—the simultaneous songs and shouts of the boatmen to procure an united effort, their usual ingenuity and patience, their toil and merriment, their splashings, their bodies besmeared with mud; while on the land were seen parties moving the cargoes and ponderous objects—masts, anchors, and enormous rudders —from one extremity of the obstructed channel to the other. When it is considered that the distance is less than a mile, surprise is naturally felt that a powerful and intelligent Government should have done nothing to remove so serious an obstacle to the internal navigation of the country, either by deepening the old bed of the nullah or forming a canal by the side of it. Or why not open a direct communication between the Ganges at Bogwangola and the Cossimbazar river, a little above Moorshedabad, where the distance, over a soft level, does not exceed five or six miles? What advantage this would offer to the ancient capital of Bengal, now depopulated and impoverished, what facility and economy to the inland trader, what expedition and convenience to the traveller.

The extreme cheapness of labour in India renders such works there of peculiarly easy execution. If a scanty portion of the immense sums drawn annually from our Eastern possessions, in the shape of commercial investment, were expended *in* them, both the appearance of the country and the comfort of its population might undoubtedly be improved by many projects equally conducive to the prosperity of the state. But it is from Government alone that such measures are to be expected. Not that what is called public spirit is unknown to the natives of India—memorials numerous and visible attest the contrary; but the great landholders, the rajahs, the khans, the principal zemindurs, are impoverished and disheartened by the weight of taxation imposed upon the productive resources of the country, and dishonoured and estranged from us by their unprecedented exclusion from the great and lucrative offices of the public administration.

Important measures, devised by excellent men for the good

of the country, but framed without due local knowledge and practical experience, have often proved ruinous in their effects; and among the consequences of these precipitate errors, the most to be lamented, may be reckoned the extinction of private emulation, individual enterprise, and disinterested munificence amongst the higher classes of the people, the ready and liberal patrons of public undertakings in former times. It is to be hoped that these mistakes will not occur in future; that, instructed by the past, experience will henceforth precede experiment; that the regulations of our Indian administration, whether framed at home or abroad, will be adapted to the peculiarities of the country, and of our anomalous connection with it; and that we shall avoid especially those utopian systems of theoretic legislation which, if ever introduced into our Indian possessions, will gradually undermine the weak foundations of our unreal pre-eminence, and finally risk, to the chief misfortune perhaps of India itself, the subversion of our empire in the East.

The Sooty nullah being thus far closed, I had no alternative but to proceed to Bogwangola, thirty-five miles lower down the Ganges, and only a very few across the country from Moorshedabad. Having procured bearers for my palanquin and light baggage, and directed the manjirs of the two boats to return to the Sooty to unload them, and force the passage and proceed to Santipore, I set out for Jungypore, the Company's commercial station before-mentioned, a few miles above Moorshedabad, and after spending a few hours with Mr. Atkinson, the resident, while he placed other bearers for me on the road to the above city, I proceeded on. Mr. Atkinson having said that a Mr. Carr was chaplain to the troops at Berhampore, the military station adjoining Moorshedabad, it occurred to me that he was possibly the brother of my father's friend, the reverend schoolmaster at Twickenham, whose house looked upon some verdant meadows watered by a small winding *nullah*, which, after having formed the boundary of my father's great hay-field, joined the *great*

river at Isleworth.[1] At all events, I directed my bearers to carry me to Mr. Carr's house, situated between Moorshedabad and Berhampore.

Mr. Carr *was* the brother of the Twickenham gentleman, and expressed by the cordiality of his reception the pleasure he had in seeing one of a family with which he had formerly been well acquainted. Finding that Sir Robert Abercromby was then off Berhampore, I lost no time in repairing to his pinnace, where he received me with the kindest expressions of congratulation. I recapitulated the circumstances of my introduction to the Emperor at Dehli, and the terms of obligation and acknowledgment in which His Majesty had expressed himself in respect to His Excellency.

The next day, 25th February, I received an invitation from the officers of Berhampore to a ball in the evening. I dined with the head surgeon of the station, whose turn it seemed to be to give a dinner to the principal officers, civil and military, of the two stations.

26*th*.—The following evening, bearers having been stationed at the usual distances, I left the hospitable roof of Mr. Robartus Carr, and travelling all night along the road taken by the armies of the Nabob and Colonel Clive after the battle of Plassey, and crossing once more the celebrated plain itself, I reached, the next afternoon, Kishenaghur, the chief station of the Nuddea district, and spent the rest of the day there.

At daylight the next morning, 28th February, I set out in my palanquin for Santipore, passed the tiger-forest, and in two hours more reached the old bungalow, and had the satisfaction of finding Mr. Fletcher quite well. Thus ended my journey, after an absence of seven months and a half. In a few days

[1] In my earliest years I admired the modest beauty of this retired stream. I often played upon its willow-shaded banks, and followed its meanders to the Thames; but in what hill or glen, near or distant, it first came to light was always a mystery which my ardent curiosity could never penetrate. If, peradventure, my last childhood, as my first, should be passed near this streamlet, I should still like to remove this veil, and trace it upwards to its source.

more my boats arrived safely. The commander of the budgerow and the boatmen having received the wages due to them, and a remuneration not less due for their exemplary conduct under trials so long and various, soon after took leave of me, and returned to Calcutta.

PART IV

AMERICA

1795.—The state of my health rendering a voyage to Europe necessary, I determined to proceed by way of America. Accordingly, towards the end of November, I left Santipore, taking with me a small Bengal cow, in addition to my doombah and other curiosities brought from Dehli. The natives would not have consented to sell me a cow if I had not assured them that it would be an object of particular interest and care in the countries I was taking it to. I also had made, by an ingenious workman of Santipore, small, but very exact, models of the principal machines and instruments used in the agriculture and manufactures of India. Among these was a model of an Indian plough, and an excellent one of an Indian loom, with the threads upon it, executed with remarkable precision and neatness. With all these objects I arrived, by the Ganges, at my old quarters in Captain Thornhill's house.

One of my first visits was to the commander of the American ship *India*, Captain John Ashmead. He was a Quaker; a tall, thin, upright man of about sixty or perhaps sixty-five, in whose respectable and pleasing appearance the usual mildness and simplicity of his sect, with a deep tinge of characteristic peculiarity, were visible. His thin silvery locks curled round the collar of his old-fashioned single-breasted coat, with a row of large plain buttons down the front like a schoolboy's. He introduced me to the supercargo, a

Scotchman. The same evening the Captain accompanied me to the ship. This I found rather smaller than I had expected. Her measurement was only about 300 tons. But everything on board was seamanlike and neat. The upper deck was flush, that is, level, from head to stern, without any cabin upon it, as in the *Ponsborne*. The lower deck, to which the descent was by a straight ladder from the quarterdeck, had a spacious cabin or dining-room towards the stern, comprehending the whole width of the ship and lighted by the stern windows. I agreed for the starboard half of this room, consenting to its being separated from the other half by a green baize curtain, which was to be drawn back along a brass rod at the hours of dinner and breakfast. The dining-table was fixed in the middle of the room, and half of it consequently remained in my cabin when the curtain was drawn.

As the ship was to sail in a few days, I had not much time to prepare for my voyage. The American captains having the reputation of keeping rather an indifferent table — living, it was said, principally on salt beef and sour-crout—Mr. Fletcher had the goodness to send me ten fat sheep from his flock at Santipore. For these and my cow and doombah, a considerable quantity of hay was necessary. I therefore ordered my servants to buy grass, or rather the *roots* of grass, in the bazaars, and which, being spread and exposed to the sun upon the flat roofs of Captain Thornhill's outhouses, was closely pressed into bundles.

To increase my collection of objects relating to India, I bought, at a sale by auction, some oil-paintings executed by an able European artist. One represented an elephant with a howdah upon his back, kneeling to be mounted; another exhibited two or three zuz, a small leopard of elegant form, used in hunting the antelope. They were muzzled and had collars round their necks, and were led by their attendants like greyhounds to the chase. But the most valuable addition was that which my ménagerie received, consisting of a Thibet or shawl goat, presented to me by my friend, Mr. Myers,

Deputy Accountant-General. This animal was a curiosity even in Calcutta. It was small, thin, and scraggy, and had long hair, principally black, with some white about the neck and legs. Upon dividing this long hair a short white soft wool was seen, covering the body like down, and this was the precious material from which the shawl of Cashmire is fabricated. It being much doubted and disputed whether it was a *goat* or a *sheep* which produced this substance, I considered myself fortunate in being able to exhibit in America and Europe such decisive testimony upon this point. I had, however, some uneasiness from the apparently delicate state of the goat's health, which seemed to have suffered from the damp climate of Calcutta.

In the first days of December, the *India*, having completed her lading, dropped down the river, and in two days more I followed her. I left the ghaut of the Bankshall (the name of Captain Thornhill's office) late in the evening in a paunchway, a small covered boat rowed by four men seated before the roofed part, and steered by a fifth, who stood behind it. The good Captain and his son, Mr. John Thornhill, accompanied me to the water's edge. The tide running very rapidly, I was far advanced at daybreak next morning, and in the afternoon reached the ship, which was anchored not far from the point where I had disembarked from the *Ponsborne* in 1792. I spent the remainder of the day in arranging my things in my cabin, in fixing my excellent English trunks, which I had fortunately preserved, and in securing a teakwood bedstead, with drawers under it, which I had bought in the bazaar of Calcutta. The upper part, with the bedding upon it, was made to be lifted up from the drawers, and to serve as a swinging cot in rough weather. The small white cow, Cabul sheep, Cashmire goat, and the sheep from Santipore were disposed of: some in, some under, the boats between the main and foremast. The monkey from the north of India had a welcome reception on the forecastle among the crew.

On the 9th December, the pilot being on board and the wind quite fair, the anchor was heaved and we set sail. Leaving Sangor Island close on our left, we passed between this and the numerous shoals and sandbanks across which the *Ponsborne* had had so narrow an escape. We saw many immense buoys of different colours moored with strong chains—some on the sands, others in the fairway or channel—to be followed by ships. But notwithstanding these precautions and an extensive establishment of pilots under the direction of Captain Thornhill, many vessels are annually lost in this dangerous navigation. Arrived off the sand-heads, we saw a pilot schooner cruising for inward-bound ships. Having made a signal to her she approached us and received our pilot on board, when the venerable Quaker, who till now had been a quiet spectator on board his own ship, took the command. And here I could not but observe a singular contrast between this old man and my first captain—between the cool unassuming demeanour of Captain Ashmead and the loud authoritative manner of Captain Thomas. A difference, no less striking, was observable between the well-manned decks and simultaneous movements of the Indiaman, and the scanty crew and slow consecutive operations of the American ship. For the whole crew of the latter being only twenty-two men, the principal work of the three masts, instead of going on at the same time, as in the *Ponsborne*, was necessarily done in succession; the men descending from one mast to mount another, hoisting the foretop-sail first and the maintop-sail afterwards. I observed, also, that of our numbers thus small, the greater part consisted of very young men, apparently not more than eighteen or twenty years of age. They were better dressed than the sailors I had been accustomed to see, and had altogether a more respectable, though a less robust and seamanlike appearance. The cause of this difference was, for the present, unknown to me. At first I was rather startled at this apparent inefficiency, and at the idea of undertaking the passage of the Cape of Good Hope in so small

a ship so feebly manned. On the other hand, I was much pleased with the mild inoffensive tone in which the Captain gave his orders, and with the cheerful alacrity with which they were executed. There was no oath, nor threat, nor vulgar language; no anxious exertion or fearful obedience. There was nothing to damp the satisfaction and gladness of that joyful moment of a seaman's life, when, after a long voyage, the ship's head is again turned towards his native country.

We stood out of Balasore roads towards the middle of the bay, and having gained a good offing, beyond the variable breezes of the coast, steered to the south. The north-west monsoon now prevailing, and blowing fresh on our starboard quarter, we kept a straight course down the bay at about seven knots an hour. The weather was so mild and fine that for several nights I slept upon the after-part of the upper deck, over my cabin, stretched upon a hencoop, and I found that I thus avoided all material inconvenience from sea-sickness. After five or six days I was able to take my place at the dinner-table. The party here consisted of Captain Ashmead, Mr. Pringle, the supercargo, Mr. Gilmore, Mr. Brisbane, the surgeon, a young man, who was chief mate, and myself. Mr. Gilmore was son of one of the owners of the ship, and had come to India in her with the view of learning the business of an India voyage under Mr. Pringle.

We had a fair wind and fine weather from the sand-heads to the latitudes bordering on the line. We here experienced some light, baffling breezes, but our progress was not interrupted by those total calms so usual near the equator. The ship's head was now turned towards the Cape of Good Hope. We spent our Christmas day not very far from the Isle of France, or Mauritius (Maurice), as it was called by the Dutch, the original possessors. On this occasion the usual salutations of the day were exchanged amongst us; we had a more ample dinner, and there was an extra distribution to the men, who were dressed as on Sundays. There was something impressive in the observance

of this great day by our little society in the midst of the ocean. We approached nearer to the French Islands than would have been prudent for a vessel not under neutral colours, for they were the general rendezvous of the numerous privateers which had done so much injury to the British commerce in the Indian seas.

The Isle of France is situated in 20° of south latitude, the Isle of Bourbon about 150 miles more to the south. The former is about fifty leagues in circumference, the latter about eighteen leagues in length and thirteen in width. The climate of both is said to be delightful, and to be congenial to most of the productions of the tropical regions, such as sugar, coffee, tobacco, indigo, cotton, the breadfruit-tree, etc. The population of the Isle of France is about 70,000, principally slaves procured from Madagascar. I could not help wishing that we might put into Port Louis, the chief port of this island; but neither a deficiency in our water, nor any other circumstance, requiring this deviation, our prudent Captain continued his course towards the Cape, passing not far from the south end of the Island of Madagascar. In a few days more we approached the Cape of Good Hope, and the usual preparations for stormy weather were made accordingly. The Captain ordering a reef in the mainsail, all hands that could be spared from deck, amounting to eighteen, went upon the mainyard. On board a man-of-war, or even an Indiaman, this operation would have required only a few minutes, but our crew, as I have already observed, was very young, and individually very weak, consisting rather of boys than men, and it consequently took a long time to haul up the sail and make it fast. The old man, however, never lost his temper or patience, and the sailors having accomplished their task in the quiet orderly way in which everything was conducted on board, were descending to the deck when one of the last of them observed that the slings which suspended the mainyard were broken; two-thirds of the twists had given way, leaving the whole weight upon one-third alone. This discovery greatly

affected the Captain, and caused a considerable impression through the ship, for it was evident that the eighteen men who had just left the yard had been exposed to great danger. Had the yard fallen with them, all, it was probable, would have been killed or disabled. After the first impressions had subsided it became a question amongst us what we should have done if the threatened accident had taken place. Here our helplessness became more evident, and rendered us more sensible of our providential escape.

Continuing our course towards the west, in a few days more we got soundings, and thought we discovered land upon the starboard beam. We were upon a deep bank called Agulas's bank, which extends more than 100 miles to the south of the Cape. The nature of the bottom being different in different parts, it was desirable to obtain some portion of it in order to ascertain our position with more precision. For this purpose a lead was used of about a foot long and two inches in diameter, with a small cavity at the bottom filled with putty. When the lead was drawn in, sand and broken shells were found attached to it. Comparing this result with a map of the bank, our position appeared, and, confirming the ship's reckoning, the Captain had no desire to see the land more distinctly. We passed first Sebastian's Bay; afterwards False Bay, which opens towards the south; and lastly Table Bay, a little round the point on the Atlantic side, and near Cape Town. The winds were now strong against us from the west, but we got on against them by aid of a strong current which always runs down the eastern coast of Africa, and sets round the land. It is for this reason that homeward-bound ships, or rather, ships bound to the west of the Cape, keep near it, *hugging the land* as the sailors say; while those bound eastward keep to the south. Although we thus passed the Cape without encountering any particular storm, we were very near meeting with a serious accident of another kind. One dark night, about ten o'clock, when the wind was fresh, a seaman of the forecastle watch came running aft,

exclaiming with much agitation, "A ship ahead!" We had scarcely heard these words before a large ship, running before the wind, passed our starboard bow. As she went swiftly by us, our yardarms almost touching, the Captain had just time to hail her, and to hear in reply, as we thought, the words "Superb" and "Amsterdam," from which we inferred that she was from Holland, and bound for Batavia. Here again we had reason to be thankful, for a few feet nearer, half a turn of the wheel of either ship, and both vessels must have gone to the bottom. The agitation of the sailor, and the difficulty he had in expressing himself, reminded me of a story which Captain Thomas once told at the cuddy table, relating to a ship under his command at the time, either as commander or chief officer of the watch, and which afforded another instance of the never-failing presence of mind of that excellent seamen. One of the sailors came suddenly upon deck from below, but such was his terror that he was unable to articulate a word. "Sing!" said the Captain, "Sing!" when the poor man sang out without any difficulty, "The cabin's on fire!" "The cabin's on fire!"; Captain Thomas, in his repetition, giving the man's song with excellent effect.

Passing the Cape so near the land we saw but few of the great albatrosses and other birds which had appeared on my way to India, these flying more to the south, for the sake, it was supposed, of the small fish or other food thrown up on the surface of the sea, in the storms which prevail there. Our course was now north-west, with variable winds, but principally from the south.

The first great division of the voyage being passed, the usual speculations took place as to the probable duration of the remainder. If not detained by calms at the line it was probable we should reach America in less than two months. About a fortnight after clearing the Cape the increasing unsteadiness of the wind denoted that we were upon the edge of the "Trade," and in a few days more, a fresh steady breeze from the south-east assured us of our having gained that much desired wind.

Our course was now in the direction of St. Helena. The ship remained under nearly the same sail for many days and nights together, going at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour, rolling from one side to the other, the wind being directly astern. This is called "rolling down to St. Helena," by the captains of Indiamen. On the 10th February, lat. 25 S., long. 5 E., we discovered, in the afternoon, a sail on our starboard beam. Though a great way off, as we were evidently steering the same way, there seemed a chance of our speaking, and it being supposed that she was bound to Europe, and probably to England, I began a letter to my father. The night, however, closed upon us without our approaching. The next morning the sail was still in sight, and nearly at the same distance from us. We therefore bore up a point, and soon perceived that she accepted our invitation to speak, by making a similar variation in her course towards us. In the afternoon we were within hail, when we found that the stranger was the American ship *Atlantic*, from China, and bound, like ourselves, to Philadelphia. We kept company during the night, but separated next day. As we had the advantage in sailing, we expected to reach America some days before her.

After re-passing the tropic of Capricorn, we continued our rolling course towards the north-west, and in ten days more passed the island of St. Helena, about, as we supposed, 100 miles to the west of it. The climate was now very agreeable. The south-east trade, which still blew fresh, tempered the heat of the sun, and kept the atmosphere at a pleasant temperature.

I now passed much of my time upon deck, reading, or walking, or playing at backgammon with the Captain, who was extremely fond of this game, and played it very well. In accordance with the serenity of the climate, and the evenness of our course, at this part of the voyage, was the orderly and cheerful character of the ship, everything between the Captain and officers and crew being conducted in the most good-tempered and amicable manner. The latter enjoyed a degree

of comfort which I had never seen on board a ship. Most of the men had a few private stores, and many of them took their tea in little parties about the forecastle. I was not surprised at these indulgences, for I had learned, soon after sailing, that the young men, whose genteel appearance I had noticed, were the sons of respectable families of Philadelphia and Baltimore, who had come to sea under Captain Ashmead, for the purpose of being instructed in navigation by this experienced seaman, preparatory to their being officers and captains themselves. While this system of harmony and decency was extremely agreeable, I could not perceive that it was less efficient, as regarded the duties of the ship, than the usual vulgar system of oppressive severity, called *discipline*. I had now been three months on board the *India*, and had not heard a threat used nor an oath uttered.

As we approached the equator, I again saw, with pleasure, the swift dolphin, the flying-fish, the gelatinous substance called a Portuguese man-of-war, and the elegant tropic bird. We one day enjoyed a more unusual sight, a party of large whales making their appearance at a short distance from the ship. They rolled about on the surface of the sea, amusing themselves, apparently, as well as us. I had once considered the spouting of whales as a fabulous exaggeration, but I distinctly saw and heard these fish spout up the sea to the height of several feet, with a considerable noise, or blowing. As they tumbled about for some time, not far from our larboard bow, the Captain was uneasy lest we should strike against them. But after keeping at the same distance from us for about an hour they plunged and disappeared.

The trade wind, which had favoured us some weeks, gradually declined as we drew near the equator. It did not, however, subside entirely, but took us a few degrees into the northern hemisphere, when the winds again became variable. We continued our north-western course through the northern tropic, leaving, on our left, the West-India Islands, and Gulf of Mexico.

We again saw a sail, a two-masted vessel. She was rather ahead, but lay-to for us to come up, when we perceived that her boat was out, rowing towards us. Our Captain lay-to for it to reach us, but observed that the brig might be a pirate, and that it would be prudent to be on our guard, while her boat was alongside, and her people on board. Looking at the boat through his telescope, he said he saw only five hands, but that there might be more, concealed under a tarpaulin, at the bottom. Upon this, he went down to his cabin, at the bottom of the ladder, and returned upon deck with a brace of large pistols, which he put into his coat pockets. For the old man was not a *Quaker* in any sense but one, and was resolved to be ready to repulse any hostile attack. I did not put my pistols into my pockets, for these were far from being so deep as those of the Captain; but they were ready, and in case of necessity, the father of the ship, as he was considered, would certainly have been well supported by every one of his family. When, however, the boat came alongside, it was obvious that it contained no more than the persons before visible. The steersman was therefore permitted to come on board. He was the Captain himself of the brig, which we now found was from Boston, but last from the Canary Islands, and bound to one of the southern ports of the United States. The Captain said he had had very stormy weather in crossing the Atlantic. When, at his request, we gave him our longitude, he was much surprised, as we were, when he communicated his, for there was a difference of many degrees between us. This extraordinary error was doubtless on his side, for Captain Ashmead was an excellent mathematician, possessed much nautical knowledge, and kept the ship's reckoning with great accuracy. Although, therefore, we had not had any point of departure since our soundings off the Cape, and the Captain of the brig had been much less time at sea, the mistake was ascribable to the dark weather he had experienced, and in some degree, it was probable, to the imperfection of his science, or of his instruments. He was fully satisfied of his having

greatly misconceived the situation of his ship, and allowed it was a fortunate circumstance that he had fallen in with us. Finding that we came from Bengal, he requested a few bags of rice, which were readily given him. In return, we applied to him for one or two articles, and I expressed a wish to buy a bag of sago, for my breakfast, and a few figs. As the boat was to return to our ship with these things, I went in her to the other vessel. The most remarkable circumstance I found on board was an extraordinary number of canary birds. The cabin was crowded with cages containing them. I afterwards understood that a considerable profit was obtained on the sale of these birds in the southern parts of the Union. I again recollected my mother's fancy, and should have procured a few of them, but for the probability of their perishing from want of proper care. I returned to the *India* with a small supply of sago and figs, when the vessels separated, and we continued our course towards the coast of America.

The only interesting occurrence in the remainder of the voyage was our crossing the Gulf Stream. I was surprised at seeing, one day, large quantities of seaweed round the ship, and the water changed from its usual appearance to a yellow colour. The waves also had a different form, exhibiting a peculiarity something like the rippling of a current. These signs denoted our arrival in the great current, called by navigators the "Gulf Stream," from its proceeding from the Gulf of Mexico. The common opinion is that this current is occasioned by the constant flow of the Mississippi river into the Mexican Gulf. This explanation, however, appears by no means satisfactory, since the volume of the stream, sixteen leagues in width, greatly exceeds that of the Mississippi. Another hypothesis considers it as the continuation of the current which sets round the Cape of Good Hope from the Indian seas, and, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, nearly in the line followed by our ship, enters the Gulf of Mexico, whence it re-enters the ocean *with* the waters of the Mississippi, and follows the American coast, till finally dissipated

in the northern seas. As we advanced towards the middle of the stream, the quantity of weed was prodigious, covering the surface of the water as far as we could see. This phenomenon was not interesting alone, but was useful, as verifying our position in respect to the American coast.

We soon had a great change of climate, the weather becoming more cold than I had felt it since leaving England. I could hardly keep myself warm day or night. But this inconvenience was welcome as another sign that the end of our voyage was nigh. On the 1st of April the lead was heaved but no bottom found. The Captain, however, ordered the ship to be kept under easy sail during the night, her head alternately to the north and south. The lead also was frequently heaved. These precautions were not premature, for the next morning, Saturday, the 2nd April, the leadsman proclaimed bottom. We lay-to that night, but the following day we again stood towards land, and I had the gratification of seeing the lighthouse at the entrance of Delaware Bay, after a prosperous voyage of less than four months from the mouth of the Ganges. Unfortunately no pilot appeared although our signal for one was kept flying. Our disappointment was the greater as the weather had a threatening appearance. Some dangerous shoals called the Nantucket Shoals seemed to give the Captain some uneasiness, and to increase his desire to get into port. He said that he had been more than sixty voyages from the Delaware, and was as capable as a pilot to take the ship into the bay, but that in case of accident, from whatever cause, the insurances would be void. In the evening, therefore, no pilot appearing, the ship's head was put off shore and we stood out to sea. Mortifying as this course was, its prudence was soon manifest, for in the night the threatening aspect of the weather ended in a gale of wind. We saw nothing around us next day, but kept the lead going lest the current should set us towards the land. In the afternoon the gale increased, and there was much bustle on board. The scantiness of the crew made it necessary for every one to lend a

hand on such an occasion. In consequence of an order given by the Captain to let go some rope near the stern, I ran aft and did what was necessary. At this moment the rope which held the great spanker-boom to windward gave way, and this spar, with the sail upon it, immediately fell down to leeward with prodigious force. The Captain said that when he saw me between the falling boom and the ship's side he thought my destruction inevitable. When, however, the boom had arrived within three or four feet of the side against which I was leaning, it was stopped by a thick block projecting from the stern rail. I never perhaps had a more providential escape.

A heavy fall of rain the second night having abated the violence of the wind, the next morning—Tuesday, the 5th April, —at daybreak, we were again able to set sail on the ship and stand towards the coast. We were this time more fortunate. A sail was perceived, and the Captain soon pronounced her to be a pilot making towards us. When sufficiently near he came on board in a small skiff belonging to his diminutive vessel. For this was not a schooner, as in the Bengal river, but merely a stout-decked boat, resembling a large fishing-boat. The pilot having taken charge of us we proceeded directly towards the mouth of the Delaware river. In the afternoon we again saw the lighthouse, and passing it early in the evening entered Delaware Bay, having on our left Cape Henlopen, on which the lighthouse stood, and on our right Cape May. The distance between the two capes was said to be fifteen miles, though appearing much less. Within them the bay gradually widened to about twenty-four miles. We passed near many shoals, particularly "Big Shoal," on which the depth of water varied from six to ten feet. On our right we had the State of New Jersey; on our left that of Delaware. Both shores appeared low and flat, but on arriving in the new world I felt an interest in everything I beheld that supplied the want of picturesque attractions. I spent the whole day upon deck asking questions

and looking about me. A little before dark we came to anchor near a large buoy, called the Buoy of the Brown.

6th April.—I was early on deck expecting the ship to get under weigh to mount the river, but the pilot said the tide would not be favourable for some hours. While we were at anchor several vessels and fishing-boats from Philadelphia passed us on their way to sea. We weighed soon after twelve o'clock. For some time we were near a vessel from England, also bound to Philadelphia. The captains hailed each other, and afterwards exchanged newspapers by throwing a line, having a small piece of lead at the end, on board the other ship, and then drawing it backwards and forwards with the papers attached to it. We steered generally in six or eight fathoms and nearly in the middle of the bay, which gradually contracted into the Delaware river, so called after the Earl of Delaware, who settled in this part of the American continent early in the seventeenth century. A river of such magnitude and importance, and which bore the metropolis of a great nation upon its banks, seemed to claim a more dignified name than the title of an adventurous nobleman. In this respect India had been more fortunate. *There,* the British conquerors and settlers not having had the pretension and bad taste to change the ancient names of the country for their own, Plassey was not called "Clive," nor Buxar "Munro"; while the Ganges, the Burrampooter and the Saone retained, with no material corruption, the sacred orthography of the remotest ages.

We continued to mount the river, passing between Brown's and Brandywine Shoal. On our left we passed the town of Dover, one of the principal towns of the Delaware State. Though Capes May and Henlopen, on the shore of the Atlantic, seemed to mark the commencement of the Delaware—the space called the *bay* being merely an expanded reach of the river itself—this nevertheless was not considered as beginning till we had passed Bombay Hook, twenty miles *above* the Capes. Here the width was about three miles. On the Jersey side we

passed Stony Point and the small town of Salem. Twenty miles above Bombay Point we came to Reedy Island, and anchored for the night at Port Penn. This seemed to be the Gravesend of the Delaware, being the usual rendezvous of ships before entering the Atlantic. The direction of our course to-day had been about north-west.

7th April.—It was late again to-day before the tide would allow us to move. Our course to-day was extremely pleasant, the river becoming more picturesque as it became more contracted. We passed several small islands, the principal of which was Delaware Island; and the considerable town of Newcastle, on the western shore, formerly called Stockholm, having been founded by the Swedes, and later, New Amsterdam, upon its passing into the possession of the Dutch. It is considered the oldest European settlement on the Delaware. Its situation, about half way between Philadelphia and the sea, is evidently very advantageous and must ensure it a large share of the commercial prosperity of the capital. It may be safely predicted that its population will increase more during the next twenty years than in the one hundred and fifty which have elapsed since its establishment.

A few miles higher we saw, also on our left, the large town of Wilmington, pleasantly situated on an eminence, at some distance from the river, but commanding, apparently, a view of every sail passing upon it. I understood that it was the largest town of the Delaware State. We next came to Marcus Hook (also on the western shore); to a succession of low islands; to the mouth of the Schuylkyl, with Fort Miffin opposite to it, on the Jersey side, and soon after discovered Philadelphia itself, situated on the right or western bank of the Delaware. Though not presenting the splendour, nor majesty, nor venerable antiquity of some cities I had seen, not exhibiting the palaces of Calcutta, nor the temples of Benares, nor the marble domes and minarets of Agra and Dehli, its appearance was most gratifying to me, as the city founded by Penn, as the seat of the

American Government, and the termination of my voyage. Having passed several ships, the *India* entered the line, and took her station along one of the wharfs, which extended nearly the whole length of the city, and in a few minutes I *stepped ashore* without even the aid of a plank, the ship's side touching the wharf.

It being evening, when many people were about, the quay was crowded with persons curious to witness an arrival from Bengal. Having first gratified my own curiosity by looking at the lookers-on, and made a few turns up and down the wharf, enjoying the great pleasure of treading once more on firm ground, after a long confinement to a ship, I was setting off with my trunk to a tavern, when Mr. Pringle, the purser, stopped me with a pressing invitation to accompany him to the house of Mr. Lewis, one of the owners of the *India*.

This worthy citizen received me very kindly, saying, "How dost thou do, friend? I am glad to see thee"; for he was, in the phraseology of Philadelphia, one of the Society of Friends, that is to say, a Quaker. He introduced me to Mrs. Lewis and his daughters, who received me with the same salutation, "I am glad to see thee, friend; I hope thou art well." I drank tea with these good people, in whom I found a kindness which the simplicity of their manners seemed to make the more cordial. The safe arrival of their ship at a favourable market put all the family in good spirits. After tea I went to the house of Mr. Bingham, intending to go afterwards to the London Tavern, but Mrs. Lewis insisted upon my returning to sleep at her house; "Thou wilt sleep here, friend; thy bed shall be ready for thee." Mr. Bingham, to whom Mr. Pringle introduced me, was the principal person in Philadelphia, and the wealthiest, probably, in the Union. His house stood alone, and occupied, with the gardens attached to it, a spacious piece of ground It was by far the handsomest residence in the city. I found here a large party. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Bingham and their two daughters, were Count de Noailles, Count Tilley, Mr. Alexander

Baring, and others. After supper, I returned to the house of Mr. Lewis, and was conducted to a handsome chamber, the centre of which was occupied by a square bed, with curtains all round it, in the English manner. There could not be a fairer promise of a good night's rest. After, however, I had slept an hour, I heard a person undressing behind the curtains, although there was no other bed in the room than that which I had supposed to belong exclusively to me. But this opinion was soon changed, for the stranger, having put out the light, drew back the curtains, and placed himself at my side. Sleeping ill with another person even in the same *room*, I would much rather have had Mrs. Lewis's bed, ample as it was, to myself; but I inferred that the arrangement which had taken place was one of the peculiar customs of the country, and that in America, when a stranger was invited to pass the night with his host, it was never meant to give him the whole of a bed. When the light of the morning shone upon the features of my companion, whose face should I see but Mr. Pringle's. Though surprised to find that the purser had slept so near me, I felt that I could not reasonably complain, for as his attentions had procured me this bed, no one certainly had so fair a claim to half of it as himself.

8th.—The next morning, after breakfast, I took a lodging at the principal hotel in Philadelphia, called the London Tavern, but found it so deficient in comfort that I sallied forth in search of better quarters. I asked a person in the street where the Members of Congress put up when they arrived from the different states, and was told that many of them lived together in a house in Fourth Street, kept by an old Frenchman named Francis. I thought it would be very desirable to be admitted into this house, or rather into this society. I accordingly walked immediately to Fourth Street, and found old Mr. Francis and his American wife sitting together in a small dark room at the end of the passage. I did not at first know who Mrs. Francis was, for she appeared too tall and handsome to be the

old man's daughter, and too young to be his wife. Mr. Francis, who seemed to have lost the politeness of his own country, said, without stirring from his chair, or scarcely raising his head, that his house was not a tavern, but a private house for the reception of Members of Congress, of whom it was now full. I mentioned that I was a stranger in America, being just arrived from the East Indies. The little old man regarded me with a look of surprise as I said this, but repeated, in a tone of diminished repugnance almost amounting to civil regret, that his house was full. I was about to return to my indifferent lodging at the London Tavern, when Mrs. Francis reminded her husband of a small room at the top of the house, which I might occupy for a day or two, when a chamber next to the one occupied by the Vice-President would be disengaged. The mention of the Vice-President excited my attention, and the idea of being placed so near him at once obtained my assent to Mrs. Francis's proposal; and the old man also expressed his concurrence, or rather allowed his wife to make what arrangement she pleased. I immediately brought my trunk from the London Tavern, and placed it in my temporary apartment. I observed that the maidservant who assisted in getting it up a steep and narrow staircase was a negress, or rather a mulatto, the first human being of this race that I had seen. She was young, active, and obliging, and spoke English. She was the *property*, I understood, of Mr. Francis, who had *bought* her some time before, and might of course *sell* her whenever he pleased. This was the first instance of slavery I had ever seen, and it caused me both pain and surprise to meet with it in the country which so boasted of the freedom of its institutions.

At dinner to-day I met several members of the two Houses of Congress, and thought them most amiable, sensible men. The seat at the head of the table was reserved for the Vice-President, Mr. Adams, but he did not come to dinner. In the evening Mrs. Francis made tea for nearly the same party. Considering that I had arrived in America only the day before, that I had no intro-

duction to any one, that there was not a good hotel in the city, and that the general usages of the country did not, as in India, supply this deficiency, I thought myself fortunate in being already established in the most respectable society of the United States. Mr. Bingham, the President of the Pennsylvanian State, not only gave me a general invitation to his house, but offered to take care of my great sheep during my stay in America. This fine animal had arrived in perfect health, as had my Santipore cow, but my Cashmirean goat, which was very sickly when we left India, had died shortly before we reached the Delaware.

The negress being engaged in arranging my chamber, my curiosity to see an American play led me to the theatre. The play was the *Miser*, followed by the *Jubilee*. I took my place in the front boxes, paying nearly the same price as in England.

9th April.—I breakfasted this morning at the public table, at which Madame Francis presided. Several members of both Houses were present. Mrs. Francis helped me to some of the celebrated buckwheat cake, whose excellence had been the subject of much commendation during our voyage. It takes its name from the species of wheat of which it is made, and in size and appearance resembles the English crumpet, and it is dressed in the same manner, being first toasted and then buttered. But it is superior to the crumpet or muffin, having the peculiar taste of the buckwheat which is extremely agreeable, rendering it the most esteemed article of an American breakfast. This meal was, in other respects, very abundant and sumptuous, comprising tea, coffee, hot rolls, toast, eggs, ham, and joints of cold meat. It appeared the English breakfast of former days, with tea and its accompaniments added to it.

After this I called at Mr. Bingham's, where I found my doombah grazing upon the garden lawn at the back of the house. While I was looking at it with Mr. Bingham, several inhabitants of the city came to gratify their curiosity, for Mr. Bingham having observed this, had ordered that everybody should

be admitted, and considerable numbers had already come to the garden in consequence. My Bengal cow, which I found in a stable not far off, also had numerous visitors. Among the curiosities which I brought from India was an oyster-shell of extraordinary size and weight, exceeding 100 lbs. It was the bottom shell alone, and had been found amongst a heap of oyster-shells at Madras. The mark of the oyster was visible upon the discoloured surface of the inside, and showed that the fish had nearly filled the entire cavity. This curiosity I presented to the National Museum, where it was very graciously accepted.

I called upon Mr. Bond, the British Consul and temporary representative of the British Government in the absence of the Envoy. He asked me many questions about India, and said he must introduce me to General Washington. He invited me to spend that evening with him.

On returning to my lodging in Fourth Street, I found the negro girl bringing my things downstairs from the garret. She told me, with much pleasure, that she was taking them to a room on the first floor, which her mistress had ordered for me. This I found to be a very good chamber, with two windows looking into a court behind the house. In a room adjoining, and nearly similar, was Mr. Adams, the Vice-President of the United States.

Soon after I was installed in my new quarters, Mr. Alexander Baring, and his brother, Mr. Henry Baring, called upon me. I thought the former a clever, well-informed young man.[1] He was, I understood, come to America on account of Messrs. Hope's house, of Amsterdam, to purchase a large tract of land in the province of Maine, belonging to Mr. Bingham. I knew his brother in Bengal, the eldest son of Sir Francis Baring. He had married one of my fellow passengers in the *Ponsborne*, granddaughter of Captain Thornhill.

[1] My acquaintance with Mr. A. Baring, now Lord Ashburton, has since been kept up. He always refers to our first meetings with much apparent satisfaction.

I dined to-day with the Members of Congress. Mr. Adams took the chair always reserved for him at the head of the table, though himself superior to all sense of superiority. He appeared to be about sixty years of age. In person he was rather short and thick; in his manner, somewhat cold and reserved, as the citizens of Massachusetts, his native state, are said generally to be. His presence caused a general feeling of respect, but the modesty of his demeanour and the tolerance of his opinions excluded all inconvenient restraint. He was generally dressed in a light or drab-coloured coat, and had the appearance rather of an English country gentleman who had seen little of the world, than of a statesman who had seen so much of public life. He began his career at the bar of the Royal Courts of Boston, where he was said to have gained popularity by his eloquence, and esteem by his integrity and independence; but it is probable that the great powers of his mind, like those of Washington and other patriots, would have remained unknown if the Revolution had not brought them into notice. He was chosen by his countrymen to represent them in the first National Congress assembled at Philadelphia in the year 1774, the year before the commencement of open hostilities by the battle of Bunker's Hill, and during the war which followed he was associated with Franklin in the mission of the latter to the Court of France. He was also employed in diplomatic negotiations with England and Holland. I was told that the troubles of his country had drawn from his pen some publications, in which his patriotism and his talents were equally conspicuous. Knowing few greater pleasures than that of listening to the conversation of great and virtuous men, I was always glad when I saw Mr. Adams enter the room and take his place at our table. Indeed, to behold this distinguished man, the future President of his country, occupying the chair of the Senate in the morning, and afterwards walking home through the streets and taking his seat amongst his fellow citizens, as their equal, conversing amicably with men over whom he had just presided,

and perhaps checked and admonished, was a singular spectacle, and a striking exemplification of the state of society in America at this period.

I drank tea, and spent the evening, with the English *chargé d'affaires*. There was a large party of ladies and gentlemen, all Americans. The reception was in a large room upstairs, resembling in every respect an English drawing-room. The company sat round a wood-fire, placed in a shining grate. In the middle of the circle, after tea and coffee had been served round, figured the Consul himself, descanting on various subjects, public and private, as well as public and private characters, sometimes with unbecoming levity, sometimes with sarcasm still more unbecoming. The opinions he expressed could hardly fail to be offensive to the sentiments of many of his guests, and to the good taste of all. I was surprised at behaviour so undignified, and felt some shame at seeing the representative of my country playing the part of a political mountebank before many of the principal persons of the American metropolis.

Sunday, 10th April.—I went this forenoon to hear the celebrated Dr. Priestley preach. The chapel, though spacious, was so crowded that I was obliged to stand near the door, and could only judge of the Doctor's eloquence by the pleasure it seemed to afford his hearers.

I dined and drank tea with Mr. Bingham, met the Count de Noailles, Count Tilley, the celebrated Monsr. Volney, the two Messrs. Barings, and several members of the Senate and House of Representatives—in all a very large party. Mr. Volney, next whom I sat at dinner, was very inquisitive about India. Mr. Alexander Baring, who sat nearly opposite to me, took a leading part in the general conversation. After tea, the Count de Noailles undertook to introduce me to Dr. Ross, an English physician, who would, he said, have much pleasure in seeing me. The Doctor, it appeared, was distinguished rather as a literary character than as a physician, not *practising* as such,

though giving his gratuitous assistance to his countrymen and friends. This introduction proved very agreeable, and confirmed the favourable accounts I had received of the Doctor from the Count and others.

Monday, 11*th*.—Called this morning upon the Barings. Found them fencing together. After my return home I received a visit from Mr. Bond. He called to let me know that General Washington would hold a levee the next day, when he would introduce me to him. He said he would call upon me and take me with him, and begged me to be ready at the time fixed. Dr. Ross also called upon me, and was extremely civil. He invited me to dine with him the next day. Dined with the Vice-President and Members of Congress. In the evening, went to the play, *All in the Wrong*.

Tuesday, 12*th*.—After partaking of Mrs. Francis's buckwheat cakes, I put my head into the hands of the hairdresser. I had still preserved in its original length and fulness the *pigtail*, as it was called, with which I had left England, the democratic *crop* of the French Revolution not having yet reached India. I doubted, indeed, whether *style* of dress was required by the forms of the republican court at which I was about to appear; but as much of the attention I received seemed to be on account of my coming from India, I thought it as well to be presented in the costume of an Indian court. When dressed, I joined the Members of Congress in the public room, to wait for Mr. Bond. While conversing with these gentlemen, expecting the British *chargé* every minute, the negress entered, and delivered to me a note from this officer to say that important public business had suddenly made it impossible for him to attend the levee that day. I regretted this circumstance the more, because I was likely to leave Philadelphia before the next levee.

Scarcely had I resumed my common dress before Dr. Ross called. He said, that knowing that Dr. Priestley would be glad to see me, he called to accompany me to him. Disappointed of seeing one great man that morning, I considered myself fortunate

in being thus introduced to another. I willingly, therefore, accepted the Doctor's obliging offer, and set out with him for Dr. Priestley's house in High Street.

High Street is considered the principal street in Philadelphia, although Broad Street, which crosses it towards its upper end, exceeds it somewhat in width. It runs perpendicularly from the river, or from east to west, and divides the city into two parts, nearly equal. The streets, which run in the line of the river, or from north to south, all cut High Street, and, of course, all the streets parallel to it, at right angles. The width of High Street is 100 feet; that of all the others, with the exception of Broad Street, about fifty. All the streets being equidistant from each other, it is evident that their intersection forms the houses comprised between them into square masses of equal dimensions. Such is the simple but monotonous plan of Philadelphia, as laid down by its founder, William Penn, towards the end of the seventeenth century. The streets resemble many of the smaller streets of London, excepting that the foot-pavement on each side is of brick instead of stone. The houses also are built with red brick, and have generally a shop on the first floor, and two or three windows in the stories above. The streets and houses thus resembling each other, having scarcely any difference in their appearance, excepting the accidental dissimilarity arising from the shops, produce a sameness wearying to the eye, and often embarrassing to a stranger, who can hardly tell when it is too dusk to read the names at the corners, whether he is in "Third" or "Fourth Street," "Chestnut" or "Walnut." For the nomenclature adopted by old Penn when he made his streets was as unusual as many other parts of his plan, and by aiming at extreme simplicity produced eccentricity rather than convenience, confusion rather than clearness. Thus, the first street from the Delaware was called "First Street"; the succeeding ones "Second," "Third," "Fourth," "Fifth," "Sixth," and so on, as far as Broad Street, halfway between the Delaware and the Schuylkyl. Beyond

this line they were numbered in a similar way from the latter river towards the Delaware, the streets of the same number on the two sides of the line of separation being distinguished by the name of the *river* to which they belonged, as "Delaware First Street," "Schuylkyl First Street," "Delaware Fifth Street," "Schuylkyl Fifth Street," etc. This inconvenient arrangement seems to have been adopted on the supposition that the two sides of the city would be constructed simultaneously from the respective water fronts. This, however, was not the case; for the Delaware, offering much greater facilities for navigation, the city has been extended far beyond its intended limits, along the banks of this river, north and south, while no buildings have been commenced on the banks of the Schuylkyl to the present time (1796). Some streets, however, have been begun on the Schuylkyl side of Broad Street; and there can be no doubt that they will, in a few years more, reach that river. Whenever that may be the case, the inconvenience of having two sets of streets bearing the same names will probably be manifest, and may lead to a change less repugnant to custom and good taste. It is harsh enough for a stranger's ear to hear "Thirteenth Street," (the last next the midway division), without the distinction of "Delaware Thirteenth Street," or "Delaware Thirteenth," which will be necessary when the remaining or Schuylkyl half of the city shall be built. The names given to the other streets, those which run from the Delaware towards the Schuylkyl, are scarcely less whimsical, the principal *trees* of America having been chosen for this purpose, and thus forming Chestnut, Walnut, Pine, Cedar, Mulberry, Spruce, *Sassafras*, Streets. The distance between the two rivers is about two miles, over a level plain.

Proceeded to Dr. Priestley's house in the upper part of High Street, in a row of small houses between Sixth and Seventh Streets, remarkable for their pleasant appearance, standing back a few yards from the footpath, and having small gardens, separated by painted rails, before them. I had not seen such an

appearance of neatness and comfort since my arrival in Philadelphia, and experienced pleasure in finding that it was here that the English philosopher, the benefactor of his country and of mankind, by his discoveries in useful science, had taken up his abode. Having passed through the garden of one of the first houses, the door was soon opened by a female servant, who, saying that the Doctor was at home, conducted us into a small room by the side of the passage, looking towards the street. Here I expected to see the Doctor, but found only his sister, who desired the maid to let her master know that Dr. Ross was come. In a few minutes the Doctor, having quitted, probably, his studies, entered the room, and I was at once relieved from the sort of uneasiness which precedes an introduction to a great man, his countenance being exceedingly mild and good-natured, and his manner no less easy and conciliating. His person, short and slender, his age, apparently about sixty, and his unaffected cheerfulness, at once reminded me of my Uncle Thomas—an impression that increased during the remainder of my visit.

Dr. Ross, in his friendly zeal, introduced me somewhat in the style of a showman at a country fair: "Mr. Twining—just arrived from Bengal—a great traveller on the Ganges—has been received by the Great Mogol," etc. The Doctor, his simplicity unchanged by this recital, received me with hearty kindness. He placed me near the fire, and took a chair by my side. I soon found that he was as inquisitive as Dr. Ross had represented him to be. Fortunately his inquiries were directed to such subjects respecting India as were familiar to me, such as the castes, customs, and character of the inhabitants; climate, productions, etc. Passing from general to particular questions, he wished to have a description of the couvre-capelle; and the numbers of this deadly snake which I had seen at Santipore enabled me to gratify his curiosity upon this point. I described also the mungoos, and the battle which I had seen between this animal and a couvre-capelle. He asked me about a particular fish, and about a particular property it possessed. I fortunately

knew this, had *eaten* it, and remarked the peculiarity he alluded to.

The Doctor related, in his turn, many anecdotes, here further reminding me, by his playfulness and good humour, of my learned uncle. He had a way, when telling his stories, of asking you to *guess* how a thing happened, saying, "Now, sir, how do you think this was?" waiting a few moments for an answer. Among other things, he spoke of the great sheep in Mr. Bingham's garden, expressing his intention of seeing it, and then alluded to the great improvement lately made by Mr. Bakewell of Leicestershire in the breed and management of animals. He said he once visited Mr. Bakewell, who showed him his improved race of sheep, and his fine bulls, remarkable for their size and symmetry. He saw two of these animals grazing peaceably in the same pasture. "I can," said Mr. Bakewell, "immediately make these bulls as furious as they are now quiet, and again make them friends." "And how," said the Doctor, addressing himself to me,—"how, sir, do you think this was done? Why, sir, Mr. Bakewell ordered one of his men to drive a cow into the field, and the two bulls rushed at each other, and fought with the greatest fierceness. While they were thus engaged, the cow was driven out of the field, and the two champions grazed together quietly as before."

The Doctor having expressed a desire to see the skin of my shawl goat, it was settled that he would call the next day, and accompany me on board the *India*. I now took leave, much gratified with this personal introduction to a celebrated man, of whom I had heard a great deal when a boy at school, his system of chemistry,—his phlogiston and anti-phlogiston, and fixed air, —then making much noise, and leading to various experiments upon balloons, etc., in which boys at that time, and I amongst others, took a part.

Upon separating from Dr. Ross I went to the house where the Congress held its meetings, situated in Chestnut Street. It is a large and handsome building, occupying the area of an

extensive court, by the side of the street. Two folding doors, accessible to everybody, led me, at once, into the hall of the National Representatives, who were then sitting, and engaged in debate. I stood in the space reserved for strangers, between the entrance and the low partition which separates it from the part occupied by the members. This space was small, and without seats. I was surprised to find so little accommodation for the public, in a country where the public was supposed to be especially considered. There might possibly be more room allotted to strangers in another part of the hall, but I did not observe any visitors, excepting such as stood near me. These being but few, I was able to advance at once to the partition. From this point I had an uninterrupted view of every part of the hall—I may say, of every member of the Assembly, for one of the advantages of this handsome room is, that the whole of it is visible from every part.

The subject of debate, when I entered, was the budget, and Mr. Gallatin was speaking. Mr. Gallatin is a native of France or Switzerland, but had long resided in America, and was now a naturalised citizen of the Republic. He was one of the principal members of the opposition, or of the anti-federal or democratic party, as opposed to the federal system, of which General Washington was the head. Although a slow and rather embarrassed delivery, as well as a peculiarity of accent, showed that Mr. Gallatin did not speak his native language, his speech discovered great acuteness, and the deep knowledge of the finances of the United States for which he was especially distinguished. His strong opposition to the measures of Government, and his democratical opinions, had lately drawn upon him the quills of Peter Porcupine, a satiric writer, who at this time attracted much attention in America by his opposition, in a popular, sarcastic style, to the opposers of the existing constitution. This writer, however, was not an American subject, but the Englishman who has since been so much less advantageously known, in his own country, by his real name of

William Cobbett. Mr. Gallatin was only three or four yards to the right of where I stood. His profile from this point, the thin, sharp outline of a Frenchman's face, his inclined attitude towards the President as he addressed him, and the slow perpendicular movement of his right arm, "sawing the air," formed a portrait which the occasional appearance of his name in public affairs always brings to my remembrance. Mr. Madison, an eloquent and much respected member, also spoke from his seat, a little to the right of the President; and Mr. William Smith, member for Baltimore, one of our party in Fourth Street, who defended the measures of Government, repelling the animadversions of Mr. Gallatin with much wit and severity. I recollect a few of his sarcastic phrases.

From the hall of the Representatives, I went to that of the Senate, or Upper Chamber, analogous, in its position in the state, to the British House of Peers. Mr. Adams, as Vice-President of the United States, presided over this Assembly. He was seated in a raised recess on one side of the hall, which was oblong, and much smaller than that of the Representatives. The public was admitted to a raised gallery, which extended the whole length of the side opposite the President. Here, also, I heard some good speaking, though the chief orators are in the other chamber. In both Assemblies the members had desks before them, on which they took notes, and laid their papers; but their speeches were extempore.

I dined with Dr. Ross. He received me in his study, up a very narrow staircase. The walls of the room were entirely covered with books. The Doctor introduced me to Mr. Wollstonecraft, related to the authoress of that name, to Dr. or Mr. Boulman, a distinguished Irishman, and to Mr. Cooper, a young American who had recently made himself known by his writings. Mr. Dallas, an eminent English barrister, was expected, but sent a note to say he was prevented from coming. Dinner being ready, we descended to a room under the study. Mr. Cooper and the Doctor's other guests asked many questions about the

Hindoos, the Ganges, the cities and monuments I had seen in the northern parts of my tour, and the languages. The Doctor's announcement that I spoke three languages of India, though there was nothing extraordinary in the fact, seemed to cause some surprise. After dinner Mr. Dallas came. He expressed particular interest about India, in which country some of his family had resided. It was late in the evening before this party, containing some of the most clever men in Philadelphia, broke up. Although I had experienced some disappointment in not being introduced to General Washington in the morning, I had, through the polite attentions of Dr. Ross, passed a most pleasant day.

13*th April*.—Breakfasted, as usual, with the Members of Congress, with whom I was now upon easy terms. As we stood round the fire, one of these gentlemen, Mr. Gallatin, examined the ends of my muslin neckcloth, and much surprise was expressed when I mentioned the cost at Santipore. Many questions were asked me respecting the qualities and prices of the fabrics of India, and it is not impossible that the lowness of the latter suggested the idea of a profitable speculation, the object of almost every American at this period.

The Vice-President always breakfasted in his own room. He had brought a manservant with him from Boston, but the negress had the care of his chamber. This poor girl being the only servant in the house, served everybody and did everything. Her activity and cheerful diligence were surprising.

In the forenoon Dr. Priestley called. He was accompanied by his son, who also had a desire to see the skin of my shawl goat. I accordingly set out with the great chemist and his son Joseph. We continued along Fourth Street till we came to Orchard Street, one of the streets perpendicular to the Delaware, and turning down it arrived at the wharf at which the *India* was discharging her cargo. The Doctor noticed the skin of my poor goat with much interest, turning back the long hair, and examining the downy wool beneath with much attention. He

seemed to have been previously impressed with the common belief that the Cashmire shawl was made from the ordinary wool of a particular race of sheep, and not from the remarkable substance he now saw, or the produce of a goat. The Doctor being a zealous searcher of truth and fact, was evidently gratified with this discovery; while, having failed in my attempt to take the demonstration of an important problem to my own country, it was gratifying to me to be able to communicate it to the chief naturalist of America. I thought I could not dispose of this curiosity better than by placing it in his possession. I accordingly requested the Doctor to allow one of the sailors to carry it to his house. Although he yielded to this proposal with reluctance, I had the satisfaction of perceiving that it afforded him pleasure.

As we returned through the city I was desirous of learning if the Doctor was satisfied with his situation in a country which possessed no man eminent for science since the days of Franklin. He expressed himself satisfied with the attention he had received from the American Government, which had offered him the professorship of chemistry. He spoke with regard of Dr. Ross, whose society apparently best supplied the loss of Franklin, of Bishop Watson, and Doctors Parr and Price, the friends of the Doctor's earlier life. But it was evident that his satisfaction with America, which had received him, had not effaced his attachment to his native country, which had banished him. For Dr. Priestley, diverted unfortunately from his philosophical pursuits by the French Revolution, became by his imprudence one of the victims of that unsparing explosion. Quitting the paths of science, he engaged in the political and metaphysical discussions of that troubled period, and was soon swept away by the violence of a storm, which, but for this needless exposure, would have passed over him. The infuriated mob of Birmingham, a place fostered by practical science and enriched by the useful arts, broke into his house, pillaged his extensive library, burnt his valuable manuscripts, and the notes of his unpublished

observations, and destroyed his philosophical apparatus. These lamentable acts determined the Doctor to retire to America. Still it was so evidently his desire to return to England whenever the passions of the moment should have subsided, that I determined to ascertain on my arrival in London how far such a step would be expedient.

14*th April.*—Hearing that the *Vermont* was about to sail for England, I write by her to my father. Wishing to see a few of the other principal cities of America, as well as something of the country, I decided upon an excursion as far as Baltimore, south of Philadelphia, and eventually to Washington, the contemplated metropolis of the United States, situated on the Potomac. At the latter place I should find an East Indian, Mr. Law, formerly of the Bengal Civil Establishment. Returning to England, the want of occupation there induced him to visit America. At that time the plan of building a new metropolis, to bear the name of Washington, was under consideration, and excited much speculation. Mr. Law had become acquainted with one of the proprietors of the land selected for the site of the new city, and confiding in an Act of Congress already passed for the transfer of the seat of government, had made a considerable purchase of ground from this person. It was, however, considered an adventure of much risk, for doubt was entertained not only whether, in case of General Washington's death, the proposed change would take place, but whether the removal of the seat of government would carry with it the augmentation of commerce and population which Mr. Law anticipated, and which was essential to the success of his speculation. I this afternoon took my place in the stage-waggon for Baltimore for the following morning.

15*th.*—At ten this morning the negro girl took my portmanteau under her arm, and accompanied me to the mail-waggon office. At half-past ten the waggon started up High Street, passing before the window of Dr. Priestley. The vehicle was a long car with four benches. Three of these in the interior held

nine passengers, and a tenth passenger was seated by the side of the driver on the front bench. A light roof was supported by eight slender pillars, four on each side. Three large leather curtains suspended to the roof, one at each side and the third behind, were rolled up or lowered at the pleasure of the passengers. There was no place nor space for luggage, each person being expected to stow his things as he could under his seat or legs. The entrance was in front, over the driver's bench. Of course the three passengers on the back seat were obliged to crawl across all the other benches to get to their places. There were no *backs* to the benches to support and relieve us during a rough and fatiguing journey over a newly and ill-made road. It would be unreasonable to expect perfection in the arrangements of a new country; but though this rude conveyance was not without its advantages, and was really more suitable to the existing state of American roads than an English stage-coach would have been, it might have been rendered more convenient in some respects without much additional expense. Thus a mere strap behind the seats would have been a great comfort, and the ponderous leather curtains, which extended the whole length of the waggon, would have been much more convenient, *divided* into two or three parts, and with a glass, however small, in each division to give light to the passengers in bad weather, and enable them to have a glimpse of the country. The disposal of the luggage also was extremely incommodious, not only to the owner, but to his neighbours.

We were quite full, having ten passengers besides the driver. Upon leaving the city we entered immediately upon the country, the transition from streets to fields being abrupt, and not rendered gradual by detached houses and villas, as in the vicinity of London. The fields, however, had nothing pleasing about them, being crossed and separated by the numerous intersections of the intended streets, and surrounded by large rough-hewed rails, placed zigzag, instead of hedges. We soon reached the Schuylkyl, a small river which descends from the Kittatany mountains,

in the back part of Pennsylvania, and enters the Delaware seven miles below Philadelphia, after a course of about 120 miles. We crossed it upon a floating bridge, constructed of logs of wood placed by the side of each other upon the surface of the water, and planks nailed across them. Although this bridge *floated* when not charged, or charged but lightly, the weight of our waggon depressed it several inches below the surface, the horses splashing through the water, so that a foot passenger passing at the same time would have been exposed to serious inconvenience. The roughness and imperfection of this construction on the principal line of road in America, and not a mile from the seat of government, afforded the most striking instance I had yet seen of the little progress the country had hitherto made in the improvements of civilisation. The existence of such a bridge seemed the more surprising, as it completely obstructed the navigation of the river, which would otherwise, I was told, admit small craft as high as Reading, nearly eighty miles farther up. I mention this instance of backwardness, and other deficiencies of a similar kind, not as a reproach to America, but as singular facts, exemplifying the difficulties and necessarily slow advancement of a new country. I believe there is no nation that would have done more in so short a time, and most nations would assuredly have done infinitely less. The transplanted branch of the British oak had already taken root, and displayed the vigour and strength of the parent stock. It was flattering to an Englishman to see the intelligence, energy, and enterprise which were manifest. Everywhere the progress of improvement was visible; everything had advanced, and was advancing. The bridge of planks and logs had probably succeeded a more insecure boat, and would certainly in a few years be replaced by arches of brick or stone.

The sloping banks of the Schuylkyl appeared to offer delightful situations for villas and country houses, whenever the wealth and taste of the citizens of Philadelphia should lead them to the imitation of European indulgence, unless the extension

of the city to the river should cover its borders with wharfs and warehouses, thus realising the original design of William Penn.

A little beyond the bridge we came to a turnpike gate, the first I had seen since leaving England. It was interesting on this account, and further so, as showing that America had adopted a custom of the mother country which Adam Smith cites as one of the most equitable examples of taxation, the traveller paying for an evident convenience and in proportion as he enjoys it. It was probable that the tax collected here, or a part of it, was employed in securing the logs and planks of the bridge, or in replacing such as were carried away by the current—an accident which seemed likely to occur frequently.

The country now became hilly in some degree, and from the days of my journey in Scotland I was fond of hills. These were neither long nor high, but they presented some steep declivities, down which the waggon descended at a great rate, for not only was it unprovided with a drag to keep it back, but it seemed to be the principle of American driving to go as fast as possible downhill in order to make up for the slowness inevitable on all other parts of the road. This road being newly and roughly formed, furrowed with ruts, and strewed with large stones which had been separated from the mould or gravel, the jolting of the waggon in these rapid descents was almost insupportable, and even drew forth many a hard exclamation from my companions, accustomed to it as they were. At first our rapidity on these occasions, with a steep declivity, without rail or fence of any sort on one side, seemed to be attended with no trifling degree of danger; but I soon found that the driver managed his four active little horses with all the skill of an English coachman, although he had little the appearance of one, having neither his hat on one side, nor his great coat, nor his boots, but a coarse blue jacket, worsted stockings, and thick shoes.

When eight miles from Philadelphia we passed through the small village of Derby, and in about as many more reached Chester, the end of the first stage. An English traveller is at first surprised to find the villages, often clumps of houses, of America bearing the names of the great towns or cities of England, although the latter, probably, had a beginning equally unimportant and diminutive. The country we had passed through since leaving the Schuylkyl was, for the most part, cleared of its ancient woods, at least near the line of our road, and cultivation had commenced; but the surface of the land was entangled with the roots of trees, and covered with stones which the plough had recently exposed to the light for the first time, and with clods of earth not yet broken. All the enclosures were formed in the manner already described—that is, by rough bars or rails placed one above another in a zigzag direction. The few farmhouses visible were also formed by bars or logs of wood, covered with laths and plaster. The situation of the inhabitants of these sequestered dwellings did not appear very enviable, though it doubtless had its charms, or its recompense at least. Every first settler in a new country labours less for the present than for the future, for himself than for his posterity, and it is this honourable consciousness that invigorates his toil, cheers his solitude, and alleviates his privations.

As we rattled down a steep hill leading to Chester, I thought there was a fair chance of our ending the first stage at the bottom of a precipice on our left, and so we probably should if we had *missed stays*; but when within three or four feet of the edge, the driver went cleverly on the *other tack*, till brought up by the high bank on that side, when he again *put about*, and made for the precipice, and thus by great skill got us safe to the inn at the bottom.

Chester is a small town of no present importance; but its situation as the first post or stage between Philadelphia and the Southern States seemed to ensure its progressive extension and prosperity. It was now chiefly interesting as the place

where Penn, having landed at Newark with his Quakers, and the grant of Charles the Second, bestowing upon him the immense tract of country to which he here, perhaps, gave his name, held his first assembly, producing his authority, and explaining, it is probable, his views and intentions. It appears that some Indians still retained their possessions in this part of the country, and that their chiefs were received with kindness at this meeting, and with assurances of justice and protection. Although such assurances are generally made and seldom observed, one is willing to suppose that Mr. Penn promised no more than he meant to perform; but it is painful to consider that the Indian tribes, instead of being civilised and improved by this event, were gradually compelled to recede before the influx of European nations, carrying their original barbarism, with the admixture, perhaps, of new vices and diseases, to other settlements in the interior, from which they were again dislodged as the tide of intrusion rolled on.

It is possible that the general outline of the State of Pennsylvania may have undergone some change since Penn enrolled his charter in the village of Chester in 1682; but I believe the limits were nearly then what they are now (1796), extending from the Delaware to the shores of the Ohio, and of Lakes Erie and Ontario—a vast extent of country to be granted to one individual, either on the ground of service rendered the State by the father of William Penn, or as a debt due to the latter by the Crown. Of these two motives, the most interested one must, perhaps, be considered the most probable. We naturally wish to know what advantages Penn derived from his great acquisition, and are hardly surprised to learn that the affairs of his province involved him in innumerable disputes and difficulties, and even encroached upon his private fortune. He died in the year 1718 at the age of seventy-four. It is probable that his name is held in respect by the "Friends" of Pennsylvania; but I never heard it mentioned in general society, nor observed that it was common. There was no one who bore it, either

in the national representation or in the provincial assemblies of the State.

As the extreme jolting of the waggon had caused a general complaint among the passengers, and the inconvenience might be expected to increase as we got farther from the capital, I proposed to join two or three of the party in hiring some other conveyance, but found that the waggon was the only carriage on the road. Having therefore changed our horses for four others of the same small but excellent race, we resumed our seats upon the bare planks, and continued our journey. The reserve of a first stage being over, the passengers became rather clamorous. They were, however, most polite towards me, exempting me from their sallies and jokes. Their wit was particularly directed against a "*Yankee*" who was one of the company. *We* apply this designation as a term of ridicule or reproach to the inhabitants of all parts of the United States indiscriminately; but the Americans confine its application to their countrymen of the Northern or New England States, and more especially to those of Massachusetts.

Four miles from Chester we passed through a small hamlet called Chichester, and soon after quitted the fine province of Pennsylvania, and entered the small State of Delaware, forming a narrow slip along the right bank of the Delaware river to the sea. I had had a view of the whole length of its water boundary as I sailed up the Delaware in the *India*. The part of this little district which I now saw appeared to have a pleasant and healthy elevation; but the lower parts, towards the shore of the Atlantic, contain numerous fens or marshes called swamps. One of these, called the Cypress swamp, is said to be twelve miles in length and six in breadth.

When about twelve miles from Chester, passing over some high land, called the heights of Christiania, we descended to a creek of that name, and soon after entered Wilmington, which I have already mentioned (in describing our passage up the Delaware) as the principal town of the Delaware State, although

Dover is the seat of government—for what reason I do not know, unless because its position is more central, a very *good* reason, which is not so much attended to in the establishing of metropolitan towns as public convenience frequently requires.

Having again changed horses, we reached the Brandywine, a small stream which flows from the Welsh mountains, in the interior of Pennsylvania. The Brandywine mills, for grinding corn, are very celebrated, and their great neatness and flourishing activity had a very pleasing appearance from the road. Here America already exhibited a spot which might be compared with any similar scene in England. I saw some small craft, of apparently about ten or fifteen tons; but I understood that sloops of a much larger size could mount the stream from the Delaware. These mills were said to furnish a very considerable part of the best flour consumed in Philadelphia.

I was glad that my presence did not prevent my fellow-travellers from speaking with much enthusiasm of an action fought here, during the late war, between the American troops and the British forces under the command of General Clinton. I cannot find a note I have somewhere of the particulars of this engagement. But the American army, commanded by General Washington, defended the passage of the Brandywine with great bravery, and indeed with success, till outflanked and turned by Lord Cornwallis, who crossed the river higher up. The British troops advanced, and took possession of Philadelphia. It appeared to me that the banks of the Schuylkyl might have offered another point of defence, but they doubtless did not. Indeed, the situation of the American army might have been too critical, with the Delaware in its rear, unless it had been possible to secure its retreat by a bridge of boats across that river. But although the American capital was thus lost on the Brandywine, the Americans consider that day, so calamitous to their cause, as highly honourable to their arms. It is a circumstance creditable to the talents of a general, and to the generosity of the nation

he serves, when he can sustain defeat without losing the esteem and confidence of his countrymen. It may also be considered one of the peculiarities of such contests, between a disciplined army and irregular troops, that the latter often gain glory in defeat, while *victory* is hardly glorious to their opponent.

We next changed horses at Newark, and completed our day's journey, soon after sunset, at Head of Elk, the name given to a few houses situated upon the Elk river, which we crossed in a boat, hauling upon a rope stretched across it. Here again it was easy to contemplate a future bridge. It was not, as in India, where the surplus revenue of the country was sent out of it, without being counterbalanced by any return. Here, this surplus would be expended *in* the country, whose property indeed it was, in national improvements. America was a farm, in which the produce was spent upon the land; India, one in which even stubble was carried from it.

During the last stage we had passed the White and Red Clay Creeks. At the latter, General Washington had attempted to make a stand against the royal army which the British fleet had brought from New York, and landed at the head of Chesapeak Bay, not far from the place where we now stopped for the night. After the roughest journey I had ever had, a good supper and bed would have been very acceptable, but nothing could well be worse than the provision made for the travellers in both these respects. After a sparing and ill-dressed repast, which drew forth bitter words, and *more* than words, from the Yankee and most of his countrymen, we were conducted, one following another, up a narrow staircase, little better than a ladder, and all, to my utter despair, shut in one room, upon whose floor, which, by the bye, appeared to have little benefited by its proximity to the waters of the Chesapeak, were placed a few rude unfurnished bedsteads, without curtains, ranged one close to another, like cots in a soldier's barrack. Whether, however, it was my very good fortune, or the politeness of the Americans, whose attentions I had received along the road, I could not tell,

but it so happened that in the distribution and coupling which took place, I remained without a partner, being the only one, I believe, who had this invaluable privilege. I was so sensible of the advantage I had obtained that I should have been glad to enjoy it a little longer the next morning; but at half-past two the tawny girl (slave, I fear I might call her), who had lighted us upstairs, reappeared with a candle in her hand, and announced that the waggon would soon be ready.

At three o'clock, with no other light than what was afforded by the twinkling of the stars, the waggon and everything it contained, the passengers *on* the hard seats, their portmanteaus *under* them, were once more literally *in motion*, for the road was far from improving as we advanced into the State of Maryland, which we had entered the preceding afternoon. Soon after leaving the inn, we crossed another small stream, called Elk Creek. It is the union of this with the rivulet we had passed the evening before that forms the larger stream at the head of which the foundations of a future town have been so judiciously laid. This spot, covered by the two streams whose junction opens a communication with the Chesapeak in front, would in Europe probably have been chosen for a military position. But such advantages, happily, did not enter into the calculations of the Americans, who, not having to entrench themselves against the jealousy or ambition of surrounding nations, directed their attention to situations the most favourable to the establishments of agriculture and commerce, of peace, and not of war. They chose a rivulet, not to defend a bastion, but to turn a mill.

We proceeded very slowly till break of day, and not very fast after, the road being exceedingly deep and rough, often quitting what appeared to be the intended line, and winding, for a fresh and firmer bottom, through the partially cleared forest on either side, the driver, with great dexterity, guiding his horses round the stumps of trees, going over such roots as would only shake us a little, and avoiding others that would be likely to overturn us. The fields of such parts as were cleared were

always surrounded by the zigzag fence of bars. The planting of hedges had not yet commenced, all refinement in agriculture, as in other things, being reserved for a more advanced stage of society, when population should be more abundant, labour cheaper, and public taste more improved. It would, however, have been an easy and cheap embellishment of the country, if a few of the fine trees of the ancient forests had been allowed to remain, if not in the fields, at least in the line of the future hedgerows. But *all* the trees being cut down, about three feet above the ground, the openings left in the forests were extremely unpicturesque, the enclosures having the appearance of large sheep-pens. Although the remaining stumps of the trees rendered the fields most unsightly, and, obstructing the plough, obliged the farmer to leave much ground uncultivated, they would probably remain undisturbed until the decay of their roots should facilitate their removal. For in a new country, as America now was, land is cheap and labour dear ; but as the nation advances towards maturity, the reverse becomes the case, labour growing abundant, and the value of the produce of the earth rising with the demands of an extended population. Perhaps the happiest point for a country is the medium between these extremities.

Soon after sunrise we crossed a river on which Charlestown is situated, two miles lower, at its junction with the Chesapeak, and at nine o'clock reached the banks of the Susquehannah, where we found a boat ready to take us over to Havre de Grace, on the opposite side. As we pulled upon the rope stretched across this rapid stream, I contemplated, with peculiar pleasure, the ancient woods which still threw their broad shadow upon its surface. I was greatly struck with the wild poetic cast of this enchanting spot, all the features of which were as Indian as its name, excepting, indeed, the new-built town of Havre de Grace, whose white houses on the southern shore had supplanted the wigwams of the Susquehannah tribes, and interrupted the magnificent line of foliage.

I could not but feel a great desire to remain longer amidst such scenery, and explore the further beauties which the course of the Susquehannah would probably disclose. This river, however, though one of the largest that run into the Chesapeak, is not of very great length, since its sources are in the Alleghany mountains, in the upper parts of the States of Pennsylvania and New York, a distance of about 300 miles. Although much obstructed, in this course, by falls and rapids, it is navigable, or, as the Americans say, *boatable*, down the stream, nearly from its rise, but sloops and sea-craft can ascend it only three or four miles above Havre, being there stopped by some rapids. It is not improbable that many of these impediments will hereafter be removed, or avoided by means of locks and canals, and other contrivances, and that a navigable communication may connect the Chesapeak, the great Atlantic lake, with the chain of lakes in the north, and with the Ohio and Mohawk rivers, and thus by the Mississippi and Hudson, into which these rivers respectively flow, with New Orleans and New York. Such are the gigantic schemes of this aspiring people. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the nation which, even in the first years of its political existence, has the genius to form such projects, and the patriotism to dwell upon them with confidence and enthusiasm, has already established the probability of their execution. None of my companions had followed the banks of the Susquehannah, but I understood from them that its greatest beauties were at the passage of one of its branches through the Alleghany mountains. Its width, on reaching the Chesapeak about two miles from Havre, was said to exceed a mile. I always experience great difficulty in judging of the width of rivers, but the Susquehannah, at our ferry, did not appear to me to be so broad as the Thames at Twickenham.

At the best inn I had yet seen in America, neat, clean, and pleasantly situated, we found a good and abundant breakfast ready for us, consisting of tea, coffee, eggs, and cold meat. Here seemed to be another instance of that degree of improvement to

which everything, probably, was advancing, though often imperceptibly, and with uneven steps; and not with the premature precipitancy unreasonably expected by too many travellers from other countries.

Our next stage was to Harford Bush, a very small town, but pleasantly and advantageously situated upon an inlet of the Chesapeak, here about ten miles in width. In some parts of this noble bay, particularly below the junction of the Potomac, the width exceeds twenty miles. Its length, in a northerly direction, from Cape Henry in Virginia to the mouth of the Susquehannah, is nearly 300 miles. Its depth, and the facility it offers to navigation, may be inferred from the circumstance already mentioned that the British fleet sailed up it and landed the army at its northern extremity, near the Head of Elk. It would be pleasing to imagine the extraordinary sight which such a fleet on the basin of the Chesapeak must have presented, if it could be detached from the lamentable cause connected with it. A citizen of the United States may, without much generosity, forgive injuries from which his country derives its being; but an Englishman can scarcely revert to the same acts without a painful sense of imprudence and injustice.

While the numerous bays and inlets of the Chesapeak and the streams which run into it on either side seemed favourable to commerce, its waters were said to afford excellent fish, and also the celebrated canvas-back duck, of which I had heard much on board the *India*, as well as since my arrival in America, without having yet had an opportunity of forming my own opinion of its merits.

Having changed horses at Harford Bush, we went on to Joppa, passing in our way the Gunpowder river. Journeying over the same wild country, woods in their primitive state, or partially cleared, with now and then a log-house, the appearance of which, unsurrounded by society or resources, was more dismal than cheering, we came to the small hamlet of Kingsbury, and at four in the afternoon reached Baltimore.

We drove in good style into the courtyard of the "Indian Queen," a large inn of very respectable appearance. It formed one of the angles between Market and Queen Street, in the upper part of the town, and had an extensive front in each street.

I could not separate from my companions without taking leave of them all, and acknowledging the polite attentions they had shown me; for though a total want of reserve amongst themselves almost degenerated sometimes into coarseness, their behaviour towards me was uniformly obliging. Soon after I had taken possession of my quarters, a small room with a very small bed, fronting, at my desire, the principal street, I was told that dinner was ready, and was shown into the largest room I had ever seen in any hotel even in England. It extended the whole depth of the house, from Queen Street to the great court-yard, and was divided along the middle by a broad fixed table, nearly as long as the room itself. I found a large party assembled, or assembling, consisting almost entirely of travellers and lodgers in the house, and not of residents in the town, for anti-Britannic as the Americans are in their political feelings, they have the domestic propensities of their ancestors, every man dining with his family, if he has one. After the dinner, which was composed principally of large joints of meat and dishes of vegetables, served more in abundance than variety, each person rose when he pleased and retired without ceremony, much as in India. I was glad to avail myself of this *freedom* in order to see something of Baltimore that evening.

I accordingly walked down the principal street, which had a gentle slope from the country, a little above the "Indian Queen," and turning when near the bottom of it to the right, through some smaller streets, came to the port, an extensive basin formed by the Patapsco river, before it reaches the Chesapeak; or perhaps it may as reasonably be considered an *inlet* of the Chesapeak into which the Patapsco discharges itself. I here saw many ships and sea-vessels of various descriptions.