends have steadily maintained the doctrine that the death of Jesus Christ on the cross, was the appointed *propitiatory sacrifice* for the sins of the whole world—that He was made a sin-offering for us “who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God *in Him*.” The Hicksite leaders make no reserves in the denial of this truth. On several occasions of a private nature, I heard their ministry in which frequent use is made of the name of Christ — 251 so that a superficial hearer might suppose them to be orthodox. The key which unlocks the whole apparent difficulty is this—that, according to their nomenclature, the word Christ does not denote Jesus of Nazareth, but only a divine principle in the heart, to which they strangely ascribe the various offices of the Messiah. Thus the whole plan of redemption, through the incarnation, sacrifice, and all-availing mediation of the Son of God, is set aside; and who is not aware, that when the Son is denied, the doctrine of the Spirit itself degenerates—that its true scriptural character and bearing gradually disappear? I entertain a fervent hope that, as the young people of this body come to be

Library of Congress

better acquainted than they now are with the contents of the Holy Scriptures, they will understand the error of their leaders, and again find a safe and peaceful shelter under the wing of the society from which they have been separated.

Very early in the 11th month, (November) 1838, I left Baltimore, in company with two of my friends, in order to visit a few scattered meetings in the northern part of Virginia. We took the rail-road for Harper's ferry, which is on the border of that state, 80 miles from Baltimore. Our journey was through a pleasant country chiefly along the banks of the Patapsco, which we traced almost to its source. At a place called "Ellicott's mills," where we breakfasted, the scenery in the neighbourhood of that stream is wild and romantic, but quite inferior to that of Harper's ferry itself. That town which contains about 4000 inhabitants, half free and half slaves, owes its origin to Jefferson, who here established the government 252 manufactory of arms, and was extremely attached to the beauties of the location. These are indeed quite extraordinary. The place is built on the brow of a steep hill crowned with huge rocks; at the foot of which, in front of the town, meet the two large rivers, Shanandoah and Potomac—the united stream, taking the latter name. In immediate contact with the point of conflux, and exactly opposite to the town, rises, almost perpendicularly, a vast lofty rock of gneiss, from the top of which, called the "pinnacle," there is said to be a magnificent prospect. The hills or mountains on both sides of each river, rise immediately from the water, and are profusely covered with forest trees. After filling up our notices for a public meeting, and catching a hasty meal, we ascended the hill above the town; sat on the rocks which Jefferson loved to frequent, and which go by his name; and enjoyed some delightful views of the two wide rocky streams, and the surrounding scenery. The people came in flocks to the meeting, and I trust that our visit to the place was attended with some better effect than the mere gratification of our own curiosity.

We were much pleased with an honest elder of our body from "Goose Creek" meeting in Virginia, who came on horseback, some 20 miles to meet us, and guide us through the country. Although a person of most original simplicity, and accustomed to a rough

Library of Congress

country life, he had cultivated his mind both by observation and reading, and amused us, as we went along, by telling stories of natural history, and quoting poetry. Our journey was somewhat remarkable.

253

The keeper of the stables at Harper's Ferry had provided us with a crazy carriage, and the only bad pair of horses that I met with in the United States; for I may observe, by the way, that a sorry, lean, jaded horse is of extremely rare occurrence in that land of ease and plenty. We and our carriage and horses crossed the Shanandoah together, in the ferry boat, and then pursued a narrow road of extreme roughness, on the south bank of the Potomac. We soon found it needful to take to our feet; but I afterwards rode for a few miles, on the sure-footed steed of a gentleman who overtook us by the way, and who, although a total stranger, was bent upon helping us, with that marked civility for which the Virginians are so famous. The morning was autumn in its glory; the air was fresh and stimulating; and the sun, through the interstices of the clouds, was flinging golden lines over the forest-clad mountains—the woods themselves being then chiefly yellow and red. Vast buttonwood trees were here and there hanging over the river, the banks of which, on either side, presented a constant diversity of beauty; sometimes high impending rocks, and then again sloping wooded hills. Large birds which I took to be eagles, were seen soaring above the summit of a lofty eminence, called Eagle rock. It was indeed a feast of scenery; but we were all the while in no small anxiety on account of a public meeting which had been appointed for us at the town of Waterford, about twelve miles distant in the interior of the country.

After we had turned away from the bank of the river, with a hilly and half cultivated country before 254 us our hired horses were fairly knocked up; and in order to reach the meeting, I had no alternative but to leave my companions behind me with the carriage, mount our guide's steed, and find my own way across the country. A guide is almost indispensable in the country districts of America, and the consequence of my being alone on this occasion, was the temporary loss of my road, and a circuitous journey. On my arrival at Waterford,

Library of Congress

which is a village of considerable size, I found a multitude of persons already assembled at the meeting-house—chiefly followers of Elias Hicks. My friends whom I had left behind entered the house about an hour afterwards, and after all our adventures, the meeting passed off to our satisfaction.

The drive of a few miles farther, brought us in the evening to “Goose Creek,” where there are a few Friends, and a large community of Hicksites. There the latter freely allowed us to hold our meeting in the large old meeting-house, now in their occupation; and they gave us their company on the occasion with few exceptions—listening with extreme attention to the scriptural evidences which were then adduced of the divinity and atoning sacrifice of Christ. Our guide already described, entertained us in the most cordial manner; and very pleasant was it to make our acquaintance with the few scattered families of Friends, who here continue faithful to the principles of their forefathers.

This part of Virginia, although much deteriorated by slave labour, is still fertile. The vast woods of oak are magnificent; and the land, including them, sells at 255 from 40 to 50 dollars per acre. A large black squirrel here frequents the forest; and I observed a multitude of snow birds, of mixed white and black plumage, in size and appearance resembling our “water wagtail.” They are seen here only in the winter, unless, as some persons suppose, they are the sparrows of summer metamorphosed. We met with a handsome brown snake lying dead on the road, with its head crushed, which might probably be a copperhead—one of the most poisonous of the serpents of America. The black snakes are also common, and sometimes grow to the length of many feet. Our guide had witnessed a violent conflict between one of them and a rabbit. The latter came off victorious, and left his enemy dead on the field. This animal however might rather be called a hare, there being but one species of the kind in the United States, which somewhat resembles the hare of this country. Its meat is white and of a fine flavour.

After the completion of our visit at Goose Creek, we spent a long day in a journey over the Blue Ridge, where we paid a visit to another small settlement of Friends; were again

Library of Congress

met by the Hicksites; and held an overflowing public meeting in the town of Winchester. I borrowed a horse of one of the Friends for this journey, and *paced* on his back nearly forty miles across a picturesque country—the views from the Blue Ridge being extensive and various. I was sorry to learn that the internal slave-trade is making rapid progress in this district. The once fertile and cultivated soil is becoming gradually exhausted; and slave after slave falls into the hand of the “soul driver” (as he is justly called) who lodges his victim in the 256 negro jail at Winchester, until an opportunity occurs for conveying him to the far distant south. It was some comfort to us, amidst these cruel abuses, that the slaves at Winchester, as well as their masters, came in large numbers to our meeting; and although the doctrine preached was of a close practical character, both parties appeared to give it an attentive and cordial reception.

From Winchester, we returned to Baltimore, by rail-road; and were then occupied in an excursion of several days, chiefly in Maryland—holding meetings with the Friends and the public at large, including the Hicksites. The country through which we travelled is favoured by nature, and has many beauties, particularly in the neighbourhood of the delightful Susquehannah. The scenery on that river, near its mouth, is peculiarly lovely. We passed over it, by one of the usual covered wooden bridges, which is upwards of a mile in length. On one of the banks, is a quarry of very fine granite, which seems naturally to split into large square masses with even lines.

But the blight of slavery is evidently impressed on the face of Maryland; and it was a pleasure to me, in the course of our journey, again to find my way into Chester county, Pennsylvania, where the country may truly be said to prosper, under the influence of free labour, united with the rapidly advancing knowledge of agriculture. Land is there at almost an English price. We were travelling slowly about, on this occasion, in the wagon of one of our Maryland Friends, himself a devoted minister of the gospel, and we thus had ample opportunity of observing the aspect 257 of the districts through which we passed. I have again to observe, that, on the slavery side of the line, impoverishment, marked by inferior dwellings and poor tillage, is everywhere visible; while on the other side, the farmer

Library of Congress

flourishes, and nature smiles. Who can deny, that the blessings of Providence *depart* from slavery, and *rest* upon freedom?

I was interested in Chester county, in again observing the Pennsylvanian barn, which is almost uniformly built against a rising ground, so that there is entrance from *terra firma* into two distinct stories, the upper story being the barn proper, the lower containing the stable, cow-house, &c. The friend, at whose hospitable house we were accommodated, at a place called London grove (where we attended a large Quarterly meeting) showed us his noble oxen, which are first employed in labour, and then fatted. One of them had yielded 2500 lbs. for the butcher, which was equal to 3700 lbs. in the live animal.

The Friends in Maryland, like those in Virginia, are a scattered remnant; but I shall not soon forget their kindness to the stranger; or the religious comfort which we enjoyed together in their small Quarterly meeting at Nottingham, and on various occasions of a private nature. At the close of this little journey we again spent the First day of the week at Baltimore; and were met in the evening, at the large Baptist chapel, by a promiscuous multitude, including a large number of the Hicksite community. We trusted that some of these were brought to more than a passing, feeling of the importance and excellence S 258 of “the truth as it is in Jesus.” On the following day we returned to Philadelphia, where it was my privilege to pass a few quiet days in a home which had become much endeared to me, and which will long be remembered with pleasure and gratitude. A short visit to Burlington, in New Jersey, succeeded—a place where religious duty never failed to be mingled with the pleasures of intellectual intercourse, and familiar friendship. But new religious engagements were now opening upon me at New York, to which place we returned, in order to pay a domiciliary visit to the families of Friends. Such an engagement cannot fail to bring one into some acquaintance with the interior condition and structure of society; and although the visit was restricted to a particular community, I had reason to think that the mode of life adopted amongst Friends, in the great cities of America, is much the same as that which prevails in the more sober part of the population in general. Certainly I was very favourably impressed, on this and similar occasions, with the domestic

Library of Congress

economy usual in that country. There is a freedom and simplicity in it, which appeared to me to be healthy both for mind and body.

It was evident that our Friends, both at New York and Philadelphia, are deriving substantial advantage from the daily reading of the Holy Scriptures in their families. I would hope that this practice is spreading, in America, among persons of all denominations. The thing chiefly wanted is more of intellectual cultivation; and of the profitable employment 259 of leisure hours. I often had occasion to regret that the social circle of the afternoon, or evening, was not turned to some better account than mere casual conversation. But I have no doubt that the tone of intellect as well as of piety, among the young people of America, is on the rising scale.

Our daily rounds of family visits did not prevent engagements of a more public nature. Repeatedly were the Tabernacle and Chatham-street chapel filled, during our stay at New York, with crowded assemblies of the community at large. Fanny Wright was still lecturing, in the city, against the christian religion; and distorted views of phrenology and psychology were then remarkably fashionable among the more excitable part of society. It seemed to be my duty, on these solemn occasions, to unfold the evidences of our holy religion—historical, prophetic, and internal; and to insist on that good old christian doctrine of *grace*, from which we learn that men of all kinds of bodily or mental constitution, are alike the objects of redeeming love, and alike capable of regeneration and sanctification, through the power of the Holy Spirit.

During this residence at New York, my acquaintance was by no means restricted to our own body. We called one morning on W. C. Bryant who is certainly the first of American poets. He bears about him the expression of acute intellectual power, and somewhat reminded me of Southey. I was pleased to converse with him about his brethren in the art—the living poets of our own country. One point may be S2 260 stated greatly to the credit of this man of genius—he is a consistent and unflinching advocate of emancipation. Bryant is of the Van Buren party. Another leisure evening was agreeably spent at the house

Library of Congress

of one of the leading *whigs* of this city—Col. Stone, who is well known for his extensive literary acquirements. He is a person of ready wit; and, what is far better, of serious religious principles. At his house I met Dr. Spring, the minister of a large Presbyterian congregation, which contains, as I was informed, 1000 communicants. I was also glad to renew an acquaintance with Dr. Milnor, an influential and liberal episcopal clergyman, who is indefatigable in his support of the Bible and Tract societies, and other similar institutions. I was much interested by visiting the office and warehouses of the American Bible society. The business of that institution is there conducted on a large scale; and although I had no opportunity of attending its public meetings, I was rejoiced to hear of its continued activity and prosperity. This surely is a work of which no man can deny either the propriety or the importance.

It was now the close of the year; the weather was clear and cold; the ice had been already formed in great abundance on the rivers; and the sleighs, with their bells jingling, were perpetually rushing through the streets. I scarcely remember having ever enjoyed a more vigorous state of health; but early in the first month (January) 1839, when attending a funeral, I caught a violent cold. We were then under engagement to visit the families of Friends in Flushing, on 261 Long Island, and had commenced the same line of service there, both in private and public, as had been previously the case at New York. But my symptoms rapidly became inflammatory; and I was laid up, at the house of some beloved friends at Flushing, by an illness of full three months' continuance. It would be idle were I to attempt to trouble thee with the detail of a sick chamber. Suffice it to say, that I was provided with excellent medical care; and with nursing so admirably tender and exact, as to be the principal means (according to my own apprehension) of the preservation of my life.

It was about this period that Henry Clay, of Kentucky, made his celebrated pro-slavery speech in the Senate; and as soon as I was equal to the exertion, I found it to be no undesirable occupation of my leisure hours, to make an attempt at answering him. The result was the little pamphlet entitled, "Free and Friendly Remarks, &c." with which I

Library of Congress

believe thou art acquainted. It was circulated to a considerable extent; and was received in a very obliging manner by Henry Clay himself.

I had long been engaged in active service—if service I may venture to call it—and I have no doubt that it was well for me, and for the mission in which I was engaged, that I should be laid, for a season, *on the shelf*. We want, from time to time, to receive fresh proofs that of ourselves we can do nothing—that all our springs of wisdom, love, and usefulness, are in the Lord. Thus it is a great advantage to suffer the will of God, as well as to do it—both being combined in 262 that great system of moral discipline, through which the Ruler of all things graciously designs to prepare us for a better state of being. Trusting that thou wilt excuse these grave remarks, I will once more conclude.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XX.

Earlham, 3 rd month , 18 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

I look back on my stay in Long Island, during the three first months of 1839, with no common feelings of interest. It was indeed a time of some suffering from bodily indisposition, but there was much in it both to instruct and to enjoy. The Friends under whose roof I was, are the parents of an interesting family; and both they and their children were ever ready to minister to my comfort.

The village of Flushing stands on the coast of a beautiful bay near the north-western extremity of the island, and within a drive of an hour and a half from Brooklyn, which, as thou wilt remember, is on the East river, immediately opposite to New York. It is remarkable for its bright and pleasant dwellings. Many of these are on either side of a broad road which runs up a hill, into a well-cultivated district of the country. At the foot of

Library of Congress

this hill was the house of my kind host and hostess, and at the top of it, the residence of another family greatly endeared to me in the ties of intimate friendship. The female head of that house was at this time in Santa Cruz, on account of her health; and before I left Flushing we heard the 264 melancholy tidings of her death. Her husband and daughter were also absent in attendance upon her, and the sons who were left at home were my constant companions when I was sufficiently recovered to ride about the country on horseback. Opposite to the mansion of these Friends stand two veteran oaks, under which George Fox, nearly 200 years ago, held a memorable meeting with the inhabitants of this island; and close at hand is the old farm-house of the Bowne family, who were among the first settlers of the district, and of note amongst Friends at an early period of their history. The surviving parent of the young persons to whom I have now alluded, was very conspicuous in his efforts to maintain the sound standing of the society, at the time of the Hicksite division. He is greatly beloved and respected, and may be regarded as one of the fathers of New York yearly meeting. I have often been struck with the lively emotions of sorrow to be observed in American families, on the death of any one of their fire-side circle—a remark now suggested by the recollection of the affecting return of this Friend, with the remains of his deceased wife, to the bosom of his afflicted children. Nothing can be stronger than the family attachments of the Americans; and the acuteness of their feelings on such occasions, is somewhat heightened by a lively imagination. Private places of burial are common in the United States; and a simple stone of memorial, in the midst of a neighbouring wood, marks the place where the remains of this beloved wife and mother are deposited.

Just opposite to my Flushing home lived an aged 265 gentleman of good property, and long established religious character in the society of Friends. His mind was strong and clear, his manners quaint and simple, and his knowledge of men and things extensive—frequently did I enjoy his company and conversation. Such persons obtain, in America, no small influence over the surrounding community; and often receive, even from those who

Library of Congress

have no connexion with them, the appellation of *uncle*. For myself, I am not likely to forget *uncle Walter* of Flushing.

I know of no part of the United States more carefully cultivated than the neighbourhood of that village. The farms—each under the care of its own proprietor—are in excellent order. The country is also well wooded; and peculiarly agreeable are the residences (for the most part white frame houses) which are scattered over the district. Some of these are occupied by members of the Hicksite community, from whom, during my illness, I received many kind attentions. Land fetches a high price—in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, it sometimes sells for £50 per acre. A proportion of it is cultivated in nursery grounds. Indian corn here produces from 80 to 100 bushels per acre; and I was assured that the profits of the farmer average a high per centage. The produce of one farm of 200 acres, the year before, was 7000 dollars, besides the living of the family; but from this gross sum the expense of labour was to be deducted.

One of the common productions of the waters of Long Island sound, is a shell-fish, called the clam, which, like the oyster, is a common article of diet.

266

During some violent gales, which took place about this time, a bank, composed of a large species of this mollusc, with which they feed the hogs and poultry, was suddenly formed within a few miles of us on the southern coast of the island. It was said to be twelve miles in length, and sixteen feet broad; but the farmers of the country soon carted away the prize. The hogs break the shells for themselves, and so feed upon their contents. In one of our excursions we observed some of the Brant ducks which frequent this coast. Their plumage is white, black, and grey intermingled, and their shape peculiarly elegant. They are curiously eager and active in their manners, and are caught on this island (I believe as a delicacy for the table) in their passage from the north to the southern states.

Library of Congress

On the coast of the sound, near Flushing, stands a seminary, belonging to the Episcopal Church, and in high reputation. Dr. Muhlenburg there presides over about 100 pupils. I had much pleasure in calling upon him in the course of one of my rides. He is a person of superior powers and high character, and generously devotes the whole of his time and fortune to his favourite institution. On another occasion I spent a few hours at the beautiful residence of George Douglas, a gentleman from Scotland, of great wealth and liberality, who, in consequence of his having been the nephew and heir of a certain baronet, goes, in Long Island, by the name of *Lord Douglas*. He is a person of warm religious feelings, and kindly invited me to spend a fortnight at his house—an obliging offer which I was in no condition to accept. On the opposite side of the small bay near which 267 his villa stands, is the equally lovely abode of a country judge, which I frequently visited—being always sure of there receiving all needful refreshment, together with the kindest welcome.

Though my friend Douglas is dignified with the title of lord, I was rather amused by observing, during my stay in Long Island, and on other occasions, that almost all persons in America are in the practice of calling their neighbours, just as Friends do, by their simple names; and, in the country, the Robert, Samuel, and Thomas, often degenerate into the Bobby, Sammy, and Tommy. Young and old, poor and wealthy, seem all very much on a level—a condition of society which is sometimes followed by undesirable consequences. It is, however, accompanied by a remarkable willingness to help each other. The loghouse in the wilderness is built by the joint exertion of all the settlers in the neighbourhood; and the same kind of co-operation is to be observed where society is more advanced. I remember witnessing the removal *en masse* of one of the small frame houses at Flushing. It was drawn along to its new site by eighteen yoke of oxen—each neighbour contributing his portion of the animals required. On all such occasions, every one is expected to put his own or his bullock's shoulder to the wheel; under the implied compact, that when his day of need comes, he will be sure to meet with the same assistance.

Library of Congress

After I had become a prisoner at large, I made the most of the opportunities which our daily rides afforded me, of observing the face of nature, in America, during the very early spring. Many were the hours 268 of bright sunshine which we enjoyed from day to day, and now and then a little genial warmth was to be felt. But the chief beauty of colouring was in the blue of the sky above, and of the sea below; not a speck of verdure was to be seen. Well do I remember the singular effect of the universal brownness of the land, on a bright warm day, near the close of the 3rd month (March) when, from a high barren hill, called Mount Misery, we were viewing the surrounding country, and the noble expanse, Long Island sound.¹ In a few weeks after this time, the whole country rapidly became verdant; but afterwards there was scarcely the least appearance of vegetation. The greenness of the fields in winter (when the snow melts) and in the early spring, is a charm which must be sought in our own country.

1 Blue were the waters of the sound, That spread before my view, And the skies were azure all around, And still of a brighter blue Was the wing of the bird that flitted there, Upon the spreading oak; But the giant boughs were brown and bare, No verdure yet bespoke, In the trees above, or the fields below, The genial sap of spring; Songs of the lark in chorus flow— 'Tis prophecy they sing; Excited by the unclouded beam, They pour the votive lay, Gaily predicting, as would seem, An early coming day, When bursting into glorious green, The hill, the vale, the grove, Shall usher in a fairy scene, The reign of joy and love!

My indisposition, during these months, was not so severe as to prevent my giving up a small portion of 269 the time to religious engagements. With my faithful friend and brother, who had so long been my companion, I completed by degrees a family visit to the Friends of Long Island, partly resident at Flushing, and partly at Westbury and Jericho, from fifteen to twenty miles to the east. In both places the society is small, but our quiet intercourse with its members was to us a source of comfort and satisfaction. A few meetings for worship were also held with the public at large, in some of the neighbouring villages. Jericho, which is one of these, was the residence of Elias Hicks, who there

Library of Congress

exercised his ministry, and obtained an almost unbounded influence over the Friends in his neighbourhood—the great majority having joined his ranks at the time of the division. The old meeting-house, which is now occupied by his followers, was freely opened for us; and great was the number of this people that flocked, with their neighbours, to a meeting which we there appointed. My feelings were somewhat singular when I found myself in the seat which this bold advocate of unbelief had so long occupied. The glorious truths of the gospel of Christ were then freely declared; and whatever might be the ultimate effect produced, it was evident that many of these dissentients parted from us, after the meeting, in the feeling of tenderness and love. Nevertheless, experience proves that when once persons have been betrayed into the denial of “the Lord who bought them,” recovery to a sound state in religion, becomes a most difficult process.

At a small village near Flushing, a wealthy and liberal member of the Hicksite community has built 270 a “free church,” with which we were kindly accommodated for one of our public meetings. It is a curious evidence of the easy working of things in America, that this building—raised at the expense of a person of views so opposite to those of the Church of England—is now lent to an episcopal clergyman, who there performs his weekly service. The owner of the church lives on the coast of the Sound, in a large and handsome mansion, where we lodged after the meeting, and where I often received benevolent attentions. Would that he and his family may be brought to a full reception of the Christian religion, in all its grand and unalterable features!

Late in the 3rd month, (March) I made my first escape from Long Island, in company with our host and hostess. We crossed the East river, near the Hurlgate, and soon arrived at the large scattered town of Haërlem, on the stream so named, which joins the East river to the Hudson. We then proceeded many miles further to West Chester, the village-capital of the county of that name, and arrived in the evening at the house of an elderly Friend, on the banks of Long Island sound. Our drive of 20 miles, on the main land of New York, was through a hilly, woody country, very capable of cultivation, but by no means well farmed. The Friend's residence to which I have just alluded, is in a spot of remarkable beauty—

Library of Congress

fine forest timber abounding on a rising ground, at the very edge of the sea; and nothing could exceed the kindness which I there received, both as a stranger and an invalid. The principal object of my journey, however, was to visit a beloved 271 loved friend to whom I had long been indebted for protection and advice, and with whom I frequently enjoyed both intellectual and spiritual intercourse. He, too, is one of the fathers of our religious society—a man of warm affections and deep religious feeling, and an able preacher of the gospel. He and his wife, whose talents and piety are on a par with his own, reside in a very picturesque spot, at a small village called Purchase. Behind the house is a beautiful little lake named “Rye pond,” of great depth, and in the midst of wooded hills. There we spent a quiet sabbath day, in the midst of a small but choice society. On the following morning, we took the steam-boat at Port Chester; glided rapidly down the East river; and in the course of a few hours found ourselves at New York, where we attended a large monthly meeting, and were occupied by a few other religious engagements. But the kindness of our many friends was somewhat too much for me, in the weak state of my health, and I was glad to retreat to my old quarters at Flushing, for a few days more of rest and recreation. These quarters were afterwards exchanged for a pleasant villa near Burlington, in New Jersey, (already described) where the pleasures of ease and friendship again awaited me. I remember that I then added something to my stock of health, by riding about, with one of my younger brethren, among the pine woods, which certainly impart a very wholesome stimulus to the atmosphere. In the course of our rides we observed large flocks of the crow blackbird (I believe a small species of jackdaw) on their return from the south; and the little cedar birds, 272 of mixed brown and yellow, with top-knots, frequently attracted our attention. By these timely indulgences I was prepared for attending the yearly meeting of Philadelphia, which took place about the middle of the 4th month (April).

I cannot enter into the detail of our yearly meeting, which was very large and solemn. It was rendered the more interesting, by the company of our valued friend Daniel Wheeler, from England, who, after a long residence in Russia, and an extensive missionary voyage

Library of Congress

among the islands of the South Sea, was now come, on an errand of Christian love, to visit the churches in America.

When the yearly meeting was concluded, I still found a few days of quietness in the country necessary to my health. These were spent partly at G—, near Philadelphia, a seat of rest, friendship, and abounding verdure, already mentioned; and partly in the heart of New Jersey, at the house of another Friend, on the banks of a clear, rapid stream, which goes by the name of Stony-brook. The little country meeting there, is surrounded with lawns and trees; and our quiet worship was by no means disturbed by the hymns of the neighbouring “wood-robins.” One of the farmers in the neighbourhood had been planting a large portion of his land with the morus *multicaulis*, which is considered the best species of mulberry, for the feeding of silk-worms. This practice was then exceedingly common in Jersey, Pennsylvania, and many other parts. Never was there a more complete fever, in the trading world, than that which then raged in America, in the *mulberry market*. 273 Immense quantities were planted; and when quite, young, sold for a time at the most extravagant prices. America was soon to beat all the world, in the production and manufacture of silk. Large cocooneries began to be formed in some places; but, after a few months, the bubble burst; the price of the article fell to almost nothing; the cocooneries were mostly abandoned; and many an unhappy speculator was left in a state of poverty and ruin. In the mean time, there can be no doubt that this affair will still find a practical issue, in America's taking her permanent share in producing and manufacturing silk. I observe the following note, on the subject, in my journal: “When all the people of the free states come to be clad in silk of their own producing, it may be hoped that the slave-grown cotton of the south will become a heavy merchandise!”

Thou wilt perceive that the story of the mulberry trees denotes a credulity among this ardent people, which of course seldom fails to lead to disappointment—but is nevertheless frequently excited. The most extravagant stories were current, at this time, in New York and New England, on the subject of animal magnetism; and, on a previous occasion, it was almost universally believed, that Sir John Herschel had succeeded in bringing to light

Library of Congress

the geography, and even the domestic economy of the moon. These circumstances are accounted for, by the prevalence, already alluded to, of the power of imagination over the cooler faculties of reason.

At the close of the 4th month (April), I again arrived at New York; and the next morning, set off, T 274 with my long tried companion, on a journey through West Chester, Dutchess, Putnam, and Columbia counties, on the east of the Hudson; and Ulster and Orange counties, on the western side of that river. Several of the Quarterly meetings of Friends were about to be held, in some of these districts; and I wished also to visit the particular meetings of which these larger bodies are composed. We first returned to Purchase, already described in this letter, where we met one of these Quarterly assemblies, and enjoyed, in the midst of a community already endeared to us, much of the “unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.” A friend then conveyed us, in his excellent wagon, through a rich but not very well-cultivated country, to Shappaqua and Amawalk meetings, which were largely attended on the occasion by Christians of various denominations.

From an eminence above a Friend's house near the latter place, we obtained a fine view of the Croton valley, through which runs the clear and beautiful stream of the same name, destined to supply New York with water. We then turned westward to Peekskill, one of the many thriving and picturesque towns which diversify the banks of the Hudson; and after holding our public meeting there one evening, enjoyed, on the following morning, a delightful voyage of thirty miles through the highlands to Pókeepsie—the county town and river port of Dutchess county. The rocks covered with the bright verdure of the early spring, and the numerous vessels which we met or overtook, as we proceeded up the river, presented many an animating scene; and it was 275 not unnatural, that I should long for the company of my children, that they might take a share in the enjoyment.

Pókeepsie contains about 8000 inhabitants, and is the very picture of hope and prosperity. An obliging gentleman, who was cashier of the bank, and at the same time, *general of militia*, drove me to the “college”—an ably conducted seminary of boys, on a high

Library of Congress

eminence above the town. From this place, there is an admirable view of the neat-looking streets, white painted houses with porticos and pillars, twelve places of worship, many of which have spires, the delightful river flowing below, and a range of mountains to the west for a back-ground—much the same kind of view as that already described, from the college in Burlington, Vermont. A multitude of persons, of all classes, attended our public meeting in this place, on the First day evening; and we heard very satisfactory accounts of progressive improvement in the moral and religious condition of the people. Certainly it cannot be denied that, in these young cities, the entire equality of all denominations, and the absolute freedom of religious administration, are working wonderfully well.

We now travelled into the heart of Dutchess county; attended the Quarterly meetings of Nine Partners and Stanford; and with the kind assistance of the Friends of the district, were afterwards conveyed to several of the scattered settlements of which those larger bodies are composed. While these engagements were fraught with no ordinary interest, in a religious point of view, we were much pleased in witnessing, T 2 276 from place to place, the condition of a very moral agricultural community—thriving on their own industry, making from seven to fifteen per cent. on capital, (as well as feeding their families,) and extracting the riches of a fat land, for the support of tens of thousands besides themselves. Every Friend whom we visited (I do not remember a single exception) was farming his own land, and living on the products of it, in great respectability and comfort. One of them had bought a rough farm, six years ago, with money borrowed for the purpose. He had now paid off his whole debt, had brought his estate into English order, and was rapidly acquiring property. The surface of the land, in this county, has the appearance of being tossed and broken, in the days of the old world, by some violent impulse from below—probably that of fire. The scenery is in consequence pleasing and picturesque. The woods are beautiful. In the course of our drives, I observed the *scarlet tanager* in all its radiance, hopping about quite near to us, and utterly regardless of our approach. At another place, two black snakes, full four feet long, which some one had just killed, were seen lying on the road.

Library of Congress

In traversing this county, however, I was informed that some of the farms, near which we passed, were leased to tenants; and it was obvious that these were less carefully cultivated than the properties which were farmed by their owners. I was sorry to hear, that an individual at Pókeepsie had gradually accumulated a landed property, consisting of more than a hundred farms. This appeared to me to be an unmixed evil; for the prosperity of the country was 277 evidently owing, in part, to the absence of an overwhelming landed aristocracy. It was delightful to observe the people so generally living “*upright*,” on their own soil, and in houses of their own building. Happily, the practice of America is totally opposed to the system of primogeniture. The vast property to which I alluded, will naturally run into subdivision. Were the gentleman to bequeath all these farms to an eldest son, an American jury would be quite sure to break his will. While I am making these remarks, I do not forget, that, to avoid feudal institutions in a new country, is one thing—to destroy them in an old country, quite another. I am speaking of things as I found them in America, without wishing to draw any political inferences as it regards our own country.

In the course of the excursion which I have just described, we passed over the line which separates Dutchess county from Connecticut, and held a meeting at the beautiful village of New Milford on the banks of the Housatonic. In this neighbourhood the cultivation of onions is extensive. The river running through richly wooded hills is a highly attractive object.

Nine Partners in Dutchess county, is the seat of a public boarding school, under the care of New York yearly meeting. It is a most comfortable place, and the institution appeared to me to be remarkably well managed; but the number of the pupils is seldom large. The agricultural population of the state of New York is considerably behind-hand in its appreciation of a liberal, guarded, and Christian education. At the end of our circuit about Dutchess county, we 278 again came to Pókeepsie, from which place we took the steam-boat for West Point. I was needing a day of rest and recreation, and both were to be found amidst the almost unrivalled scenery of that charming spot. This was the strongest hold of

Library of Congress

the Americans during the revolutionary war; and it was in connection with a plot to betray it into the hands of the English, that Andre undertook the enterprise which ended with his ignominious death. A handsome hotel built on this elevated station, and facing the river as it flows between two long ranges of mountains from the north, here afforded us excellent accommodation; and one quiet evening, with many hours the next day, were spent in wandering over these wooded heights.¹ From an old ruined fort at

1 The pulse of life stands still—a pause is come— Tho' mute, its meaning cannot be denied— “Cease from thyself and commune with thy God, The Maker and the Saviour of the world.” In solemn silence, far below my feet, Flows on the wondrous river, and the rocks On either side incumbent, clad in green, The brightest and the loveliest blush of spring, Fling their dark pointed shadows—types of Him Whose strength immutable and fostering care Invite me to repose. Above them rise In mutual near approach and loftier far, Yet not so lofty as to mock the eye, The mountain peaks, and domes, and pyramids, Waving with forest. In the distant north, The Catskill towering high above them all, Draws her pale outline on the azure sky. The mingled foliage of yon sloping woods That mantle the deep glen, then kiss the wave, What brush can paint? The maple filled with juice, And oaks of various leaf, chiselled and glazed, And the light willow weeping gracefully, And sycamore, and poplar gemmed with tulips, And blossomed chestnut of a darker hue, Or brighter green and flowerless, elm and ash, Display in all the fulness of their charms, The utmost vigour of the rising year. Sloop after sloop comes dancing o'er the wave, Each sail expanded to the prosperous breeze, Now white with sunshine, and now dark with shade, And changed from form to form at every turn. Fraught with the riches of a generous soil, To feed the trading, bustling myriads, They well might summon me to things of time, Did not gay fancy greet their airy forms, As winged heralds from a lighter world, To tell of things unearthly—fancy roves Amid these scenes unchecked; and the young city That glistens on yon green and distant slope, Too softly slumbers in the evening beam, To indicate “the busy hum of men,” Or mar the peaceful solitude of thought. Here

Library of Congress

will I meditate, unheard, unseen, Not joyless, tho' in tears; and breathe my prayer Deep, fervent, frequent, for my best beloved, Whom ocean severs from their pilgrim sire.

279 the summit of a wooded hill, rising far above the hotel, the prospect of the river, the rocks and mountains on its bank, with the neighbouring country, and the bright little city of Newburg in the distance, are of the finest character. I wished to hold a religious meeting with the numerous cadets at the military academy, whom we saw drilled morning and evening, for the hour together, on the green adjoining the institution. Major Delafield, the commander, declined the proposal which he considered to be at variance from their usual order; and he might probably be afraid, lest the Quaker minister should argue the subject of Christian non-resistance with his young warriors. He came however, with some of the professors and about thirty of the elder cadets, to a private assemblage at our hotel. I trust that, without any peculiar discussion of that subject, the great principles were then proclaimed, which, if fairly followed up, 280 must undermine all warfare at its foundation. The young men were deeply attentive; and no one was more cordial, after the meeting, than the Major himself.

The next morning we resumed our steam-boat for a voyage sixty miles northward, to Hudson city, where I proposed spending the ensuing First day. In the neighbourhood of this place we were kindly lodged and entertained at the house of a leading member of the Hicksite community, whom I had known in England. Notwithstanding our difference of sentiment, he kindly assisted us in preparing for our public meeting, which was largely attended by the inhabitants, including nearly the whole Hicksite body. I cannot say what was passing in the deep interior of the minds of these persons, on whose account I felt the most sincere solicitude. All that I know is, that a plain enunciation of gospel truth was received by them on that day with expressions of cordiality and concurrence, and some of them seemed to *feel* more than a little on the occasion.

The next morning we returned to Pókeepsie, and during our short voyage, made an acquaintance with Dr. George Mountain, the bishop of Montreal, who was travelling with

Library of Congress

an invalid daughter, and was evidently under affliction. I had known his father, the late bishop of Canada, in days of old, and was pleased with the opportunity of conversing with the son, who, like myself, is a native of Norwich. He is evidently imbued with deep feelings of piety; but his views of Canada, and particularly of Lord Durham's government, were materially different from 281 my own. He represented the Church of England there as flourishing spiritually, but as being, in a temporal point of view, depressed and almost persecuted.

At Pokeepsie we crossed the river, and commenced a round of visits to the meetings of our Friends in Ulster and Orange counties, on its western side. This part of our journey occupied several days, and we shall not forget the kindness and zeal of the honest and well-informed friend—himself a preacher—who guided us along from meeting to meeting. The country through which we passed is, in general, neither so fertile nor so well cultivated as Dutchess county; but from this remark may be excepted a rich valley along the banks of the Volkill which flows into the Hudson; and Orange county is distinguished for supplying the markets of New York with admirable butter.

In this part of our journey I made my acquaintance with two interesting animals. As I was roaming one morning, in the solitude which I enjoyed almost daily, I was attracted by very sonorous notes from a neighbouring pond, which I took to be those of some large aquatic bird; but on a nearer approach I found it was a colony of *bull frogs*, and greatly was I amused by watching their movements. The animal is handsomely marked with black and green, and his large yellow pouch under the throat is blown out, at each successive attempt at song. The hind part of the bull frog is excellent eating. A friend of mine in Long Island is accustomed to go out in shooting parties, for the sake of destroying this novel kind of game, and each excursion of the kind ends in a frog 282 feast. The other creature to which I allude utters a still more articulate and musical sound. It is the whip-poor-will. He is a species of goat-sucker, and his song is heard at nightfall. After listening long one evening to the melancholy cadence of this singular bird—a cadence which the poor negroes in the south regard as ominous—I just caught a sight of him as he flapped by

Library of Congress

me like a bat. The house of one of my friends near the Hudson, had been unfortunately visited, some time before, by a *skunk*, as it is here called. It is an animal of the size of a small pig, covered with white and black hair, whose means of defence is the emitting of a powerful odour. The smell is at first musk-like, and rather agreeable, but soon becomes so strong as to be unbearable. My friend's dogs killed the creature, and at the end of two months the smell of its self-defence had not entirely ceased. Thus it appears that strange sounds and smells, as well as sights, occur to the traveller in America. I will just mention a wonder of a different kind, which I find mentioned in my journal at this point of our travels. An accidental stoppage had just taken place on the Erie canal, and so great was the traffic upon it, that by the last accounts a row of canal boats, ten miles in length, was waiting for the removal of the obstruction. Such was the information then received; but I cannot of course vouch for its exactness.

Towards the close of this part of our journey, we passed through the flourishing young town of Newburgh, well-built, and proudly placed on an eminence, which rises from as beautiful a bay (into which the Hudson river there dilates) as can easily be imagined. It is the great outlet for the produce of the district through which we had now been passing, and already contains several thousand inhabitants. After holding our last public meeting at the pleasant village of Canterbury, a few miles further south—a spot from which the views of the river are truly splendid—we lodged at the house of a most intelligent Friend who has invented a new machine for brick making. He turns out 20,000 bricks from it every morning, and seems to be thriving on his ingenuity and industry. It was a constant source of entertainment to me, as well as of instruction, to watch the rising energy and young prosperity of the inhabitants of these districts. We took the steam-boat at Newburgh, and arrived in safety at New York, just in time for the yearly meeting.

The assembly, by comparison with former years, was large; the business was conducted after the usual manner, during the course of several successive days; the meetings for worship were occasions of great feeling and interest, and we were refreshed and

Library of Congress

comforted together, under the renewed sense of His love, whom to serve, worship, and obey, is our truest freedom and purest happiness.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XXI.

Earlham, 3rd month, 19th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

Our first excursion, after the Yearly meeting of New York, was again into Jersey, and occupied several days. It was then that we held the meetings for worship, alluded to in former letters, at Princeton and New Brunswick, which were attended by the numerous collegians of each of those places. The public were also convened at the flourishing little town of Rahway; and after traversing a sandy country of pines, adorned with some beautiful flowers, we spent a peaceful sabbath-day among a small community of Friends at Shrewsbury, on the north-western coast of the state. The tulip tree, which is common in Jersey, was now in its glory—the bright abundant foliage being largely interspersed with noble blossoms of greenish yellow striped with pink. Truly may it be said to be “*gemmed* with tulips.”

In the course of this little journey, I was again rather heavily indisposed, and was glad to retreat once more, for a few days, to my retirement at Flushing. I had, however, another object in visiting that place; for I had long believed that it would be my duty to hold a meeting with the inhabitants under the 285 old oaks, there being no suitable place of worship in the village, large enough to accommodate the people. It was now the middle of the Sixth month (June,) and notice had been given of the meeting to be held at five o'clock in the afternoon of the following First day. Seats had been provided in the open air for about 1000 people. The day was windy and lowering; and as one dark cloud after another moved rapidly across the sky, I could not but feel considerable anxiety, especially as my

Library of Congress

powers of voice appeared to be at a low ebb. But just before five o'clock, the sky cleared, the wind abated, and a multitude of people were seen flocking to the spot—large numbers of the upper class, and many more of the labouring inhabitants of the district, including the coloured people, and Irish Roman Catholics. The mixed assembly soon settled into silence, and I was enabled to speak to them for upwards of an hour, so as to be heard by all present. We were reminded that God is “manifest in his Son,” and great was the attention which prevailed on the occasion. After the offering of prayer, we again fell into silence; and the meeting concluded in much order and quietness. Immediately afterwards a slight shower fell, which, had it occurred a few minutes sooner, would have robbed the meeting of its best and most solemn moments.

The beloved mistress of the house, in which I had been accustomed to find a home in New York, had gone in the course of the winter to Santa Cruz, in the vain hope, as it afterwards proved, of the cure of a pulmonary complaint. She returned home about this time, and in the course of a few months ended 286 her mortal career of piety and usefulness. In consequence of her illness, I had been transferred to the kind care of W. and P. M—, under whose most hospitable roof I afterwards spent many interesting and peaceful hours. On the evening after our meeting under the oaks, a company of many of the Friends of the city kindly met me at this house, when, during a time of religious solemnity, the *seal of the Spirit* appeared to rest on the retrospect of our past labours; and equally so on the prospect of a long journey which my companion and myself were now about to undertake. We had a view of visiting the settlements of Friends, and of holding meetings with the people at large, in the north-western part of the state of New York, and in Upper Canada. The next morning we took our departure by steam-boat, and again commenced a voyage up the Hudson. It was on the 18th of the Sixth month, (June) and just four months passed away before we returned to New York.

Our first object was a visit to Sing-Sing, which, as before stated, stands on the eastern bank of the river—about 30 miles north of New York. I wished to inspect the State Penitentiary, which contained at that time 800 men and 50 women. Deeply were we

Library of Congress

interested in the spectacle, as we passed along from ward to ward, where the prisoners were working in companies, and in perfect silence, at a variety of trades. There were the classes of the hatters, the weavers, the smiths, the stone-cutters, and the yet rougher workers in a neighbouring marble quarry. It was satisfactory to witness these scenes of industry, but far otherwise to observe an overseer sitting aloft in 287 each ward, with a whip of six thongs, called the “cat,” lying beside him. This he was at liberty to use at his own discretion; on the sole condition that a report of all the punishments inflicted should be given in writing at the end of every month to the governor of the prison. I looked over a parcel of these reports and found that even then, the punishments of a month were frightfully numerous. The present however, was considered to be a time of improvement in this respect, for a committee of the legislature had just been engaged in examining and checking the cruelties which had here been practised. I suggested to the Governor, who appeared to be by no means hard-hearted, that the best remedy for the supposed necessity of the whip would be to give credit to the prisoners for a proportion of the profits of their work—every man's account to be open to his inspection, and the money to be paid to him on his leaving the prison. I felt assured that even in prisons, nothing can be less likely to reform mankind than unalleviated slavery; and I was no stranger to the controversy of “wages versus whip.” The suggestion was afterwards repeated to persons in higher authority. Whether it has been acted on or not I cannot say; but I am glad to observe the following passage in an abstract of the message of the Governor of the state, addressed to the legislature at the beginning of 1841:—“The discipline of the prisons has undergone a thorough reform, and the happiest effects are anticipated from the present wise and philanthropic system.”

The men prisoners evinced much propriety of 288 behaviour, yet but little tenderness of feeling, in the meeting which was held with them after their day's work was done. But abundant were the tears shed in that which followed with the women, who happily occupy a distinct prison, and were under the care of an excellent matron. They are decently clad, constantly employed, though not at hard labour, and above all, well instructed. I am not

Library of Congress

aware that I have ever seen a company of female prisoners better trained on the system which my sister E. Fry has so warmly recommended in this country. The history of the “prodigal son” was read to them, and the religious solemnity which ensued was peculiarly affecting.

Late in the evening, an assembly for worship was convened at the Baptist meeting-house, which the citizens of this beautiful village attended in large numbers; and early the next morning, a pleasant drive on the east bank of the river, amidst fine scenery, (especially where the Croton joins the Hudson,) brought us to Peekskill, already mentioned—to the house of some of my kindest friends, in time for breakfast. There we enjoyed refreshment both for body and soul, and were afterwards accompanied by several of the family across the river—there of great width—to Caldwell's landing-place. Here we were taken up by the steam-boat of the day, and after a voyage of ninety miles, landed in the afternoon on the west bank, at the flourishing little village of Catskill. The weather during the day was charming; the scenery not the less captivating for having been often viewed before; and the company on board agreeable. Our 289 friend John Griscom, who has travelled in Europe, and is well known as a man of science, was of the party, and performed his part in amusing and instructing us. The scenes on board these great river steam-boats in America are *sui generis*—hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, with the usual mixture of other classes,—all disposed to be free, civil, and sociable. The dinner is abundant, but is not the less of a scramble from the impatience which every one feels to be again on deck. I often met with intelligent and pleasant society on these occasions.

I had frequently seen the “mountain-house” in the far distance, while voyaging up and down the Hudson; and I seized the present opportunity of visiting it. It occupied us four hours, that evening, to ascend the mountain in an open stage coach, with four horses; and we arrived at the far-famed hotel at night. It stands on an elevation of 2,800 feet above the plain below; and astonishing was the spectacle which burst upon us, the next morning, on our stepping into the balcony in front of the house. Before us lay a fertile cultivated country, dotted with houses, and here and there with villages, spread out below as a

Library of Congress

map. The Hudson was seen winding, like a ribbon, for fifty miles of its course, across this marvellous field of vision. The mountain itself is precipitous, and from the top appears almost perpendicular, so that the effect produced was, probably, like that of looking on the earth below from a balloon. Behind the hotel is a chain of high wooded mountains, some of which tower to a height of a 1000 feet above the pinnacle on which the house is built. The dark pines on their brows were U 290 mingled with abundance of trees of a lighter foliage, and the azalia of an unusually pink tinge, was then adorning the forest. Pheasants, partridges, deers, and bears, abound in these parts, and two small neighbouring lakes, or mountain tarns, supply the visitors with pickerels; also with a small fish called the *bull's head*. This animal is without scales and black, and has two stiff horns which are said to inflict a poisonous sting. The scenery of this place is certainly of a magnificent character, and is as stimulating to the mind, as the cool, bracing air is to the body. Our friend Griscom assured me that he once saw the rainbow from these stupendous heights, in a complete circle.

Our rambles the next morning were very interesting. We first went to visit the falls of the Cauterskill, a mile or two from the hotel. The stream of that name takes a leap, first of a 160 feet, and then of 80 more, into a prodigious basin surrounded by steep wooded mountains. The rocks are of a dark grey colour, and in some parts have the appearance of slate. Afterwards We ascended one of the hills above the hotel, and enjoyed wondrous views of the country below. Nor did these prevent our admiring those minor ornaments—the wild flowers and butterflies, which were here in abundance. I gathered a large species of *ladies' slipper*, which has a pink pouch in the centre of its blossom, of the size of a pigeon's egg. Before we retired to rest, we were allowed to hold a meeting in the drawing-room of the hotel, with such of the guests as were willing to give us their company; and thus the sight-seeing of the day was crowned with something better than the most refined gratification of the senses. In point of fact, however, the glorious scenes which we had been viewing, had been preaching us a sermon, louder and more impressive than the most eloquent discourses of men. On the following day, the long down-hill drive brought us

Library of Congress

to Catskill village, where a public meeting in the evening was pretty well attended by the inhabitants. We were comforted on the occasion by the remembrance that “God is Love.”

After the fatigue of our mountain excursion, followed by the labours of the evening, we should have been glad of a long night's sleep; but public conveyances wait for no man. At two o'clock the next morning, the sky dark—the rain pouring—we took our places in the crowded stage-coach which was destined to convey us seventy-four tedious miles, to the village of Oneonta, in Otsego county, which we did not reach till ten o'clock at night. The country through which we passed, was one of high hills and maple woods, but not otherwise interesting.

Our present object was to visit the numerous little settlements of Friends, within the compass of Butternuts' Quarterly meeting. Oneonta is a pretty village, built on the banks of the Susquehannah, which is here, by comparison, a small river. The day after our arrival was the Sabbath; and very gratifying was it to see the respectable population of the district pouring forth to the assembly for worship, which we had appointed for the afternoon. We had previously attended a large country meeting of Friends in the morning; and in the evening, we read the Scriptures to an interesting circle of our young people. Here we were met U 2 292 by a minister of the Society, well known in these parts, who came to offer us his services and to guide us through the county. Long shall we remember his brotherly kindness, and the pleasant bonds of gospel fellowship in which we were united.

I remember we lodged that night at the house of a patriarchal Friend, the father of ten grown up sons and daughters, most of whom were settled in married life in his own neighbourhood. This family community was one of great respectability, though of the most simple habits, and afforded me an interesting example of the thrift which accompanies industry and sobriety in this young country. On the following day our friend conducted us to Butternuts, the village in which he resides, so named from a very beautiful species of walnut tree, common in this neighbourhood. The situation of the Friends' meeting-house there is highly picturesque, and the multitude of wagons and other carriages, filled with

Library of Congress

the neighbouring farmers and gentry, who, with their families, were assembled to meet us, formed an animating spectacle. I believe that Christian truth arose on that occasion into predominance over all opposing spirits. After the meeting we wound our way up a long wooded hill to the “mountain cottage” in which our friend lived, a rustic dwelling, but neat and comfortable, and truly the abode of quietness and peace.

Early the next morning we set off in company with our faithful guide and his son, to a country settlement called New Lisbon, where, after another meeting, we took some refreshment at the plentiful table of an honest Yorkshireman, on a farm which 293 he was here cultivating to so much advantage, that he seemed to feel no regrets for having left the land of his forefathers. We then drove in a hired open carriage, through a green hilly country of wood and pasture, to Cooperstown, the county town of Otsego, where a meeting with the inhabitants was appointed to be held that evening. This is a very attractive place, and to us appeared the more so, from the mellow tints of the lucid summer evening under which we approached it. It is composed of neat-looking white houses, interspersed with trees after the usual American fashion; and stands on the southern extremity of the Otsego lake—an extensive sheet of water lying amongst wooded hills, and presenting scenery by no means unlike that of the lakes of Cumberland. This town derives its name from the late Judge Cooper, whose son and heir, so well known as a novelist, occupies the stone mansion which, although of no great antiquity, here goes by the name of the “Old Hall.” I called upon him in company with our guide, who had long been acquainted with the family, to invite him to our meeting; and afterwards found that he had broken away from a gay party in order to attend it. The town was much filled on this day with judges and lawyers; for it was the time of the sessions, and the court adjourned at an earlier hour than usual, for the express purpose of affording those gentlemen an opportunity of attending the Friends' meeting. Such are the free and pliant ways of our transatlantic brethren. I trust, however, that their obliging behaviour to a stranger was not useless to themselves. The cause of Christianity 294 was pleaded on that occasion, in opposition to some of those insidious forms of unbelief which are not

Library of Congress

uncommon in America. We afterwards found that a highly gifted lawyer, who entertained these sentiments, formed one of the company. Our guide followed up the remarks which had been made with a few clenching sentences; after which the large assembly separated in great quietness.

The next morning our engagements allowed of a few hours' recreation. In company with several young men, I climbed up a high wooded hill, from which we obtained a succession of very pleasing views of the village, adorned with its neat wooden spires, the lake, mountains, &c. On our return to the hotel, I found our friend Fenimore Cooper in his white jacket, ready to row me in his little boat, that I might examine the beauties of the lake to the greatest advantage. I was the more pleased with the opportunity of his company, because I knew that he was an old friend of thine; and although his great talents have been employed in a direction which I can by no means approve, I ought to acknowledge, that his conversation was interesting and instructive. He abounds in the knowledge of men and things, and expressed many sentiments with which I could concur. The ladies of the family bear a most amiable character, and seemed very fully to unite with me in the desire, that the strong and well-informed mind of this man of genius, might be brought under that sanctifying influence which can alone enable us to devote all our faculties to the welfare of our fellow-men, and the glory of God.

295

Our vivid conversation did not prevent my admiring the scenery of the lake, especially in a romantic spot where two pines of vast magnitude rise to a conspicuous height above the rest of the forest. "Otsego" means a place of rendezvous, "where people say how do you do;"—a rocky island in the lake having once been such a place for the tribes of native Indians, which have since melted away into nothing.

This lake produces a fish called the Otsego-bass, which is considered a great delicacy. I did not see any of them; but as we glided over the lake, the pickerels, suckers, and perch, were darting about in the clear water. We held a meeting that evening at Burlington

Library of Congress

Green, a village eleven miles distant, where a country tavern afforded us comfortable accommodation; and on the following day were similarly engaged, after a long drive, at the pretty little town of Smyrna, which is situated among woods and hills. The attendance on this occasion was general, notwithstanding the rainy weather, and the people, including a small society of Friends, seemed to be of a simple and teachable character. I shall not soon forget the pleasure which I experienced, that evening, in visiting the neat farmhouse of some Friends who were once Norwich weavers, and then dwelt in no very tidy cottage in one of our large low parishes. Now they were enjoying the free mountain air of Chenango County; their yard was filled with beautiful milch cows—every thing about them wore the aspect of comfort and moderate prosperity. Of the five sons of this Friend, who migrated with him to America, two are living unmarried with their father, 296 and two others, as well as their eldest sister, are respectably married and settled in establishments of their own. Here I found a cordial welcome, and had to answer, of course, a multitude of questions. I was comfortably lodged in this peaceful dwelling, and as I drove from the door the next morning, I cried out, as I bade our friends the last farewell—“This is a thousand times better than Peacock Street!” A thousand times better indeed it is; and happy would it be if a multitude of our Norwich weavers could make a similar change. At the same time let it not be concealed that Englishmen who settle in America, from their want of conformity to the rough and hardy habits of the country, are often unsuccessful. The prosperity of these Friends was the result of great industry and perseverance. They had been for some years employed as journeymen in the York cotton mills near Utica, and had gradually *wrought out* their own independence.

A drive of sixteen miles along a fertile valley, brought us to a small settlement of Friends at Brookfield, where a large assembly of all classes was again collected to meet us; and in the afternoon we proceeded ten miles further, through a beautiful country, to Hamilton—another of the flourishing American villages, and the seat of the great theological seminary of the Baptists. At eight o'clock in the evening, the Baptist meeting-house was well filled with a respectable assembly, including the Friends of the place and neighbourhood, the

Library of Congress

professors of the college, and about 150 of the students. It was an interesting audience, and our Saviour's words were, I trust, not 297 remembered in vain, "This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Here we parted from our faithful guide and brother in the gospel. Before we left the place the next morning, I rode up to the college, which is well placed on a commanding hill, about a mile from the town; and held a meeting in the chapel with the young men and their teachers—the elderly president, Dr. Kendrick, being also present. It was, indeed, a memorable occasion, during which many of those strong young men were brought into great tenderness of feeling. Several of them were about to engage in the work of the missionary, nor could I doubt that they were under the preparing hand of that Saviour whose name they were desirous of proclaiming in far distant lands. Certain it is, that unless *He* sends them forth to their field of labour, and qualifies them for their work, their ardent wishes to serve their fellow-men will all be in vain.

At Hamilton we dismissed the carriage which we had hired at Oneonta, and were conveyed by a Friend in an open wagon twenty miles, to New Hartford, in Oneida county. Our conveyance broke down by the way, but we had no difficulty in borrowing another, to which he attached his *team*—as they here call two horses abreast. At New Hartford, which is a small country village, lives a respectable family of English Friends, who came from Warwick. Here they are surrounded with all needful comforts, and gladly afforded us a delightful resting-place for our sabbath day. The public flocked to the sequestered meeting-house in the morning; and in the evening I 298 sought a little needful air and exercise, in wandering over the noble native woods which greatly enhance the value of our friend's property. The bass tree (somewhat similar to the lime) the maple, the elm, and the hemlock, all grow here to a prodigious size,; but there are no oaks. When the trees fall in these regions, if not speedily removed, they rot on the ground with great rapidity. An intelligent young man, the son of our host, was the companion of my rambles; and the next morning we rode together to Clinton, a neat village in a beautiful part of the country, where there is a Presbyterian college which then contained eighty students. The president

Library of Congress

and professors received us with much kindness, and we held a satisfactory meeting, in the chapel, with them and their pupils.

In the evening we met a respectable assembly at Utica (within a short distance of New Hartford), to whom it seemed to be my duty to unfold the great scripture doctrine of atonement in its several parts—"Without shedding of blood there is no remission."

This young city, of 12,000 inhabitants, stands on the Mohawk river, in immediate connection with the Erie canal. The streets are wide and handsome, the spired meeting-houses numerous and large, and every thing here wears the aspect of life, vigour, and growing prosperity.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XXII.

Earlham, 3 rd month , 22 nd, 1841.

My dear Friend,

There can be little doubt, that as the cultivation of this vast state continues to improve, Utica will become a city of great importance. While it is strange to think of its having been a wilderness some thirty years ago—so wonderful is the progress already made—it is equally out of the usual course of one's experience, to be in a spot so abounding as this is in hope for years to come. Having appointed a second public meeting here for the following evening, we were glad of the opportunity of a long morning for an excursion of twelve miles, over a fairly cultivated country, to Trenton Falls. These are the frequent resort of the lovers both of scenery and geology, and are, in both respects, extremely worth visiting. The West Canada creek, a branch of the Mohawk river, here forms several distinct cascades (two of which are of considerable height) over dark limestone rocks. These are composed of numerous thin and perfectly level strata, in which are found

Library of Congress

first-rate specimens of Trilobites, and other fossil remains of a world no longer known. Abundantly were we repaid for a ramble of two or three hours along the banks of this 300 falling stream. The scenery is of the most romantic order, but part of the walk is rather dangerous; and carelessness has here been sometimes followed with the loss of life. An excellent repast was provided for us at the tavern near the spot; but the prices asked for the specimens of the fossils was so extravagant, that we left the place without making any purchases.

We met a select and serious company at our meeting in the evening, and on the following day visited a small country settlement of Friends, at Westmoreland. We next proceeded to *Rome*, a handsome busy village, destitute of all ancient reminiscences, but, like Utica, teeming with hope for the future. It is on the Erie canal, which is in itself a constant source of business. After assembling with the inhabitants, in the evening, at the commodious Methodist meeting-house, we drove a few miles into the country, to lodge at the house of a Friend, who had met us on the occasion. It would be difficult to find a better “span,” i. e. *pair* of horses (I mention it as a trait characteristic of the country) than that which he drove in his wagon, while he was conveying us, during two days, from one settlement of rustic friends to another, in Oneida county. An elderly person, at whose house we lodged, settled there many years ago when all was wilderness, cleared the forest by degrees, and has now a flourishing grazing farm of 400 acres. From a high wooded hill on his estate, we enjoyed a delightful view of the rich valley of the Mohawk, with Rome in the distance. It was curious to observe the spires and *domes* of this rising village, a faint memento of its great namesake, but more interesting as a symptom of the native 301 energy of this young people; and of that of their voluntary system in religion. Almost all these flourishing villages are adorned after this sort—nearly every meeting-house having its neat white painted wooden steeple, or its dome overlaid with tin.

At this place we found good lodging at a respectable hotel; and early the following morning were conveyed, in the rail-car, forty miles along a flat wooded country, to Syracuse—another thriving town on the Erie canal. We then hired a carriage, and drove sixteen miles

Library of Congress

further, over hill and dale, to the village of Skaneateles, which stands on the borders of a lovely lake of the same name. There we spent our sabbath day, holding meetings with the small community of Friends, and the public at large. Thrift and intelligence seemed here to prevail; but an English Friend in the neighbourhood, of whose hospitality we freely availed ourselves, has not found his life in America devoid of difficulties, although he has enjoyed substantial prosperity. His wife had been accustomed, in her own country, to the habits of ease and refinement, and has suffered more than a little from the want of suitable servants or helpers. The sons also—contrary to all former expectations—were here obliged to work hard with their own hands. In these parts labour is dear, and difficult to be procured. I know of no region, to which it would be more desirable to transfer the surplus which sometimes occurs in our own agricultural population.

Part of the next morning was spent in a ride on horseback along the lake, which, without anything of the sublime, is remarkable for quiet beauty. I observed 302 the *loon*, i. e. a large diver—floating on the water; the feathers of this bird are so abundant as to be impervious to shot. We then returned to Syracuse, where a meeting was appointed for the evening. The ministers of the place of different denominations treated us with the utmost civility; the congregation was large; and we afterwards found that the view taken on the occasion, of our Saviour's divinity, was adapted to the condition of the people. The hotels in these young cities are excellent, and most of them have a look-out at top, from which the traveller can obtain a *map* view of the town below, and neighbouring country. Here the prospect is highly interesting. The Onondago lake is seen in the immediate neighbourhood, and on its shores the towns of Salina and Liverpool, in both of which places there are exhaustless springs of brine, and extensive salt works. After exchanging an affectionate farewell with our Christian friends, we took the rail-car to Auburn—a drive of twenty-six miles. This is another village-city—containing about 6000 inhabitants, and as pretty a place as one can easily imagine. Here the white frame houses are interspersed with locust-trees—a species of acacia, much valued in America for its beauty, but still

Library of Congress

more for its hard wood. This is used for ship-building and other purposes of the kind. The ground in Auburn is already so valuable, that small lots sell for prodigious prices.

Arrangements had been previously made for a meeting with the convicts in the celebrated state prison. After the prisoners, 650 in number, had finished their dinner, which was conducted in the usual silent order, and before they rose from table, a full opportunity was given us of addressing them; and such was the solemnity of the occasion, that a great many of them were brought to weeping. We afterwards examined the workshops, which certainly present a scene of activity and industry. The whole effect of the prison, in point of order and comfort, appeared to me to be superior to that of Sing-Sing; and I thought it as good a specimen of the silent system as I had any where seen. But here also the terror of the whip was the only stimulus to labour, and great severities were said to have been practised. The chaplain, who seemed to be a pious man, much interested in his work, assured me that these accounts of cruelty had been greatly exaggerated; but I have no doubt, that a more lenient plan, and one more calculated to excite the best hopes of the prisoners, would be attended with better effects. The women prisoners were very few in number, but in a poor condition—I found them much less impressible than the men. We called at the house of William H. Seward, the governor of the state of New York, in order to converse with him on the two important subjects of scriptural education, and mild, yet effective, prison discipline; but we did not find him at home. He is a man in early life, of good reputation both for talent and character. Soon afterwards we talked over these subjects with Francis Granger, the representative in Congress of a neighbouring district—a gentleman well known as one of the most moderate, as well as able of the politicians of America. He lives at Canandagua, where he received our call with great politeness; and seemed to take a lively interest in subjects connected with the moral improvement of the community.

Our public assembly in the evening was attended by the students of the theological seminary, under the presidency of Dr. Richards, an aged Presbyterian minister, with whose company, at our hotel, we were much gratified. The meeting passed off to our

Library of Congress

comfort; and the next day we found our way into a country district of great fertility, which goes by the name of Scipio. Here there is a large community of Friends, among whom we spent two or three days in the usual course of religious engagements, and concluded our visit by an evening meeting at the exceedingly pretty village of Aurora, on the banks of Lake Cayuga. Some of our friends in this neighbourhood, are already possessed of large landed property. Certain it is, that this is a part of the country in which agriculture is thriving; and the general aspect of the population is that of thrift and prosperity.

Cayuga is one of the largest and most beautiful of the interior lakes of this State. I was informed that it is in parts 500 feet deep; and there is good steamboat navigation upon it, for the conveyance of the produce of the country to the Erie Canal, at its northern extremity. We drove along its shore to the town of Ithaca, in Tomkin's County, at its southern end, a village-city of 5 or 6000 inhabitants, which rivals even Auburn in beauty. After making arrangements for a meeting to be held with the people on a future evening, we continued our journey on the 305 other side of the lake, to Ulysses, where we met with excellent accommodation at the farm-house of one of our friends. There and at the neighbouring village of Hector, a considerable community of Friends has long been settled, among whom we had much satisfaction in spending the ensuing First day. This western side of the lake, like Scipio on its eastern shore, is a fruitful land, very fairly cultivated—a country full of fat things; but there is a debit in the account—a balance of disadvantages—in the long cold winters and the scarcity of labourers. I observed a profusion of scarlet lilies, with leopard spots, adorning the hay fields. This stately flower sometimes bears as many as fifty blossoms on a single stalk. I never before so fully understood the force of our Saviour's words, "Behold the lilies of the field, how *they* grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Two objects in this neighbourhood particularly attracted our attention. The first is the remains of a fortification, containing five or six acres of land, and surrounded on three sides with mounds of earth, which contain piles of wood burnt into charcoal. A rough

Library of Congress

pottery is dug up amongst these mounds. All these are relics of those mysterious ancients who inhabited the country before the Indians. The other object is one of great natural beauty—the falls of the Teckhennie—a little stream which forces its way into the Cayuga Lake, through innumerable horizontal layers, each about half-an-inch thick, of what I supposed to X 306 be clay slate. The fall is 210 feet in height—the vast chasm being adorned with large hemlock trees.

On the same day, in the afternoon, we returned to Ithaca—where there is another celebrated waterfall. The immediate neighbourhood of that place is almost of Swiss beauty, in point of scenery; and the views which we enjoyed, in approaching it both from the east and west, were singularly beautiful. The white pines of this part of the country are giant trees, and may be reckoned among its principal ornaments.

The weather was stormy, and the rain that evening fell in torrents, but there was evidently much of religious zeal among the people; for they came out in large numbers to the meeting, which was an occasion of refreshment and edification. The hotel of the place afforded us good accommodation, and before the break of the next day, we were on board a steam-boat, with our carriages and horses—being several in company. Delightful was our voyage of forty miles down the whole length of the lake—luxuriant woods, green sloping hills, and fine crops of wheat, forming the scene on either side. The salmon trout which abounds in this and the neighbouring waters, is a large and excellent fish. Across the northern end of the lake runs a wooden bridge, more than a mile long. Here we landed, after which a drive of three miles brought us to “Seneca falls.” The rapid descent of the river Seneca, which joins the lake of that name to the Cayuga, affords an admirable water-power to the busy population of this village, as well as the neighbouring little town of Waterloo. Flour and cotton mills are here in constant action. We thought it right to give 307 a day to each of these places, in order to meet the inhabitants in public worship. The Hicksites in this district are numerous, and seemed to be more than willing to attend our meetings. At Waterloo I met with another of the sons of the Norwich weaver mentioned in my last letter, who was once one of my pupils in a small Sabbath school, but is now

Library of Congress

respectably settled in married life. He is one of the most ingenious machine makers of the state of New York, and happy in his independence. I was sorry to find that his estimate of the integrity and moral standing of many of the people around him, was by no means a high one. This state of things may probably be owing to the neighbourhood of the canal, on which the people pursue a mode of life very unfavourable to morals.

From Waterloo we drove seven miles further to Geneva, a town of 4000 inhabitants. This place is admirably situated on the brow of a hill, overlooking the Seneca lake. It is inhabited by many retired persons of property, and is remarkable for its hanging gardens, which impend over the water. They are luxuriant with verdure, and with much finer beds of flowers than are often seen in America. Here there is a college in good reputation, partly medical, and partly literary and theological. We drank tea with our friend Dr. Hale, the president of the latter department, a learned and gentlemanlike person, who treated us with great kindness. The day ended with a large public meeting, which was attended by the episcopal and other ministers of the place. These gentlemen evinced that good fellowship with each X 2 308 other, and that Christian cordiality towards ourselves, which led us to believe, that the system of perfect equality among the different sects, is here working well,—to the comfort and advantage of all parties.

We rose the next morning with the glorious sun—for such it is, *par eminence* , in this country—and travelled sixteen miles through fields of wheat, hay, and Indian corn, to Canandagua, the shire town of Ontario county. This is indeed a beautiful village. It consists of a broad road or street running down to the pretty lake of the same name, with long rows of locust trees on each side, and many excellent houses, belonging to as polished a community as can be found any where in America. Yet all this scene of prosperity, not very many years since, was an unbroken forest. We were introduced to several of the gentry of the place—among the rest to John Greg, a native of Scotland, who has grown rich on speculations in land, and has here built himself a house fit for an English nobleman; to Mark Sibley, an eminent advocate; to Francis Granger, the member of Congress already mentioned; and to a veteran judge of the name of Howell, of high repute in that country

Library of Congress

both for talent and integrity. Our meeting was held in the Courthouse, and seemed to be the means of improving our acquaintance with these and other persons, into the warmth of Christian friendship.

From Canandagua, a drive of twelve miles, through a good farming district, brought us into the midst of a large settlement of Friends, at the village of Farmington, where we spent the First day with much comfort to ourselves. Great was the multitude of 309 persons, including many of the Hicksite denomination, who flocked to our meeting both in the morning and afternoon. The evening was spent at the house of a veteran minister, whose sterling good sense, comprehensive views of Christianity, and fervent piety, are not the less striking for the perfect originality and even quaintness of his manners and appearance. I give this brief description of our friend, because it characterizes the effect produced by divine grace in the midst of the hardy discipline of these rough regions.

I know of no district in America, in which the anti-slavery cause, as well as that of total abstinence, are more vigorously maintained by the bulk of the population, than in the parts which I was now visiting. Great was the zeal of the young people, both amongst Friends and others, in the pursuit of these objects; and while we could not but admire the virtuous energy which prevailed amongst them, it seemed desirable to fix their attention on still higher objects, and to remind them of the Apostolic injunction, "Let your moderation be known unto all men—the Lord is at hand."

After visiting many of the families of our Friends, and holding several meetings in the neighbourhood, among a sturdy, intelligent, and prosperous people, (including one at the beautiful little village of Palmyra) we went forward into the township of Wheatland, where we found another, though smaller, community of Friends. Well does this district deserve its name. It appeared to us that at least two-thirds of the whole surface of the land were then covered with the ripened and ripening wheat—often five or six 310 large fields together without any break but that of the paling or stone fence. The land of course is capable

Library of Congress

of producing twice in every three years. Never did I behold a spectacle so calculated to impress the mind with the idea of *an ocean of plenty*.

The wheat of America is generally bearded, and produces a smaller grain than that of England. The crops of 1839 were affected, in many parts, by a blight called "*the rust*," which blackens the plant, and deprives even that small grain of half its substance. Yet, on the whole, the production of the season was immense—enough to overwhelm the British market, if importation were allowed free of duty. It is said that more flour is now made in the neighbouring city of Rochester, than in any other place on the face of the globe.

In that city we spent two days, including the First of the week, in the midst of a small and agreeable society of Friends. The Methodist meeting-house here is of a great size, and was thronged, at our public meeting in the evening, by an orderly but promiscuous multitude. There are in Rochester upwards of twenty convenient places of worship, affording, at once, accommodation for the whole population, and resistless evidence of the energy of the voluntary system. The number of inhabitants is now about 20,000; excellent houses and good streets abound; one-thirteenth of an acre of ground, in the heart of the town, has been sold for 20,000 dollars. The falls of the picturesque Genessee river are very grand and striking, and afford the vast water power which has produced the prosperity of the city. Thirty years 311 before we saw it, this place was a wilderness—the range of Indians, and of the wild animals which they hunted. It is now a large town of remarkable beauty and prosperity; and what it will be thirty years hence, if its present rate of progress be continued, it is difficult for any man to imagine. The finest view of it is from Mount Hope, at the distance of two miles—a wooded hill of extreme beauty, which is now used as the public cemetery. The prospect which is there enjoyed of the city, with its numerous spires and steeples; of the Genessee, winding its way through a rich valley; and of lake Ontario in the distance—has left a vivid picture on the mind, not easily to be effaced. It is that of a country richly favoured by nature, and bursting into prosperity.

Library of Congress

Before we left Rochester, we held a meeting with the prisoners in the jail. Among our most attentive auditors on the occasion, was William L. Mackenzie, one of the restless authors of the rebellion in Canada. He conducts one of the newspapers at Rochester, being a citizen of the United States, and had been condemned by the supreme court of the Union, to eighteen months' imprisonment, for the breach of his neutrality. He seemed to be an acute and intelligent person—his spacious forehead betokening the great mental power which he has at his command, either for good or evil. I could by no means approve the exertions which were then making for his deliverance from a confinement which he described as being intensely irksome to him. He was, however, soon afterwards set at liberty.

The geology of the rocks of the Genessee river is 312 very curious. Nothing can be more distinct than the several strata—first, on the surface, limestone without shells; secondly, limestone with shells; thirdly, argillaceous iron ore; next, a kind of blue lias; and lastly, red saliferous sandstone. The stratum of iron ore is from six to twelve inches deep; and is said to extend 100 miles. As we wandered about these rocks, near the lower fall, one of our younger brethren gave us a geological lecture, which reminds me of a remark I was intending to make—that efforts of philanthropy among the young people in these parts, are united with no small energy in the cultivation of intellect. The refining, polishing touches of scientific pursuits seem to be doubly valuable in this comparatively new country.

The English Friend, already mentioned as residing at Skaneateles, was now kindly devoted to us as our guide, and drove us about from place to place, in his light convenient wagon. I shall not attempt to give thee any detailed account of the journey of several days which we took together, after leaving Rochester, on a visit to several scattered settlements of Friends to the north-west and west—at Elba, Shelby, Hartland, and Somerset. Suffice it to say, that though the country is rough, we met with several families on excellent farms, which were amply repaying their honest industry. Amongst them, there were two from England, who are maintaining the manners and character which become the members of

Library of Congress

our religious society, and are setting an example to their neighbours of neat agriculture. The head of one of these families sold three acres of garden ground, on which 313 he lived in England, purchased 100 acres here with the money—the land being then extremely cheap—and is now doing well in every respect. His nicely cut thorn hedges pleasantly reminded me of my own country. Again, I would say, let no one suppose that such results are to be obtained by emigration to America, without heavy personal sacrifices, and long-continued, resolute industry.

At Shelby we found ourselves within fifteen miles of the settlement of Tonawanta Indians, and thought it right to pay them a visit. It was to me an occasion of great interest. Accompanied by several of our friends, we started early one morning and travelled, in part, across a vast forest swamp. There we had to endure a corderoy road, composed of trees laid transversely, in close juxtaposition, but not always even. It is difficult to conceive of rougher travelling, and we could relieve ourselves only by walking. The swamp was indeed by no means destitute of attraction. The gay pink rose of the country was adorning the forest; and the wild raspberries, which there grow in profusion, afforded us no small refreshment. We observed some large hawks, and hundreds of the little “yellow birds” were flying about like butterflies. So light are these creatures, that they sometimes find a resting-place on the stalk and ears of wheat. On the other side of the swamp was the Indian reservation, about ten miles long and two broad. The people were living entirely on farming, and we saw some pretty good fields of wheat, oats, and Indian corn; also, a number of beautiful cows. Nevertheless their habits are indolent, and nothing under their hands bespeaks 314 an advanced condition of civilization. Their farming although respectable under the circumstances, is rather slovenly, which may be chiefly owing to the undesirable fact that they hold their lands in common—not in severalty. Their dwellings are sometimes log and sometimes frame (that is, either of unsawn timber or boards), being in both cases much superior to the common Irish hovel. Our first call was at the house of the “black chief.” It is a pretty comfortable abode; a large vessel, in which they pound the Indian corn, was standing at his door. The chief was absent, but his squaw and her family

Library of Congress

looked much at their ease, and took small notice of us. The women glided away whenever our carriage approached them, seeming to be quite devoid of curiosity, and averse to being seen. We made entry, however, in one of the cottages, and admired a noble, dark brown baby, whom a girl was holding on her lap. The mother and grandmother of the child were there,—of fine stature and features, cleanly in their appearance, and with their lank, black glossy hair neatly bound about their heads. But very few of these Indians can speak English. We then drove to the abode of the Baptist missionary, who is settled on the edge of the reservation—no white man being allowed to plant himself within it. This pious person keeps a school for the Indian children, who are boarded and clothed, as well as educated at the expense of the Baptist missionary society. During the winter, he and his excellent wife had forty of these little ones under their care.

At one o'clock we proceeded to the missionary chapel, at which place a religious meeting, with the 315 consent of the chiefs, was appointed to be held. Johnson, the principal chief of the six Seneca nations, the “black chief,” and several others of these princes of the earth were on the spot, ready to receive us, with many other men, and a considerable company of squaws, who wore earrings, and comfortable white blankets were thrown somewhat gracefully over their persons. After we had sat down together, the silence was soon broken by a handsome young chief, who addressed the people with great seriousness, in order to advise them (as we were afterwards told) to behave with due attention and decorum. Then rose the venerable-looking “black chief,” a most swarthy old man—to communicate the decision of the council in favour of the meeting, and to give us their welcome. I was afterwards enabled to preach the plain Gospel to them—the interpreter standing by me, and translating the discourse, sentence by sentence. Many of them, I believe, were heathens, but they behaved with great propriety, and at the conclusion of the meeting, chiefs and people, men and women, were all very kind and civil. Some of them were evidently much pleased; but their general demeanour was perfectly on a par with the unemphatic, monotonous sound of their language. They displayed no excitement of any kind. On the whole, I left this people under the affecting impression,

Library of Congress

that many of them had suffered grievously from their association with persons who *call* themselves Christians. The spirit-shops of the white people, on the very borders of the settlement, are sources of irreparable injury; and now alas! they seem 316 doomed to be cheated out of their comfortable reservation, and driven into the western wilderness. After spending our sabbath day at Hartland, we drove early in the morning—twelve miles across a fertile country—to the flourishing town of Lockport, where at the house of a Friend, distinguished for hospitality, we were provided with an excellent breakfast. We then took the rail-road eighteen miles further—being now in pursuit of a few days of needful recreation. In the course of an hour or two we had the happiness to arrive at the falls of Niagara.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Earlham, 3 rd month, 23 rd, 1841.

My dear Friend,

After establishing ourselves at the Cataract hotel, on the American side of the Niagara river, we sallied forth, for a long afternoon and evening ramble, the weather being exquisitely bright and clear. It was the 5th of the 8th month (August). We passed along the high bank of the river, until we came to:the top of the,“American fall.” It is a stupendous descent of water, and the scene is at first somewhat overpowering. This is the fall of that part of the river, which divides the American shore from Goat Island,—the magnificent rapids which are caused by the gradual descent of the previous half mile, being here exchanged for a sudden awful leap. By a winding staircase, we found our way to a ledge of rocks below, where one is almost in immediate contact with the fall; and here, the view of the immense body of water rushing down with indescribable force, is much enhanced in grandeur and effect. At the foot of the rocks, a little further to the north (i.e. lower down the stream) we took the ferry-boat, and in which we were finely tossed about, as we were

Library of Congress

rowed over to the Canadian side. The river is of a 318 palpable green colour, exchanged, under certain lights, for blue or grey; and the water is perfectly clear. A long up-hill walk brought us to the top of the steep rocks, near the Clifton hotel on the Canada side, from which point we enjoyed a commanding view of the whole wonderful scene; first, the opposite bank of the river, lofty, precipitous, and clothed with wood,—the white village, interspersed with trees, being just visible at the top of it; secondly, the American fall already described, which was now directly in front of us; thirdly, Goat Island to the south of it, beautifully clad with forest timber, and descending in perpendicular rocks to the river below,—the small middle cascade (a branch of the American fall) stealing its way over part of them;—lastly, the “Horse-shoe fall,” in the form of a crescent, and nearly half a mile in width. Here that larger portion of the river, which separates Goat Island from Canada, is propelled headlong, with inconceivable violence, over the continuation of the same line of rocks.

The river Niagara is the pouring forth of the waters of Erie into those of Ontario; the descent, during its whole course of thirty miles, being 250 feet. Of this number, ninety are passed over in the gradual course of the river, and chiefly at “the rapids,” and 160 form the single leap of the falls themselves, all three of which are of the same height. Not very far above, the river has a breadth of two miles, but contracts, at the spot itself, to 1500 yards, which is the width of the whole line of the falls, including the rocks of Goat Island. The quantity of water 319 which takes this wondrous leap, every minute, is estimated at 620,000 tons.

But the grandest of all sights among these extraordinary scenes, is the Horse-shoe fall, when viewed from the Table rock, which forms a plane of several square yards impending over the river, and immediately in front of the fall, with which it is almost in contact. Here, indeed, there is something to gaze upon, for as many hours as one can spare; and the longer one gazes, the more one is charmed, fascinated, and astonished. The water, as it rolls and tumbles over the edge of the rock, has the appearance of fragments of bright silver, or glass, or perhaps I might rather say, of an endless multitude of pearls and

Library of Congress

diamonds; but, as it descends, it gradually breaks into feathers. But the choicest ornament of the scene is just at the centre of the crescent. There the river is twenty feet deep; and is prevented, by its vast volume, from breaking when it begins to fall. The consequence is, that it descends in a sheet of the most vivid, transparent green. Nevertheless, that part of the water which is in contact with the rocks, is dashed into spray, and continually floresces to the surface—producing the appearance of wreaths of snow, on a robe of liquid emerald. Clouds of a fleecy whiteness, produced by the impulse of the water, are seen perpetually rising from the chasm below, often to a great height in the atmosphere. These are tossed about, by the currents of air, in every direction. The river, immediately below the fall, is completely covered with a mass of foam, which gradually melts away into dark green, the 320 native colour of the water. As a glorious frame to the whole picture, (the result of the almost constant sunshine on the spray which fills the atmosphere,) is a rainbow of the brightest hues, and of vast dimensions, which stretches over the whole scene, and stands by the hour together as motionless as a bridge. At this season, the rainbow was seen from Goat Island in the morning, and from the Canada shore in the afternoon.¹

1 Six hundred twenty thousand tuns, each minute, is the measure, That fills thy giant bowl for us with wonder, awe, and pleasure; Niagara the great, the free, old Erie's swift discharger, The billowy breast that banished thee, but sends thee to a larger. Ontario bids a welcome to thy foaming, gushing waters, That freshly fill her yawning caves, and nourish all her daughters. Sunshine and rain contend for thee, thou plaything of all weathers, Thy falling flood of glass and pearls breaks into fairest feathers; But where the deeper billows roll o'er the centre of thy crescent, Thy vest is of liquid emerald, with native snows florescent. Thy stream below is a floating field of winter's purest whiteness, Till it melts away into green and grey, rejoicing in its brightness. Clouds of thy own creation rise, in wild array, around thee, And, in her zone of magic hues, the radiant bow hath bound thee. Farewell, flow on—in bygone worlds thy veteran locks were hoary, And forests wild, untrod by man, have sung thine ancient glory. A meaner muse of modern days, now ventures to admire thee, Her music thou may'st well despise—thy own shall never tire thee.

Library of Congress

The more adventurous part of the visitors go down the rocks near the Horse-shoe fall; put on bathing dresses of the most grotesque appearance, in a small house erected for the purpose; and then follow a guide behind the sheet of falling water. The narrow path by which we walked on this occasion, is on a steep bank, where it is by no means very easy to keep one's footing steady. The current of air takes away one's breath, and the shower-bath, which instantly wets the visitor to the skin, is somewhat 321 what overpowering. Under certain lights, the appearance of the falling sheet from these dark caves, is said to be very splendid; but, at this time, all was darkness and confusion, and nothing was gained by our feat, but the small honour of a printed certificate, declaring that we had advanced, 230 feet behind the fall, to Termination rock.

On the following morning, the weather was stormy, which did not prevent our enjoying many a pleasant hour in Goat island, which is connected by a long bridge with the American shore. Here the guide leads the traveller from one wonderful scene to another. First the view of the American fall from the top of the rocks to the south of it; after which you descend to the foot of the precipice, and view the wondrous cataract from below. This is a dangerous spot until the "rocks have done falling"—a practice to which they are prone, during the Spring months, in consequence of the loosening effect of the winter's frost. Dr. Hungerford, a physician from Philadelphia, had been lately killed by the sudden fall of one of these fragments. Admirable as is this scene, the "Horseshoe" again forms the grander spectacle. A slight wooden bridge, over part of the rapids, leads to a tall tower built on the rock which immediately overlooks the fall. On the top of this building, you may take your station, in the midst of beauty and sublimity, and there remain unmoved, as long as you please to continue in a state of fascination. Yet I think the view was still finer from the end of some large timbers which happened to be lying on the rocks, close to the edge of the fall itself. Y

322

Library of Congress

Goat Island is a luxuriant spot. The shumach trees, with their red bunches of hairy berries, were at this time adorning it; and we were refreshed, during our walk, with wild fruits—raspberries, small prickly gooseberries, and mandrakes which resemble our largest gooseberries, with a very thick rind. They are the fruit produced by the plant called the may-apple. Even when one has turned one's back upon the falls, the walk round this little island is quite delightful. The timber upon it is beautiful; and the rapids, on each side of it, form a spectacle which, were it not for the greater glory near at hand, might justly be called magnificent. From the sublime pleasures of these scenes, there was but one deduction—the total absence of anything approaching to solitude. The rail-roads of America have rendered Niagara only too accessible; and Goat island is no longer the wild resort of adventurous lovers of scenery, but a popular promenade for the gentility of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

On the following day the weather again cleared, and highly interesting was the excursion which occupied our whole morning. We drove in open carriages from the falls, along the summit of the American bank of the river, to Lewiston, which is near the junction with lake Ontario. A constant succession of fine scenes were to be observed as we went along; one, a distant bird's-eye view of the falls themselves—forming the prettiest of pictures; and several afterwards, in the opposite direction, of the green river winding its way to the lake through dark lofty rocks of limestone covered with wood. A vast precipice, 323 on the bank, forming a frightful chasm, is called the “Devil's hole,” into which the Indian natives are said to have once forced a company of settlers, whom they regarded as unwelcome visitors. At Lewiston we crossed the ferry, and ascended Queenstown heights on the Canada side. Here a monument is erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, who fell at this spot, during the last American war. The view, from the top of this monument, of the river rolling into the lake, and of the interminable native forest on either side, is not to be forgotten as long as memory lasts. Geologists tell us, that the falls have gradually worn their way backward, ten tedious miles, from this point to their present position—the work of innumerable ages. The corresponding strata of

Library of Congress

limestone, on the two high banks of the river (evidently divided as they have been by the action of water) are the silent but expressive vouchers for the truth of this assertion.

The limestone rocks in the immediate neighbourhood of the falls, are some of them *geodiferous*, and others *cornetiferous*. The former are filled with little cavities containing crystals of sulphate of lime; the latter present fragments of hornstone, and certain fossil remains of a zoophite which is shaped like the top of a horn. I was assured by our intelligent guide that a multitude of ducks which had floated into the rapids, during the last winter, were unable to rise from the water, and were afterwards picked up dead below the falls. Sir George Arthur afterwards told me at Toronto, that one of his best soldiers, an athletic grenadier, who was bathing a few weeks before, Y 2 324 above the falls, was drawn into the rapids; and in spite of every effort to save him, was dashed down the dreadful "Horse-shoe." He was taken up perfectly dead, but without a single bruise upon his person.

Again the afternoon was spent delightfully at the Table rock and its vicinity; and again the hours of the morning, on the following day, were devoted to the beauties of Goat island. The longer we continued here, the greater and more astonishing did the falls appear to us. To have viewed these scenes at my leisure, while full scope was given to thought and reflection, has added to my stock of enjoyment for life. It is a pleasure which one can always taste in the vivid retrospect. But duty was now calling us away from these charms; and on the afternoon of our fourth day at Niagara, we took the steam-boat, at a landing-place about two miles above the falls, for a voyage up the Niagara to Buffalo.

The river, as one recedes from the falls, becomes very broad, and incloses some wooded islands of considerable extent; particularly Navy island, which was occupied by the Canadian rebels during the late conflict; and Grand isle, which contains 25,000 acres, and belongs to the states. Major Noah, a talented American Jew, attempted to make it the resort of his nation; but his plan, which at one time excited a good deal of attention, was a total failure. We stopped for a while at a vast saw-mill, worked by steam, on the shore

Library of Congress

of this island. There, 100 saws were at work, preparing the prodigious oak timber of the neighbourhood for ship building, &c. The approach to Lake Erie is very sublime, from the vastness of the 325 water scene; but the current was running ten miles an hour against us; the weather became alarmingly stormy; and as the last few miles before reaching Buffalo are of dangerous navigation, the captain deemed it necessary to put us ashore at Black Rock, just as the night was closing upon us. This is a small town on the American shore of the river, three miles from Buffalo, and is rising into importance in consequence of its water power. All was bustle at the tavern at the unexpected landing of so many strangers, but a steam carriage soon conveyed us to our place of destination. At Buffalo we were received in the hospitable house of the only Friend's family resident there. We were now bound on an excursion to a few meetings which lay to the south of the city.

Early in the morning, before our departure, I went up to the top of a vast hotel, and enjoyed a quiet view of the handsome young city, with its wide streets and well-built houses. It is admirably situated on the eastern extremity of Lake Erie, which was seen stretching away, between its wooded shores, into the interminable west. The original village was burnt by the English, in 1812—one of those many acts of unjustifiable barbarity and folly which distinguished the last American war. From these ashes has gradually arisen the present thriving town, which now contains 28,000 people. The Buffalonians say that, in due season, they will have a city as big as New York; and so excellent is their location, that the prophecy may probably be one day accomplished. In the mean time the most extravagant speculations have here taken place *in ground*—a single foot of frontage running 50 326 or 60 feet back, having been sold in many instances at an almost incredible price. Many have been ruined by these speculations; and Buffalo, like other cities in America, has suffered from the late commercial difficulties; but, through all, this queen of the north is making steady progress, and is doubtless destined to be a giant.

The Erie canal here joins the lake—and the great secret of the prosperity of Buffalo is its location at the point of junction. The union, effected by this canal, of the waters of Erie with those of the Hudson, may be ascribed, in great part, to the unceasing exertions of

Library of Congress

two excellent Friends—the late Thomas Eddy, and John Murray, both of New York. It is found to be of constantly increasing importance; so much so that the present width of the canal is wholly insufficient for the traffic upon it. An immense operation is now in progress for its enlargement, on a calculated expense of 23 millions of dollars—but this amount is as nothing to the republic of New York—especially as the canal itself will be very sure abundantly to repay it.

After making arrangements for a public meeting on our return, we set off on our journey; and on our way to a meeting of Friends in the village of Hamburg, in Erie country, passed through the reservation of the Buffalo Indians—a fertile and well-wooded tract indifferently cultivated. I fear they are but an indolent people, and whisky is their too successful enemy; but all this affords not even the shadow of an excuse for their being robbed of their property. They were at this time all on the stir—the grand council of the 327 six Seneca nations, being about to be held at Catarangus. I afterwards learned that they had come to a decision, by a most overwhelming majority, to reject the proposed treaty, and to continue in their present location. But their almost unanimous judgment has since been set aside, under some fraudulent pretext, and unless the present government should happily take a decided course in their favour, it is to be feared that nothing can now prevent the unrighteous banishment of these tribes into the far distant wilderness of the west. To concentrate all the Indian nations, lately resident within the states, in one large district west of the Mississippi, had long been the declared intention of the Van Buren administration; and the plan has already been executed to a great extent. It seems a strange policy to raise up a vast hostile force on the border of the states, which could at any time co-operate with enemies abroad, or with slaves at home. But it is much to be feared that the Indians will become a prey to that international warfare which was the constant habit of their warriors in past days. The Friends of New York and New England yearly meetings, have lately been engaged in raising a subscription for the benefit of the Indians west of the Mississippi. It is their hope that some judicious Friends may be found, who will first explore the territory, and afterwards settle amongst them, in order to exert a wholesome influence

Library of Congress

in promoting the habits of industry, sobriety, and peace. By such an influence, united with various means of Christian instruction, it is possible that the ruin and extinction of these interesting tribes may still be prevented.

328

A pious missionary, I believe of the Presbyterian church, is settled among the Buffalo Indians. We held a meeting at his house with a considerable company of them, chiefly women—most of the men being gone to Cataraugus. On that occasion I was interpreted for by a young woman, whose monotonous whispers were to me scarcely audible; but they were both heard and cordially received by the Indians themselves.

We spent our sabbath-day at Collins and Clear Creek, small villages about thirty miles south of Buffalo; and the respectable appearance of the country people who thronged our meetings both morning and afternoon, as well as the neat dwellings which are scattered over the country, afforded abundant evidence that the settlers of this agricultural district are a prosperous race. Certainly they appeared very open to those views of vital and practical religion, which we believed it to be our duty to impress.

On our return to Buffalo, the following evening, we met a large assembly of the people in one of the principal chapels. I think I have seldom been more struck with the apparent respectability of a congregation, than on that occasion. The people treated us with marked civility and attention; the blessed truths of Christianity were freely declared amongst them; and there was evidently prevalent that sense of divine love, which manifested that the religion of many who were then assembled, was far from being of a merely sectarian or nominal character. It was under feelings of no small solemnity, that we took our leave of the affectionate family of Friends 329 who here entertained us. Very early the next morning we were on our way back to Lockport. It was a drive of about forty miles, in part through a pleasant and cultivated country; in part also across the Tonawanta swamp, by one of the very worst roads that I saw in America. The rough corderoy over which we

Library of Congress

sometimes passed, was nothing in comparison to the mud holes in other places. It seems surprising that the shortest route between Buffalo and Lockport should be thus neglected.

When we arrived at Lockport, we found our Friends from Farmington, and many other places, assembling for their Quarterly meeting. It was a large and interesting company; and such were the hospitalities of the few Friends resident in the neighbourhood, that the wants of all were abundantly supplied. Two large public meetings were then held; one in a chapel in the town, and another in the new Friends' meeting-house in the country. The whole occasion bore as much the stamp of a spiritual festivity, as any that I remember on either side the Atlantic. The Friends were comforted together, in the hopes of the gospel, and in the flowing of brotherly love; and many of their neighbours seemed to be much alive to similar feelings. Here we parted with our friend from Skaneateles, who had been our faithful guide and helper for many weeks. I was by no means in strong health, and would fain have taken up my rest for a few days at the house of the generous Friend who here received us as his lodgers. But the apprehension of duties to be performed in a new region, forbade our stay; and after the conclusion of the Quarterly meeting, my companion and I set off, by ourselves, on our journey to Upper Canada.

We arrived that evening at Lewiston, a small town already described, near the mouth of the Niagara. There a tolerable hotel afforded us accommodation for the night; and on the following morning we went on board a small steam-boat, which was bound for Hamilton, at the western extremity of Lake Ontario. The voyage of a few miles down the river was agreeable, the wooded banks on either side being very beautiful. Just before we entered the lake, we stopped at the village of Niagara, which, although in Canada, is evidently a thriving place. Our voyage of 65 miles across Ontario, was not rendered the more agreeable by the groans of the high-pressure engine of a crazy boat, which had never been intended for any thing but river navigation. I was reminded of the steam-boats of the western waters, in which this kind of engine is generally used on account of its cheapness, and which are constantly liable to the most frightful accidents. But our voyage turned out to be one of safety, and it was to me a very interesting circumstance to be roaming over that

Library of Congress

vast inland sea of fresh water. I well remember that a large orange butterfly accompanied our vessel, on untiring wing, during the whole of this voyage. Superstition might have depicted it as a token of our safety; at any rate it was a curious and amusing companion.

The fisheries, both of Erie and Ontario, are now become of considerable importance. The salmon-trout of the latter is a vast creature—its flesh white, 331 and without much flavour. But the principal fish of these waters is the “white fish,” which is said to be delicious fare, and resembles a large herring. Like the herring, it is salted and exported in great quantities.

Ontario, at its western extremity, ends with Burlington bay, which is separated from the rest of the lake by a long sand bank. A lighthouse stands beside an opening in this bank, which affords a safe passage for vessels of moderate size. The scene is here very lovely, the town of Hamilton, at a distance, having an agreeable aspect; and Sir Allan M'Nab's beautiful villa, among the woods on the shore, forms a pleasing object. But no sooner did we find ourselves in the place itself, than we began to draw our comparisons between the beauty and apparent thrift of the young cities of the state of New York, and the far less salutary and hopeful condition of a Canadian town. Soldiers were wandering about the streets; the uncomfortable tavern was filled with flies; and there was nothing in the appearance of the place which bespoke a vigorous or prosperous population. We were very anxious to proceed immediately on our journey westward. It was the afternoon of the 6th day (Friday), and we were desirous of spending the following First day at the Canadian *Norwich*, at a distance of about 60 miles. No conveyance, however, was to be obtained, at that time, either by persuasion or for money; but the next morning we happily secured places in a stage-coach which was travelling westward. As we passed along through a fertile and often picturesque country, our impressions of Canada began to improve. We breakfasted at the village of Ancaster, 332 which is in the midst of rather romantic scenery; and in the course of the day obtained some fine views of the Grand river, which flows into lake Erie. On the banks of that river, the Mohawk Indians are in possession of a fertile reservation, of which I heartily hope that the avarice of English settlers may never

Library of Congress

deprive them. They do not, however, appear to be an industrious race. The numerous little companies of them, which we met with on our way, looked very much like the gipsies of our own country. The stage set us down at the little town of Brantford, where we dined at a crowded tavern; succeeded in hiring an extra; and then went forward over bad roads, and through wild woods, to the hospitable little farmhouse of a pious and useful Friend at *Norwich*.

And what dost thou imagine this *Norwich* of Canada to be? Truly, it is no crowded city, half filled with weavers who can obtain no employment, but a fertile country district, pretty well cleared and cultivated, and inhabited by a community which may assuredly prosper, on the simple conditions of industry, sobriety, and good order. But, unhappily, this *Norwich*, like our own city, had been much distracted by politics. It was a scene of confusion, at the time of the late rebellion, in which many persons residing in the neighbourhood were seriously involved—including some individuals loosely connected with our society. The Friends themselves are generally both respectable and loyal; and many of them were setting a conspicuous example of a peaceable, orderly demeanour. Nothing could, to all appearance, be more unreasonable, than the discontent of the disaffected 333 party; for the Canadian settlers have scarcely any taxes to pay, and the resources of a generous soil afford them abundant opportunities of a comfortable living.

The Friends are numerous here; and our meetings, in the morning and afternoon of the following day, were largely attended by them and their neighbours—many of the quondam rebels being present on the occasion. Those peaceable principles of the gospel of Christ, which are utterly opposed to all seditions, strifes, and tumults, were then proclaimed; and I have no doubt that the bulk of the persons assembled, were prepared to unite with our Christian doctrine. We spent four interesting days among this people; visiting many of the families, and walking about their little settlements. On the whole, we received a comfortable impression of their well-doing, both temporally, and in a religious point of view. But some of them are poor, and their houses by no means comfortable; and all are under difficulty as it relates to any suitable education of their children. I well remember,

Library of Congress

one evening, when we were visiting a cleared patch in the midst of some of the wild pine woods, that we were kindly greeted by a Friend who owned the land, and was there living in a very humble dwelling. It was just dark, and we had come several miles to pay the family a visit of Christian love, and to take a cup of tea with them. They had given up expecting us, from the lateness of the hour; their children were running about like true natives of the forest, and they had not a single candle in their house. But our friend had succeeded, a few days 334 before, in shooting a fine buck; his homely wife set to work in good earnest; a small candle was borrowed from a neighbouring settler; and we soon found ourselves at a venison feast, in the midst of the wilderness! With this description of a Norwich far different from our own, I will conclude my present letter.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Earlham, 3 rd month, 26 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

I regretted that I had no opportunity of visiting the Wilberforce settlement of negroes, which is considerably west of Norwich. The people belonging to it had escaped from the slavery in which they had once been held in the United States; and I fear were not in a very comfortable condition in their new location. One of their own number, who had travelled for the express purpose of begging funds for them, had not only brought home no proceeds, but had sued his brethren for a vast amount of expenses—a circumstance which had thrown the whole of the little community into great difficulty. Some of the Friends at Norwich were giving a close attention to their case; and I understood that their prospects were then considerably bettered. The number of negroes already located in Canada, (chiefly runaway slaves) amounts, as I am informed, to about 20,000. They are in general much scattered among the population at large; and mostly obtain a pretty

Library of Congress

comfortable livelihood by their own labour. Yet they have many difficulties to struggle with, especially from the rigours of a climate to which they are wholly unaccustomed.

336

About 100 slaves per month were at that time making their escape into this land of freedom; and when we take into view the extreme hazards and hardships to which they are exposed on their journey, we cannot fail to perceive that the fact affords ample refutation of the favourable notions which some persons profess to entertain respecting the comforts of American slavery. We were glad to make our acquaintance, at Toronto, with Hiram Wilson, the excellent agent of the American Anti-slavery Society, who was watching over the interests of this afflicted people; and it gave us pleasure to aid him in promoting the formation of schools for the Christian education of their children. The Friends of New York yearly meeting had subscribed a considerable sum for the furtherance of this object.

In our drives about Norwich and its neighbourhood, we observed a variety of birds—three distinct species of woodpecker, the raven, the night-jar, the blue and yellow birds so common in the states, multitudes of blue jays, and, strange to say (at so northern a latitude) the humming-bird itself. I also observed a handsome streaked water snake. The *lobelia cardinalis* abounds; and the white pines which chiefly form the forest, are of magnificent stature.

A few days before the close of the 8th month (August) we set off with a large company of Friends, in a train of three capacious open wagons, on a pilgrimage of 120 miles, to Yonge street, north of Toronto, where the half-year's meeting of Friends of Upper Canada was about to assemble. We first returned to Brantford, twenty-two miles, where we 337 held a public-meeting with the inhabitants, and lodged at a comfortable tavern. A similar service awaited us on the following evening at Hamilton, where we met with some corrective of our former unfavourable impressions respecting the place, in the readiness and seriousness which the people evinced in attending our meeting. On the following day, while most of our

Library of Congress

friends were pursuing their slow journey by land, my companion and I took an excellent steam-boat for Toronto—a voyage of 46 miles. We passed by Port Credit, where the Indians have a station, and are said to prosper under the judicious pastoral care of a Methodist missionary.

The bay of Toronto is spacious and beautiful, being inclosed on one side by an extensive circular sand-bank, at the extremity of which stands a lofty light-house. The aspect of the place, as we approached it, was rather imposing—the parliament-house, and other public offices, being conspicuously built on the high bank of the lake. The town contains 10,000 inhabitants, but it certainly does not wear that appearance of commercial activity and thrift, to which we had been so much accustomed in the States.

Our large company took up their quarters at the American hotel for the whole of the ensuing sabbath. It was in various respects an interesting day. After our quiet morning meeting, held in our own apartment, four of our company waited on Sir George Arthur, the Lieutenant-Governor, with whom we conversed with great freedom respecting the moral and political character of the people. We were glad to assure him that some persons of a seditious character who Z 338 went by the name of Quakers, had little or no connection with our society; and that the body of Friends in Canada wished for nothing better than to pursue their peaceable avocations under the Queen's government. The lieutenant-governor is a gentleman of kind demeanour, much benevolence, and I believe decided piety. He listened with great kindness to the appeal which we ventured to make to him on the subject of capital punishment—this having been enforced on several occasions after the late rebellion. We also conversed on the subject of the Indians, in whose welfare he appeared to be deeply interested. We could not but feel some anxiety lest the plans which have been lately formed for removing some of their tribes to the Manatoulin islands, which lie to the north-west of Lake Erie, should not rest on that basis of a fair and open agreement which could alone justify the measure. But it seemed to be the lieut.-governor's strong wish that the transaction should be strictly equitable; and he spoke very favourably of the fertility and other advantages of the proposed location. Sir George had been well

Library of Congress

acquainted with two of our missionary Friends in Van Dieman's land. I declined his cordial invitation to dinner, but promised to spend the evening with him and his family circle. In the mean time, in the afternoon, a large public meeting was held in the Methodist meeting-house, which, I trust, answered some good purpose. Toronto had been greatly agitated by the politics of the day; disaffection had prevailed amongst many of the people; but on this occasion we were brought to feel that the citizenship of the Christian is in heaven.

339

He is placed under the supreme government of Christ; and the result of obedience to this government, is love to God and man, and the peaceable performance of all our relative duties. The evening at Sir George Arthur's was passed very pleasantly. I read the Scriptures at his request to his family circle, including a large number of orderly servants; and afterwards much enjoyed an hour's social conversation with him and Lady Arthur, who is a person of remarkable amiability. I was also much pleased with the young people of the family. I found the general's character standing high in the community. Although he ranges among the Tories, his political views are moderate—extremely different from those of some persons whom I met with in Canada, whose virulent party spirit in opposition to liberal views, accompanied by a vehement dislike of the Americans, was obviously calculated to defeat its own object.

The people were at this time divided into Loyalists and *Durhamites*; for in consequence of the premature publication of Lord Durham's able report, the disaffected party had adopted his name, and were availing themselves of the circumstance in order to keep up a continued excitement. The spirit of many of the people on both sides, appeared to us to be lamentably bad; and wherever we went we found ourselves constrained to plead for the cause of good order and Christian moderation.

The roads through the settled districts of this country are called “streets.” Yonge-street begins at Toronto, and goes on thirty miles in a perfectly straight line to the north, until it reaches the settlement Z 2 340 of Friends, which we were now about to visit. The country

Library of Congress

on the whole route is well settled; good brick houses on fertile and fairly cultivated land, are to be seen on either side of the street. It is evidently a very productive country, and pleasant in its appearance—far superior to the notions that I had previously formed of it. At Yonge-street settlement we found a convenient abode among hospitable Friends, ready for our reception; and were met by numerous members of the society, many of whom had arrived from a great distance both from the east and west. They were come to attend the half year's meeting, which is here held in lieu of the Quarterly meetings usual in other parts of America.

This part of the country as well as the neighbourhood of Norwich, was much agitated during the late rebellion. It was near this place that the people took up arms under the persuasion and command of the restless Mackenzie. And one Lount, a blacksmith, and formerly M. P. for the district, who though no Quaker himself, was connected by marriage with a respectable Friend's family, was so mortified by losing his election that he openly joined the rebels, and was executed the year before our visit for high treason. The poor fellow became very penitent, and is said to have died in the faith of the Christian.

The half year's meeting was held in a large rustic meeting-house; it occupied parts of three successive days, and was an occasion of much interest. The sincere and simple-hearted, though generally unpolished people of whom it was composed, excited both our regard and our sympathy. They had been exposed 341 to many troubles during the late political excitement. An earnest desire prevailed in the meeting, that the members of our society, in all parts of the province, should keep clear of all the jarring and tumults of political parties—that they might “study to be quiet and do their own business.” This indeed was already their general habit, and not much fault could be found, in reference to the subject even with the young; yet every one felt that it was a day of temptation and difficulty. In the mean time, however loyal the Friends might be, they could neither serve themselves in the militia, nor pay any tax in lieu of such service. On this ground they were exposed, by the laws of Upper Canada, either to the distraint of their goods, or the imprisonment of their persons. Two of our young men had actually been thrown into jail at Hamilton for sixteen

Library of Congress

days. The subject was respectfully urged on the attention of Sir George Arthur; as it had been previously on that of Lord Durham; but it so happens that I have never heard the result of either application.

The attention of the Friends, at this meeting, was closely directed to the subject of education; and it was determined to take immediate steps towards the establishment of a boarding school. The subscriptions made for the purpose, throughout the province, were aided by friends from New York, and England; and it was to us a gratifying circumstance that before we left Canada, an excellent house and farm on the borders of Lake Ontario, admirably adapted for a manual labour boarding school, were purchased for the purpose. By the last accounts which I received, 342 it appeared that arrangements were making for its commencement.

The state of education among the people at large in Canada, is at present miserably low. Little school houses are indeed to be observed in the neighbourhood of many of the settlements; but we seldom saw either masters or scholars in these places. A small allowance is given by the government towards the support of schoolmasters in the country districts; but, the persons appointed to this station, through the favour of public officers, were often of a very inferior stamp both as to literature and morals. This subject also was laid before the lieutenant-governor, who seemed earnestly desirous of promoting the literary and religious instruction of the people under his care.

Next to the party spirit of which I have already complained, and which appeared to be equally violent on both sides of politics, the chief curse of Canada is the use of ardent spirits. Intoxication is very common among the looser part of the population; and many an emigrant from the British isles, who might otherwise have prospered, destroys himself, and ruins his family, by giving way to this vicious practice. As we passed along from house to house, and from farm to farm in this neighbourhood; (and indeed wherever we went in Upper Canada,) abundant was the evidence afforded, that this is a fair and fertile province; and that if its inhabitants will but keep themselves clear of political strife and ardent spirits

Library of Congress

(two things which act and re-act) there is nothing to prevent their becoming a rich and prosperous people.

After the conclusion of the half year's meeting, we 343 travelled twenty miles further into the country to another settlement called Tecumseh, where again we found more of cultivation and less of the native wilderness, than we expected. The country is pleasing; and Friends and their neighbours came in a large number to our public meeting. I remember catching a beautiful garter snake in one of the woods—a slim and elegant creature of a dark greenish brown, with long straw-coloured stripes. Another natural production of this country is a wild plum. The fruit which was then ripening, is of a bright red colour, of the size of a pigeon's egg, and of a pleasant taste. On the following First day, large public meetings were held at Yonge-street, and at another settlement in its neighbourhood. Here the followers of Elias Hicks are numerous, many of whom were present on these occasions. I trust it was not in vain that we then pleaded for the “faith once delivered to the saints,” both as it relates to its divine origin, and its moral and practical efficacy.

The next morning my companion and I found ourselves quietly seated, with a kind friend and his wife, in a rough open wagon; and spent the whole day in traversing the country to a place called Pickering. It was a journey of 40 miles, and though most of the country was well settled, we passed through one of those wildernesses of which Lord Durham, in his report, so justly complains as the consequence of wasteful grants of land to persons in favour. In this instance, many thousands of acres of forest, had been bestowed on some quondam chief justice, and were in consequence, excluded from public competition, and 344 wholly unredeemed from their wild condition. Bears are still common in these forests; but my curiosity was nowhere gratified by the sight of the animal running wild.

Nothing could exceed the hospitality of our Friends at Pickering, some of whom had come from Ireland, and are here gradually increasing their property. It is a prosperous settlement, about thirty miles east of Toronto, and not very far from the northern shore of

Library of Congress

the lake. The road between this place and Toronto, is laid transversely with sawn timber, which is said to answer well, and is a grand improvement on the old corderoy. We were now travelling eastward, and had only to follow the high road which leads from Toronto to Kingston. Another of the rough open wagons of the country, was now provided for us; and some Friend was sure to be ready to guide and drive us, from place to place. The first evening we stopped at the little village of Darlington. The country, along our whole route, was flat, fertile, and well settled, the weather delicious—it being now early in the 9th month (September). The aurora, which we often saw, and under a curious variety both of hues and aspects, was, this evening, of the brightest crimson, and much diffused over the sky.

The next day, we travelled thirty-two miles further, passed through the pretty little town of Port Hope, which is a place of some trade; and arrived at Cobourg, a still larger town on the coast, in time for a public meeting in the evening. The place had been tempest-tossed by faction, and had grievously suffered temporally, as well as spiritually, from the unsettled state of politics. Our meeting was large, and the peaceable principles of the gospel seemed to rise into ascendancy over all tumult and strife. Twelve miles north of Cobourg is the Rice Lake, on the borders of which wild rice grows in abundance. The Indians of the district, who are under the care of a Methodist missionary, are accustomed to gather it for sale, it being pretty good food. The crops of winter wheat, throughout this district, were this year nearly a total failure, which was probably owing to the length and severity of the winter. The spring wheat was doing well; also a small kind of Indian corn, which is one of the staple productions of the country.

On the following evening a similar meeting was held at Colborne, a desolate-looking little town; but the assembly was considerable. Throughout Upper Canada we generally availed ourselves of the chapels of the Wesleyans and Methodists, who form an influential and numerous part of the community. They were then much divided by politics, but I trust that these difficulties are now removed; and I consider the prevalence of their religious system which never fails to civilize and improve the people, to be one of the best hopes of this province: We now diverged into a rough country, and visited two small settlements of

Library of Congress

Friends at Haldimand and Cold Creek. The log meeting-house, at the latter place, was crowded, on our arrival, with the settlers of every description, including their infant children and *dogs*. The disturbance caused by the two latter, was almost insurmountable. But difficulties of this sort must be expected in these rough regions. With 346 regard to infants, their poor mothers, in many parts of the United States, as well as Canada, are compelled, either to bring them to meeting, or to stay at home themselves. The former alternative is constantly preferred; and notwithstanding the inconvenience these little ones occasion, I always thought it was amply compensated by the company of their mothers.

Wild and bad was the road by which we travelled on this occasion, through woods of pines of a magnificent height. A boy and girl belonging to a Friend's family, when walking one day, the year before, through these woods to Cold Creek meeting, encountered a large bear who stood looking at them for a considerable time, and then sheared off into the forest without injuring them. This was a providential escape. I met with another Friend, further to the east, who had unwisely attacked one of these animals with his dogs, was put to the flight, and was just saved from destruction by leaping over a stone fence.

The vast pines of these forests are beautiful to behold, and form, at present, the chief export of the country. They are floated down the creeks and rivers to lake Ontario, and are thence conveyed *as rafts* to Quebec where they are shipped for England. This business appeared to me to have an impoverishing tendency. The timber is often wanted, on the spot, for building and other purposes; and while the value of the land is vastly diminished by its removal, the attention of the people is diverted from agriculture, to a pursuit which is, in its nature, purely temporary. The removal of those protecting duties which now prevent the importation, into England, of 347 the better pines of Norway, would, in my opinion, operate favourably, not only for timber merchants at home, but for the permanent advantage of Canada herself.

We now went forward to some larger settlements of Friends at Hillier and West Lake. The latter is near to the town of Picton or Hallowell, on the coast of Ontario, at which place

Library of Congress

the steam-boat from Toronto to Kingston constantly touches. The half-year's meeting is held here in the winter, and the new school, for the province, is in the immediate neighbourhood. Our public meetings at these settlements, and at the neighbouring town, were largely attended; and we were afterwards engaged for a few days, in a domiciliary visit to many of the families of Friends. We were glad to find them in general thriving on their farms—the chief difficulty of the district having been that want of education for the children which now, I trust, is likely to be supplied.

After leaving West Lake, we crossed the beautiful bay of Quinty, which runs to a great extent up the country to the north and west; and after holding a meeting at a pretty country village, called Adolphus, pursued our route to a Friend's house, in the neighbourhood of Kingston. Our road lay along the eastern part of the bay of Quinty, which is separated from the main waters of the lake by several wooded islands, especially the large island of Amherst; the scenery on the coast is pretty and picturesque. The season of fishing was now commenced. The handsome silvery “whitefish” is here caught by tens of thousands; it averages about two pounds in weight.

348

On land, the passenger pigeons often vie with them in multitude. One of our friends had netted 700 in a few hours. A blinded decoy pigeon, called the “stool pigeon,” is compelled to fly down from a lofty stool, to the ground. The wild ones, seeing it flutter, immediately gather round it, and the net is so constructed as to spring over them. They are larger than our pigeons, and their flesh is tender and well-flavoured. We passed through the little town of Bath, on the coast, which seemed to us the picture of dullness, but has nevertheless been the scene of violent political agitation.

After quite a charming drive beside the shore, we arrived at the homely but comfortable dwelling of a Friend, who lives in the country about two miles from Kingston. There we closed a week of great interest, in peace and safety. The next morning, we met a company of Friends and others, at the sequestered little meeting of Waterloo—the house

Library of Congress

being shaded with pines. The person with whom we afterwards dined is one of the many prosperous farmers of this district. In the afternoon we entered Kingston, and took up our abode at a crowded hotel, which afforded us poor accommodation. All the inns here were very full, many officers and soldiers being quartered in the town. The weather was very stormy, the rain pouring in torrents; notwithstanding which, a large and promiscuous assembly met us, in the evening, at the Methodist meeting-house. The proclamation of the great principles of peace, order, and submission, was here followed by vocal prayer on behalf of our young Queen. We had already been set down in the province, 349 for Tories; and such was then the state of Canada, that this circumstance was quite sufficient to confirm the report. Another meeting for worship was held to our satisfaction, on the following evening; and I trust that some effect was produced, in allaying that hot and factious spirit, on both sides of politics, with which the place had been so much agitated.

Kingston contains about 6000 inhabitants. It is admirably situated at the junction of the river St. Lawrence with lake Ontario; and the view of it, with the lake, river, &c., from a lofty peninsula, on which the fort is built, almost amounts to splendid. It appeared to us to be a neater, livelier town than Toronto; and I consider it to be well chosen as the future seat of government for the United Canadas.

Before we left Kingston, we were interested in visiting the jail and the new penitentiary. The former, like other prisons in Canada, has nothing to recommend it; the latter contained at this time 200 prisoners, but was still unfinished. It appeared to be well regulated on the silent system, and is conducted with less severity than Auburn and Sing-Sing. But the whip, at present, is far from being disused. Here, also, it wants to be banished by yet more of moral culture, and by the stimulus of hope in the shape of small wages. The women are under excellent care. We held a very solemn meeting with the convicts. Still more interesting, however, was our visit to about eighty American prisoners at the fort. They had been seized the year before, during their 350 armed marauding into Canada, in aid of the rebels; and by the law of nations were liable to be put to death. Their younger comrades had been pardoned, and sent back to their own country. Those whom we visited were

Library of Congress

of a more reflecting class, and I was greatly astonished that such respectable-looking persons, as many of them were, should have been guilty of such extreme folly. We had some interesting religious intercourse with them. They were then on the point of being transported to Van Dieman's land, and seemed to be much subdued and afflicted.

We now boarded the Dolphin steam-boat, and spent a long afternoon and evening in a voyage of 60 miles to the east, down the magnificent St. Lawrence. We landed at night at Brockville, on the northern bank. This was a very interesting voyage; for a great part it was through the "thousand islands," many of which are mere patches; but others are pretty large—the banks rocky and precipitous, the soil barren, but covered with forest. The appearance to the voyager is that of a perpetual succession of little lakes. The scenery is lovely, but the open parts of the river, with the distant wooded shores on each side, produce the impression of greater sublimity. The fish seem to lie in layers at the bottom of the river, among these islands. The quantities of them are immense. On the surface of the water we occasionally observed the great northern divers in full enjoyment.

We met with a comfortless reception at a large tavern in Brockville. It is a considerable town, well situated for the commerce of these parts; but, like most other places which we visited in Canada, had been agitated by factions; and did it not wear the appearance of prosperity. Here we had great difficulty in procuring any kind of conveyance; but an open wagon was at length obtained, in which we *jolted* sixteen miles up the country to Leeds, or Farmersville, a settlement of Friends. On our road we met with an evidence of the substantial prosperity of the country, which is worth recording. A great auction was taking place that morning at Brockville; and the farmers of the neighbourhood, with their wives and families—all in large open wagons—were pouring into the town, in order to attend it. They were respectably dressed, and looked healthy and happy; I was at a loss to reconcile this obvious token of agricultural thrift, with the desolate appearance of the town itself.

We had satisfaction in visiting the rustic friends of this district. In the midst of a rough life, there was much of simple piety to be found amongst them; and although a few of them

Library of Congress

whom we visited in the wild woods, were among the poor of this world—living in rough log-houses—the generality are evidently thriving. There are several ministers amongst them, one of whom I remember was a celebrated *bee-hunter*. The day before, he had been following the bees through the forest, until at last he discovered their home filled with wild honey. It is understood in this country that whoever discovers a store of this useful article, is at liberty to cut down the tree on which it is found, though it be on a neighbour's property, and to secure the treasure for his own family uses. A large number of people were assembled for worship on the following morning; after which we returned in company with several of the Friends, to Brockville. It was a clear moonlight evening, and a promiscuous crowd flocked to the meeting which we had there appointed. The occasion was one of much feeling and solemnity, calculated I trust to promote the cause of tranquillity and peace. The people of the place, including several of the ministers, were kind and cordial; and the sheriff of the county, a liberal and useful gentleman, called on us the next morning to express his satisfaction in our visit. Here we again took the Dolphin steamer, which goes by the name of the “lazy boat;” but she carried us safely through the tangled navigation of the thousand islands, back again to Kingston.

We had now finished our visit to Upper Canada; and on the following morning went on board the *Great Britain*, a steam-boat of great size and beauty, and came across the lake about sixty miles to the American town of Oswego. Ontario is indeed a wonderful sheet of inland water. Our voyage across it was delightful, the weather being fine, and the wooded islands which are scattered about, here and there, very attractive. The water is of a bluish green, very bright and transparent; and when we were out of sight of land, it was easy to imagine ourselves on the ocean itself. The approach to Oswego is striking, the town being built on two hills which rise from the lake at the mouth of the river Onondaga. The pier and lighthouse are strongly built, and have a noble appearance in front of the town. It was the evening of the 7th day (Saturday); and we again enjoyed the privilege of closing the week in safety, at the peaceful dwelling of a most hospitable family of Friends.

Library of Congress

I am, &c. &c. 2 A

LETTER XXV.

Earlham, 3 rd month, 27 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

The sabbath day which succeeded the evening of our arrival at Oswego, was satisfactorily spent among the people of that place. We sat down in the morning, in a private apartment, with the Friends of the place, who are not numerous enough to open a regular meeting in the town. In the afternoon the people at large were assembled in the Presbyterian meeting-house; and I trust it was not in vain that the fundamental truths of Christianity were proclaimed amongst them. It so happened that we were detained at Oswego for a full week; so that two more meetings were held in this chapel; and we made our acquaintance, in the course of the time, with several individuals whose religion appeared to us to be of a vital and spiritual character.

The Presbyterian church in North America—a numerous and highly respectable body—has lately been divided into the old and new school. The former keep up the whole system, both doctrinal and disciplinary, of the Scotch kirk. The latter have adopted a much more comprehensive view of Christian redemption, and of the diffusive influences of the Spirit; and 355 are at the same time less attentive to the forms of Presbyterian church government. I have also been told that the new school is more avowedly attached than the old one, to the cause of the abolition of slavery. This is one of those disruptions to which, on the free and equal arena of America, Christian sects seem to be peculiarly exposed; and most persons regard them as a serious evil. For my own part, I am ready to think that little harm, in general, arises out of these divisions—so long as the essential points of orthodox Christianity are steadily maintained. This I understand to be decidedly the case with both classes of the Presbyterians.

Library of Congress

It must, however, be acknowledged, that in some peculiar cases, even orthodox sentiments on a few leading points, are connected with such wild extravagance, in the circumstantial of religion, that the *tout ensemble* is very little to the credit of a free and rational community. This remark applies in full force to the *Mormonites*, who have of late years spread in North America, to a surprising extent. They pretend that their founder, one Smith, dug up a number of metal plates (in some part, I believe, of the state of New York) on which were inscribed in Coptic, or Ethiopic characters, the contents of a new Bible. The finder of the treasure was inspired, as they assert, to decipher and translate these inscriptions; and the work has been printed, and widely circulated. Its contents are somewhat similar to those of the Book of Enoch, and other unauthentic productions of the early ages of the church. The fraud, in this case, is easily discoverable; for although the book professes to bear a date anterior to christianity, it is distinguished by the most obvious plagiarism from the pages of the New Testament. The Mormonites entertain a notion that the expected visible kingdom of the Messiah will have two metropolitan cities—one in Judea—Jerusalem of course; the other in the slave-state of Missouri, where a considerable body of these people have established themselves, and have been shamefully abused and persecuted. It is a singular fact—one that must be placed to the score of the peculiar credulity of the Americans—that many persons of respectability from other denominations, including some of their ministers, have lately joined the ranks of this infatuated sect. We met with a very similar set of people at Kingston in Upper Canada, one of the symptoms of whose erroneous notions, is their perfect contempt of all other forms and administrations of Christianity. The human mind is ever prone to cleave to its own unauthorized systems; and prejudice is never stronger than when it is connected with gross delusion.

I much regret that I never found an opportunity, when in America, of visiting any of the settlements of the Shakers, who are no less extraordinary in some of their notions and habits; but have little pretension (as I understand) to sound doctrinal opinions. The members of this sect lead a life of celibacy; dress like very plain Friends; display an

Library of Congress

extreme neatness in their houses, gardens, and fields; excel the generality of the people in their knowledge of agriculture; and grow rich on the plan of co-operation and common stock. While they form a singular variety among the 357 *phases* of poor, bewildered, human nature, they have at least the reputation of being an inoffensive people.

We had intended to have returned to Buffalo, and there to have taken the steam-boat up Lake Erie, in order to visit the meetings in Michigan; but the lateness of the season, with other calls of duty, now precluded our doing so. Part of our time at Oswego was spent in preparing a written address to the Friends of Michigan, on several topics, respecting which they were much interested; and we afterwards found that this epistle served the purpose which we had chiefly in view, in our proposed visit. I was also engaged in writing to Sir George Arthur, to give him a report of our journey in Canada, and to suggest a number of subjects for his kind consideration. Thus our time was fully occupied. We were wishing to return to New York by the Black-river country, which we hoped to reach by a steamer from Oswego to Sacket's harbour to the west; but the rough weather disappointed us; the lake had become stormy, and further navigation on it was considered to be undesirable. We therefore preferred a quiet voyage down the Oswego canal to Syracuse; and from this place were rapidly conveyed by the rail-road, first to Utica, and afterwards along the beautiful valley of the Mohawk, which I had not before seen, to Albany. During the course of this journey, my companion and I were often observing to each other how agreeable it was to us to be again *in the States*. The difference between the towns of Canada, and those young and rising cities of New York, which I have already described, is indeed very striking; and I could scarcely avoid drawing the conclusion, 358 that were Canada ripe for independence (which in my opinion is far from being the case) it would be a policy at once wise and liberal, to suffer her to take her own course, and shift for herself. Colonial governments, especially when connected with legislative assemblies, are seldom attended, as far as I have observed, with much satisfaction either to the colony or to the mother country; and every one knows that the advantage which England now derives from

Library of Congress

her commerce with the United States, is unspeakably greater than any which was obtained from her former possession of those states, as mere dependencies.

Speaking of the towns of that great country, I cannot think that the population of them derive any solid advantage from the multiplication of their daily newspapers. Scarcely a village is to be found, of any considerable size, in which one of these periodicals is not published; and in the larger towns and cities they are numerous indeed. That they will be filled up to a great extent with unprofitable and sometimes dangerous matter, follows of course; and I often regretted that so much time is occupied by American citizens in poring over these often flimsy productions. This practice, together with that of reading novels, which are published in great numbers, and at a very low price, has a material tendency to lower the tone both of intellect and moral feeling. In making these remarks, I do not forget that newspapers well conducted—and in moderate numbers—are of essential service to the community.

It may not be unsuitable to take this opportunity of remarking that the *elections* in America—frequent 359 as they are, and often marked by no small virulence of party spirit—are on the whole more quietly conducted, and are attended with much less of treating and bribery than are common in Great Britain and Ireland. The population is so generally imbued with the feeling of personal independence, that bribery for the most part is out of the question; and this offence against the laws (for it is forbidden in most of the states, on pain of imprisonment and hard labour) is still further precluded by the large number of voters on the one hand, and the absence of a surplus of ready money on the other. The vote by ballot is found to be a convenient method, and undoubtedly contributes to the same end. Each voter inserts a card into the box, inscribed with the name of the candidate whom he supports; and the officers in attendance trouble him with no questions. While these remarks are amply borne out in a general point of view, I do not mean to say that the elections in America are by any means *free* either from dissipation or corruption; especially in large cities, where a loose and low population is too often included among the voters.

Library of Congress

On our return from Albany to New York, we stopped at the little town of New Baltimore, on the west bank of the Hudson, in order to visit a scattered community of Friends, in a country district, twenty miles south of Albany. The name of the place is Coemans; and we were much interested in holding meetings both with the Friends, and their neighbours of every denomination. It was now the beginning of the 10th month (October); and as we afterwards pursued our course down the Hudson, we were more than usually struck with the beauty of the scenery. The river was remarkably adorned with sloops—assuming, under different lights and positions, a constant variety of shape and appearance; and the sun shone brightly on the reds and yellows of the foliage which covered the rocks and mountains. One of our fellow-passengers was General Alvear, minister plenipotentiary at Washington, from the Argentine republic, i. e. Rio de la Plata and Buenos Ayres. He was president of the congress of that republic in 1813, when slavery was prospectively abolished, by the decree that all children born from that time should be free—an example which was afterwards followed, in substance, by all the South American states except Brazil. He assured me that emancipation, in South America, is working decidedly well, and that the free negroes are willing to labour under the stimulus of wages.

Our return to New York, after this long and varied journey, was no small pleasure to us. Our friends gave us the most cordial reception. The wife and family of my dear and faithful companion, who had been so long absent from them in order to assist me in my gospel errand, had now the delight of receiving him back again in health and happiness; and as we were spending our evening together, peace and joy seemed to overflow.

I had now the prospect before me of leaving America, after six or seven weeks, for the West Indies; and shall not attempt to enter into many particulars of the intervening period. I had little more to do in the United States, in the capacity of a travelling minister; but I had many friends to visit, and many meetings yet to attend—including the Yearly meeting at Baltimore. After spending the First day at New York, I was accompanied by a kind friend and brother to Long Island, and held a large public meeting for the first time in

Library of Congress

the city of Brooklyn, where a revival of religion was said to have lately done much towards increasing some of the congregations. Afterwards we again visited our friends of Westbury and Jericho on that Island; and convened the public at the neat prosperous little town of Hempstead, on its northern coast. We then returned to New York, and took the steam-boat one early morning for Amboy, on our way to Philadelphia.

It so happened that President Van Buren was one of the passengers. He kindly recognised me; and I was glad of the opportunity of conversing with him on a variety of interesting topics. He fully agreed in my view of the importance of the daily use of the Bible in the common schools, as well as on the subject of mildness in prison discipline; listened with pleasure to a description which I gave him (in answer to his enquiries) of Wilberforce, and Sir Fowell Buxton; and spoke with feeling on the subject of the African slave-trade. When the voluntary system in religion was mentioned, he justly observed that “no other system was possible in America.” I remarked that it seemed somewhat strange to the habits of an Englishman, to be sitting side by side in a steam-boat, with the first magistrate of a mighty nation; but I begged leave to remind him that “the King of America” had great responsibilities. He seemed well pleased with the remark, and allowed me at the same time to press upon him the claims of the afflicted slaves. He was without any attendant except his son; but neither the simplicity of his mode of travelling, nor that of his manners, interfered with his maintaining a certain dignified demeanour corresponding with his station. On parting, I presented him with a daily text book, published by my sister E. Fry, and ventured to recommend *an alliance* between this minute volume and his waist-coat pocket. He was well acquainted with her character and objects, and received the gift with the easy politeness for which he is so remarkable.

I now once more resumed my happy quarters at Philadelphia; and after enjoying the society of my friends for a week or two, went forward to Baltimore, to attend the yearly meeting. Our friend Stephen Grellet, who has travelled so extensively in the work of the gospel, in Great Britain, France (his native country), Russia, Greece, Italy, Spain, &c. and who now resides with his wife and daughter at Burlington, was one of our company

Library of Congress

—a circumstance which added much to the interest of the occasion. We were comforted in the belief that the work of divine grace was making evident progress among the Friends—especially the young people, some of whom were giving conspicuous proofs of their increased devotion to the best of masters. But a “revival” was then taking place, under much more exciting circumstances, among the Baptists of Baltimore. One of their popular ministers, from the state of New York, was holding what the Americans call a “protracted meeting;” and protracted it was, I believe, for full three weeks, 363 with little intermission except at night. Hundreds of persons, including many of genteel station in life, were said to be converted, during these proceedings, from worldly views to serious and decided feelings on the subject of religion; and great was the number baptized, on each succeeding sabbath, in the river Patapsco, in the presence, of course, of an immense multitude, of spectators. We could not doubt that a substantially important work was going on in the hearts of many, under this somewhat bustling and exciting instrumentality; but we were at the same time confirmed in our decided preference of a cooler and quieter administration. On my return to Baltimore, many months afterwards, I was informed that the generality of these converts were persevering in their Christian course. Must we not acknowledge, then, that there are “differences of administrations but the same Lord—diversities of operations, but the same God which worketh all in all?”

As I continued to feel a lively interest in the welfare of the Hicksite community in these parts, and could not obtain the use of the meeting-house which they occupy, for the purpose of a public meeting with them, I thought it right to spend a day or two, during this visit to Baltimore, in writing a Christian address to that body. My object was to explain to the young people and others, the difference of sentiment, on points of the most fundamental character, which subsists between their leaders and the society of Friends, and to call upon them to accept the Saviour of men in all his gracious offices; showing them, that it is by faith *in Him*, that we obtain the glorious gift of everlasting life. This address was approved by the Friends, printed, and extensively circulated; and I venture to entertain the hope, that it has been blessed to some of the Hicksites, both at

Library of Congress

Baltimore, and in other parts of the country. Sure I am that it was written under the feelings of Christian affection, and with the hearty desire for their spiritual and eternal welfare.

On my way back to Philadelphia, I spent a day or two with some kind friends in the neighbourhood of Wilmington; and look back with pleasure on the *sunny* morning which I passed with the young people of the family, in roaming about the romantic banks of the Brandywine river. The scenery there is indeed lovely, and the botany of the district is said to be highly interesting. My companions informed me that the *snapping turtle*, in this and the neighbouring streams, sometimes grows to the weight of sixty pounds, and is excellent food. It derives its name from the curious circumstance that its head when divided from the body (as in the case of some other cold-blooded animals) retains, for many hours, its power of snapping, and even of biting. The yellow reed-birds also abound here, grow fat in harvest time, and are considered a great delicacy at table.

At Philadelphia I attended the marriage of a young Friend with whom I had long been acquainted. The simple ceremony which is used in our meetings in England, on such occasions, is also adopted among our transatlantic brethren. It is at once brief, expressive, and solemn; but the bride and bridegroom in America, are afterwards exposed to an exertion 365 foreign from our own habits. A crowded circle of their friends meets them, in the evening, at the house of the bride. These are all hospitably entertained, and social conversation is often kept up to a late hour. This practice has arisen, naturally enough, from American sociability and cordiality; but I am sure thou wilt agree with me in preferring the quieter method in which such matters are generally arranged in our own country.

On my return to New York, I spent a little time in reading to the publishing Committee of New York yearly meeting, the address already mentioned, to the members of our Society in Michigan; and afterwards in carrying it through the press. Some of these persons had become unsettled in their sentiments, and had renounced those spiritual views of worship, ministry, &c., which distinguish our peculiar religious profession. The object of this letter, was to point out the scriptural accuracy and practical importance of these views; and to

Library of Congress

show their perfect accordance with those fundamental truths of the gospel of Christ, in the hearty reception of which our Society unites with other orthodox Christians of every denomination. Thus, before I left America, a testimony was publicly borne, first, against that overstrained and perverted spirituality which had been adopted by the Hicksite community; and, secondly, against a departure from those scriptural views of the offices and operation of the Holy Spirit, which *truly* belong to the profession of Friends. “ *Medio tutissimus* ” is an old adage, and though of heathen origin, sound and true, even as it relates to matters of religion. Shoals 366 are mostly found on either side, even of the mighty rivers of North America; but along the deep middle channel, the well-fraught vessel may move along in peace, free from all dangerous obstructions; and finally land the passengers, in perfect safety, at the place of their destination.

The time was now come for my departure to the “isles of the sea.” A Christian friend and brother, resident in New York, had received the full sanction of the church, in offering himself as my companion in this Christian mission; and our berths were already engaged in the ship *Camilla*. We took a hearty leave of our numerous friends, and on the 23rd of the 11th month (November)—just at the commencement of the cold, clear, North American winter—set sail for the West Indies.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XXVI.

Earlham, 3 rd month, 29 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

It was on the 20th of the 4th month, (April) 1840, on our return from the West Indies, that we found ourselves gliding along past the Tybee lighthouse, on the coast of Georgia, into the river Savannah. Hundreds of large medusas were seen floating about in the shoal water alongside our ship. This is a beautiful creature. The globular external vessel which

Library of Congress

forms, as I suppose, the back of the animal, is of a whalebone-like texture, blueish white, and semitransparent. The chambers within, which are of the same material, are composed with wonderful neatness and regularity; and on the top of the globe is a head or crest like the blossom of a night-blowing cereus. Round the edge of the vessel is a loose flap, which is spotted and tinged with a reddish brown pigment, and alternately contracts and distends as if it were the organ of breathing. The voyage up the river to the city of Savannah is fifteen miles in length. The country on either side is flat, but well wooded, and was then clothed with the verdure of early summer—presenting a brightness of appearance, to which, in the West Indies where there is scarcely any variation of seasons, 368 we had long been strangers. Rice fields, half flooded with water, were to be observed on either side; and British ships, mostly built at St. John's, New Brunswick, were waiting in the harbour, in considerable numbers, for their cargoes of cotton. Thus, alas, the powers of commercial nations are combined in maintaining a system of slave labour, contrary to the laws of God, and the true course of nature, and therefore contrary to every dictate of sound policy.

The crop of cotton, which was then ready for exportation, was one of extraordinary abundance, and we were astonished, by the immense quantities which we saw lying in bales on the wharfs of Savannah, as we approached the city. The article had greatly fallen in price, and the planters were full of complaints,—like Norfolk farmers, when wheat is too abundant to allow of high prices.

The appearance of Savannah from the river, is that of a handsome *old* town—and an old town it is as compared with the rising cities of the state of New York. It was founded by General Oglethorpe in 1733. The streets are wide and unpaved, most of them being adorned with rows of the “pride of India” trees. The foliage of these trees is brightly green; and was powdered, at this season, with a profusion of small lilac blossoms, very fragrant. We were glad to find most comfortable accommodation at the Pulaski boarding-house. This, like many other such establishments in America, is kept by a *gentleman* who, with his lady, presides at the breakfast and dinner table. There was a large and genteel company

Library of Congress

staying in the house, and bountifully were we fed on the 369 venison of the woods, and the large and well-flavoured trout of the river. It could not be denied by any of us, that we had come to a land of plenty; and our American shipmates were all of them delighted by finding themselves again in the United States; but alas for the terrible drawback of slavery!

I had vainly imagined, that I could make a rapid journey from this place to Philadelphia, where the yearly meeting was then in session; but we were a whole week at Savannah, before the steam-boat was ready to convey us to Charleston; and certainly it was a week of no small interest to ourselves. The air was warm, yet stimulating, and the atmosphere remarkably clear; and when I looked out of my chamber window on a grass square, covered with "pride of India" trees and live oaks, I could not refuse to acknowledge, that we had found an agreeable resting place, after our West Indian voyage. In the course of a few days, we formed an acquaintance with several of the gentry of the place, who treated us with great civility; and some of the evenings which we spent in their houses, were, I trust, occupied in a manner calculated to leave a profitable impression. We received some very kind attentions from a gentleman of the name of Schmitz, a timber merchant, whom I had formerly met in Virginia. He has the bibliomania upon him; and is in possession of such a collection of costly books and valuable manuscripts, as would do credit to the Dibdins and Hebers of our own country. It is one of the *few* good private libraries that I saw in America.

Our daily drives and rides into the country, were 2 B 370 interesting, on more than one account. In the first place, the impoverishing effect of slave-labour was conspicuous on every side. Thousands of acres which were once cultivated, are now covered with woods of but little value. The prevalent system seems to be, to cultivate land with cotton till it is exhausted, and then to leave it for a fresh occupation. The cotton which we had seen in such abundance, had mostly come from the distant uplands. But these, in their turn, must soon be exhausted; and then, alas, the slave himself will become the chief marketable production of the country. The rice grounds, which are composed of fine alluvial soil, on the banks of the rivers, are not so easily exhausted. We visited one of them, and were

Library of Congress

interested in observing the system of flood-gates and dikes, by which the waters of the Savannah are diffused over it, and again withdrawn, at the pleasure of the cultivator. The slaves were scattered over the moist plain which, at a distance, appeared dotted with them. They were weeding the rice, and seemed to us to be working with scarcely any energy. These rice grounds, as well as the lower cotton plantations, are dreadfully unhealthy during the summer months. Their owners then take refuge on the uplands, or in the towns; and the white overseers, who are willing to risk their lives, for a maintenance, by remaining on the estates, are necessarily of so low a grade, that little dependence can be placed on their treating the negroes kindly. The black people themselves are said not to be affected by the unhealthiness of these locations. The sand-flies, on these lowlands, are extremely annoying, 371 and troubled us during some of our excursions, considerably more than the mosquitoes of the West Indies. The proportionate number of black people in Savannah and its neighbourhood, as compared with the whites, is of course greatly less than in those islands. They appeared to us to be generally pretty well clad; but when we met them in the streets, or on the roads, we soon found that there was scarcely a trace amongst them of that cheerful look and easy courtesy, which now so generally distinguish the peasantry of Jamaica. Their places of worship, in Savannah, are distinct from those of the whites; and we heard a pretty good account of some of their congregations.

It is pleasant to turn from the contemplation of slavery, to the beauties of nature, some of which abound even among the comparatively valueless woods to which I have just alluded. Many, both of the plants and birds, are worthy of observation. The *magnolia grandiflora* grows to a large tree, and its vast fragrant white blossoms were, at this time, beginning both to scent and adorn the woods. Still more frequent and still more fragrant too, with not less of beauty, is the smaller species, *magnolia glauca*, here called the bay tree. The palmetto, a small kind of palm with a round top and containing an edible cabbage, occurs on the banks of the river. We also observed the *stuacia*, with a large blossom like a passion flower, and the pale yellow *saracena* or saddle plant, which is provided with a hairy shield in front of its petals, and with a pitcher for its leaf. To these

Library of Congress

may be added, the scarlet *bignonia*, a beautiful bell-flowered 2 B 2 372 creeper, and the trumpet honeysuckle—all growing wild. The live oak, which is common in this part of the country, is a highly beautiful tree, and affords excellent material for ship-building. Its leaves are of a livelier tint than those of the generality of evergreens; and from its spreading branches a long, stringy, grey moss is usually seen hanging in abundance, like the flourishing beard of an old Jew. This moss, when duly prepared, affords a good stuffing for beds and cushions, and is a considerable article of export. Among the birds, the wild turkey is common. I frequently observed the red-bird or Virginia nightingale, and another top-knotted bird of a reddish brown, with a long tail. The shrill cry of the whip-poor-will is often heard; and still more often, the melodious and ever-varying note of the mocking bird. I purchased one of these elegant creatures for fourteen dollars; a price far less than that which they bear in Philadelphia or New York. Vain were my attempts to sleep, while this little creature was lodging in my chamber—his cage being fixed in the opening of the window—for the notes of some of his own companions, at a distance, were constantly exciting him to loud response. Happily, I have succeeded in bringing him safely to my own home, where he finds an atmosphere to his liking in a large kitchen, and continues to sing (a rare circumstance I believe) with all his pristine vigour.

Savannah contains upwards of 7500 people, of whom more than half are slaves. We had made our arrangements for a public meeting, to be held at eight o'clock one evening, and were just about to insert 373 our notice in the newspaper. But our purpose was, at that time, frustrated by the sudden diffusion of a report, that I had come thither from the West Indies, as an “anti-slavery spy.” It produced no small excitement, and we were assured, that the meeting could not be held without endangering the peace of the town, and possibly our own lives. We had been previously warned by a missionary from Jamaica, who came from these parts, that we could not visit Savannah with any degree of safety, and his prophecy seemed now likely to be verified. But all turned out well at last. The nature of our gospel mission was explained; the report gradually subsided; and two large public meetings were held in succession—the latter on the First day of the week, with

Library of Congress

nearly 2000 people. It was a solemn and satisfactory occasion; and the next morning, we left the place, under feelings of sincere regard and affection towards many of its inhabitants. Certainly we are bound to acknowledge that they treated us with great civility and kindness.

We embarked on board the steamer, William Seabrook, which conveyed us to Charleston, by what is called the inland route, in thirty hours. Our voyage was partly along arms of the sea, running into the land and separating it into various islands; and partly along artificial cuts through low meadows or marshes. In one part our navigation was rendered very difficult by the shallowness of the water; and for several hours we were fairly stuck in the mud. But we made our escape when the tide rose. The islands by which we passed are well wooded, but low, and in the summer, 374 unhealthy. Here is grown the celebrated Sea Island cotton, which is of a much longer and finer web than that produced on the uplands. It sells for three or four times the price of the common cotton, being used for the finer laces and muslins.

We called at the pretty town of Beaufort, on the sea coast, where many of the rich planters of the neighbourhood reside during the summer. But our most interesting stopping place was the fertile and well-wooded island of Edisto, where we visited a pleasant residence in the midst of live oaks and roses, and a large cotton plantation. The negroes were at the jennies, which are used for separating the cotton from its hard black seed. This, in the case of the Sea Island cotton, is a most oppressive labour, and I could only compare it to the tread-wheel. Both the feet and hands of the poor slaves were in perpetual motion, and the sweat was running down their faces like rain. They looked sombre and sorrowful—the overseer was sitting near, watching them, with the cow-hide by his side. This cow-hide is a long stout whip, formed of dried thongs of cow-skin, twisted spirally, and leaving a cutting edge at each circle. It is an abominable instrument of torture. No human frame could sustain the continuance of this work during the labouring hours of a whole day, for many days in succession; but we were assured that the task of the negroes could be

Library of Congress

finished by industry early in the afternoon. The overseer nevertheless acknowledged that his people grew thin in jennening time.

The alligators abound in the rivers and marshes of 375 South Carolina. I observed one of them about four feet long, with his green head and back out of the water. Much more ornamental are the white cranes, resembling our herons in size and gait, which we saw in little flocks upon the meadows. At one place at which we touched, a negro had just caught a very stout fish, with a large head and glittering scales. It is called the drum, and is cooked like the sturgeon, in steaks. Our captain bought the creature for half a dollar, and we found him excellent fare at the supper table.

The approach to Charleston by the inland navigation is very peculiar. From a long winding cut through a green marsh, you suddenly come into a noble bay, formed by the junction of the rivers Ashley and Cooper. An extensive headland, on which the city is built, divides the mouths of these two rivers. At the point of this headland is a fine open space called the battery; opposite to which is the entrance through two bars of sand, from the sea into the harbour. The spires of the churches, and other public buildings of the respectable old city (for such it is by comparison) have an imposing appearance, and numerous ships waiting for cotton were anchored near the shore. The whole scene was one not easily to be forgotten.

Charleston contains rather less than 30,000 inhabitants, and is built with almost as much regularity as Philadelphia itself. The population has somewhat decreased during the last ten years. A large part of the town had been destroyed by fire a year or two before our visit, and is at present only partially rebuilt.

376

It did not appear to us that the place wore the aspect of much vigour or prosperity. There can be no doubt that many of its respectable citizens have long since discovered that slavery is an expensive, and in the end ruinous system. A friend of mine who here

Library of Congress

conducts a large manufacturing establishment, has been trying the experiment of free labour versus slavery, and finds the vast advantage of it. His black people make surprising efforts under the happy influence of a legitimate stimulus; and he is rapidly growing rich in the midst of surrounding decay.

Slavery in Charleston is far indeed from being satisfactory in its aspect. At the sound of a bell or drum, coloured people (whether bond or free) are compelled to quit the streets and retire to their homes, at nine o'clock P. M. in the winter, and ten o'clock in the summer. A strong military guard is constantly kept up in the city; and there is a negro prison to which any person may send his slaves, whether male or female, for punishment. That which is here inflicted is either the tread-wheel, or flogging on the bare back, not exceeding nineteen lashes. In such cases there is no magisterial interference whatsoever; and no authority is required for the purpose, but the simple order of the slave-holder, given on an accompanying ticket. There are several places in the streets where slaves are publicly sold, particularly an open space on one side of the exchange; but a regular market-place for the purpose has lately been fitted up in connection with the negro prison. We did not happen to witness one of the slave-auctions, common as 377 they are; but nothing can be more distressing or revolting than the scenes which often take place on these occasions, as each slave, male or female, young or old, is knocked down to the highest bidder. Thus the dearest family ties are rent asunder without mercy; under the sanction of human law, but in utter defiance of the law of God. We were told that the negroes are more severely treated on the estates than they are in the city. With regard to the estates themselves, many of them are gradually returning like those of Virginia, to a wilderness condition, and I received distinct information from persons who well Understood the subject, that the slaves in South Carolina are now becoming the marketable produce of the country, and are beginning to be exported to less exhausted regions to the south and south-west.

We obtained excellent accommodation at the Charleston hotel, a new establishment of a vast extent, and pretty well regulated. Here we took up our abode for several days, during which time we were introduced to many of the leading persons of the city; and

Library of Congress

notwithstanding the somewhat unpleasant repetition of the reports which had troubled us at Savannah, we found our way opened by degrees, for repeated meetings for worship with the inhabitants. The first of these was held one evening in a large Methodist chapel, and was much thronged by the people. This was on one of the week days. On the following First day we sat down, in the morning, at the private dwelling of an aged Friend, with a few individuals who still profess the principles of our Society. In the afternoon, the chapel of the Orphan 378 asylum was kindly opened for us, when our meeting was attended by the children, about 130 in number, and by many of the gentry of the town. This valuable institution is pretty well endowed; and is under the care of twelve commissioners who appear to be able and benevolent men. The children are all whites, and seem to be fairly taught. Nevertheless there is a certain want of finish and order in the place, which plainly denotes that it is in the midst of slavery. In the evening about 2000 people met us in the Independent Presbyterian church. It was a formidable occasion to us in prospect, especially as some very exciting reports continued to be in circulation. But happily it passed off in much order and quietness; and great was the attention prevailing among the people, while some of the essential doctrines and principles of the Christian religion were plainly unfolded. Solemn prayer concluded the meeting.

On the following morning, with the leave of Henry L. Pinckney, the mayor of the city, who treated us with much Christian kindness, we visited both the common district jail, and the negro prison already alluded to; and in both, our attention was forcibly directed to the deep sufferings of the African race. In the common jail we saw a poor negro, lying in his cell, who had been severely flogged that very morning, for striking a white man. This punishment was (as I am told) the lenient substitute for that which the law of the state enacts for this offence—namely, the cutting off of the right arm of the black or coloured striker, whether he is bond or free. In the mean time the white man who strikes a black one, enjoys a perfect 379 impunity. Two wretched slaves were also pointed out to us, who had been condemned to death for a simple robbery, committed on the island of Edisto, and were then awaiting the day of their execution. The poor creatures had every

Library of Congress

appearance of ignorance, and the expression of their countenances was a mixture of stupidity and sorrow. In the negro prison we found a large number of slaves who had been sent there for punishment. The treadmill is placed in the middle of the yard, but no one was then upon it, and we saw no cruelty actually inflicted. Some of the masters of these poor creatures came in while we were there, to look after their "property." They seemed much annoyed by our presence; and one of them gave us a frightful scowl, which seemed to indicate his wish that we also might have our share of the whip or of the tread-wheel.

Not much more satisfactory was our visit to the pauper workhouse, where the lunatics are confined in wretched solitary cells, as if they were wild beasts rather than human beings. But I am happy to acknowledge that we met with a happy contrast in the seaman's hospital, which is cleanly, comfortable, and well conducted. One of these institutions is to be found in each of the principal ports of the Union, being supported by a very small tax levied on the sailors themselves. Thus the inmates of these asylums are indebted to no man. They keep up their American independence, even in times of affliction and sickness. The words of Christian counsel and sympathy appeared to be cordially accepted, as we passed from ward to ward. On our return to the hotel we received an obliging call from one of the principal judges of this state. We pressed upon his attention (as we afterwards did on that of the mayor) the case of the two negro robbers who were left for execution. In the course of our conversation he gave us an affecting account of the character of criminal law in this state. About thirty different crimes (as mentioned in a former letter) are punishable with death; and while an instance seldom occurs of the actual execution of the law in the case of the whites, the awful punishment ensues, as a matter of course, when the offender is a negro. Thus the Draconic code of South Carolina is in fact nothing more than an appendage of slavery. It may be worth remarking that when a slave is executed, the master loses nothing; he receives the value of his "chattel" from the treasury of the state!

We suggested to the mayor that it might serve some good purpose, if he would privately convene a few of the principal persons of the city, to hear our story of the favourable

Library of Congress

working of freedom in the West Indies; but he assured us that such an attempt could not be made with prudence. We therefore left a written statement, on the subject, with one of the most active and respectable of the citizens, who kindly undertook to diffuse the information in a quiet manner. We had now finished our work at Charleston, where we had certainly been received with much more kindness and polite attention, than we had ventured to expect. In the afternoon, we took the Governor Dudley steamer for a sea voyage, by night, to North Carolina. I have before observed that the American steam-boats are not fully adequate to voyages by the 381 open sea. Some of our friends who had taken the same route a few nights before, had been exposed, during a violent gale, to considerable danger; and we could not forget that it was in this part of the seas that the Pulaski was blown up, to the destruction of nearly 200 persons. But our voyage was attended by no accidents. At break of day we found ourselves in the Cape Fear river; and soon afterwards arrived at the pleasant-looking town of Wilmington, a port of considerable traffic in timber, tar, and turpentine.

Here we took the rail-car, which conveyed us through the whole length of North Carolina, and part of Virginia, until we arrived at Fredericksburg, a distance of 300 miles. We passed through the towns of Petersburg and Richmond, which I have already described, and in which, having already done my work there, I had no longer any wish to tarry.

Most of the country through which we travelled, was poor—clothed in many parts with a second growth of pines, and presenting the obvious indications of the usual process of exhaustion by slave-labour. The woods and plains by the road-side were beautifully adorned with flowers, particularly the *magnolia glauca*, in rich profusion, and the yellow, green, or red trumpet plant, a large blossomed meadow flower which assumes all these colours; also the scarlet honeysuckle, and white azalia. The enamelling of some of the wild grass plots was charming. We found an interesting travelling companion in Isaac E. Holmes, M. C. for Charleston, a gentleman of much kindness of disposition, as well as talent and information. He afterwards favoured us with introductions to some 382 of the principal public men at Washington, including his friend John C. Calhoun, with whom he is

Library of Congress

in strict political unison. At Fredericksburg we took the stage-coach for a few rough miles to the Potomac. There we once more got on board a steamer, and reached Washington in safety on the evening of the second day after leaving Charleston—a distance of 650 miles.

Before I conclude this letter, I wish to make a few remarks on a subject of great notoriety as it regards the southern states—I mean Lynch-law. It is so called from a certain judge of that name, who, in some wild region of the west, where no legal jurisdiction existed, ordered an offender to be flogged, on the mere decision of the squatters of the neighbourhood. It is in fact the lawless assumption of the executive power by the people themselves, when they happen to consider any one within their grasp, worthy of stripes or of death. On such occasions there is often a mock trial by judge and jury; but at other times, only the act of violence without even the show of justice. The friends of the slave have met with this outrageous treatment on various occasions. One of the American missionaries, now in Jamaica, had suffered from Lynch-law to the extent (if my memory serves me right) of 100 stripes. The desperate attack made upon Dr. Lovejoy, who had established an anti-slavery press in Alton, (Illinois) and its fatal issue, are matters of public notoriety. This event took place while I was in America; and I well remember hearing a slave-holder, in the south, argue stoutly, at a tea party, in defence of the crime. But 383 these lawless outrages have by no means been confined to matters connected with slavery. Sometimes they are better directed. Fifteen gamblers at Vicksburgh, in Mississippi, were seized, a few years since, by the indignant populace, and hung up without the slightest ceremony.

Of the same nature, though not exactly ranging under lynch-law, is the frequent use of the *bowie knife*, in the slave states of the union. To stab a person to death, who has happened to affront the slayer, whether that affront be given by word or blow, is a practice of no uncommon occurrence in this part of the union, and one which I have also heard pertinaciously defended in casual conversation. Nor is this the whole of the case. Instances sometimes occur, in which the murder of revenge is perpetrated in cold blood, and yet with impunity. On one occasion, a judge in Virginia, as he sat upon the bench,

Library of Congress

shot a person who was standing in court, for which he suffered no punishment but the loss of his office. Another case was that of a gentleman, in the same state, whose wife had been defamed by one of his fellow-citizens. Soon afterwards, he revenged himself by shooting the defamer in the streets, and the local court decided, that the offence justified the act. Both these circumstances were publicly reported while I was in America, and I never heard them contradicted. To me they seemed so strange and preposterous, that I hardly knew how to admit their truth. But there can be no doubt, that many similar acts of lawless violence have been perpetrated of late years, 384 both by individuals and bodies of men, in the slave states of the Union.

The general inference which I draw from these facts, is this—that democratic institutions are never so liable to abuse, as when they are in juxta-position with slavery. In the connection between two conditions of society, which spring from such opposite principles, and produce such opposite effects, there is a frightful anomaly, which leads to every description of licentiousness and crime. The very sources of true liberty are poisoned. The grand distinctions of morality are confused and forgotten. Not only are the children of bondage exposed to a constant course of injury and oppression; but those who hold them in slavery become, in their turns, the bondsmen of violent passions which are utterly at variance with the peace and happiness of mankind. I do not of course mean, that this is the effect produced on every individual slave-holder—far otherwise; but I am fully justified in asserting that it is the constant and inevitable *tendency* of the system.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XXVII.

Earlham, 3 rd month, 30 th, 1841.

My dear Friend,

Library of Congress

We arrived at Washington on the 6th of the 5th month (May). Vast numbers of gentlemen had come that day to the city, after attending a great Whig convention at Baltimore; so that had it not been for the timely care of some friends of ours, who preceded us, we could have found beds at none of the hotels. As it was, chambers were ready for our party at Gadsby's, the great hotel of the place—one of those vast establishments for lodging and boarding, which are now common in that land of perpetual movement, but of which in England we know almost nothing. The Friend who accompanied me in my West Indian tour, was here met by his wife and son; and two young men were also of our party. The next morning we went up to the capital, and spent some time in the senate, where I was glad of a friendly greeting with Henry Clay, of Kentucky. We were introduced to the floor of the house, by the leave of the Vice-president, who here occupies the seat corresponding to our "woolsack." After being once introduced, we were permitted free ingress during our whole stay in Washington—seats in a circular gallery round the room, and in immediate contact 2 C 386 with the senators, being provided for such strangers as are able to obtain the privilege. There was a debate, that morning, on the state of the finances; and we heard a speech or two on each side. But being much fatigued, we left the house too soon, and lost the opportunity of witnessing a display of oratory from Southard, Clay, and Webster.

Our proper business at Washington, however, was to find quiet opportunities of telling our story of West Indian freedom to the great thinkers and leaders of the land. We began the next morning with Daniel Webster—that intellectual giant—and had much satisfaction in the interview. We then paid our respects to the President, at his morning levy, and obtained his permission for a private audience on a future day. The Whigs who had come from Baltimore, were waiting on their mighty opponent in great numbers; and he seemed to receive every body with equal ease and politeness. We then repaired to the legislative hall, and listened to a speech, full of information, from John Quincy Adams. Aged as he is, he may be regarded as the first debater in the house. It was a question of commercial law, and the old gentleman displayed, on this occasion, an extraordinary measure of erudition respecting the laws of Old England. In the senate we were introduced to John

Library of Congress

C. Calhoun, the celebrated “nullifier.” When I use that word, I refer to the fact, that it was he who persuaded the legislature of South Carolina to *nullify* the law imposing the tariff on British manufactured goods, which Congress had previously enacted. Thus it became a political question between the 387 nation and the state; and after a great deal of fierce squabbling, was settled by a compromise. Calhoun is deeply fraught with metaphysics, and is said to be the profoundest thinker in America. Perhaps, however, he affords one evidence, amongst many others, that elaborate reasoning is not always the surest road to practical truth. His manners are perfectly gentlemanlike; and he kindly allowed us to arrange an interview with him at his lodgings, for the following morning.

We dined that day at the house of some intelligent ladies with whom we had become acquainted—not wishing to lose any opportunity of pursuing our great object. There we met two individuals whom it was interesting to know. The first was General Miller, an Englishman in the service of Peru. He is well acquainted with many of the new republics of South America, and is a person whose simplicity and frankness of demeanour afford a warrant for his veracity. He gave us an excellent account, both of the working of the freedom of the blacks, and of the good character for talent and conduct which many of them are now sustaining. In several of these states, their emancipation is now complete. In others, the period previously fixed for it is nearly at hand. This is the case with Peru, where there are sugar estates peopled with numerous negroes. The general has also been resident in the Sandwich islands, and is deeply interested in the moral and religious condition of the inhabitants.

The other person alluded to, was John Forsyth, who was then Secretary of State. He is a highly agreeable elderly gentleman, with every appearance about him of talent and thought, and deeply fraught with the politics of the day. He treated us with great kindness; and allowed us, in the course of the evening, to put him in full possession of the case of West Indian freedom, so far as it had come under our notice.

Library of Congress

At ten o'clock on the following morning, we called on our friend Holmes, who conducted us to his favourite and leader, John C. Calhoun, from whom we received a polite and friendly reception. His appearance is very striking. I should suppose him to be upwards of fifty years old. He is of middle stature; pale countenance; prominent forehead; expressive nose, lips, and chin; and eyes deep and penetrating. After some preparatory talk on climate, health, &c. &c., we came to the "fight of liberty." I told him that we had been passing the winter in the West Indies, and wished for an opportunity of laying before him the results of our calm observation of the state of the British colonies there. He said he had nothing in view but truth, and should like to hear us. We then entered succinctly into the detail; and gave him evidence upon evidence, on five grand points: *first*, that the liberated negroes are working well on the estates of their old masters, under which head we explained the grounds of the difficulty which had taken place in Jamaica; *secondly*, that the staple articles, with proper management, are produced at less expense, under freedom, than they had formerly been under slavery; *thirdly*, that landed and other real property, has risen, and continues to rise, in value; *389 fourthly*, that there is a corresponding improvement in the comforts of the labouring people, which is plainly evinced, among other circumstances, by the vast increase of the imports; and *lastly*, that there is an equal progress in the morals of the community, both black and white. He fixed his dark eye upon us, and listened with the greatest attention. After our statement was concluded, we had the satisfaction of hearing him admit the whole truth of our case; and confess, without reserve, the superiority of freedom to slavery, even in a pecuniary point of view. He then opened his fire upon us, as it regards the political aspects of the question, and entered on a rapid declamatory argument—vivid, acute, and to all appearance closely reasoned. He cross-questioned us as to the probable political ascendancy of the blacks in the West Indies; ascribed the safety of the experiment there, to the controlling power of Great Britain, considered as a third party; then turned to his own country, dwelt on the absence of such a controlling power in America; and endeavoured to show that the whites and blacks were so distinct as races—so incapable in the nature of things of being amicably mixed—that no peace could be maintained between them, on any other terms than on those which

Library of Congress

already subsisted, viz. that the whites should hold the blacks in slavery. Clay, of Alabama, and several other southerners, were present on the occasion, and seemed much delighted with the eloquent argument of their leader. For ourselves, we felt well satisfied with his admissions; and notwithstanding his strong views on the politics of the case, continued 390 to feel quite sure that the continuance of the present system involved an infinitely greater danger of confusion, bloodshed, and ruin, than would be likely to arise from its immediate extinction. We just hinted that the gospel of Christ, in its practical operation, was the true bulwark against all such dangers; and so our conference broke up in mutual good humour.

We next called on R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, the speaker of the house of representatives, whom we found in his private apartment in the capitol. He is a sensible gentleman, in early life, very unassuming in his manners, and seemed to lend a willing ear to so much of our statement as we had time to give. Our call upon him was afterwards repeated, and although he took a low view of the free blacks in his own state, he displayed an absence of prejudice on the subject, which left a favourable impression on our minds. We then proceeded by appointment to the lodgings of our friend Henry Clay, who gave us a cordial reception, notwithstanding the strictures on his great pro-slavery speech, which he knew that I had published. He looks rather older than Calhoun; and his intelligent countenance has the expression at once of humour and benevolence. He talked freely and kindly about the pamphlet which I had written, and poured forth an encomium upon Friends, which was followed by a still more fervent tirade against the northern abolitionists. He then permitted us to enter on our West Indian statement, and gave us a close uninterrupted attention while we went calmly through the particulars of the subject. The real 391 pleasure which he appeared to derive from the information afforded him, was an evidence that his heart and best judgment are still in favour of emancipation. It was with true cordiality that he advised me to publish the account which we had now given him; nor had he the least hesitation in allowing my letters on the subject to be addressed to himself. To us it was a highly interesting interview; and we parted from our friend under the feelings of sincere

Library of Congress

regard. Fervently is it to be desired that the pro-slavery votes and speeches which have marked his course of later years—opposed as they have been to his original views in favour of universal freedom—may now give place to a noble support of unreserved and immediate emancipation.

This was certainly an important day to us; for we had next to make our private call on the President. He had himself appointed the hour, and was ready to receive us—Governor Carroll of Tennessee and one other gentleman being with him on the occasion. He understood the object of our visit, and kindly allowed us a quiet opportunity of telling him our own story. We endeavoured to make it as succinct and perspicuous as possible; and after going through the several particulars of evidence, we ended with a brief but full recapitulation. He gave us his entire attention, confessed that the subject was one of great interest, and freely acknowledged his satisfaction in the statement which we had made. He then promised us another opportunity of conversing with him on the subject of Cuba, and the foreign slave-trade. After taking a respectful leave of this kind and well 392 mannered personage, we returned to our hotel, where we were glad to spend a quiet afternoon. In the evening we went to the capitol to attend the national convention on education. Dr. Bache, the president of Girard College, Philadelphia, was in the chair; and several members of Congress, from different parts of the Union, gave an interesting account of the state of education in their respective states. Large supplies from the public purse are appropriated to the purpose in most of the states, in aid of local school rates; but it appeared that some parts of the country were much in advance of others in reference to this subject. The support of popular education from the public purse, is rendered easy, in America, by the absence of a church establishment, and the political equality of all the sects. We were confirmed however in our former conviction, that the great defect in the common schools of that country, is the want of a daily use of the Holy Scriptures. Being called upon by the chairman, I thought it right to make a few remarks in the meeting on this important and even vital topic; and thus a week of great interest was brought to its close.

Library of Congress

The sabbath day which followed was a very quiet one. There are no Friends in Washington or the neighbourhood. We therefore held our morning meeting in one of our own chambers, in company with some of our shipmates from the West Indies, who were now at Washington. It is in such times of retirement before the Lord of heaven and earth, that the mind is stayed from its restlessness; and the Christian prepared by an influence, far superior to all 393 his own powers, for the duties, however arduous, to which he may be called. In the evening, we met a large circle of ladies and gentlemen at the lodgings of our friend Joseph L. Tillinghast, M.C. for Providence. Part of the epistle to the Philippians was read to them, and they were afterwards addressed on a variety of topics suggested by its contents—I hope with Christian plainness. When our religious meeting had been brought to its conclusion, we found an opportunity of a full conversation with one of the most pleasing and sensible public men to be met with in America—I mean John Serjeant, M.C. for Philadelphia. He is a lawyer of first-rate reputation both for talent and integrity; and the simplicity and plainness of his manners are such as to remind one of the circumstance, that he was born a member of our own religious society. I have no doubt that he is a man of peace; and he has a warm heart in favour of emancipation. It must certainly be regarded as a circumstance very favourable to the cause of justice and humanity, as well as to the tranquil relations of the two countries, that he is now appointed to act as minister plenipotentiary at the court of Great Britain.

In order to place thee in possession of some of the interesting circumstances of the next few days, I will now give thee a few memorandums from my diary.

5th month (May) 11th. This morning we again called on the Speaker, at his private apartment in the capitol, and finished our West Indian story with him. We took the liberty of inquiring of him whether it would be possible for us to have the use of the hall of representatives one evening for the purpose of 394 giving our narrative in public; but such is the sensitiveness which prevails on the subject of slavery, that the arrangement could not be made with prudence, and we were recommended to continue our course

Library of Congress

of private conversations, as the most desirable method of proceeding. Afterwards, we spent some time in the lower house, to the floor of which we were kindly admitted, and I was quietly seated among these patriot debaters as if I had been one of their number. These gentlemen are pugnacious enough; for a regular fisting conflict, between two of the members, had taken place in the house a few days before; and one of the parties was said to have even drawn a bowie knife. But this legislative assembly of 242 members—each representing 47,700 citizens, and elected for only two years—is by no means to be appreciated by such an efflorescence of licentious democracy. It is a much better house of commons than I had imagined, and in general more orderly than our own. The great difficulty which is here experienced, arises from the fact that every member is expected to be a speaker, in consequence of which the debates are diffuse and long continued. Often does it happen that whole days are spent in oratory, or rather in *talking*, with very little practical result. Every member is stationed at his own desk; and from this position conveniently addresses the Speaker, whose chair is placed in front of the semicircle.

The Senate, which consists of two members from each state, without any reference to comparative population, is elected every six years. It is arranged in the same way as the house of representatives. On 395 leaving the lower house, we walked into the Senate chamber, and listened to a lively debate respecting the granting of a pension to the widow (now aged 94) of the first American officer who fell in the revolutionary war. Two admirable speeches were made on the occasion; the one by John J. Crittenden, senator from Kentucky, who is considered one of the most accomplished debaters in the house; the other, by our kind friend Col. Preston of South Carolina, who spoke with a degree of pathos and elegance, which I have seldom heard equalled. Nevertheless this debate occupied much more time than would be considered proper for so small a subject, in the British parliament.

In the evening, in company with one of my young friends, I called on the ladies with whom we had dined a few days before, and accompanied them to the house of Joel R. Poinsett, the secretary at war. There we spent an agreeable hour or two in a select company, and

Library of Congress

were much pleased with our host, who is a person of extensive literary acquirement, and a great traveller. We agreed to call upon him at his office on a future day, to talk over the subject of West Indian emancipation.

5th month (May) 12th. This morning we called on N. P. Tallmadge, senator from New York, and one of the citizens of Pókeepsie. He received our information with a pleasure and cordiality which evinced his sincere interest in the cause of justice and humanity. In the evening, we passed a highly interesting hour with John Quincy Adams—that vivacious old gentleman, who surprises every one 396 with the extent and accuracy of his information, and the undying fires of his zeal. Although the traces of age are very perceptible in his personal appearance, he is still witty and entertaining, and is capable of wearing a pleasant smile. His feelings were evidently much touched by our narrative; and we afterwards entered into a useful discussion with him, on the subject of Cuba and the slave trade.

5th month (May) 13th. We had much enjoyment this morning, in the company of our friend General Miller who came to breakfast with us. He is an intelligent and kind-hearted man, and his account of the state of society, both in South America and the Sandwich Islands, was full of instruction and interest. After breakfast, we again called on Daniel Webster, who spent some time, with his amiable lady, in examining our sketches of some of those scenes in Jamaica, which mark the substantial prosperity of the black people in their state of freedom. We then conversed with him on the affecting subject of American participation in the African slave-trade. His intelligence and amiability attracted us greatly, and his views on this subject appear to be at once correct and strong. We next proceeded to the office of the secretary at war, who although he was born and educated in the midst of slavery, received our story of West Indian freedom with real pleasure. We cannot doubt his sincere desire to promote the cause of freedom in his own country, Webster and Poinsett belong to directly opposite sides in politics; but ours was a subject which had no connection with party, and we were received with equal kindness and openness 397 by whigs and democrats. From the office of the secretary at war, we went forward to that of the secretary

Library of Congress

of state, where we were received with familiar civility by our friend John Forsyth, so well known in the political world. We had already conversed with him on the subject of the British West Indies; and were now anxious to talk with him respecting the African slave-trade, and the part which America is taking in reference to that vital topic. He seemed much inclined to complain of the inconsistency of Englishmen who manufacture the articles employed in that traffic. We had no disposition to defend such unworthy citizens of the British empire. But we endeavoured to persuade our friend that whatsoever might be the guilt of individuals, on either side of the Atlantic, in promoting the traffic, it was the bounden duty of the two governments to unite in a hearty endeavour to effect its extinction. The secretary assured us that had the mutual right of search, when allowed by America under the presidency of Monroe, been confined to certain limits of the ocean, near the coast of Africa, it might have been continued without difficulty; but he gave us little hope that the pride of America could now be induced to surrender the point in question.

The rest of the morning was spent in the senate, where we heard an excellent speech from John Crittenden, and a few plain well delivered sentences from Webster—both on the bankrupt laws. The question in debate was whether these laws should or should not extend to the state banks—the whigs being in 398 favour of those institutions, and the Van Burenites opposed to them. The debate was afterwards renewed, and continued for several days; but I never heard the issue of it. When the house adjourned, we availed ourselves of a kind invitation from Henry Clay with whom we dined at his lodgings. There is so much kindness and good humour about him, with large infusions of talent and wit, that we could not do otherwise than enjoy ourselves in his company. Among the persons present, were L. Saltonstall, M. C. for Salem, and J. Henderson, senator from Mississippi. I had met the former gentleman when I was in Massachusetts, where he is much respected for his character and talents. A circle of ladies and gentlemen gathered round us in the evening, who seemed well pleased to listen to our account of the West Indies.

5th month (May) 14th. We spent an hour or two this morning, with John Davis, the senator for Massachusetts, a gentleman of eminent talent and liberality, who was about

Library of Congress

to introduce into the house a bill for the further prevention of the participation of American citizens in the African slave-trade. He allowed us to read to him the notes which we had made at Havana; and was so obliging as to communicate to us the intended provisions of his bill, of which he placed a copy in our hands. It was aimed, first, against the building of slave ships in the ports of the Union, and secondly, against all facilitation of the traffic at the American consulate in Cuba, and other foreign parts. I understand that it has since passed the house; but it is extremely difficult, even by the most stringent laws, 399 to prevent a mischief to which avarice is always tempting. Afterwards we proceeded to the "white house," where we obtained an opportunity of a conference with the President on the same subject. The only persons present with him, besides ourselves, were Levi Woodbury, secretary of the treasury, and J. K. Paulding, secretary of the navy. The conversation was to us one of deep interest. We plainly stated the circumstances which we had learnt in Cuba, respecting the citizens of the Union, who were then taking part in the abominations of this lawless traffic; talked over the provisions of Davis's bill; and suggested that a mutual right of search, with restriction to the coast of Africa, might be granted, without derogating from the high feelings of the Americans, and without injury to their legitimate commerce. The well-known case of the Amistad was also pressed on the President's attention. It could not be expected that he should commit himself on these important topics; but we felt grateful for the attention with which our remarks were listened to, as well as for the personal kindness bestowed upon ourselves. I cannot refrain from saying that, notwithstanding all differences between us, I shall always feel a warm regard for this eminent person.

We spent most of the evening of that day with two of the leading whigs—Samuel Southard, senator from New Jersey, and his son-in-law, Ogden B. Hoffman, M. C. for New York city. The former is a veteran politician, of high character and talent, much listened to in the senate; and the latter is said to be the most eloquent orator of the lower house. The 400 time which we passed in their company is worthy of being remembered. They seemed to be heartily interested in the subjects which were then occupying so much

Library of Congress

of our attention; and both of them conversed in a lively and instructive manner. I must freely acknowledge that the more I saw of the lords and commons of America—I mean in their private capacity—the higher my estimate rose of the true standing of many of them, in point both of just opinions and superior abilities. Let Christianity still further infuse its influence amongst them, and let the odious blot of slavery be removed—and they will not fail to rise into almost unrivalled eminence among the legislators of the world.

5th month, (May) 15th. On entering the senate chamber this morning, we were kindly accosted by Dr. Bates, a presbyterian minister, the chaplain of the house. Entirely of his own accord he proposed to give us his usual place in the speaker's chair, on the following First day morning, that we might hold a public meeting, after the manner of the Society of Friends. The proposal corresponded with an impression of duty, which had already been made on our own minds. The speaker gave his consent without the least hesitation; the proposal was agreed to, and notices were inserted in the newspapers, with a special invitation to the officers of Government, and the members of congress. Such is the open door for religious service, to be found, even amongst public men, on the free and equal arena of the United States.

In the afternoon we paid a visit, by appointment, to Henry Fox, the British Ambassador, who lives at 401 Georgetown. He is a gentleman of somewhat singular habits, being much accustomed to reverse the order of night and day—so that I had often called at his house before, without being able to see him. But our present interview repaid us for our trouble. We were pleased with his ready talent, and evident benevolence. His former residence in the Brazils has given him a thorough knowledge of the slave-trade, and his feelings on the subject are deep and lively. Nothing could be more spirited, or more to the point, than his appeals to the American government, on the subject of the right of search, and on the case of the Amistad. We spent some time in interchanging information and sentiments, on these and similar topics; and we left him under the impression that he is little likely to turn his back upon the cause. Our friend is the nephew of the late Charles James Fox, and we

Library of Congress

could not but give him credit for a large share of that good sense and kindness of heart, which so eminently distinguished his uncle.

5th month, (May) 6th. We again waited on senator Davis, and suggested some little alterations in his bill, which, on the whole, we greatly approved. He promised to take our remarks into consideration; and seemed heartily desirous of rendering the measure as complete and effective as the intangibility of the evil would allow. Afterwards, we called at the navy office, and spent some time with J. K. Paulding, the secretary of that department, to whom we showed a few sketches, in order to illustrate our account of the favourable condition of the black people in the West Indies. We afterwards conversed with him, respecting the transactions & actions of Americans, on the coast of Africa, which was a point more immediately within his province. He is a man of letters, and well known in America, as a humorous descriptive writer. There is much of acuteness, as well as kindness, in the expression of his countenance. Like our friend Forsyth, he seemed very prone to dwell on the inconsistencies of the English; and we again endeavoured to show the folly of mutual jealousy between the two nations, and the importance of their cordial co-operation in their efforts to extinguish the slave-trade. As we were going out of the navy office, we met our friend Henry Clay, who pleasantly asked me what I had been doing with the book under my arm. I answered, that I had been showing the secretary of the navy a picture of the prosperity of Jamaica. "Yes," he replied; "that is your method—you come and make your *impressions*, and then you leave us to draw our *conclusions*." Nothing could be more just than this remark; for this had been precisely our plan of action during the whole of this visit to Washington. We knew the American character too well to attempt to instruct these gentlemen in forming their conclusions. But we felt no small confidence, that if they were properly furnished with the facts of the case, they would draw those conclusions correctly.

Our business with the "intellectual nobility" of Washington was now concluded. On our return to the hotel, I accompanied my young companions, by way of recreation, to the gallery of King and Sully's pictures. I thought many of them excellent; and was glad to

Library of Congress

observe that the rising artists of America are beginning to rival those of our own country. In a comparatively young nation, like the United States, it is pleasant to observe the progress both of art and science; for the polishing touches of such pursuits, when kept under right control, have a favourable influence on the condition of society. The weather, which for some days had been cold and stormy, was now perfectly summer-like; and a quiet ramble over the green fields of the neighbourhood was to us an acceptable conclusion of another laborious and interesting week.

With no small fear and diffidence did we mount the steps of the capitol on the following morning. When we entered the hall of representatives, we once more found it well filled with the members of Congress, their ladies, and many other persons. Amongst others we observed Clay of Kentucky, Clay of Alabama, Forsyth, Adams, Wise, and Hoffman. Profound silence overspread the assembly; and after we had been quietly seated for some little time, I felt constrained to rise and ask the question which our Saviour addressed to the Jews, "What think ye of Christ?" These words formed a natural introduction to a view of the great scheme of redemption in its several parts. Afterwards, that *unbending righteousness* which is its practical result, was earnestly pressed on the attention of all present, especially of those on whom devolved the responsibility of legislation and government. I think I have never seen a more orderly or attentive assembly than on that occasion. A solemn pause of silence again ensued. The meeting then separated; and, after having given and received many a warm and cordial farewell, we returned to our hotel, and soon afterwards, I took my last leave of Washington. A public meeting had been previously appointed for that evening at Baltimore. Under such circumstances, we could not hesitate to avail ourselves of the afternoon rail-car. A respectable assembly was collected at the Baptist chapel, in the latter city, to unite with us in our worship; and thus a second occasion of rather peculiar religious solemnity brought this sabbath day to its close.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

Earlham, 4 th month, 1 st, 1841.

My dear Friend,

We were glad to learn that, on the day after we left Washington, a strong memorial from a standing committee of the New York yearly meeting of Friends, respecting the African slave-trade and slavery, was presented to the house of representatives, and referred to a committee—notwithstanding a former decision of that house, that no petitions on the latter subject should be received at all. Such a circumstance seemed to evince that the legislators were, in some degree, mollified on the subject, or, at any rate, that they were disposed to mark their respect for the religious body on whose behalf the memorial was presented. It was evident to us, that plain Christian appeals, offered in the spirit of kindness, have a much better effect on these gentlemen than “railing accusation.” The remark might indeed apply to persons of every description, and in all parts of the world. But it bears with a peculiar force on the Americans, who are, in general, little disposed to brook any violent interference with their own sentiments.

406

It was a source of unfeigned pleasure once more to find ourselves at Baltimore. In company with our kind host, we called, in the course of the morning, on Roger B. Taney, chief-justice of the United States, and successor of the celebrated John Marshall. He is a Roman Catholic, and bears a high reputation as an experienced and elaborate lawyer. As far as I could judge from a single conversation with him, he is much on a par, in point of talent and high respectability, with most of our own judges. Few persons seemed to take a livelier interest than he, in our accounts of the result of West Indian emancipation; and he spoke very decidedly of the determination which prevails in the American courts of justice, to punish any illegal acts committed by the citizens of the Union, in aid of the African slave-trade. He took leave of us with great kindness, and warmly expressed his satisfaction

Library of Congress

in the interview. In the evening, a very large circle of Friends and others assembled in a spacious private drawing-room; when we related the history of our winter's tour. It was pleasant to us to observe the warmth of generous feeling towards the African race, which was excited, among them, by a very simple narrative.

The yearly meeting of New York was now about to be held in that city; and after paying a short but pleasant visit to our friends at Philadelphia and Burlington, my companion and I went forward to attend it. After our long journey in the West Indies, where there are no members of our society, we felt it to be a high privilege again to unite with a large body of Friends, in transacting the affairs of 407 the church, and in the worship of that Holy Being who had brought us back in safety to our beloved brethren and sisters. One circumstance, however, was, at this time, the occasion of much sorrow and anxiety. It was the dangerous illness of our friend Daniel Wheeler, from England, which soon afterwards terminated in his death. He had long been zealously devoted to the best of masters; and although he was far separated from his family, his death-bed was one of unruffled quietness and peace. The watchful tenderness with which he was nursed in the house of an excellent family at New York, could not be exceeded; and when he died, they mourned for him, as if he had always been one of their own fire-side circle. I would again remark, in passing, that, in no part of the world, as I believe, can be found livelier traits of warm and persevering affection than among the people of the United States. It is right that the citizens of Great Britain should know this fact, from which, not a few of their number, myself included, have derived both pleasure and benefit.

After the conclusion of the yearly meeting, I spent ten days in retirement at Flushing, during which time, I was busily occupied in writing "Familiar Letters to Henry Clay, of Kentucky, describing a Winter in the West Indies." But before it was possible to finish the work, a new call of religious duty arose. The yearly meeting for New England was about to commence its sittings. Joined by my beloved companion, who had travelled with me for so long a time, during the two preceding years, and in company with many other friends, I once more 408 took the steam-boat for a night's voyage up Long Island

Library of Congress

sound, and returned to our old quarters by the sea-side at Newport in Rhode Island. It was indeed a memorable occasion. Friends from many distant parts, as well as the immediate neighbourhood, were assembled in large numbers; and very precious were the Christian love and fellowship, the unity of mind and purpose, which bound us together during the successive sittings of the assembly. The meetings for worship, according to custom, were much thronged by the people at large. Seldom have I known an occasion, in which divine truth, both in its essential doctrines and practical influence, appeared to arise into greater predominance. The time of my return home was now drawing near; and I considered it to be a cause for reverent thankfulness to the Author of all good, that an occasion of so much solemnity should mark the approaching close of my long pilgrimage in America.

But my work on the West Indies was scarcely more than half written; and where could I finish it With greater ease and comfort to myself, than under the hospitable roof of my long-loved friends at Providence? There I enjoyed that profound quietness, during the morning hours, which was necessary for the purpose; in the evenings, I found abundant recreation either in the society of many agreeable friends and acquaintances, or in riding on horseback over a charming well-wooded country, then covered with verdure, and enlivened with the perpetual chirping of the birds. The weather was warm and clear; and I was glad to have so full a taste of the charms of the 409 American summer-evening, before I left the country. The manuscript was finished in ten days; after which followed one of those interesting sabbaths which leave an impression on the mind not easily erased. We held a public meeting in the morning, at a country village called Lower Smithfield; and in the evening, the Independent meeting-house in Providence—a large and remarkably handsome building (far superior to the generality of dissenting chapels in England)—was well filled with a promiscuous but most respectable assembly. We were reminded on that occasion of the words of the apostle James, “Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.” We were led to contemplate the true nature both of law and liberty, on the right balance of which depends the welfare of every human

Library of Congress

community. Both are wonderfully united in the gospel—that “law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus,” (as another apostle calls it) which makes free “from the law of sin and death.” Its doctrines proclaim a blessed immunity from condemnation, through Him who died for us and rose again; and its precepts are not only written in the page of scripture, but are engraven on the heart of every true believer, by the immediate operation of the Holy Spirit. I was rejoiced in being permitted once more to declare amongst a people who disclaim all sectarian inequalities, those grand conservative principles which are infinitely stronger than any human contrivance—I mean the cardinal principles of our *common* Christianity. 410 These are faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, as the Saviour of the world; obedience to all his commandments; and especially love to God and man.

The next morning I bade my many friends at Providence the last farewell, and took the steam-boat for New York, on my way to Philadelphia. I arrived at the former city on the 7th of the 7th month (July) 1840, when I secured a state room in that splendid ship, the *Roscius*, which was appointed to sail for Liverpool on the 25th of the month. Very interesting to myself, and I hope not unsatisfactory to my friends, were the two weeks which I then spent in Philadelphia. I always considered that city my head quarters in America. My home there was one of peculiar peacefulness; and the Friends who bestowed it on me, could not have treated me with greater kindness if I had been their own son. They are persons in somewhat advanced life, of much religious experience, and well esteemed by their fellow-citizens. For my own part, I always regarded them, in America, as my parents. I cannot refrain from taking this opportunity of mentioning an individual, somewhat younger than myself, who frequented the house, and whom, with equal truth, I could call my *brother*. I have no wish to mention his name; but I may describe him as a person of superior intellect, large information, and settled piety. Our *tête-à-tête* walks and intimate conversations, will not soon be forgotten by either of us; and although we are now far separated, we feel that there is a bond of union between us, which neither time nor distance can destroy.

Library of Congress

It was a satisfaction to me to have a full opportunity before I left the country, of again attending the several meetings of Friends in this city; and on our concluding First day, a joint assembly of all the four meetings was once more convened at the great meeting house in Arch-street. It was a large and solemn assembly; and to myself at least, a very affecting occasion. After we had sat together for some time in silence, the words of our Saviour to the apostle Peter were unexpectedly impressed upon my own mind—"If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." It was evident to my apprehension, that the washing here alluded to, is no ceremonial or outward performance, but the cleansing of the soul from the guilt of past sin in the atoning blood of Jesus; and from the pollution of present sin, in the pure fountain of God's Holy Spirit. We were now about to part from one another, and might probably never meet again in this world of change; but if we were favoured to experience *this* washing, we might entertain a humble hope that we should meet again in the world of spirits, where sorrow, sin, and death, are known no more.

On the following afternoon I left Philadelphia for Burlington, where two days of happiness, not unmixed with sorrow, were spent with our mutual friend Stephen Grellet and his most amiable wife and daughter, and many other individuals who were greatly endeared to me. Amongst them was that aged *Christian gentleman* to whom I have before alluded, and whose solemn parting words will not soon be forgotten; also 412 a "mother" in our little church, whose warm and steady friendship had long been one of my privileges, and who has lately finished her course, in peace. I then returned to New York where the abounding kindness of my many friends awaited me as usual. Here I corrected the remaining sheets of the little work on the West Indies, and concluded my last whole day in America, with a farewell assembly for worship in the large new meeting-house. It was an occasion of peculiar weight and solemnity—a remark applying with especial force to that part of the meeting which was held in silence.

On the following day—the 25th, according to appointment—a large circle of long-loved friends were assembled at the Battery; and most of them went with me in the steamer,

Library of Congress

which was prepared to convey the passengers of the Roscius to the place where she was anchored. This was at the narrows, about fifteen miles from New York. The time of our parting soon arrived; and certainly our last leave-taking was as warm and hearty as any one could desire. In company with a young friend who kindly undertook to attend me on my voyage, I exchanged the steamboat for the ship, and soon afterwards set sail for England. Never, I trust, shall I forget the deep and hallowed interest of that afternoon. It was the very first day on which it would have been possible for me, consistently with my apprehensions of duty, to quit the scene of my late engagements. But the work assigned me was now finished; my mind was left at ease and liberty; and I knew of nothing to prevent an immediate return to my family and home.

413

No sooner had we got out to sea, than the wind though light became directly favourable, and continued either to *breathe* or *blow* from the west without interruption. Our voyage lasted 22 days; and we never once furled our main-top gallant sail, till we took a pilot in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. The accommodation afforded us in the vessel approached to the convenience of a private house. She moved so steadily over the waters, that not one of our 35 cabin passengers was sea-sick during any part of the time; and yet she out-sailed every vessel which happened to be moving near us, in the same direction.

A voyage by sea can never fail to be interesting to those who are well and diligent enough to watch the ever-varying aspects of the ocean, and the constantly occurring wonders of the deep. Such was the case with most of our agreeable company on the present occasion. No accident befell us by the way,—no violent gales assailed us; but within a few hours after our landing at Liverpool, a fearful hurricane took place, which, had we then been among the sandbanks of the Mersey, in our deep-laden vessel, would probably have exposed us to extreme danger.

Thus at the end of my long pilgrimage, I was favoured with one more token of that ever watchful and most merciful providence of God, which had followed and protected me

Library of Congress

through a vast variety of scenes, and in the midst of not a few perils. My return home to the society of a beloved son and daughter, and of a large circle of friends and connections, was unalloyed happiness. It is a remarkable circumstance, that not one of my near relatives had died during the three years of my absence. In conclusion I have only to remark, that no person could be more unworthy than the writer of these letters, either of the service in which I had been so long engaged, or of the peaceful reward which followed it.

I am, &c. &c.

THE END.

NORWICH: PRINTED BY JOSIAH FLETCHER.