JOURNAL.
JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

commencing from the year 1798,
through various parts,
of
England, Ireland, Scotland,
France, Spain, Portugal, Canada,
United States of North America,
Denmark, Germany, Holland, & the Netherlands, &c.

BY
RICHARD CHAMPNEY

Truth has and shall be the Polar Star, by which I shall
shape the course of my adventures; and consider it
my duty to report as I find:

my motto is,

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in malice."

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1828.
After frequent applications & bullying I got over Bavalone, once more started & left its unaccommodating inhabitants by the time the sun shone fine, with wine, bread, & meat, for our empty stomachs, conveyed on half a dozen small carts drawn by two oxen each; the pace was dreadfully tedious. The men were completely vexed & worn out; many of us might be seen with a piece of straw or stick in our mouths to keep off fainting: a thing that I have often adopted & found useful, particularly as regards quenching the thirst. Several of the men endeavoured to get them to move a little faster on; but in vain; it was their natural gait, while many others asked leave to fall out & rest on the road side, a favour I often allowed the poor fellows & was glad even myself to halt the division for a short time, as I had been carrying my 'Haversack & Kit with upwards of fifty-six pounds weight, in bread, wine, & meat, & one or two 'Haskets at a time, which I relieved from those that could not carry them any longer; in this manner we kept moving towards 'Hiti as it was beginning to be late in the evening, as our Oxen took'd their way one after the other up these Tables of the lower Teverean. As it was through a very wily defile, where a 'Hamelk occurred only at distant intervals perched on the summit of some rocky broken height, that gave us any hope of getting to our days journeying, 'Hiti was still more unpleasant; it was now beginning to rain. Long before we arrived at our quarters, we had got complete wet 'Haskets. At last having crossed another branch of the
Dinner was served by half past 4 o'clock, we were greeted by some of our comrades that had gone in advance. Soon after having been served in the barn where the chief of our soldiers were waiting in a large barn adjoining, most of them as I went we were led in all directions, fast a sleep to recover to stir or even get up for their Nations. Every soldier had retired long since to their quarters. We were in the like comfortable repose. I was given to understand by the most active and worthy Sergeant Corbin that neither of them score coming to superintend the division of the daily allowance to the men, but that he was some of the men would exact themselves, if I would but step & see it served out, and this, though we were all completely wet through, we set instantly to work, some to cutting the meat up, some to dividing the loaves, & others to measuring out the wine, which consisted of 36 gallons: it was truly a funny & laughable scene to see most of us hard at work in such a place by candlelight. At this frequency the most grotesque & singular attitudes for when the men's names were called over, they just moved & answered here, Riff they were a sleep again, such was their extreme inanition. In the meantime others were seen sitting on the floor with their hands, just as they had taken a mouthful, dropped off into a snore. A sleep, then transfixed the image of 3 days, those fitted man & least again for his daily task. By one o'clock the whole of the wine was down, off of which it had passed through my hands, for which I received the soldiers' thanks. The Committee they had paid was a worthy fellow & up to the present time was accommodating. I would not even let me into his room when he had a charming reading fire, the latter was tempting now as I was so wet. I must to bed early. After a few threatening kicks at the door, he at last, though very reluctantly let me in, where our conversation. Warnings were neither pleasing nor entertaining. After half an hour's comfortable sit before the fire. I left this early.
furious fellow to his own thoughts. For Malice I return him once
But off with my servant to key Billet, who now for the first time
informed me. It was about two miles off in the country. He
saw a boggy road; the prevailing, but what was to be done, the
luggage had gone then. The people were waiting as he had been
there before. It was sure he could find his way through darkly
reigned. After following him upward of a mile the half thing
a narrow lane of mist, more, or water, half three leaf, we
came to an extensive Common where the house stood
in the day light, of this he was sure, but for myself I
began to doubt most wistfully to be in body of wind, if he had ever
seen here at all, for after wandering about like the lost sheep
of the wretched a person that was him, getting numbed lips
steps he falls over the stone & into hollows for another long half
hour. Seeing neither house, tree, hedge or any living being
or animal, but our own lost selves; I began to despair of seeing
one before the dawn of day, which with my present state
accompanions with that of hunger, thirst, weariness, & exhaustion
did not, balance rightly with my feelings. But giving my servant
a push on one side & a few vacations of things into the bagpack
I took the lead & after some intricate and coarse I speed something
in the distance like some tall trees, & trying to make up to
them without losing sight of them, I fell into a deep sand
But a couple of yards down & what was more, my foolish
fellow of a servant came tumbling after me, neither of us
was the worse. Rather after grooping about for a short time, we get
out. & was lucky enough soon after to hit upon the right
 Dwelling & through a wretched one. I was certainly well pleased
for by this time it was half past two o'clock in the morning
Upon aetch yesterday morning, twenty hours deviation, have I been on my deck. That without either food or drink & in this we were, we at last arrived at this solitary cabin, we thought it very dry. At one end was the fire, the smoke of which, after having circulated in the building escaped instead of going up at once up the chimney, owing to its extreme breadth by all the crevices in the sides of the dwelling. This fire, such as it was, being only made with dry sticks, was a great comfort to me. The smoke through a window, the smoke, carrying the heat into every part of the house, was enough was there for it. At present, the walls admitting the winds on all sides. Besides I believe it often relieved the lungs when become fatigued, penetrating through a damp atmosphere. I found the old folks up & tettering with age & some fear of my coming. With such a blast, I soon qut if within them, if they been willing people. I was gung from them nothing more than some wood & bread. I ordered them out of bed; the old Dame as she called, too. I was looking very much like an old witch, holding in her hand and trembling hands one of those long dangling paper Dips—When in fell to cooking some bow & bow, but burning our wood scarce, we set little fire, I cut a drink off the large piece & stuck it on a stick & fpilled it, although so tough, yet been now about half finished. I eat it with a relish. Thankfulness & never failed to recollect, what a sweet meal it was. Much more would have been to many a poor fellow during the rapid advance & more particularly to those that are retreating before a retreating & victorious enemy. This with the addition of some wine & bread I made an excellent repast.
night was far spent. I thought now only of my resting place, but perhaps these never was a spot less inviting for relieving the fatigue of so long a day's march of seventeen miles as this seemed was a damp, close, earthy floor, with nothing to the sky without number, a hard, dirty, straw matting with hardly any clothing, not a chair or a table to decorate its desolate appearance; such about was my habitation for this night. Besides the above the want of a candle was much missed, it was here poorly substituted by a slip of rag dipped in some kind of grease, this being ignited flamed for a short time & gave an opportunity of getting unobserved. Reating a glance a round the room in which my bed was laid. There is a mother used of which you often meet with in the poorer dwellings & are made blessed by the peasants, they consist of Cotton Yarn dipped in Laxin & were cut in lengths of a foot, to half a yard in length. When lighted will last some time & give a fair light with these people will go about in all directions with it in their hands & frequently stick a piece against the walls lighted where wanted. There is a great difficulty however in holding the flaming torch, so as to keep the light & uppermost & not to burn your fingers.

custom is second nature. Having warned my servant to wake me early, I slept into a sound sleep. I was content.

By half past four I was awake out of my sound short repose. Hastily putting on my wet coat, I hastened forward to the Inn that I had but so few hours left before I was no way surprised when I looked a round at the difficulties & vexations we had encountered in the darkness of
the night in so wild a part, & more lucky were we in escaping, falling in a very deep pit, which from the closeness of its situation we must have been heaving about for some time. its for the same it was now almost impalpable from the immense quantity of rain that had fallen; & picking up three of our soldiers bayonets who had lost them in their struggle through it, we arrived where the rest of the troops were slowly collecting together, for all very one, were yet but poorly recruited from our late toils. The village of Bienau which they had slept at, is situated on the decline of a hill.Becomes well stocked with fruit & other trees—Half an hour we got all collected together 9 by 10 o'clock our heterogeneous concourse began to move onwards under a dousing rain; myself been soaked wet, I can not a little for it, for it seemed to refresh me more than otherwise. At few miles weal I was ordered to proceed forwards to march fifteen miles to procure the necessary Bullets. & against the detachment came up. I was quickly on the advance, & passing through the small hamlet of Bienau, the morning gleam began to break out fine & the then to shine. Thus before his issues way upon me, now so welcome. Yes, I have often seen the morning landscape & the sun as dambe observed as I looked forth upon the country how, in the distance, loomed the dark outline of all the objects presented to me & the wisps, as the light suddenly broke in the east, as the clouds disappeared, as the sky above began to glow with the first beams of the sun, as the light gradually advanced, progressed, everything became gradually more & more distant, each line outline advanced from a chat & shape, until at last the sun rose & the landscape laughed in its beauty, telling of God & happiness in every part. I was now going over
a fine rich, broken, & hilly country. Stopping to view its beauteous
landscape, I suddenly caught a glimpse of the towering Pyrenees,
the centre of the chain remains for a longer time hidden as it is
approached by snow. Various groups of mountains mostly
of the secondary order, but doubtless, depending on its primrose
mass, continues successively to intercept the view of it, until from
some of such like eminences at some distance from Andorra,
between Sion [? Bobasteens], this noble barrier is suddenly
discovered at the extremity of an immense plain; but from
Tarnos, however where I have so lately descried it from whence
I did so often stop to gaze & admire their stupendous Prouince
appearance, towering one above the other, in all the grandeur
of magnificence of nature, not topped by that, old Re-De-Mos, in
honey-bay, that seems the clouds to carry; yes,—
I've stood beneath the pinnacles, I've gazed upon this brow,
but these are far more glorious beholding thee as now;
its now, within this little vale, on which those coves to brood,
Where I have stood for hours and gazed, as growing where I stood.

What art thou now?— a mountain king, on mountains looking down
Embraced amidst the solitude, an avalanche they swim.
Their pedestal on earth, like one who sprawled the ground he trod,
Leaving the majesty of pride, high, heavenward, like a god!
Assumed the sun-shines twine-ye-e, hath to shed the with his using
In vain the whirlwind and the flame around the vase and griving
Those flying at the form of ages back as strong winds lift the cloud
To wight beneath the slothing ships has thy dark forehead bowed.

I lay on thee, and many thoughts coming rolling from my heart
Thoughts of the years that thou hast seen, and still wilt not depart,
Depth dear of the dead! the open looks fiercely on they now,
How many seasons has he flying his glories on thy brow?

Where are the thousands lives whose fame was poised upon a breath?
These lords of triumph, suppliant ones, slaves of a realm of death.
Where are the flashing eyes, that slept their life away in dreams
Claiming the homage of earth's hills, her forests, and her streams.

Where are they all, these rulers, stone, lords o'er the hills and glades
These unit monarchs of the world, these animated shades?
They are—the past; yet those are still what thou hast ever been
A temple, where old memory broods in mockery of the scene.

It's a humbling thing to turn on the red track of Time,
To trace his way through folly, tears, pride, ignorance, crime.
And then, like rivers driven back to springs that gave them birth
To send our sorriest thoughts upon this bulwark of the earth.

It stands unaltered! men have passed—The conqueror, desert, slave
With all his passions, life's pride—to gloom and to the grave!
Yet this—the temple of dead Time, a cemetery of hours—
Still seems a throne, where Death surveys the victims he doth receiv'd.

The same! ay, still the same it lifts its crown, glorious brow,
In solemn, silent majesty, over the same as now.
She has been, is, and is to be—a mountain-castle, whence
The infant womb has daily springing in mute magnificence.

The index of the evening star, pale citizen of night,
Looking upon all lovely things, unworthy, and most bright.
Those lost a land of dreams, Mount Helicon, a fountain deep, though
Of feelings well as are the clouds whereof thy crown is wrought.

Yes, thou dost seem a Titan, still unmuted
Those locks are white with antique snow, whose brow is munificent.
The world of death, life away in dreams of the realm of ghosts, one side of solitude, and loneliness of mind.

Both look as if he held in scorn the power of human kind.

The time was now fast slipping away, yet I hardly took a step the faster for it; for I like to stroll at my ease; the life of a pedestrian is of all others the one that suits. I to both B and C later on the way without being hurried by having agreeable objects in view, is of all modes of travelling the most delightful and gratifying. Thus far of the day I have certainly enjoyed its pleasures, its charms, its varieties. I overtook a thousand head of cattle for the supply of the army in advance; their connoisseur, meek, miserable, and brutal drivers: it was time I even risked myself before I could get a hand of them; many moving out of their ranks and following after me as I passed, supposing my red jacket was the cause. A poor Dragoon, half dead with scurvy, attended by a mother holding him on horseback, was moving on the same way; asked a few questions when speeded on my way; in so doing I cut across at a considerable angle of the road to save distance if to escape two very suspicious fellows following after me, I liked them not, drew my sword unison to them & kept a smart look out, mending my pace I soon lost sight of them & got into a more inhabited place. Indeed for a few miles before you reach which the houses are thinly scattered on the road, & for near a mile & a half there is a most beautiful view of Elm trees on both sides, which give it a shady & grand effect. By 12 o'clock I had got all Kileds completed. After chatting merrily half an hour with an English Officer who was stationed here to provide for the troops as they arrived, I went away in search of my own & found it a capital one, even fit for a Commissary General; the good folks been out, I took my usual stroll & survey the place. It is only a small city, is the chief town of the department of the Gers; it was formerly the capital of Gascony. It is seated near the river Gers.
It was formerly the capital of Aquitaine, which is here a moderate stream. It is built on the side of a lofty hill, as presents towards the S.E., an amphitheatrical view of great beauty. The streets are narrow, rising, but it has a fine regular, built square, at the at the most elevated part of the town, terminated towards the west by an agreeable promenade; whence is seen, for the first time in coming from it, on the north, apart of those elevated mountains as lately described & besides over a fine picturesque & well cultivated district. The principal buildings worthy of notice, are the Cathedral, & the ancient archepiscopal palace. The Cathedral occupies the centre of the City, it is a fine large & beautiful gothic edifice, & is considered one of the most magnificent buildings in France. It contains many paintings of our Saviour, & the windows are beautifully decorated with them. To add to its other beauties, it has to each entrance to the town, avenues of regular planted Elm & other trees of vast age, for upwards of a mile, which gives it a striking natural effect. The manufactures are of coarse woolen cloth, serge, called seigneurs, calimeres, rades, cloth, velvets, hats, &c. The trade in wine, wool, hogs. Cardinal Beaufort was born here; the population is about 68,000. It lies 50 miles west of Toulouse. As we are now travelling in the capital of what was formerly called the province of Gascony, it may, I think, be proper to observe, that this vague term applied also to a considerable portion of Aquitaine, was first employed by Gregory of Tours. It is derived from the Vascons, a Spanish tribe, who, springing from their fastnesses in the Pyrenees, occupied these regions towards the close of the six century; & they had an ample share in the declaration attendant on the war between England & France in the first century; also in the wars of Religion in the 16th century. Poverty forced the provincial dialect discriminate their descendants from Frenchmen. They pronounce most of the quiescent letters, pronounced...
B. and D. and E. and it are treated with the same want of ceremony, and E is honoured with an acute accent. Their various terms of phrase have been collected into a dictionary of Gasconisms, which might be composed of Gasconisms, for their exaggerations in describing their exploits, has given them the proverbial term of Gasconians. But if the Gascon have their the fields & their peculiarities, they think may partly claim a comparative superciety, in respect of many of their neighbours, of quickness of perception. Regular deportment. They may add, they are a high spirited race. The language of the Basque provinces is said to be so difficult that, according to an ancient tradition, the Devil was seven years in the country without being able to learn it. The British volunteers are, therefore, likely to find themselves at a loss upon first landing. The native Irish, however, go beyond the natives of the Basque provinces: they say that although their language is the oldest in the world, the Devil has not yet learned to speak or read it. By so much Imit
our slowly moving party & soon after they were all distributed to their respective quarters. It was mine, which I found to be comfortable & in a genteel family, highly pleasant & affable, &ing me, both male & female. Entertaining each kindly & partake of a table spread with all kinds of cattles, more particularly those of fruit, preserves, &c. As the native Pear that is grown in E about the neighbourhood; neither party understanding hardly a word of each other's language: it was most vexing, as it was tedious and pantomime to see our different gestures & broken expressions, that we used to each in politeness. The confounding of the human language is certain not only a perplexing thing, but a hidden mystery of a gracious God and Maker of the Universe, who has caused it for some wise & good end; so no doubt must be allowed for a moment to rest on our minds, whether it
be right or just; for wherever we look around survey the scene.

Such thoughts men have on earth that do but live,
its men may crave, but God only give.

My hospitable host, & hostess would not suffer me to partake of any
of my own victuals, but after delectfully enjoying theirs, I retired to my bed-room & was obliged once more to become a feather
bed Saviour, & enjoyed all the luxury of a soft downy bed. Dec 16th—The day was fine & as our convoy moved slowly along
the lengthened avenue of trees, as we left this City, looked truly
picturesque. We had three leagues & a half to Gimont for our
days labor: the country was hilly & pleasant; the the peasants
were busily employed in preparing the rice to traverse its rapid course.
By noon we had gained half our journey, & passing through the small
town of St. B, over the the Alps never, where we saw none, we
again over took the mighty brook of Leen, & what was worsetrain
wearing, they were ordered to come under our Escort, with a few more
Nobles. He now might be said to be something like the Merry Men
of Dover, who, in talking about in the Channel, touched Dover, 
knocked down Calis Sheple; for while one end was leaving stock
the other was near entering Gimont. Thus we cut almost formula-
ble useless appearance; extending nearly a mile in length; if
indeed we were not like the renowned Ship, we might boast, that we
had plenty of Leather for our feet; Sausage for our Cookets; & good idea
of our Stomachs; if the French should intrude, plenty of Lead
& Steel for their preservation. The second of Guards are moving
on as we are; they are certainly a fine athletic Body of men, & soon
after passed us a strong detachment of 200 men & Officers of the 13th
(Left Infantry) they were all alert & active, pushing along at a
rapid rate, precisely valuing, that they would take care of the Enemy
while we took care of the Money we coming up in ordinary time;
We exclaimed in turn:
After some active halting & trouble with our new unwelcome guest, 5 o'clock brought us into the town of Gimont, which with its numerous cardinals, quite inundated it, driving many of the inhabitants, horses, & cattle to take shelter in some other place. The town itself is long, but not well built, standing on the right bank of the river Gimone, which is here a considerable stream. The church is a fine building, particularly the inside, it has some mines of Vercorsiose stone, and a population of 2,300. Distance to day 17 miles—

14—Heard last night that Wellington had attacked both before Toulouse, but could learn nothing further particulars as to the results. Started by 6 o'clock, the country was rather hilly & not so thickly inhabited, but this was made up in a great degree by the road being now litterally thronged with people, horses, or some moving vehicle, going to or from the scene of action, for here we met an empty male train, now overtakes 19 passed a laden one; now an escort of Infantry, brown, rough, dusty men, with old stained stockings; now an orderly dragoon, with sets of chopped straws, hanging clumsily over cumbersomely from his saddle; presently several marching ears, laden with stores of one kind or other for the army in advance. Frosty, though not the last, an escort of French Prisoners. Many carts loaded with wounded men from the late scene of action, &c. &c. These altogether gave us a pretty correct idea of the field of battle, what we might expect daily & in some points, felt too soon, at any rate it was now too late to view, if any of us sighed or felt inclined so onwards was our cry to Death or Victory, was our Motto.
As the length of our train was now so long, we had frequent haltings to
break up the rear, which delayed considerably. We did not arrive at
the Foucault till a late hour. It is situated on the river Ille, which is
here a considerable breadth. The town itself is large & contains a population
of 8000 inhabitants, but has nothing in its appearance, worthy of recording.
During the day no march was heard, as we thought, heavy firing from artillery
if not, it was instant thunder. Our quarters to night were good, which we
may in part thank the Oxford Blues for, who were ordered out to make
room for us: they are the finest body of men & horses I ever saw.
Their movements were onwards to the fields of glory, which no doubt
they have often will again signierize themselves. Dined 16 miles.

12th. The morning broke out beautifully fine, as if to cheer us
on this, our last day's march, for we were all in truly high spirits at
the thoughts of soon arriving at Toulouse, & finishing this already
fatiguing march. Our distance was then 9 ½ leagues, having
get an early start, we left the Department of Gers, entered that
of Languedoc, & soon after came up to Lecorre whose we rested
for a short time; it is a large place, having 1800 inhabitants. Here we heard
the news confirmed, that the battle had been fought, & that Scott had
retreated. We had now only nine miles further to trudge. All been once
more reposeless, we moved off for our wishes for destination. & after three long
hours, we came to an eminence, where we caught a glimpse of the long and
much wished for City, backed with its towering heights, & three hughes was
given in consequence. We immediately entered a flat country which
we continued for two or three miles, two of which was almost uniformly strewn
with fine live trees on each side of the way, which had formed a beautifully
& delightful avenue, but they had ceased their downfall & they had
been filled by the state of the Enemy to impede the kite of Victorious
& advancing foe: they lay in all directions, chiefly with their
head branches on the crown of the road, & we found it very difficult
to get along. It rather hour brought us to the suburbs of Saint
Cyprien, where we again halted for Orders. In the mean time

Whom an generous took
the method of delivering from the horse, making the
order come after we disposed the
ellegant stone bridges
made in a very high upkeep
half of the ancient
City of Toulouse
at the General Pay.


J N Correjion took a survey of its strongly fortified position; the redoubts, ditches, &c. were deep & strong, & many of them no doubt from the havoc made amongst them. The scattered appearance of all things around, that the stormies had done their duty to defend & to destroy. The order came that we were to proceed forwards & soon after we crossed the wide & here rapid Garonne, over a noble & elegant stone bridge; which was likewise strongly fortified, having its road made in a very narrow, half its usual breadth, by several half hogheads filled with earth & gravel. We now moved from its many enticing beauties & entered one of the long dark streets of the famed City of Toulouse, which continuing for near a mile, we halted at the General Paymasters Office, where after some delay, we safely deposited this serious charge of the money, that had given us so much trouble, anxiety, & vexation; having marched through an enemies country more than 600 miles, & in a most eventful course & among the worst of roads. After being congratulated by many of the superior General Officers, both on account of the needed supply we had brought so opportunely & to our safe arrival, we marched off for our Regiment which was encamped half a mile out of this town on the Field. The bloody & long contested battle was fought on the 16th of April; where we were welcomed with three hearty good cheers from the whole brave Corps. We were now settled ready to cooperate with the rest, as soon as a chance should offer. Our regiment, I seem to take a great & active share in this action, having lost four Officers killed & five wounded, & one hundred & thirty men. I seem having retired the day before we came up, has deprived us all of first taking of a share in that glory, which every soldier is proud of; but as it has so happened, we ought not to refine, but to thank God, that he ordered it otherwise, as perhaps many of us would have fallen but ill prepared; so let it suffice to say, that we volunteered for the purpose of serving our
country, with as good & willing hearts, as any soldiers need, perhaps, for

There is something of pride in the perilous hour,

What or be the place in which death may lower;

For Flame is there to say who bleeds,

And Honour's eye on saving seeds.

The orders this evening were to hold ourselves in readiness to march off at a moment's call, with this the old veterans soon began to whisper about. We took the station, which was a lively scene to us, and instantly turned into their tents, with the rest of our men, who was distributed amongst them for the night. We officers & servants, were not so fortunate, for we had not yet been supplied with a tent. We were allowed to sleep out of the camp, we wondered about for some time, expecting we should hear of something where we might be safe, but soon parted. Very late, we set off on watch of any house or outbuilding to sleep in, which after some scrambling & falling, we succeeded in. It was a long & tiring night, the encampment, but lovers' eyes & amicable, so, after some little hesitation, difficulty, we broke into one of the back buildings, taking off a few iron sash bars from the window, which allowed myself & servant John through; we descended with some risk & more doubt as to where we were likely to go or fall. After grouping our way in utter darkness, over a number of cases & tied up bundles of vines, we succeeded in letting the rest in at the door, but not before we were broke & broke the bars. Locks & bolts away; when a light was struck, it did not improve the place, but exposed to our sight nothing but old rubbish piled up to the roof, that had been thrown in before the action took place. All hands set to work, & the chief of them went wheeling out of doors, & in the course of twenty minutes we had cleared a space to admit our three Chevaux. In the five-place, which extended nearly across the building end, we made a blazon for the vine bundle, which came very opportunely, but being so dry & no substance, they soon burnt out as,—the flames and smoke,

Most roaring up the chimney smoke;

yet preventing us cooking, gave us time to partake of some bread

This was noble & rare beholders. To say several of our men, a uniformity of these & the soundness of purpose, if some of the close woods. The action near the long black trees that move or go better than city, & in the evening we were doing, in every holding our conversation was over their request, we had it in our hands, then separating, high place last night may that no cash & putting them in our empty pockets, with our committed m
...and the more we were forced to pass the night in our blankets, the more we cursed the Colonel for not venturing a little further the day before. We were thirteen miles below the bridge when we had dinner, and then made our second halt. We remained here until half-past five, when the Colonel decided to push on, and we accordingly moved off. At eight o'clock we had dinner, and then camped for the night.

18th. This morning by 3 o'clock we were aroused by the sound of the bugle when the lads fell in, but after waiting in loyal suspense for an hour, a counter order came from the colonel to fall out again; the second division moved forward instead, through the town, with green drapery in their caps, drums beating, and Colours flying, accompanied with many hearty hurrahs; for the moment they set foot forward—

...such a noise arose
As the winds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
To loud and to as many times.

This was noble exalting in the highest degree to us British soldiers. To-day we strolled about the Camp, and introduced to several of our new officers; the chief number I find, had a uniformity of face occasioned by their return service, and formed a band of gallant souls, who knew, The olive wood, the mountain blue,
The nation's star, the beacon light,
The long blank road, the bower,
The emperor's winder, and the bay
That were our glorious virtues,
Better than city's midnight deep,
Their luxuries, and gaudiness.

In the evening we dined with Major Chilford, Captain Stuart, in their Tent, who showed us very politely, for they were both 3rd soldiers. We sat a vast deal of service; our conversation was lively 8 entertaining to each party; news from England was their request; & batteries & campaigning was our; we all were seated; so we had it to our hearts delight, for we kept it up to a midnight hour, & then separating, highly gratified with this our first reception. My resting place last night might not been so comfortable, as I should have wished; I got two raths & putting them on their ends I placed on old door over them, joined with my empty bed, but not been able to meet with any straw to expand its sides with, I committed myself to its hard surface, with my blanket over me
with content. Nor expectation of some sweet sound sleep, 

not so realized, but not the horses which were close posted behind me, kept continually dancing, moving. Rumbling against my temporary scaffolding which half planted me on a level with them, indeed one did at last in an unpleasant once; yes, reader, you may prepare to laugh, for the laugh is carefully against your writer, & I think I hear you ask impatiently, what happened? why no less than Dying spread against my head, as partially over my face, which awaking me, knowing not a little which set them all alive & proceeding, disturbing the rest in a fright, well supposing that it might be the enemy at hand; being thus obliged to dwell amongst them, I could not but think I was now comparatively speaking upon an equality with the dumb beasts, & giving way to reflections like the Shepherd, who one day, as he was compassionating their wants, with a sentiment of equality, he cut short the expirations; & frankly avowed that, saving the light of Christianity, he found but little difference between their condition. Our own, as theirs, was surgery, ours pain & sorrow, all the days we live. So I had but little sleep, I turned out early.

14. Went to camp ground. had the firstcanvas after joining over Regiment, all very agreeable, soon after we fell on again, to bury Ensign Hamilton, he died this morning, from the effects of a ball which entered his head four days ago, while bravely holding & carrying the thing Easton from which he had survived most miraculously up to the present time. He waited his body coming for some time. When it did come, nothing could be more affecting than the ceremony was; for he had no Coffin, but borne by four of his Company on a boat. After halting, rolled him in a sheet, thus again moved slowly onwards. The sight of a heap of dead bodies upon the field of battle, could not have made such an impression upon our minds, as his corpse remains shrouded in appearance, for his body was now in a complete mass of mortification; the instant, he had left him, the solemn silent tread of sad mourners of us Soldiers, as they bore him along, the simple but pious prayers of the Adjutant over the grave. The last act of the doomed Conspirators, as they scattered a handful of earth, to the solemn Easton last look over the place of his rest. Thus fell young Hamilton, in the bloom of his youth, in the full light of his lap of
brave, esteemed, honoured. Praise ever went over; I could well picture
to myself the parent, whose mother's lament for her only son:

The valley was red, the death's glory was ended,
When I gained its dark shadows to seek for my son;
I found him at length on the heather extended.
And both in his blood, for his young day was done:
He had gloriously fallen in the thick of the fighting,
And now from his cheek rose the warm hues retiring;
Yet he lifted his eyelids, and whisper'd, exclaiming,
"O mother, not for me, for the battle is won!"

Brave boy! I exclaim'd, as I hung o'er him weeping.
Whose valor swears I with the last fleeting breath;
But what seeks thy mother— who watches thee sleeping
The long dreamless sleep, on the blood-splattered bed
What seeks thy wonted mother, while sore tears o'er thee
That Victory crown'd thee, if Victory tore thee
From her whom it robb'd of thy father before thee,
And bore thee, like him, to the regions of death?

Thy sister I left at the cottage door weeping,
Yet hopeful, though doubtful, awaiting thy doom;
And how shall I quiet the little one crying
For thee to come back with thy laurel brand and phialone?
What now shall sustain me, with years stricken heavy?
What soothing it to me, that our banner won glory,
Of the summer breeze, bearing afar the proud story
Must sweep the cold tear o'er thy new sodden tomb?

Nor long shall thy sleep wear its mantle of loneliness;
That trop'd in thy danger, that beam'd for thee only
Shall fade in thy death— blest shall follow thee there.
While sorrow's like these 'er one facet are descending
The morning sun on the battle days ever ascending
Where the ties of the thousand brave beams are shining,
What heart may imagine, what lips may declare?
Ah! why should revenge for some wrong but suspected, Manoeuvres of state, that of honour made show, Or a court ceremonial enforced or neglected, Plunge a kingdom in blood and a people in woe? O Master, great Father! that blot consumption, When nation shall never lift up sword against nation; When war shall no more be the Christian's vocation: When the spear shall be broken, and broken the bow! While burying this young officer, the smell was so horribly offensive, that one of the officers and three of the men were obliged to fall out of the hollow square which had been formed round his grave, to keep them from fainting. He was a Roman Catholic, a small woman; a cross marked his last earthly abode; this completed, we moved off, and were dismissed immediately.

We spent most of the day in the camp. Instructing about the garden, on pleasure grounds of the noble chateau adjoining to our mighty, nightly dwelling. I was introduced to the dashing, bright-eyed owner, who came down with his full segmentals on his diagonal sword, with huge curled hat, which pleased father, which was not broad, but wanting neither much of two feet ten inches in length, who politely showed us all over his house, which was large substantial, had some elegant rooms in, his grounds: the had been well prepared with cannon, muskets, balls during the action, as both the walls. The trees most distinctly showed. The cannon ball had hit an elm tree so exactly in its centre, that it had gone directly through it, though it was green. It of very large dimensions, which is mostly the case, the aperture was very small, compared to the ball that it struck it. The garden was laid out in the old fashioned style, with straight walks, square graft plates, formal terraces, large trees and other bushes, clipped in various shapes and devices, with the addition of painted, leaden, earthen statues, representing Mercury, Diana, &c. &c. Shell-work statues, &c. &c. Near the garden there was a large Eastern, from which the water ran along small gutters on a wall top, when required to water the garden: this was supplied by a contrivance very unlike any thing I have seen in England, although they common enough in the continent. It was raised from a deep well, by means of
pitchers or buckets attached to the circumference of a large wheel, which, revolving by the power of a horse or mule, were successively filled and emptied into the Eudrom, R from thence flowed along the aboe galleries, which were formed in direct lines of at equal distances from each other, about two feet from the ground, from them the water was collected and also generally used by dipping the hand in the running stream of throwing it over the adjoining beds. So for the pleasure grounds they consisted of noble avenues of large and lofty trees, interspersed by obelisks of very tall trees of the kind of beech or juniper, shaped into shapes of

After enjoying much life of pleasure with this good Frenchman, R as I was at the very pleasant time, he politely told us to take advantage of his pleasure, and R took his leave, but should have liked him to have offered the loss of his house or at least one of his bed-rooms, as he did not, we were not taken. This day brought the important news, that Napoleon had abdicated his Throne, with the provision that he is to be paid a certain stipend during his life of to be sent to the island of Elba. This was a joyous piece of news to the elder companions, R, each heart beat light at the intelligence, R nothing was now talked of in camp all the day long, but sweet home. For my part I cannot when I look back to the state of my feelings of anticipation at the time I left England, R contrast them with what I now feel, I almost regret that I ever should have volunteered;

"Tis not on youth's smooth cheek alone
The blush which that fades so fast—
But the tender bloom of heart is gone,
"Eve youth itself is past."

In the evening the Mayor of Béniarce was the deacon of the Tyrants at the Theatre; the Marquis Wellington did them the honour of his presence; it was well received by the inhabitants, who seemed that they had sincerely wished for it for some time, but did not make their sentiments known. The experience of ages has demonstrated that in all nations, barbarous or enlightened, the mass of the people, the most, must be slaves, or they will be tyrants; but their tyranny will not be long; some ambitious leader having at first condescended to be their slave, will at length become their master; R in proportion to the vilenesses of his former servitude, will be the severity of his subsequent tyranny. R with innumerable examples staring them in the face, the people still bawl out liberty—by which they mean nothing, but
freedom from every species of legal restraint, & a warrant for all kinds of licentiousness. As the leaders, in counting the mob, convince them of their power, & by administering to their passions, for the purpose of ambition, at length learn by fatal experience, that he who worships the beast that carries him on his back will sooner or later be thrown into the dust & trampled under foot by the animal, who hast learnt the secret of its power, by this very adoration:—

Then curse of Napoleon, who by his cunning frauds and arts,
The nation led its beguile.
With blood stained crown upon thy head,
It captive coward then art led.
So dwell in Elba's isle.

The tyrant Richard, did not yield,
When Richmond met him in the field,
He by's in gallant style.
But thou! O chief of cowards!—those,
Before the conquerors sleepers bow,
And sneak to Elba's isle.

Saw, if thee hadst not left the fleet,
Which Nelson did auspicious meet.
At entrance of the isle,
There might have slept'd in honor's bed,
And not from Egypt basely fled,
To die in Elba's isle.

Lazierous, thou the danger saw,
And soonest didst thyself withdraw
From Nelson's fire red pile.
Great Alexander withdrew,
How rapid thou from Alexandria ran,
To conquest in Elba's isle.

From those who had with honour fled,
Then panic struck from Leipsic fled,
De same men to hostile
Like light neon thee myself with joy
Without a cast carnally sleep,
But hast to Elba's isle.
The ashes of thousands burn
On Rubicon's soil universally spread:
They brandish, all the world
Triumphant on German plains.
Indelible has been their stain:
In thee, in Elba's Isle.

From off Bonaparte's throne there's but a void
And as a monster, from the world,
New hope in the dust reside:
Dispersed by them, determined by God,
Eternally shall they feel his rod,
And mourn in Elba's Isle.

The penitents of thy Eagles did jilt
And thee of thy ambition stripped:
The regn'rs now now wane
Its Tyrants red of teeth and claws,
Disgraced, then now may it seek thy paws;
And growl in Elba's Isle.

To heal the wounds that thou has made,
And once again revive its trade,
Europe shall not rest awhile;
The Rose and Lily now entwined,
Will from each other comfort find,
Whilst thou sit in Elba's Isle.

May God our great Allies preserve,
Wield Europe's grateful thanks deserve.
That slain in the drear to advise,
Let every loyal honest heart,
Expand with joy, now Bonaparte's Laments in Elba's Isle.

This is no doubt a suitable Elegy & admirable adapted to stigmatize & brand for ever, so great misfortune as has overtaken Europe as has but to succeed, for indeed, will be a lesson to mankind, for generations to come.
Of the Almighty's power, all uncertainty of all things on this earth. How different from war to peace, was the day after the consecutive slaughter; the day was ended in without a single shot exchanged on either side, the two armies just keeping within their respectful lines, & Centaurs looking lovely at each other, as they lay & sat basking on the sunny sod, without fearful gun or
match in motion, with their respective bands playing their national airs, we not forgetting on this suitable occasion the downfall of Rome. This was certainly a great contrast to the vanities and littleness of man. Still in our ail abode, where we sleep, eat, drink, & get our vitals cooked. Clear of no funds yet been added to us, which would certainly be apt, as our kind of horses disturb us if forced about too much, for sweet tranquility reposes.

On to town for a few hours, along the canal banks of the River, planted with rows of fine shady trees; the bridges are massively constructed & consists entirely, having a long piece of timber hinged into the shape of an arch, balancing the stone, which acts as a wearer to either side by side. How many of the principal streets, they are in general rather reserved & badly paved, 2 weeks no flag stones. The houses are most of them built of stones; their windows have but a poor appearance, though they rise from no storey in height. Inspecting the inside of one of the churches, I think it was the Cathedral, it was grand on the extreme, beautifully ornamented marble pillars of an immense height 80, thick, vast number of monuments, 80 meunier red paintings of our Saviour, 80 the Saints, &c. While we were in, many were hurrying at their devotions in the body of the church. It seemed very strict, not noticing the time that was passing round 8 about them continually. When we left, we entered the church, having received with faces towards the altar, when it came, we were with a full conviction that it is right & acceptable to a Righteous God, I cannot but say, leaving the public appearance out, that it may so move good then, for which it helps the individual to his duties &c, more frequently on his labor, it attracts others by their outward actions to follow it, &c, &c, &c. At last, to go back & to thank more frequently & reverently on such momentous matter.

We returned to Cambre by a circuitous route of the canal, which extends nearly round the city, forming a beautiful promenade; there are fewer rows of trees, the two inside ones, are about eight yards apiece, which makes a commodious road for carriages, &c. &c. The other two sides are for those on foot. Beaux is immense, noted here & there, in prospect of bridges, bridges, &c. sometimes of the river, giving it both an enchanting & picturesque effect. This celebrated canal Royal on side, on canal of Longueville, as it was formerly called, was begun in 1666, finished in 1681, after the plan handed the direction of Paul Auguste. The unsurmountable obstacles to the execution of this astonishing work, which successively present themselves, were all vanquished by the genius, the industry, &c. industry of this great man. It was necessary to cut through mountains, bring earth from a distance to construct hills, divert the
course of rivers, &c. triumph over the wind &c. sea.  But the menance of Louis's
XIV., succeeded by skilful engineers & abundance of workmen, surmounts
every difficulty. It was undertaken for the purpose of opening a communication
between the English Channel & the Mediterranean, which it has admirably
accomplished. Two after taking its course from east to west, beginning at the
navigable part of the Garonne about a mile below Toulouse, & after running
through a much more fertile country, it is finally lost in the large reservoir
or slough of Thau, near the Mediterranean, a little above the flourishing
port of Marseilles; i.e., one hundred and fifty English miles in length, & having twenty
six falls, the most considerable one is that of Languedoc near Béziers, which is
at the end of a reach near thirty miles in length, the largest on the canal. B
the fall is so great as to require eight gates; the others have five, four, or
three each. The original idea was that the Canal should be supplied by the
waters of the Garonne, it was found impossible on account of the height to
which it must be carried above the level of that river; to elevate this, two vast
reservoirs was therefore formed in the high mountains, at the highest part of
the course of the canal, in which are collected the waters from a number
of springs in the mountains; B by means of these, it receives a supply
of water, which, in more than a century, has never been known to fail. The
Basin of St. Ursel, which is the largest of the two, is nearly an English mile in length, & about half that in breadth;
it is capable of containing more than two hundred thousand cubic tons of water;
each ton consisting of six French feet, which is about six feet 8 or 9
English. The other Basin of Languedoc is nearly two-thirds the size of that
above. Thus, by having two reservoirs, in case of repairs being wanting by the
one so that it is necessary to lay it dry, a constant supply of water may
be had from the other. These reservoirs are two hundred feet above the
level of the Garonne, & three hundred above that of Mediterranean. Near
to Béziers this canal hides itself for some distance, being carried through
the mountain of Falpas, by a subterranean channel, of 600 feet in length.

The arch under which it runs, is vaulted over with stone-work, the whole of the
way, & there is walk by the side of the banks, if they may be so termed. What is
some what remarkable, while the workmen were opening this subterranean
cut, they accidentally struck upon a channel made by the Romans, to drain
a lake that once filled a vast hollow on the summit of the mountain.
From Falpas to the surface of the river Orb there is a fall of sixty-
seven feet, which renders low locks necessary for the raising or
The following elegent tribute has been paid by Bernier Delille:

Nothing particular in Camp. In the evening a grand French opera's ball was given by Lord Wellington, our gallant & victorious Chief. It's magnificence was beyond anything seen in this part before. I was numerously Bev and much to my astonishment there were no women or conveniency for men; to this case, most of us retook ourselves to bed: when the next morning, finding that not so many persons had attended as was naturally to be expected, more particularly by the inhabitants a muster order was given out about 12 o'clock, that all Officers might come to the ball. At this many spuing out of bed willingly accepted the unreasonable heat, but I from been too sleepy, did not sufficiently awake up by my incontinent servant. I continued my shades. I was very sick, when I awoke both with myself & man, that I had not gone to this magnificent display. I thus mixed among all so many illustrious, brave & victorious officers, men moreover for these qualities & virtues, that makes Remains the human character. Besides the many of our own Southern army, was Sir Charles Stewart, Count Garen Colinders, Cook Buntl, Lemon. Others that had brought from the north, the important intelligence of Bonaparte's dedication.
16th — After morning prayers, took a walk into the City, saw theinside of
two more Churches, they were superbly finished. I saw much of our venerable
monuments; what was more pitifully to me, we met about 600 Portuguese prisoners
who had been seized during the last action; they were each carried on a single litter on
two of their companions shoulders, many crying out most lamentably. I leaped
my gun, as they passed along, while others not suffering at all from their wounds were
laughing at their jokes; as we passed along, their poor brave fellows, you have seen your duty, set back to your home, our country will
not doubt rejoice you will come to fight for your triumphs, for no one more deserves well
of his nation than he who ventures his life to support & uphold her rights.
whether it be at home or abroad.

17th — To day we were again summoned to attend the melancholy parade
& procession of two more of our brother officers remains to their last cold
earthly bed. They were both Lieutenants, brave & highly esteemed. I had received their
death wounds in the late battle, but nature had given them their noble & warm hopes of recovery, & thus after lingering for some days, devoted them at the last struggle for life.

 Why all this toil for triumphs so rare?
     What use is in wealth, or so in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in, 
"Here he lies;  
And Dust to Dust," concludes her noblest song.

Whilst in Toulon to day I passed a pleasant time in one of the chief squares,
its principal building is the town-hall with splendid rooms, which are noble galleries.
Next the town-hall is a full length figure of Napoleon, with all his emblems of trophies cut out in beautiful marble. The ruler exhibited the humiliating display of the whole
Throne, covered over by his head by the Prussian monarch, in sight of the long exiled
Austrian king. Louis the 16th was exhibiting as great a contrast both in words
& actions for the two rulers, as perhaps any nation of people under the sun could
possibly be acting, for they were having him own with their technics from off a high
scaffolding, amidst the noise of drums, music, singing, sounding, in all manner of antics, exclaiming, accussations against the fallen tyrant, simulating with
voices feeling of delight, those of 
"Vive le Bourbon, Vive le Roux, Vive Louis 16th."

They are most probably a singular & changeable people. I though they cannot
but be blamed for their inconsistency yet they must be admired for their kind
ness, frankness, & general hospitality. I wish well to all other nations. 
This scene kept us to a late hour, but we were highly amused by
their proceedings, I now think that ships peace is up to a certainty.

S & T and brother officers, wish,
That when he plays the part again,  
"May we be there to see."  

18th — The single sound at an early hour for the Third Division to fall in. In an hour & 1/2 full marching order, half an hour elapsed. The whole moved forward (with the exception of our Regiment, the seeing cause I could not bear), with the usual cabilading & respectable accompaniments, of Colours flying, drums beating, B. Bugles sounding, with lancers in their Capes, & horses as they left the hard earned battle field. Passed through Toulouse, & posed after dark, as Lord Wellington followed soon after, which I hope seriously well be our lot. This Division has always been called the "Talbot Division," which foremost above danger was the greatest. It lost upwards of 6000 men, more than any of the other divisions. It was commanded by the ensignable & incomparable, Sir, Thomas, Poore, whose bravery was even unto Death; nothing to hazardous, & nothing to great for his foremost & penetrating mind. Since the chief of the troops have left us, the Camp-ground seems half deserted. Does not appear so lively & interesting. We are still in our old quarters, not allowing us the sweet refreshing comfort of changing our clothes, since we enter its separate barrack rooms, since a single blanket is not too warm for the yet chilly night.  

99th — Received orders that I was Officer for one of the guards; got my instructions & marched off from Parcours with 80 men into the town, to protect the prison & portion boats; relieved & exchanged guards with detachment of the 50th Regiment; then inspected my charge & saw that my sentinels were properly placed & knew their orders; as there was a vast quantity of military stores, making the responsibility great, besides the possibility of being visited by Lord Wellington or some of the General Officers which alone, was quite sufficient to keep one on the alert, as one always should be. I cannot but say, that I felt rather lofty; with my charge, so soon after joining the Army, & this in one of the safest of France, & in an enemy country. There were various implements in this Depot for the use of the advancing army throughout, amongst the most useful, was the simple, yet ingenious Pontoon Boats; they consist of twenty two in number, & are similar in shape to a common ferry-boat, having perpendicular sides, with a perfect flat bottom. They are constructed of double black-ten, & continued so to form between the two separate sheets of the ten, a hollow cavity,
along the axead, end, & bottom's of about six inches, which being quite at
right, gave them where in the water a light buoyancy. Of course on a rope
knot much lost hole of the water. Besides upon the ropes that confine them
in their places. Their weight each, is consideralble, but none both finished & painted
nearly gave them a different appearance. Then on the march each boat had a
Carriage to itself; & each carriage was drawn by from 10 to 12 men. The boats
were reversed or bottom uppermost. R seated on them were the footmen, def-
sed in naval uniform: these were often especially employed to launch the boats,
from the bridge. In short, to conduct them success through all its branches. These
boats were placed at regular distances. It well flanked so as to from a passage of
about twenty feet in breadth, sailed on each side compactly; so admirably was it
constructed throughout the whole, that when thrown across a river, any one
would have supposed it to have been a permanent rather than a temporary
creation, which could be in a moment removed: & carried where over the enemy
went. Over this novel bridge did the greater part of the army, cavalry,
Horses, carriages, &c. move across the Garonne, two miles below here, to the
attack of Toulouse. The officers guard-room, was hired for the temporary
occasion. I was a sorry one enough, as was its furnishing, bed & bedding:
the latter two, much like or after their owner. It was little, dirty, cramped, & forbidd-
ing, indeed my dinner sent me, which was very only, comfort & victual. I did experience
all the day & during the night watch, which I was lucky enough in passing,
partially away in the swift moments of kind repose.

20th. I arose as early as gay, as the sprightly man. Heard that our
Regiment had marched into town last evening, & got into temporary barracks.
I suppose it is only for a short period. By 10 o'clock I was relieved by a mother guard.
After the usual preliminaries, saluting, &c. I marched off through some of the
principal streets to our quarters. I was on the right highly greeted, with rece-
peted Princepsant cheers, of Vive l'Angleterre, Vive les soldats, &c. by the
inhabitants; not a little pleasing as it was animating a gratifying. &c. &c.

Dismissed my guard: eagerness partook of some breakfast, having
had nothing since four o'clock yesterday, nearly twenty long hours; what would some of our fine Dandy Jacks, say to this? it might
suit their slender waists, but not their sive constitutions. According
to promise I & Cowper, took a walk up to the heights of Mount.
cabinets which are three quarters of a mile off, they are of considerable elevation, and entirely overlook the town. It was here that the battle of the battle was fought. The gunpowder fell like the dust before it arrived half way up; there was no shelter whatever for the men, so it was their persevering and undaunted courage that accomplished their object.

"The fire melts of living labour, rolling on the foe."

I believe it was the renowned 12,000 regiments, that lost their heights, which was crowned with five strong redoubts, connected to each other by a line of entrenchments, each well supported by some Spanish or Portuguese corps: all suffered dreadfully, but they gained their end, and they triumphed. It must have been a truly bloody scene of slaughter, for the trenches were now nearly leveled with the ground, with the number that were slain, B thereon immediately after, the battle rage. B diem into the hollow space around, B covered over with the ramparts earth, B that as promiscuously as if they had been all common friends. B no more time to be spared for their beloved. While we witnessed numbers, who still lay scattered here and there on the adjoining battle ground, half covered B report naked to the morning sun rays, with their skins bared almost to blackness, M others again were sitting on their knees, in the most grotesque and laughable attitudes, with their knees bent B holding their hands out as if asking space to help them up or to shake hands with them; which with two or three I did Recould more willingly, but I had a shade, have put them under the green sod. this was a melancholy scene, taking to behold. B flutter on, showing what littleness there in false B vain glory, B what we come to at last, which was here literally the case and as Lord Byron emphatically describes B exclaims.

"The earth is covered thick with other clay!"

Yes, this glorious battle field exhibited the awful scenes, necessarily attendant in the struggles of war, for

Upon the field are lying,
The bleeding and the dead,
Some bending o'er the dying,
Some mourning o'er the dead.
Peter Victory's form of feeling,
Yet yonder window saw,
Dying in his blood she's smiling,
While gazing on that brow.
Oh! listen to that sobbing,
A mother's at her son's
Bravely her heart is throbbing,
While the battle's won.

There orphans slowly pacing,
The somber path of woe;
Mournful features tracing,
Thus figured by the blare.

Lo! friendship's form went sing,
Its last fond faithful tear,
Affection's look when tend'ring,
To God the loved one bore.

'How many a promise pledged,
In woe and need the word's first;
How many a hope is uplifted,
How many a love is lost.'

How many a tear is flowing,
From eyes that seldom wept;
How many a breast is glancing,
There's sympathy had slept.

How many a fond heart broken,
Heart is throbbing on,
Our many a farewell taken,
From those we ever gone.

How many a form since faded,
Death bent beneath the shell,
His earlier hope o'er shaded,
At first love one who fell!

But Hark! what sound is stealing,
Upon a scene so drear:
The Victor's shout of feeling—
The living and the dead!

So mark that pangs of gladness,
Their noisy mouth is free,
To pledge in solemn sadness—
The dying and the dead!

O Victor! with the glory,
As leant the warrior's crown,
They laurel roots are sown,
They evergreen is gloom.
The French Lines are at present about 16 miles off. It were they to come over the river Gironde, but stop on the left bank or eastern boundary, their troops have strict orders, on no account to approach their camp. As the baccal are sounding for parade, I cannot hastily away & leave a further description of the battle till tomorrow.

I arose this morning somewhat more refreshed than I had lately done, owing to the great refreshing treat afforded me, of having my clothes off, which upon an average I have not been enabled to do, perhaps more than 8 or 10 times since I landed from England’s shores. The building we had got in, was of a considerable size & afforded plenty of room, both for the whole regiment. Officers it was likewise believe a long extended Razura, supported with a number of stone pillars in a spacious area or piece of ground, which we found to say by the civile book was to be suspected by the Drill Sergeant & his inferior agents. Our Detachment was to form part of that number, till further orders; this is what I only had just last night, excepted much, but orders must obey.

After an hour’s drill, I again set out to explore by myself, for although Corregan was an intimate, almost bosom friend, constant companion, still I have to alone at times to indulge in the exercises of my own imagination among the lenses. Knowing that I was now surrounded by, which after a long Venetian stand of some hours, I completed to my heart’s desire. I soon the different positions, heights, Elevations, I solved. 86 the information I obtained from others. There put together the following account of its situation, how fortunate, the dominion of the town, & the final taking of this City, by our veteran troops, I believe will be found nearly correct. I hope somewhat amusing, if not, let those that like it not, pass along. Toulouse stands on the right bank of the Garonne, above the point of juncture with the canal of Langouette, by which it is surrounded on the eastern. Another faces. The whole western side is protected by the river. 86 the city is thus only accessible on the south by the space extending between the canal & the Garonne. The Toulouse St. Euphrasian stands on the left bank, which is surrounded by a good wall of brick. It communicates with the city by a stone bridge. To the south is the suburbs of St. Michael, through which runs the great road from Sarbonne. The walls of Toulouse, though old were of great thickness. 86 flanked by towers, but three defenses were inadequate to withstand the powerful resources of modern warfare. Marshal Scott therefore, had assumed a formidable position on a range of heights extending along the space between the river Eres & the canal on the eastern
side of the town. The left of the heights which Soult considered the points chiefly defensible, were strongly protected by entrenchments. But towards the right where the line approached within half a fathom of the river, such precautions had not been deemed necessary, the river itself affording a sufficient defense. All the bridges crossing the canal were strongly guarded by the enemy's troops. Those across the river, out of cannon range of the works, were destroyed. The Heubourg St. Euphras, on the opposite side of the river, had likewise been secured by strong entrenchments. The southern point was the only part of the encampment to which no new defenses had been added. For Sketch of the Battle of Toulon, April 10, 1816.

Sketch of the Battle of Toulon, April 10, 1816.
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rivers, had
likewise been secured by strong entrenchments. Of the southern front
was
the only part of the enceinte to which no new defenses had been added.
For
security in this quarter, Marshal Soult treated to the north of the
Garonne
by the watched condition of the corps, made by which it was impossible to
bring up
the artillery. The city of St. Jean was fortified and guarded in this way:
Lord
Wellington
attempted to throw a bridge across the Garonne at the village of Pontoise,
a
short distance above the town; but the current, owing to recent rains, was
found
to be too rapid, and the attempt given up. It was tried at a more
favourable spot
further up, but was also abandoned, owing to the roads been found
impassable from this point. On the 8th an endeavor was made at a point
considerably below the city, where the river skirts the road from
Pons to Bordeaux.
Raking batteries were established, Marshal Beresford with the fourth
North
division effected the passage, but a sudden swell of the river broke the
bridge.
The corps on the right bank was thus utterly left without support; for
several
days, but no attack was fortunately made. The river having subsided on
the
night, the pontoon were again launched. The Spanish Corps of General
Sperre, passed to the support of Marshal Beresford. The situation of the
bridge hence
ever being convenient, it was removed higher up the Garonne, on the north
of the
right, for the sake approaching, the 4th Landen Hill Corps, which remained
in front
of the Kauzenburg and Espiegle. Giving to some delay in the arrangement
this
was not completed till the morning of the 10th, when the Third and
light
divisions having crossed, the whole army was in readiness to commence
offensive operations against the enemy. Lord
Wellington then immediately made his dispositions for attack, as follows:
Marshal
Beresford with the Fourth and Sixth division was directed to cross the
Eres at the
bridge of Crois de Troize, which had been gallantly carried on the 5th by
the
62nd Rifles, driving the enemy from the village of Montauban. He was
then
to proceed along the left bank of Eres, till he gained the enemy's right,
when he was to form his move to the attack of that flank. The Spanish
under General Fretat, were to make a simultaneous attack on the left of the position. B then, by moving along the heights, to affect a junction with the left column under Marshal Bowerford. The third Light Division were, above the enemy on the suburbs near the canal, to threaten the canal bridge, & the town near the river. The right under Sir Roland Roll, was to confine the enemy within his entrenchments on the left of the gorge, & the Cavalry was stationed at different points along the line, to check any movements of the French cavalry. Thus, all arranged, early on the morning of the 16th, all the corps of the combined army were put in motion, while the French troops ranged in battle array, prepared to make the most vigorous resistance. At seven o'clock in the morning, the battle commenced, near the suburbs at the mouth of the canal. Noon became extremely animated. The French brigades being at first repulsed, set fire to several houses in the suburbs, for the purpose of assisting the progress of the attack; & they fell back toward the town formed at the junction of the canals. In this situation they maintained themselves with so much firmness, that all the efforts of the Allies to dislodge them proved unavailing. The attack soon spread along the whole line. As the battle became general, Marshal Bowerford crossed the isle, & immediately seized the village of Montblanc, & advanced the river over difficult ground, in a direction parallel to the position of Marshal Scott. As soon as Don Manuel Fretat, the Spanish commander, learned that the former General had reached his station, he advanced to attack the French entrenchments in concert with that commander. The Spanish troops, marched in, and under a brisk fire of musketry & artillery, with their General Bovis, at their head. On moving round to the left, Don Manuel's corps was repulsed. Bovis, down the hill with great slaughter, one regiment being killed by Lord Wellington. Marshal Bowerford immediately gives a charge to be made, his troops posted from their line. By this charge, the right wing of the Spanish corps was turned on both sides of the high road from Escalona to Como & Combalent, to fall back in disorder. Their partial success which encouraged the French army to the highest degree, induced Lord Wellington to resume his efforts. The 6th division, under the command of Lieutenant General Sir L. Cole, & the 6th division, under that of Lieutenant Colonel Sir H. Clinton, led by Marshal Bowerford in person, carried back the height of Mount Cabriat, which are very steep, & irregular. After two successive attacks, they obtained possession of the first redoubt, which covered & protected the flank.
of his position. This advantage was not obtained without much bloodshed, as the French troops having shown that they were resolved to defend every intrenchment and bridge, such by each, Marshal Beresford suspended his attack till the arrival of his artillery, till the Spanish corps was prepared to return to the charge. General Mack's brigade supported by the 6th division (after the Spanish and Portuguese corps had failed in several attempts to carry the salient) was ordered up. On Wellington, who unseized by the heroic resistance of the enemy, discovered the assailant, towards noon succeeded in carrying the two principal strongholds on the centre. The entrenchments which constituted the principal strength of the position, during this they had to sustain, on every step of its progress, a severe fire from the enemy's artillery; yet, in spite of these obstacles, it steadily continued its advance. Reeling a charge of cavalry on their flanks, carried them on the right with the bayonet, reestablished themselves on the east of the position. Victory now evidently inclined towards the allies, but on approaching the Castle of Terso, toward the banks of the Canal, they had to sustain a fierce attack made by a French division, which marched from a place of ambush. They made a desperate, but unsuccessful effort to regain the heights. The French General Tampion, to whom the command of the troops issuing from this ambuscade was assigned, paid the perfect of his life to his ambitious design. The 6th division of the British troops continuing to advance steadily along the summit of the hill, while Spanish made a corresponding movement in front, the French army was at length dislodged from the two remaining strongholds. The victorious troops of Sir Wellington now possessed themselves of the Montebello road. The whole range of height fell into their possession. While these operations were taking place on the left of the combined army beyond the Garonne, Lieutenant General Hill with the right wing, crossed the meander left from the interior works of the St. Cupier suburb.

Lieutenant General Sir T. Pickton also renewed his attack. Before the French troops from the side de pont at the canal, near the Garonne, but upon attempting to seize that position, the having exceeded the limits of his instructions, had converted the false attack on the bridge nearest the Garonne into a real one. The troops having gained the countermarch found it impossible to proceed farther, owing to the formidable nature of the ditch. Under these circumstances, being without cover, exposed to a most destructive fire from the work, our immediate retreat became necessary, which was not effected till a heavy loss had been sustained by the third division. This stopped the further
prosecution of this part of the enterprise. The allied army, being now victorious at all the principal points, established themselves on three of the sides of Toulouse, 

after having turned the French army, compelled them finally to take refuge within the City walls. They make preparations for defence, and on being summoned to surrender, Soult replied that he would rather die himself in the ruins of the city, but finding the tremendous preparations for the complete investment of Toulouse, B well conscious that the city was not tenable, he retreated suddenly with his whole force during the night of the twelfth to St. Cheronne. On the following day, continued his march on Castelnau-d'En, leaving Generals D'Hariche, Savorgn, D'Halain, with sixteen prisoners, in the hands of the victors. — Here ends for the present, the career of this brave and skillful General, who was called from Germany, whose talents appeared equal to such exigency, to take the chief command of the retreating army from Spain into France, *this under flattering style of Lieutenant-de-l'Empereur*. Soult, in all his campaigns, especially in the south-west of Spain, had evinced more skill than any of his opponents generals; he was not only more active, more energetic, but his conduct was accompanied by more method and order, resting on more clear and comprehensive views; a seeing in exact proportion to the dangers and difficulties with which he was surrounded. Such an affair might have preserved Spain, if it could have been preserved, but he was called to the office when things had become desperate. Destined to command troops despised, reproached by repeated defeats, against an army animated by victory, B led on by such a consummate general, who had seldom known defeat. Thus the difficulties of his situation was now great, insuperable, but still the best and skillful manner in which he so often struggled with these, neglecting no effort, making no advantage to escape, retarding the progress of his adversary where he could not prevent it. Without no tenable position with out a struggle, besides been arranged against the greatest, the most consummate commander, unquestionable mark him a general of the highest order, valor, and merit. B which our army, says is his due. Of the numerous battles fought by Lord Wellington, the battle of Toulouse, which was the last of the campaign of the war, may be classed among the most sanguinary; the engagement, which commenced at four o'clock in the morning, did not cease till the same
...hour in the evening; & the number of killed & wounded in the allied armies amounted to nearly five thousand. The loss of the French was not estimated, but no doubt swelled the whole number of those whose blood flowed in vain on this glorious but melancholy day to eddara of ten thousand. On the 4th, Colonel Cooke had left Paris for the express purpose of appearing Lord Wellington of the revolution which had so completely changed the aspect of public affairs. His officer was accompanied by Colonel P. Simon brothers, who was employed by the provisional government to give marshals such & such information of the same event. From some cause, not very satisfactorily explained, these messengers of peace were arrested & detained on their way to the south. It did not arrive at Toulouse till the 11th, April, the day of council after the battle. A convention was then entered into by the commanders of the hostile armies on the same bases as the convention of Paris. The joy of the inhabitants of Toulouse at this event was excessive; they beheld themselves at once relieved from all the painful apprehensions which had oppressed them. It welcomed the entrance of the victorious army with joyful acclamations. The white flag was raised, ears of Pierce de Roë rent the air; & the public enthusiasm now still further excited by the arrival of Colonels Cooke, Wellerwood, & Count Cazen and P. Simon, corroborating the intelligence of the abdication of Napoleon, & the restoration of the Bourbons. This for a few days, South would not believe me possible as a fact, but agreed to a cessation of hostilities, which is now of course finally at an end. Napoleon is now ended up to the Emperor of France, & the presence of a petty Island exhibiting a miserable instance of that retributive justice which Providence is occasionally pleased to display as a lesson to mankind. The mighty spirit which had shaken the world like a tempest, & exercised a larger influence on the destinies of nations than any other individual of modern times, was made to pause a while in his career of ambition. In his unfortunate retirement, he might have exclaimed in the words of Seneca, singularly applicable to his ambition,

"Mighty fortune, with face, flattering, mild
 feats allure me from my true content
 and raise me thus on grandeur's highest pile
 but that with heavier crown my descent,
 might crush me." While yet on the guilty height,
 on all sides round those cheer out the deep abyss.
This made me feel the thousand fears that wait
To plunge ambition from the precipice.
Happy my lot if but unseen, unknown;
From envy and from danger far away,
I still had watch, inglorious and alone.
The waves that wash the rocks of Dover.
Thus also ends our chance of either extinguishing or distinguishing ourselves,
as our brave fellows lie dead in their arms, yet so frequently gloriously done before—

22—This evening the inhabitants in return gave a grand ball to Lord Wellington
When staff to a certain number of officers of each regiment, which again prevented
many of us attending, we enjoyed so gay a masquerade; this was getting as it was
ending for it was both elegantly & sumptuously attended. Precious diamonds seemed to
very with the ladies' eyes where you might fancy you could behold what the poet has so
enchantingly described—

A dazzling host of eyes
From every land where women smile and sigh:
In every hue, as love may chance to raise
This black or azure banner in their bace:
And each with more of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy haze,
To the sky, stealing splendors, almost red,
Like swords half-sheathed beneath the dome, etc.

23—The rain was under a beautiful serene sky & atmosphere,
pleasant to the feelings & delightful to the eye; indeed nothing can surpass this
calms it is far more settled than ever. Of the extremes be greater here, the transitions
from heat to cold, from rain to fine weather appear less sudden & uncertain
than those of our island, as it is justly observed by Mr. Pennant in his travels,
that here the height of heaven is black on earth or blue. The sun sets with
a glory which is inconceivable to those who have only lived on a more northern
by regions; for week after week, the weather never varies, the rains come on at
once & then cease till the following season. The tempests which raise the fogs
from the ocean have no influence here. They are stronger likewise to that hot
moisture which produces the pestilential fevers in England & Norway. There
are sometimes indeed heavy thunder storms, when the clouds burst & pour down
torrents of rain, but the storm ceases in a few minutes & the heavens under
the influence of a powerful sun, resumes their beauty & serenity.
After parade, the orderly book came round, with the unexpected news, that we were to hold ourselves in readiness for a march, all was now on the tip-toe. Notice sent, as to where our destination was, as various as our numbers, as to which we should probably arrive at. With this uncertainty lingering over our heads, I give the following description of this city before we finally take our farewell leave. — Toulouse was formerly the capital of Upper Garonne, now of the department of Upper Garonne. It appears to have been one of the most flourishing cities of ancient Gaul; for it has the epitaph of Palladia assigned to it by the priests, but, like most places that boast of remote antiquity, it has its origin & early history obscured with fables. The Romans decorated it with many noble structures, as an amphitheatre, a capitol, &c., but no vestiges of them are now left, except some brick arches of the former. It is situated on the right bank of the beautiful Garonne, on which it spreads to a great extent. It stands on the centre of an extensive plain, which yields large crops of corn. Milled, vineyards are scarce in the environs, & the wine they give is not of the first rate quality. The circumference of the city is about four miles. The walls enclose a space said to be largest of any town in France, excepting Paris; but its population is not above 50,000, save no proportion to its extent. A few of the streets are tolerably broad & spacious, the others are winding & irregular; as for the houses they are generally well constructed; some of them are very grand, but there is a gloominess in the colour of the brick with which they are almost chiefly built; there is a damp upon the spirits, & excites ideas of mystery. Among the public squares, which are mostly small & irregularly built, may be first noticed that before the Hotel de Ville; those of St. George, of the prefecture, ornamented with a fountain; & that of a Cypriotic, more regular than the others, decorated with some uniform buildings. The churches are numerous, those of St. Stephen & St. Stephen are the principal & take the lead after the handsome Cathedral. Among the most remarkable public buildings is that of the Hotel de Ville; it is always pompous & rich, both inside & out. The facade forms the side of the square called Place Royale, it is inferior only to that of Lyons, where the capitalcity of right ancient chief magistrates used to assemble. Hippocrates was once the residence of the courts of Toulouse, but it is now used as a court of justice. In one of its halls is a rich & splendid Throne, in that of another are placed the busts of all the ancient natives of this place since the time of the Romans. The other buildings worthy of notice are,
the residence of the archbishop, the hospital, the exchange, the mint, W the theatre. The antiquities consist only of the remains of an amphitheatre, some traces of an aqueduct, and the now long-forgotten old walls. As a seat of learning, it is much more distinguished, having given birth to several eminent W, having a Royal University, a central school, a society of arts, sciences, an academy of inscriptions, W, belles lettres. It has also a museum, a public library, a botanical garden, W, an observatory. It is likewise the seat of an archbishop, W the seat of a prefecture, W of the different branches of the departmental administration. Amongst the many celebrated men born here, may be named illustrious Antonius Primus, whose character is so ably sketched by Tacitus. Gujas, a name identified with the European jurisprudence. Descend the ecclesiastical writer, Maigran, a self-taught geometer, W, Gu de Farc, Jouselin, Maynard, W, Campion, virtues of the muse. Jouselin, who wrote in the Languedocian dialect, is regarded as another Homer by the people of this country. The sonnet to Cardinal Richelieu has immortalized Maynard, one of the first poets who gave ease & elegance to his native language; whose social disposition is fondly noticed by his countrymen; W, whom Voltaire has judiciously estimated as a writer & man. Over the door of his study in his country retreat, were inscribed the following lines:

Las t'esperer et de me plaisdre
Des mueus, des grands et de sort,
Est ici que j'attends la mort,
Sans la veuer, ni la croire.

The Toulousans have been always extremely leagued in religious matters; witness that of the fatal tragedy of Salas, W the many other religious persecutions & excommunications, which have so often disgraced this city. Toulouse being a literary, rather than a commercial place, is a cheap & agreeable residence; yet I believe there is a serious pronunciation & phrasing that ever prevails the intercourse of the higher ranks. The city being originally the capital of Languedoc, W, bounded by that of Gascony, their constant wanderings from the proximity of the two provinces, that the inhabitants should follow & take so much after their next door neighbors, both in their manners, sayings, & dealings, W, although they may justly claim a comparative superiority in respect of quickness of perception & regular deportment, to many other districts, yet they have their foibles & peculiarities & their general exaggeration in describing their past & present exploits has made the term gasconade, likewise here proverbial; etc for their general character, it seems to be made up of a singular
mixture of the Jewish, Christian, French, and English streets. In buying and selling, they are
of the Hebrew tribe; on believing and thinking, fanatic, ready, forward. Boulanger is the French
and yet mode unworthy, unsavory as the English. Here you have, summoned up in a
few words, the characteristics of the Troubadours and Montpellierians; for they are so alike as
bound together, that when you speak of one, it suits them both. Universal report,
many concurrent proverbs, will, at least in some measure, exaltuate on re-
marks from the change of partisanship, Bouchet is not true about them. One pro-
verb, for example, says, pound seven pence on a mayor, the piece that is pressed
from them will make a single Montpellierian; "a second, to detect his treachery, he
stares up his eyes like a saint of Montpellier; a third proverb, speaking of
their irresistibility, declares the men of Montpellier to be like sparrows, the
women like blackbirds. Finally, their egotistic sanguinity insouciance is
designated by the saying, "Whoever does not wish to keep a person to dinner,
invites him, as in Montpellier, on the stairs, or at the house door," &c.
The manufactures consists of cloths, wollen, linens, counterpanes, tobacco, snuff, leather,
also of pottery, glass works. B. common foundation is the productions made are
with wool, corn, flour, wine, timber for ship building, &c. But I must not forget to
mention, how celebrated they are for their wine, the legs of which are preserved in
the fat of the animals, mixed with a manner resembling our pastis. & The
result thus a great distance. A few made of their live horses, filled to an enormous size are
also esteemed a delicious delicacy. The public walks are numerous, 13 or 14 it is can
beck of more extensive & agreeable promenades, for they extend their charming
inviting lengths & breadth on every side; the principal are the esplanades, consist-
ing of several long avenues of trees, meeting in a centre, & the walks
near the canal du Midi, & that of Garonne, which are both lined with
trees. It form long alleys of up wards of a mile in length, terminated by
bridges, sluices, & a view of the river. The bridge over the Garonne, is
superior structure, being 800 feet in length, 1/2 in breadth, 90th part of
stone, 7/10th of brick, B. is considered one of the finest in Europe.
It is a striking object, B. particularly where the sky is clear, & you see before
you, the rapid Garonne, which flows between two rows of magnificent
houses, B. loses itself under the verdant shades, beyond is an immense
deep horizon, at the extremity of which, the chain of the Pyrenees,
23rd—The morning broke with a great deal of noise, for to be sure, the bottle went spilling about its cheery circle. Of course we became merry enough from the exciting juice. In parade we mustered in full marching order, & by 10 o'clock we were relieved by the Half-hundred or so, who, as they strolled themselves, the 50 Regiment, & soon after, we set off on the march for Grenada. Shakes: the country was thinly inhabited, though the road was good & the weather fine. Brand: here we met with the Third Division again, consequently the houses were nearly all occupied, which kept us till dark before we got settled into quarters. The troops were somewhat fatigued & their heads had little exercise for the last fortnight. I found on approaching my billet it cut a very respectable appearance outside, which raised my anticipation: as to the inside, it was not: the Kermans, they were suddenly cast down to freezing point. But now

24th—This day I was officier of the Forage Fatigue, which is to procure food for the horses. On my first starting, I got into a scrape with one of the highest constituted authorities of the place, by having deviated from my written instructions. Having mustered 30 men, with halter, in their hands, we set off. After trying breaking two or three places, without success, refusing one poor fellow, who begged hard to be paid over, on account of his family, & only Cod, which I granted: in this I erred, for the Order expressed the first I found, I was to take, except & pay for: shortly after we came up to some fine & tempting Barrows. I gave command to search them; in an instant, as if by magic, the doors flew open & a lot of excellent Hay was announced. It came tumbling down from the hitherto secure & dry stable, while others were trifling, weighing in being action, this was all going on rapidly & cleverly, when we all of a sudden, saw a shabbily dressed man, coming down the street at his full speed. Shooting & bawling out something; at last he approached me with all the outward
violent gestures, threatenings, towards speaking that it was possible to imagine without coming to blows, at the same time vociferating a volubility of sentences not one of which I understood, save the words Flare, meaning a foot; upon a villain, a knave, a rogue, a rascal, a thief; or even the cause of this formidable and hasty proceeding; I repeat of the fellow over again. Again, in English, what he meant by, we thus interfere with me in this manner, he answered me as quickly in French, as little to my comprehension. However as his angry weeds, gestures & violent declamation still continued, plainly told me that his intentions towards me were anything but amiable or amicable, I was at last roused into action at the threatening aspect of his new assumption. I began in my turn calling him sternly, advancing up to him at the same time, though I succeeded in partly stopping his mad career. I found out, I had got into an awkward piece of business, for it was the leader or chief magistrate, i.e. that it was me at least a passively, than the very leader himself. He would report me to General Henn. Whose he broke, & I got on of the old soldiers, who would speak a little French, to interpret between us, after a little time all was again tranquil; although I was obliged to restore the bay to its rightful owner. All this time, both soldiers & a number of the inhabitants were gathered around, looking on with strong interest, as were my own batch of men, with anger & vexation at this somewhat humiliating defeat. Now in the first place, was certainly wrong, in not taking the poor man's hay, but, as was more good work on my part, & he seemingly determined to preserve rights or wrong in changing me for the scattered hay. I did not now yield an inch or an iota, for I felt my honour rather touched, for he had challenged me with the epithet of dishonesty, a rogue. Which; this I could not bear, for with Brutus, I could justly say,

"There is no terror, Calpurnia, in the threats.
Hope I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not."

And I at once saw that if the man was exercising any duty, than taking care of his own property, only, that this duty would not be discharged on his part, by the payment of more, or noise & blustering, so stoutly refused to pay any thing, it was in the end, allowed quietly to depart, I believe chiefly owing to my spirited manner towards him. He afterwards went further, into the country, & soon returned with required quality, the
26th.—From the parade, I marched with 20 men, I mounted the main-guard of the place, the populace of the house, which was allotted for the officers' quarter-room, gave an excellent account of themselves; they were altogether pleasingly attentive to my wants and enquiries that I made. This town is of a considerable size, about a mile square, situated on a high bank, in the department of the Upper Garonne. It contains a population of upwards of 2000. The houses are chiefly small bricks of stone, but there are some handsome ones round the square, which is spacious. In the middle of the town, a large building commands its entire use, for holding their market under it. From which, the four principal streets diverge and strike off at right angles; they are nearly straight, but being only narrow, have nothing striking in their appearance.

The church is a large building: the inside is noble and imposing, as is all about the altar, rich and striking.

27th.—After being relieved from guard, I walked down to the river Garonne which passes about a quarter of a mile below here: the river is one of the largest in France, taking its course amongst the Pyrenees, on the borders of Catalonia, after traversing upwards of 600 miles, receiving many considerable rivers on its course; windings, it empties itself into the Bay of Biscay, by two mouths, 60 miles below Bordeaux. The width here at present is not above one or one hundred yards, though it varies much in places according to the rise of waters from the upper mountains, which is tremendous at certain periods, occasioned by the melting of the regions of snow. The stream is at all times, extremely rapid, is only navigable for small boats or barges with flat bottoms, leaving amazing long ribbons, made of two trees, which is fixed about the middle of the stem of the vessel, in a kind of a groove, so as to keep it from shifting to either side; the two oars resting on the oars into the water, nearly eight yards each way; by this means they are enabled at a sudden bend or turn of the river, to which the boats head sooner so as to present the way of the stream, thus keep her out of the bends, by hard rowing. They pass from here to Bordeaux in three days, which is allowed to be a very pleasant trip. After from a small ferry-boat, after paddling, poling her about, were last nearly swept on a sand-bar, but which caused great exertion. Some doubt before we extricated ourselves.

28th.—Having now much leisure time, we tried to amuse ourselves in various ways, my brother Officer Corrigan took to the boat again. After some debate, a manual exertion, we succeeded in ferrying ourselves over to the opposite Island, where we stayed about to see its beauties. It seemed 23
bounded by the three rivers. Breanne Lee. N. Gwin is of considerable extent, well wooded.  
contains many hundreds of cattle which graze upon its kindly pasturage. Near  
about twenty or thirty of them, we pulled off our red jackets, to enjoy the fresh  
exercise of leaping, which we practiced for some time, not thinking of the  
cattle disturbing us; but we had hardly got our jackets on again, when one  
all came bellowing out violently & throwing the earth up, made a dash towards us,  
without any circuit on my mind, that we should run over them, & perhaps goad  
we not both used darts & stratagems, by turning & dodging round the trees, etc.  
many times before coming again at the boat, which was rather further than  
a quarter of a mile from us, & from which they put us first on each twice & thrice  
upon reaching the boat, we both jumped off a very high bank into her, which  
neither of us, perhaps could have done or at least would have ventured, had  
not these mad others, nor on as near, as they were only a few paces behind  
just as we leaped from the shore. This I say, was another narrow escape on  
this transitory & precarious worldly existence. There are several smaller  
Islands well covered with timber & some are extensive; they put me in mind  
of those of the Ohio, in North America, but they are not as large nor wide  
in their appearance. We landed on the opposite side, nothing the worse for  
our hasty retreat. General Lee Thomas Ricketts, left here this evening  
by the Garonne for England; he gave us a very flattering & spirited address  
to the new Third Division, for the steady, soldier-like, gallant perseverance  
in all the many glorious battles & encounters that he had had, the honour of leading them forward & when this was read to the  
Regiment, it gave universal satisfaction. & three hearty good cheers were given  
in return, for this tried & veteran. This able & gallant general, had  
been for some time under a cloud, the principal cause of which is stated  
to have been his rough & unpleasant temper, the evidences of which by  
all accounts, were any thing but to solace. We doubt would have been more prevalent in him to restrain the late attack on the Canal, as well as many  
other times, but nothing was too hardworn, nothing too great for his  
ever foremost & penetrating mind; & his character & career bear along  
with it, numerous anecdotes & personal traits, worthy of been related; the  
following are among the many that are related of him. On the march  
again, after some months over to the other side, the two sides received  
by the senior center, where he both have their  
the honor, by due respect,  
from a very pleasant house, war at last month  
us ourselves in turn  
again. Rather some  
over to the other  
also, this year
Head-quarters baggage has the privilege of continuing its course without turning aside to allow any troops to halt it. One day, Pocito overtaking it with his division ordered it off the road, until he had marched by, a heart-compliment, but Lord Wellington’s better refused to obey, pleading head-quarters privilege. Upon this, it is said that Pocito struck him with the umbrella which he usually carried to defend his eyes, which were weak, from the sun, to accompany his conversation with a threat of having him tied up and flogged by the Provost-Marshal, if he did not immediately give way for the division. At another time, at the battle of Victoria, he did not think that such a post was assigned to his troops as their strict orders were soon to challenge. The lie-de-camp of Lord Wellington’s rising up to him shortly after the engagement began, he asked about the time Lord Dalhousie was expected to sable, enquired of the General, “whether he had seen his Lordship?” Pocito’s voice was allowed to be more very musical, in this occasion it was by all accounts, absolutely hoarse. “No, Sir,” was the reply. “I have not seen him—but have you any orders for me, Sir?” “None,” said the lie-de-camp. “Then, pray tell what are the orders you bring?” “That as soon as Lord Dalhousie shall commence an attack upon the bridge, the fourth six division are to support him.” Pocito, drawing himself up, putting his arm a hombard, then said, “You may tell Lord Wellington from me, Sir, that the Third Division, under my command, shall in less than ten minutes attack the bridge, carry it. If the fourth six division may support if they choose?” Upon this the gallant General mounted his horse, putting himself at the head of his troopers, waved his hat, led them on to the charge with the loud exclamation of “Come on ye Hasards! Come on ye fighting Williams!” The bridge was thus bravely carried in a few minutes. All particulars I had from some of my own brother officers who shared in that battle, as in many others, the laurels they so proudly gallantly won; if this was the character I was to be brought before, for kidnaping the theatre’s stay, the balance perhaps, might have gone against me, then war, for a chance of a Reprieve. Yes, but such men I prefer; they are like the roughest bash bale, rough and smooth within, unpleasant to the eye, but pleasing to the mind! Adieu.

—- These several walks into the country, it is very open. The land is of good quality, which they plough with oxen. Threshing seems perfectly continuous here; instead of this practice, the corn is generally...
after setting, trodden out in the field by horses 9 miles, trained particularly for the purpose, which is performed with great expedition, even in violent heat, & in strong winds. The grain is threshed merely against the breeze, without fastening, & then passed several times through a scythe in the usual manner. As for their ploughs & other implements, they are certainly rough, as well as their sharpening, 9 unfit for the purpose. 8 they who drive, 9 hold the handle, seem upon a paw with the rest of the fit out. 8 have now two regular parades 8

Happened to be Sunday, which was the first that appeared like one since we left good old England. had prayers & a short sermon said to us, in the open air, the whole regiment forming a hollow square, facing inwards, in an adjoining field, the large drum placed on its end, was the substitute for the reading Desk. at the word of command, attention, all was stillness & seclusion, 8 which had its good 8 pleasing effect, 8 though we heard not the knell of the Village Bell, yet, we might be justly compared to the Belshazzar,

Belshazzar, that hast muchly borne At the cold world's bitter zone; Journeying through this vale of tears still the promised land appears Where the pure in heart shall dwell Thou dost hush the Sabbath Bell, Dyer, following fashion's toys seeking in its empty joy; Measure that must eat in pain, Sunshine that shall turn to snow What does cheap ring conscience bell, When thou hear at the Sabbath Bell?

Monarch, on thy regal throne; Rule, whom the nations own; Captain, at thy potent prayers; Felt in heart and declare; God earth, a manor cares farewell

Hark! it is the Sabbath Bell!

Afternoon, tending to the mount, There ambition plays her part; Present, bowing round the sun, Till day six days’ work is done; So is thought their noble quell, When ye hear the Sabbath Bell!

Maiden, with the brow so fair, Blushing cheek, and shining hair. Child, with bright and laughing eye; Chase the wing’s butterfly, Master, when ye vale and bell Sounds the gath ring Sabbath Bell!
Traveller, thou whom gain or taste, 
Spakest through earth’s weary waste; 
Hand not from thy native land, 
Rest thou in thy death thy hand; 
When the seventh day’s sun-beams tell 
There they wake the Sabbath bell!

Solemn, thus it seems to say; 
“Hark ye!” discourse in this frail clay, 
Life from earth thy dwelling place, 
Sleep the treasure in the skies, 
Wisdom in the streams of angels swell. 
One eternal Sabbath bell!”

2

There have been some pissing of late, from the inhabitants, 
by the soltary, a strict order was given out to check it, 
that in Solitaries to be out of his quarters, after nine o’clock; 
that those found deviating from it, would be instantly brought to a Court Martial, 
and punished accordingly, but with all this caution averted, 
this morning, we had the painful sight of expelling 
one of the last soldiers in the Regiment, tied up to the halt, 
To receive his mitigated punishment; he begged hard to be forgiven, 
as he had never been flogged before, but as he had broken the order, 
the example must be made; Colonel Simons will not pass him over, 
though he was one of the veteran heroes, out of the three, 
now left in the Regiment, that had fought in the glorious 
battle of Acre, in the East Indies. 
He received only fifteen lashes, the Colonel forgiving him the rest, 
who felt sorrowly for him, having shared the same toils 
with him in that land; 
if there was not a man in the whole Corps, that did not pity, 
would not have borne anything in their power, to get him released from the excoriating shame 
that he must bear. What is ever attendant upon such degraded punishment, 
to the good and well disciplined Soldier, 
that he truly was, in every sense before, 
that he had served his country faithfully, upwards of five and thirty years. 
He continued to act the soldier, but never looked the like again; 
his spirits drooped, his countenance fell, 
He did not lift his head, 
for he felt that he was disgraced, 
and branded as a soldier; 
and the Poets words, falls on his memory, 
“Like the song of early joys, delicious, dear — and gone!”

This morning brought with it quite a sudden change of weather,
from the warm, calm, & tranquil atmosphere. The street was lively, with people
sitting on benches and conversing. The shops were bustling, and children
were playing in the streets. The market was热闹, with people buying
fruits, vegetables, and other goods. The street was lined with houses,
many of which were decorated with flowers and greenery. The
inhabitants were friendly, and the air was filled with the sweet
smell of flowers and spices.

What a wonderful day it was! The
light was bright, and the sky was clear. The
birds were singing, and the
trees were swaying in the
breeze. The
veteran horses, out of
the
frightened ladies, were
shaking with fear. John,
having
shortness of breath,
there was no man
done any thing to
his
remaining
sake that
be
counter to the
good
manners.

Towards evening the air was again still & refreshing, for the storm
which the morning commenced, had cooled the burning earth and
calmed the troubled atmosphere. Nature seemed to have sunk into repose
from the violence of her last struggle, suggesting to the contemplative observer
an idea of those solitudes that intervene as agreeable interludes in voyaging in the stormy
ocean of human existence.

1st
Occasional chiefly in Drumlin Woods—ill in military with a
appearance.

2nd
This day in my stroll I met the handsome, heavy, old-fashioned
French Coach, called the Phaeton, drawn by five horses, two & three abreast.
Though they were spotted so strangely, they seem so huge & unmanageable, yet they
proceed over the ground rapidly considering all things; but for different
was that of Queen Ilabo, vehicle & equipage for—The came,
In shape not bigger than an agate—stone.
On the fore-finger of an Alsatian, draw with a hair of little atomic, the goose man’s nose as they lie a asleep, the wagon horse made of long spincers legs, the cover of the wings of graze hoppers, the trace of the smallest spiders web, the colors of the moonshine’s watery beams, &c.

The inside of the Diligence are nearly fitted up, & are adapted to the road through which they have to pass. Within all parties are seated. Arranged, it is by no means an unpleasant vehicle. The inside is so capacious & lofty, & from the roof depends a large net-work or scaffolding for hale’s weight, &c. The Diligences usually carry six persons inside; some take nine, & some twelve persons in the inside of a diligence as it is termed. Attached to this vehicle is the Gabrilet, a covered buggy in front of the diligence holding two persons, & the Conduiteur, who has the charge of the passengers & luggage; but whose chief business consists in his practice is to keep closely shut up in the Gabrilet, & to take his place at the head of the table at meals, where he generally plays his part to perfection. This is by far the pleasantest part of the carriage, & is completely weather proof. Fifteen pounds of luggage are allowed.

The Diligence is thus well described by a lively writer: — “It French diligence merits particular notice as a trait of character, as well as a novelty: it is a carriage, its external appearance indicates it to be a mixed species formed by the union of a wagon with a stage coach, but let me confess, that however unpreferring its look may be, its qualities realize many of those advantages which are found to result from crossing breeds. It certainly is not so strong as a wagon, nor so light, nor, or swift, as one of our Highfliers; but to much of the security, roominess, &c. of the former, it adds a very considerable proportion of the celebrity of the latter. There is, to be sure, a great want of arrangement, of suitableness, completeness, & nicety, visible about itself & all its appurtenances; but this, after
the first sight of occasion, is ever, excites admiration of the coolness of the people, who continue to get on in every thing, with the most awk-
ward insufficient means in the world, very nearly as well as they do
who are the most exact & scrupulous in their preparations. "A French
postilion is on B off his horses' back twenty times in the course of one
stage, without ever stopping the vehicle. Its ropes are likely to break, he is
not surprised or disturbed if called upon to mend those by which his horses
are tied, rather than harnessd. If this he does with pickthread, if he
happen to have any in his pocket, if with his garters, if he have not.
If a passenger call, he dismounts, B puts his head into the window as
he runs by its side, leaving the animals that draw the coach to their own
prudence, — a freedom which they are accustomed to, B therefore seldom
abuse. You scarcely ever look at him but you find him repairing
an accident,—knocking his whip, or mending his saddle, or joining
a bridge, or knocking some part of the machinery with a stone picked up
from the road. The progress of travellers does not stop while these
repairs are making; no embarrassment is discoverable; neither disconnection
nor enraged takes place. The horses are arranged in a strange order: a few
ropes loosely bind three of them abreast as leaders,—one behind some
between heavy shafts. Rearries the postilion, & a fifth is attached to
the side of the latter, by the same insufficient & coarse sort of tackle.
The whole set, except the one within the shafts, are thus free to correct
its pace, its inginuation; & they make a great show of avoiding themselves
of this liberty. In truth, however, they are very tractable; they get along
at a good pace, & readily obey the driver's whip (which he employs
more than his reins), notwithstanding the impatience they pretend
to show by rampant pawings, vehement snortings, & sweating plumes.
The horse in France generally displays the native & natural appear-
ance of that fine animal, which is seldom seen in England. The
particular breed of each province is kept distinct, B in its decay
state, but accordingly avails that original spirit & peculiarity of disposition which constitute what is called character, B which, putting utility out of the question, is infinitely more interesting than combined qualities, B made-up perfections.” — Of the diligence, it has also been very truly observed, by another modern tourist. “Every thing here is life B motion, B joy. The moment you inter you are on terms of the most perfect familiarity with the whole set of your travelling companions. In an instant, every tongue is at work. Every individual bent upon making themselves happy for the moment. Contributing to the happiness of their fellow-travellers. Talking, joking, laughing, singing, reciting, every enjoyment, which is light & pleasing, is instantly adopted. Some species of sound game, like our rope purposes, involving forfeits, is frequently played in a diligence. B gives rise to much mirth. — The following lines, are every way applicable, to the starting of this tremendous machine:

We wait for no one: off we bowl:
The post man's mail begins to roll:
The post boys crack their whips, and swear,
Theorse the stead, and lash the air.
The fiery courser tear the sound,
They rise on their strength — they strain — they bound;
The pavement groans, the wheels turn round,
Away — we hurk along the ground.

6th — The weather is now so mild & warm, that a number of us, had a delightful bath in the Garonne; saved by brother officers to swim over; mean to attempt it some other time, it will require great exertion, the current seeming so strong. — Came to the determination to rise early every morning, which I fear in practice from this day; the push of dawn, what can be finer or more exhilarating to the spirits.

7th — General Powers, gave a ball to the Officers & inhabitants,
...but they could not muster many ladies, there being very few in the town, & they hardly, yet, reconciled to accommodative English folks. It did not go off with that eclat, that it was expected to have done. For my part I do not attend to the rural walk & scenery, to that of close confinement & suffocating heat which ends in changeable, but vanities; for, who would trouble his head about, Operas, Concerts, when he could walk in the fields & hear such music, as the upsewing boughs, who, veils a softer, in the dark blue sky, & who, sends his thrilling notes, down upon the ear, with delightful melody, & thus all for nothing? Then are the enjoyments which set riches at scorn, & make even a poor man independent.

I care not, Fortune, what you do deny—
You cannot rob me of free nature’s grace;
You cannot shut the window of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright, wond’rous face;
You cannot bar my constant foot to trample
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve—

8th—This day I determined swimming the Garonne, the place was from a point of land, to the opposite Island, one hundred & fifty yards across, which I expected to make, but I was sorely disappointed. In commencing my task, I got on very well, until about midway over, when here the current was so very rapid, that I found myself carried a great way down the stream, without my being enabled with all my exertions to near much the opposite bend, which I at first aimed for. I now began, although to late, to repent of my rash undertaking. To make matters worse, my strength was nearly exhausted by doing myself to strenuously at first setting off against the current, which brought on such a severe pain in the small of the arms, that at length deprived me of the use of them, & the river contrasting her abouts, caused a kind of rolling wave, which frequently broke, taking away my breath, & I looked at the shore with envious eye, & a double longing sigh. But at this critical juncture, I was fast approaching the point that I was trying to make, otherwise we were back again on towards the shore I left & then over so many large
land bar, which the water covered, was seen so very shallow: I now exerted all my remaining strength \( V \) with great effort \( V \) perseverance, seemed to be gaining fast, when coming within a few yards of the point alluded to, the current shot off like an arrow in smoothness, \( V \) of course was desiring with it; not allowing this, \( V \) seeing that I was losing ground fast, I instantly stopped swimming \( V \) tried for the bottom, but finding none, I thus lost ground considerably, \( V \) getting three or four declensions over head, into the bar, which did me great harm. What nearly done for me, by the presence of mind which I may safely say, never deserted me, came to my aid, in an instant \( V \) relieved me, \( V \) floating a few yards down, perpendicular, till the two streams met at the bottom of the island, they there formed an Eddy or slack water, into which I partly got. \( V \) immediately landed once more, safely on terra firma, \( V \) with doubt was the saving of my life; as from the first trying to tread the bottom, I tried again \( V \) again, \( V \) hitting the hard cobbles frequently with my toes, the current was running so swiftly, that I could not make any permanent footing, even though I was only then up to the middle, \( V \) if the Eddy below had not fortunately sucked me into its vortex, I must have been drowned, as was completely exhausted \( V \) turned out, as when I got, I fell down on the stones \( V \) lay for ten to fifteen minutes not able to stand, my toes were all bruised severely \( V \) two or three of them, bled much from under the nails. After recruiting for a short time \( V \) getting what the Anglicistic term, second wind, I went up the river some distance to attempt to swim back to the desired bank I had left, which I could easily have done at any time, provided I took the proper advantage, the points \( V \) bends of the river did admit of, which I had not attended to hastily for want of time. Just where I wished to have plunged in, to gain the opposite shore, was a great blow shell, moved off, in the middle of the stream, with an anchor \( V \) ropes attached to the shore, to keep her steady; this I could not avoid, perhaps, before I was swept against it, \( V \) if so, death or half drowning must have had its will \( V \) its course, as the water rushed with such great impetuosity underneath it \( V \) on both sides.
so I got on the ropes that extended from her to the shore, with the intention of reaching her that way & leaping the distance to seaward, but, as I had only proceeded half-way along the vessel or sloop, near the shore, with my weight & thus let me into the water, in the current sweeping my extremities, it sent me, again & again, dipping overhead, till it nearly had finished me. In this sudden & unexpected dilemma, I succeeded after some hard struggling in getting back. After gaining a little rest I hauled in & tightened the ropes as fast as I could find power, & again adventured on the doubtful task of gaining the vessel, which was ten to fifteen yards from the bank, though without scrambling the shin, & good deal off the calves of my legs.

I now paused again, preparing to leaping off her other side which was about 40 to 60 yards, from the wished bank, but after examining the shall & the very strong Eddy that was formed directly under her stern, occasioned by the large wheel, not at present at work or moving, I thought it would not be prudent to ren the vessel, as the set of the current or mill race was direct for it. Perhaps, though I have dreamt me under the wheel, as the Eddy run up again with great force; so I had again to retrace my steps back the way I came & not a little fatigue. There was now no other way left, but leaping from the bank & swimming direct for the middle, as just to avoid the counter current of the water which extended about seven or eight yards in length below, these accomplished, but only just, as when I thought I was clear of its vortex, my legs, which been somewhat lower in the water, caught the counter current that was leading underneath. I gave me two or three ropes' turns over & about, but the upper, running down stream, held the most hold of me as else I must have been carried up again Westward against the wheel. Then swept forward until, this would have been hard indeed, after so many narrow & dangerous occasions 

trials, as soon as I got clear of the other end or bank, I made the best of my way for the opposite shore & just opportunely hit the point of land from whence I set off about an hour before, full of health & vigueur, now nearly exhausted, so as not to be able, almost to stand or help myself; poor frail crea...

we are, how soon we are nothing, cut off, we know not when.

Our life's a vapour, and full of woe.
We eat a caper, and down we go.

This took place in the presence of a dozen officer, who no
...I doubt felt, on Ball, for my critical situation. One named Graham, a volunteer to our Regiment, diff'd off his clothes & came into the water, breast high, though he could hardly swim. naughty 1 generously assisted me out. This all together was a most providential escape indeed. I felt & feel truly thankful, for my happy rescue. Though I finally accomplished my purpose, I cannot but express, that I feel not the least desire to attempt the like again, to cross the river Garonne.

In all probability I am the first English man who ever swam a river, at least in this part, this river, twice, run away several. By my trusting so much upon this piece of foolhardy adventure, I think it shows, that it has told a tale & left a deep impression on my mind, which in the end will, perhaps, be of some good to prove a blessing and a future warning, so o.

I've gained the port, and safe at anchor ride.

Farwell, vain hopes! - let others stem the tide.

The floating Giant Mill is on a similar construction of those anciently used in the Tiber. I have seen on the Garonne, as they are on the Ohio river. Other streams in the Americas. Each mill is supported by two boots, covered over similar to a house, & the wheel which forms the principal part of the machinery revolves round between them. The boots of course can be moved at pleasure, on any direction on the river. By when employment can be obtained, they are generally placed near the edge of it, on the strongest current. & the Mill is then set in motion. These mills will grind a bushel of corn nearly as quick as those propelled by wind or water on the land.

This evening parade & a hearty dinner, restored me again to my usual vigor.

This evening I took the Piguet Guard for the country, which was ordered for the purpose of taking up any soldiers found out after Tattoo, 9 o'clock, as the inhabitants in the neighbourhood have been much molested of late, by some of the men, 8 one of them found killed, supposed by the appearance of a Bayonet wound. My guard consisted of one Sergeant, one Corporal, 8 16 men, with these I set out soon after dark, & kept scouring the neighbourhood, crossing hedges, ditches, fences, roads in all directions, getting many falls & tumbles in our hunt; but...
This we continued till the break of day, resting only occasionally under any
building or tree, to give the men a respite from the constant, frequent, 
rapid fatigue, that was occasioned in the quick pursuit after anything
that varied or retreated. It did not give instant reply. This was all very
annoying to all parties, which with a rainy and drenching night, 
keeping the men much on the alert, and quick movement, the whole
crew off not a little exhausted & fatigued with the nights services.

The regiments in this Depot, are now marched out regularly every
morning from parade, four to five miles into the country, to keep
them in health & regular marching exercise. In most of these marches, we saw
the peasantry busy tilling & making ready the land for the seed; here we frequently
caught a glimpse of the domestic occupations of a peasant or a poor family, as we
rapidly passed his cottage window; & the aged labourer looked upward to us with
that rustic hardness of expression which is so well known to him. I cannot
but ask myself, that here the violet glides as pleasantly through the valley
as it does in England; the skies look as cheerfully down upon him, as it
does upon us. The servants come with an air of frankness to assist when
required so to do, most peculiar to their race, & we have seen in these country
towns & villages, the same common occupations of trade all in motion,
representing aspects with which we are all familiar. I then say to myself
who are these people whose lives I have been aspiring & wishing to take.
while they have been endeavouring to destroy us, for the last twenty
years? What has kept us so long friendly enemies from coming
among each other, keeping all this time. Here are the roads, here are
the accommodations, here are services for money, & smiles for nothing
and a climate, where the gentleness of the air, with the fertility of the
ground, is the situation of the rivers is so propitious & natural for the
increase of fruit. Every other living creature, that France, above all
the other regions of Europe, may justly stand alone, and boast of
these precious prerogatives,
The region where the Sun's so bright,
The air so pure, the wine so light.

There were eight hundred strong volunteers, on their route to Bordeaux, from whom they expected to meet, to struggle. It was their task to destroy the Yankees, if they could; they were a fine set of fellows, chiefly Irish. They were always ready for a dash at the enemy. They gave them three enemy's flags of honour for their welfare and success, as they took their farewell departure, from their old associates and companions in arms. This regiment, the 38th, commonly called, with the name of 'Bolsheviks,' of par excellence, notoriety, an epithet they justly obtained from the frequent habit they had of knocking down the non-commission officers, like ninepins, whom they called over their names on the roll-list. This was accompanied by the attempt to abolish corporal punishment in this corps, which experiment proved abortive, for the men began first, with knocking down the corporals, then it extended to the sergeants, finally threatening the officers; the consequence was, that the old system was abolished to be restored. Soon after, I joined two of my brother officers, they on their bags, I on a borrowed, fishing, mule, took a ride on the opposite side of the river, to a beautiful village, called la Gravette, then to Saint-Sulpice, situated a few miles off the road to Montauban, at the foot of a well-cultivated hill, on the high road leading from Toulouse, through the adjoining named town to Bordeaux. The tour here is counted very salubrious, nor are the environs thickly dotted with charming country houses and gardens. The Light Division were stationed here, to some of the officers of which, I came to pay our respects, after partaking of le petit déjeuner, we returned after a pleasant and cheerful chat of hours, my mule behaving very well, and on the road, shedding many frowns, as trying its best to spell me, while it lost strength, we gained much fun, movement, and laughter, at
its failure. An unsteady ferry-boat, with its lively ferrier, soon conveyed us across the river, having ridden about 20 miles.

11th — To-day, General Brisbane received us. He was highly pleased & satisfied with the Battalions appearance & movements. He is a tall looking man, about forty. He has seen a considerable deal of active service.

12th — General Power gave another ball this evening, which was numerously attended, considering the smallness of the place he is a spirited character in such matters & possesses a fine figure & person. Which was gracefully shewn of in the Waltz, he partaking of it, with all the rest as one of the lovers who amoours of it. For my part it was far to slow, circuiting, quick & giddy a dance, in two senses, for my thinking of entering on its bewitching mazes, so many others stood passive spectators, save our own, we shared & grappled kindly with the Bowens at the Don, which was beautifully supplied by our worthy General. The dance & dances I looked at till I was amused at its variety, as well as of their dancing actions & manners, becoming as soon as tired as themselves. It was at 11 o'clock struck & I took my leave, calling upon that all sagacious & penetrating, genial character, Halmagundi, to give a further account of this lovely picture, this truly second Fandango Dance, who certainly depicts it in its true and vivid light to a tittle. He says of the waltz,

And in the invincible Waltz will swing and swing,
And whirl and languish tenderly serene!
Oh! how I hate this lovely, luscious dance,
This imp of Germany — brought up in France.

Nor can I see a niece its winding trace,
But all the honest blood glows in my face.

“God, say refinement this,” I often say,
“Is mastery indeed refined away!
Let France its thine, its sparkling wit supply,
The easy grace that captivates the eye,
But come these waltzes — their loose lascivious arts,
That smooth our manners, to corrupt our hearts?
The whole economy of this game consists in turning round and round the man in a certain measured step; if it is truly astonishing that this continual revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top, but I have been positively assured that it only occasions a quite sensation which is marvellously agreeable.

18. — The artillery to the third division, went through here; on their way to hercules, they are a fine body of men and horses and every thing was in order and complete for active service.

12. — More of the artillery passed through, reports say, that they are destined for north America.

16. — Nothing particular in entertainments, but quite sufficient of the drill.

16 — The regiment, guard again came to my turn; & this good care this time, not to over harass my men: had fine warm weather, accompanied with sweet refreshing apricot showers.

17. — It so occurred happened to say, one of the men got drowned, while going to bath, when in a state of intoxication: a strict order given out that none are to bathe in future, without their company.

18. — Two Troops of the Staff Corps left here, likewise for north America.

19. — While straoling along the banks of the river, witnessed escape of twenty bullocks driven into the Gavonne: it made us wade across to the island, for the purpose of recovering; they seemed apter swimmers, but bullocks cut most loudly, as they finally dashed rapidly through it.

20. — This was a trying day for the men, as their new clothing had just arrived, which they were new with difficulty in event of not having had any given out to them for a considerable length of time; & those that they had on, were patched & of many colours.

21. — This evening the inhabitants gave a splendid ball in return to the Third Division; it was pretty well attended, & went off with some extra life. & quiet, as there was both plenty of turning off with an abundance of wine & sweetmeats, to meet the week, to appeal the appetite. General Powers was again one of the throng, he is about forty years of age & very good looking & made himself
affable & agreeable to us all. The weather was again the chief amusement. Distance of the night, & certainly nothing could exceed its beauties & its deformities, for both were visible for either the eye or the feelings to be tranquille. R. Hall's exact description of it, will fully bear me out, that I cannot but indulge in giving it.

"At first they move slowly with caution and grave like horses when just setting out on a race. For Dancers at balls, just like horses at races must amble a little to show off their pace. The music plays faster, their capacions begin like lamhins they skip, like tee totums, they spin slow derperic wheel and now petticate fly, and smile at least are exposed to the eye. On the chalk-covered ball-room in circles they swoon, she smiles upon her, she smiles upon him. Her hand on his shoulder is tenderly placed, this arm as tenderly circles her waist, they still bear in mind as they're turning each other. The Proverb, once good turn's deserving another."

Thus ends this probably last farewell visit in these quarters.

22rd The weather being rather severe, the Billiard room encompassed us, where we saw some beautiful playing; the Castle game is frequently played, it is very difficult.

28rd We were again according to orders, marched some distance into the country: here we observed that the people as well as the Skeletons, were mounted. Riding on saw bone horses or a tall shettish male, surmounted by a saddle plicked before and behind, whereas two wooden pieces adorned theirs instead of stirrup-wood, & other trappings as equally smooth, instead in preambulating in these parts, particularly on a Sunday, the
traveller must not be amazed to behold the female riding a la fourchette, or in plain English, astride upon their ambling chags, as we positively experienced this day. This practice is not confined solely to the lower classes; elegant women in spruce habits are to be seen squestrianising in this fashion, without seeming to know anything about the convenience. Simplicity of a side-saddle; such is the wide difference in different nations' habits, that custom is only at last, second nature,—a smothered tittering was heard through the regiment, as they passed us on the road.

24th. This being general muster day, the regiment paraded in complete marching order, and the whole, usual routine of examination of the men, knapsacks, accoutrements, &c., was gone through with strictest scrutiny after which the two Volunteers that joined us at Portsmouth, J. Corrigan and Walsham, left us with many others from different corps for America; still in search of rank and reputation, the battle field & victory, as it has been denied them here, as it was so destined to be our lot, to my sorrow. To succeed they now go, wishing them every success for their welfare & honorable enterprises—

"Even in the cannon's mouth."

25th. Some seems to have revolted pretty sharply round for my Piqueet Guard has come to my turn again. They have certainly done some good, for there has not been a single man or officer, taken since they were ordered. My route was through the country where I chose, keeping within a mile or so of the Cantonments. During the early part of the night I fell in with a very better kind of man, who hospitably invited me to visit his house under his hut, buildings, &c., as kindly invited me into his house to partake of some refreshment, which I willingly accepted, there being a kind of hammock or cot, slung from the centre of the room, into this I threw and fatigued somewhat, slept heavily, for a short time.

Never Rainer got a sweet catch of sleep, & a sky gladsome as the evening closed, at the inside of its happy smates, the castle upon the broad making...
to perceive them as its ensemble circle, for there was spread the clean white table-cloth, the cloth, the bunches of dried grapes & quinces, the bottle of wine, & the bed, with its snowy coverlet, at the end of the room, on the crests. In short, this kind of humble mansion, though not constructed by Palladio, is by no means deficient in comforts—more than can be said of many a princely palace. It is such scenes as these, and such a happy peasantry, that we witnessed this night. That the traveller will often see in his journeys, through this delightful country and seemingly contented people. That amiable author of the Traveller (who took his flute on his bosom) often depended upon it for a mood has slain so beautifully described in the following lines:

Gay, slightly land of midst and social ease,
Please with thyself whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy jocund choir,
With tuneful pipe beside the murmuring Lave!
Where skimming done along the margin grew,
And freshness from the wave, the reapers flew,
And happily through my heart's touch, felt wing still,
But neath the all time, and marvels the sower's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wand roses power,
And done forget of the noon tide hour.
Like all ages. Damas of ancient days,
Have let their children through the youthful race,
And the gay grandcharger skilled in poetic love,
This finished beneath the burden of three score.

Many such a scene as this have I witnessed, more particularly at harvest time, & in the vintage season, when all is mirth, gaiety and good humour.

26. General complaints of the barley of the bread, it certainly was black enough, & been asked by the officer, as we met in a way what I thought of its quality, I modestly replied, yes, it is as black as thunder. This occasioned a voluntary laugh, from the
27th — To-day I inspected some of the apparatus for making the wine in this part of the country, which is neither very good nor grown in great abundance, owing to the quality of the soil I believe. The quantity, from an acre of 800 trees, about three-quarters of an English acre, they expect near 8,600 bottles if the labour is nearly the same as on hops. As for the way of preserving the grapes for the press, it seems remarkably clean: if instead of being trampled on by the natives as in Bengal, other countries, they are thrown into a large vessel, mixed with a wooden pestle, as soon as the vessel is filled the whole is then transported to the wine-press.

28th — Nothing material occurring in quarters, except the news that we are likely to have in to move from here in the course of a few days.

29th — This being Mobile Oak Day, the men & Officers of each wing displayed a strong of green to commemorate that happy & essential power which with the inhabitants being now freed from their late long rested by the overthrow of their Tyrant, is animated by the presence of our English icon; their devotions all was marched & assembled in the ancient Catholic Church, at the instigation of the new Government under Louis the 18th who proclaimed the new Reign. All the splendid Benignity of which the Catholic worship is susceptible, was employed to celebrate this memorable epoch. Every Church throughout France, even throughout all the world, met & faithfully resonated with thanks more particularly to all Englishmen in a twofold sense, happening on this day of our immortal deliverance to the supreme defence of events; for this glorious revolution, that day & the happy peace that has taken place. After the Service which I cannot but say was both solemn, grand, Rothchild, yet decorously respectable & seemingly superfluous in many points of national devotion to the one, Almighty & Supreme God of the Universe
The conquest's complete! the victory's won!
The typhon's for ever and ever undone!
Peace, once more establish'd I beyond the broad main,
Now sheds a mild salam o'er the graves of the slain!

When this dies the sad mother, the widow forlorn,
Lamentation will sound it to ages unborn;
And proudly proclaim she was foremost in danger,
She fought and she fell in the land of the strangers!

Brave Warrior! more famed than the warriors of yore!
Lears will flow for their fate, where e'er hundred's no claim;
Peace, peace to their ashes! Oh peace to each grave!
They died, and their death was the death of the brave!

When thought's turns to plains newly cemem'd with gore,
And numbers once seen we may never see more;
One feeling appears, which mayHover unseen—
They died not in vain — 'twas the purchase of Peace!

Letters arrived from England, mentioning that Government had voted the princely sum of four hundred thousand pounds, for the use of the invincible Wellington & the Peninsular brave Army, & likewise that a vote of Thanks, from both Houses of Parliament was sanctioned by the Nation at large, for his & their brilliant victories at Toulouse, & for their general achievements throughout the long & sanguinary war. This was as it should be, & every heart & hand in garrison, met with great
tude, returned their dearest & money feelings, to their countrymen for their generous tribute for selected & rewarded & compensation.

88° Some warm weather for so early in the spring. There's the cheerful things that we seek for Maine, the 1st June, in twelve days, including two halting days. Every one was now busy employed in getting ready for the start. Butter with my fisher after much bargaining, for only eight dollars, which makes me a great loser, having given five & forty; but as I must part with it immediately, I was compelled to take the first bed. Atherby became the accurate personification of that stage reached into rhyme by the exit of the poet.

"The value of a thing
Is just the price that it will bring.

So I voluntarily chose with the bargainers; but, had might got nothing for my steward man, a stupid fellow at most times. God send him, foolish let the two fellows have the flag out of the stable, before paying for it. It was before I heard of it, nearly a quarter of a mile off, driving it down one of the streets at a brisk rate; which, upon hearing my shouts, he dashed off. I overtook him, and went after them in gallant spirt.

I made them as I overtook, return to the stable, where I kept one of them as a hostage, my servant keeping entry with his drawn bayonet. The other I sent for the eight dollars; this after a lapse of an hour was completed, with eaten after a severe menacing threatening on my part. They released them. They were scarcely glad, of the chance to get away safely without receiving a slight pinch on their unprofitable for their interest was no doubt fraudulent, as many of the inhabitants who came out to see the somewhat laughable fracas, corroborated; on this time, the better was hit—just opposite my quarters, was a bewitching young female, whom I often beheld with pleasure. A respect for her modest, simplicity of manners, & general demeanour of character, as well as for her constant unceasing attention to domestic household affairs. If I flatter myself, that I have some kind of respect from her in return, for I seldom go out, or come in, but I received a modest
V cheerful smile from her countenance, but what is more, I received one or two caspar a circuited away from some unknown hand, a few sweets. Vanishing they come from her, I made a head of a half cut from my French Dictionary, thinking her, 

V. R. sent them to her, which she afterwards consumed with a place in her box. The box, V. R. said one day blushingly to me, it was. This box, I say, was very good, V. R. when F. D. will leave, V. R. R. can only say, when that happens I shall feel a sympathetic feeling at our separation and for her future welfare in this life career.

1st June—The early beat of Drums & sound of Horn, soon assails us from our nightly slumber in this place, many of us being soon after three o'clock. It is now past, not being summer days, it has its charms. It displays its grand features in a striking manner, a form the hour of dawn to see the sun to the last hour reaches the highest point of the heavens. It breaks out from under the distant horizon, are brought B. blended together under one view, its various shades. And from the lingering darkness gradually disappearing, the clouds change, both in form & colour the mountain peaks melt into light, the waters show sparkling into brightness. If all the graduations of light & shade are visible, with its grand sublime & resplendent way, the night scene the vapours round the mountains cool B., melt into morn, and light awakes the woods, show mighty nature sounds as from her birth, The sun is up the heav'n, and life on earth, Flowers in the valley, splendour on the beam. Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream, Immortal man! behold her glories shine, and cry exultingly, “They are thine!”

By an hours delay, we mustered pretty strong 89 set off by four o'clock, leaving only a few strangers & some snails. Two ones behind, to be brought up by the guard, in the course of the day, B. set off the 18th Regiment joining us with the usual exhilarating rain-washing accompaniments, martial music & colours flying. Waving in the air, we as we passed our several bivouacs, we were B. smiled at the natives, who returned the same kind of farewell wish, as it was no doubt mutual. Little or no complaints had been made, which considering the time now, near seven weeks among them, the number of troops, near 5000, B. being.
so late in an enemy's country, deserves great praise, as do the inhabitants for their generous conduct & general good will to the whole of the different Corps of the Third division.

Our march was for Beaumont de Limagne, which lay over a delightful country of ten miles. The Rear guard consisted of 65 men and four horses, to which fell to my lot—which with the responsibility of a Disaster in charge. Keeping the men well up 80 from falling out of the regular line of march. 2nd day. I found it to go on a truly wholesome & serious duty, more especially as it was the first days march after been as long in quarters. The way moreover was offensive and dreadfully hot, causing numbers to fall out. In this state, while others would rush to the brook to have of such their thirst, when the life, even in spite of the kind &u the weakness warning of the Randys & smart that had often a stray of them prostrate on the road side, throwing my guard Remount turned me for a short time, even for a few minutes longer, which I can say, as a feeling soldier was often allowed, though much against my guard & self. But this, it caused us to be much on the rear of the Regiments, which gave the men more frequently an opportunity of skulking out the march in slipping off to some adjoining house or cottage for drink of some sort, while I had repeatedly to halt & send for water. & as often to go myself before I could get them again on the line of march. If I have no hesitation in saying, that we walked 8 troopers upwards of forty miles & that never felt in this manner, in this days march of sixteen hours, not having arrived till 8 o'clock. Besides without tasting a morsel of food. But what was the most grievous roaring to me, was the life of the quarter, how he got away. when no one could tell, but I had my doubts that it was conveyed, when I was off the road near a mile after a sick Corporal, as he was never seen after then. He was altogether dead one & no doubt would have been discharged on our return, owing to his height. I make him 5 ft. 11 in. the Colonel Manners, Commandant, blamed me not. When about half-way we met the advanced guard of the Cavalry, the whole of which had been detained out here on account of preceding force, since the Battle of Fontainebleau and were soon about joining head quarters, prior to their long intended march to England, through France. The Officer expressing with the accustomed civility of mounting horses to each other, we marched past, only carrying arms, shortly after we began to descend rapidly. From taking a sudden turn to the right on the side of the precipitous mountain, we came in full view of a beautiful scene...
...inhabitants for their different tasks. The view of the extensive prospect of woodland landscape of hills and valleys, their extended line of march, indeed, from the whole summit of the height, the different divisions of regiments were partially discernible through the thick foliage of the forest, but soon the whole were distinctly visible at a glance, extending upwards of two miles, in a horseshoe formation moving forward demarcating, with steady step, gaining the mountainous crest. The eye rested on this vast multitude of men and horses, clad in the imposing panoply of war, with delight, their arms glittering in the sun, standards waving in the air, while the distant sound of the trumpet of battle, echoed the brave with their exhilarating sounding blast. It was a sight altogether not to be obliterated from minds recollection. On the route of road, we had to wade through several streams, one of which from its appearance, was not in depth, seemed for awhile to stop our way, but hesitating not a moment on my own ingenuity, I set them the straight-forward example, we dashed in; without fear, the rest of my faithful companions following me cutting & crossing a trench, from the entwined crest. By 8 o'clock we got into Bocamont, the rest of the division many hours before, waited upon Colonel Snaresor at his noble quarters, reported all particulars, who was pleased. He was ordered to dismiss my guard. He then introduced me to his charming and fascinating hostess, who kindly held me in chat, through his interpretation, while I fed with easy digestion, my half starved hungered frame, with the many good things set before me for my repast. This town is large, well built, containing several substantial houses, upwards of 4000 inhabitants; the square is a considerable one, which is used for the market-place, having a large building in the centre. It is washed by the river Ipanome, which is here a considerable stream emptying its waters after a run of twenty miles, into the gavonne, nearly opposite Castel Ipaneme; this department of the Tarn & Gavonne is traversed by three chains of hills, but its general surface is a plain. The soil is chiefly fertile; the climate mild; the products are, wheat, barley, maize, hemp, flax, vines, chestnuts, various sorts of fruits, & beeches are seen, here & there; that emblem of fruitfulness & useful plant, the Olive tree. In these quarters, we met with strong, having met with the rest of the Thirteenth, consisting of the 83, 87, 94, the Casadores, 9th, 25th, & 25th Regiment of Portuguese. The bullets were of course poor & scanty. It was ten o'clock before I got snugly into more after been somewhat fatigued both in body & mind, with this long days march, having counted...
A found forward, upwards of 300, that fell out of the regular line of march, the
advance direct to day was 19 miles.

2nd

After only four hours & a half repair, at half past 2 o'clock, we were again
revived from our slumbers by the loud sounding shout, calling the officers to
the course of the half hour; the whole of the troops amounting to upwards of 3000
men, had fallen on & immediately marched off, showing a very formidable appear-
ence, over almost beautiful scenery of 10 miles to St. Clair de Lorraine.

when we off the road, the whole insignious flag, on taken possession of the
now reignign Bourbon, was seen waving in the air in all directions & the
inhabitants were with each other, in shouting & exulting, Vive le Roi! Vive les
Bourbons! Vive les Bourbons! Vive la brave France! & fighting on our truncheas, as we passed along, with a
shame of the hand, & presenting with the greatest cheerfulness & dancing free to any
trail would partake, cherries, wine, water or milk; this was pleasing & gratifying
in the extreme. In those cases, that they were an open, generous, kind hearted
forgiving people. St. Clair is only a small place on the rivers that, but stands on
a considerable elevation, having a commanding view of all around for many leagues
of a striking undulated & champaign country, which from my Chateau window
over my angle Boiselle de Don. Enjoyed spying over its headlands & rovessor
beauties with my pocket Telescope, which brought to my minds reflection,
many a contemplative ideas of the sublime Universe. Yet man's Being is this
wonderful creature so excelling in arts & science; for no sooner was the invention
of the telescope discovered, then another instrument was found equally as
surpassing as ingenous which laid open a world no less wonderful, & showed
the insignificant spirit of man. This was the Microscope. The one led me to
see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom.

The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people
& its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity.

The other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it
the tribes & the families of a busy population. The one told me of the
insignificance of the world I stood upon: the other reduces it from all its
significance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers
of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are entire nations
with life & numberless as on the glories of the firmament. The one has
suggested to me, that beyond & above all that is visible to man, there may
be fields of creation which sweep unmeasurably along. Nearly the crying
proofs of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the Universe, the
other suggests to me, that within the veil, all that man shall discover, which the wise eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibility, where, as we know, no single star can be detected. To express this, I have in mind the mysterious curtain which veils it from our senses, or might as a theatre of as many borders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but, where the working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, a fell & animate them all with the evidence of his glory and grace.

Now consider is this novel, where all is formed
With number, weight, and measure — all designed
For some great end, where not alone the plant
Of stature, growth, the herb of glorious line
Our food, phylact, substance, not the labouring tool.
The head, and flesh, that fed us, and the vine,
That yields us stores for elegance and use;
The sea, that loads our table, and conveys
The wonder man, from desire to desire; with all
These rolling spheres, that from on high shed down
Their kindly influence; not these alone.

Which strike — on eyes encroaches — but each may
Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank
Important in the plan of Him who from
This scale of beings holds a rank which last
Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
Which Nature’s self would sue!

— Distance 11m.

3. — The morning fine. On our way by 10 o’clock, over 12 miles
for breakfast, nothing striking or particular on the road, save a good
day of fun. In morning, we had amongst ourselves 8 horses, at the dif-
ferent halts of the troops; in running races, leaping, &c. several of the
Officers having kept their, to ride occasionally, on, when allowed. This
tended much to relieve the soldiers’ fatigue. Many a hearty roar
of laughter, from mouths innumerable, echoed far around. This place
is situated on a high mountain, near the river Epsom. It is a handsome
well built town, the streets containing a great number of gentlemen’s
houses; indeed it far supersede any place I have yet seen, considering
its size, containing about 6000 inhabitants; the chief families were very respec-
table & behaved uncommonly polite to all that were billed when they
The river takes its rise from the Upper Pirenaic Rafter, after crossing through the department of the Garon, passing on its way, the City of St. Florence. Eutostost, it joins its waters with the rapid Garonne, near the on a straight line across on the right bank, is the ancient, finely situated City of Sten, having a handsome bridge over the latter, not only particularly for what we call French Rasures. This department is surrounded by five others. The general high, but contains numerous valleys. Extensive plains. The climate is mild, but in summer the inhabitants are exposed to considerable inconvenience from the prevalence of a scourging South West wind, no doubt a rising in part from the adjoining land district of the Landes, which we as only passers on, have already felt severely. The soil is chiefly adapted for pasture, and the culture of the vine. — Distance 12 m.

This being a national day we did not forget to hoist in our Cape, a piece of crapean in honour of our beloved & gracious King George, the Third: the faithful & upbuilding exhalation of England & Constitution: long may he reign over a happy & becoming people. This day we were sent to the town of Bordeaux by a group of these miles, over a pleasant & agreeable country to the town of Bordeaux. The road was uncommonly bad all this stage, owing to the upper regions having opened in this season, & let in torrents upon us. On reaching us to the very shore, which with so great a number of men passing over the same track, the earth being chiefly of a slovenly clay, made it almost impassable. If the troops were much more out long before we arrived at the end of the days march we were much exhausted by the numerous falls, most of them not amongst the mud & wine of we were certainly new soot so neat and smart as when we moved off; but an hours change of plenty to eat & drink, soon again put us to rights. We proceeded about this new place, as usual to see its limits. It stands on the river Bassas, & before the revolution it was the see of a Bishop, suffragan of Bourdeaux; & the office was dignified by the celebrated Descart, previous to his elevation to the see of Alencon. Dupin in the French historiographer, was born here. The town is a considerable size & is well built, the houses are chiefly of stone, with the pleasing addition of several avenues of trees in many of the streets, which gives it all the real appearance of a rural village, rather than that of a bustling trading place, containing upwards of 7000 inhabitants, who manufacture, wool, wax. Other articles: a trade in corn, wine, brandy, leather, etc. with its
neighbours around. It was taken by the Protestant under Montgomery in 1869. The adjacent country is fertile, and the tract around the town is particularly fascinating, being covered with thriving vineyards. From here, the brave Spanish army took their departure and left this morning according to Orders, for their own dear country, after having driven their inverterate foe, the Real, and implacable enemy out of their territories and signalized themselves, and immortalized their stations honour beyond all praise, fulfilling to the title, their national call, A patriotic song, which is of every voice, feeling, and appropriate one for the occasion:

The cause of Slavery’s o’er us,
And suffering Freedom weeps;
So hope—no hope’s before us
While Spain’s bright spirit sleeps.
But if her Members lighten,
These Freedom’s glances will brighten,
And lips shall cease to sigh, and hearts to pain.

Let us smite
The drum of fight;
She’ll wake and rise again,
So the war—to the war, ye Spaniards!
The hour is nigh,
To break your chains,
Your rights to gain.
Live free—live free—or die!

In death our sons are sleeping
Our homes in tears laid;
Our daughters ever weeping,
Alone—for love—betrayed!
The sun as Britain’s slavery,
To red you of your slavery;
In vain her horses bleat—her arms unbound,
Under the fire
Of Freedom’s ire
Burn every heart around.
To the war—To the war, ye Spaniards!
The hour is nigh!
To break your chains;
Your rights to gain,
Live free—live free,—or die!

This was sung constantly on the line of march, as appealed to by the different Corps, as well as the zealous Military, as it carries along precisely the same sentiments—sufferings as that of the Portuguese nation, who suffered similar miseries with themselves, every Chereita, every peasant—every child, every soul, for it was but one cause, one right. None common feeling. These troops were now well regulated—disciplined—having a number of English officers attached to them. Proceeding always in concert with them, could be relied upon, were counted but little inferior to those of the Portuguese, though not so much counted in friendship, as treachery was generally allowed to be more consistent in their character. Distance 46 miles.

6th.—This was Sabbath day, the troops rested in their quarters. I took advantage of it to stroll into one of their Catholic Churches, which was most beautiful. Partaking music, particularly about the altar, where you often see in other Edifices of the kind, similar lines painted up, as the following—

"We believe in the existence of a God, and the immortality of the Soul."

"Above God, cherish your fellow creatures, render yourselves useful to your country."

"Good is every thing which tends to preserve man or to perfect him."

"Evil is every thing which tends to destroy him, or to deprave him."

"Children, honour your Fathers and Mothers, obey them with affection, comfort their age. Fathers & Mothers, instruct your children."

"Wives, respect your Husbands, as the chiefs of your families. Husband love your Wives, and render yourselves mutually happy."

6th.—The troops were quite refreshed. With the last days battle we went away with great spirit for the town of Scroa. Passing over a pleasant country, having the river Salfe &raise, or either hand at 120 great distance, the road leading for 10 miles, chiefly along the banks of the latter, where we noticed, as frequently elsewhere, that the Cosen..."
or reform. Bell was the constant decoration & accompaniment of every village
hamlet, whether there was a church or not; which I believe was ordered
by that surprising generosity, though yet, a Repey, Repey. After
leaving them in a little we were left, we entered Marac, under a canopy of
shady trees, which as the troops moved up along, was striking. This
town stands on the Praxis, which divides it into two parts, called
great & little Marac. It is well built & has three or four beautiful
torres & avenues of stately trees in different parts of the town, which
with its other picturesque prænlar qualities, give it all the appearance
of the welcome & same open country, which with the pleasing addi-
tion of the women here, being allowed to be uncommonly handsome,
gives it all the requisite qualities. Rendersments of an earthly cyph-er
This pleasing bewitching quality, yet too often means, hard &
ruin, though dwelling here in fair abundance, was setim the ease,
at least in places that we have yet been through. at any rate the
lower classes, even if they were beautiful, are always seen to great
disadvantage, owing to wearing their drabs, hung loose from about
their breasts, leaving the shape entirely to imagination. — and in
spite of Moore's

"Oh, my Norah! deer for me.
Which floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free,
To sink or swell, as Nature please,"

It must be admitted that the female shape is much benefited by
toys. I have hardly ever saw, of I have seen some hundreds, one of the
lower class of the French or Indians, with a slim & elegant figure: yet
there is something very striking to the traveller who passes through France,
in the costumes of the peasantry, which occur from district to district. They
are so distinctly marked, & their contrasted, that they seem to belong to different
nations. Here you see round hats, measuring two feet across, with very
shallow crowns; the hair long & black; these, immense cocked hats, & the hair
on queue. Red caps, like jelly bags, hanging down their backs, on one side
of the shoulders; purple shoes on the other. The head dress of the women
varies as much: there is the Norman cap, with wings of snowy white,
the black hood of the south; the cornets differing from each other as much as the hats of the men of shape & size; some very large, covering their shoulders, 19 with high crowns, the brim turned up behind; some broad & flat, with crowns an inch deep; & some fitting the head without any brim at all. The trade has a manufacture of cottons, stuffs, caps, leather, starch. The land about is of a good quality & very well cultivated, containing a great deal of forest wood in the neighbourhood, which is floated down the river not been navigable for even boats. 

In this day, a terrible long march befell us of 18 miles to Castel Galera: the first few miles were down the river Graves to Lavaudée, to where it is joined by the Grève & Saveuse, rather flowing onwards a short distance, empties itself into the Garonne, opposite La Réole, charmingly situated on a valley, at the confluence of the Lot & Garonne, which owes its celebrity to the two Dukes of this name, who took this title from the place; the last was one of the few nobles who advanced to the popular cause, at the revolution. We now crossed the stream, in a westerly direction, leaving the town of Lavaudée, a little on our right. We passed the chief part of the remaining distance through a thick forest wood, which is part continuation of that extensive Forest of the Landes, which extends nearly 150 miles to Bayonne on the river. The wood is principally of the Oak & the Cork Tree, inland, the former was cut or felled down on one side of each tree, two inches in depth, from the height of two yards. 

By this method the temperature one, but it was afterwards removed off. The cork tree is cut round for the bark, to the height of six to eight feet. 

In June I believe every two to three years. The tree is only of small dimensions, either in height or thickness, it has a very singular rough appearance. The fur tree was most of them of stately growth. The wood was necessarily bad, running on 19 of the trees just as the traveller crossed his course not been made by man, but cut. The soil have nearly all solid sand, of course provided little else than that of timber. But there is nothing more striking and remarkable in this wood than that of the Echo, which is capable of being answered in several parts of it, similar to that of the Landes. The echo of the postilion’s whip or the horn was heard repeated in twenty vibrations, each depression as they resounded along the innumerable waste.
The tick of a clock, which we passed, was heard distinctly for at least three miles of the road. It peculiar stillness pervaded the atmosphere, not a leaf on the trees trembled; nor was there a prolonged call was heard from some cottage dwelt in a distant part of the forest, which died away in the air with a melancholy cadence. The echo is rationally accounted for, by the peculiar solidity of the sand soil, which rather reflects than absorbs the sounds that pass over it. But the breath, like stillness which it produces in almost supernatural. The inhabitants in this part of France, being cut off from the rest of the world, have it not in their power, except when once or twice in the year they trust to their nearest towns with their wool, to purchase candles. As they have no notion how these can be made, they substitute in their place a lamp fed with the turpentine extracted from the fir trees. The whole group is simple primitive. To obtain the turpentine, they cut a hole in the tree.

If a dish to catch the sap as it runs out, and soon as it is filled, they put a wick of cotton into the lamp, midst of the liquor, and burn it as we do a lamp; although very unhealthy and not a drop, they are cheap. However, the desired end is soon enough. Many times we should have been glad of one. But at other times we have set about ourselves over the other tail of Lent, with coffee. During the march we had to walk through several streams, which affected greatly to quench the burning heat around us, but without this welcome embrace of leisure, the men were much paid, long before we arrived at our billets, more particularly seeing to the great depth of the lake dry sand, which was frequently ankle deep, filling the shoes, blistering the feet, and slipping away everywhere. Castel Galicia has nothing worthy of comment; it stands on the river Istrma, which is here only a trickling stream, in the department of the Lot et Garonne, which climate is equal to any in France. A great part of the soil is fertile, especially that along the banks of the river. The distance to day, 18 miles.

Fifteen miles through the small places of Demaine et Gignoles to the town of Barres, the country this stage was likewise very woody. Here for the first time, beheld the charming sight of a lothorn.
Hedge, bringing to our delight its minstrel, the most select heges of Old England,

Be glorious, Queen of the Ocean! Oh, we see it
In the wave on thy helmet of silver she pale!
For fair, be the corn that uplifts they proud spear!
Nor thy standard of crimson be seen on the gale!

For me, or was that standard of crimson unrolled
Bred for native insult, or freedom betrayed;
And o'er to the sunbeam was spread its rich fold,
But to throw round misfortune the pride of its shade.

Rejoice, then dark swans are, rejoice, those pale slave!
When the light of her eyes flashes blood on those eyes;
As a ray through the tempest, a star on the wave,
Do tell the dawn of thy freedom is nigh.

On rushes her host, both racers, and grand.
She as a thundercloud roared on the wings of the wind,
Solearch the guilty, to chasten the land,
But leave, like the shower, a bleeding behind.

Oh, gentle the daughters of love, as the smile
That purchases the west on the sweet, summer shore;
And stern and majestic they are, then proved idle.
As the bellow that heaves to the winter's wild voice.

Then, island of beauty, then, star of the wave,
May thy standard of crimson, for ages unfurled,
Lead to triumph the warriors who triumph to save!

And be England the hope as the light of the world!

On the march Wholly to day, it was truly bewitching to our eyes, as it was extolling to the success, to hear, when the different regimental bands, struck up from their numerous wind instruments, some lovely marching air, which went reascending & echoing through these winding, whispering woody Dale's, with wonderful clearness & sweetness of melody; & few there were out of the many, that were not charmed by its melodious effects, from this hard days journey.

Here we found at a large Daisy place, standing on a small river. Nothing worth noticing, except the Church which is large, well built, & much like our English ones. It contains upwards of 4800 inhabitants._Dit._18m. 9. of the Doct's speed set, that we were to halt to day, for the purpose...
of visiting the troops & to allow them in the rear to come up. The market was a
plentiful one, held in the large square, among the sheep & plentiful fruits, was that
of cheese, half a pound for only one shilling, something less than one farthing. Had
a stroll round the suburbs, they are more inviting & the land is well laid
out in that of gardens & general cultivation. By evening the whole of the
Division, styled the fighting, boys had collected here, which gave us acquaintance
with the pleasing opportunity of seeing & associating together in each
others companies. Friendship, more particularly, that of the brave纪律
Corps, for these troops were now likewise well regulated & disciplin-
ated, having a number of English officers attached to them, and
acting always in concert with them, were little inferior to our own
army. I might safely be expected when the battle-plain, their honour
and courage: a kind of friendship had thus arisen between them. Reased
a general feeling of sorrow at having so soon to part, which is just
given out in the Orderly-book, that it takes place to morrow
morning, off the general parade. At this unpalatable yet antici-
pated news, most of us Officers as well as men, were in each others company,
over to the late house, & midnight's dawn, stepping on, did not haste some
of us merry boys, a visit the sooner, from enjoying the washing joke & last
farewell, over the joyful sparkling bowl. Their line of march lay direct
through the sandy plains of the Landes, having to pass by 
Charenton, Short de Marais, the capital, next for its mineral waters, from where
is a Canal to the river, next comes those of Bordeaux, St. Vincent, and
Biarritz, 

The land is capable of little cultivation, but they raise good
numerosous flocks of sheep on it, the Shepherd's been mounted on huge
stills to enable them to see for a greater distance around of them, more
hereafter. The following is more general account of this singular district.
by a recentسوی "it is a bed of sand, flat, in the strictest sense
of the word & abounding with extensive pine woods. These woods offer
suitable, various, 

be the peacany made of woods, shipped on the trestle. The road through
the sands, salted by salt, except where it is so loose. Ditch 21 to require
the trunks of the fir trees to be laid a yard to give it firmness. The village
is homilets. Land on spots of flat ground, scattered like islands among
the sands. The appearance of a stone-fault on each side of the road, fense
by open hedges, a clump of trees at a little distance, is the spire of a rude
church, rising from among them, gives notice of your approach to an en-
raptured spot. On entering the villages, you find neat white cottages, walk-
is long a bit of green, bordered by a well-cultivated gardens & orchards,
do shady by fine old oaks & walnuts. Through the centre of a village,
a brook of the clearest water is always seen running among meadows and
hay-fields, forming a most grateful contrast to the heat and dust of the
sandy samel's road.

10—we posted this morning with the brave Portuguese regiment
they for this own country. Now for ours; we were all drawn up by
an early hour, in the large square, in two separate divisions, they
in left column, first presenting arms to us; they then immediately
marched past in open division of columns, carrying arms, Bis they
approached B paoed by the head of our Corps, each of our regiments
in return present arms to them, while music playing, Drums beat-
ing, B Colours flying. B proceeding, one Brawl for each others pro-
perty, which almost went the day. For we brother Soldiers dashed the
Red Ensign with the glittering steel. B shouted hurra! hurra! Withal our
might, till the very sky seemed to echo back the pealing of our voices; then
the was death like silence B the word to march was given, then Oh! then what
mighty din arose with Trumpets, fifes, B Drums dreading the very sigh
the heavy sob and last farewell amin. These Portuguese are certainly
as fine a body of men as must be seen, stronger if any thing than the
generality of our own Soldiers: the war cry, by the way of a good story
it is told of Lord Beresford, that on his first formation of the Portuguese
army, on getting some of the regiments under fire, he cheered them with
the animating cry of "Fogo! — mas fichtes fogo! — mas becalhau
a maria!" English; "Fare! my sons, fear not more salt fish to morrow.
God shed them well & may they be as well rewarded on their return
by their countrymen, as they have done their Duty. I sustained the na-
tional character, by driving their invading foe, from off this territory
& immortally signallized themselves, fulfilling their pensive Song of side
revenge & wrongs, which they often appealed to on their route, it was

The trumpet sounds our country
Wise! arise! revenge the blow!
This ranks are there, prepare — prepare
To meet the hated foe.
Oh! bless'd sun of Freedom,
On the front shine high, shine high!
For we'll conquer — we'll conquer —
We'll conquer — or we'll die.

Pure blood our fathers gave us,
And pure still through our veins it runs,
For better lose the last drop here,
Than stain it for our sons.

Oh! spirits of our heroes,
In the fight, be nigh, be nigh!
For we'll conquer — we'll conquer —
We'll conquer — or we'll die.

The axe will strike the oak down,
The lightning will the tower lay low,
But nations smite by tyranny,
Grow stronger every day.

Revenge, revenge in the battle,
To the heart and sword be nigh!
Oh! we'll conquer — we'll conquer —
We'll conquer — or we'll die.

This national Song of the Brave Portugueses had a wonderful effect in the ranks.lewed their minds with strong revenge for the injuries done to their laws and desolate country, who suffered similar atrocities as the Spaniards; and the songs of every nation speak more strong to the character of the particular people to which they belong, than any thing that can be said or written. The war-songs of every people are dearer to their nation; but by no means the least in power. It was great statesman, who said, “Give me but the power to write the songs of a nation, and I will govern them.” An observation in my mind, of no less strength than truth.

When they had all filed off, nearly out of sight, proceeding southward, we shouldered our arms, and we went in that of the northerly direction, for a town on the banks of the river, called London, here we gave all suffrers.

Buried in the country, two or three miles apart, which is hereabouts covered with an immense tract of vineyards, indeed this department of the
let it be beginning to be late, more frequently, & pleasantly sheltered
with clumps of forest trees & feets of wood, whose elegance, with
which their long branches project from the other trees. Drawing in the air
the beauteous fiction they form, as they sweep from tree to tree; & twine their
tendrils round the sprigs— the rich leasance with which they are fast
beginning to be laden, infinitely more tempting to the eye than ever
Apple was, formed a picture absolutely paradisical; & parched, as we
may be supposed to be, the inevitable consequence of a close and rapid
marching, heat; & burning sunshine, our forbearance in not stopping
to pluck the tempting stop, though now both greenRosco, was infi-
nitely greater, I think than ever</noset>&C. See enacted, more especially
under this almost endurable heat of atmosphere. I was quartered with
Lieutenant Black on an opulent ware merchant of Bordeaux, the house
was complete manor & altogether a beautiful place having gardens, ple-
were grounds, in which were fountains, greenhouses, statues, &. Every thing that
that constituted a gentleman's residence in good old England. We mixed with
the family whose table was loaded with delicacies, & not leaving the choicest of
wines, which we had shared or planted. After dinner we accompanied with the host
host & hostess, \& their four \& six offspring, through their delightful and
delicious grounds, holding that \& converse in pleasing mood as well as we did
in that of broken English \& French, with the assistance of our different
languages, I cannot but quietly say, that they showed great courtesy to treated
us with the same civility throughout, as if we had been one of their own
nation & family. Lancaster is close on the Gironne, which is one of consid-
erable width; it has a harbour, \& comes on an extensive \& rich trade in
were \& breeding. It has long been celebrated for its delicious which won
being conceded the best of all the different sorts of the Bordeaux, which
pass under the name of Vins de garonne, from the sandy \& gravelly soil
in which the wines grow. On the opposite shore to which there is a town
is the town of St. Macaire, through which leads the high road to Bordeaux.
\& Bordeaux, distance about 36 miles, or about 240 English miles. This
was an easy days march of only 10 miles.
Is sweet from flowers— the shrubs and trees,
A forest in gems of dew, appear to speak,
To ask our admiration! What can we
With Nature's beauties, clothed in every eye?

The splendid glory of the eastern sky,
Oh! who can see, and yet cannot remain!
Is there a heart, or can there be an eye
That feels not ecstasy! or sees in vain
These works sublime of that almighty power
Who brought from darkness this transcendent hour?

We moved off for Castres, first passing through the small town of Barsee
on the wind easterly, this stream is hemmed in with other high rocky banks
excepting on the side of its entrance, here it is bordered only by a natural bank,
a little raised above the general level, in which is hollowed out the narrow
now opening by which its superficial escapes, into those of the garronne.
The high road now continues on the borders of the latter river, giving
as we walked along, many pleasing & enlivened glances of its glittering surface.
Of the towns & hamlets of Castres, Rodonean, Icon, M. Cadalea, studied on its margin, the last former we passed through
as here we observed the Chastain tree, which exceeds, perhaps, in beauty, that of the
Oak, having a more rich & bafey foliage, which reminds one of the Corinthian
violet. The French possessing not insensible to this beauty—for wherever
there is a tree of more than common luxuriance in its foliage, a seat is made
round the trunk, if the turf surroun'd ornamental, to prop it, the scene of
their village sports. To say we saw a happy group, many may be seen
still the latter end of August, teasing out the corn, which is prepared on the
following morning. Three or four layers of corn, wheat, barley or peas, are
laid upon some dry part of the field, generally under a central tree; the
horses 15 miles are then drawn upon it & covered it, in all situations, a
woman being in the centre like a pivot, holding the reins: the horses
are driven by little girls. The corn thus threshed out, is cleared away
by the men, others scrawny it, others heap it, others supply fresh layers.
Every one is happy & merry; the women & girls singing, the men
occasionally resting from labours to pay their gallant attentions. As we
were now fast approaching Bordeaux, the metropolis of the south, the
country becomes much more thickly inhabited. Its picturesque, having many
elegant slopes finely wooded. Vistas beside with lawns, flowerbeds, with here
and there the Château of the country gentleman in situations well chosen, interspersed
between them. In short, the country here assumes the aspect of that elegance and
comfort to which we are accustomed in England. In general, the French château
is very distinct from the ones we are accustomed to form of it—very distant from
what the preceding name would lead us to suppose. In the ordinary construc-
tion of an old French château, there is a greater consumption of wood
than bricks. Lao sparing of ground. It is usually a rambling building,
with a body, wings, & again wings upon these wings; & flanked on each side
with a pigeon house; & its noble rows of lofty trees, planted by hands
long since mouldering on the dust, carry our reflections back to the
ages which are past, to the long train of honourable ancestry which
has occupied the same spot—so far all is well. Another avenue conducts
you to some neighbouring wood, with here & there, as you pass along,
a hornbeam, or a jumper, clipped into the shapes of peacocks, with their
spreading tails; pillars, & pyramids. St. Andrew's at its centre, &
other avenues, like the vessel of a gondola, branch off in as many direc-
tions, every tree of which is trained like sequentia recruits. I look at
most as much the work of nature: it would be a son against taste
wont of them to succour from the most correct geometrical execution.
Cut short the matter, the French garden is just what the old English gar-

den was, & still is, in many parts of the country, an enclosure, where
all views of the surrounding scenery is excluded from without;
all traces of nature obliterated within: the only vanity, a tedious
repetition of the same objects: straight walks, square grass-plots, &
formal terraces, painted leaden statues of Mercury, Diana, Flora, &
fountains, shell work grottoes, embossed porticoes, statues, & well-c
neses. & all the absurdities of tapestry work, & tried disfigured
busts inserted into statues & pyramids, geants, & obelisks. The scent, however
of the French the justice to observe, that this antiquated style of gar-
dening is rapidly giving way to the acknowledged beauties of the Eng-
lish garden, & that there are numerous successful imitations.
as I can bear witness to. This style to be found in this country; which is also the case with the modern château, many of them being now very handsome buildings. The town of Castres is only small, containing near 1000 inhabitants, and nothing particular striking in or about it; subdues, excepting the Garonne, which takes its noble and swelling course, about a quarter of a mile distant. It is nearly half a mile over the boats of barges were continually passing up and down, which was a pleasing gratifying sight, from here a vast gazing at mine own leisure, on its flowing waters, with an admiration which habit had rather augmented than impaired upon this useful river, advancing in masses of broad & shining water to its harbour, the products of a country laden with all the wealth of a prosperous culture. — The Duke of Wellington passed by this evening, about 6 o'clock for the City of Bordeaux. — Distance 12 miles.

12th June — On this day we marched 13 miles, B entered the populous city of Bordeaux, passing through on the road, the small neat village of Bouscaut. Over a most beautiful, well cultivated country, the last few miles of which, the scene is now completely changed, the road is tarmacked in a uniform street, houses, gardens, pleasure grounds, parks, woods, are every where to be seen, whenever you cast your eyes, B when nothing inferior to those in France, indeed for about two to three miles around the suburbs of the city, it is almost a paradise, with carriages, coaches, waggons, and numerous other vehicles of various construction, bowling along with their sedan chair, passing in passing with their active W bey some of the passengers & goods; But seemed as if we were again in our own metropolis of London — The different bands now struck up their martial music, which with their sound is the royal splendid accession of our approaching the city, gave it double effect to every British Soldier, with the breath & feeling of a true and undaunted Britain, set the foot, no doubt felt the honour & the glory, that a watchful was justly due to him, for his deeds in arms. Half an hour brought us to some arched gate, near the entrance of the city, here we halted for some time for further Orders how to proceed. This gate is a noble Masonry structure & has much beautiful Retracing work & Devices about it. While here finding no shade we found the sun's rays intolerable. It, however, I ought to say, scorching B burning hot, B among a stone fell, & I found this level on the hard ground, in solitude, painting, and
pursuing thirst, which though many of the humane sympathising inhabitants
for awhile quelling aid in bringing them water; wine, beef, milk could not stay.
At last an Orderly Dragoon arrived; we fell in & marched round the south-west
quadrant of the town with colours flying & bands playing. Among a wreath we had,
especially from the fair sex; from the balconies, with white hair dismissive in
hand, in token of our welcome & gratitude, for their safe deliverance, from the Perugia
march & fever. When proceeded on seven miles farther in the country towards the place
of embarkation, an extensive common, which was at least two to three miles over
at least a half; we met with a great of troops, waiting for transports arriving
from England. After some delay we got our tents pitched; there had a well
some portions to eat, our hungry limbs from this excessive hot days march of
twenty long miles, the greater part of a heavy, loose sand-grass, causing us to leap
more now in the rear, than was ever known in time of the army advancing. Water
was found the most convenient, having to fetch it from a considerable distance. Drinking
nothing in camp for awaiting & most wanting, which was sadly felt by all
the soldiers, having to fetch it from a considerable distance. Having
nothing in camp for cooking, I & two brother Officers, Seer. Jones & Davis, dined
at a small hut, on the edge of the common, where a Frenchman had established
himself for the present, to cook & cater for any of the Officers that choose
to partake of his excellent made dishes. There was great variety, including
two bottles of rich white wine, for which he charged us each, four French, above
twelve shillings for fourteen English. The dishes were extremely highly palatable
acceptable to the taste. The treat went down, equally to the enjoyment in
occasion & independence, both in body & in spirits, which was no little. I will
you, but whether in our engagements. It forgetting the hardy and the pleasing moments
of subsisting we got of either the Frog, leg, Tripe, Smell, or any other reptile, I will
not exactly say; but, I must own that I had my doubts therein. Indeed in most
parts of France, the Frog is still acknowledged to be on high vogue. If I suppose
it may be judicious, the same of some other reptiles; for there are
innumerable dark stagnant pools in this & other districts, that we have passed
through, which are the abode of the Padpole, the bull frog, or the water snake, and
innumerable other kinds, which are no doubt kept for the identical purpose of blowing,
receiving these most precious dainties, for the palate; all fashion
men, begin as the even classes, if they such a noise, coughing, burping, hissing &
swallowing, as cannot well be imagined, except by a personal hearing. But the said
“Escargot,” is likewise, if absolutely a favourite food of the people in the district
of Livernain; & it is a positive fact, I & others have frequently heard it said
that traversed when the frogs & toads sing. Besides the Beluga fish, sturgeon
10 texts, which are kept in the same manner when they are
available, the quantity, wherein they will lay several hundred thousand thousand
hundreds. We, then, gave up our hopes of
my friends, the great
that of inconveniences
a stated camp, &
we
the worst
after part
for miles off saw
many small coves
in the rock that had just
happened
anticipated
8 houses. We were given
to quaff some of the
abundance of
enormous high shells

Let us

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that travellers when ordering their dinners have been asked whether they liked "tangue la bave," or "tangue la rive cote." meaning whether they preferred "tangue la bave." Thus we find a great variation of national dishes & tastes. The that would occur with anxiety. Oranges, the other would suit with either diet. This is one out of the ten thousand of the countries schemes & edibles that man is subjected to. The tent generally held few officers, but to serious was only allotted myself. Lieut. Flood, Surgeon Rankin, & after a few preliminaries of planning the baggage so laying down our blankets, we turned in: thus again the tented field was my abode, the green sword my resting place—again my night slumber was a midst the brave. Every day—dreams, still lingering after that of conquest & of glory. This was the second time I ever slept in a tented camp. I like much, especially now, as it is such very fine warm weather. Distance 20 miles.

18th—After parade, walked down to the Gareme which was near four miles off: saw a live ship beating up the river, for Bordeaux & many small craft, boats, & barges laden with the late French Prisoners that had just got their liberty again restored to them. On this happy & anticipating sweet & welcome return to their long lost families & homes, we greeted them with a hearty welcome, feeling that I helped to guard some of them, when confined in Scotland. They seemed in glorious high spirits & well they might, poor fellows for—

Lot many thousands, who have, citizens, love & respect, & hardships in a distant shore, in prison scarce to pass their days' performance, their country home, and in my comfort torn. Now safe the deep beneath a friendly sky, with you to share the long-separated. We meet the husband, wife, & father—minders. End in the closest tie that nature binds; With offspring left in childhood's tender frame, ere they could fathom life a father's name, who now mature in youthful bloom, engage.
The river here is about a mile over, the scenery all together is beautiful, having several well wooded islands, which with the shipping of the various banks of singular construction, being carried on its bosom, give it both a picturesque and artistic effect. I could not but admire it while gazing at it, the height and breadth of its meanders, as it winds along, I am of the opinion as Sir W. Derry says, that a full R clear river is one of the most beautiful objects in nature. They have as well as I, consider it one of the wonders of the world, which is very true, it is slow in its course, gradual from the river, falls into the deep glens, R. Winters and summers, through well R picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its due or spore. In this its state of infancy, Bagnett, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are posses

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sant. — it is more beautiful than useful. When the different sorts of torrents join, R. wastewater into the plain, it becomes slow R stately on its motions, its applied to more machinery, to water meadows, R. to bear when it becomes the stately barge. — in this native state, it is deep, strong, useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force R its motion. At last, as it were, becomes lost. R. meanders with the mighty ship, towards the new bridged back to camp. R. after mustering troops on parade, returned to our respective tents, where we enjoyed our daily toasts of spirits, the usual allowance spiced out, which with the latter substantial repast, combined with a fair portion of good humanity, carved on the evenings.
wing of time, with pleasing solace; many similar days kept passing away. 

He had not been here many days, before we received the gratifying intelligence that the Duke of Wellington, would review us, and, prior to our marching for Embarkation. 

Late last night the order came that the grand review would take place this morning, by the break of day. The whole regiments in Camp, turned out, & took up a position in line, on the plain of nearly two miles in extent. The morning was uncommonly beautiful, the Sun shone bright & warm. Roll seemed to bustle away, as the different corps took up their stations, with arms glittering in the sun, 

the bugles blowing, drums beating, & the various staffs Officers galloping about to different parts of the line, giving orders; altogether formed a scene which realized to my mind all that I had ever read of parts of the world, a scene which no one could behold unmoved, or without feeling a portion of that enthusiasm which always accompanies deeds of 

saving; a scene quietly conceived & well described by Moore, in his beautiful song

O! the sight entrancing, 
When the morning's beam is glancing
Over files arrayed, 
With helms & blade, 

The plumes in the gay wind dancing; 
When hearts are all high beating; 
And the trumpets' voice repeating 
That song whose breath 
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.

At last, just before 11 o'clock, the appearance of three long hours under arms

& the vast extent of our army, under a most magnificent, burning hot sun, whose intense rays, almost threatened to set the heath on fire, or burn our brains on fire. During the long column advance, great was the number of officers & men, who were obliged to fall out in the rear, perhaps not less than five to six hundred at one time. At last, the Duke reviewed with an immense review of Staff Officers and other distinguished individuals, addressing him at first went some distance in front, then advancing closer to us, the whole line, which was nearly two miles in length, 

then presented arms, with the usual accompaniment of Drums beating & Colours flying by the different bands striking up the national song of God save the King. We then proceeded close to the front of the officers, who were in open order along the whole of
the Line, as he was passing me his horse going to some where he supposed, his knee just touching my breast, causing me at the moment to stop a few inches back, he then came down in the rear. I immediately placed himself in the most convenient situation that could be found, & the whole troops then marched past in ordinary time, each company as they came opposite, saluting him, he in return bowing to us by raising his hat from his head. After this we filed off, a short distance A formed in one solid close column & we all with one accord gave the surged three, with heads uncovered three hearty distinct good cheers of Kumins, which almost disordered Mount the air so at once, as of a thousand deep ton'd trumpets, that made the earth to quake & then a pause Such as the tempest leaves when gathering up. It might to rage the more.

It was certainly altogether, very fine, interesting grand imposing. Showing乾

Sirincifying in the extreme. Immediately after the Duke rode close by the Column & acknowledged the salute. Then returned to Vicon. We to our camp, heartily pleased, but dreadfully weary, having been under arms for near six long hours without either food or drink. Our marching over V among the wild bushes was deep, we found difficult, which not only perished but smarted most painfully that for as short time, but how the Scotch Laddys in their Kilts have legged up to the knees, I'd to bear up with it, I really cannot tell. The Duke is a fine man, I should say, rather a remarkable looking man, tall, stout, muscular, having strong marked features, with a fine aquiline nose of no small dimensions. I should think about five or forty years have rolled over his head. He rode a beautiful cream coloured horse, loaded with fine trappings, some said of immense value. There were about 15 to 20,000 men joined this day of the different divisions. General Lord Hill commanded this day, P was very conscious, he is likewise a fine tall handsome built man much liked in the army, having gained himself through his goodness & kindness, the just applause of Father; but his general title, by the men, was Lady Hill. This day's order must be one, all parties thought it proper to stop towards going their long & absent homes though all alive to the happy & speedy order for marching —

The whole of the eight division came into camp, they are very
strong 39 are a smart, clean made 34 gallant body of men, that could be wished for in every military point of view.

18. — We had now two parades daily, Brigade Drilling, the latter through the streets, highly respectable, yet somewhat tedious, having had plenty of that in the militia.

19. — This morning an officer 32 twenty men of our Regiment, went forward to the plan of Embarkation, to take care of the Tents, that the 32 had left.

49. — This morning the Duke of Wellington, Thanks, were in the general Orderly book. Bread at the head of each Regiment, thanks, those in high times, for their very great perseverance, courage, noble appearance, in the last long contested War, decisive eventful struggle, won all occasions.

50. — I trust that we was Victorians well never forget, that we shall ever find an advocate in the hero who had so often led us on to Victory.

51. — Whose kind expressions in separating himself from his old companions in arms were thus recorded: — Bordeaux, 13th June.

"Although circumstances may alter the relation in which I have stood towards you, I shall never cease to feel the warm interest in your welfare. In honour, what I shall at all times be happy to be of any service to those, whose conduct, gallantry, discipline their country is so much indebted to." — Wellington.

67. — Not leave of absence for a Day. A night to see Vixent the great Illuminating City of Bordeaux. On retiring to rest, the night was truly magnificent; the moon rising above the horizon, in a cloudless sky, gently lit up the grand features of the night landscape, while the celestial stars, here and there, kept trembling their little bright sparkling lights in the wide, dark expanse which contrasted with the golden hue of the sand. The zombie appearance of the general stealth and all, gave rise to a diversity of reflections, which heightened the numerous sentinels on their lonely walk with corresponding rays of all well.

When out the camp the midnight moonlight beams, and soldier's eyes are sad in happy dreams. The watchful sentinels his watch perform, and silence sweetly swells the echoing murmur.
This delighted me, one, two, Wilson, Balls well, with a little fatigue in mind.

19th After good night's sleep, we awake by the dawn of day 19, set off on our walk of seven miles, over a sandy road. We soon found ourselves on the road through the beautiful scenery. The sun was rising, its beams were reflected on the adjacent majestic woods. After two miles, we were guided to a small hotel, which we found to be in the main street. We then set off to the left and, after a short walk, we were guided again to a small hotel.

We then went out intending to stroll over the city, but our plans were thwarted by the ever-present crowds. We eventually ended up at a small hotel, where we were welcomed by the manager. We then set off to explore the city, which was filled with people.

From this point, we proceeded down to the Dey, from whence, nearly anything can be conceived more striking than the situation of this city. It is built in the form of a bow, of which the river is the string, 19th November, nearly three miles in length, and the present made by the ground so that this pleasing and charming view of the whole circuit can be taken in at once by the eye. Along the river, which is much broader than the Thames at London Bridge, runs a fine quay, the buildings on which are chiefly of white stone, almost all modern. The river is always full of shipping, some of the vessels being of considerable burden.

On the opposite bank, there is a range of hills, with a rich country covered with wooded slopes, vineyards, churches, and meadows, all scattered about beyond the river. This forms, I suppose, the whole of
much forecogniz'd, as I could then, it is presented even by that at Paris, along which runs the Seine, the Tuileries, &c. There except, it is true; at Bologna, any buildings to be compared individually with those that have been just mentioned, but in considering the effect as a whole, a decided preference is given to this one. The river Serène is likewise a much grander feature than the Seine presents: add to which the circular course of the river presents the whole to be seen at once, so that with the utmost distinctness, whereas the quay at Paris, running in a straight line, the objects, however grand, can only be seen in succession. The City has as many as 12 gates, & though considerable in point of size & elegance, was till lately both all built & badly paved; it has, his now changing entirely its appearance, & can justly boast of its noble public edifices. & all the new streets, which are regularly built & handsomely formed of which having rows of trees & others scattered here & there; piquing beds hanging from the adjoining houses into the streets, making it have the pleasing effect of appearance of that of the country, than that of a bustling town. The Duany are nearly four miles in length, at the entrance of which is situated the castle called the Chateau Trompel, the river running around its walls & from its present looks has most probably been very strong. Here the river tide rises 12 feet at a full tide, enabling the largest vessels to come up to it very readily & land their cargoes without much trouble. The chief of the mercantile houses is close by, & so the noble Exchange, it is a fine building of an oblong quadrangular form with a court within, over which is a glazed roof, so that those who assemble there for transacting business are sheltered from the weather. Round the court is a piazza filled with shops for merchandise of all sorts; on the style of the Palaces-royal of Paris. Over the piazza are galleries, in which two courts are held every year. We next walked into the town to visit the other public buildings, but where the revolutionary hand has not produced so many ruins for its decoration, as it has for too many other places. The churches have in general been suffered to remain without or no injury, except the despoiling them of the gold & silver vessels, many other ornaments of value which they possessed. The metropolitan church, dedicated to St. Andrews, is a fine old gothic building.
it existed before the time of Charlemagne. At the west end are two lofty spires; but the summit of one has been struck by lightning, and never since repaired. There are three other churches, that of St. Eustache is another very fine old structure, it has a profusion of gothic ornament about the great altar, as well as an altar in one of the side chapels. In this same chapel are deposited a great number of ancient relics, saved from the revolution. In the church of St. Michael, another handsome structure of gothic architecture, there is a fine carving in wood over the pulpit, of the saint to whom it is consecrated, chaining the Devil; I truly wish he had been still. The church of Notre Dame is likewise a handsome, but more modern building, much in the style of that of St. Sulpice in Paris, only upon a smaller scale. Here a profusion of votive offerings are hung up, tributes to the Virgin patroness of the place, the great saint. In prospectivity of seafaring persons; consequently a saint, who must receive much homage at Bordeaux. The cathedral which is of great antiquity & the other churches belonging to the late religious orders, the Dominicans & chartreux, are much admired also. According to the present religious establishment founded by Rastepin, Bordeaux is the see of an archbishop whose authority is of great extent. The ancient palace of the archiepiscopal, now the hotel of the prefecture, is certainly a very fine pile of buildings; the grand theatre is generally to be the finest edifice of the kind in the whole of France. The front is to the alleys of Clavary, one of the greatest promenades. None side is to the Chapeau-rouge, the widest street in the town. The building itself is however entirely dilapidated, which contributes not a little to the grandeur of its appearance. It has a handsome colonnade in front, over which is a balcony with a stone balustrade, on which are statues of Apollo & the nine muses. From this balcony there is obtained a very fine view over the town & the rich country round it. The other public buildings & objects of curiosity of which we had neither much nor time to inspect, are the city museum, library, the University, the museum founded by Rastepin, the ethnarium established by Gaetoffel, the various minor theatres; the mayor's house, the custom house, etc. The promenades are both numerous & highly enchanting; that on the quay is always a very fashionable one, even in winter, notwithstanding its exposi-
worse to the north. In the busy scene it presents from the extensive foreign commerce which the town carries on, renders it still always gay and amusing. The allies of Tonnay is a matter of these delightful walks; they consist of several rows of trees, &c being in the centre of the town. It is a very great thoroughfare, they are always full of company. Close by there is a garden of several acres, beautifully laid out, here the parties of pleasure resort to spend the leisure hours in drinking tea or coffee, eating fruits, &c. It is altogether a delightful lounging place, full of life and movement; and besides there is a rather great place of resort for those who want to get rid of time is the Champ de Mars, a sort of little Park almost at the extremity of the town near the quarter of the Chartreux. This is to the Bordeaux, what the Champs-Elysées are to the Parisians—the theatre of a variety of sports. Almost in the centre of the town, there is a fine equestrian statue in bronze of Louis xvi. erected in 1743. From the beauty of the Garonne, Bostville of the adjoining country, were probably the causes which induced the Romans to lay the foundation of this city. The ruins of a very large amphitheatre yet remains, supposed to have been constructed under the Emperor Gallienus, who reigned early in the third century. It has however, the appearance of having been an amphitheatre. It is built of a mixture of stone and brick, one row of small square slabs of stone, then three of brick, so alternately the whole height of the wall. During the excursions of the barbarous nations, Bordeaux was ravaged, burnt, B almost entirely destroyed. But Henry ii of England, uniting it to his dominions by his marriage, then made it a principal object of his policy to rebuild it and to its ancient lecturn. Edward the Black Prince also brought his royal captive John, king of France, to this city after the battle of Poitiers, where strangers to Bordeaux from every part of Europe. Here his son Richard ii was born. But in Charles vii, King of France, again recaptured, having subjugated the whole province of Guienne, order's the strong fortress of Château Trompette, now in ruins on the Daux; to be built, to defend the passage of the river, and Louis xiv. afterwards employed the celebrated Vauban to erect a new fortress in the modern style of military architecture, on the same spot. This city suffered again severely during the last revolution.
from this impoverished countrymen a similar treatment to that of Simon Bolívar. Less it was the first city, V honour to it, which declared for the Bourbons. Before the former period, it was the capital of the Bourbon's, of the whole of Guiana, but is now the capital of the department of the Girondine, the soil of which is chiefly sandy, but well cultivated, yielding abundance of wine called Vin de Bordeaux or as we call it, claret. The poet Racine was born here. But the district was the birthplace of Montesquieu. The Black Prince was one of the earliest authors of this city's prosperity. The Bordeaux are remarkably frank, cheerful in their manners, gay, fond of pleasure. The women I suppose are generally very handsome, particularly amiable. This city has always been and will continue to be as for many decided reasons a favourite residence with the English. From its commercial character, several of our countrymen are always found living in its seaport during either peace or war. This place is by no means large, but certainly is a most agreeable seaport. The seaports are more reasonable, there a single person may board a lodge in a private family for about forty pounds a year. There seems no want or lack of amusement here; the continual influx of strangers, from all parts of the world - the moving scenery of shipping, the noble Quay - the beautiful walks - the different theatres, balls, concerts. The amenity of the climate, the natural beauty of the people, all contribute to render it one of the, if not the, most delightful residence of Southern France. Though the winter here is cold, it is preferred by many even to that of Marseilles, as a permanent residence. It is likewise considered, for its magnitude, riches, beauty, as one of the finest cities in France, carrying on a most extensive commerce. It has many manufactures. The wine of the country, Vin de Bordeaux or claret, forms the principal trade, of which upwards of 400,000 pipes are annually exported. The best comes from the Pays de l'Artois, a district bordering on the Seine; when it has been about four years in bottle, it is certainly sweet delicious wine, but it is no doubt much adulterated with sugar before it reaches England consumption. The other chief articles of commerce are brandy, which they send out above 20,000 hogsheads, vinegar, plums, raisins, honey, chestnuts, walnut, pine pitch, tar, terebinth, wax, hemp, wool, silk, preserved fruits, oil, live stock of all kinds. The imports are likewise great for its shipping communicates with almost every country in Europe. The port is capable of containing many more than a thousand vessels at one time. It has a population of about 100,000. After our visit and a fair supply, we returned to the Hotel, where finding a table already spread, the company consisting of fourteen just going to partake of its treated bounty, we joined them with their permission, which was
accepted as kindly. Partake of some of the many excellent made dishes. Best forgetting of course, a very fair share of the Côte de Bordeaux, or Chablis, which helped to calm down in some mood. I thought, the many pledges we gave to each other, of the especial seaport, our toasts-appetizers that were served both from the chair. To individual members, upon this more occasion of our all been enabled to meet together, though most of us of different nations & speaking different languages through the dream toll of the Upward Stairs.

At the evening of again of the house of Baron, the rightful Dynasty. all was hilarity & good humour. We parted as friendly as if we had been of one family, so—

“Of you’re more scrupulous to unravel,
Your hazy notions ventillate, and travel.
The snow—white barriers widely is unpaired,
And you may go, with peace, a round the world.

The water was amost obliging character, was active, ever willing, & more over he spoke as many as nine languages, a very suitable & convenient person to wait at an Hotel. after dinner, been preserved in my mind that a walk through a strange town after dark, lighted up,Johnson fully as much interest as a walk in the day time, if it be best well timed & properly conducted. There is a pleasure in the sort act of exploring, which can never be so fully enjoyed as when we find our way through any unknown place hidden in the obscurity of night. But it is necessary that it should not be all forlorn. He should choose our time when the greater part of the people have shaken off the load of cares which weigh them down in the light, & when national characters walk forth freed from the bonds of daily drudgery; yet it should be long before man has extinguish'd his memory of heaven's best gift. & whilst most of the ships are lighted up, shining out like sea-monsters in the gloom around. After suggesting our last stroll, this doctrine to my friend, after dinner, till had fairly persuaded him to turn theory into practice. By a night's ramble in the town, though our Londoner, Monsieur, doubting counted when our waking another bottle, if we stayd another hour. However, forth we called, like the Knight of La Manche & his Equipe, in quest of adventure. At first we got into a narrow lane, & stumbled over some potholes, & then turning downwards towards the river, had nearly fallen into some kind of beam; but after this, we found our way up again into some of the principal streets which were all filled with a sauntering do-nothing crowd, & singing with the old merry laugh and always spinning from the neverlfit heart of a frankman as soon as he is free from labour. There is no more
sun with him unremitting or melancholy—& as much of the first, with as little
of the last, as heaven chooses to send. The city, with its bustling lively throng, with
its large lamps being suspended on a rope in the middle of the streets, casting
their shining glow of light on the now palely green foliage on the standing
trees around the fringe of the many noble stately edifices, was certainly highly
lit up & truly picturesque. Having by half past 10 o’clock, seen again most of
the principal streets & been now somewhat well tired, we strolled into the large theatre,
at the inner entrance, two Portuguese Sentinels were setting up a Drum on their Post,
& as we were pressing onwards with the rest, they accosted us with, that our swords must be
first given up before we proceeded further; at this sudden & rather awkward request, we
at first did not wish or mean to comply with, but looking around, seeing numerous
other swords under their most special Patriotic care, recalling another General Officer
giving us his word, we did not further hesitate. Rising up with a string of the shoulders &
a smile, as we pressed into the Boxes, which with the galleries, were almost crowded
to suffocation; the inside striking us with, the company was as heterogeneous
in quality as it was possible to imagine, chiefly owing to the present state of affairs. Never strings being so near on the seashore.
The actors were strong in numbers, playing a Pantomime which they seemed
to do remarkably well, surprising I think, even those of our own Theatres; during
the evening’s amusement, there were frequent ones of Ovide le Bourgeois. Ovide le English
indeed this was the first city that openly declared for the Bourgeois. Nothing
would exceed the enthusiasm of these Bourgeois. The whole population of the city
came forth to welcome the descendants of their ancient monarchs. The white
Flag was displayed from the summits of the spires; the Bourgeois emblem was
adopted by all, & the air was sent by the long forgotten cry of Ovide le Roi. The
scene was one impossible to be contemplated without emotion. It seemed as if feeling
which had long slumbered in the hearts of the people, & hopes long subdued but
never utterly extirpated, had, by one action of spontaneous impulse been
awakened into life & purpose. Hitherto the dream of a river long bent up, they had
gathered strength from the very obstacles which had opposed their demonstration.
Not length, breasting the restraints of pretexts, flowed on with a force & an exuberance
once impossible to be controlled. This was fully corroborated in our promenades
this morning by an elderly preceptor of happy & speaking gentleman, whom we
met kindly accosted & held mutual chat for a pleasing half hour. He, who was one
of the many who joyfully & zealously espoused the first cause & partly

in the train, of the following triumphant scene. The Duke of Wellington, with the mayor and other inhabitans having invited the Duke of Wellington to send part of his army this way, Marshal Beresford was authorized to move on the city, with a body of fifteen thousand men. At Lycich, the mayor of Beresford, an adherent friend of the Bourbon family, had made arrangement to receive the Duke on a manner that should exhibit the most unequivocal proof of devotion to the united monarch. Carriages were dispatched to meet Marshal Beresford at the entrance of Beresford in the morning of the 12th of March. Colonel Ducrey, in the morning of the 12th of March, Colonel Ducrey was dispatched to the city to announce that the British general wished to enter a city personally engaged in the cause in which he was engaged. The mayor returned the most solemn assurance of his friendship, confirmed his declaration, by hastening to the head of a large body of municipal officers, to hail the arrival of the approaching army. The king's own palace, with a brand of more than ten thousand inhabitants of every rank, was decorated, accompanied the chief magistrate, and the mayor of the victorious was brought up to the Marquis de la Rochejacquelein, the brother of the unfortunate Vendéan chief of that nation. Advancing to the staff of the British army, the mayor addressed Marshal Beresford:

"General," said he, "the generous nation which has given distinguished proof of its magnanimity by rescuing its oppressed allies with unshaken perseverance, presents itself this day at the gates of Beresford. If you come as conqueror you can purchase yourselves of the keys without being present with them; but if you come as the ally of our august sovereign Louis XVIII. I offer you the keys of this interesting city, where you will soon witness the proofs of affection exhibited on all sides in favour of our legitimate king. These tokens will be evidence of the sentiments of loyal gratitude towards our liberators."

Marshal Beresford, in the most imperial manner, advanced all. Lycich that he came scored the city which he was about to enter as the city of an ally, inhabited by the subjects of Louis XVIII. Heavily had he uttered these words, when the mayor exclaimed: "Long live Louis the XVIII. The cheer was instantly repeated with enthusiasm, both the military and the inhabitants while the mayor cast away his cap. Unsuspected the ancient emblem of the French nation. At this moment the white flag was displayed from the stele of Saint Michael. The white ensign was generally adopted with spontaneous sentiment of satisfaction. "Long live the Bourbons," "Honour to the English nation," "Long live the Mayor," succeeded each other.
and resounded throughout every quarter of the city. We now took farewell of this superb & interesting city, I found a comfortable dormitory in a lovely warm French bed, having been from 12 to 14 hours on our legs. Distance 20 m.

20th. This was again a lovely morning 7th by the hearth of my, I had called my from Canton. If we were soon on our way for camp, where we arrived, just in time for parade, afterwards partook of our waiting breakfast, again in our tent. I highly delighted with this little excursion of 4 miles.

21st. Great rejoicings in camp on commemoration of the splendid battle of Victoria. All were determined to celebrate it with as grand a style Reel, as the time and present situation would allow of. The adjoining woods were early bespotted for the Shamrock & Bad songs. The whole corps were seen decorated. Revelling about with these truly national symbols in their Coops, while others were in their tents, circles every, hearing some joining in some national! A popular & suitable song; all was life. Round around me the officers doubt enjoyed the vintage, keeping it up, singing—

We solvers think
That the deeper we drink
Our duty we do more duly—
No. country's sake,
Tell three measures we take
Of the express vintage daily.
Oh! that a bowl for us may smile,
Its neck as the overflowing chalice
Mahomet knew its virtue now.
Then were he could dream of recouping;
But it is likely he made the law
When he rose from bed
With an aching head,
Which he laid to his wine in the morning.

24th. This being formed a general inspection. Master is pay day into the bargain we had certainly plenty of the former; but great scarcity of the latter but, as we had no varying shades present, we had as little to trouble it—

25th. Fall to my lot. A turn to be Officers of the day, instead of Barrack, inspected the tents, their seeking in the same recency, which was pleasing. Reversal sight to see their numerous put down for making ready. Their actual Breakfast seeming to 18 prs with eager haste to snatch up their ready cooked.
28th

Such a stroll down to the Gareme, whose waters were again embraced, the bather wasrefreshing, which after we refreshed ourselves in the cool rocky
water, during the remainder of the hot scorching hours in midday; while thus
talking a way time, we in front; this beautiful & captivating landscape, and
wandering in that kind of amusing reverie of thought, we all reached summits
of our happy & mutual companion in some. On our return, several of us
met face together; the weather was fine & warm, everything was arranged in the
heather ground, & we all seated ourselves round the tents, & nothing
was heard for a time, but the sound of vigorous mastication, or the
quawling of the canton’s battle, as it quaked out its confus’d contents, which was briskly handed about the circle. Our long fasting is the pure air & exorcise had given us a keen appetite; never did a repast appear to most of us, more excellent and pleasant. We then passed, wishing you night & immediately stretched myself upon my pallet, which after our little fatigue fell like a bed of down, & sheltered by the tents, I cover from all humility, from above. I slept soundly, until the usual signal to rise, of the bugles sound & the drums beating. —

29th. Things to day, which spread like wildfire throughout the camp, that we were likely to have an early route towards Amiens shire, causing a great pleasure. Proceeding to one Hall, What more particularly to the long tried Veterans, who now almost worn out in the Dregs of stone, longs for the speedy hope of return to his native land and long lost beam friends.

Oh, the Soldier’s life, with its pleasures and pains.
What he loses in comfort, in honour he gains;
His woes for his king, and his heart for his love,
In war he’s a lion, in peace he’s a dove!

Stretched on his couch, how calmly he slept;
The Dull on his sword, seemed tears that were wont
By the Goddess of Peace, when she thought of the morrow.
If the seeds to be done, of blood and of sorrow.
With a smile on his face, he dreams of his home,
And in his dear heart, with his true love both roam.
The other a name to the name of his mother,
The name of his home, his sister, and brother.

30th. Received orders this morning to hold ourselves in readiness to march for Reauville sixty miles off; this was an exhilarating piece of news and those hearty cheers resounded from all sides present, as if from one spontaneous & stupendous voice: thus their wishes were now fulfilled. & Hope —

Divinest of the divine — Collins, in one long line of light, has painted the picture of the angel —

"Ariadne’s enchanted smile, and waved her golden hair!"
And thus fair Hope long desired, stepped in, and gave her share.

This camp of Rocheval, situated in the extensive department of the Gironde, is bounded on the north by the dictionies of the lower Garonne, east
by those of the Gironde. The Lot also, sooth by that of the Lozères. It meets by the sea; R is traversed by the lower part of this great river, which after its junction with the Dorogne, takes the name of Languedoc. The portion lying to the east of the river is fertile and well cultivated, while that on the west is in great measure barren, consisting mostly of heaths. Come is not raised equal to the domestic consumption. The great product is wines, of which it is reckoned that as much as 800,000 hogsheads are annually made. The climate is delightful beyond description, for how the high vaults of heaven is clad in eternal blue, R the sun sets with a glory which is incomparable to those more especially who have only lived in the more northerly regions; for each after such this charming weather has never varied since we halted here. The atmosphere is likewise tempered by being in the proximity of the sea, but it is more than some other parts of the interior of France, which lies in the same latitude. It contains upwards of 500,000 inhabitants, of whom 50,000 are true Protestants.

The extent of the district would be somewhat incomplete were I not to notice, the remarkable tract of country joining this department, known by the name of the Chasse of the south of France, which lies between the mouths of the Dorogne and Gironde along the sea coast; R moving to tradition, was once the bed of the sea itself, which flowed in as far as the town of Dax. These level heaths, Blandes, present a very singular appearance to the traveller, but this latter thing has already been noticed more fully on another page. It has an superficial area of 37,000 square miles, whilst its population does not exceed 280,000. It is allowed to be one of the most barren departments of the whole kingdom. R consists chiefly of heaths. The principal rivers are the Dorogne, B the Lozères, which traverse it from east to west. To the north of these rivers the soil is perfectly sterile, but on the south it is tolerably fertile & productive, producing waxes, fruit, grain. The forests here extensive, R the climate is generally warm. Similar to this in the Gironde. The cliffs are vast, precipices. For, rock, ox, cattle, wool, flax, brandy. With this description I leave this part, hoping most heartily in the general, that the weather around, in getting all ready for our leaving tomorrow.

1st July. Broke up from camp this morning by an early hour. Start off for the town of Castellaron de Meze, this stage was near twenty long miles; over a hot steep sandy road & on each side nothing was seen but an immense tract of vineyards as far asthe eye could extend, running up the hills & pikes, towering & covering their stems, rising to the utmost extremity of their branches, R climbing to the very tops, where, falling over, they form wonderful towers of most beautiful bend, which in summer months is indeed a lovely & beautiful sight. R a pleasant cooling retreat. The
cheerful presence being leisurely employed amongst them, as we passed along.
was an interesting & picturesque scene, as could well be wished for. The wine
they produce is excellent. In extremely abundant, about 8 to 6000 bottles an acre
is expected. The labour is much the same as on the slopes.

The first 4 miles was to arrive a small village on the Garonne, here we halted for
a short time to rest the togepe. Again time for the struggling Verrazano to come
up. On the opposite shore is seated in a rich, bountified country, the seaport town
of Brest, over this, with a good view on the river, Dordogne, near to the point of land
formed by the confluence of that river with the Garonne, which is called the Bee d'Antin.
Brest thought a dangerous passage. The Dordogne after runs a course of upwards of two
hundred miles, which with cutting their length, are split streams, forms here, however.
Dordogne estuary of near three miles in width, which with the numerous woods & islands,
spread on its sweeping waters. The grand features round about are truly said to parallel
Rembrandt views, both of a noble & extensive kind. We again moved forward,
though at somewhat a slower rate, as the fog that was incomparably hot, not a single replica
painted upon the picturesque views, Brest the shaded rays reflecting upon the sandy surface threads
used to extinguish us, by nothing away, at any rate it was certainly almost past bearing,
but what was now even worse, Brest the already past fatigue, into the bargain was the
water failing & leakage of my Captain bottle. The liquid I found was at an end, from the
effects of a very common sort of practice — it had been tapped too often. I should do
nothing but build the bottle, that is, put a little water into it. Thus make an appearance
of a little weak mixture of vine or wine, which I eagerly possessed of. It was in finding
this water that got besieged by one of the soldiers, he was standing on a kind of narrow over,
dripping his excursive thirst, Brest the act of dropping down, when I at the moment passed
behind him, he suddenly made a spring up to let me stop. Then in doing his descent
began in contact with the middle of my thigh, which having no scabbard smooth top on,
entirely freely the sole substance, Brest to no little depth, for it swelled widely. The blood
out of my skin soon found it level into my shoes: thus I may in one sense, be said to
have bled in France for my country, too many a brave fellow, both of friends
for, has so brilliantly done. — Castlemouse & Moore was the next place we
made & passed through, it has nothing particular. It was between this & our halting for
the night, that we again beheld those Sphinxes of the Verrazano on their huge
stilts, Brest were striding away like horses, a long the adjoining mound's hill: when on their approaching us, the men made the air to swing with many a hearty laugh
from the whole division at their quaintness from Brest appearance. This stilts run them
from three to five feet; the feet rests on a surface, adapted to its self, saved out
of the solid wood; a flat foot, shaped to the outside of the leg, and
reaching to below the bend of the knee, it is strapped round the calf. Marble. The feet are covered by a piece of raw sheep hide. In these stilted they move with the most perfect freedom, astonishing rapidity; they have their balance so completely, that they run, jump, stoop. Even dance with ease and safety. We made them various for a piece of money; put on a stone on the ground, in which they poured some with resounding quickness. They cannot stand quite still without the aid of sticks which they always carry in their hands. They guard them, against any accidental trip. When they wish to be at rest, form a third leg, that helps them strongly. The habit of using the stilts is acquired early. Yet appeared that the smaller the boy or person was, the longer it was necessary to have his stilts. By the means of these very numerous old additions to the natural leg, the feet are kept out of the water which lies deep on the sands. From the sea, sand, during the summer, in addition to which the sphere of vision is so perfect as to be materially increased by the elevation, the shepherd can thus see the sheep much further off on stilts than he could possibly obtain from the ground alone. After some distance that they had accompanied us, causing much good fun. Remington, these great stalkers, left striking away over the boundless heath, a bed of sand, at an easy, graceful step, yet it was at a most rapid, surprising rate, as they were right soon out of sight. About four o'clock we arrived at Castillon de Udox, close on the garrison here some of the companies halted. We took up their quarters, 83 the rest were distributed in 84 about the neighbourhood, which was the lot of myself and two brother officers in a very large chateau, two miles from here. This day was March was long tedious, 85 excessively hot. Few there were among the many, that did not somewhat feel it. We professed it. — Distance 20 miles.

2d July — After luncheon on parade, the orders were read that we were to halt here till further orders, suggested that the transports were not quite ready or not yet arrived. Took a long 86 delightful walk through a thick forest of wood, which opens falls to the lot. Resting of the traveller, much left to those states of ease who get up but to go to rest. We live but to die. Came out on the southern side on the banks of the garrison which lies about 4 miles over, though more than 50 miles distant from the sea. It has a most majestic appearance. On the opposite shore on a commanding situation is the ancient town of Baye, standing on a mountain rock. Reflected towards the shore, has every striking effect, more particularly when approached from the water. Its port is much frequented by foreigners, is advantageously placed for commerce.
having an excellent harbour; hence buildingnullable for the East fishery, Bathers
of the same division. The trade is chiefly in wine, brandy, etc. Here is the bank of King
Chesterfield, of Cornaro, who died at Pavia in 667. It has a Castle NT strongly fortified
there are several islands, one of which has a strong fort NI is bomb-proof & completely
commands the channel. These & others have been constructed at various times in the seven
two or three of our ships of war, lay off at anchor, at the present moment, which, with
their tremendous battering rams & well known intruments gallant Java, England,
has sought to dread for;

"Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep,
Her march is on the mountain wave here home is on the ship."

At evening parade, we mustered on the grounds of a Spanish Marquis,
who resides at the skirts of this village; we first went through the manual
of tactics exercised before his dwelling, then we filed off into a large adjoining
parade, where a variety of manoeuvres were gone through, to show the bravery
of his knights, the excellent discipline & skill of the officer in charge, at which he was
highly pleased. He returned his most hearty thanks. He is truly a pity of a
fellow. It is just a real hero! John Bull! I had emigrated 7 years have ever
since the troubles in his own country commenced. The mansion is a large
handsome square building, elevated a flight of steps up, having ventilation shutters
to the whole of the numerous windows, which gives it a pleasant appearance.
It is a cooling effect within; the other buildings are also laid out with great taste.
Utility, as are the gardens & extensive pleasure grounds, to which all the
of officers had perfect access. More particularly, Col. Hannover & Capt. Terry,
who were both quartered on him; where we may be said to have wandered
through their winding avenues with something of the delight which
a man naturally exhibits upon quitting the deck of a ship, after a long
voyage, to view at large when the vacant lawn. Towards the close of
the day, we retired to our noble charities, where we four brother officers enjoyed
ourselves much, having no one to interfere, the family & servants being all
from home, which with its extensive gardens & pleasure grounds, was
a fair retreat. As well the wood as the summer, & we retired with

July — After returning from morning parade, while dismissing
on the road, had made an end in something in earnest, one of the officers as he approached next to us, fancied from our manner, & that we were laughing at him; an altercation soon took place, words were high; I said much and appeared successfully, repeating the following lines:

Blank not the hope, which friendship has conceived,
But fill its measure high,

which had the desired happy effect of making them, once more mutual

Ramile friends; thus at once showing that good temper, & good humour
are both highly essential to the soldier, & that perhaps, more particularly
than to any other human being, whatever his rank or station, so we may justly
say,—Oh! blest with temper whose unclouded ray,
Can make the sorrow cheerful as to say!

Good humour only teaches shame to last,
Still makes new conquests and maintains its past.

The hours of time were now flying fast, which if well employed, gives that
health Breeper to the soul, which rest & retirement give to the body: it
never sits heavily on us, but when it is badly employed, we may well use it well, & it never fails to make suitable requital; therefore having
now leisure for a few hours, I anticipate a stroll of two or three miles
to behold what time has decreed or destroyed. It short hour brought us in view of this lonely Castle, with its high & massive tower, peeping through it topping the surrounding forest trees, which part of the majesty raised grandeur to the scene: indeed a ruin ought always
to be separate from other buildings, its beauties are not those which
gain by contrast. The proximity of human habitations takes from its appearance; it seems as if it leaned on them for support in its age: but when it stands by itself in silence. In solitude, then is a
majesty in its loneliness. A majesty even in its decay. It fell interest

ing lad, with large blue Norman eyes, who was just strolling about,

villaging showed us within the sector walls—which were closed by a gate,
which led to the inner walls—but a weak chateclaire for those gates which
once resisted armies, for in truth, he could scarcely push them open.
This castle must have been immense; it is surrounded by a deep, broad moat which extends round the whole pile of buildings of upwards of a quarter of a mile in length. It is strongly fortified by steep mazes of stone. Many high walls of considerable thickness. The entrance is over a drawbridge. Then through extensive court yards, but all is now ruin. It is desolation; in one place is the remains of an armory, on a moat of a chapel; we see here remains of wells. In dungeons, there are observed unfinished halls. In chambers. All is grand, all is vast; all bears the marks of the ravages of time, but now how changed.

Vain relief, save to the screaming wind,
Or holding both communion with the cloud;
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Beneath whose battlements, within these walls.
Beneath the battlements, within these walls.
Beneath the battlements, within these walls.

Each warrior chief upheld his ruined halls.

So one ought to pay by Castille de Ebro, without visiting this old abandoned castle of which was taken & held by one of our own monarchs. It is but a short walk, and the road is free from unwinding. The fields are rich, highly cultivated, & Turkey with a thousand flowers; but at some distance as if to invite the traveller, the lofty, the lofty, the lofty, the lofty.

Graven by the tooth of time away,
Alas, or is it time to decay,
Each fretted stone and crumbling tower
Falls the destroyer's own power,
Now from it mantling bases went,
Sleeps in its own dark monument.

After have been some time, I saw & Corregreg returned, by rather a circuitous way,
by the casemoe, where port of a cooling bath, in its refreshing water, it rested in the lagoon, a convey of ships, chiefly transports, sailing up the river with a group of sail,
for the port of Carcella, which is only 10 miles from here, as the crow flies. Towards evening we had a change of weather; no doubt from the past year's days of sunshine has rain fell in torrents, the adjacent elements were beg in swift commotion, and the clouds on awful armament arrayed.

Discharge their glaring lights.

But after a short hour of their useless tuition, all was again serene.
4th July—Had two regular parades a day & a strict watch kept out after the sun, to keep them from further deserting; several having already taken the advantage, while others are on the alert to escape, before embarkation takes place, & to stop & be free. We live in this cheap & fine part of the globe; indeed several of our officers openly declared that if they had the offer of being allowed to stay behind, with their half-pay, without first going home to England, they would most decidedly have settled in this southern part of France: to which I assent, what a contrast to my ideas of feelings, both on spirit and national point of feeling, for I can justly & sincerely say, —

Old England for ever!  
No power shall sever  
My heart from the land of my birth;  
Nor the land of the brave,  
Which none can enslave.  
It's the happiest land upon earth!  
It's the land of the Free, —  
To it ever shall be,  
For children no fetters shall bind;  
For Britons are slaves,  
She shall sink in the waves,  
And leave not a vestige behind.

If the African stand  
But once on his strand;  
That moment his shackles are broke,  
It captives no more,  
The leaps on her shore,  
And shakes from his shoulders the yoke.

It's the land of the Brave,  
And the patriots grow;  
And heroes, and sages of old;  
We shall then exist,  
And return it as a treat;  
More precious than jewels and gold.

It's the land of the Fair,  
And beauty is there,  
And the glories that woman bestows;
When the circle is bright,
With the heart, shining bright,
From the eye of affection that flows.

In the land of the free,
With the glorious fire
Of genius her temples are bound;
And the beams from afar,
Like a bright morning star,
To give light to the nations around.

Hail, land of my birth,
Hail, spot upon earth!

Shall I leave thee for others?—no, never!
Where'er I may roam,
Still thou art my home,

Old England, my country, for ever!

About noon the chief of the division passed through here on its way
for embarking: they are a fine body of men, & proved themselves ever active
& vigilant, & in every high degree throughout the whole of the peninsula's
area. Thus a fleet that we should soon march in our turn, which was confirmed
on the evening parade, that we were forward to-morrow; though all pleased
at the thoughts of seeing our own dear land, yet none could help regretting, leaving—

that region where the scene so bright,
The sea so pure, the wine so light.

As it is probably the last day we shall halt, & now on the eve of our final
departure from France, I think it would not be doing right, when I start to give
a short description of the manners & customs, & of its inhabitants, where it has been
my lot to please to acquaint among them, for upwards of four months; during
that period marched & passed through, above 300 miles of this country. The climate
of so extensive a country must be expected to be various. In general it is far more
clear, serene, settled, if of the extremes be so great here, the transitions from
heat to cold, from warm to fair weather, appears at any rate, life sudden
uncertain than those of our island. Towards the eastern part, it is some de-
gree hotter than the western, or if not hotter, more favourable to vegetation;
indeed no other country can possibly surpass this southern part of France for its
climate is truly enchanting. The irregularity of seasons so detrimental to
vegetation in other portions of the globe, seems here exchanged for a progres-
so uniform & imperceptible, that the tenderest plant appears to feel the change. 
V, acquire new vigour by it. Every day brings forth another flower, every month 
it's fruit. Every year a copious harvest. The slightest breezes of the spring yield 
the brighter hues of summer; V, autumn, boasts of the deep crimson and the 
orange. Compared to the bleak influence of the north, the finest grape soon comes 
to full maturity; the almond V, the peach already tempt the taste; the citron 
& the orange promise an ample recompense for the toil of the husbandman.

In the language of Lady Mary Montagu, it may be said:

V, summer reigns with one eternal smile; 
V, succour harvests keep the happy soil. 
V, their fertile fields, to whom indulgent Heaven. 
V, the ever-changing of every season given. 
V, the killing colds deform the beautiful year. 
V, the springing flowers no coming winter fear; 
V, but as the present rose decays and dies. 
V, the infant buds with brighter colours rise, 
V, and with fresh sweets, the mother's scent supplies.

France is also happy in an excellent soil, which produces corn, maize, oil, 
tobacco, V, fruits of all kinds, particularly those of grapes, figs, prunes, 
chestnuts, V, apples, V, indeed almost every luxury of life. Some of these 
fruits have a higher flavour than those of our country, but neither the 
pasturage nor tillage is comparable. A nation seems better supplied than 
France in wholesome springs V, waters; of which the inhabitants make salut 
lent use; hence the frequency of wells, which are generally worked by a wheel 
V, some rude machinery; the fields & gardens so cultivated are termed, to ever 
vice. The land is much sustained V, distributed among the peasantry V, 
by that judicious means, no doubt, much better managed, for it is for their 
immediate interest that not one acre of ground should be wasted. They till 
it with their own hands, V, thus happily without any intermediate 
agents: they draw the profits. The harvest swelling to the intense heat, 
is frequently over by the middle of July. V, is then necessary to avoid fatigue 
or over service under the meridian sun. The price of corn is regularly 
higher in these parts, being more a wine district, V, needs annually 
importation. Wheat is always cut with the sickle; the lighter corn
as oats & barley, with the wheat. The proportion of horses is far from being so great here as in England; the heat of summer being adverse to pasturage, except in particular quarters. Oxen are in most parts used for tillage. The number of horned cattle compared to horses, is as five to one. The number of sheep is large. The poultry is likewise in great abundance. The farmers are peculiar strangers to the threshing machine & the use of other machinery on their farmsteads is quite unknown. Grain as of old, is very generally treading out by oxen, sometimes on the high roads & consumed by the breath of heaven. Their ploughs are really wornout divisions of the soil, & are drawn by three or more horses & sometimes oxen. Stills are attached to the old tumpery of wheels. Similar awkwardness, of course similar delay, prevails in all their public establishments. The post in most parts travels only 40 miles in 24 hours. In the manufacture of woollen clothes they have long been noted for the durability & fineness, if not for the cheapness; indeed the four sorts are certainly extremely beautiful & of a superior texture to any thing in England; but the price is always double, sometimes triple what they sell for at home, so that we have not much to fear from their importation.

The watches are made at about one half the English price, but the workmanship is very inferior. Umbrella, tents for ladies, they are not much thought of. The secthory is very bad, not only the deal, but the temper & polish are greatly inferior to those made at Sheffield, & that piece of English scourer is, to this day, a prized present in France. The ladies also are very anxious to procure English needles & scissors. Hardware is likewise flimsy, all finished, not of bad material. All leather works, such as saddles, harness, shoes, &c. is very bad, but underlies our manufactories of the same kind by about one half. Cabinet work & furniture, is handsome, shifty, insufficient, &c. &c. Jewellery equal if not superior to ours in neatness, but not so sufficient. Hats & bonnets indifferent, except silk stockings. Musical instruments are made well, at half the English price.

In almost every thing else the manufactures of France are inferior to those of England. There is very little paper money in circulation, almost all business being transacted by gold & silver. The current coins consist of gold & double Louis, 23 francs; the Louis, 25 francs; the Napoleon or Louis, a piece of 20 francs, which is chiefly in use; & those in silver of five, two, & one franc piece. The copper coins of value the double sol, the sol, V, the half, V, quarter sol, or pieces of two, & one cent. There are also some antient pieces, made of bill metal.
denominated pieces of six dollars, of value of one son 8/0 half. It is now equal to
tenpence English, a double six, one penny, the son, one halfpenny. If the lead is one
eight or 1/6, it requires their public conveyance, that are three miles on your own
concourse, in a char de poste (first choice) with post horses, by making a bargain with
a Doctorer or a diligence, which last is by far the cheapest, & perhaps the most
convenient for the generality of travellers in ever in seasons. There are likewise
several others, the Cabriolet a kind of post chariot, which runs on four wheels, &
open in front. It is so constructed as to shelter the traveller completely from bad
weather. It is generally drawn by two or three horses, called a breed. The Limousins
has four wheels & three horses. In the Berlinew & Doctorers have the same, with the
exception of one more horse, been of a heavier construction, the latter goes at a very
slow pace, not passing over more country than about thirty to forty miles. But
of all these, the most general conveyance is by the heavy old postchaise
which, styled the Dilegence, it carries from six to twelve or more persons
inside. Those in the front box, turned the cabriolet of the vehicle. The
expense of travelling in them, is about one third less than in our country.
The great public roads, are wide and commodious in good order, but nothing can
be more watched, at least in those we experienced, than the roads made. All for
Toll bars, I believe there is not one in the whole kingdom. The Roman
Catholic religion is now again declared the state religion, 80 Protestant
Others are but only tolerated. The only species of capital punishment
is decapitation, by the guillotine, with the exception of the case of pernicious
and high treason, when the right hand is first cut off. The expense of living
here, if we make the estimate not on a few particular articles, but on
all that is necessary to the maintenance & education of a family, it may
be said, that one hundred pounds will go as far, but not further in France,
than one hundred and fifty pounds in England. And an income of five hundred
pounds a year will introduce a family much more into society than one of
seven or eight in England. The practice of these southern neighbours being to
meet, not to dinner, but in evening parties, 80 to lay but little stress on the
on the aspect of the mansion or furniture of the friends whom they visit, their
grand object is to meet with lively companions, 80 to pass their time agreeably, 80 the
intimacy is kept up with very little regard to the amount of the property of the
new comers, or to their style of living. And general temperate mode of life
their geographical position 80 Agricultural florissants added to it, except
them from that variety and severity of disease to which our countrymen are so exposed from the natural variations of our changeable climate, which fact is exemplified not alone in the happy constitution of the people, but in the lessened age of a great majority of those that die. Animal food is here very high, owing to the consumption being very limited, but more particularly in the southern part, not one-sixth of the butcher's meat is consumed by each man or woman which would be required in other countries. Bread, wine, fruit, and garlic, onions, &c., with occasionally a small portion of animal food, form the diet of the lower classes. Among the higher ranks, the method of cooking makes a little meat go a great way. The immense points of beef, mutton to which we are accustomed, have been the wonder of these people; but latterly they have begun to introduce, among what they humbly term plate or resistance their savoury good dishes. The charges at the times, is generally one frame for breakfast, three frames for dinner, & the same for supper, including half a bottle of wine, a bottle or common wine; this is the usual price of tables &c, &c., of houses keeping between France & England, is about one-third in favour of the former. The rent of an uninhabited house of nine to ten rooms, with a garden, is to be obtained from 80 to 140 L sterling a year. The general appearance of this country & its inhabitants is certainly not the most prepossessing to our countrymen. The streets are narrow, & the houses unpretending, squalid in order. Remnants, are but rarely seen; the greater portion of the French people have but a faint idea of our British comfort. This is very apparent in their houses, when the rooms are dark, the passages windowless, the floors of stone, while the doors & windows are dormer shut tight. They without being deficient in industry, their efforts which to us appears simple, go quite beyond the powers of a people who seldom think twice on a subject. They have very little idea of the division of labour, or of the laying out of money for a new enterprise, at least even in large provincial towns. The same is true of our own; or, if they are personally very much of a complicated business, it is sometimes instance as occurs of 20 or 30 persons at the same time in one team, labouring individually generally without an assistant workman, & almost always without a partner. The consequence is a general backwardness when compared to other countries. As to their character, the English have far from a correct impression of the true national character of the French; for they are not so restless in a political
the point of view as it imagined of them, & they receive foreignness with open arms. &
populars of manners most peculiar. Referring to their nation, & the only
points in which we judge them is in regard to their eccentricity, their vanity, &
their sensibility. They certainly have a greater or rather pleasanter sensibility than
perhaps any other nation; it is quite conditional, by which they can accommodate
themselves more readily to circumstances, & though it should seem more trivial
& less respectable quality or property, it makes amends for its awkwardness. The
Frenchman is never without resources, but then his resources are always of a
light & brilliant character; RT have known a french peasant spent every know
how, for many months, in manufacturing a Lance of Battle Ship, out of
the splinter of a bone, which he had found in his soup, into accurate
& beautiful machineries, which an Englishman or any other nation,
would hardly have patience or power to make a Tooth-pick of, while
others were teaching the Dog to become almost human, by making him
go to the hospital, leaping with due countenance; leaping for Bonaparte,
not for King George; & run in disguise, with one leg up against a wall, &
numerous other like feats, which I have actually seen, both in the English
French Prisons & in their own country; but when I come to mind nothing
that can be said of their power to employ or maintain would seem to be ex-
travagant. & besides, there is something more of the bean ideal or rustic
cottage life in France than in England. One meets with more of their
bright & striking points of original character among the peasantry of
France in one day, than one would find in England in a month. Still
over the wide cultivation has put mature a bit of fashion, & none is all
the smoother, but none the brighter for it; but, however it sometimes
happens, that in our considerations we find little bits of pure unadulterated
nature that are worth any price, & when I meet with such, I ask memory to
to store them up. The French are indeed a lively, polite, with amiable. & have people, but
are accused as stated above of being vain, glosos, unconstant, & volatile; & in
addition to the various other complaints & misrepresentations, they are also taxed
with insecurity in their affaires of minor services, but their wish to oblige
strangers whom they consider as visitors, is really unfeigned; often have
we experienced those unqualified acts of kindness in the course of our sojourn amongst them. They can never be sufficiently praised for their indiscriminate, this total disinterested, spontaneous benevolence, to which they seemed to be pledged at all times, with fair abundance. To those who have resided amongst these people, I experienced the kind attentions of its agreeable and kind inhabitants. When we return to their own shores, we shall reach in this absence of every thing French. I recommend the following sentiment of an elegant writer: I do not like people to talk ill of a country where they have visited or where they have been well treated. I had rather that they left themselves deceived by appearances, than to moralise at the expense of their host. In alluding to this character of manners, I must first advert to that sex which every where bears the preponderating sway. The characteristic feature of their beauty is expression. Many a beautiful French girl, have I seen, with a look which cannot be described, otherwise than by saying it conveyed, with a marked intention, the quintessence of feminine expression. Besides the case of her manners, a French woman has commonly a look of cheeryness, neatness, reserve. The women in the middle ranks of life, are active, industrious wives, tender mothers. The manners of those in polish society are playful, sprightly, interesting, for gaiety, accomplishments, grace. Even modesty, French women are inferior to none. There is perhaps no country in the world (observes Lady Morgan, in her "France") where the social position of woman is so delectable as in France. The darling shield of society, induces her not spoiled, preserving over its features, preserving its refinements, taking nothing from its strength, adding much to its brilliancy, permitted the full exercise of all her faculties, retaining the full endowment of all her grace. She pursues the golden round of her married existence, limited only in her course by her fulfillers of her taste, by her want of power, absence of inclination to "overstep the modesty of nature" or to infringe upon the privileges exclusively the attributes of the stronger sex. The conversation of a Frenchman, who possesses wit, information, is certainly superior to that of a clever man of most other countries, not excelling that of our own. It has a variety of playfulness which delights; it forms; even their common chat, that is superior of a superior order, as far as amusement goes. However shallowly they may think upon a subject, they never fail to express it.
themselves well. This is the case with both sexes. And this observation not only applies
to the higher classes, but extends even to the whole body of the people. The lower
classes also behave to each other with a surprising degree of civility; & are
polished far beyond the corresponding orders of our people; & the effect of their
behavior is extremely pleasing. One is much surprised by the propriety of their
mode of speaking; the ceremonious of courtesy; & the idiomatic phrases of politeness,
proceeding from men & women, & from each other, either among an Englishman.
The lower persons touch their hats to each other in the streets. The politeness of
good manners, indeed, may be traced, though in different proportions, through
very rank. Brutal battles, quarrels, shaving shaving fellows, on streets
seldom met with. The unhappy female who roams the streets at night, are
neither obstreperous, nor noisome. At the Theatres, the tranquility of
the audience is seldom interrupted; the people go for the purpose of being pleased
with the good-humored disposition to be satisfied. These places of amusement
are, doubtless, much indebted for their tranquility to the national
subtlety of these people in general. The passion for dancing is universal,
not a village but has its social ball, particularly on a Sunday evening;
then may be witnessed scenes which portray, in lively colours, the
incoherent gaiety of good-natured moral of these people. Possibly calls to our
recollect, the well-known descriptions of Goldsmith. Indeed in passing
through any of the southern districts far from the bustle, of a town, the painter
might soon sketch his portfolio full with groups of the most rustic scenes
among the poorest, not the least striking, to the gaiety of all ages. Such
enjoying the evening dance, their favourite rustic recreation, on the open air,
before their doors, all is then harmony & joy; nature thrives with full room to act,
& she always does it beautifully. The insipid honesty of the lower world
living classes in restoring any lost property to its owners, is worthy of a word
particular remark. The postillions, coachmen, servants, &c. &c. may be generally trust
ed with confidence. Many a traveller will bear me out, with ample testimony
to this. The tradesman also, though they mostly ask more than they mean to take
for their goods, will cheerfully & eagerly do what restore to you any thing that you
that you might leave in his shop, by accident. As this, if not claimed, for
a considerable length of time. I shall conclude my account of their manners, customs, & shall now relate a few things of some particulars in which they are considered to excel the English; which may be useful to my countrymen, that may pay a visit to this country, if they do not forget the old saying of "vis est et de hoste socio;" it is right even to be taught by someone first the drinking of healths, their temperance in general; a drunkenness is seldom seen. Neighbours in this linen of every description. Their great property of manners. General politeness, including all ranks, but most remarkable in that of the lower order. The good treatment, excellent condition of their unmutilated horses of every sort. The activity of consequent good health of the women. The superior condition of the labouring class. as a set off against some political grievances, there are but very few beggars. At least we saw very few of them in this part of France. It is I have mentioned their good qualities. I think I should not omit their bad ones. There are also some curious stories in the habits of customs of these people in common life, which the English folks would hardly tolerate. For instance, their. doctors, wagon drivers, their carriages in general; with all their unmutilated hands, their magnificent saddles, bridles, boots. . The Cabirottes, in some places, the other woman of them. The streets with flag carriage, the style of their fabulous tours. particularly the south, for want of a cleanly pelisse. The cabots, or wooden shoes. The carriage at meeting a partner—both a little overcome. The perfect abruptness with which domestics, male or female, enter your chamber on all occasions. Their long meals, their use of made dishes. Carde Mlle. All day long, no doubt for want of better employment. Their immense increasing number of priests. In every part that we have passed through, the women employ themselves in offices which are deemed as unsuitable to the sex. Here there is no sexual distinction of employment; the women undertake any task they are able to perform, with much notion of fitness. Though they attend to the domestic concerns, yet they are seen much more frequently than the men, in shops, warehouses, take a part in almost every hand of business. You very rarely see one of them, without some work or other in her hands, such as knitting, weaving, or picking hemp, which is the women's sal practise. They work hard at husbandry. Everything is likewise done here in public. What without assistance or secrecy? If they work, set 18 to the stock; 18 show besides little inclination to conceal even their private affairs.
from the hearing & paying eye of curiosity, any active person wishing to live or jour-
neying through France, a previous knowledge of the language, to some extent, at least is absolutely necessary, which most of us, for want of found ourselves unpleasantly 
slowly at a loss, both in conversation when asking for tumbler & for the numerous 
little articles that we were daily in want of. for the french actor knew anything 
of the English, though very queer in comprehending a broken phrase. & what is truly seen in an Englishman, a highly pleasing look in these character, are not 
despised to ridicule a foreigner. In thus ending a description of these french people 
I must confess, that I know not well which is the cause, & which the effect—whether a french 
peasant, his amusements render him a better tempered animal than an Englishman 
of the same class or whether it is a disposition naturally goutier that leads 
him to those amusements. Certain it is, that his amusements are generally 
milder in their kind, more good humoured in their execution than an 
Englishman's; & I cannot help thinking that, if our country Magistrates 
would but encourage these the never—forgotten rural sports of our ancestors, 
many good feelings which have been lost would come back with these innocent 
pastimes. The object of all mankind is happiness, & the object, of all good law 
givers is to secure the greatest possible portion of it to those they govern. 
As such, every thing that renders the people goutier amongst themselves render 
them happier. & there is no greater bond of union amongst a whole 
nation than general attachment to ancient customs. In some every thing 
is done for the people's amusement, the government aid it, the magistrate 
encourage it, & the rich look on with pleasure, while the poor enjoy themselves. 
This unitas all classes of society by the strongest ties, while an Englishman 
sits drinking before a public house abusing the laws he neither knows nor 
understands; a frenchman chats & dances away his hours, contented with 
himself. But the world. The consolation was the only thing that seemed to have 
effected them. They may be savage in their resentments, but it needs real 
regency to excite them; & in all their amusements they are mild, cheerful, 
endlessly. Opinions differ greatly as regards nations, manners, & customs. W. God-
smith has portrayed his ideas in the following lines—

Thus idle busy rolls their world away. 

There are those arts that move to more effects,
For honour forms the social temper here.

Or, in imaginary worth esteem,
For just reward, paid from hand to hand.

It shifts in splendid traffic round the land,

From courts to camps, to cottage and store.

And all are taught an art of praise;

When please, or pleased, they go to get esteem.

But, seeming best, they grow to what they seem.

But while the softer art their bliss supplies,

It gives their follies also room to rise;

For house the dearer lot of weary sought,

Ennobles all internal strength of thought.

And the weak soul, within itself unblest.

Lean for all pleasure on another's breast.

Vain gratification here, with tending art.

Pains for the suitors' praise which feels impart.

Here vanity supposes her first appearance,

And living in robes of azure with copper lace.

Here beggar pride dispels his daily care.

To boast one splendid banquet once a year.

The mind still hears where shifting fashion drews.

Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

But whether this be just or true, I will not pretend myself to decide upon, for

We all prefer our native soil, ways, customs, &c. whether they be good or even modest.

The shielded breast of the hoarded vice

Boldly proclaims that happiness shut his own

Taught the brevity of his loving sea,

And his long nights of sorrow and care.

The naked tears, pouting at the line.

Boasts of his golden sands and Palmer wine,

Breaks in the glass, or stings the third wave.

And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

The war being now brought to a happy close, no doubt it will induce many

Of our countrymen to visit the continent. The daily intercourse that will take

Place between the two nations, will contribute materially to correct many

Of these foolish prejudices embibed in our early youth against our next-door

Neighbors, as we may justly term them on this, their opposite coast. Flows of

This kind also, it is to be hoped, will lead to a better understanding between

The two nations, for their present affectionately calculated by the

Interpretation of the Greeks, &c. like him who

La puple in a feigned expression of the feeling, makes the Philistines, the

Villains ones — not too overcome on himself, — he ever

In more than when he left the streets.

When the weather

The moon

Shall once up.

The superior state of this and the other

Is still in the mind, near and

Main for some

Of my use nothing,

Now more efforts to secure

When I succeed

Of the country.

Is the gentle tap

The suns, &c. the

Dye of the

Gin and

Whirl.
between the two nations most formed to love. Restora, each other; best adapted from their proximity to entertain close & profitable relations of commerce, calculated by their union to secure the lasting peace, & away, uncontrolled, the sequestration of the civilized world. But hitherto, unhappily, the natural passion of the people, & the ambition of their renowned great leaders, have made

Enemies of nations who had else.

She hindered, now her mingled into one.

Le peuple ne's intérêt justifie pas; the people do not hate each other, it's a common expression in France. Let the Englishman, who doubts the existence of this feeling, come among the French people, & if does but, with him a reasonable determination to overlook disagreeable trifles, to be pleased with the pleasant ones; a desire to think well, or not to think ill, of others; — is not too overweening a love of himself, & those habits which become a part of himself, — he will return to England wiser, & better, & happier man than when he left it; so I emphatically exclaim—

Away the slight of strangers, if we can,

Where's his birth, let men be judged as men.

24 July — The morning beautifully fine, & off we marched to P. Lauver, 12 miles distant. X took up the quarters of the 91st Regiment. On the line of march a number of us junior officers of wilful & frolicsome cast, had some good fun, by a general attack at each other with pieces of clay which rebounding B striking on our sword points were delivered with no small force, sound, & effect: for wherever they hit the receiver paid dear for its weight & velocity. This attack was going on in the rear nearly for some short time, when all of a sudden, it was abruptly broken short by my steel sitting off, at his top speed, which he kept in spite of my best & most diligent efforts to restrain till he had made one & some distance in front of the leading column, when I succeeded in pulling him up, of his seemingly mad career. 

Suddenly, which was occasioned by lieutenant, Beach, a real useful & meritorious brother officer of the Carmel Island, putting a thorn twice under his tail; this was certainly a glib & quick trip of a ride. If the laugh was deadly against me, but him was what out of order, the Colonel could not put it directly over without giving him a gentle tap on the knuckles, though his after smile bespoke his inward feelings. Towards the middle of the day, the 15th Regiment embarked, as
as did several other corps. The river here is very broad, between six & seven miles.

1st July — On our early quartering the men, we found out that two men had slipped off, not with standing the very strict watch that had been constantly kept up; this makes our loss to the present period, of one sergeant, one corporal, 98 enlisted men, all the other regiments, lost deserters in proportion, of whom a few were again taken flogged, I believe, here & there, shot as examples: & from which we may easily picture to ourselves, the following ideas & feelings that is truly depicted in the adjoining pathetic lines, which it is for our degraded soldiers, —

war on the battlefields of the host,
the war-worn soldier held his post,
the victim of protracted war,
its toils rewarded but with scars;

When memory’s dreams of home arose,
year as the visions of whose
and lodgings wild and wishes vain
To view his native land again.

The phrenzy wrought upon his brain.
A soldier’s honour was forgot,
And death is the deserter’s lot. —

Bought in the act of crime, he stands
With sullen brow and fellered hands,
To hear the law’s awarded doom;
The soldier’s death a foreign tomb.

The sun now lingering o’er the land,
Smiles on his life’s fast ebbing sand,
And as it sinks beyond the wave,
Shall yield his cold unconscious grave. —

On earth and why he wildly cast
One glance, his saddest and his last;
Oh, many a tear and piteous scene
Rose as he looked that long e’en.

To thebright scene that bounds him slow—
The blissful light of this fair day,
The choral anthem of the bowers,
The bloom of incense-breathing flowers,
And forms that gleamed on fancy’s eye,
Beloved here and the evening sky.

This weeping wife and child were there,
Still beautiful amidst despair.

Then blenched, unthought, his manly cheek,
Moved the pall lips that could not speak,
Fies on that heart-appealing thought,
That dream with more than manner fraught,
Were passed with one brief moment by
A whole life’s heart-ed agony.

The lot in silence brook, reveal
The hands that must his sentence seal;
The closing eyes were dimmed with tears,
Lips shook, that never shook with fear;
Till they who often side by side
Had sworn with him the battle’s side
And shared his couch, must now fulfill
The dark Thomas, the souther’s will.

Around his eyes the kerchief paling,
The grave received its living guest;
There while in act of prayer he knelt;
From trembling hands the death-shot sealed,
And sent one calm he soul to rest,
Its the babe upon its mother’s breast.

We had now moved forward some few miles, on to Paullix, for Embarkation;
When all of a sudden I was brought to a stand, but left my watch under the pillow what was to be done, I hesitated but for a moment. Off I set both full speed, without more, only fearing that I should be missed & that my bed would be moved from off the floor where my boy last night. What it would not be named to be broken, but all I was happily mistaken; having taken position B. Being the good field a mother forever, I made all haste back everywhere, meeting the corps about half-way on an elevated position; from here the sight was grand & exhilarating, for the town of Paullix, the noble B. Thomas glittering, and with its country’s forest like much of numerous shipping floating on its bosom. The different military divisions moving in various directions, were distinctly visible; & the eye rested
on these distant objects with delight, as the vast multitude moved to 90 for, for embarkation, with their arms glittering in the sunbeams, with joy. Next came, while the far-off sound of the Band of music 9 and drums, led the brave 9 gave double effect. Reflected to the whole. In an hour 9 a half, we passed into B dicllas, which is situated close on the banks of the Gironde, containing about 1,800 inhabitants, but has neither appearance or site to recommend it, the houses been built of common stone. In the country around a dead flat 9 but few trees or hedges. They did not keep us long waiting for the boats were all ready to receive the different troops, as soon as they were on the beach. And what with the numerous ships boats, pulled by their many yellow men, paling backwards 9 forwards, with rapid dispatch, freighted with the Forces of a hundred battle 9 the many shipping 9 fire boat running on the northern shore. It certainly was altogether a truly lovely, animating 9 picturesque scene, as could be imagined 9 as soon as we left off treating the sea, we might fairly exclaim:

Dine! eye pleasures of the splendid scene.
Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene.

Our regiment went on board a horse Transport 9 from thence they were to be put on board the Clarence man of war of 46 guns, which is now lying at the mouth of the river 9 the navigation been dangerous for the larger vessels to venture higher. As with two other officers 9 the third company, left the land 9 were sent on board the Barfao Transport 9 to proceed in her to Cork: she has about forty horses on board. Other baggage 9 three more officers of different corps are to join us, as we have much more room in proportion so when the whole we shall form a nice 9 pleasant corps 9 be better off than them, as we have much more room in proportion there been in the Clarence, with our regiment. One Battalion of the 60th Rifle Corps. The whole of the embarkation this day was got through without any serious accident. Some of our own company, we had the misfortune to lose a poor fellow overboard just as he was on the eve of stepping from the boat to ascend the ships side. What was still more painful, he had a wife 9 child, he struggled hard. Though the most immediate 9 active motions were made to save him, he sank to rise no more.

Tell him to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And let the Protestant wife and child he once
The quelling streams roll back the unfinished sound.
He gazed and wept, and the waves profound.

This was a sad disaster 9 occurred as usual, by the two perpendicularly such
of all parties to the side of the boat, which, hauling to its own breadth, he slipped, missed his grasp. N was lost. The night we lay at anchor just below a large island, N had very comfortable quarters on board. Distance to day 16 miles, making in all, passed through France of about 600 miles. 7th July — Weigh’d N at daybreak for Horden or Ponsan. But were obliged to come to an anchor about half way down, for want of both wind & tide; passed by several long & dangerous sands, & the towns of Mortagne & Saint-Martin, the latter has a small harbour, N lay nearly opposite Gasparre on the northern shore, during the remainder of the night. It was about 11 o’clock when we turned in, & the moon shone in the heavens with peculiar lustre & beauty, revolving in splendour the brilliant orb, which, as she receiv’d her light, so that I was enabled to distinguish clearly every object, for some distance around it, was like open day, N every thing seemed in deep repose & tranquility, & there was nothing can be finer or equal the clear hours of night, when the moon walking in beauty in the heavens, awakens all the milder affections of our native, N invites to gladness & content. As soon as this splendid luminary appears above the horizon, every nerve of mind must be on the alert with reflection, as it produces a pleasing & romantic effect, to absorb the silvery light of that bright orb, blended with the softer darkness beneath as well as the luminous reflection of the majestic trees, casting along the ground their gliding shadow. At short half hour, I was fast asleep. 8th July — Up anchor at an early hour, passing under easy sail with the descending tide, the small town of Tournay, pleasantly situated on the north bank of the river, on the opposite one, N after a pleasant run of four to five hours, again came to anchor, amidst upwards of twenty sail of transports, waiting for Conway, N four of our first rate men of war, with their lower tiers of guns out, which was done for the purpose of accommodating N taking more troops: they looked noble grand, N seemed to speak as if they defied not only the Enemy, but even the watery element. From here we had a commanding view of “that inexhaustible source of wonder & contemplation — the ever varying ocean,” which produces a degree of gratification rarely to be surpassed. Whether it be when the morning sun sparkles on the gently
agitated water, or when the mellow radiance of the moon clothes the scene in its silver glow, the gay, the thoughtful, the care-worn, the serious, may each be immersed with a good moral defilement, while they watch the waves chase one another down, like the quarrels of men in regular succession, till, after a momentary space, they are lost in oblivion. On a fine evening when all around is serenity, nothing is heard save "the gentle rippling on the pebbly shore," the lines of the amiable Cowper apply with peculiar aptness:

"No noise is here, nor none that hinders thought. Stillness, accompanied with sounds like these, Charms more than silence. Meditation here May think down hours to moments. Hence the heart May give a useful lesson to the head, And learning wise grow without his books."

This is a fine roadstead, both as regards anchorage & safety, there being a point of land, that stretches into the opposite bay, & forms at once a complete barrier against winds & waves. The town of Royan, seems at a distance of two miles to be of a considerable size & its appearance & situation, good & commanding, being placed on a declivity of lofty range of hills, nearly at the mouth of this river on its northern bank, having a small harbour, noted for its Bilharz fisheries.

The river Gironde, whose branches run into each other, is one of the longest rivers of France. It takes its rise among the Pyrenees, on the borders of Catalonia, & traverses part of Languedoc & Gascogne, running in its course, which is about 200 miles, the Gironde, the Town, the Raie, the Lot, the Bordogne, which is nearly of equal magnitude with itself, & many minor streams. It becomes navigable at Meurat, & receives the Bordogne at Bourg-vaux-Var, where it takes the name of Gironde. After giving the City of Bordeaux, it falls into the sea, 47 miles below, by two mouths at a short distance from where we now lay. The tides rise to Bracassez, 9 miles below Bordeaux. Our regiment was put on board the Clareme to-day, as were about 200 of the Rifle Corps, they will muster strong. No doubt from then on 50 officers they will be much wanted. Our Captain ordered by Signal to proceed immediately on board one of His Majesty's Cutters, where he received his sailing Orders; on his return, he mentioned that we were to sail with the Convoy some time to-morrow, so I or the wide rolling waves to the northward we'll steer.
And quickly arrive at the land of good cheer.
What feelings of pleasure, what joys shall expand,
When once more we’re wearing, fair albion, thy strand;
Delighted our bosoms with transport shall swell,
And fondly each tongue of its hapiness tell.

In the midst of our foes British hearts were our own,
Still seeking for glory,
Famous in story.

We’re gain’d for A England new ways of renown.
The officers of the other corps did not come on board of us, so we shall be a sore party consisting of Captain Cosigl & his lazy, Lieutenant Flood & myself: after a lively chat & some little new arrangements as regards the ship, we slept into our beds intending to be up early. Well nothing pays worthy of note.

9th July.—The Clarence about 11 o’clock fired her signal gun preparatory to sailing W instantly sep. went & signs a companion for that metier. Flag—

Whose for a thousand years has braved
The battle and the breeze.

She soon after main sail, as she intends running her own convoy, she was some time before she beat out, owing to the lightness of the breeze, & as she passed us with her ten thousand spreading yards of canvas, she did indeed look beautiful, full, grand, majestic. About noon our commodore fired his gun, for our convoy to wish us make ready for sailing; half an hour elapsed when the whole effect of those reports, he leading the way, we beating out under a slight breeze: at 3 o’clock,

we bore on the blue deep outside of the land, on the south side; passing within a short distance, the Cordovan tower, & the tower de Cordovan; this light house stands about four miles off the land in the sea, on a most dangerous reef of rocks, which stretches for nearly ten miles in length & half in breadth. Not a beautiful face but the greater part of them are visible at low water. The building is a beautiful pile, & is built of fine stones of an immense size; the lowest part for twenty yards is again, & then becomes round & tapers away to the top. Like a windmill.

It was erected by Louis XIV. on account of the many banks & sounds which exist near the entrance of this river; it lies nearly 20 miles S. W. of La Rochelle.

By 6 o’clock we were clear of the high land. W Cape on the north, B had a pull into the wide Cape de Maurignac, which divides the land Wther of La Trombell from that of the Island of Oleron, B afterwards runs by the town of Inguer...
famous for its salt works, which are the finest in the kingdom; thence lead to a few miles to the greatest naval station, Brest, in France, that of Rochefort, whose harbour is capable, from its depth, of admitting vessels of the greatest size. It is so secure that no storms from what ever quarter it may blow, can affect them. Besides it is strongly defended by five forts. Its sea is so calm in the evening. We had a grand prospect of the high, lofty, fertile islands also mentioned of St. Oliven; it runs twenty miles in length, north and south, six in breadth; it is very productive for its dimensions, containing upwards of twenty thousand inhabitants. A view which we caught a slight glimpse of, is situated on its centre. It is the capital. 10 o'clock the Cle-rame is just now clearing out of sight, as is the land of fair France; so now a last farewell, dear,—

Ye vine-clad plains of happy France,
Luculent, mild, and sweet,
The land of men, of song, and dance,
Of health, the blissful retreat:
Your brightest eyes, your sparkling veins,
Are dear to those who view,
But blest of is the light that shines
On thee, my English home!

By 11 o'clock we had somewhat a brisker breeze; went on deck I saw the light from the tower of Chapteor. Which is on the north point of last named island. It has two lights to distinguish it from that of Cordovan. After a somewhat pleasant thought or two, of what I had seen & gone through, these few short months, I returned to my cabin, with this reflection: though I had been deprived from circumstances of sharing in the battle-field's fight; I had served my country, and done my duty, faithfully and cheerfully. —

10 July—Brought us a dead calm. Which was still more trying & unpleasant that of squallishness. Sailing, which most of us, were soon troubled with, in spite of our breasting it, certainly is a dreadful thing to be pestered with, for it is not what the strong & the weak, as it does even those who have made many voyages before. Not then been so; which was the worse with myself, in the last trip from Plymouth to St. Sebastian. I give it as my opinion that it is chiefly owing to what state the stomach is in, when
proceeding on a long voyage, it ought to be careful. Bismarck’s in what they eat.

July — Little or no wind; the land again just in sight, as was the mast of
the Clavering. This being Sunday, Captain Bagill & his Lady wished to have our
Church service gone through. ‘Tis was an many respects very pleasing. The quarter
deck was made convenient for the purpose. ‘Tis the whole of the soldiers of the ship’s com-
pany, except the few who were necessary engaged, forward. We left in taking the said
the bell toll’d for a short few minutes, to give notice of service. The morning
was bright & calm; ‘twas the shrill note of the bell sounded afar, amidst the
measured roll of the waves, as they beat against the vessel’s sides. It was one
of those combinations which find their way to the heart. ‘Tis stir up the innermost
feelings. Poetry is a sort of wayward strain which sometimes runs off with me.

Bounding along the obedient surges,
Covered in her onward way,
They course the gallant vessel’s surges
Tossed by the shrouded pulpit. Rising!
In the sun the bright waves glitter,
Rising clear with measured swell.

Hark! what sounds unpropitiated — listen.
Listen! to the Sabbath bell.

Trumped the tempest’s wild commotion,
Winds and waves have ceased their war
O’er the waste and sullen sea,
That shrill sound is heard afar.
And comes it as a note of gladness,
To the tired spirit, wanderer, tell?
Or rather, doth the heart’s deep sadness,
Wake at that simple Sabbath bell?

It speaks of ties which duties owe,
Of hearts so fondly knit to thee;
And hands, kind looks, which, wanderer, never
Shall hand shall grasp; these eye shall see.
It speaks of home, and all its pleasures,
Of scenes where memory loves to dwell.
And he, the heart, the heart, the heart’s best treasures
Shall, far away, that Sabbath bell.

Shed again, thy wounded spirit
Shall soar from earth, and seek above
That kingdom which the best inherit.
The monos of eternal love,
Earth and its lowly cares forsoaking.
(Purified too largely, loved too well)
Be faith and hope, the soul nourishing.
Then bear the will joy, the Sabbath bell.

A breeze sprung up towards the evening which just allowed us, steering our course, the Clarence then soon elipt out of sight. Having we wanted no further protection as we were guarded by one ship of war. Two small Cutters, the whole of our Convoy, consisting of these 30 thirty sail, which had an imposing effect, many of which had already shown their delects in their sailing.

12 July — The wind continuing in the same quarter, during the night, enabled us to make considerable way out to sea. About noon tacked and stood for the land, till near midnight, when we again altered our direction to the northward.

13th July — The whole of this day was passed in tiresome motion in rolling too far, through a somewhat agitated sea, without even a breeze of wind or one in hope, for.

We gat 2 till gaining Cherished pain,
For leagues across the dark blue main,
And noted many a distant sail,
That caught in rain the friendly gale.

The Company were passed regularly twice a day with 8 without their stumps; Lieutenant Flood & myself took it in turns, to inspect their Dinner Stoves, but caused guard mounting, as there was no occasion for one. He had everything very comfortable in the Cabin. What is a great pain aboard of ship, on a long voyage, that

14th July — In rising this morning, found that we had gained but little during the last ten hours. Not prevent hardly going two knots an hour. Most of us now recurred from our sea-sickness. Began regret our time asоварies, as we could often have a game at cards, drinking & enjoying our precious Ven. de Medoc. Grant & in walking deck till a late hour. Indeed we had much good cheer, and great good fun.

In many chores well combined,
With laughter drowned the whistling wind.
North was neither; and rare, without.
Right gave his nails to hear our shout.
Such nights we’ve had; and, though the game.
15th July — It slightly blowing wind. Not unfortunately, not from the right quarter, but in conjunction one of our daily amusements, the most revered & active enterprize, which seemed to vie with each other, who could show the most varied & active enmity. The most determined fighting in hitting their hard heads against each other; it was truly ridiculous, as it was singular, to watch their studied & deliberate manner in each of their numerous encounters, for they acted in a secrecy, the very same, as too regular peculiarities would have done, resulting in delivering their respective blows. Then returning for a short time & distance, without a pause, running on with fresh vigour & strength, for their next clashing round. The whole of the day had been uncommonly fine, & the sun is now setting in full splendour, over the bound waters, its richest tints,

"One burnished sheet of living gold."

Indeed I think the Sun rise & Sun set, especially on the sea, in good weather, is one of the most pleasing & exhilarating. It is beyond description grand & sublime & they present scenes, which would rouse emotions in the coldest heart. The distance we have gone to day is not above 60 miles.

16th July — Experienced a dead calm till about noon, having all sail set, waiting for the fair welcome breeze, at last it came, but rather a head wind strong till morning: our little fleet seemed all activity & bustle, talking to each other, and the rest of their voyageous course.

17th July — The wind just the same & blowing strong, with a high, heavy rolling sea, which continued throughout the whole of the day & night. Self sick: left in my berth went on deck, for half an hour for the change, felt better and then went below again. For,

I have just heard the noise of waves & winds,
And seen the rushing waters, and the clouds
Drumming in fury; so now to rest again.

18th July. — We had now run a considerable distance during the last 24 hours. The Captain taking an observation, found that we were only fifty miles south of the Island of Tristan. We had as the present time stood easy morning towards the land. In the evening out to sea, which answers best both
For safety & the general prevailing winds, on this coast. Towards the evening, became several strange sail, beating for their different destinations.

17th July — This morning we arose under more favorable auspices, for shortening our passage, so we had got a smart South-west breeze, which was both fair & George, as our stock of provisions were diminishing fast. We all began to wish that we were again landed.

20th July — The wind still in the same quarter, but blowing much stronger, nor going at the rate of nine knots an hour, which is the same, we have been sailing the last twenty-four hours; it was a beautiful sight to notice, how each vessel rolled over the billows & dashed the white foam before them, but towards dusk, the Commodore’s signal was given to shorten sail, which we were obliged to comply with, to let the last ships some up, many of which were eight to ten miles astern, so that they might be protected & not so liable to be set off during the night, by the Yankee enemy. It was now 9 o’clock before they formed close order for sailing. Got under flying canvas for the night, which from present appearances, forebodes well. I had now been on deck most of the day, watching the skilful vessels. Interesting degrees of sailing. Now been partially hid from view, & the nights' darkness coming on, it is high time to think of tea. It also to provide for the evening’s amusement, but one you go — are you not a scene so bright & beautiful — look once more at the falling horizon. & had the slow & solemn approach of nightfall. Observe the silver, sheer, & modest moon, at intervals, walking majestically along the deep blue vault of heaven.

Whilst some dim sail.

Still hastening onward, looks as though she bore some pastel spirit to the eternal shore.

As the chief mate was a highly respectable man, he had experienced a vast deal of meritorious hard service, & been indeed gifted with an excellent voice, we a united & frequent of his good company, with what his ship, came, & millions. national song, added to his real & original attributes, he found him a very valuable member to our little compact & social circle. He helped to pass away pleasantly, and merrily, our rather otherwise long evenings; indeed, the life, & the appearance of a sailor is full of strange vi-sualities, whether we view him in calm or storm, in fire or light, from the roughest specimen before the mast, to the intellectual perfection of the quarter-deck — his manner & action is always peculiar & characteristic, his story is always replete with hearers of the most eventful interest.

24th July — The gale blew much in the same quarter, with occasionally slight variation. About noon came in sight of three large men of war. Tregates, who were
Towards the evening, the wind subsided, and the sea became calm, allowing for safe and steady sailing. We were able to exchange signals with another ship, and afterwards, the same with our Commander, who was on board, as to what was going forward soon afterward, that they were arriving here about, to prevent the different convoys coming home from France, as those were late. Several French ships were seen sailing in their waters, the Brecay Bay. While we were coming up and sailing past them, one of the Frenchmen, stepping on a man of war's deck, dove into the sea, top-gallant mast, top-mast, yards, rigging; and as might naturally be supposed respecting his being blown away into the sea, to our great surprise, up flew the mast 30 yards again. By 6 o'clock, she was all complete, all again a tauto.

Behold you black and battered hull,
That slumbers on the tide,
There is no sound from stern to stern,
For peace has plighted her peace.
The masts are down, the cannon mute,
The Bruce now sheeted down sail,
For she is forth with the seaward breeze,
Nor answers shout nor hail.
For many men, with all their might,
Have sought some other shore,
And she, with all her glory on,
Shall rule the sea no more.
To handmen speak, for her topmast
Are glistening on the sky,
Her sails are spread, her anchor raised,
While sweeps the gallant by.
It thousand warriors fill her deck,
Within her painted side.
The thunder sleeps—man's might has nought
Can match or mar her pride.
In victory glory goes she forth,
Her stainless flag flies free.
Fings of the earth, come behold
How brilliant reigns on sea!

This was all completed in less than an hour's time. She was now sailing past in gallant style. It was altogether like magic. We were completely a man of war maneuver, in the great advantage of perfection a ship was. Divorced from the wind, we steered our course, and as we approached, at about 10 o'clock, she was away for the fair Calcare Island, with the same fair wind. During the night, the sea was quite luminous. As the water had a perfect
white Psilony appearance, as if it was on fire; this phenomenon has long exercised the sagacity of Philosophers. It is curious & highly singular. It seems of experiments have been made at different seasons, to ascertain its true cause, but it would seem from the experiments & observations of many learned men, that is produced from various causes, both jointly & separately. It has been found by one set of experiments, that the phosphoric nature of animal substances produces light. On scintillation in the sea, by another, it is certain that there is on the sea a pho-
sorous quantity of shining insects or animalcules, which contribute to this strike
ning phenomenon; other learned men, who acknowledge the existence of these lumi-
uous animals, cannot however, be persuaded to consider them as the cause of all
that light scintillation which appears on the surface of the sea. They suppose
that some substance of a phosphoric nature, arising from phosphates, must be
admitted as one of the causes of this phenomenon. By other naturalists, it has been
ascribed to the only vegetable substance with which the sea is impregnated; in proof of
which a kind of fish, resembling the Tunny, is cited as being provided with an oil which
shines with considerable lustre. By some few that these luminous points were produced by
friction alone, as they could not, with the help of the most perfect glass, procure
any insects floating in the water. From all these facts it may be deduced, that various
causes contribute to the light scintillation of the sea; & that the light which is attri-
buted to agitation & friction, differ from that which is extended far near, seeming
to cover the whole surface of the sea, & producing a very beautiful & striking appearance,
more particularly in the month of June, in the summer coming—after contemplating
on this sublime scene for some few hours, with delight & pleasure. I went below & turned in, as I was
expected intended to be up early, with the sun.

22d July—As we expected to see land this morning, I rose by break of day,
As usual on such occasion, one of the Steamer, had already been sent aloft to
keep a good look-out, for the land a head; as,
In glory majestic the sun climbs the day;
The seamen are excelling, they fly from his glory;
The foam round the bows of the gallant ship splashes,
In the salt ocean, all sects at the Tasman
Ships, looking out, with a lover’s keen eye.
The sailor’s fond heart in his bosom beats high.
When the land of his fathers appears to his view—
The land of his love who is faithful and true.
Exciting and happy, “land ho!” boys, he cries,
The swift down the backstairs like lightning he flies, helps the anchors to clear, the cables to range. This thought, all joy — he forebodes not a change, and this was really the case, about 3 o'clock. I went aloft. Rassentoom it to be, a fact, which was gratifying. Received by all on board, with three hearty, welcome sounds of cheers; indeed, no one can express the pleasure that is thrilled through every nerve, when the transporting intelligence, it sounded, that land is in sight. My heart for one, bounded within me at the appearance of even's stole, which brought me so near to the land of my birth. The proud honour of my country's Streamers, passing from the stately masts of our nations ships of war. We were now nearly over the rippled bank, noted for its fishing station, on which the numerous fishing boats, with their boats, Rachel's, Paddy's, almost cover its surface, from which they gain half their daily, life's subsistence, while his wife is sharing the toils of home, anticipating his good success and safe return, singing:

Rest, rest, thou gentle sea,
Like a giant laid to sleep,
Rest, rest, when day shall flee,
And the stars their bright watch keep.

Nor let his boat be on the wave,
Till he must look and scan,
Till the flowing tide shall love
Our dear and happy home.

Wipe not, though changeeful sea,
Wipe not in wrath and power,
Oh bear his bark to me,
Love the darksome midnight lower.

For the heart will have a sigh,
When the loved one's on the deep,
But when angry storms are nigh,
What can Mary do — but weep?

By breast tide, we had moved the land considerably, on the direct line northerly of the Bay of Courthecorry, which is between the seven heads on the south of the old head of Kinsale on the north; the latter runs into the sea.
some distance, with a narrow tongue of land, it is bounded, both N. high, having a light-house on it, as a safe & conspicuous object, for the mariners to make in either steering for Cove Harbour or sailing up N. N. from St. George's Channel. The ship heads were now all pointed due north, with our Commodore leading the Van distant about five to six miles from the shore which is here all along well rugged. decidedly, past the Black head, soon after some a-broad of the town of Youghal & Harbour, which was distinctly seen from the deck. It is situated at the mouth of the river Bandon, which here forms a fine harbour. It is navigable for large sloops near 12 miles above the town, though a bar prevents large men of war going into the basin. Youghal seems a place of great antiquity, but owes its importance entirely to its harbour, which is much frequented both by the outward & homeward bound, East & West, Indian fleets, as well as the largest squadrons of the royal navy. Its entrance is well defended by Fort Charles, in which there is always stationed a good garrison. The principal trade is in fish, with which it supplies solely the city of Cork. James II. landed here in 1688. But 1690, the town surrendered to the Earl of Marlborough. Off here we received our pilots, men was certainly a real royal snap, rough, blunt, ready, and wanted nothing of the rich, Irish brogue. He gave us much news, and passed a joke or two of his own making on the Barry Point & Cork Heads. One among the many of these, was of two of his countrymen heads, that had been travelling some distance. We were exceedingly tired & fatigued with this inland journey. The move so, when they were told, they had so many miles to pass, between these two jutting headlands. "By St. Patrick owes one of them." It's but so many miles a piece, let us then walk on. We were now leaving these noted points, fast behind, & by 4 o'clock caught a glimpse of the Island of Kellycotton & the Bay of Grennan on the north, we then entered the noble Bay of Cove, which is large, deep, and well secured from all winds & waves, & has long been celebrated, both for its safety & spaciousness, having its entrance between two lofty promontories; these promontorys projecting to the main.

The varying wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure, with their best husbands ride.
W is also defended by art, having two strong Forts, Camden & Carlisle, on either point, which is not separated more than half a mile, from each other. The channel being so narrow, it is well marked out with buses, at the shallow places. W is I believe no means dangerous or difficult of access, but in a heavy head gale of wind, blowing directly within. About a mile further in is Spike & Howlbowline Islands, they stand near the middle of the channel, their guns completely command the entrance into the bay. W defy the boldest fleet from entering. The Spike island, looks a beautiful plan, & the fortifications are astonishing; here upon two, indeed nothing when they are completed, one would suppose could be able to reduce them, but, it will take several years yet, before they can be made quite perfect. W impracticable, though there are many hands constantly at work on them, resting government an immense sum, thought a million & half, as they intend making it a place of rendezvous, in case the disaffected make a rise, which I am sorry to say, there are now to many of in this land, so that having this strong hold, they will always have it in their power of helping them under W in prospect of due subjection. Having rounded Spike Island to the north, the town of Cove comes in view, like a miniature Algiers, built in parallel stories from the top of the hill upon which it stands to the edge of the Quays. After passing close by the noble Clarence which arrived here two days before us. Several other men of war, we once more came to an anchor, close under the town of Cove, having run the distance from Bordeaux here, been about 700 miles or sailing miles, about 800 in fourteen days, which is not only a very long passage, but double the time it took us, running out last spring. Come from the water, same along straggling place, built on the side of a sleeping hill, the houses small & principally inhabited by fishermen & workmen men. It is protected by Spike Island from the wind, & from the coming war W opposite at a short distance is Howlbowline line on which island, the storehouses W Docks are being constructed.

23 July—This morning was occupied in getting up, a dozen horses, & swimming them on shore, they struggled hard at first, but were soon recovered, after the first plunge over head & in the act of swimming W sending for themselves. The plan was to hoist him up by a broad canvas derrick or gaff, under their helms, when at a sufficient height from the deck, another tackle W block from the main-yard arm, was hitched on to it, which being hose
taught, brought them directly on board. B. been thus suspended, were instantly let go by the men. B. the town they went over head into the water, against they came up to the surface, a boat was ready with three men in, two to row. B. One to hold the boat, which after they had disengaged him from his guidance off the rest at a gentle rate. B. with their assistance. B. By this time they soon made the beach, which was not much less than half a mile. This plan is generally adopted B. is found to give the horse both a freshness of the skin & ease of their limbs, after long standing, & thus been cooped up from six B. exercise, after a long voyage. B. The bay which is five to six miles a crop, from here, has a noble & picturesque appearance, being well wooded to the water's edge, B. then again appearing in place rugged B. B. which with its inlets, nooks, B. little bays. B. the new mighty forest of masts, of afterwards an hundred sail of vessels, of various sizes & descriptions, riding at anchor on its surface, waiting their signal of departure, & once gives it that lively interesting, B. even grandeur in effect, that is both pleasing to the eye & the senses. B. That few bays can equal or surpass. The town of Middleton is situated on the north-west angle of the bay, B. that of Clwyd on the east, the latter is a bishopric. B. On the north as you enter, B. in the course of the bay lies Rosstilen, the present residence of the Marquis of Bronnent, whose beautiful wooded grounds smooth to the margins of the water that breaks but in its附近ness on the shore. B. It is completely sheltered on the north-east by hills, under the top of which, for B. we'd the safe water are silent. It crofs a haven, a nursery of hearty fishermen, is seen to the left between hills covered with verdure. B. B. by it passes Carrogan river, on the banks of which lie Hadenfield.

Coolmore.

24th July. B. My turn came to eat. B. the help, not much after my lodging, as I know little B. care less about such housewife matters. B. Carried the boat along side, attended by three or four servants as Stewards. B. Refused on shore, upon landing found it both difficult to stand or to walk B. it was somewhat laughable to see us steady dulled soldiers, walking to B. pro. B. taking such irregular steps, as we kept ascending the beach, and our case was much similar to that of——

Poor Richo, when drunk and of straight quite boyst. B. staggered forward and backward, to right and to left. B. Being met, in this hour of distress and of labour.
which way are you going, old friend," asks a neighbour.

"Ribbs stammered I and stood still, and at length he say'd out,

"It present it seems quite a matter of doubt."

We were now proceeding with all haste along a very narrow street, the sides of which with outstretched arms, we could nearly touch; when suddenly our further progress was arrested by two Jack Tars, who were meeting out to each other. Their heavy blows, but few taking effect, as their frame of mind & body was not half, but fell was over; no sooner than they heard that they were defining the way of an Officer & his party, then they instantly ceased fighting, and both apportioning with their might & main, as straight & liquid would allow them of making a gang up for us. Redouting out to the bystanders, to give way for the Soldier Officer & his honour to pass, which was no sooner done, than they all to again in somewhat good earnest, which I had not time to see or good luck to tender. One of them was an Irishman & the other an Englishman, from what I could learn I see from their present actions, it was chiefly a test too from some hasty word & to cause a bit of a spare for want of something better to do, for it is so the Jack on his crosses with his coffers full, either drinking loving or fighting. I have heard it remarked & I believe with some truth; that an Irishman fights before he reasons; a Scotchman reasons before he fights; an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either, to accommodate his customer; & that of a modern general has said, from his experience & observation, that the best troops would be as follows: — An Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full. With this latter I saw appropriate hint I took my departure & after proceeding nearly half a mile, I came to the handsome & well stocked market house, which was most beautifully supplied with fish, flesh, fowl, every kind of vegetable that is grown in the island. The hucksters were delicious & lavish in their praise of these different commodities. Was greatly importuning were they manner I think, towards one, that it was with great difficulty that I could get a long which after some trouble & petitioning, I successfully accomplished, having purchased a few articles, such as meat, bread, potatoes, & butter, all of which would now prove of the greatest luxury, having fallen short in our ships of most
they set these $R$, the men immediately on board, while I stayed $R$ took a more general survey of the town, which I find much better built in place $R$ of more importance than I had first been aware of. It was formerly an obscure fishing village, but is now, in consequence of the great resort of ships during the late war, enlarged to a handsome town, having magnificent quays. Well constructed for ships, as its prosperity depends upon that of the town chiefly, its condition of course must fluctuate; but being also the resort of bathing parties, it well at all times maintain a respectable appearance. After an hour's stroll, hailed a Lady on the beach, who took me on board for a Templem, a sum equal to about tenpence English. Soon after 1 o'clock, the Vice-Admiral, the President, the Constitution, $R$ other American large Frigates, she new mounted, thirty long 24 pounders upon the main-deck; $R$ twenty-four caronades, 12 pounders, $R$ four long 24 pounders, upon the spar deck; total 58 guns; besides an 18 pound boat carronade. The crew consists of 486 men $R$ boys, 44 of the latter. There was no disguise whatever; the ship had two complete tiers of batteries on each side, reaching from stem to stern, $R$, she did certainly look a most formidable opponent. The wind was blowing quite contrary; $R$, had now increased to a strong gale, causing them a considerable time before they could work completely out of the bay. Reaching backwards $R$ forwards, amongst each other with the greatest precision, with His Majesty's Ordered expressly for firing numerous signal guns, to hasten the dilatory Captains to get their vessels under way. I kept looking at them through my Telescope as long as any of them was in view. $R$, were run last without the bay, well out to sea, besetting the high rolling, boswineous, white billows, with grand majestic effect, while we lay quite calm in perfect safety and security.

To see through the mighty billows
The gliding ships ride on, their white sails
Wheel smooth, and leaning gracefully, their sides
Beneath the blue waves from their setting proue
Lashing the waters by, and throwing up
Clouds of all colours'd spray that wrap it round
With a hundred rainbow girdles—up they glide
to the summit tops, and the sails strain
and quieter: there they stand a moment, quivering
then down they go
swiftly and smoothly for the long descent
To the deep water's edge, and then again
Their powers are lifted, and they shoot aloft—
Excitingly—

Only one of the transports which lay close to us, while tacking in the narrow channel, got hard a ground & will have to wait for the next convoy.

28th July—The sea this morning was nearly covered with the fishermen's boats, taking their departure for their daily task, to catch the fishy tribe, as were vast numbers of other boats, full of persons, who were going out to inhale & enjoy the sea breeze. I should think that there were no less than three hundred of them sailing past us, this tide. — There been now little wind within the harbour, they took the opportunity of hoisting out the remainder of the horses, Ball might have ended well, but this was not our lucky case. for the very last horse, been a high mettlesome & an freshman one into the bargains in his struggles & plungings unfortunately got loose, & in swimming round the ship's stern, carried away my Canteen Basket which was slung deep overboard in the water, containing the very last & precious half dozen of Claret, to keep cooling for our willing Dining appetites; this was sorely vexatious. Doubtly so, as we had not only kept some of the best kind, but had portioned out a threefold quantity for each one share. table time before the next week forward amongst each ship.——

12 o'clock we received orders that the troops would disembark tomorrow, this been the case B happening the above desheartening disaster. Resolving to see the Clarence man of war, I hired a boat, B visited my brother Officers on board of her who not only laughed at our loss, but gave in return, a full and welling welcome to that of theirs. After spending some hours in lively chat, had B been introduced to several Officers of the 60th Rifles, & the new boys on board, in inspecting the noble fine ship, from one end to the other, we sat down to dinner.
B will assure you, my reader, that we enjoyed ourselves, right well, for,—

"The night for good wine—bidding people;
Not to let the guest pace round the board like a cripple;
But quickly to that while describng their stipple."

Besides it was late in the evening before I took my departure; but the moon was sep. shining gloriously upon a landscape which well displayed the
beauties of a fair night. Some scenes there are which, whether the sun shone on the sky day, or the moon stars by night, present to the eye so charming to interest, no beauty to fascinate & no sublimity to overcome, but retain in all lights and darknesse the same unvaried monostony; it was not so with the lands which now encompasse me in this fine bay. Far before lay the town of Core, half buried in the blue mist, but lifting its high site & loftier buildings high in the pleasant light of the unclouded moon. It slept that might be felt, seemed resting on the abodes of men. Far away towards the south & the west & north lay a wide expanse of variously cultivated & gentle undulating land, the course of the river Lee might be traced, not in its whole continuance, but gleaming out here & there in shining parts of portions, Thence, Trees, Masts, might be seen lending the light of their slender beauty to enliven the landscape & while there was much for the eye, there was much for the imagination also; for I thought within myself, as the wave some stoke upon me, by its beauties made me hause to gaze with admiration on it, how many human beings & human interests, were comprehended within this tract of land.

"Here, said I in my reflections, is a scene of rest & sweet repose! Heaven above seems smiling on the earth beneath, while the eye of the kind Creator is watching over his sleeping world. Labour is at rest & care & sorrow sweet visions are arising to the eye of slumber:—the mother is dreaming of her absent child, & the lover of his distant mistress; to some imagination the future is unfolding its mysteries, & to some affectionate hearts the past is bringing back its interest. Decease; there is a converse with the world of spirits, from the old man's face the wrinkles vanish, & the thin grey hair of age are replacd by the dark & flowing locks of youth; new images appear his frame. The dreams of the sports of his boyhood; the scenes of the disappointed, the heartbroken & the despairing have in the visions of the night a temporary oblivion. the cares of the day, & they who returned to rest in sorrow, sleep in hope & a gay delusion. How beautiful is night!"

"Turning round towards the vessel from which we had just departed, we saw a different scene. It yielded a wider beauty, bordering on sublimity, seen before us. The distant horizon was rugged with the outline of many hills, a noble African scene was here commencing its development. The hamlet of Mobile lain lay at the foot of an ascending wedge, as did the noble & picturesque mansion of the Marquis of Thomond, on the waters brink. & there was something
so touching in that scene, that when I spend my life to tell another
collogoy, the coherence of thought was broken, & I had not power to form a
sentence or utter a single word, but a rush of emotion came upon me like the
up-sparing breezes of the west upon the winter’s snow, defying my reflection; the
rest I leave to oblivion. — By the time of half an hour was spent, we had reached
our refol in safety, & was soon again in my birth, an happy dumber having
had much good fun and pleasure in my days trip.

26th July — This day was one of summer’s more, & by the parade was over, the
signal was flying, for all the troops, to be prepared for disembarking, which
immediately took place, commencing by the men of two boats, taking the lead
followed closely by those of the different transports, increasing them vastly in
numbers, striking their steady B lengthened stroke of oar, on the blue unref-
folded deep, with precision, heading each other onward course with rapid
speed; gave it one of those animating B glittering sights, that few can equal.
We landed about two up the river, on the southern shore, at a place called
Paisage or Ferry, where after a few minutes spent in falling in, &
regulating the corps, we marched off, under the martial music of the
band, for the city of Cork, which was eight to nine miles in distance. The
road was capital, B the scenery beautifully fine; woods, waters, gentlemen
seats, islands, B romantic views, wherever you cast your eye; few parts had
I seen, that are so well defined & picturesque in appearance. B I thought
I should like to dwell & take a share in. — By 1 o’clock we made the sub-
burbs of Cork, were halting to receive our buttons B to rest the men a little;
we again set forward, with some beating B colours flying in the air; pasing
through the principal part of the city to get to the barracks, which
stand on the north shores of the town, up a steep hill of nearly half a mile
in height, B which commands a striking view of miles up B down the river,
the whole of the town, B several miles in the adjacent country. After an
hours waiting, the regiment got their buttons delivered out to them, for the town
there being no room in the barracks. B were then severally dispersed; we officers
proceeded to the head turn, where we dined meseled, B slept. B made it our
quarters till further orders. — During the day, saw most of the principal
streets, they are uncommonly wide & pretty well built, B paved, there
24th July — The regiment this morning was paraded in the street before the Town, the Colonel’s quarters, & soon after marched up the hill to the Barracks, where we took up the quarters allotted to us, just left by some other corps. These buildings are very large & handsome; capable I think of containing upwards of two thousand men, & there was now no knowing when we should be going away; we hired a few articles of furniture, &c. to make our respective rooms more comfortable & convenient; & having thus more leisure to see, draw, & quiz ourselves; as for my part, when looking in a looking-glass for the first time, I hardly knew myself; my complexion having attained so very much, with the hot, sandy plains of our, my face; it certainly was not black, but most agreeably next a skin to that of a copper coloured Irishman, which my brother officers often referred me with, similar to that of Mr. O’Donnell the Dryer, who having appeared to substantiate his claim at the Leicester Shire Court, was about to be worn. I had taken half of the book for that purpose with his right hand, when Mr. Curzon said, “you must take off your glove, if you please, Sir.” A loud burst of laughter followed, in which Mr. Curzon was obliged to join, when he found he had mistaken for his leather, the dark skin of the Dryer’s hand. In order came that all the men’s old blankets, clothing, &c. were to be destroyed, which was promptly put in execution by a general confession: If the remainder of the day was spent in going out & regrouping them with their new ones, which was now high time, & highly requested, as they were completely worn out, & patched with various colours, as well for the men’s comfort & bodily health, as to the regiment’s general appearance.

25th July — This morning we had an early parade, as the general of the this district intended to inspect us, prior as was thought to our leaving; we mustered about 500 strong with the new clothing, & the hardy weather beaten features of the soldiers gave us an attractive & martled appearance. At noon the unpleasant news arrived, that one of our Sentinels in the City, had beggarized one of the people, & that there was a guard to do among the inhabitants. We were ordered to keep close within the Barracks to be in complete readiness in case of being called on; by 2 o’clock the town was once more tranquil, & we found by the general accounts, that the people were in the wrong; & had brought it on themselves; they first commenced calling, abusing
But last attempted even to mumble him off, his post, at the critical juncture, after repeated warnings, he did his duty. He stabbed the first four insurgents dead with his bayonet. So far, for the present, this unfortunate unpleasant affair stands. I will perhaps be a just solitary warning to them for the future.

That of the civilians in general, for too many aided & enabled the others, that ought to have known better, so let no more then, in his ignorance, throw stones upon the soldiers. I tell him, that his pay appeared & his daily bread were paid for out of the citizen's pocket. Rather let him think on the biscuit or the provisions of hunger, 8. he goes under. They reflect, that the soldiers earns his crust as well as he. As when the day of trial comes, well bear the worst. Most appaling provensions, to help the enemy from snatching the last biscuit out of the citizen's mouth. It is for his countrymen at home that he chooses — it is for them he dies.

Soon after we fell in 8. the General attended by his hardest sharer 8. led the camp came in front, when the regiment saluted with all honours due, he afterwards closely inspected the corps 8. was pleased to pay a high compliment, both as regarded apperance 8. discipline. Before he left, he took occasion to address a few words to us, on the sentinels killing the peasant. 8. that the soldier must at all times, forebear as much as possible; yet, he must not forget to do his duty. 8. that in the above case, the conduct of one of the sentinels was highly pleasing. We were pleased.

29th July — The morning a rainy one. Began to rain for the skirmishers. Guard, which is nearly a mile & a half off towards the neat. By 11 o'clock march off. Reclined the B. guard 8. took up my station for the next 24 hours, of real digustating punishment, for this is a most unseemly part of the town; nothing to be seen 8. endured, but dirt, filth, women of the town in scraw, together drinking, fighting, shouting, 8. stealing. 8. going on in the most ungodly 8. abominable manner, till it was possible to conceive 8. beggars into the bargain 8. beyond all calculation, indeed there is no describing, it is too bad to express. 8. those that have been here before 8. will come after me, will no doubt verify. 8. never forget its appally disgusting.

The following atrocious lines scratched on one of the panels of the guard room, well fully substantiate, in all particulars.

The guard, the guard, the horrid guard!
The lonely, destitute guard!
Without a friend to cheer one's gloom,
The rats galloping over the room,
I play with my sash, I smoke my cigar,
And think of misery I've left after.
I'm on guard, alas for me!
I am where I would never be,
If keeping the roster was left to me.
And this room is unsafe, as room can be.
If a storm should come, and the roof should fall.
What matter! what matter! I'm only a out—that's all.

I love, oh, how I love to rise,
A horse that's swift and strong besides.
I hear the girls I met at the ball.
Hoping that nice young man won't fall.

Oh, yes, it is sad to be pent up here,
And the sun is shining bright and clear.
I never was in this dull, dark hole,
But I wished it far as the Northern Pole.

For I never can get the slightest rest,
Nothing to sleep, I do my best.
And a love it is and was to me.

On guard, on guard, at all to be.
The rain pour'd fast, the wind blew hard,
This morning when I came on guard.
No sound, alas! to march me down.
And not one soul to be seen in the town.
And never was known such a dashing yet.

As I, unhappy I did get.
I've been here four hours, alack.
With my wet coat drying on my back,
And my face and epaulettes drench'd I fear—
And those affairs are done so dear.
The only mistake I regard.
As mounting this unhappy guard.

Thus copied up, I spent the chief of the time in reading. Resolving up 8 or 9 down at a short distance to get from this presidential air: Room, under a fine avenue of trees, which is one of the promenades of the inhabitants of this city, from whence I descended the village of Blarney with its castle built on a bold romantic site. Bosh & guip, it would be far better to be in Blarney village than to be here. The blarney ones near Shanloyne Grounds. So told officers coming next to inspect my gaurd, either during the day or night, I threw myself
Town about midnight, on my hand, we welcome couch, the guard bed, & slept soundly, with the intervals of revisiting the sentinels and reliefs, till an early hour of the morning.

30th July — By 4 clock I was relieved from this horrid & disagreeable hell-hole, & in an hour more, refreshed by a hearty breakfast & change of linen. Several more regiments came in the day, & were marched off again immediately after being inspected for their respective destinations.

31st July — This was a beautiful fine day. I took the opportunity of procuring a prospect of the most of this ancient city over again, which is considered the second to Dublin, both as regards its extent & its general trade & commerce. It is the capital of the county of Cork, originally limited to the island formed by the Lee River, which divides into two branches a little above the town. It now extends greatly on the opposite banks of both channels, over which five bridges have been thrown. One of these, Patrick's, forming the chief entrance from the north, is an elegant structure. The public buildings are, in general plain, but spacious & commodious. The stately Cathedral was erected half a century ago solely from the produce of a duty on coals. The other principal buildings are: custom house, town hall, market house, two theaters, several fine hospitals, the extensive barracks, two parish churches, & of course several dissenting places of worship. The cork institution, incorporated by Charter, is an assemblage of gentlemen of promoting objects of science. The town may justly boast of its many pleasant walks & promenades, more especially in its numerous & that of being situated in a fine sort of picturesque country around. The town has likewise an active trade, & carries on various manufactures within itself, & slaughters not less than 100,000 head of cattle annually, chiefly for exportation, & contains 90,000 inhabitants; the chief or at least I think, may justly say, that half of them, an incomplete poverty & beggary; for to say, whenever I was anywhere, I was assailed by a host of these Irish beggars, importuning for something, even a Threepence or a Farthing, please your honour. & I. One of them more especially was a perfect scoundrel in his way. I offended a fair specimen of the whole country, too, was, & though comparatively rare in England, are well known in the states. The word, & distinguished by the appellation of “Jesuits,” & consisted a sort of privileged class. This gens was in appearance fat & fleshy coloured & did not seem ever to have wanted a meal much. He was unaccommodated by shoes or stockings, his garments worn to have been purchased from some lady’s dresser or village scavenger; his hat, D; in his own vernacular a “tricorn,” was means the point, & covered a portion of his nose, with a small, rusty hook, long from the extension of a comb. When I rebuked him for begging, the jester’s arguments upheld the privileges of his profession with a degree of
1st August—Lord General Forbes was to have inspected & reviewed as this evening, but the weather proved very unsuitable, so we got our route to the town of Kilmarnock, & part of the regiment moves forward tomorrow.

2nd August—The left division marched early this morning for Burney; gave up some hired furniture, & made fresh for the loan of them.

3rd August—We likewise moved forward with the right division for the same place, which was the stage of eighteen miles; halting through Upper Ayrshire, Wigtown, & Burns; over the Irvine river twice, & then into the small town of Rathcoole which is situated between the shores of the above river; it is possessed of a neat broad market place; a church adorned with a spire & steeple; here we halted for breakfast which we enjoyed much, having had so long a journey of twelve miles. After two hours halt, we set forward again over a very hilly & wild country, & by 8 o'clock arrived in the charming & pleasing town of Burney. This place is a seat; it stands on a considerable space of ground; the streets are spacious & the houses clean & neat. The Blackwater river runs through part of town where it is only shallow, & thence takes its course to the sea where it enters at the spacious & convenient Bay of Dunglass. The bridge that crosses over it, has as many as thirteen arches. On one side of the eye a handsome & substantial appearance. Upon a hill adjoining stands the barracks, which are finely situated, commanding a pleasing prospect over the well cultivated & inhabited district around. The buildings themselves may be termed a noble pile, capable of accommodating two or three regiments in front of them, is a stone bridge, which is no doubt to keep the encased mob in their two frequent breaches, from entering and the procession of them. The town of Burney is about equal distance between the ancient town of Dunglass on the east, & Newcastle in the west, which are each on the waters of the same.
of the same river. Shallows is much noted for its fine supply of moderately tempered water, resembling in quality the hot waters of Bristol, & Dominick for a shower of yellowish matter which fell there. B. must be a beautiful mill. I think the Irish Poet must have taken a fair portion of its fairy properties. The country through which we passed this day's stage was altogether very mountainous & hilly. B. was part of what is called the Big heather mountain, which near B. stretch their bleak sides & summits for a considerable distance, as far as the eye could range. We found the 92 Regiment here; a few of the Officers I had the great pleasure of knowing & been acquainted with them, when living at Glasgow. The regiment certainly a fine body of men, highly distinguished, B. with a most noble & martial appearance in their bin Highland dress. The men were billeted in the town, & we shared the Inn for our abode. Distance 16 miles.

4th August — By 6 o'clock we were on our way to Glasgow, passed through Melville castle on the river Fermanagh, which abounds with fine salmon & trout; in sight of the County of Cork, which is the largest in Ireland, B. from what we have seen of it, has only a few absolutely level parts. B. in some parts may be said to be extremely beautiful, the great ascent to the eye, in the stone walls, have turned to fisheries on the seacoast, and to the coast, and to the south, these turned to military quarters, which we found, to be a most miserable, dirty town, B. having nothing notable. I shall say no more about it. Two troops of Dragoons were stationed in it, as there were at several other places, that we passed on our route this morning, for the purpose of keeping the present quiets, as they are not to be disturbed.

In force the land, to hasten with a prey, Where wealth accumulates, and even decay.
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade;
But breath can make them, as a breath has made;
Not a bold present, their country's price.
Where once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

Yet whether this appalling evil arises entirely from themselves or from the concourse of the Legislative laws, Movers, is a difficult question to solve, but, judging from the past, there is little doubt, that it arises from both causes. This stage was more mountainous & barren than yesterday, though where it is capable it has been brought to a state of cultivation to the greatest extent. The above ranges of mountains that we passed over, traversed mostly in the direction from east to west, consequently we searched over their summits, from whence we obtained some
extensive & charming prospects of landscape scenery, have been known by the names of Angelmaple, Woodbridge, Cashel, & Killenworth mountains; the latter breast the boundaries of the counties of Limerick, Tipperary, & Cork, & they have three words in the Irish that express the different degrees of their elevation, viz. Finn, Teine, & Ben.

23 Augst—An orderly Dragoon came early this morning with orders, for us to proceed direct for Berr, but there been some doubt as to the case, he was sent back. We set forward & got breakfast about six miles off, at Griffithtown, where the orderly met us again. He brought the information that the regiment was to proceed to Berr. This place is on the river Suir, which takes its rise in the county of Tipperary & falls into the sea, on Waterford Haven. Here is also seen, the towers of the ruinous castle, lifting high its desolate columns in the clear haven, & telling us its tale of olden time; as if to add its other woodland beauties, to make it a novel picturesque spot. It is on the high road, only five miles to the old town of Cahir, which has a bridge of twenty arches over the river. It is noted as having one of the most magnificent churches in Ireland, in which was kept an image of St. Brendan, to which was ascribed, of course, miraculous powers. It is a pleasing village. It is besides the birth-place of the celebrated Shane. As our route was athelt, which was a great disappointment to many of us, we soon turned off the high road & taking that of a by one, leading due north, we after five miles came to Cahir, which is built on both sides of the river Suir. It is a large castle. Place anything to recommend it, with the exception of the fine grounds of the residence of Lord Cahir. It is a beautiful ancient castle, whose walls are very thick to this day. Restored over a considerable extent. There is a tower growing on these relics, which on the sunder of its own crumbling decay,

There is a charm in my mantled towers,
When time's dark cloud of ruin on them lowers;
When the rank pangs were o'er the arches lone,
When valor flashed, and where beauty drove,
When wild flowers spring under the turret grey,
The lingering remain of a former day,
Record of feudal glory, past o'er away.

To thee these relics, would the enthusiast cling,
They cherish his own wild imaginings,
The days of glory, one more his fancy sees,
While the wise my mixture to the breeze.

The waterford light infantry militia, marched on here to day, on their way
home, to be disembarked; they are a fine corps of men. Distance to day 12 miles.

6th August. This day we had a very short march of only 12 miles. We then had a remarkable straight road over a mounting passes country, through the small village of Snithdoun to the city of Cashell, which I consider is both a city of magnificent size, of which it can boast of been an archepiscopal see. A city. No counter-balance there, but there are some fine and extensive ruins of the old Cathedral, supposed to have been built by St. Patrick, but unquestionably of great antiquity. It is delightfully situated on the edge of a singular perpendicular rock. It has been an extensive grotto structure, decorated with rich sculptures; adjoining it are the remains of buildings called the Chapel and Wall of assistance of Cormac M. O'Conor, said to have been erected as far back as 901. The mausoleum containing Cormac's body is still shown. This chapel is 58 feet by 19; the sides are decorated by rows of slender columns supporting semi-circular arches profusely ornamental. A lofty round tower, 54 feet in circumference, built of stone. The finest stonework, stands on the east angle of the north transept of the abbey. The roof is composed of stones so admirably connected, that it appears as small as a Chinese basin. These extensive ruins afford a fine specimen of the architecture of former times. The following descriptive lines, give a most perfect sketch of its exquisite sculpture:

"The moon on the east chord shone,

Through slender shafts of shapely stone,

By foliage tracing combined,

Thus wouldst thou have thought some fairy's hand

That gentle pathless, straight the ocean wound,

In every forked knot had twined,

Then formed a spell when the work was done,

And changed the willows wreaths to stone."

In this Abbey the famous coronation stone of Scotland, now in Westminster Abbey, is said to have originally been kept. The new Cathedral is large, neat structure after the present order; and within its enclosure, is planted a walk of noble spreading lime trees, whose shade we for some time greatly enjoyed. The archbishop's house is large plain building, adorned with extensive pleasant gardens; and his library contains several curious manuscripts. The market house is a handsome building, as is also, the refectory house. The county Infirmary, a well endowed charity school, is barracks for two companies of foot. It carries on but little trade. The city is in the centre of the fertile county of Tipperary, but growing is more prevalent than tillage. A considerable portion consists of bog and mountain of the
of the former is a tract a little further north, that forms a part of the great Dog of Allan. And those of the latter are traversed by the appellation of the Devil's bit mountains, although they have both names, and of doubtful name some surfaces, we shall soon traverse among them.—Distance 12 miles.

7th August—Rose an hour earlier, having a long march of seventeen miles to Templemore, passed again over the deer river, then through Polpeoars, though we did not see one, to the town of Tholles, where we halted to breakfast. This is a large straggling place, is situated on the same river, which divides it into nearly equal parts, and consists of one long street, containing a good market-house, a neat modern church, a fine mansion, formerly the seafront residence of the noble family of Dundaff, but now converted into barracks. After a good long rest, we moved forward, and 1/2 past 2 o'clock, entered the town of Templemore, which is pleasantly placed. It is a neat little place, consisting of one street only, but that very spacious. The barracks stand close by, they are the finest I have yet seen. Sir Thomas B. Captain Gordon has each a beautiful domain here, the house is only a moderate building, though it is fit for any gentleman of moderate fortune to reside in. The trees are very generously planted. In several places, you have a fine glimpse of the mansion. The clergyman has likewise a neat, comfortable house and garden, and the church, which is a handsome building, is only a few steps off. The Minister of whom, I am glad to hear, is an ornament and faithful servant to his congregation.

8th August—This being our last day's march, we fell in by half-past 5 o'clock, having a still longer march than that of yesterday, being 24 miles to Bovey or Lincoln town, where we halted to take up our quarters for the present. The morning at our first starting was anything but promising, in its appearance, for by the time we had arrived at Bovey, 12 miles to breakfast, we had all received a complete wet jacket. On the road there was nothing to be seen, but Fogs on our right and black, sterile and huge mountains on our left, the latter are nicknamed, the Devil's bit mountains. It ranges thus came through the county to the south-west, to the north-east, where they enter by that of the Queens County, is called in honour of Queen Mary, in whose reign it was established. As for the singular appellation this mountain goes by, it is from its old appearance in having a piece, half as big as a house, as if gouged out of its almost perpendicular edge, which is perfectly level as a Tie, for several miles on either side. It was so caused by the dam, made by the Devil, who having been paying a short visit in the north among the Protestants, found out he in his noble and sovereign flight, to get safe back to his friends and kinfolk, and settle again the Catholics...
But out the above Morsel, this enabled him once more, in his very exhausted state, to clear his way homeward. Rescued of itself is a strong, martial, little place. It is peopled of some good houses. A poor town, whose goods abundant supply enabled us to resume our march again, through the still pitchless storm, having gone 12 miles to traverse ever. Leaps was the half-way, and there were amongst us, who would not have been glad, could they then have put Roderick notion into practice here of covering the distance amongst us. By 12 o'clock we had gained the small village of Leap. After two long hours more, we entered the suburbs of Bier, turning to the right, leaving the chief part of the town on our left, we continued forward for a rather half-mile to the New Barracks, which we took possession of. We were in all Zacarias, pleased to reach it, having experienced a most unpleasant, tempestuous day, with torrents of rain, the chief of the time. For the few last miles of this stage, the general appearance of the country, was quite change for the better, instead of high heaps of brown land and bog, you now again see a pleasant shining prospect, with farms in very good state of cultivation; here there are bridges, but in all the other parts you behold nothing but huge stone walls. The lower classes of people of these counties, more especially the farmers, that we have passed through, were as a valuable set of human beings to look on, as perhaps under the sun, having neither stockings, shoes, or hats, many even without which would barely cover them from complete nakedness. Feelings, innocence, & consequently seems too inutility, to be ungrafted on their blood. Left to their ruling passions, lascivious, for whenever you chance to see them, what is it? Frequent in hundreds of hundreds together, they have each a house, and thereon, sitting and leaning over the stone walls, with their bowling have brought down upon Savage locks, ready & locking out for any mischief. It plunder that might occur in their way; as was the case, even of the Royal Mail, only the other day, which they stopped & robbed by the means of running a number of their small carts across the high road & blocking them fast with heavy stones, & then afterwards falling in the rear of the coach, which they completely hemmed in. Immediately and what the Gavos & Papagons, most shamefully. Their hats or coifs are certainly the most watchtowers that it is possible to conceive, for a set of human beings to cast an eye to add to their general misery. Of that can be, they have each a big, big horse accompanying their houses. It whose granting sometime has the privilege of arranging through the habitation & gaining the family circle; a striking instance was told by a gentleman, who accompanying a medical friend in his rounds, he entered one of these abodes. The man had received an injury. He was unable to work. Two children were sprawling about. His two large pigs were also inmates of the apartment. "Why do you not sell the Pigs to quiet your" was a question put to the wife. "Oh, Sir,"
said she, 'the page belong to the landlady; we get the room at half rent by taking
in the boys as lodgers.' In a short time Mr. Broker, in his researches in the south of
Ireland, 'once trying to convince a peasant that he might, with very little trouble,
emprove the state of his cabin, by building a shed for his pig, & banishing him from
the chimney-corner; but he coolly answered, 'Sure, then, Nicky has a better right to be
in it? That be the man of the house, & I wish it be that will pay the rent.'
These native humour seems to be more peculiarly move by the lower class of the Irish
than any other body of people in the same rank of life, & Fielding the Barrister,
relates in proof of this, the event of a bet which was made on the subject at one of the
Club houses at St. James street, which was then crowded with English & Irish drawn
men, & which was to be decided by the reply of one of each country to the same
question. It was, 'If you were put on the top of St. Paul's, what would you
be like?' The English chairman was first called on, & the question being put to him,
he was subtly, refused to give any direct answer, saying they were making fun
of him. Pat was then introduced, & the question being pronounced to him: What
should I be like? says he: 'Why, like to get cool, to be sure, your honours.'
'This says he, they call mother wit, & the most illiterate have a quickness in passing
the effect of a question, by an evasive answer: & he gives an instance of a mother
Irish fellow, who was brought before him when sitting as a magistrate at Bow street.
He was accused to give some account of himself, & where he came from. Hesitating to pass
for an Englishman, he said he came from Chester. Then he pronounced with a very
high brogue, which caught the ears of Sir John. 'Why, were you ever in Chester?'
says he, 'To be sure, I was,' said Pat: 'wasn't I born there?' 'Now save you,
said Sir John, with that brogue which shows that you are an Irishman, pretend
to have been born in Chester.' 'I didn't say I was I was born there,' says he;
I only asked your honour whether I was or not.' And thus apt observation is
still further shewn by the following anecdote some company on thisester Island
were disputing relative to the quickness of reply compared to the slower ordres of
this country. It was resolved to put the matter to the test in the person of
a clown who was just approaching them. 'Pat,' said one of the gentlemen, if
the Devil was to come, & be determined to have one of us, which do you think
he would take?' 'I ain't as smart myself, for cantin.' 'And why so?' 'Stow, sure,
because he knows he's sure your honour any time he likes to come.' The air
time to day was 21 Irish miles, which equal to about 25 English miles.
9th August—This day broke out quite fine & pleasant. After our night's
sleep,
8th August — After parade took a stroll into the town of Rio, which is the capital of Rio de Janeiro. It is also called Barreto. From a family of the name of Barreto, who had a castle here in the time of Charles I. It points it to be a large sprawling plan; there is one square, which is surrounded with some good houses. But in its center, a handsome statue of the late Duke of Cumberland. The new church which is just finished, will make a great addition to the place in point of elegance and appearance, which with the several gentlemen seats in R. about the town, make it among those of a fair pleasant area. — The afternoon was spent in looking over our rooms with the few high charges of furniture, which we had selected according to our own whims. I thought that we were more comfortable here again.

11th August — Cold weather. One begins to notice the climate begin to feel as it is certainly colder than we have been used to, for the last eight or ten months. Having a party to assist about our quarters for a few hours. It soon closed. He being a very jovial man. I offered him a glass of whiskey, which he gladly accepted, for they return in ever before seen creature, so they always turn to it. Indeed in this winter time, it is almost the chief spirit that is traded. It is generally the practice, when you offer a good fellow a glass of grog, he is apt to accept it when one considers that he shall mix it after a fashion of his own. Interestingly, he proceeded first to gulp down the water, then to swallow the whiskey, giving himself at the same moment a hearty shake, which he calls making the punch within him. Certainly most commendable way to mingle well, the two ingredients.

12th August — Took a walk a considerable way into the country, which suits both my mind and wishes greatly. For I do so like.

Through nature’s ample way to bend my course,
Gone on its beauties, contemplate their source,
Had some fine prospects from different elevations. There is a small stream
called the God river that runs near here. There is there a very extensive marsh, which extends for a number of miles. It forms a part of the great bay of allion: the soil is principally tundra, which the inhabitants cut into small pieces & dry, & send it to market, where it is brought in great quantities. Indeed there is scarcely any thing else consumed for fuel, on this 18th-August, I left for the town, gazing & remarking with wonder & admiration, for the other side of the town, which is built on the square, made amidst the woods & otherwise fared admirable appearance. For a gun at the Ladies, I saw my native town to my Father's. I saw the handsome & extensive Bath of Lord Alexander's, which is chiefly formed of a ancient castle, which looks remarkable well dressing. Distantly, a gentleman came up to me, informing me to exchange with him, & I was in half-way of one of the Veteran's, & giving me the different vices, to which I would give him no direct answer, not knowing myself at present what my future ideas or plans may be on the subject. Though about the regiment be distant long to stay on home service, I have little doubt, but I shall prefer the exchange. My bed is the worst, for this last 24 hours was none of the best kind.

14th August—Brought the unwelcome news, that Captain Terry, D. Scott, Corrigan was to be placed in a field on the 24th of this month, they having volunteered with their respective ranks into the regiment, over the heads of other Officers, above their rank, which was found now after the war had ceased, to be felt highly dear, acceptable & detrimental to the service. For my part, I was left unattended, being only a Royal Ensign. One of the colonels been called upon to settle. After we were new fairly well off in the necessary & necessary respect, B. began to form a pleasant general circle of some twenty or thirty Officers or more.

15th August—This day closed the career of a brave Officer, one of the oldest Veterans in the regiment, an stranger here. It was buried with all military honours. For this colonel had stood on the battle-plain,

When every step was over the plain;
But the sound & the bell had past him by,
And he came to his native land to die.

Was hard to come to his native land to die.

For we could hear his welcome said!
And not clash one familiar hand.

Was hard to be numbered a mid the dead.

For we could not hear his welcome said!
But was something to see its cliffs once more;
And to lay his bones on his own door & shore.
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
For the green grafts twirl of the soldier's sleep!
The bugles ceased their wailing sound;
As the coffin was lowered into the ground;
It solley was fired, a bleising said,
One moment's peace — and they left the dead!

He was one that was respected by his officers, R. loved by his comrades, who
followed him to his last home. — Two or three of our officers, became pur-
chasers of horses for themselves; they are something similar to the English
men, but have much more fiery spirit. R. are trained R. noted for their
leaping over & on to the stone walls, when pursuing the shearing chase.

16th August. — From this date to the 28, we were in constant training.
Nothing but drill, parades, R. field days, all in active motion, till we
began to think, that we were almost perfect; at any rate we were some-
what tired, R. could have willingly dispensed with so much of them.

28th August. — This was regimental general inspection day, we went through
its various branches, with the greatest minuteness; R. afterwards had the
pleasure of receiving a part of our long standing pay. — In parade, Capt.
Terry & Corrigan, received notice that they were now placed on half pay, by
orders of government, which information was respected by most of the corps,
as they were generally respected. R. more especially by myself, who had
volunteered & shared the heavy & frequent toils of our short campaign
together with pleasure, good will, and soldier like conduct towards each
other from the first to the last. The receipts table on this occasion was
spread with a few more dainties, I need not say, that the cordiality of the sum-
ming, rapid evening was spent with all the extra glee & respect of feeling, that was
quietly due R. anticipated on the parting of companions in arms: R. the bottle & the
brats went swiftly round, each member empty his share, with bumptes full
& sunny wishes for each others welfare & that thrice hipped ever again, again
for our soon departing friends. This was kept up till a very late hour, when
honds exchanged, R. hands again linked hands, R. then also came last,
d last. Advice! These hearty wishes & exclamations of respect & good wishes
at once evinced, what we all so vastly felt. They both take their depor-
ture very early by the privicing Coache, tomorrow morning.
25th August — Been fair, which was pretty well attended by the Farmers, with a number of their small cattle & horses, not leaving out those of the useful Provender kind of creatures, the Tholos who were down & attended by some negroes & blacksmiths in their tattered & potdom clothes; who, during the day, showed off several times, in separate & distinct parties, clan against clan, in the most determined & formal manner, meeting & knocking each other down & about, with the rattle as if they had been nothing but a set of fierce men. Yet these lower orders, under the exterior of a bluff & blustering simplicity, was a world of showing & talent; & this combative spirit universal among them, for I have observed before, as it was at this instance, when two people began to fight, the surrounding crowd, as if by instantaneous sympathy, would in a few minutes, be all at loggerheads together. But in these cases, there was no appearance of ill blood, either before or after the battle. At any rate, they are a queer set of people, & show a singular feeling of human nature, towards each other, that is almost unaccountable. Well, for my part, I should not like to take ashore.

26th August — The news giving nothing particular, transported in quarters for several days, the sun constantly spent in drilling & field days manoeuvring, and in parcellating the surrounding country; this evening I have just returned from one accompanied among the many, with the headman, the ploughman, the labourers. We the well tilled team of horses, ploughing on their way homewards, & this through a rich & well cultivated district, where the whole glorious setting sun, was seen spreading his rays of ample splendour on living gold, over a vast extent of landscape; it was certainly grand, and pleasing sight to behold.

The setting sun's resplendent beams

Hinge o'er the village trees,
The sky reflected in the streams,
Omnipresent by the beams.

No breath of air disturbs the flowers,
In richest form display'd;
No clouds precede descending showers,
The songstree seeks the shade.

The speckled heifers how for rest,
Along the grove's glade,
The flock, with shorter lambs bleat,
Well stop the tender blade.

The weary ploughboy homeward hies,
Sings to his trotting pace.
Unmind of the glowing shoe,
Which gird his ruby face.

The merry rhyming maid has care,
With cheerful steps to find
The smooth, long-dressed youth who calls her fair,
And captivates her mind.

Around the village blacksmith's shop
His friends collect and stand,
And with him join the state to pray
And save our falling land.

The distant morning of the hene
Which gives the orient plain,
And gleamings of the flex, combine
To charm the rural muse.

The balmy dew, their soft winged power
Or drooping herbage shed,
For each springing fragrant flower,
And cheer the naked bed.

The cattle are retired to rest,
All nature now seems hush;
Save cheerful birds in feather'd nest
Which twitter in the bush.

The rising moon resplendent, bright
Around its glory pours
Steps every tree with silver light,
And cheers the evening hours.

30th August — Received a note rather unexpectedly for Galway, to march in three divisions; got all ready for tomorrow's move. Servant man, broke a small looking-glass in returning it, had to pay half aquama, not worth five shillings; took a parley, but to no purpose, very vexing & imposing. — This king's county is in the province of Leinster. It may be considered the best that we have yet gone through; both as respects tillage & its general appearance. But the soil of the arable land is chiefly fertile, but about more than a third part of its surface is occupied by bog mountains. Great portion of the farmers is going to be reclaimed, as it is in contemplation to carry water by a system of drainage. A little to the north of this is the grand canal, which is casked from the Shannon river to the City of Dublin. This plan was well, having as yet formed no particular acquaintances, so as we feel any regret at leaving.
31 August — This morning at an early hour, the right division, set off 8 strong by the road to the small village of Fortananna, on the opposite shore of the Shannon where they halted for the night.

1st September — The second division marched this morning & the remainder of the regiment tomorrow. The 88th relieved us, they are a fine body of men. The country that we passed through was very pleasant, being both well cultivated & having much wood. The first place that we came to was the cheerful town of Banagher seated on the river Shannon across which it has two bridges. Then we halted for a short time & took the opportunity of reconnoitering & learn any particulars that should chance fall in my way of this noble river, which is the principal in Ireland. About here, it is only narrow & has nothing very striking or bold, but may be said to be rather picturesque than otherwise, the banks being woody. H having some islands below, well timbered. It leaves its source from Lough Clear, after pursuing a southern direction, enters the province of Connaught, from those of Leinster & Ulster. It then passes by the city of Galway, which is about twenty miles below this, and some time after a run of 60 miles, falls into the Atlantic, between Cape Clear or Loop head & Ballymoney Head, after a lengthened course of 200 miles. It is navigable nearly to the above city for ships of the greatest burden. For smaller vessels throughout the whole of its length. It traverses a series of large lakes. Forms many extensive bays & estuaries, interspersed with many romantic, rich & beautiful islands. Receives up-words of thirty rivers in its way, which from such an immense accumulation of rivers, lakes, &c., the mouth is enormous to a vast state, being about 10 miles in breadth for the last 15 or 20 miles & of great depth. Calculating the somewhat more common of its fall being the greatest in the lower parts of its course. Out of an entire fall of 345 feet in 220 miles, it descends 47 feet in about 11 miles, between Renvyle & Connemara, forming three of the lakes of Connemara, where the navigation is conducted by a lateral cut. The Grand Canal which communicates with Dublin, forms its junction a little above Banagher. It is much used. The fisheries on this river are numerous & productive particularly for salmon, which are considered the finest fishery. In the year & trout, brown trout, gillaroo, &c, &c, many other than large & abundant. We again moved forward, enter Connemara. In an hour & a half, arrived in the small village of Conmack, where so much enjoyed breaking the days fast. This is a neat little place and has a comfortable Inn, and here we halt for the night. Distance 12 miles.

2nd September — This day moved of 10 miles, would have been very dreary had not the sun shone with its rays as in all this distance, there was not even a village on the road & only a few houses to be seen. After crossing two head branches of the Shannon near we stopped to breakfast at a most miserable Inn, where the was as scanty as it
was bad, & few there were that went away satisfied & did not leave their helpings.

In a cloke we entered Sligo-town, where though we had again got into a crowded post. — This is a considerable seacoast place. B was pleasantly situated on an eminence, close adjoining the lough of the same name. The town is well built & the streets are very wide. B contains a handsome spacious church. B consists altogether a lovely dwelling little town, standing on the high mail road to Dublin. The lough of Sligo as they are called, is about half a mile long, by one quarter broad & is a fine sheet of water, being bounded on the southern shore, by a high precipitous mountain, giving the whole a romantic & noble effect. The hotel is a respectable one, & here we enjoyed some hours, the scientific & exhilarating game of billiards.

3 September — This day's march was twenty long miles & that over one of the most barren & stony districts, that ever poor mortal trod upon; nothing but solid rock, as far as the eye could extend in all directions, met a tree to be seen. B here & there only a chance dwelling, a thatched roof, not fit for any human being to put his foot in, or much more dwell in; there are besides no bridges, nothing but stone walls, Fox to sea feet high. B it is quite an impossibility for any thing to grow upon such land, for a plough cannot pull on it, indeed there is very little soil. B is not short the matter, it is a cheerfully, mean, waste, & past improvement. It is of the way we cross the estuary of the Bannow, a small river that runs into the Galway Bay, by several branches, where we halted on its bank for a short space of time. Then again at the small village of Bannow, which is situated on one of the headlands of the same bay, from which had an extensive view of its glittering surface, B of the town of Galway in the distance, where we arrived somewhat late by 2 o'clock. There being no room in the barracks for the men, they were billeted through the town. B we took up our quarters at the Inn, which was so crowded, that I had to take my next B bed on four chairs, in the parlour below, with thanks for a blanket only. B thought this no bad fare, from what we had so lately gone through. Sept. 20th

4 September — To day, part of the 12th regiment marched out here for Londonerry, so in the course of a few days we shall be enabled to get into barracks. From what I have seen of this place, it plainly shows, that it is a dirty & unsightly town.

2 September — Paid a visit to the Sligo, which is of some length & very ancient, built of immense round stones. The bay is here about five miles wide; the navigation of which is very dangerous; the shores being one solid rock for miles. B shallow water; there are some few large islands, but they are quite barren, many others just fishing from out of the water, B those of town which shelter its entrance, are signs in a fine day, twenty miles off. At vast number of small fishing boats each manned by two or three men, I should think there were at least four hundred of them. At some
Assume a capital station for fish of all sorts, more particularly those of herring and salmon. The latter are seen from off the bridges painted in thousands. Almost covering the bed of the river. A little above there is the weir, where they are unexpectedly obstructed in their journey upwards; so that they are compelled to leap out of the water to a considerable height, to gain its summit, when their backs become seamed, they will repeat it often times, and will swim back a few paces, then collecting all their force, with an astonishing spring, sometimes over leap this very formidable obstacle.

This tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow, that full compass drawn, aloft himself does throw. After they have spawned above, they return to the sea very lean, but soon recover; become twice their weight in two months. On my return, pop. into the fish-market, but was soon out again; the women to guess well, to graphic their prodigious in their sayings, and expressions, to stand it long.

6th September - The remnant of the 72nd regiment left; they are highlanders. A fine body of men. This was a Galway fair noted for having in general, except some, a vast increase of people from the surrounding neighbourhood; they are really a wretched, miserable in every point of view. I suppose they can get no daily work; if they do for a chance day, it is only a wretched pittance of a tenantry, which will not buy sufficient to buy clothes for to help them to often miserable family from utter starvation. Which to a mind that saw 200 does reflect on such cases, may greatly descriptive to himself, the keen privations and touching scenes of misery and of woe, that must ensue and be their hard and destined lot yes.

At last of a laborious and toiling day
In which he labour d for a scanty pay
Rebels that present crawling to his shed
Where men and women, he throws him on his bed
His children ring round, their supper ask
And tell him they have done their daily task
Carrying the turf, and all the day been gone
But all the day had gone without their food
This wife little up her bed, inspiring me
And in much language asks if help is nigh?
Their infant hanging on her dry drawn breast
By day and night depriues her of her rest;
Instead of milk, she feeds it with her tears.
And all a mother's hopes are changed to fears.
Fears that her nursing soon will fly away;
And its frail form be turned to native clay.

The father, anxious, brings out his store
A little oatmeal. Is then no more?
No more, in truth, though fasting he is come.
And finds a poor and famished family at home.
The prayers aloud, the mother's heart is torn.
The hungry children loudly cry and mourn.

"If we eat more, with better ones they say,
Indeed, dear father, we've been good all day."

This picture's from the life—to those who feel
The needless, its superfluous to afford.
Husbands and wives, fathers and mothers view
A scene which is alas! but colour'd true.
And as in soft domestic life you rest,
(Crushing cares all strangers to his breast.)
Whose pleasing task is to prevent a sigh
For those you love—and every need supply.
The needs which nature and which luxury make.
And values chiefly for their sake.

Now this sad picture, stretch your hands to save.
Rescue these sufferers from the gnawing fire.
Save them from pangs more bitter than death.
And they will bless you with their latest breath.
The pangs of seeing those we love endure
And, which they helpless, have no power to cure.

The rest of the bustling fair day, was spent over with only a few sketches, etc.

1st September—This morning I visited the barracks, to my much delight, which I was not a little pleased at, having slept in them for the four last nights. We next get into barracks. These are in summer, situated in different parts of the town, the Shambles, the Lumber, the Castle Barracks; they are all old buildings but badly filled up. The rooms generally small. The shambles ones, was my slept in, which was good, from where I had a lively view from my room of the water bridge, & its piers on. The depot of the Coldstream guards is this evening, bringing six officers & about two hundred men, and the Natz. etc. belonging to the regiment, with our new jackets, caps, and belts. &c.
ordered from Dublin. When at Bex, we shall now muster strong & look well.

28th September — On parade this morning, we mustered upwards of six hundred yards & half, which, with our new fashionable clothing, we sincerely did now, cut a formidable & respectable appearance. Our jackets were basted inside & out, on the breast, with the same on the cuffs & the shins, & with the Épaulettes, cut as thirteen pounds each. The pantaloons were sky blue, with cummerbunds & the entire wiki, & the same on the upper part in front of them, with wellington boots. The breast-plate buttons, & cap, were each mounted with the figure of the Elephant, bearing the number of the regiment & the word 'Leopards', which is in remembrance of the very distinguished part the corps took in that memorable action, on the East Indies. The idea of the day was that there would be drills & field days without interruption for some time to come, till further orders, so as to get in complete readiness & discipline, against the general inspection by the General of this district, when it is supposed leave of absence will be granted, & as ready accepted. The new silver sable plate, which we had ordered some time back, each officer having subscribed for pounds towards it, also arrived with the depot, which with the old silver plate belonging to the former regimental mops, before going abroad, now swelled it to a handsome sum of six hundred pounds, & was altogether plain, chaste & elegant. Broken set out this evening in our comfortable Mess-room, had a glittering & splendid cent, & a bottle of the good old port, we all so much enjoy.

4th September — Setting particular notice for several days, drilling & manoeuvring exercised. As there were many of the marine soldiers in the regiment, that had children, General Caplan's desire, & no way of educating & supporting them, a meeting of the Officers took place. After a few preliminaries were gone into, an annual subscription was instantly & unanimously adopted, for this schooling, by a regimental sergeant, school master of the regiment. Such true traits of generosity cannot but be greatly admired. I almost wondered at men, especially amongst soldiers — men whose habits of life are almost in strict opposition to social & domestic enjoyment — who are strangers everywhere; whose profession is to destroy their fellow-men, yet it is astonishing what tinctures & amiability of disposition are frequently to be met with. If a common deed leaves a widow, or if an object of distress presents itself to a regiment, such as a poor traveller, unable to proceed from illness or want, a subscription is immediately set on foot. & although a few pence from each is the extent of the alms, yet, with men whose pay is so limited, it bears the credit of a
conceivable gifts; but it is not the amount of the subscription I have looked to the most; it is the generous promptitude with which the measure is adopted. For no such the greatest marks of tenderness in the soldiery, often times it has occurred, that the orphan has been left on a regiment & the child has either been supported & domiciled with the company to which its father belonged, or a single soldier has undertaken the care of it. This can be found, not only in one but to the honour of each regiment in his Majesty's Service. In my leisure time I frequently strayed down to the water side, & then treading under the sunny beams, amused myself with the pleasing sight of beholding the numerous fishing boats, with their adventurous, hardy, industrious crews, yet under way & sail for their respective stations. To catch & haul in the fish. Sir, in some measure the following is very descriptive of their departure,

Now on the waves

The snow is lifted; now the sailors leap
Quickly in, save one, who at the stern
Starts yet a moment with his utmost force
To give the last strong push that makes the heel
These from the quiet sands; — the sea leaps in;
The oars are snatch'd; — they flash into the water;
The white sails one by one are spread; — and now
Slowly and steadily they steal along —
And these little fleets, seldom consists of fewer than a hundred, and frequently of double and thrice that number.

18th September — This being my birthday, I made a long excursion through the town & its environs. It is, though neither of them are worthy of much comment, as we are likely to be stationed here for some time, I shall still give a brief summary of what I saw. & how it is situated. & what buildings it contains. etc. This town is the capital of Galway county, & is situated on a short-surfaced road of the same name, which joins from Lough Corrib, a few miles above here. Immediately after crossing through the town, by which it is crossed by a stone bridge, of four or five arches, entities itself into the adjoining bay. It has formerly been surrounded with ancient & extensive walls. What a strong earth, both of which are now hastening fast to decay. The enclosed space consists of four main streets, running parallel to each other, and intersected by wide streets & lanes, nearly at right angles, all of which are manually paved & honestly dirty. Most of the old houses, have been demolished, & their places is begging to be occupied by more improved buildings, better adapted to the purposes of comfort & convenience, yet they are well 3d-classing like looking
places, being all built of stone. There being but few windows in them, the only
small. The public buildings are the collegiate church, which stands in a small
square. It is a large Gothic structure. It may be considered a fine edifice, both in
side and out. The church, the jail, which is of considerable size, is well arranged
the convents, which there are several of, of large dimensions, a charter school,
two neat court houses, an infantry, a Catholic chapel, two capital churches.
From these separate buildings ofBrackley, which are capable of holding two or
two regiments of infantry.

It regards its manufactures, the chief are those of wool, cloth, Irish linen, but its main trade is that of tea, which
is made in vast quantities on the shores of the bay. But those of the hemp,
other fibres, which are worked on very successfully to a great extent. The port
is very commodious and safe, but so distant from the city, nearly half a mile,
that lighters are necessary to move the goods into the town. It is governed by
a mayor, recorder, and sheriff, and sends one member to parliament. It has, like to
many places, participated in the troubles and revolutions of its own country. In 1690
it declared for King James, but surrendered the year following to general
The population is about 18,000, B of the distance of 96 miles from Dublin. The environs
of this town, have nothing either pleasing or picturesque about them, nothing but low
mud, stone hut, stone wall, B, pipe B, house, belonging to wallowing within and
without, with the same effects, easy smelt, B, the meaning B, surrounded them:
to a mind unaccustomed to such sights, it was truly appalling; but these
presenting noises were often dreadfully annoyed with, but we found while we
stayed here, we must close our ears. B while it perfectly for there was no al-
ternative; B besides it had its good effect, for it is one of Pat's gifted receipts.

Who among the many, kept a pig; his neighbours were very strict and most
lightfully amend with the constant summons necessariness of his sanguine change.
One day I gave it no meat, as much as he can eat, B the meat is fact to be sure.
for indeed, I am very fond of pork that has a stroke of fat and a stroke of lean. This
I believe is a method of weaving bate, string, bacon unknown on England, B which
farmers would do well to adopt. And as to showing their case their contentment in more
with their nature not combated; a landlord threatened a poor Irish tenant, the
other day, to put a distress in his house, if he did not pay his rent. "Put a
distress in, is it you mean?" said Pat, "Oh, by St. Anthony's saw, you had
better take distress out, there's too much in already, by the Mother that
bore me!" This is a true B, excellent bit on Irish blundering B, not that
they are certainly possessed of it in a high & laughable degree; for a single instance: one of their fraternity, was soliciting charity to assist him, as he was in burying his child, which had died about a week ago. On being asked by the master of the house why he had kept the child so long unburied: "Oh, sir," replied Padguy, "there's no hurry about it, your honour; for the days are so short, it will keep a week longer!" — In the day, I drank my own good health. In the evening had a small general party in my room.

12th September — A gentleman of the town, gave a Ball in the evening, which was well attended. It was kept up merely to a late hour, fulfilling the lines to a tittle.

Since death we are all, let us moisten our clay,
Let us drink, let us dance, and dust it away.

15th September — Walked out into the country, but saw nothing but rocks and barren lands, with the exception of Lough Corrib, which runs up for for twenty to thirty miles. It is in many parts, six to eight & eleven miles in breadth: in winter, its floodings cover near 200,000 acres, while, by the lands lately taken it is thirty or feet, four inches higher above Loughgall, two miles from Galway, than the high water level at the town. On my return, I heard rather a strange noise, as if that of one in distress. I entered the cabin close by, & from whence I supposed it proceeded. I then found all alone, a poor miserable wretch in the hovel corner, rolled on the hard clay floor, covered with only a single dirty blanket, worn to a state of threads & patches, lawncovered under a jet of boiling fever, gasping for her last hour. It is boiling breast & calling out on her native hence, water, water, but it would be of little use. Indeed, death seemed to be gaining fast to its termination. One & only a few carbuncles in this town, yet they were a great number of a small sort, called gauntlets Carus; their construction is upon two small wheels, the body is round & open at the top, with the entrance behind. It capable of holding five or six persons: the driver sits above them in front, & drives one horse. They certainly are very convenient for a family. There is also a number here, for the more general use; these have their boxes, so formed, that you sit back to back, with your feet hanging over the wheels, with a foot board to rest them on, similar to the steps of chaise. This is not only, an unsightly & unpleasant way of moving, but is highly dangerous, as any vehicle in contact against you, ten to one, but you have one of your legs broken & perhaps not in there. There are only small carts used in this part, which they make so for every purpose.
though they are neither in the shape of one, or any thing resembling them. Many of them are so constructed, that the stentor which is made of wood, turns round with the wheels, similar to those mentioned of in Lisbon. It makes nearly as much noise.

16th September—By turn for the high guns; all passed off well, till near midnight, when four or five of the soldiers that had been out of their quarters, made their appearance. Not getting admittance, I hearing of my approach, tried to make off again. I ordered the sentinel to do his duty: who instantly charged them, but in running beyond a yard, the opposite side wall, to check their progress. They coming in violent contact with it. When they all fell together. On getting up, made off as quickly as their legs could carry them. This I could not put up with. I been quick of foot, I made chase. After two hundred yards had run, I brought up a tall stout grenadier, by knocking up his heels: he fell heavily. Raised a storm, splashing as he came in face with the braving black vine, giving me the great a share of its doubling & staining qualities. In both face & jacket, all over my clothes. Upon getting up, he begged me a thousand pence and repeated my forgiveness. I marched him back to the guard house. Where I ordered him for the night, to be kept a strict prisoner: but next morning from a variety of circumstanes, not to be mentioned here. I ordered him to be released. No doubt: will be a warning to him, as well as to many others, for the future.

17th September—Lieut. Colonel Harman had up to this period, been commanding the regiment, but Col. Sir, Robert Le Peirce French, having arrived took the chief command, Regon is quite plenty of all kinds of regimental duties, both of guards, drilling, field days, & courts martial. For in him, was found a rare combination of the disciplinarian & the soldier's friend. He discharged his own duty faithfully & well; & he expected every one under him, to be the same. He would admit of no cause for the non-performance of it, from either Officer or Soldier. To those who served under his command, when absent, his name was always associated in their minds with the character of him, a gallant, brave, & able Colonel, a steady friend to the soldiers. And the same might be justly said of Colonel Harman, towards the welfare of the Corps. That he had so long served with in India, but he was altogether a meteor character. A much more lenient in his general discipline of command. The Irish whether, been here so plentiful & fresh, was exactly obtained by the soldiers, which caused frequent insubordination among them, to this & other misconduct, Sir, Robert was determined to put a stop to it.
...as far as I could. & finding their reports on a man that had been guilty of most of them, directed a Drum head court martial to assemble, after the morning parade, which was exactly completed with the whole regiment falling in at the Drum's head yard, forming an oblong square, with the large Drum on the end, in the centre. Reservist of his officers forming the court martial, round the base here we had, pen, ink & paper. & after hearing the Sergeant read over the changes to the President, who also stood close by, we proceeded on the regular course of examining the evidence. & so, though a very novel way of proceeding, & very seldom resorted too, had no doubt, its good effect, for it is both solemn, trying & stirring. After an hours investigation, we found the poor fellow, guilty of all the charges, brought against him, & we sentenced him to receive 300 lashes. This was then presented by the President, to the Colonel, who directed dismissed the parade. This was the first court martial of the kind I had been upon, & I cannot but express, with so many brave countenances & eyes, looking on, at the same moment, that I felt a thrillingเซสสิ่งยุ่งยาก of feeling page through my veins, & of the too, often forgetfulness of my own nature.

In the afternoon stroll, I observed a number of poor desperate Cathols of both sexes, going before, round a Holy well, as they choose to call it, close adjoining the town, up one of the inlets of the bay. all of them were walking, one after the other round its circle, on the rugged stones, bare footed, crooping themselves, repeating something as they went a long, this they kept up for a considerable time, each vowing I should suppose the number of rounds, according to their real or supposed sins, or more likely to that of the special order of this priest. Once or twice, one would have thought, almost sufficient, for to judge of this bleeding feat; it was no easy or pleasant task of repentance to comply with. But that of another peasant's case, was still more exciting. As the order was have some devils from the external, the internal, infallible. Viceroy of the Pope of Rome himself, for some deadly, almost unendurable sin: for his poor devil was absolutely walking round the same rugged way on his bare knees, having his breeched horses turned up, & thus continued two & twenty times in my presence, & thus no doubt under the most difficult & agonising torture, for he not only kept a perfect balance on the end of his knees, but kept partering on, through his horses were completely decorated & bleeding profusely with the sharp edge stones. This must be a dreadful week &...
degrees state of human nature, & most appealing state of the degrading law, and asociated superstition of the romanish religion. Leftover an Irish officer. That was with me, blessed them freely in galleys or ships, when in an instant, they were all up, throwing stones raining, threatening him with instant death. I stood my ground, not having said or interfered in any way with them, but I in fact made own, I was far from feeling easy within myself, as to what might take place as they were so highly excited & savage in their demeanour. After a short time, I seeing ease, in peaceful, steady strokes, 3 was really afraid to do so. The chief of the irregular habitants, both of the town & county, one of the catholic religion, was said to have words of two hundred of them in our regiment. They were allowed the equal priv lane with ourselves of going to their own place of worship. The officer of the day, whatever his religion was, marched them there, but of course was not obliged to go in. The first time I did out of curiosity, but was little better or worse for so doing, for the service was all in the latin tongue. The rest of the regiment was marched regularly to the Collegiate Protestant Church, where the clergyman was an elegant, learned, & excellent divine, & frequently allowed with feelings the most animating & descriptive, to these blessed effects of the Protestantism on this happy, favored land: the following is an outline from one of his sermons, preached before us, for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts. England he observed, is indeed a protestant country & with that protestantism began her prosperity. And what prosperity? Where has the world any thing to show comparable to it, in the vastness of its dominions, in the magnificence of its wealth, & above all, in the energy, enterprise, the thorough diffusion of good, the intelligent moving, receptive spirit of life, itself the true substantial wealth of nations, that stimulates other powers every limb & nerve of the empire? Have has the world a similar and where a second? If a dictator or a Roman of the conquering ages of rome or Rome, could start from his prime with what astonishment would he see an island, once almost too trivial for his ambition, & too distant for his knowledge lording it over a dominion wider than all ancient empires, touching with her sceptre the custom & native extremities of the earth, enveloping her well on the councils of every kingdom, filling every corner of the world with her arts & her learning, & her benevolence gathering into bosom the opulent products of every region, making her brilliant adventure to every spot where man can master the wild powers of nature, controlling an empire in the
heart of Asia, not less proudly conquering another empire from the
swamps & forests, a savage solitude of the western world, found another
empire in the new-born continent of the south; & in all leaving vestiges of
himself that no tear will ever wear away; exciting upheavals that shall last
when sword & sceptre are dust; founding institutions, not of horror & convulsionary
power, but, like the pillars in the journeys of Israel, sacred evidence that
God had been thus great, renewed His covenant with His people: planting her
noble language, the old wisdom of her laws, the matchless security of her freedom,
the indelible knowledge of her religion! Yes, we are a most assuredly a favored
& blest Nation, for besides her godly faith & matchless religion,

Here, in Britannia's fertile verdant isle,

The cottage, garden, farm, & mansion smile,
A meek & smiling face beneath the roof;
But whispering love may in the shade repose.
No dreary forests, nor useless place,
A gallant peacantry supplies their place.

Every inhabitant of Great Britain should recline in the security he
enjoys in his own country, on comparing it with other regions of
the globe; more especially were he travel over the northern parts of Spain,
many other parts of the world, & see its population cooped up within
walled cities, where he to see horses of transport, with plunder on their
man, desolating the plains; where he to look upon the ruined villages,
towns that every where bring a tear to the eye of sensibility; and
behold sometimes poor old men & women emerging from the ruins, as
from the graves of departed happiness, near which they still lingered
with what grateful feelings would he afterwards view the smiling cottages
that adorn the surface of his native soil, where a good look & friendly
bond are considered protection enough against those men, everywhere
to be found, who are wolves to their fellow creations.

13th September — To-day we had a punishment Parade;

The image of this suffering quite ennui me.

It was on the brave young Irish Soldier, who had unfortunately like to
many more, been absent at noon-call. Drunk & despondent. A negro boy had
made away with the contents of his knapsack. I had sat on his count
martial. I tried hard, as I always had, & I hope will do, to furnish him by solitary confinement in the black-hole, drills, guards, &c. but he had repeated his evanes to often & flogged he must be: he was to receive 100 lashes. The parade-call was given, & in a moment I was in the barrack-yard. The non-commissioned officers were marching their squads to the ground: the officers like myself, were turning out: the morning was cold as well as foggy. There was a solemn, melancholy expression upon every man's countenance, indicative of the selfish they had for a punishment: the faces of my brother officers, as upon all such occasions, were particularly serious. The men of the regiment were to be seen in silent groups at the barrack-windows. In short, every thing around appealed to the heart, and made it sick.

The regiment's formed on the parade, & the Triangle erected, which is by three Halberts tied together & their other ends, separated on the ground. Two men crossed on one of the sides for the prisoners to lean his body against, about which the men formed a square, with the Colonel, the Lieutenant, the Surgeon, and the Drummer in the centre. The prisoner was now marched into the centre of the square, escorted by a Corporal & four men. "Attention!" was called by the Colonel. The Lieutenant commanded to read the proceedings of the Court-martial. When he had concluded, the Colonel commanded the Private to "strip." The man now presented his hands to be tied up to the top of the triangle, & his legs below: the cords were hitched round them in silence, & all was ready. Three drummers now stood beside the triangle, & the Drum Major, who was to give the word for each lash, at a little distance. The first drummer began, & taken three steps forward, applied the lash to the Soldier's back - "one." Again he struck - "two." Again, & again, until twenty-five were called by the Drum Major. Then came the second, & then the third Drummer, & each performed their twenty-five. & so on continuing in their turn till the number of lashes were given that the Court ordered, or that the Colonel told them to stop. The first fellow was a hearty & determined one, living without a word his flagellation, holding his head down upon his breast, both his arms being extended, & tied at the wrists above his head. All the first ten or twelve blows, he never moved a muscle, but about the twenty-fifth, he clenched his teeth & wrung a little from the lash. During the second twenty-five, the part from which the cords fell, became blue. & appeared thickened, for the
The lash could not force one from his burning eyelids; but the word of his chief — the breath ofinded failing from his respected Colonel, spoke the stern soldier to the grateful & contrite penitent. I love to witness the exercise of benign clemency, & perfectly & consistently coincide with the sentiment so finely expressed by Shakespeare, & to which I think none can possibly object:

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It dropeth like the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It decketh him who gives, and him who takes;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's;
When mercy temporal justice."

May this be remembered by every Officer, when the cut is cutting the back of the soldier! May they reflect that both the back & the heart have feelings; & that the tear of repentance is often brought from the culprit's eyes by kindness than by the back. It is not flinging that should be administered by the angry, but the musical ejaculations of those which move the soul. — From this to the twenty first, nothing
mutiliously carried, excepting getting ready for the inspection; the discipline of which was constantly and rigidly enforced.

22 September. About noon General Sir John Doyle, K.G. R.C.B. &c. &c. arrived in town, accompanied by his Aid de Camp, who during the day received us in the large square. We went through the other different inspections, to all of which he was pleased to express his highest approbation & thanks. The manœuvring, I believe, was conducted excellent. With a fine day,虽 a great concourse of spectators, the sight was altogether magnificent. Nominating, all went off well, though in changing several times, we did not a little frighten & put to flight, the baggy boys, who had adventured to near a lay-banking on the stone walls of the square, causing shouts of laughter. Sir John, honoured us with his company at the Meffs. &c. All the married officers were present. &c., &c., &c. Robert Trunch, taking the chair, was the President, &c. It was my turn, as to-day, to be Vice President; I had that all engraving, a somewhat enjoyable task, with somewhat due tidiness, for the station was not one quite free from trouble. None of the different kinds of relief were introduced, of which there was required, as at all Meffs, a which account been kept of. The whole chat of the forepart of the evening was about the war &c. all of the veteran corps had served in, each were praised, all admired, &c. many by-gone scenes, experienced by the veteran warriors, now present, were related with no common glee, sufficient to excite the sympathies of every true hearted Englishman.

“...and even now their warlike strains, Would all their voices raise again.”

And at last they were all acknowledged to be almost all equal, all brave and gallant, and all sons paise, the whole,

A band of gallant souls, who knew,
The slow wood, the mountain blue,
The sullen sea, the distant black,
The long black road, the traverse.

During the evening, Sir Robert drew my attention & informed me, that the General wished to drink the Vice President's good health, which been done.

Returning the compliment, raising from my chair, with all due honour and respect, we did not break up till every late hour, after many songs and choirs, when all were merry, bin for we did sing and shout,
Some twine the bay and laurel
Around the brimming bowl,
And drink the lips of coral
That breathe all heart and soul.
Through the sea, and through the land.

Comrades, on high a flowing glass
Uplift the old walls ring;
Round with deep blessings, let it pass.
Here's to our noble king
Through the sea, and through the land.

Drink, drink, our life.
Down war and strife.
In the bowl plunge gloomy care;
In peace content;
By fond love best.

Now drink the fate we dare,
Through the sea, and through the land.

His extra glee in surging, was the cause of sending many away, at rather an earlier hour than was wished for. A few there were that did not feel the giddy spell. By the eleventh hour, Sir Robert B. the gallant General passed me, bidding me a hearty good night: all warning & smiling for he was a three battle man, as they dubbed him here. & stuck to the bottle contents; for sure, he was a native of this damp isle, where men, they say, almost subsist on liquid.

23rd September—This being the memorable anniversary day on which the battle of Hanno was fought & won in the East Indies: we gave a grand ball to the inhabitants; about two hundred & fifty sat down to an elaborate & superb supper; nothing could surpass it either in quantity or quality of display; for that was a bountiful supply of every thing that was in season. As the room was judiciously & tastefully decorated with various the emblems of the segment, which were all the battle with the word Ithaca, in conspicuous letters. There were many other devices suitable to the season. B. among the rest, B. painted on was the Elephant near two feet high, made in papier mache; he shored the fate of all things & was hung down B. almost devoured during the evenings entertainment.
not a fragment was left of him for another day. About thirty couple danced at one time, chiefly country dances, which was kept up with great spirit till 8 o'clock in the morning, when all parties retired & were no doubt well satisfied & pretty well tired. The fragments were sufficient for a morning such fête. 8 served us for several days to regale ourselves with. The whole cost about 150l. 8 averaged for each officer, two pounds, fifteen shillings. The regiment keeps this, now to be forgotten day, every year in account of the regiment having borne the brunt of the battle. Highly distinguished themselves: 8 it might he said almost extinguished themselves, for half of them were slain. The regiment formerly were the Highland Bred, the Scott, Bonnet, & 8 had likewise then a Highland Piper, who always marched at the head; the following is told of him at the battle of Ayes. The musicians were ordered to attend to the wounded, and to carry them to the surgeons in the rear, one of the Highlandpipers, leaving himself included in this order, laid aside his instrument, and assisted the wounded. For this he was afterwards reproached by his comrades. Flutes and hautboys, they thought, could be well spared; but for the piper, who should always be in the heat of the battle, go to the rear with the wretched was a thing altogether out of the question. The unfortunate piper was quite humbled. However, he soon had an opportunity of playing off the theme, for, in the advance at Argoona, he played up with such animation, that they could hardly be restrained from rushing on to the charge too soon & breaking the line. Colonel Adams was indeed, obliged to silence the musician, who now in some measure regained his lost fame.

24th September — This been the general inspection month, the whole was gone through & the names called over, after which furloughs were granted to a certain number of the Officers & men, 8 several of the older, worn out soldiers received this general discharge: this was of course a joyful piece of news, to one & all, best of all, more especially to long tried & faithful veterans, who had served his country long & honourable. 8 had now being absent from their friends & home, many a long year; and signed justly and feelingly to be at rest, and live, and die, among them.
Toiled on the stormy sea of life,
The soldier's battles o'er
The bed is farewell to scenes of strife,
And seeks his native shore.
His bosom yearns one more to see
The loved ones of his heart,
From whom in days of boyhood, he
Built of bright hopes did part.
But as he nears his place of rest,
New doubts apace his mind,
New terror fill his troubled breast
Fears not to be defined.
"Perhaps may parents both lie dead,
Beneath the cold green sod,
Perhaps the wending-sheet's their bed,
Forbid it, O my God!"
But who are they that meet his sight,
Now wending through the vale,
Why beams his eye with glad delight,
Why turns his cheek so pale?
Onward he bounds with joyful cry,
The old man knows the sound.
What is't that meets his wond'ring eye?
His long-lost son is found.
The aged pair shed tears of joy,
"We are not then bereft,
God sends us now our long-lost boy,
Oh, we have blessings left!"

26th September.—Most of the Officers & men took their departure on this leave of absence, making most of the time allotted them, many anticipating no doubt, more than will be realized, for in the long lapse of time, many will be perhaps now no more. There must be now half the Officers present; the duty fell heavily upon us, the guard...
coming round every two or three days, besides the officer of the day's duties. Each officer remaining were appointed to command a company, &c. 

as I was, to have that of the 60'd Grenadiers. This I certainly did not like for when on parole, I felt myself mighty small along side of these long legged, mighty giants in height most of them been suspended of six feet high. Remove. This getting to the care of Sir Robert, he judged me not a little on it, though he paid me a high compliment at the same time, as regarded the commanding of them; I said I was even taller than himself, which I certainly was, at not to mind, for he never new a little man, but had as great a heart. 

this I acquiesced in, for I perfectly agree with him, in this opinion. I kept the command of this company, for near two months. 

26th September — With so many been absent, made our way. The town was more still. Turned myself with long walks into the country, and taking notice of the inhabitants in general. The high sort are certainly more free, &c. able than the English, but at the same time, will not allow of any kind of liberties to be taken. I mean the ladies; for, though they meet you with that frankness & facility of demeanor, which belongs to the Irish women, the gayest, most estimable in the world, which so far from being indicative of an evil propensity, argues no fear of danger in the ignorance of one. 

The gentlemen are also gifted with the happy turn of openness of manners, & love of nature. So remarkable & peculiar to their nation. Its for the lower class, they are strictly a degree to the nation: extacy belongs to them. 

If they had the least sense of shame, they might earn their living, without much trouble, but, this does not suit, as the watchful set of individuals I am writing about, they would rather live in dirt & filth, than work. I do not say, without exaggeration, that there are more beggars in this county, than in all England and Scotland combined. 

1st October — This month came in fine. As Major Stevenson of the Engineers joined, & became a member of our little party a very gentlemanly & pleasant companion. This appointment in this district, is to superintend building a Martello Tower, on the southern shore, & entrance of the Bay of Galway. There are yet some remains of these round towers in Ireland: the origin of which is involved in as profound obscurity as that of the Egyptian pyramids. 

Of the latter extraordinary monuments excite our curiosity in a country where the same gigantic taste pervaded every work of sculpture as well
as architecture, how much more impressive is this solitary remain, that stands—“Sublime and sad

Bearing the weight of years!”

Much illicit distillation is carried on in this neighbourhood, in frequent applications for the assistance of the military, or an officers detachment generally accompanied the workman who had often experienced separate efforts assistance in this special skill hunting warfare. In one, we lost the soldier killed in a matter badly wounded, several of the poor misconduct lost their lives, as they gave regular front battle, firing ball cartridge, which continued for some hours, when they were finally routed, with their Distillery, taken & destroyed. This kind of spirit, which is called Potent whiskey is fine, & I must confess it strikes remarkably smooth & pleasant, not even affecting the head afterwards. At least I can speak for that of my own, for at a late dinner party at a Doctor’s of the town, I drank no less for my share during the long evening, than nine tumbler glasses of its sparkling spirit; of course I mean with a portion of water, but was not the least off my guard, but only exhilarated with happy moments & flowing conversation. This was most approvedly not on the abominable system. & was something like what the Dr. related to us:—He said, that he remembered dining in Dublin with a party of Irish gentlemen, when the practice of drinking whiskey became the subject of conversation. One of them observed that he was then upon the abominable system. Dr. F. said he felt desirous of knowing how far that system went, & accordingly made the inquiry. The reply was—“twelve glasses of whiskey by water after dinner!” This is literally the ruling passion; for there is one thing I had clain forgot to tell you,” said an old Irish lady to his son on his deathbed, after he had given him sound advice, and he will it come into the head any me, or I won’t have done away. Mind when you are out dining, in the winter time especially, always to come some 9 sober off, after the fourth tumbler of punch, as that’s the way witches’ part is being turned over rich by reason of timber in Better like a drunken blackguard...
4th October—The day I bid adieu to saw perhaps for the last time, a very handsome and interesting girl, not more than 17 years old, who was to take the Veil. & become a nun, of the order of in one of the nunneries of this place. I could not help looking at her with compassion as she passed along, detaching from my soul, a portion of her beauty. These reflections made me feel quite low spirited, & many around me were also in the same serious thoughts, for we all knew, talked, & often joined in the merry dance with her, with pleasing delight, for she was one of those that the poet so describes.

"The gentle mind, the placid feature, 
Bespeaks that guiltless, lovely creature, 
Imortal Shakespeare knew."

And yet still this lovely creature would take the Veil & hide herself from the world; it is a great pity, and there ought to be laws against allowing it, and that in many points of view for, Vows of virginity should be well weighed, & oft they are broke, then in a convent made.

And to better it natural would it be, both for themselves & others, & in the sight of God, if they would set aside such nonsense, & rush, & foolish vows, & remember what they were sent into this world for, & imitate the wise Virgin’s resolution.

"Hail wedded love."

It must be so! Oh, Melton, hark! Divine! 
When reasoning just so well accorded with mine! 
Oh, whence proceeds these hopes, these fond desire, 
And all these wishes which my bosom fires? 
Why should my soul, and whence this solemn dread, 
Of the sad thoughts of never being we; 
In instinct, faithful instinct that we feel, 
Which led to see a husband less remote. 
Marriage’s the doubtful state that strikes the sight 
Averse with terror fear and soft delight, 
What unknown scenes, what changes must we bear. 
And oh! how awful does the veil appear. 
The lid in darkness and by stone’s conceal’d, 
It downing prospect to my sight’s reveal’d.
Here will I hold, if there's a Power above, 
That thus inspires us with the passion love, 
And that there is in Nature's works, we see 
Our duty with his dictates should agree, 
Procure our interest claims the task no less, 
Since the great end of nature's law is blest, 
Yet then our darling privilege we must quit, 
For wedlock women must yield, I submit; 
They will engage to man's imperial sway, 
Attend his pleasures, and commands obey, —
But hence my doubts, perplex my mind no more. 
The present shall end them, and my peace restore 
Not rashly do I venture life and gain, 
Pitiful I seek the pleasure and the pain, 
Borrow and freedom both my care employ, 
Stand my mind a torn, traitor fears and hopes of joy. 
And with my liberty must part, 
But in exchange true bliss will fill my heart, 
There for awhile my life will well repay, 
And friendship please when passion shall decay, 
Content I'll seem insinuates and age, 
While a fair offspring sustains life's last stage: 
Even when my eyes shall fade, my powers decline, 
Yet still each virtuous blessing will be mine. —

6th October — I visited the Playhouse; it is only a small building, just 
fit for the actors themselves, who are a miserable company altogether; though they 
are better than not having any, as they help in part to amuse and pass 
our extra time away. —

8th October — This been Galway station elections, a strong guard of fifty 
men was ordained for the special occasion, which is considered here, if some 
doubt is great responsibility, as there are generally a great number of prisoners 
of the worst kind, and there has been three or four times attempts of some of them 
by the dense mob that went the town at this time. Sir. Robert, sent for me 
to breakfast with him, partly for the purpose of giving some particular instructions 
how to act, should there be any disturbance likely to resist my processe. 
Sir. Robert was that I should keep a thick look out, & keep the mob off, & should 
not be able if there was an attempt made to rescue the prisoners, that 
each of them was to be instantly put to death, no favour or affection to 
be shown. I now left Sir. Robert, & marched my guard from the barrack
to the county jail, which was upwards of half a mile, up the opposite side of the road passing through two streams of water, occasioned by a willful Miller, who damed it so, as to run over the road. I expect, willfully. After a quarter of an hour's lapse of time, theailer brought out to me, a prisoner, if truly they were a sorry, savage, fiend-like set as I think the chief were for brutal,无法理解杀死。We arranged them two 8 two a breast, with besides the extra caution of being hand chained, having also a strong soldier without his musket, placed between 8 linked each arm in arm with them, 8 the rest of the guard were extended round them at equal distance, 8 a short space from the prisoners: in this manner we set off 8 were going on very well and quietly till we came again to the water, here there was a kind of dam where the prisoners falling back 8 refusing to pass through it, at which perceiving, I hastily 8 hastily gave the word forward, 8 we were instantly one 8 all of us amidst 8 wading through its cool stream. All the bridge we met with a little impediment by the people, but when about halfway through the town, we again met with more serious 8 suspicious obstructions, in that of a dense mass of Irishmen, with a member of their small carts, which completely blocked up our line of march, 8 after with the greatest perseverance 8 repeated threatening determination 8 active acting on our part, with swords 8 bayonets piercing many and we cleared our way through them, which I was happy to say was accomplished at last, yet I had my fears 8 doubts kept in fearful 8 useful balance for some time. I led them safe in the Court-house dock, where I 8 the guard were kept watching our turn, we were 8 without tasting food, till late in the evening, where we again marched them back to the jail, and were released from this very unpleasant duty. I sought afterwards to have times with the judge, but from some mistake, I did not arrive at that supreme honour. The different witnesses, showed great speaking, shrivelling, 8 answered in their answers, 8 often showed a wonderful 8 laughable evasiveness in their replies, to turn the question 8 bearings against them, to their own account; 8 this they ought on one view to be allowed.
to be allowed, for they are most shamefully and even cruelly treated by the Irish Counsellor; nothing can exceed it.

10th October — No news of any sort stirring. Widow Williamson to ride on the monotonous time, signed out her cards, & gave us a grand ball at her pleasant cottage, about two miles in the country, which she is in the frequent habit of doing. & is considered though aged, the gayest of the gay, as she takes the lead in all the circles of society & parties. in town & neighbourhood; & is one of those lovely, good humour'd old Ladies, who are like may justify & very happily be compared to those like raisins are to fresh grapes.

They are withered, but they are also preserved, and appear to most advantage in the freshest company. The party was numerous & highly respectable. The dancing was kept up for a considerable time, & afterwards, pastich of a sumptuous & splendid supper, our guests were ranged in the separate rooms, & about 100 persons sat down & enjoyed their contents. The dancing after, then commenced again; & such was the conviviality of the evening, that it was kept up till the dawn of day broke in upon us; when all parties, with the exception of a few of us, separated for their different homes, highly delighted with the liberal, lively, past entertainment. A few of us, about half a dozen of wild ones, not minding sleep on this occasion, a bottle of "the frolic of youth," was displayed, and we kept the old songs words, well up.

"Sleep and drowsy bed sleeping." Joined again the fragments at the table, which with a few drops of good old Brandy & Cherry became, kept us all alive & merry, till the hour of seven struck, when we prepared for starting in our two vehicles, a chaise & gig; but, such was the frolicsome whim & merriment of us all, that we could not settle which was to be our respective conveyance. At last the gig was fairly broken down with the weight that got on it. The horse with the nose, was put on the case of setting off at full speed, but which I had
in catching his head & this presented no doubt a melancholy accident, especially to Lieutenant Black of our company, a truly well-grown Irishman, son of the Bishop of Limerick, who had fallen between the body & the wheel, on which he had one of his arms extending through; after some time spent in extricating & putting them to rights again, three of us, who had taken possession before of the chair, set off, the driver going at nearly full gallop, by our orders, setting B in imitation of the sailor on his off-hand, with, on top of the chair, singing A shouting merrily, so we passed it along, indeed it was altogether too bad a nearly shameful & indecorous in us, in so conducting ourselves, but what could be said & done, the spirit was up & there was none to guide us. About half-way, B dismounted from this precarious elevation, doused myself comfortably inside, while my two harum-scarum companions still dashed B kept the roof, B we thus entered the town of Galway by 9 o’clock, B we went each set down at our respective quarters, none the worse, but much the merrier for our last twelve hours of pleasure.

20th October—This morning while looking over the bridge, into the water, at the salmon, a poor fellow belonging to the House above, lost his balance & I believe him soon after, washed with the rapid current under the arch. I stood on, and he was seen no more alive.

1st November—Autumn is now coming on fast & all around began to look one vast solitary dreary waste, it is a mourning to both, self & others.

Summer is over, and autumn is come,
The trees are all leafless, the groves are all dumb; The valleys are heavily, the meadows are bare. For the sun and the shade of Luine have been there. The note of the reed is heard alone, And the brook murmurs sad over the smooth-worn stone.

Yes, to my thinking, a scene of gloom, The man’s last home, are he seeks the tomb; Where the musical voice of love is gone, I find the dumbness and loneliness of age come on. Yet I love its look, for a type I see, In its mildly, birds and its leafless tree. Yes, a solemn scene, and it bids farewell, For the awful change that shall lay me down,
The wind, as it presses, seems to say, 
'Tis thus the being shall fade away,
And though strong and fair they shall grow now,
The leaf shall fall from the softest bough.

Yes, autumn tinges the forest, and the deepening green fades into brown.
The setting sun sinks lower to his bed, the trees are shedding, left hopelessly by a break; as the day, like that of aging man, is spent.
The wind is baren — it beats and tears the trees in their evening life. It already begins to strip them of their summer glories, stirring the ground with the cast off rags of verdure. The corn has been robbed of its golden crown. The gay season has passed, and autumn is leading us to winter, as life wanes and the sombre countenance of man foreshadows death.

Where the kitchen crept over the barren rock; the shrub has grown to fence the corn waves, and the voice of man breaks the silence of the desert, to sing the story of the world; that long story which began before mankind arose in its cradle; the tale on which ages are as seasons, and change is ever-increasing glory. It is witnessed these transitions with saddened senses but an informed faith, spans the dark shams between summer and summer, and borrows for the short season the light of future years. The sap rises in the tree, according to its law, the beast is directed to his appointed resting by instinct; but among the formative forces of man is his intelligence by which he knows the past of can so prepare for an expanding future. To him the recurring seasons speak not only of repetition but of an expanding destiny. To man, therefore, the seasons coming round should speak encouragingly of work unperformed for the service of the future.

This month many of the Officers joined in the sports of the fields, which is vastly different to what it is in England; here there are nothing but loose stone walls to leap on or over, as it is impossible to clear all of them, many been six feet high; in this case, the Irish Horses are taught to accustomed to them. Then off.
on the, similar to that of a goat, & it is most astonishing with what ease & confidence, both the rider & the horse, go at them, & get over them; for in many instances the wall for several yards, follows them with a tremendous crash & noise. — The evenings beginning to be now rather long & our conversations indoors began to be more frequent. We had often very agreeable little parties in our own bavach rooms. One evening just before dinner, the chat was about activity, leaping, &c. Some of them, I think, said to me that I was rather too fat in the legs, for such exercises. I laid a bet, at the spur of the moment, that I could leap over the shelf table, taking away the forms & the glass only. This was accepted in an instant, just as I was deserted for dinner. I threw myself clear over, not having more than a step & a half to assist in giving me the velocity required. I now stood with them. St. Lloyd, one: but nothing as regard length of span of leap, to what Lieutenant Atkinson of the Eighth Company could accomplish, for I have seen him, in a level piece of ground, that was one or twenty feet & a half in length, & that before he was wounded in the leg, he could clear up wards of two or twenty feet & a half, which is certainly almost surprising leap. — Another evening, four of us got into a highly laughable & rather unpleasant predicament; we had, as is usual, retired from the shelf table into the adjoining room to chat chat. We read any of the late arrived news; it is the general custom. Rule of all officers that when a Member has once retired from the table, he is not to enter the room again that evening; but, with us this order was broken; for in each trying to snatch up the latest newspaper, a sort of lively encounter took place amongst us. Mr. in the eagerness of the moment we forgot ourselves. Mr. in the coming queue. Minds determined, down we all went against the door, which burst open & went with a tremendous force against the Colonel's elbow & his chair, tingling it with vivid sensation of pain. I being the most laid on my back was the last that was able to get up. & away. Upon being asked why by the Colonel, as I was about my to rise on my legs again, why I came in so abstrusely, I said rather spleenly, if it really would not help it, at this there was a general laugh, & a burst of fire, fire, fire, which was soon recorded.
in the fine book, to the tune & number of half a dozen bottles of wine, for each of us; this was rather a serious affair, & the latest news, was the most unwelcome. To this, I for one, mean to appeal to morrow for part revenge, as I think, I was not quite so much in fault.

10th November — after dinner was over, I got leave, & alluded to the yesterdays fine, when all was life & eagerness to the momentous event, & I was obliged to get on my legs & address the President, who hearing my case, no doubt throughout with impartiality, having put it to the vote, around, who carried it as might be justly anticipated against me, & that with the loud and clamorous. Without a dissenting voice; & what was still worse & appalling, the fine was proposed to be doubled & actually carried by some of the hard drinkers & now flinching of the bottle, for appealing I must be securely in getting the fine reduced, a rule & law, that is in force & always acted upon; but, on consideration that it was may first event, the fine heavy, & that I pleaded complete ignorance to the rule, I was let off to the same, as the rest, & I bowed submissively, though reluctantly to their decision. This mock trial caused some extra movement and not a little smacking of the lips, & the hearty swaying, wine sociers.

24th November — still the Officers that been on leave of absence for the two months, joined & answered to their names when called over; five or six of them brought back, those that they loved most dearly, having counted & marked in this short interval, though I believe some of them, were of poor love & promise, years ago.

Nothing new transpired if any note for several weeks, excepting going to the Play house, attending Balls, visiting parties & promenading up & down, both in & out of doors, with our excellent Band of Musick; till I was almost tried & Reach to death of them all. & I might justly emphatically exclaim, —

"There is no paradise, no paradise on earth, the joy can scarcely reach the heart."
This I must confess is too true & too generally the case, for there is much outward show of vanity, with very little share of the ingredient of sincerity attached to it. Going to one of these parties, I trod on this confounded bad pavement & not only met both my pantaloons housed, but cut & bruised both them & my hands in a most severe degree. I continued on to the house close by, to see the extent of my misfortune, when, not me, but nearly twenty one, fine blooming young ladies, came to engage delight me with their hinds & 9 agree, which soon enabled me to return to them again, better equipped. This being the last party this season, I danced, went down sixteen country dances, besides some Irish Jigs, there being four partners for the last Daniels. Though I was not greatly fatigued with the active action, it was in mind, & made a vow, that from this evening, I would not dance any more. which I believe was exactly the case, fulfilled.

11th December. We have just left November weather, for a sober zone, which has set in, somewhat sharply & severely,

Now comes bleak Winter with his missive band of big, swollen tempests, following in his rear,
To spread wide desolation o’er the land,
And spoil the beauties of the blooming year.
Swept o’er the plain the scatter’d foliage flies;
O’er scenes deep the mighty whirlwinds roar;
And waves on waves from the invaded shores,
The tumble, heading, o’er the sounding shore.

Last night there was a heavy storm, & this morning, the news came that a Vessel was on shore, from the Bay; a large detachment of 200 men, under the command of Major Moore, with Ensign Luther, immediately set off with the quickest dispatch, as the report said that the crew had been usually used in the Coast plundered by the savages and mercenary disposition of the neighbouring inhabitants.

14th December. Major Moore & 180 men came back, as at present there was no fear that the Vessel was likely to come nearer the shore or break up. My turn for leave of absence being near at hand, my name was sent up accordingly to Head-quarters.

19th December. Received orders to proceed direct for the work, with a detachment of only 15 men, to relieve the Officer there. The country
of 12 miles that we had to pass through, was perhaps the widest of all. 

The most dreary that it was possible to conceive, nothing but rocks and 
the entrance of some deep gulches into a dense fog. The road was 
stone walls for the eye to see, & the thinly scattered poor inhabitants, who are nearly as wild & bare in a state worse than the savage, 
contorted Indian, who is thought so little & erroneously of, for—

there ought to disturb the silence, save 
The dashing of the far-off waves, 
The wild wind's melancholy sigh, 
Of sea-bird's shrill, and savage cry.

From Ensign mutilated, I received my general instructions how to act 
& place my tent-marks when after an hour's arranging, he set off, 
pleased to escape from such a barbarous country & set in which he 
had, had some narrow escapes, & almost literally hanged to death, 
for he had, had very little to subsist on, since he arrived here; 
for my comfort, he thought I should even be worse off, as what little 
time was at first, had now been nearly all consumed. I accompanied him 
as far up the rugged hill, as half a mile, where there was a small 
field, but which we made our head quarters; but, the smoke was so 
dense, that I could only discern one or two persons, & the cook motion 
at intervals of then in tears, which dropped bitterly from her, the cook's eye. 
I formed no doubt part of the ingredients of their daily ration of potatoes: of course I was quickly out again, 
I did not return till late in the evening, where I sat up, chief of the night, in some little for 
no doubt, lest I & my party might be surprised when napping, for 
my guard was only small, having seven men, & the Sergeant & all were 
the remainder down on the bench, where they braced themselves, 
saw from the corner, forming the tent, from which they supplied three centinels.

In this way I stopped for long days nights, in watching this creek, 
for the vagabonds would not be kept off, without the active vigilance 
of the military. They came at times, as many as three or four thousand, to see if she was likely to go to pieces; if so, then I 
have no doubt in saying, that it was their full determination to 
have rushed on & subjugated us, then to have commenced plundering 
the wreck of those things that could be taken away; but we 
watched them to narrowly, & if they had dared to have come on,
we went to give them as warm a reception, as we thought them entitled to, especially in such a wicked, abominable, & bastardy practice, as that of plundering a poor helpless sailor & his crew, for, "I know among you some full oft have sworn, With murdering weapons arm'd, a lawless blood, On England's sole Ethanian shores who stand, The foul reproach and scandal of our land! " Ye rob the wanderer's couch, I upon the strand. Thieves, while their savage office they pursue, Lift wound to death, the helpless plunder's crew, Who, scaped from every horror of the main, Employed their mercy, but employed in vain."

She was a large Brigantine, I came on the barren, rocky shore In the late, dreadful gale, partly owing to the Captain, having made him this Bay, for that of the Chesa pay. The crew in struggling to escape to shore, I believe, that part, fellow out of the nine, has met with their total doom; I had seen lost, the rest assembled to the hard rocky shore, or thought saved from immediate death; the worse left, washed or drown, The few articles of clothing that they had remaining so cruelly saved from the tempestuous & boisterous billows, that surround them. Now, full oft, indeed, that mournful heart of gore, What the sad wanderer look upon the shore; But even that scene the impatient numbers ran, Insubsequent only to a nobler plan. Three happy, might the secret possess of art. Unlock the latest windings of the heart! Thought the sad numbers drew Compassion's tear For kindred miseries, oft, beheld too near; For kindred wretches, oft, in ruin cast, On Albin's strand, beneath the winter blast; For all the pangs, the complicated wo, Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors, know! To pity, gushing o'er each British breast, And sympathy with Britain's sons restored'd."

But the catastrophe is o'er, and,— The sad scene of death is closed, the mournful strains Dripping in dying languor on the ear.
yet pity scarce, yet sympathy complains.
And death suspense awaits, so overwhelm'd with fear.
By last companions of distress, alas!
Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!
The tempest now shall howl, consum'd by you,
While Ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.
On you the blast, awhirl'd with rain and snow,
The winter's dismal night no more shall beat;
Unfet by you the vertic seen may glow,
And search the panting earth with dartsful beat.
On you the blast, awhirl'd with rain and snow,
No more the joyful sight, the brightly drain
Shall wake, the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor helpless love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of sweet joy you roam
No more on you weeps the wanton tear.

* Here's on the crags, sick'd, they graze! they bleed!
And groaning, long upon the elevated crest;
Another battle burst in boundless roar!
They sink! and memory revises no more!
But, lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the dismal prospect opens round —
The wave, the shore, the dying, and the drown'd!1
And, see! enveloped by repeated shocks,
Those few who scramble on the adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain —
They sink o'whelm'd! and never rise again!

And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
Volts the latent feelings of the heart.
What though no sculpture pile your name displays,
Let those who perish in their country's cause;
yet pity creeps, yet sympathy complains,
that dumb suspense awaits, overwhelm'd with fear.
Ye last companions of distress, adieu!
Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!
The tempest now shall howl, unheard by you,
While Ocean smites on vain the trembling shore.
On you the blast, overwhelming with rain and snow,
In winter's tempest, night no more shall beat;
Unfelt by you, the winter sun may glow,
And cover the panting earth with harmless heat.
On you the blast, overwhelming with rain and snow,
No more the joyful smile, the glibly ardent
Shall wake, the dance to give you welcome home;
Not ships, but love impatient waiting pain,
When far from scenes of dear joy you roam.
No more on you we'd cast our waste you stray,
While hunger and distress your life consume;
While parching thirst, that burns without alloy,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.
Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still enslave
The wond'ring masts of the faithful ship,
O! happen now, escaped to endless rest;
Then we who still survive to wake and weep.
What though no funeral pomp, no sorrow'd tear
Your hour of death to young crowds shall tell;
Not weeping friends attend your stable ker,
Who sadly listen to the piping bell.
The tutor's sigh, the vain parade of use,
No real anguish to the soul impart.
And of alas! the tear that friends bestow,
Reveals the latent feelings of the heart.
What though no sculpture pile your name displays,
Delicately let those who perish in your country's cause.
What though no epic muse in living lays
Recites your dreadful daring, with applause
Yet shall remembrance from oblivion's veil,
Relive your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
And soft compassion at your tragic tale
In silent tribute pay her hundred tear.

The sequel will be a perfect work; her cargo consisted mostly of
fruit. A salt, both of which has been entirely lost. — One of the
nights been very dark & stormy, the fellows made their appearance
in a formidable phalanx; 15 seemed determined upon mischief, to
dey; for they approached so near, that they forced us to
fire instantly upon them, which with his & a few more balls which
past 10 about their ears, soon dispersed them to a great distance amongst
their native rocks; 15 we saw 15 were troubled no more with them, so near at
hand. In going down to them, several of the men fell over the loose stones
which was highly dangerous, as the muskett were loaded with ball & we had
to follow each other in line, the lane been quite narrow. About half-way,
the Sergeant & two men struck off with the intention of again making at a great
point, but in so doing, he frightened my plasma, 15 got into the lane a
complete cushion; for in leaping from off a stone wall, thinking it was
the ground, he indelicately went landing into a deep pond or pool of water, 15
some time before he propped his way out. — The second day, a better kind of a
chap with a gun, eveded as near my Desart & seemed to be reconnoitering
that I thought fit to tell him to stop, but instead of as doing, he set off
& after him for a mile or two, sword in hand, when after the second fence he
had cleaved it, he boldly turned round on me, 15 swore that if I advance another
step, he would shoot me, bringing his gun to his shoulder at the same
time, which I severely disbelieved, might be the case: at this I rather wisely
halted 15 held a harley; but as I could not make anything of him
or see any of my guards moving in sight, I retraced my steps back again
warning him solemnly, next again to approach so near my guard. At
the same time I was generally down of the beach, observing the wreck 15 the
weld lady, who seemed to be lounging 15 to think long of her coming on shore; and gazing at the opposite coast of the County of Clare, black
Head, being 10 miles distant, 15 the three Islands of Arran, in the

On my return

I had nothing
to cover us with as
most I was in some
manner myself.

For c" State.

And this was
we had nothing
to cover us with as
most I was not;

I then close
on the straw

The train
sho

And this & the

The instant

As they have been
as there.
effing, which forms B shelters the entrance into this bay. During the nights, I also wished for a special change, and dwelt with them, on the scenery of pleasing thoughts, in the wild B grand scene that did present itself around — Reccon of the silver bow! By her pale beam, alone and pensive, I delight to stray, and watch the shadow trembling in the stream, Or mark the floating clouds that craft her way. On my return, I generally found the Excursion sat on the corner of the large fire-place, trying to catch a sleep Busted over the heat of the fire, burning fire; who, on my entrance, made way for me, exclaiming —

"What a fine thing to feel, for making a fire, and giving out heat."

"That's true," replied I, as by it now sat."

"I strongly advise you to have it repeated."

And this was highly necessary in most respects; for besides being very cold, we had nothing either to drink or to eat, or to lie down on, much less to cover us with. It was the only light we had to see by. The third night I was accommodated with a bed of straw mat, which I stretched myself upon. I began to think that it was a pack of mops, after the fatigue I had been going under, but to my joy found that I could not arrest myself of sweet sleep, before I was the poor Excursion still nodding, I took pity on him, asked him to lay down & take a shoo on the straw mat, which he readily complied with; but, about two or three hours afterwards, what was my astonishment, for the kindly showered him, nothing less than him trying to steal my watch while he reposed; would have accomplished, that I not been awake & kept occasionally moving as if on the eve of awakening; I have heard it remarked that

"An open eye may prove a curse, but a pretended friend is worse."

And this I think decided proved itself, as well as that he was a truly unfeeling mortal.

So passed this anxious night away, and welcome was the break of day.

This district, for many miles, belongs to Esquire Martin of Galway, who has been frequently among others, a guest at our chief Table; and as there are several extraordinary particulars connected with...
this gentlemanly history, his lands; I shall give them. The group of oldish Deen from the following occurrence. A gentleman who was known to be a person of fighting quality, saw Old Dick walking among the streets of Galway. He called out to him from a window in some very offensive manner. There had been, since the early periods of the history of Ireland, a hereditary obsession of men in the Morton family. Old Dick, who wore his sword, ran into the house, tore the door of the room in which his enquirer was, and prepared for battle. The other did not like the prospect; he held a sheaf before him to protect himself, but Old Dick thrust his sword through the seat of the chair. Into the heart of his antagonist. The people of Galway, who were doing nothing in the transaction but the agility of Old Dick, gave him no other support than that of Nimble Dick. Friar was out of the question. Neither a Police Officer nor a Sheriff's Officer ever dared to enter the vast holdings of Cumeenore since the defection. The extent of the Mortons' property is enormous. It covers upwards of 90 miles of sea coast; it is that it does, for the sea supplies him with the only valuable commodity on the estate, with the exception of potatoes. The flax, or sea, weed, is the great support of the family. When groceries or clothes, or necessaries are to be paid for, Mr. Morton loads a couple of horses (for there is not a horse upon the estate) with help, & the office goes down with the produce. Money is a thing unknown at Cumeenore. It that which is spent in the service of the public, to the honours of the Smithfield drivers, never reaches this county without going through the hands of the ship-brokers of Galway or the seacowman country. When he wishes to dispose of some land, he never says, “Give me so much an acre for this or that piece of ground;” but he takes the purchaser up a hill & pointing to a bush (for a bush is a Land mark on the estate, there being scarcely a tree to be seen), he says, “I'll let you all that, from that tree up to that hill to the first of that mountain, with all that coast, for so much help & so much better.” But, although a landlord would no more live in the air of Cumeenore than a Lenten, the town of Galway is not so destructive to the vermin. When a devastation of foundation takes place, Galway as well as Smithfield may rise not. The retreat of Cumeenore then is no more honourable than it is at any other period; but the moment the sultan is made, a flag is hoisted upon.
the meetings over the Court house, 85 the worthy Representative Ezra, off to his constituents & assures them that Catholic Emancipation shall receive his strongest support. He visits a House of Bishops, which he presides over at the time of election to his constituents, & they all forth in genteel though excusingly inconvenient style, to vote for the Wightman (master). They regularly deposit the mark of dissent on their return, anything in the shape of a shoe never having been seen on a human foot, except sepulchral, in the whole district.

25th December — On this day I was relieved by Ensign M't Pherson, an Old Peninsular Veteran, who after all his active campaigns, as Sergeant Major of this Regiment, confided that he did not like the present & surrounding appearances. He well might he think so, for here I have lived, I sought to say, scantly existed, for the last few days & nights, on nothing more or less, than a few potatoes, some butternut, a very little drop of spirits Brandy saved from the wreck by the ship's crew, 85 this in a small Cabin containing, after the toil of the labour of the day, upwards of a dozen persons, of men, women & children, besides ourselves, who had to retire to repose under the thatched roof, where they lay without one, with the exception of that music, which gave the strongest testimony of the absence of care.

These Paddy's are merry, and happy, but poor, their Cabins are built in the midst of a moor, no pretty green meadows about them are found, but bogs in the middle and mountains around. These wild Irish lads, of all lads the most frisky, enjoy their spare meal of potatoes and mush, as they merrily sit with me wave on their minds, at the door of their Cabins, and sing to the wind.

We now marched back to barracks with hearty haste, both for some thing to stay our hunger, & a change of clothes, which we found truly grateful & refreshing; for none of us had had them off since we left head-quarters. I immediately set about equipping myself for my two months leave of absence, as I start to morrow on that
25th December. All ready to start by 9 o'clock, set off by the Mud Coach, on one of the finest Christmas mornings that man could wish for, only so activity could be, that it was almost impossible to put up with its being, acting effects. Have been no Pageantry but myself; the Coachman soon enticed me to take the Drive, who seeing that he might interest me with them, so glad enough to be sure, he was to give them up on account of the cost, & the half-crown piece leaving him, as he thought for the case of the drive, & besides being Christmas day, left me to go to the Guard behind, where they chatted together the whole of the time of the two first stages, with the exception where entering a village or town for changing the horses. At first I cannot but say I was somewhat tired, having never driven post horses before; besides they were very high spirited horses, but they bore so accustomed to the route & myself gaining confidence, I managed them along & kept never heeding. Arrived at each stage within the given time, seating the Driver & gratifying myself he with his easy, earned half-crown gift. & I with my 10 miles drive. By the Guard & the Driver, were full of anecdote & merry jest, & as quick as the quickest: In this country, a sharp fellow is said to be “as acute as Dicky Fox,” the fox of Ballybodren, which used to read the newspapers every morning to find out where the learning were to meet. Having changed horses at Laughing we pressed on at a rapid rate through the small village of Topham rendered memorable by the decisive battle fought here between the forces of William III. & James II., when the latter was completely defeated; & then on to the town of Ballinasloe, which is noted for its great cattle & wool fairs, but has nothing striking in its appearance, excepting the domain of the Earl of Clanbrassily close adjoining. The house is only small, but the Park is fine. Beating off, he is brother to our Colonel, Sir Robert, & has invited the whole of the Officers over to dine & spend the day with him, which I am sorry to say will take place during my absence. The whole ride through this division of the county of Galway, is very hilly, & extremity stated by forestry. & in most parts nature appeared sworn to the bone, the rocks rising in all directions through the thin surface of the
the attendances expenlive opera of the peers, which I am sorry to see,
earth, as far as the eye could reach. So trees waved their ample branches in
the breeze; & the song of the bird was not heard. It has a whimsically
bun said of other lands; & I think it may truly be said to be appli-
cable to this tract of country, that the birds are accustomed to build their
nest upon the ground, so great is the scarcity of hedges and trees.

After crossing the Lough river, we entered that of Asphalcanian County,
which we found little better, bun flat & open in many places, speckled
with rocks. & interrupted by extensive woods. 

After a run of twenty miles, we came to
the town of Athlone, where the mail stopped for half an hour to request
its affairs, with the Postmaster. Here I met with Sir Robert, who politely
offered a stroll with me, over the town. It is a lively bustling place and
is pleasantly situated on both sides of the Shannon. It is united by a
well-built bridge, in the middle of which stands a monument celebrating
the success of Elizabeth. On the west side, called Irish Town, is one of the
strongest barracks in Ireland. Beside them is a small Canal from Lough
f-er to the river. The former is seen extending it's waters, many miles
due north, which is covered by numerous small islands. The town
has a charter school for 40 boys, & had formerly two convents. 

was strongly fortified. It is considered the great post between Coonagh
& Limerick. King William, after the battle of Boyne, besieged this place
in vain. In 1691, the following year, however, General Ginkel, one of
his generals, stormed it, took possession of it, not losing more than
60 men in the attack, which is esteemed as bold an enterprise as any
recorded in history. Obtained for the general the title of Earl of Athlone.
The mail was ready, off we started, but learned to have had a
narrow escape with our lives, on just leaving the suburbs; one of the
horses, formerly belonging to the cavalry, becoming highly 

ed, rising to the saddle, dragging the Coach within half a foot of a most high
prince. Having got him straight again, we dashed along through
the county of West Meath, which is improving in appearance & cul-
tivation, touching that of the king's County, Now to Nenagh, whom
finding that we should not stop on the road to dine, which was
now highly requisite, my willing appetite having shown itself. I de-
mounted from my seat of elevation, & said "dead or alive, is it
all "Christ?" said I, to myself, as I entered the door of the foible.
ing Inn; and ordered a beefsteak, a fowl, or any thing they had to recrue me after so much sitting & meditation. Where one is hungry, is not quite in humour; a spinning plate is bad enough. I had had a very slow Landlord, & the knife into the bosom was a speck too far when I brought it to the proper angle for cutting tender first points from the perpendicular, it "broached" too, set the plate a whirling, & the gravy, flying by the centrifugal force, depopulating the cloth. (The round wooden table I should have said) for this was not one on. And to add to my further vexation & chagrin, the beefsteak was quite as tough as gloomy, as the host himself was grief; so I partook of, as little as possible & sent the rest to the rats about. — Helpegan is situated on the Basonna, which runs from clough tomel, about two miles north of this 9, is crossed by a stone bridge. It is remarkable for having two old monasteries. The now contains our route, passing through the neat villages of Caryanels, Pars Kernegod, to that of Clarbard, which is situated on the Bongne river, in the county of East Meath. Though now only an inconsiderable village, it was anciently a Bishop's see. It had besides an abbey of which there are still remains; also a school, & a richly endowed nunery. This river is crossed by a bridge, is memorable for the battle fought on its banks between James II. & William III. in which the former was defeated, & compelled to escape to the continent for refuge. The next small place was Clonmacnoise, in the county of East Meath, the surface of which consists in general of flat, rich pasture land, having few bogs or hills, well of inaccessible elevation. The soil is generally a rich fertile loam, of advertis qualify, adapted to all the purposes both of growing and tillage. Our next places were Clonmacnoise, Hally, to Maynooth, along the Royal Dublin Canal in the county of Meath, which is the most fertile & woody district that we have yet gone through. It has supplied the metropolis with grain, for several centuries. Maynooth where we changed horses, is a neat built town; it has a royal college instituted by the Irish Parliament in 1796, for the education of the Irish Catholic clergy. It is a mother college established by the
except for lay students of the same persuasion. Here is also a Protestant chartered school, which is liberally endowed by the Earl of Waterford at Leixleib, where there is an old Castle. On the mountain top we entered the country of Dublin, which is in general, flat, except towards the south, where it assumes a mountainous rocky appearance. Towards the sea it is broken into bays and creeks, and affords many delightful and picturesque prospects. The vegetative soil is generally shallow, but about Dublin the land is luxuriant and fertile. After crossing the river Liffey, we passed through the village of Donore, and, after sending the Packet boat back, we arrived at Donore, in the City of Dublin, having travelled nearly two miles, where I took up my Lodgings for the night, to be in readiness for tomorrow's sailing.

26th December—This day was so truly vexatious to me, as were the three following, the weather being so dreadfully tempestuous, that even the Government Packet boats did not venture out; this was galling in the extreme, and double so, for in coming in sight of that channel which encircled the land of my birth, had then produced the most lively hopes of pleasing anticipations; for I knew well enough, that there was one or more, that loved me dearly, and that more particularly when in the heart of wild Erin's country, coming from so late from a foreign land, and to know,  

"There was an eye would mark,  
My coming, and look brighter when I came;"

Under all circumstances considered, even of disappointment, having volunteered, but not meeting with the Enemies of my country; I was well Pleased of heart, on starting from this City & coming to that pleasing conclusion of been amongst, & seeing my friends once again. But as this was not to be the case so soon, as I had first so joyfully expected, I took the daily opportunity of paying a short visit to the city, noticing its buildings, streets, &c. The town itself did not at first give me such a high opinion of it, as I had formerly been

For the education of the young, there is a royal college established in Dublin, which is the most celebrated in Ireland. It has a royal college for the education of the clergy.
Led to expect, though it is certainly a noble town, but when you come to compare it to London, it then sinks into insignificance & becomes as a small village. 

& to a borough town, though it certainly has exceeded & excelled in respect of site, situation, & scenery around, of that of the metropolis of England.

The situation is within a mile of Dublin Bay, into which the river Liffey falls, after dividing the city into almost equal parts. Towards the south the country ascends to a considerable elevation, which rapidly increases to the Wicklow mountains, where the pointed cone of the Sugar Loaf, presents a beautiful boundary to the lofty demised region; & towards the north the ascent is almost imperceptible, presenting a wide prospect of cultivation & beauty, diversified by the rugged hills of Howth, which form the extremity of the northern boundary of this bay. 

As to this charming scenery, the noble view of the city, around with its spires & domes, the numerous shipping moored in the harbour, or with their swollen canvases pressing over the liquid plain, & perhaps few scenes will be found where the picturesque & beautiful are more happily blended, or where the beauties of nature, improved to the comfort and of human society, are more strikingly exhibited. The Bay of Dublin is of a circumscribed form, & about six miles in diameter; but though spacious, it is neither safe nor commodious, particularly in winter, owing to the two sand banks, called the North & South Bells, & great exposure to the east & south winds. This defect, however, is partly obviated by a very strong wall of cut stone 80 feet broad in face, & extending 854 yards or nearly two miles directly into the bay. It is terminated in a light-house of circular & handsome structure, three stories high, surmounted by an octagonal lantern of eight windows, tapering to the top. Corresponding to this light-house is a noble on the Little Bailey, a rock at the extreme extremity of the Howth hill, a kind of mountain peninsula, forming the opposite shore. This peninsula from its extreme elevation, & the other light houses erected on it, again forms an excellent landing to the mariners, both by night & by day. The shores are bold breeches, the Fishermen who reside there, hold their Cabins, by the complete tenure of giving the Lord of the soil, the prime fish of every boat. But to return. From the point of Ringsend up through the whole of...
The city, the river is embanked on each side by a noble wall of freestone, forming a range of beautiful spacious quays, uninterrupted by any buildings nearer to the sides than the breadth of a wide street for 2½ miles. About half of that length from Harpford is Carlisle bridge, where the tide rises usually about 12 feet, to which vessels of 200 tons burden can ascend. The city is likewise served by the two royal canals, which are navigated by boats of 60 tons burden, with the heart of Ireland. R terminates here, having excellent wet docks, with suitable appendages of dry docks, sufficiently spacious to receive several hundred vessels of deep burden. But, with all these advantages of situation, in respect to trade, this city has one great defect in the harbour being so far distant, the largest ships being obliged to ship their cargoes in lighter. The river Liffey is crossed in its own through the city by seven stone bridges, besides a metal one for foot passengers, consisting of an elegant arch of 142 feet span. These bridges are mostly of modern erection, & are built in a handsome style of architecture. The Rialto, or Sackville bridge, is considered an elegant monument of the national taste; it crosses the river in one beautiful elliptic arch, 356 feet in length, 85 feet in breadth; its span is 100 feet, being 12 feet longer than the celebrated Rialto at Venice. Dublin I believe is now about 60 miles in circumference; R. its houses are with the exception of the principal public structures, built of brick, & are from three to five stories high. The streets in the 8th part of the city are irregular, except those which range parallel to 8, at right angles with the river. But those of the more modern are both uniform, & spacious, varying from 60 to 90 feet in width, that of Hackenstreet is squares of 100 yards, nearly half a mile long. 140 feet broad, R. commands a view of the beauties of nature not perhaps equalled in the world. Without midway up there is an elegant lofty column to the Immortal Nelson, it is very high, & at the top there is a balcony which you can walk out on, from whence there is a fine varied & extensive view all over the city & for many miles around. There are several noble squares, neatly laid out, nicely embattled with shrubberies & other plantations, each also surrounded with con palisades. That of Stephen's green is nearly a mile.
in circumference, it is surrounded with handsome houses. Rotten Row has the garden of that building the lying in Hospital in its centre, as otherwise mildly admired. Close to the west end, as Phoenix Park, a Royal Demesne, which is about three miles long, and two broad, is ornamented with a Corinthian fluted pillar 30 feet high, and crowned by a Phoenix, erected by the Earl of Chesterfield, when viscount in 1747. It contains enclosures 9 appropriate mansions for the vicar, the sexton, the school, also a military hospital, a large military school for the maintenance 9 education of soldiers' children, with a beautiful church, a salute battery, 9 a magazine strongly fortified.

The castle is situated about the centre. It is the seat of government. It was originally strongly fortified, though now dismantled of its various works necessary for such a citadel. Upon it is a modern built barracks, occupied by a regiment of Infantry. Birmingham town, the only remaining part of its antiquated defences has been battlemented. It is beautifully converted into a repository for the national records. The castle consists chiefly of two squares containing apartments for the Lord Lieutenant 9 the affairs of his own officers for the civil 9 war departments. In the lower court is an extensive armory. The chapel, which has been recently rebuilt, is an exquisite specimen of Gothic architecture. Adjoining the castle is the Royal Exchange, a noble beautiful edifice, with three fronts of Portland stone, after the Corinthian order, nearly 100 feet square, crowned with a dome in the centre. The National Bank is a most superb structure. It is faced with a grand arcade of Ionic columns, all of Portland stone. This is the building in which the Irish Parliament used to meet, 9 since the Union it has been converted to its present purpose. The principal front is towards the College green, in the centre of which is an equestrian statue of William III. erected in 1704. Trinity College stands close by on the east side of this green.
...the front, extending 300 feet, is of Portland stone, of the seventeenth
order. This building consists of two spacious squares, that on the north
front is the Chapel beautifully decorated, B opposite to it, with a front
resemblingly corresponding, is the Theatre, or examination hall. The library
is a noble superb pile of stone, supported by a Parva, of great
length B contains about 70,000 volumes. Contiguous to this building
is the Provost's house, which is fronted with freestone, B is wholly
ornamented. The College Path, behind, contains upwards of 25 acres.
B is adorned with fine trees. The College was formed by Queen Elizabeth
of glorious memory. B the students on its books, are about 1200. The graduates
and students, of which, are those of Cambridge, B Oxford, are by established
usage admitted absolute, on either of the two. The city has two Cathedrals;
B a great number of other churches. That of St. Patrick is an antique
building, B is situated in a low part of the town. B is decorated with a
steepile, B on it a lofty spire. The inside is in very good preservation.
B the stalls in the choir are adorned with the banners of the arms,
the swords, B the helmets, of the Knights of St. Patrick, B those of
the deceased knights, are in the chapter house. Christ church, the
ancient Cathedral of Dublin is a noble venerable pile, containing
some curious monuments. B that of St. Werburgh's church,
the front B steeple are generally much admired for their elegance
beauty. B symmetry. The spire is a fine octagon, supported by
eight pillars, B terminates in a gilt ball. The Courts of Justice
are situated in the Dublin, B extends 433 feet, B show a great length of
front, the public hall of justice is in the centre, B is adorned on
front by six Corinthian pillars, supporting a pediment, beneath is the
great entrance into the several courts. B is adorned with a lofty
dome, which forms a conspicuous object from almost every view
of the city. But the Custom House I think is the principal
building in the city; it is a most magnificent structure, having
four fronts, each varying in design from the others. From the
centre rises a stupendous dome, 126 feet, on the top of which
is a statue of Commerce 16 feet in height. To the east are...
the government wet store. Where are the King's Tobacco Warehouse for binding goods? This building is of immense size, with ingenious vaults. An entire roof of cast iron, supported by numerous pillars of the same metal. I believe it is the largest of the kind in Europe. Probably the most complete. The Barracks are in the west end of the town. Belonging to the east and west, adjoining the river. They are all in elevated situations. From a majestic pile of buildings, forming few spacious squares, to accommodate altogether 3000 men. And a little to the north, is the Royal Hospital of Chelsea, for the reception of disabled superannuated soldiers, on a similar plan to that of Chelsea. There are innumerable other churches which I have not time to see or explain, though they would well repay the time and trouble. This lovely ancient City contains a population of 190,000. In one of my strolls into a Square, at the upper end of Barbican street, I met with a gentleman, who had lost one of his legs. As he walked gently by me, he politely moved to me. From what I learnt immediately afterwards, I expect it was the noble gallant Esq., the Marquis of Eglinton.

29th December
The weather having abated, we went on board the Racket, and about 9 o'clock, as from the Pier, we set sail for good old England, with a North Westerly, blowing on our side, which threatened to be more dreadful service as the clouds and billows are in agitated and rapid commotion.

The gathering clouds in mighty volume rolling,
Wave over wave; and, as the tumult stays,
The other waves—a boundless ocean swelling,
By its strength against all its sounding shores,

When we got over the Bar safely, which we trusted heavily and grounded on several times; there was a tremendous high rolling sea outside, which made our passage at first rather tedious, but after we got from the bold land of Flaxmeh, I leaving fair Ireland's eye, a small island to the northward of this bay, behind us, we then made good rapid head-way. We were over in the short time nine hours. Holyhead was the first high towering land that rose in sight: welcome! Those innumerable island of the sage and free.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud

Though I was long, but this of course a few hours for the upper
Your vetted heights array;
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Protesting the bellows' foam;
Oh thus for ever guard the land,
The sire of land of home!

I have left sunny skies behind,
Lighting up classical shrines,
And music in the northern wind,
And sunshine in the vines.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heavens of Rome.
You all are glorious; yet again
I bless thee, land of Rome.

For thine the sabbath peace, my land;
And thine the guarded heart;
And thine the dead, the noble band
That make this holy earth.

Their voices meet me in the grove;
Their steps are on the plains;
Their names by old majestic trees;
The whispering of winds by fanes;
Their blast hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea;
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

Though I stepped on deck all the passage, I was extremely agreeable.
but this I did mind and bore up with it well, as I knew it was only for
a few hours. When opposite the harbour's mouth, we ran, directly in
for the upper south side, the wind blowing strong on the northern
anchor shore.

So, without the bay, refused to moor;
And fixed, within our hawse to the shore.

And immediately after landing & getting our luggage examined at the customs
house, which is the custom here, we strolled about during the rest of the
afternoon & evening, as the Coach does not leave, till morning. The distance
a crop the channel is twenty leagues or 60 miles, so the way we had to stem the tide, we have been averaging near nine knots an hour. The situation of this place relative to the coast of Ireland, has B nor will render it of considerable importance, from the facilities it affords for the communication with that of the sister kingdom, the passage, are considered much less difficult and dangerous than any other part of the coast; this circumstance has the means of establishment of a number of government packets, fitted for the conveyance of passengers, B which proceeds from the opposite coast with the greatest regularity, generally performing the voyage in 12 hours, or sooner, if fair weather, though they have sometimes been known to have been detained at sea by contrary winds for expediency of three days. — Holyhead is undoubtedly of very remote antiquity, as appears from the many vestiges of military works still evident. The promontory called the Head presents a most interesting object of curiosity to the traveller, furnishing one of those sublime quites which are unfrequently met with, formed by the plastic hand of nature, defying the most ambitious attempts of human art to imitate; it is an immense mass of rocks, in which have been formed, by the continual action of the waves, various grotesque & stupendous caverns, one of these being by the appellation of the Parliament House, is particularly worthy of observation; the cliffs & rocks above afford protection to numerous birds, among which is to be found the celebrated Peregrine Falcon; the eggs of some of these birds are considered a most delicious delicacy. Such skill & celerity is evinced by the natives in collecting them. These caverns are approached only in a boat. The town consists principally of one long street, with a handsome embattled church, the yard of which is surrounded by a stone wall, with a round tower, at the north-east corner near the sea, supposed by some to have been a fort, the idea of which is certainly justified by their frequent appearance. It is hence more protected against storms. Provision attack would be difficult to find. It is, however, too small B the country round too wild, rocky, B mountainous ever to acquire any vast importance.

Within a long reach a bay there lies, edges rounded with cliffs, high pointing to the seas.
...the getting shores that swell on either side; Contrast its mouth, and break the swaying tide. Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat, and bound within the port their wounded fleet. Stop here, retired, the sinking fellows sleep, and smiling calms...
down the magnificent scenery that surrounded us on our way. Soon after entered Bangor, the Great, though now only a mean place, the principal buildings being the Cathedral, the Bishop's palace, a free school, & an ancient castle in ruins. This city lies in a narrow valley, at the mouth of the Menai strait between two low ridges of slate rock, having the beautiful expansive bay of Beaumaris, the town, with its church square and battlemented tower, the noble castle, with the islands of Biscomb & Boffin, the Great Orme Head & the Sea in full view to the northward. The scenery of the town is highly cultivated & some elegant villas are seen scattered around it; the scenery of the neighbourhood is certainly beautiful & picturesque; indeed so much so, that the retirement of its situation, with together its grand surrounding objects, so well pleased the Rev. Mr. Warner, that he observed, "if he were Bishop of Bangor, the only translation he should covet would be thence to there."

Having crossed the Ogwen river, we kept rounding the bay to Aber, situated under high impending mountains, opposite to Beaumaris, to which there is a dangerous passage across the Lavan sands, but the large hill of the village is then instantly seen, rising on foggy weather, in the hope that its sound may serve to direct those, whom imperative necessity obliges them to ven. Here just above is a most romantic glen, & a very fine waterfall. The lower part of this cataract is broken into three or four divisions, by the rugged face of the impending cliff, but the lower five are some forms a broad sheet, it descends about 20 yards in a very grand style. From this place we began to rise gradually for three or four miles, when we at last gained the mountain top of Penmaen Mawr, which discloses to the traveller its hilly head. This is an immense rock that protrudes itself into the sea, & rises above its level to the great height of 1640 feet; the path over it till lately, was both rugged, dangerous, & tedious; if now would scarcely fail to impress the connoisseur with emotion of fear, naturally arising from the magnificent view.
precipice hanging over his head, & momentarily its shrivelling aspect overwhelmed or hurrying him down headlong into the abyss a hundred yds below, where the roaring ocean foams against the perpendicular black rock. I got down midway.

After half a mile up the mountain, B looking over the loose built stone wall, I beheld a world beneath my feet: an awful grand scene of waves & ocean, shelving rocks & crevices, &c. This situation is one of those, where a heart unaccustomed to the sight, would not be much at ease. All around was either smiling & picturesque: I had complete possession of myself, however, having seen many such before. But if I only experienced an exhilarating emotion; for those feelings are always pleasing which arise from a knowledge of dangers to which we are superior.

The road was lately altered by voluntary subscription, & now winds round the verge of the mountain, B is posted towards the sea, by a strong wall about 5 feet high, which is supported in many places by rocks.

**Puffin Island.** As mentioned above, it is just opposite this point of land, about 2 to 3 miles off, in a north-west direction, & partakes of its name from the sea-bird, called the Puffin, although not found generally on our shores, yet collects in prodigious numbers on some favourite spots. One of the most frequented is this island. The southern coast of Pembrokeshire likewise borders with them. It has a curious form: both somewhat resembling the Parrots, & hence it is called the sea Parrot. The Puffin, like other birds of the same genus, takes wing with difficulty, but when once in air, flies rapidly. Its walk is wriggling & awkward. They live on various kinds of fish. The female makes no nest, but lays her single whitish coloured egg on the bare earth, in a hole dug for the purpose by herself. B mates, or in those that they find ready made for them by the rabbits, whom they easily dislodge. The hatching time is very severe. They collect in April or May, hatch their young in July, & remain feeding them with care till the middle of August, when they all disappear at once.
precipice hanging over his head, & momentarily its shivering aspect to overwhelm him down headlong into the abyss a hundred fathoms below, where the roaring ocean foams against the suspension base of the mountain on which he now stood. I got down midway.

I walked half a mile up the mountain, & looking over the base built stone wall, over the brink of this horrible precipice, I beheld a world beneath my feet; an awful grand scene of waves & ocean, shewing rocks and wilderness, &. This situation is one of those, where a head unaccustomed to the sight, would not be much at ease; all around was either declivity or precipice; I had complete possession of myself, power, having seen many such before, & I only experienced an agreeable emotion; for those feelings are always pleasing which arise from a knowledge of dangers to which we are superior. This road was lately altered by voluntary subscription. A new wall round the verge of the mountain, & is protected towards the sea, by a strong wall about 5 feet high, which is supported in many places by deep arched walls below 300 feet above the sea; even yet to a timid individual, the scene of horror is still presented, as he swiftly passes along, by the amazing height of rock, interspersed with impending fragments & quaws, that appear ready to start & crush the traveller to atoms, which with the roaring of the waves at the immense depth below, & the frequent howling of the wind, give it terror, & all unite to fill the mind with solemnity, & awe; & at once forms one of the most sublime terraces in the British Isles. The scenery continued fine & grand till we arrived at its Menai, which is a large picturesque & anciently fortified town, & is seated on the shores of the Conway river, & was noted for being a pearl fishing, but is now held in little estimation, although the species of mussel producing them is still found in the sandy bed of the river. This place is beautifully situated; & is nearly of a triangular shape, with high safety walls extending round it, strengthened at intervals by 25 circular & semicircular embattled towers, each having a slender machicolated one, springing from the top; great part of which, with the four principal gate ways, yet remain in a tolerable state of preservation. This castle was erected by command of Edward I. as security against the incursions of the Welsh; & it is scarcely possible to believe...
that a more beautiful structure than this ever existed, & its equal cannot certainly be found; indeed I believe it is & exhibits one of the most complete ancient fortifications, that is in the kingdom. On the south side there is a tower, which has been used a sanctuary by some of the inhabitants, preserving the foundation for slates; part of it stands erect, but part of it hangs in an oblique direction upon the surrounding rock, & forms a singular instance of a dilapidated building. The interior consists of two courts bounded by the various apartments, all of which are now in a lamentable state of decay, but still displays many strong features, truly characteristic of its former magnificence.

The church is only an indifferent looking building, but has an inscription on a flat stone, within the nave, which notifies that it covers the remains of Nicholas Wakes, the 41st child of his father. He himself, by his wife Alice, was father to 21 children. The history of the town is only a dry harbour. The sea closed the river Conway in a barry-boat by diving diversous winding trip & landed in Denbighshire. It set off immediately again, seeing up the beautiful 50 furlongs vale of Conway for several miles, through which the river flows. Its Tea, meadows, pastures, corn fields, & groves, form a fine contrast with the bleak appearance of Snowdon, which towers inrowning majesty above it.

The next place was Snowdon, which consists of one street & is noted for a huge calcareous rock called Cofin Llech, the mouth of which resembles the wicked entrance to a gothic cathedral. There are a few feet narrowness the major portion of rock, dividing into two apartments; Stalactites of various fanciful forms decorate the fretted roof, 37 steps of this extraordinary narrow corn, the entrance to which commands a view surprisingly grand & extensive. This country is as generally rugged, bare, mountains, but the lower grounds are much improved, particularly the rich vale of Clwyd. The air is salubrious, & the natives live long. Burial stones, with unintelligible inscriptions, are found among the hills. We were led into the small account City of St. Asaph & Bishopric of Flintshire, standing on the side of a gentle eminence, the summit of which is occupied by the Cathedral, the various Clwyd & Elwy flow on its eastern, & 74 western sides, they are crossed by handsome bridge & adjust to give the place an imposing effect upon the view of the approaching traveller.
The houses are in general, low & small, & are constructed of brick or stone. In one long street, the town contains little of a public nature worthy the passengers' attention. This district is of great antiquity. It was founded by Flitwick, a legitimate son of his bishop, on his rise from his exile in Glasgow. The cathedral is cruciform, a parish church being used for public worship. The episcopal palace is a large convenient edifice. It contains compartments can be traced on the exterior. From the church, an extensive prospect, including the whole of the celebrated & delightful vale of Clydesdale, or Clydesdale, is obtained, from the tower situated in the centre of this building. This vale stretches from the middle of the country to the sea, 20 miles in length, & from 3 to 4 in breadth. It is considered the most beautiful of fertile tracts in Wales, highly cultivated & finely studded with towns, villages, & seats. This country of rent, the surface is more level than most parts of Wales, is finely diversified with hills declining into fertile valleys, well watered by several streams. The river Dee is the only one navigable. We continued on till we came to the flourishing town of Holywell, which is considered the most important place in this shire. It is considered the most part of the kingdom, by the numerous manufactories & lead mines in its vicinity. Also by its easy communication with the sea. The town is pleasantly situated on a slope of a mountain, & has considerable pretensions to beauty. The houses are handsome, well built, but the chief which it has been so long known, & noted for, is the celebrated Spring, called St. Winifred's Well, whence it takes its name. It issues from the adjoining hill with great force & impetuosity. It instead of the miraculous cures for which it was wont to be celebrated, it is now only applied to the more substantial uses of turning several mills for the working of copper, making braids, spinning cotton &c. The well never freezes, & is calculated to discharge every minute 21 tons, or 84,000 pounds of water, but it varies at different times by the prevalence of drought or rain. The elegant & highly ornamental garden with which the religious ascetics still remains. After a stage of twenty miles, we entered the large & well built town of Hawarden at Wharden, near the river Dee which seems to be chiefly inhabited for its origin to its ancient castle, the vast remains of which still occupy an elevated situation between the town & the river, & chiefly consists of the adjoining traveller...
part of the heaps, large fragments of walls, & various buildings, particularly substantial ones, supposed to have been used as places of confinement. The next stage after this one, brought us to the renowned city of Chester, where we arrived by 6 o'clock having gone 92 miles during the day. The country throughout is very mountainous, though in many parts it is highly surfaced with good land & high cultivation. Of vast firmness, the hills, the valley, the river Dee, the rivers, the forests of both beech & oak, grand landscape scenery. Half the way, the sea is in sight. The coach stopped here all night, an hour after we arrived at the excellent Hotel of — kept by the kind & obliging host, Mr. Staples. It is one of the most amiable in this part of the country, that can be well wished for; it is remarkable for civil treatment & moderate charges. Here pass — similarly, in many French Inns, have I felt all the force of the following lines:

Who'er would turn their wan' ring feet,
Shed the kindest smiles to meet;
Who'er would go and not depart
But with kind wishes from the heart;
Let them quit the world's cold sin,
And seek the comforts of an Inn,
As the Bower Cheristom sang,
With plaintive music on his tongue.

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Who'er his changeless tour has been,
Well sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome at an Inn.

Having a few hours to spare, I availed myself of its time, & strolled over to a late hour, this my present abode, Chester's City, which I find is pleasantly situated above the river Dee, on a rocky eminence, half encircled by a sweep of that river; having walls nearly 2 miles in circumference, which entirely surrounds it, with 4 principal gates, & 2 lesser ones. These walls form a beautiful promenade from whence the prospect is fine. The streets are 4, which are of great length & width, diverging from the centre towards the cardinal points, & are again intersected by various inferior ones that cross the above at right angles. The houses are singularly constructed, going to the excavations in the rock that forms the streets; being hollowed out to the depth of one story, beneath the level of the ground on each side; & have a sort of covered portico on
Illustrated gallery on both sides, running on from house to house, and street to street, level with the ground beneath, but one story above the street in front. They are called rows. B offers a sheltered walk for the foot passengers, which appears very envious to strangers, who, when first walking under them, can with difficulty persuade themselves that they are not up one pair of stairs. Beneath these are low shops with warehouses, level with the paved streets, the apartments of the houses on above them. The public buildings are numerous and substantial. There are eight or ten churches besides the venerable Cathedral, which is an elegant and highly ornamental structure, with a handsome tower in the centre supported by a majestic pillars. The Bishop's Palace is also a handsome building, occupying one side of the Court of St. Wenceslaus Abbey. Its tower, springing from four beautiful pillars, is 127 feet high. The construction of the whole building exhibits many interesting subjects to the architect, and antiquary. The Infirmary Exchange is on both large and elegant church buildings, the last standing on columns, with a stone front. The great dome. The ship-hall is a most beautiful edifice, the portion of which is supported by 42 pillars, each being a single stone, 22 feet high. It measures 3 feet in diameter, 88 supposed to weigh each 84 tons made of a single stone. The castle is a royal fortress. It has been erected by William the Conqueror, B stands in the S.W. angle of the city wall, its upper tower, occupying a very elevated situation. The barracks for 120 men, is on the N.E. side of its yard B that of the arsenal which has at present 25,000 stand of arms in the south east side. Under the castle, is the bridge, which is a curious old long fabric of red stone, B is extremely narrow, high, dangerous, B approached by avenues of trees, on the outskirts as well as on the Kendleshire side. A rapid fall of water is seen just above which as you cross, with the adjoining hanging woods, has a pleasing effect. This building is here carried on to a considerable extent.

Details of 350 tons can now come up to the quay. B there are two important canals. This city must be a very ancient place. B from the figure of the walls, combined with the discovery of many antiquities, it has been originally erected by the Romans. Chester, its suburb is a natural flat, with some considerable hills towards the east and also there is a high ridge of sandstone, sloping it from north to south. All the waters of this chain are conveyed to the Irish Sea. The situation is well understood in this country, particularly that coast.
relating to the dairy, it is celebrated for the quantity and excellence of its cheese, which forms one of its principal exports. On this account, much attention is paid to the management of cattle. Calves are killed very young, in order to save the milk. The quantity of cheese made annually has been estimated at 11,500 tons. And the number of villages in this county has been affirmed to be 570. It has also been remarked, that in this northern part, almost every village stands on a bed of red rock. This county, county in the reign of William the Conqueror, was made a palatine, whereby Hugh de Lourange, his nephew, commonly called Hugh Lupus, exercised the highest kinds of jurisdiction, almost equivalent to regal authority. Ecclesiastical privileges were enjoyed by the county, inconsistent with the common liability of subjects to support a state. The Earls of Chester long continued not only to try and punish criminals capitally, but sometimes to grant them a sanctuary, whereby they eluded the pursuit of justice. But in the reign of Henry VIII, most of these privileges were abrogated, to a party with the other counties of the kingdom.

VIII

31st December—This is the last day of the old year, yes, this year is waning on. This day is now its last, it few short hours, and 'tis gone! For ever! ever past!

Yes, 'tis to morrow's sun shall shed. His bright rays on the world, this year, will be for ever fled! The page, for ever first 31.

The morning from its pleasant appearance portends a pleasant day's journey. We set off early. We first came to Preston, where we changed horses. It is pleasantly situated on an elevation under the hills that form the northern extremity of Delamore Forest. At a great height just above the town stands the Church, near which is a school with an observatory on its summit, having a delightful walk on the brow of an eminence just behind, called Beacon Hill, from whence an extensive prospect is obtained of the estuary of the river Mersey. A great part of Lancashire, which is far, considerably improved, is cultivated by the numerous small, speltrett ha.
We next passed over the river Wors., jostling under the Grand Trunk Canal navigation, which had a singular appearance, the boats & trailing horses, passing over our heads, while we were going on beneath them. A little further, we came to the Duke of Bridgewater canal, which is the first public work of the kind executed in England, at the sole expense of that noble Duke, of which it bears its name. It forms a communication between Liverpool & London. The water is kept up on a level till its termination, close by here. At Lunnon where it is precipitately lowered 95 ft., by a series of locks of admirable construction. Warrington was our next stopping place, it is a real bustling town, both as regards trade & steam navigation. It stands in a fine country & is situated on the northern bank of the Mersey, over which there is a handsome stone bridge, but consists for the most part of long narrow streets, made up of ill-built houses, though there are some of a more modern execution. There are several large manufactories, 80 it may be considered in some degree a seaport, the Mersey admitting with the half of the tide, vessels of 200 tons drawn as little below, at Bank Quay. Having changed horses, we set forward due east for the town of Manchester, which to use the language of an ancient author & recent investigator, is an immense manufacturing mercantile. It is a trading town, consisting of a great number of streets, alleys, marts, which are crowded with warehouses, factories, & shops; nevertheless, there are numerous mansions, villas, possessing considerable elegance, in the vicinity. There are others, 80 tall, or placed in less desirable modes of rows, places, & parlors. As we advanced through it, it all became bustle. Reeling confusion, the streets were constantly crowded to excess. With people & moving vehicles of one sort or other, in active concert of employment, 80 of gain. A city is a surprising place, 80 is visited for the cotton & woolen trade, the greatest manufacturing town in the kingdom. What we saw of the public buildings, they seemed numerous, handsome, 80 many of them were elegant. The next place after two of any note was that of Heywood, which is likewise celebrated for its manufacture of worsted & broad cloths. But 80 is second in this respect only to Leeds. The great & almost sole proprietor is Sir John Hammersley, Bart, whose family has a grant of the market. 80 the revenue derived at the present
is more than praiseful. It stands at the foot of a high mountain precipice, in a rather a barren country, the buildings are good, the streets wide, & straight. The church is ancient, handsome, & spacious. The market as we passed through, it seemed highly tho' ed & well attended; the inhabitants have likewise the advantage of a very extensive canal navigation; In of them, a short distance from the town, is a Tunnel, which commences & is cut nearly three miles & a half, through the English Alpemine mountains. We again set forward over a much varied & populous & industrious track of country, for the town of Leeds; the hills were high, forming sometimes even mountains, many of which were now dressed with their smiling, cheerful, & glittering cold winters mantle, the weather having set in true & bitter earnestness,—

Oh! sweetly beautiful is to mark
The virgin, virgin-snow—drop! lifting up—
Each as a nun—the whiteness of its cup,
From earth's dead bosom, desolate and dark.—
But thy blasts, Winter, hymn a moral lay,
And, mocking Earth, bid Man's thoughts point on high

By dark we arrived in this all stirring place of business, Leeds, where after getting warmed & refreshed by a good cup of tea, & I strayed over its precincts & find it to be a large dirty, struggling town, though there are many neat & good buildings, scattered in Redoubt it. The main street called Bridge, surpasses any one that I have seen, when lighted up, having handsome, well supplied shops, been well paved & running nearly 42 a mile in length, with the proportions in width & graciousness. The staple manufacture is cloth, though there are several other kinds of manufactories. It is likewise the principal market for the whole of the west rising woolen trade, the cloths then brought from the adjoining districts & sold here in their rough state; if it is the business of the Leeds market to complete these unfinished articles, & to prepare those for a new market. There is any of the high elevations, of which there are many in the town; the surrounding neighborhood, has during nights darkness, a most singular, luminous, & even terrific appearance, from the vast number of Forges, belonging to the different Iron Foundaries & factories, & that are seen blowing and flashing out...
out their spirals & spreading columns of fire and smoke. This being
the last day of the old year, the Bells of the town & surrounding villages
were ringing out their merry peals to & for the old & new one coming
to the midnight hour. I heard & welcomed them with many glances
but, still with contemplation, as I lay so comfortable in my bed,
for the sweet coming sleep.

Farewell! Their memories, from distant towers,
Laying round the village bells! show on the gale
They rise with gradual swell, distant and loud;
From they die upon the pensive ear,
Sinking in fainter music. They bespeak
A day of jubilee, and oft they beat,
Commun. I along the unoccupied shore,
The sound of village dance and labor loud,
Shattering the mending car of solitude.

What means you sound sounds, upon merry peal,
That, at this solitary hour, both steal,
From various quarters, on my list wing ear?
Is it because time hath swept another year
From man’s existence. Can mortality
From this upbraiding, recollection fly
And spend this we in thoughtless revelry?
Is life so long that we may be read
By tardy progress? Or were mortals made
Like this ephemeral fabric, to endure
Tell earth, and time shall, shall be no more.
Short-sighted mortal! I pity thee, the lapse
Of time so fast passing, es, perhaps,
The last to thee allowed; another year
When thousands hurl, who now in health appear,
To the dark, dismal mansions of the grave.
Whence more comes near, to successor or to save.
The rose is often slighted in its bloom;
The buds of hope fade mostly on the tomb.
Oh man! thou knowest not how soon God’s decree,
Shall end death hurl the frightful dart at thee.
1st January 1816—The new year came in fine & smiling & we set off by 9 o'clock, pacing over Bramham Moor, where there are large remains of the Roman way, called Watling Street, from which there is a view of 10 miles, all round. From here we had a regular run down of four miles, to the lovely & bustling little town of Tadcaster. This is a neat, well built place, & is extremely pleasantly situated on both sides of the river Wharfe, over which there is a spacious & handsome stone bridge, from which site you obtain both up & down, a charming picturesque landscape, which is greatly enhanced with aspiring expansive sheet of water, down the which there are backed by the high precipitous wooded banks just above. Another stage of nine miles brought us within the suburbs of the ancient City of York, which has been dignified with the title of "Eboracum", & supposed to have been built by the Romans; as the following lines justify—

This city, first, by Roman hand was formed,
With lofty towers, and high built walls adorn'd;
To give their leader a secure repose,
Harmo to th' empire, horror to their foes.

This was no doubt the traditional account in those days, & the resemblance which this city bears to the form of ancient Rome gives countenance to that opinion again, "Neither for gain from various foreign ports,
Some trading people seeking opulence,
But a secure abode in wealthy land."

Be this the case or not, I have not the time to enquire about this well known city, for it would fill a volume to explain its various marvels, its history, various edifices, fortifications, walls, &c. &c. that were particularly the chief pride & boast of its inhabitants, the Cathedral, which is truly considered the glory not only of York but of great Britain, & which is certainly a strikingly beautiful & magnificent structure, on which the labor on, will go with pleasing admiration, every time he has the delightful opportunity of viewing its stately figure. After two hours we pass here a changing Coach & Horses, we set forward on our journey, & after twenty miles, we stop at the brisk little town of Market Weighton, which stands close to the eastern foot of the Wolds hills. It is a neat place & is always enlivened by the many Coaches passing & repassing through it. William Bradley, the Appalachian Giant was born here, whose height was seven feet, eight inches. We now began with a steady pace to advance up the first of these aspiring hills, which took us nearly half an hour, but when gone, so we were somewhat repaid for the view was bounded only by the...
for distant horizons, as far as the eye could extend. We thus over the greater portion of the rich and well-cultivated country of Yorkshire, with the noble seat of
Number, Ouse, and Trent, in the landscape. And boundary line. These woods range nearly through the whole of this county. We continued singing them till we arrived at the ancient and populous town of Beverley.
The market place is the principal street. It is part of its uncommonly spacious, and is ornamented by a superb Cropp. It has several parks, and one of the largest, the Church of St. Mary, is a beautiful and stately building, but that of St. John, or the Minster, as it is commonly called, is a superb pile of buildings, altogether displays a magnificence equal to, if not above, that of most Cathedrals. Run my mind, for surmising anything of the kind, of its own denomination. The Rose ground stands at the west end of the town, as we came, is a pretty good source. The town itself is a quiet, genteel place, its inhabitants are many privileges allowed to them, mean for those that are born in it. The Hull river, with a branch canal from it, comes up to the end of the town, which is a great help in saving in point of land carriage. The horses been put to the coach, off we set. Soon we run this our last stage. We arrive in Hull by 6 o'clock, on new years day, in health, in happiness, after an absence of a year abroad, in which time, I had through many perils and experiences hardships, but was both by sea and land. Even by the hand of man, to whom I return my grateful praise to that all-powerful Being, who is the director and protector of our lives and actions. I was met and greeted with full hearts of affection. A Delight, by my dear mother, sister, and brother, who gave me a hearty welcome of return to their happy home, side, with

Heath and heart, and home content,
which at this season of jovial festivity, the gate of time swings open on its hinges, and honest mirth faced this year comes with belling in, like a jolly fat-sided alderman, loaded with good wishes, good humour, and mingled peas, aided by the cheerful blessing five,

Hence on more wood! — the wind is chill;
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep up our evening merriment still.
Little we heed the tempest’s roar,
While music, mirth, and speech cheer,
Speed on their wings the passing year.
Then we passed the Eve of the new year, in all its mild & social approach. The remainder of my leave was equally agreeably spent amidst them: my prayers, enjoying the parties, balls, & the theatre. In pleasing streets, 

as they came in, in various suasion, & we did not mourn forget the joyful 

jolly Christmas, with thy gay and jovial face. 

let halls burnish and embellish the riveting temples grace. 

come circle round the festive board while winter snows do fall. 

they’re still a welcome visitor in cottage and in hall, 

and when we had the coming joy, on every brow we trace. 

Old Christmas, jolly Christmas, with thy gay and jovial face. 

Old Christmas, jolly Christmas, there is many a vacant seat 

around thy felled and crackling hearth where friends were wont to meet, 

and while we great thy presence with a seeming merry state. 

We sigh to think how many an angle nook is desolate, 

and meet our glee and frolicking some sorrow as we trace, 

Old Christmas, jolly Christmas, with thy frozen pallid face. 

Old Christmas, jolly Christmas, banish sorrow from thy brow! 

let a bough obviate to the past— we cannot hear it now. 

Then take the chair we’ve placed for thee, and ye off the brass and 

swell cheer thy cold and aged heart may never let it fade. 

you must sing a song, old boy, and join see in our glee. 

we cannot let old Christmas pass without a lay from thee. 

Finding that we had some business of importance to transact with our 

trustee, that my leave of absence was nearly expiring, which seemed to 

as yesterday from the beginning—

Swift as a Shadow, short as a dream!

I hastily applied for another months leave which was granted to me. 

Self set off immediately for York, Selby, Wetherby, North Drayton, 

accomplished our affairs, when after our return, a mother most happy and 

pleasing present had passed away: My Dearest of Mothers, truth to our 

ears, what she had withheld from her children, whom she dearly loved, to the 

last moment: that we were expecting, perhaps for ever: the sad B affecting 

that she was going soon to have an operation, performed on her, for a cance 

which had now cast a melancholy gloom upon her benign, cheerful, 68 

resigned countenance—

My mother! I remember well,
When thou wast not as now,
Remember when Time's shadows fell
'Twas darkly in thy brow.
I can remind me of the time,
When in life's summer's glow,
Thy years had hardly passed their prime,
And more our flower lay low.
But closer they heaven have overcast,
Since those bright days of pleasure past.
Mother! thy step is not so firm
As it was wont to be.
For sweet, bright, and open storm
Have done their work on thee,
Thy hair turns grey, and I can see
Thy hand more tremulous,
And thy blue eye hath lost its gleam.
Thou when it turns on us,
Thy children, then it hath a joy
And light, that nothing can destroy.
Yet weep not, mother! for the days
Passed by, we'll not forget;
The Star of Hope, with all its rays,
Is only dimmed, not set.
Here go as thy path it shall remain,
And never more decline,
And it shall sparkle out again,
To light thy quiet eve.
Shining a vesture of past years,
And brightening all thy fallen tears.
And they will love the words that start,
From the fulness of the heart.
This was indeed an unexpected, a severe blow to our feelings, not having the slightest idea of such an unhappy occurrence. We all endeavou
to struggle with our feelings, having in her, such a bright example of true purity & resignation to the almighty's will! Hope, was now our only comfort, which, like the glimmering laper's light, shone and cheered the way, & still as darkness grew the night, Emits a brighter ray.

15th January. Intelligence arrived that the allies on the Continent has obtained a signal victory over the French army, which glorious & welcome news, set the whole town a singing, & the guns a firing, the whole town alive and steaming.

18th Jan. My leave of absence been nearly expired, I set off to join my 8th Distinguished Corps; bidding all goodbye, more particularly, Poor Dear Mother, & I doubtly may never see again, my feelings were to here to express;

Yet knew—though, ah! I need not tell—That he who bids thee now farewell, Hath loved with all the warmth and zeal That tongue can tell, or heart can feel!

Passed through the same towns, as I came, as far as Leeds, in a rather melancholy mood,

For the thoughts we cannot hide,
Force their way without the will.

There we turned off for Liverpool, via the Halifax & Bradford road, after the three first miles run, over a fine level spacious road, we came to the pleasantly situated hamlet of Kirkstall, on the river Aire, which is celebrated for its Abbey, which we passed close by, & which deservedly ranks among the first romantic seats in the kingdom. Antiquaries, Topographers, & Publishers have all conspired to exhaust this subject. Henry de Lacy, was the founder of this noble edifice, who in order to retain a deodaran now, made an article, that gives over vast lands, for the payment of existing & ensnaring this monastery, & here the enthusiastic might still fancy once more he hears the men's low religious hymns, & see her glide among the dolour's dim;

Then low before the sacred altar bend,
While clouds of incense to the roof ascend——

We start, to see that spot with weeds & overgrown,
Pain Superstition's last decaying throne!
But now, “time honoured,” Thirlstall, none can be,
In thrilling interest, compared with thee.
This Abby is delightfully situated near the adjoining banks of the river, is an excellent ruined preservation, and built on the side of a sloping high wooded hill. It seems to form indication on the water & valley which lie beneath.
It is remarkable, that this stately building, having been the last in the country, that arrived to its full perfection & beauty, was amongst the first visited and destroyed by the desolation. The coachman been so good as to stop & drive slowly while passing, I stepped down & passed within its walls for a few seconds which I was highly pleased with, but to attempt to describe half I saw, is on a ruin of which description has already been exhausted, in an unskilful labour, but as Judge's sketch of this remarkable Abbey is so correct & detailed, that an extract from it may be acceptable, I shall give a short account from it. The stately gone north-west of the Abby, as may appear by the magnificent arches on each side through which they were once used to pass into a spacious plain, at the west end of the church, the crystal rowe rise unexpectedly, seeming by with a most moving voice: the walls of the defile built after the manner of a cloister, having nine pillars on each side from east to west, besides those at each end, the stately vicinal aisles on the whole church; the planks for six altars, on each side of the high altar, as appears by the stone pote for holy water: the burial place for the monks on the south side near the palace, now made an orchard, the arching chambers leading to the cemetery, near the church, on the walls of which are yet to be seen several large stone coffins; the dormitory, yet more south-east, with other cells & offices; all these are enough to furnish the contemplative soul with the most serious meditations. The Abby now is only a mere shell with a roofless wall, leaving yet a well built, but uncourted steeple, part of which steeple has since fallen, the eastern parts embraced by its ivy, & all about the whole pile desolate, solitary & forlorn. Here all is grand, all is vast, all bears the mark of the ravages of time; yet a few more years & these walls will be nothing. It is, however, still an interesting sight, and so many remembrances hang by it, that one is forced to dream. Memory, is like the ivy, which clothes the old oak with a verdure not its own.
Within the last few years, time, is slowly, but steadily diminishing the
reign, so abating really to its other beauties. For these slight stoppages,
the coachmen whipped away & we were soon over Hulstall bridge, running
through a fine country, to the thriving little town of Bradford, which
is beautifully situated at the junction of three beautiful & extensive valleys;
it is considered as the very heart of the manufacturing district, as it forms
nearly a central point with Halifax, Huddersfield, Leeds, Wakefield, Dewsbury,
& Huddersfield. The houses in Bradford are universally built with
stone, & nearly a brick building is to be seen in the neighborhood. The
surroundings are extremely pleasant; & the country exhibits an abundance
of fine picturesque scenery, which receives much additional beauty from the
various comminuses, whose genteel residences are in many places adorned
with elegant & handsome residences. This place is noted for having given
birth to several distinguished individuals: Dr. Sharp, archbishop of
York; Abraham Sharp, the celebrated mathematician; & Richard Edmondson,
eminent botanist. We again set off, in a stage coach along the road, which we had
on every side the battle of the Worsa Lakes, & their merry cheerful songs;

Weave, brothers, weave! — Swiftly throw
The shuttle o'erwaist the loom;
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,
That have beauty but no perfume!
Come, show us the rose, with a hundred eyes,
The rose that hath no spot;
The rose, deck as your true love's eyes,
And the little forget-me-not!
Sing — sing, brothers! weave and sing!
'Tis good both to sing and to weave:
'Tis better to work than live idle:
'Tis better to sing than groan.

Weave, brothers, weave! — Weave, and bid
The colours of summer glow!
Let grace in each gliding thread be bid!
Let beauty about ye blow!
Let your thread be long, and your work be fine,
And your hands be firm and sure,
And time nor chance shall your work untwine;
But all, like a truth, endure!

So, — sing, brothers, &c.
Weave, brothers, weave!—Toil is ours,
But toil is the lot of men.
One gathereth the fruit, one gathereth the flower,
One soweth the seed again.
There is not a creature, from England’s King,
To the peasant that tills the soil,
That knows half the pleasures the seasons bring,
If he have not his share of toil!
So—sing, brothers, &c.

Now besides the smoke of many steam engines employed in their various purposes, indeed the whole surrounding country exhibits a sense of active industry. This stage was very mountainous & rather barren, the prospect here from some of the highest elevations, most extensive & imposing. The last two miles we began to descend rapidly, having a deep winding glen on our left & the high imposing brow of the mountain on our left, & the town of Halifax in sight, in front. Next to the bottom an escarp at a most frightful speed, the above deep glen, over which there is a narrow stone bridge & got over safely, though a few years before, a Coach, horses, with passengers, were thrown headlong into it. Halifax is a neat & lovely town. It is pleasantly seated on the declivity of a gentle eminence, yet on approaching it, as we did, has the appearance of standing in a valley, on account of the very high towering hills by which it is surrounded. The houses are generally well built; some of them of stone, others of brick, which mixture of materials give forms a picturesque; & the many small enclosures surrounded with stone walls. In the valleys, in the cavities of the hills, resemble an assemblage of gardens, but the landscape is nearly destitute of hedges & wood. This place was noted for having the right of trying by jury, & preserving a little of persons guilty of stealing to the value of thirteen pence halfpenny. This town is noted for its manufacture of stuffs, & was conjectured to have been first peopled by the Scandinavians, manufacturers, more particularly from Sweden, having the following edict:

"Good bread, bitter and cheese,
As good Halifax, and good freemasonry.

Half the distance of the next stage was likewise very hilly, where we entered the shire of Lancaster, & then descended gradually by a long winding road, into the beautiful & picturesque vale of Rochdale, in which is situated the town, at the foot of the Stone Bridge hills, & on the side of the Roch river, wherein..."
19th Jan. — The morning being highly propitious, we had along delightful ramble over the town. I think it is one of the finest and pleasantest places that I ever was in. It stands on a great space of ground; the new streets are regularly built, many very spacious, wide, and even elegant. The shops are likewise well stocked with merchandise from all parts of the world. The churches, too, are many, neat, and handsomely adorned, while the Exchange is the most magnificent edifice and is esteemed the finest specimen of grecian architecture in Britain. Perhaps the noblest structure ever raised in modern times, purely commercial. These buildings occupy three sides of a quadrangle, the Town Hall
The merchant ships of England.
The seamen on the deck.
Our stars, our clouds, and weather waves.
Their course right gallant ship.
To sunny lands—tis sea-bound shores.
Yet stretch our island trade.
Pass England's arts to Africa's sons,
And robe the Indian maid.
Then a health to our merchant ships
That fear no storms, that fear no seas;
To British hearts in British oak—
It health! a health to these!

The merchant ships of England.
The dark, rough ocean sail.
Their noble masts with sturdy pride,
Do homage to the gale.
Their mariners are terrors' proof.
Their captains bold and free.
Generous and good are their master hearts.
These children of the sea.
Then a health to our merchant ships
That fear no storms, that fear no seas;
To British hearts in British oak—
It health! a health to these!
This grove in peace let commerce tend,
They mean her fleets in war:
When heaven first gave our merchant flag,
While hope its folds unfurled.
"The seas!" old England's genius cried
"Be sure against the world!"

Then a health to our merchant ships
That fear no storms, that fear no seas;
To British hearts in British oak—
it health! a health to these!

The merchant ships of England,
Comparing to and fro;
It nation's thanks, a nation's prayers,
Are with them as they go:
The studies met the country's need,
Who guards her naval fame;
The love which favour British ships
Protect the British name!

Then a health to our merchant ships
That fear no storms, that fear no seas;
To British hearts in British oak—
it health! a health to these!

The river Mersey is here about two miles over, the tide rises high & very rapid. The east end of the town, called Chester on the hill, is occupied principally by the mercantile, gentlemen houses; here are many excellent streets & the houses much after the same size & built of brick, covered with Welsh tiles. From many of them, particularly those near the beach, full towers you have fine animated & commanding prospect of the town, the river Mersey, with the many white sails floating on its waters, the distant sea in the distance, & several miles into Cheshire, backed by the high towering mountains of Wales. This town is considered the principal trading seaport in the kingdom, excepting that of London. It certainly is an excellent & all-stirring place for commerce; & it is not infrequent to hear it spoken that the spirit of its inhabitants will most probably enable them in time rival even the metropolis, as a maritime & mercantile town. Yet developed like London does not arise, strictly its prosperity so much to the entrance of its inhabitants, as perhaps to its local advantages. The mersey ship...
...we have seen many merchant ships...haned on the...they were skating on our way again. Soon after...the mountain peaks are sharply defined...the moon and the stars, whose brightness has subsided...there is no breath of wind abroad. The trees...sleep in their stilly leafy repose. while, lool...the prate, sparkling labyrinth of light...the world seems to slumber, and to sleep...as the moon grows pale...and in the witching of the past moonlight...Science comes down to hold perpetual sway...so breathless is the scene...so hush'd...so still!...we soon after arrived at Holyhead, where we breakfasted. It in a short time, we was on board the Packet. We set sail immediately with a strong fair gale; the sea running high. We arrived in Dublin in the afternoon, having had a passage of only eight hours. As I had time to spare of my leave, I stopped the remainder of it here. It was highly...
one of my many remembrances; I had the melancholy sight of seeing the last remains of the lamented gallant General Rochambeau, who fell so gloriously on the Battle Field, before New Orleans, in whose body had but lately arrived from there in a horsehead of spirits, I was now laying in state, in the style of one of the Churches; then provoking, that

"The beard of hope, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth we gave,
Foretold like the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

After some much expending with few tempests, I leave this enlivening City tomorrow, I shall be very glad to revisit it at any future period.

23d March—The wind blowing strong from here, we set off on the road for Galway. On our way at Foremagad, we took the new, right-hand road, leading through Mullingar; this is a populous and well built town, it has a good trade; it has most assuredly its share of importuning and forsaken beggars; indeed they are almost countless, and the following true anecdote well fully be one out. When the gallant so we were removed to this place, it was supposed that this town produced a greater number of beggars than any in the King's Dominions—a swarm of paupers rendered the streets almost impassable, or impregnable; or to say from a single beggar, occasionally impracticable. Also beggars to the Mad Major an abomination; for two days he enquired himself in his longings, rather than encounter the mendicants of Mullingar. Confinement will increase bile, bile may induce grief; at last, means of captivity, he sent forth, to every application for relief he specified an early day, requesting the numerous applicants to be punctual to the appointed time. This wish was faithfully attended to; on the appointed morning, the street where he resided was literally blocked up. The Major, under a volley of blessings, appeared at the hall door. "Sir, you have heard; all young and old; I requested a beggar man. We are all here colonel," exclaimed a red vírsage. "But my own poor man, Aviciy Bóghógh. Why, the water, fell into the fire a Sunday night; Khin heartily, to sorrow, he can make good not bad. Off then," said the humane commander, "though our poor Bóghógh be left out. I shall abuse myself, and bring the cripple to us!" In a trembling, off went the red vírsage; and after a short absence, found from a neighboring lane, with Aviciy on her shoulders. "'Ere ye all love now? enquired the tender-hearted cheifman. "Every single soul..."
of us," said an old woman in reply. "Oh! that the light of heaven may shine on his honour's dying hour, but it be that's tender to the poor." St threshold gazed I responded a hundred voices. "Silence! said the Mad Major, as he produced a small book neatly bound in red morocco.

"What, your souls! cried the beggar-man. "Are ye listening?"

She, she! yes, yes, was responded in English and Irish. Then, by the contents of this blest book, and it's the Bible, a map I won't give one of ye, you infernal vagabonds, if I remained a twomonth in Ireland.

When the horses were changed, we were glad to escape from these detestable vagabonds. We dashed along through the small town of Racondra or Rathconraith, Ballymore, which was burnt down in 1798, by the military to carry the insurgents, to Athlone, were we came into the same high road, as we went on to Skibber. When we got to Loughrea, we found it was one of their quiet days. For the town was literally examined. I past along with the numerous five people. It their stulls at first sight. I thought from the sense body of persons, that it would be just making away through, at this the Irish little, and of a small man laughed. I soon showed me, how it was done. After the scenes all light. On ship in hand, he gave a stamp & a whistle. I off past the high mounted steed into charged gallop, not giving any other warning, as he said it was useless. The consequence was, though we made our way, safely through the everoaring avenue of people, yet there were many dreadful stinks. It narrow creeks. In scores & even hundreds were thrown town as well as whole lines of cattle, with their heterogeneous contents in one mass. I heark of confusion on the ground; all was tumult in a second. In different yells & compulsions upon him, were incessant. Appealing from the multitude, I have no doubt had they been enabled to have stopped the coach, the foolish little fellow of a driver, would have suffered for his own selfish wellbeing, I thus he highly deserved, for advice he did not had.

After another run of two hours, we arrived in Galway, where I had the pleasure of meeting & finding all my brother Officers, well! Our full expectation of soon been called away on foreign service. Distance 330 miles.

26th March. This being Regimental inspection day, we went through its order when the names were called over, all were found present both of Officers & men from their several leaves of absence, except poor brave Major Miller, who is reported very ill, not likely, ever to join his regiment again.

I find many of the Officers, have got married. I brought the Ladies both with them, which will make the Domestic circle of the Corps, still more...
pleasant & affable. The order of the day is, that there will be constant
exercises in the fields till further orders, the General being expected to review us
26th March. To-day we had a grand & regular Roman Catholic funeral
procession through the streets. It was attended by a dense concourse of
people of all classes, with the necessary accompaniment of fiddles,
flutes, and drums, who were hired & paid, & near the Coffin,
when they passed along, they howled the national air of "Weep, weep,
Och! &c., why did you die." with all their might; which was
sure enough laughable, but then the droll combination of yellow, green,
and discordant sounds, was horrid in the extreme. We should have burned
any one not accustomed to such a scene, but have frightened the honest but
ignorant beast out of his wits. This kind of ceremony, is most punctually attended
to throughout all Ireland; & it requires some (seventy-five) or (seventy)
and experience to carry through the arrangements in a masterly manner. This man
had been a great adept in this sort of business. He had been proum manager of
all the processions in the neighborhood for many years, but was now at last
himself carried away from the death-beds of his friends, to that of his own.
Shortly before he died, it is said, he gave out the following minute directions
to his people, as to the mode of waving him in proper style. "Recollect,"
says he, "to put three candles at the head of the bed, after you lay me out;
& two at the feet. Place in each side. Then now, put a plate with the
salt on it just a top of my breast. And, do you hear, have plenty of tobacco
& pipes enough. And remember to make the bunch strong. This—but
what—if the Devil is the use of talking to you? sure, I know, you’ll sure to
betchit it, as I won’t be there myself. This is literally true. & the following
will corroborate it. & it is also a capital hit. & true boulevard on their feeling, mourning,
and more particularly on such a solemn occasion:

It was all on a fine Saturday night,
and all de lads go in hand about starting,
To take, some de left hand, and others de right.
Dey would just lift a stave before parting.

When Jack Stuart was miss’d! so we up to his bed,
And we groped for his heart all around him.
But pale as his flesh - bag, and colder than lead,
Or de soul of a dead hare, we found him.
Sing vi tum, 92.

We resolved, (Dat we might give our poor hearts relief)
De corpse to de earth to restore,
In de best of deal boards, and with singing and grief.
For ourselves, swe, we could not do more.
Sing vi tum, 92.

Two fiddlers in front took de lead to de grave,
While Bob and de rest sat was blind.
With myself Billy Dawson, and old Tommy Cave.
We made up de chorus behind.
Sing vi tum, 92.

Is we papa's Guitar Lane, Sibell's fiddle it stops—
Was it grief made his fingers to fail?
Yes — twice fumbling for something to wipe the big drops,
And forget that his coat had no tail.
Sing vi tum, 92.

"Can't you come it melancholy?" says George, turning.
"Pish! for shame, boys, ye don't keep the time!"
"But his grief drives me on," says de lad when he found
That he played not his part all too soon.
Sing vi tum, 92.

The old tattered and memorable Colours of the Regiment were consigned
to the flames to-day, 92 new splendid ones were given in their stead; the few
precious staves, saved from them were kept by Colonel Shummers, as a dear relic
in remembrance, of days gone by, who had shared with a few others, left with
Corps, in the Battles they had been in, since they were conjured, some thirty
years ago, when embarking for the East Indies. The regiment now mustered
near 800 strong; each company had its full complement of Officers. I had been
asked by Captain Carell, to be attached to his Light Company, which
though a good complement, I declined to keep it to my old third one, Captain
Robinson, who had seen much service, & when I highly respected.

1st April — This was Galway spring fair, which brought an immense concourse
of people from all the neighbouring districts, but the greater part of
them were idlers & lookers on, seemingly bent upon some mischief; for
such carriers, either under his own or on his hand, a heavy touch, perhaps,
of no small remonstrances. I happened to be on the Hambleden guard one day,
so had a fine opportunity of seeing any sort of that kind; that might take
place between any of the different parties, which there were several of, but
was ordered not to take the least notice or interfere with them, without
things came to a critical & frightful extreme. Still went on perfectly peace-
able till near 4 o'clock, when all of a sudden, as if by irresistible sympa-
thy, the whole were at loggerheads in active fighting commotion; 100
Shetland, uplifted in doing dreadful vapors execution; many were knocked
down & numerous heads were broken. At one time I saw one gigantic
the determined fellow withstand four or five others, for a considerable
time, at last they got round him, & down he went with their foul
weapons, & nearly killed him on the spot. This was usually murderous
& lastly, the poor fellow was conveyed away by some of his mis-
fortunate companions. At short half hour, all was again peace and
quietness as if nothing had happened a mile among them; walking & talking
as usual; they certainly are a queer set. But the remarks I have heard, with
in this instance of the Irish, justly verified; that an Englishman was con-
stant only when he was in misfortune; that a Scotchman was at home
only when he was out; & that an Irishman at peace only in drink &
in fighting. This is a capital hit on these different countrymen.

5th April — To day Major General, Sir John Duley, K.G. K.C.B. B. made a
full inspection of the Regiment, & afterwards a General Review took place
before him, of which he reprobated himself satisfied, both with the discipline
& the state of the fine Corps, & would report us in all respects fit
for immediate active service. Sir John B. His Stately figure again honoured
us with their pleasant company. The chair was taken by Sir Robert
Fremch, though it was my turn, & the Duce by one most humble servant.
The chief of the conversation was about the Yankees & the chance & probability
of our soon being called upon. We had besides much capital good singing, par-
sicularly by Crichton, who was a most exquisite sweet & scientific singer
both in the comic & sublime kind. Among the many he favoured as well
was the British Criesmen, the Bold Dragon, Field Langsyne, & the
Sentinel, the words of the latter are so de-witchingly insipiring and

For

The game

For

The game
When set the camp, the midnight moonlight beams,
And soldiers' eyes are seal'd in happy slumber,
The watchful sentinel his watch proclaims,
And silence sweetly swells the echoing number.

Oh! then to Heaven his eyes he turns,
And murmurs with the glowing sigh,
'Angels bright that dwells above,
Tell my country, tell my love,
For them — for them I watch, for them I'll die!'

And as the foe's night—fires before him play,
His bosom swells with flames still stronger burning;
He gazes on them — wishes for the day,
With glory and the fight once more returning!

Oh! then to Heaven his eyes he turns,
And murmurs with a glowing sigh,
'Angels bright that dwells above,
Tell my country, tell my love,
For them — for them I'll fight, for them I'll die!'

And should he in the battle's raging heat,
With valiant heart and arm the foe confounding;
Oh! should the hero then his death—wound meet,
And Victory his glorious stall be sounding,
Again to Heaven his eyes he turns,
And murmurs with his life's last sigh,
'Angels bright that dwells above,
Tell my country, tell my love,
For them — for them I fought, for them I die!'

This song, brought back all the solemnity of war to their feelings, it placed them in situations familiar to their fancy; it touched the most delightful chord of the Solferino's heart. Every tongue became eloquent upon the source of its sensations. Loud applause followed this song, for the wine had pretty freely circulated before it was sung; it was a festival day, therefore did the young lads, as well as most of the rest,
leave off the every day work of quieting the Mess Table after the first or second allowance. I found myself well fed; the Discontinuators again again were all replenished. Naval jollies songs sung; in short, a merrier set of fellows from the Colonel to the Quarter Master, never broke from a menu table, save those that had taken unanticipated leave. Sir Robert, & Sir John, kept remarking till a late hour, for he was a true battle man, some way or another but this to himself, or on duty, at any rate I could see him & Sir Robert, arm in arm, approaching. I felt their kind farewell shake of hands, & evening good by, for they had got their pleasure done; if I left alone, not far behind, I did just get nearly into mine awaiting room, where with head & heart contented at ease, did rest basking on the tables edge, mine swimming scents, till break of day; when all a line again knew the course for pleasures fell; soon after did partake of the hearty breakfast, & on to the morning parade.

10 April. The day was fine, I asked leave from the morning parade with the intention of walking to the City of Dublin & back 28 miles, I had proceeded three or four miles to Clare Galway, when coming upon an intricate lonely & circuitous bay, I saw two very suspicious characters, who seemed to be watching & hurrying about, I had no doubt in my mind, had I attempted to proceed further on that they would have way-laid me, which with not knowing the right path way to take, I thought it most prudent to desert, as there was two to one. On my path I joined one of the officers, who as we were leisurely walking homewards, we were met by a foolish young fellow of a gentleman, who rode past us at speed a rapid speed, splashing the accumulated black mud, for & wide, & despatching our faces. Now clothes not a little, with its desirable staining qualities, which completely spoiled me a new jacket. I warned & told him to pull up, as he approached, but as he drove not, I picked up a stone & hastily threw it after him, striking him a severe blow, just on the back. As he did not pull up or say any thing, I suppose he has pocketed his own earned affront, or a Challenge will arrive to-morrow; in other case it matters not, for I am his man.

12 April. To day another of the old respected Veterans died; he was one of the four soldiers left in the regiment, that had fought and bled at the re-sumoned battle of St.ARGE. Thus is the end of glory!

To Galway town. His muse loved home,
He came from foreign lands to see;
In his own country sought a tomb,
And heard at home his latest sigh.
And we could well and truly picture to ourselves, that we beheld,—

A poor and aged man

His step was feebly; his lips were wan;
The bullet went down in the now raised mound,
His face was bound on the cold damp ground.
He raised his head; his tears were done.
The father had pray’d o’er his only son!

And this was literally the case, as the man was originally from here.

20th April—A rumor of a most scandalous & slanderous nature had
spread & whispered about the town circle for some time past, but was now likely

The man, the worst of poisoners, encountered,
And easy entrance in ignoble minds—

The man was formerly a captain, a black leg & well known sheik. The report
was that Colonel Shermans had not the least command or respect shown him by
the officers, & that some were junior ones, held him in derision & as they pleased.

This was at first communicated to the Colonel, by Mr. Porter, who is an often guest
at our house, who only shut & pocketed to mention it himself first, but he not been on;
noticed from confidence been refused in him, to name his informer, believed to be a highly re-
dicted eldest gentleman; a Challenge was the unfortunate consequence between the
bastards, which happily terminated without bloodshed. The Colonel took the
Captain out first & would certainly have shot him dead, had not his pistol gone
off, just as he was raising his arm from the ground; the ball passing, grazed
the under part of the foot. It was supposed his antagonist did not fire with the
intention of doing harm, as their affair ended. But the hodge fellow,
still persisting in not giving up his informant; Mr. Porter called him out
on his own account, early next morning; they were accompanied by a rank sewer
of the lower class, which is generally the case in this part; & they went to it, more like
Bull-dogs, than anything else, then injured Shermans, & fought with Horn Pistols
at the distance of fifteen paces, firing each twice, his two Pistols; but, without
any effect, save their visible discomfiture & disappointment, & the local
pernicious shouts of hurras at each going shot, from the surrounding multitude.

Our Colonel, whom all respected, was cool & collected; & much to be admired for at
the critical & doubtful moment of taking his stand, was he seen taking his usual
puff of snuff, as if nothing was going to happen; but if any thing had been
fallen him, there would not have been in the whole Corps, but one sympathy
of feeling, that of deep regret. This man been known to be a troublesome
enough
interior to the segments that had been quarrels here before. We Officers were cautioned not to take the least notice of him; but, the very same day, when I was on guard, and he, impertinent boaster, defier, obtuse himself close by under the shelf was written. Brother hustled one of my servants, which was informed of. I went out; there held glowing looks at each other, for some time, but he started off, which I was not at all disappointed at, for he was a complete bullying rascal, tried at all times to pick a quarrel, which he gloried in begging to a duel; he having already fought as many as thirteen. If reports are correct, has killed his ninth man! This duelling is an honor, unpleasant affair. Of them none of the true, have kind that either like or resort to its appalling & doubtful chances. The following is from that amiable work, 'The Sketch Book', 22.

Keep your honour clear.

Surely all consequences. That the practice of duelling is to be tolerated in general society, it will not take upon me to say; but that it is absolutely necessary in the army, no officer of that profession will deny. It should however be regulated by temperate & honorable rules. In a body like the army where unanimity & obedience to command must prevail, very thing that tends to disturb those peaceful qualities, should be scrupulously forbidden. But as the evil passions of the heart have not less existence amongst military men than in any other division of society, quarrels cannot of course be avoided. But if these quarrels were allowed to develop their virulence in bickerings & open abuse, every corps of Officers, it is to be feared, would be divided into parties, & discussion would plan in preparatory that power which can only set efficiently by unanimity. Hence the necessity of a more particular attention to gentlemanly demeanour amongst the military. Hence also the necessity of the existence of some power which will enforce conformity to its regulations. This, to a certain extent, is to be found in military authority; but beyond this, there is no remedy, except in the practice of duelling. As the more this practice is cherished in the army, the more honourable & lasting will be its reputation; the least will its quest be disturbed, fewer will insult or injure their brother officers, & consequently fewer will be necessitated to venture...
their honour by duel. The admirable decorum of gentlemanly friendship which prevails in the army generally, bear strong testimony to the truth of the above argument. As insults and injuries cannot shake these with impunity, those despicable characters, professed duelists, are rarely, if ever, to be met with in the service. They do not, at all events, practice their "profession" amongst the military men, for the most obvious reasons in the world, as the old proverb says, "Deadly some dogs get dirty coats."

This abominable practice of supposed refined civilization no doubt is carried much to the advantage of the cowardly, bragging officier, who seeks every mean to obtain his supposed wrongs of high feeling and honour, which he seldom, if ever, holds on tap of; instead of being a principal himself, he generally picks a quarrel among unoffending parties, and voluntarily like, turns it from his shell, shoulders, becomes one of the second at the other's risk. It is a pity it is, when such is the case, that it cannot be always, as it justly should. It turns into a joke following laughable, irretrievable, the anecdote relates, which took place between two friends: one day, after dinner, two officers in a celebrated Irish regiment, very intimate friends, having carried their bosomage beyond the precision of military punctilio, a Major V. a Captain, well known for his love of building, interfered. At length gave the young friends to understand that they must have a shot or two at one another. As they walked to the field of blood, without a grain of animosity against one another, but of no little displeasure against their friends upon the occasion, who would listen to no cause, apology, or explanation; Ballochy, having a moment's opportunity of speaking to Trollope a part, whispered, "I'll fire at your second, if you'll fire at mine." "Agreed," replied Trollope. When they came upon the ground all due preliminaries had taken place; off went their pistols together in a straight line at each other's. The Major V. the Captain were startled. We were found very ready to settle the now mysterious, serious affair, 26th April — This postscript of this day I fore-bode nothing unpleasant, but I was usefully mistaken; just after dinner, as the cloth was being drawn, the Drum-Major, as was his wont, handed me a Letter, which knowing the hands writing, I immediately opened and found to my astonished feelings, that
it was from our kind friend, Mr. Gilding, the surgeon, who related in a few
words, he operated on our dear mother, for a Cancer in the Breast; that
she had gone through it remarkably well up to the present time & was doing
surprisingly well, & that if she got over the next day without fever, the
result, he had no doubt would soon recover; but should she have bad, or
doubtful symptoms come on, he would write me by the next days post.
This was certainly well & gratifying as far as the circumstance would admit.
but with all its bearings, it cast a shadow of forebodings in my mind for the preparation for her death! & in a few short hours. "Life, I
felt the loss will perhaps be enormous, & it was of course any thing, but
calm & tranquil to keep it quiet; & shall look and wait for tomorrow,
and with fear and trembling hope for
The, like the rainbow,span the storm,
And full of promise, does impart
Peace to us.

21st April —To day I was in hopes to hear something still more
favorable but vain. No new information, the letter had a Black Seal,
and in the same hand writing, as yesterday, & no doubt there
was left, but, that she was no more, I hastened quickly to my
bathroom, and too soon read

Hope, dear hope,
The spring —dawn of existence cheer'd & no more,
She had dropt under the affliction ease, fever having set in, bring-
ing its consequent train of evil & ending in delusion; this, indeed, the life
of a good & excellent devout christian, & a dear and affectionate Mother
that had seen & experienced numerous troubles & afflictions, in her spare
of eavens, & one who was respected, beloved, & esteemed by all who knew
her, both by the high & low, sick & poor. And though such a severe loss
of her comfort, I stilled & brav'd the best part I could,

My heart, I bid it not to feel,
But send to what kind Pilot of thought fit,
To keep to sorrow, & submit.

And naturally gave vent to my inward feelings,

Pure, silent expressions of sympathy!
Gilding with steady progress o'er the cheek,
Of beauty or of manhood, there most speak.
With the heart's powerful eloquence; the sigh
Upheld I recall not more capriciously,
The fragrancy of rose remembeled,
Dheu sorrow, pain, or pity of death.
Mend passion; rapture deep, or pleasure high.
Send thee, paletelurin, for some success night?
Daily I ask—yet this I truly know,
Helping thee fast afford me joy and ease.
When hopes are born to man, and when they die,
Ne'er with thee fail to soothe, soft, healing balm.
She o'er paves I on the sea— which works on instant calm.
This sad event, coupled with the many gone, unpleasent affairs, brought on
Deep thought, reflection, yet I must refrain or even regret it altogether; for she
had passed through many momentous & trying events, for us children, & she was
now beginning to feel the hand of time. B. we might look forward, we long,
according to her years, that she would depart from us, for
All things around us preach of death; yet death
Suckles the vain heart, darts from the careless eye,
As if we were created not to die,
And had our everlasting home on earth—
All things around us preach of death; the leaves
Drop from the forest; perish the bright flow'rs—
Shorn's the day's short, sunlit hours on hours—
And o'er bleak, sterile fields the wild wind grooves—
Yes! all things preach of death— we are born to die—
We are but waves along-life's ocean driven;
There is to us a brief probation given—
To fit us for a dread eternity—
Hear ye, that watch with death's unslumbering eye—
Earth is our pilgrimage, our home is Heaven—
The spring was now fast showing its beauties & striking effects on the forth com-
ing herbages blade & leafless tree, & though I had now lost one of birds of nature,
I was much to be thankful for, in many points of view, over the countless mak-
tive of my fellow beings. I was resigned to my present afflicting lot, & to
the decrees of providence. The latter end of this month, I was somewhat
struck while watching some labourers planting their crops of potatoes
this on such an earthy surface of land, that no one could suppose it
could be made possible to grow any thing upon. The first proceed
29th April - This month came in showing 95 warm. 15 on Order was given out that the men were to commence bathing in the water. An officer was given to look after them, and to ensure that they were not allowed to drown. Most of the men liked it much. But there were others again, as much the reverse, as we had sometimes to use great persuasion before we got them to go in. 15 overcome the aversion to its otherwise exhilarating effects. The regiment was likened to being on the beach, practicing with feverish Ball Cartridge at the target. The practice continued for several weeks, causing some amusement of the men to take more deliberate aim and better shots, as we went to the enemy that should dare to give us battle.

10th May - Captain Hobbs of the Royal Engineers joined our Mef and relieved Major Ardron from attending the construction of the Martello Towers; we find him a lively, intelligent, acquisition to our circle; he is of great use in our game of billiards. In the Flower Court, which was now daily visited by a number of the Officers, we have some active but not too much conversation; it is a fine, mainly game that requires both quickness of sight and great agility of body.

20th May - Sir, Thomas, Aiton, late commander of the Third Division, has just left this country for the continent. He sent an express to Colonel Thompson that he would use his best exertions to get this, his former regiment the 15th out; this was received gladly, but I am afraid it will not be the case.

23rd April - It may be said a letter was handed round for the perusal of the Officers, received by Sir Robert, containing our forebodings of the future death of Major Miller, a gallant officer, of whom there are not one in the whole corps, but Lord 15 respected him. Both for his authority of manners, his kindness to us officers of inferior rank as to the men, to the latter, he was their constant adviser and their friend. The Glasgow Paper has mentioned his death. In private services he had rendered to his country on the
Dr. on the 25th June 1815 at St. Miller's near Camero, Major J. Miller of the 16th Regiment, B. late Lieutenant-Colonel in the 22nd Portuguese regiment of foot. This brave officer after serving in the arduous services of the 16th in the East Indies, entered the Portuguese Service, B. was actively engaged among others, in the Battles of Buaco, Badajoz, Albuera, Celeda Rodriguez, Victoria, in the battles of the Pyrenees, at the Passage of the Adour, Seville, Tarragona, and finally at Toulouse, where he was wounded in the head. Distinguished as late for his social as his military virtues, this amiable and gallant character, at the premature age of thirty-four, terminated his earthly career much, as deservedly lamented by his family and friends, particularly so by his Brother Corps of Officers. Thus over this much lamented, deserving, heroic Soldier's Grave.

This is a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Dence is a soldier lying.
The death wound came amid sword and plume,
When banner and belt were flying.
Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet and flowers surrounded.
The church shadow falls on his place of rest,
Where the steps of his childhood bounded.
There were tears that fell from marly eyes,
There was woman's gentle weeping,
And the wailing of aged and infant ones,
Over the grave where he lies sleeping.
He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing,
He stood with the valiant side by side,
This country's brave defender.
He came again, in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over.
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claimed by the soldier's lover.
But the cloud of strife came upon the day,
He left his sweet home for battle.
And his young child's head for the Lord war-ever.
And the cannon's loud death-rattle.
He came again—but on another's man;
The path of the grave was before him,
And the snare that he wore was cold and clean.
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory, spoke of shears,
These are words that are vainly spoken.
To the childless mother or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by tender willows;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
But she lies on his son's home soil.

25th June—This morning my feelings were again assailed by Lieutenant Champion, who, only a few days before, had joined us with his blooming and much admired bride, and the melancholy news of the sudden demise of his dearest mother, with whom I could so sympathise. On the next day, I received a letter from my brother containing affairs of business, which required my immediate presence in Yorkshire, thereby causing me to apply again for leave of absence, in the belief that I had no probability for a certainty of being sent abroad soon. Wishing to go to South America, to see after my Father, 25th June under all the circumstances, it was decided by my fellow officers to petition for leave. They proposed a reward me with great warmth, 25th June, but I was now determined to go instantly to seek after my Father, 25th June, because being of an intepearing 25th June, was so successfully accomplished.

26th June—My departure was sent to day, 25th June, it returns with the news of York's permission is now my only desire. My resignation of all things at present, lies nearest my heart, it is not likely, however, I shall
be kept in suspense a great while longer, as I shall know with certainty, perhaps in a few weeks. I am already heartily tired of this part of the world & the scene of life, our most dearest wish, I had my liberty, to long to turn my face towards my dear country; yet whenever I think calmly of it, as oftentimes I do, a cloud seems to hang over the future when saddens me, I know not why, it makes carelessly all my thoughts, I would cheerfully despise all gloomy reflections, if it would, but they come on me at times when one is least capable of resisting their influence, it is an unpleasant sensation that unceasingly upon the mind. I render me careless of myself, I regard everything of the world.

But is this a time to be clouded and sad. When our mirth自行啦哟 around, When our deep blue heaven looks glad, And gladness breathes from the blooming ground? There are notes of joy from the hanging bird and insect, And the songs of swallows through all the sky. The ground squirrel perished shops by the sea, And the wilting bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure sky, And their shadows at play on their bright green vale, And here they stretch to the bitter chain, And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that ashen beaver, There's a shiver of winds in that beechen tree, There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flowers, And a laugh from the bosquet that runs to the sea. And lo! the broad-faced sun how he smiles, On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray, On the leaping waters and gay young isles, joy, joy, and he'll smile they glow away.

13th June——Received a letter from brother in answer to mine, writing he would come over, provided I succeeded in getting my exchange granted; this was one of the pleasing gratifications which 26th June——This evenings mail brought the important news that our brave army had entirely defeated at Waterloo, the heartfelt supposed invincibles, under the auspicious Bonaparte. This
this again immortalising the name of Wellington, the renowned hero of a hundred battles. The battle passed merely round, at the sound of the guns, & the taste of Wellington, the storm, and the Plains of Waterloo, were resounded too, with all the splendour and vast, that it was possible for a brave band of tried soldiers to feel. Repref. for the mighty Monarch of the sword is dead!
His honours faded, and his glory fled.
And now the silent tomb has come shall hold
There soon’s to seamble to its hivendous mound;
Thus! thus! thy sudden, dreadful fall,
Thy wretched fate, the powerful hearts appeal.
Thus great example of ambitious verse,
Earth was thy footstool, and the world thy prize.
Off hath the blast of military fame,
Proclaim’d abroad the terrors of thy name;
And scarce one region in the world was found
That did not tremble at its awful sound.
Thy power, gigantic, once destro’d the earth,
Like some huge monster of unnatural birth:
Thy murdering sword once letharg’d earth with blood.
War, death, and slaughter, were its ceaseless food.
The world was quiv’d by horror at the sight:
And Europe shriek’d in terror from the fright.
But England, happy isle! untaught saw
And bid defiance to their iron law—
Unfur’d her banner, for the shock of war,
Bound to arms, and bid thunders roar.
And Albion’s warriors, in auspicious day,
Through the last death—bore to the tyrant’s sway.

The rest of this month was passed pleasantly over, in which we had many a friendly, jovial party, combined with our happy united corps of Officers, among ourselves.

1st July — This day I got my much wished for exchange, complete with Ensign Seth of the 88th regiment, dated the 22d June 1815, so now at least I have got my liberty again, may I never lose it: the war being over, at least it is to be in all probability in a few months, I need not be sorry for exchanging through the
my old regiment is just ordered off for foreign service, for while my mother lived, the strong propensity to home, was somewhat counteracted by the strong attractions of home, & by these powerful ties of affection, which drew me to her side, from leaving her, but now that she was gone, these attractions had ceased, the loving & vital ties were severed. I had no longer an appropriate ground for my heart, but was at the mercy of every vagrant impression. Nothing now seemed left, but my love & affection for my sister & her children in England, who for some time past, I had felt, were waning. I longed to return to the top of a stage-coach, & launching myself upon the great ocean of life, in search of rights, employment, and happiness.

6th July. This morning the regiment received orders to march for Cork.

To-morrow morning, this was rather exciting. I came home to me, but the sea was east & we must now severe like Sibyl's brave. In the evening, for the last formal speech, I joined them gladly, & felt, over, that I had now, had left them finally. Many tears & sentiments were given; among them my health was proposed & cheerfully drank. I in the form, I awoke, with feelings that agitated my heart, & rendered me almost inadequate to convey the sentiments that then existed in it, having regained my knees, & such a moment as this of separation. I reproved my thoughts on this occasion accordingly. I concluded with may you all reach your chosen health & obtain promotion. I enjoy happiness, both at home & abroad: this was received with cheers, & the sea of war, near the horizon, the typhoon's away; & the waters, in which I am happy.

The moment must come, when the hands that unite In the form clack of friendship, will never When the eyes that have beam'd & ever us brightly to-night Will have ceased to shine round us, for ever. Get not round the goblet's brim With pleasure's roseate cloud: What though the future hour be dim — The present is our own.

The moment is come, and again we are parting To pass through the world each our separate way In the bright eye of beauty, the pearl drop is starting — Get hope, sunny hope, through the tear she's its way.
Then wreath again the goblet's strain
With pleasure's rosyate crown:
In hope, though present hours be din
The future is our own.

The moment is past — and the bright morn around us,
So lately that gather'd, has fled like a dream;
And Time is unweaving the fond links that bound us.
She post-leaves that melt with the morning's young dawn,
Yet wreath the one more the goblet's
With pleasure's rosyate crown:
What though our future hours be din
The past has been our own.

The parting, I must own, I experienced much pleasure & much pain.
Of the former derived from the kindness shown me, by my Brother Office.
Of the latter, on parting from them.

1st July — The morning was fine. All were alert & drawn up in
the large square at an early hour. Rather an hours delay, the word
to March was instantly given. B the hearty cheer of B exclaimations of regret, cried at one what the inhabitants really felt on their de-
parture. There been another regiment expected in daily, B to be
present ideas away. I set about during the day, moving into an-
other part of the barracks, which I expected might not be wanted, at
least for the short time I might stay, B likewise in disposing of the chief
of my heavy baggage. &c. &c.

15th July — My Brother arrived from his Cambridge studies. Was we were
now quite at liberty to range about, we concluded after many exciting invita-
tions from Mr. Wilkinson & the other hind folks of Galway, to stay a few
days among them. Mr. Wilkinson Carriage & Horses were quite at our
service. We availed ourselves of its comfort. It had an extensive view above
Lough Corrib, as far as Owenthurges, helping Breturning through Killarney,
Kilmurry, Dunleer, B White Cliff, from whence the eye extends over the whole
of the lake & the broad burren: of vast & stupendous mountains, on
the North West, we soon traversing on above the other in rapid succession.

The brother soon likewise to quit separation we made much of our time and
perambulated the country to some extent. This county is in the Province of Con-
naughts, which was formerly a Kingdom of itself, till the reign of Henry IV.
after which it was repulsed by fifty sheikhs. It is in appearance extensive
enormised, some parts lying in a state of nature, while others are
itself & well cultivated. It is generally in a broken state. The
flax, oats, & potatoes are the principal crops; the two latter from the chief
food of the people. The tares are many & very extensive. If this system of
husbandry is the best managed it is best understood in this country. It is
said that sheaves & logs were unknown here, till they were introduced
by the English in the 18th century. Mules, foals, & all kinds of surpluses
are still unknown, which I myself can verify. The native cattle & sheep
are small. The horse is a very hardy, sure-footed animal, seldom exceeding
8 hands in height. And the goats & hogs are particularly prevalent, of the
latter no pleasant is without one. The inhabitants are mostly Catholics,
the Catholics being to the Protestants, in the proportion of 1 to 1. In the
more western parts, there are large districts without even a single
church or protestant inhabitant. — after the regiment left, I removed
as I said before, B surprised a room on the third floor of stairs & placed
my bed on the floor, brother having retired one at William Williamson's. I
having parted with my bedstead. 8. prior to leaving. From this scattered
village I enjoyed a delightful view up the town from my windows. I beg pardon
sir, I think it was the beauty of privacy by day, B I likewise, generally by night, had not
been awake several times from a second sleep, fomracing I heard B felt
something moving about in the room, but after frequent listenings B watching
I could discern nothing, therefore arising around the bowery, power. 8 slept. While
I found the sleeping & fly away easily; it was a parcel of heritage. Mr. Fox
who sustained B slept upon eternal Erasmus, keeping me in much the same
state as Washington during his first visit in London. Indeed they had thus
grown so strong, that not content with surrounding around the room, and
over myself & bed, but actually last night, one of two, braided a piece
out of my check; this was too bad 8 away; they went in quick dispatch,
throwing them with my hands, against the opposite wall, from where they
instantly disappeared down their former gang-way, which they had made
up by the fire-plau, to the barracks, yard, 8 from thence to their favourite
_defs. 8 general servomeans, the water side. In this manner they annoyed
for several nights, without any capture or shining their ranks, B growing
familiar with their constant gambol & whininess, I soon grew tired of
bumping B crossing my hands, legs, B head against the walls 8 chairs, 8
in pursuit of these four-footed bandwies, determined masandors, but length.
becoming callous to these nocturnal plunderers—I shuddered not
in spite of the cold, hearing placed in the interval, a letter for their future
while of daily adventure—a large trap. In a few nights after
words, I was very successful, being caught several by the feet, which
I was obliged to throw from their bodies, they having taken the trap over
the hole as far as they could force it; which they began too with such
ferocity, as with all my strength to disengage them from, I could not, but
gave up in preference to their bodies, one of their limbs.

15th July—The time for my departure drawing near, I having had much
time for reflection on observation, I will not leave without giving my opinion
of the people with whom I was in quarell. It would be highly pleasing to see the
time arrive when agitation should cease, & Ireland be in reality that which
it was as often expected she was,

"Great! glorious! and free,
First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea."

For there is not a British heart alive to retaliate, that would not feel
interested in behalf of Ireland & its inhabitants. They who have trodden her
soil, breathed her air, & conversed with her in their cabins, must bear
testimony to the truth, that they are a superior people—not so philo-
tic as the English, or so gay & volatile as the French, they seem to hit
the happy medium, & possess an ardour of mind that qualifies them
themselves—highest situations both in Church & State.

O! Erin! lead my humble lay
The sorrow of my sons pours out.
To string my fiddle's key for thee,
And pour its sad monotony.

But oh! no sense can I express
The depth—the fullness of thy woes;
The sweet lyre's most touching tones,
Are fraught to hasten Erin's griefs!

 Methinks I see a father's grief
His children in a sad ensnare,
And there, heart-breaking, turn aside;
The fullness of that heart to hide.

 Methinks I see the mother's tear
With widow's sorrow o'er the scene,
And at each little prophet's cry,
To heaven roll her streaming eye.
The children too, methinks I see,  
Singing round their watchful mother's knees.  
Their voice request she anquish'd ears  
And only answers with her tears.

To you, ye fair, the muse appeals,  
Are you like lovely women still?  
Your sympathy to Erin kind,  
And prove her advocate and friend.

And ye, ye, ye gay unthinking belles,  
Whose pleasures agin we deplore,  
How can ye flaut in fashion's snow,  
Andiren sinkin in despair?

Oh, Britain! stretch thy fest, wing hand  
With homage to thy sect - land -  
Oh! every tongue and every gale,  
Is fraught with scoff song Erin's wail.

Shall they, whose with the fearful rushed  
The Gallas steel - ear'd warriors shivered,  
Shall they, whose here made thefree,  
Shall weep in fetters forged by thee?

Oh! listen to her powerful claim,  
Her blood has purchas'd half thy fame -  
Oh! picture, think of all he was,  
And bid her better thron'd else.

As popular character & customs distinguish V. from England. Restless, yet indolent; shrewd, discriminant; impatient, impatient, every design, instinctively brave, thoughtfully generous, quick to resent & forgive, well forgiving injury rather than insult; their country's god they seldom, their own they careless preserve, but the honours of both they eagerly vendicate - oppression they have long borne, insolvency more. With generous, they are profoundly gifted: with judgment, scrupulous. To acquire knowledge, they find more easy than to arrange. temple & literature, only to the French. In wit superior even to the Italian, they are more able to give, & more ready to receive.
amusements than instruction. Tending to exaggerate, but not intending to deceive, they are applauded rather for sincerity than truth. In their domestic life, the gentry & traders differ from the English of equal rank, not in essentials, but in modes. In Ireland they are left masters of economy, but more enjoyment rises than in England. Conspicuous position is on Irish folly. The country gentry excel the nobility; the merchant affects to surpass the shopkeeper in approach, the splendor of the gentry. Hence, patrons are respectable; hence, capital is devoted to pleasure, the profit of one enterprise is not, as in England, subsisted in a nation, but sunk in a villa or an encampment. The English trade sequacities, the Irish enjoy; but his enjoyment is not often elegant, nor always secure. After all my observations of these people, I must agree with an English writer, in the following opinion of them: that to sum up the view of the three united kingdoms of the English, Scotch, & Irish characters; I may observe, that sincerity & independence distinguish the English; intelligence & sagacity the Scotch; & a gay & gallant spirit the Irish. The best qualities, however, are all to associate with bad ones. The independency of the English of the English, sometimes degenerates into coarseness & brutality; the gaiety of the Scotch into cunning & time-serving; & the gaiety of the Irish into fickleness & fastidiousness. Could we combine the independency of the English, with the gaiety of the Scotch, & with the gallantry of the Irish, we should form almost a god. Could we, on the contrary, unite the brutality of the first, with the cunning of the second, & with the fastidiousness of the third, we should form a demon; these specific volatilities. Having given a rough sketch of the Irish people, except the characteristic of their blundering, the subsequent anecdote will suffice, for their general life.

20th July—Having now arranged my affairs, I bid all kind friends good-by; & we took our departure on the coast, under the auspices of a few sherry in the moon. Passed rapidly through the regular line of routes to Athlone, where we took up a shriveling & soothing morning lady. I enjoyed her company with other gents, till towards dusk, when she began to feel
somewhat unwell; the Coach stopping at a small Inn for a short time, we
ordered a Cup of Tea for her, but when just beginning to partake of it, the
fellow of a Driver would not stop a moment longer, though he said he would
at first; we hurried her back, almost conversing her, when just entering
the coach door, the fellow lashed his horses & drove on a few pieces,
when my brother stepping them a little in their speed, she succeeded in
getting in, leaving the door open as it was; but my brother was not so
fortunate, as his determined horses set the horses off in full gallop &
my brother running strongly & keeping up by their sides at last he fairly
head but. by catching hold of the Drapers heads, he brought them
up & prevented the parcel from proceeding a better yard without his
first promising to stop & let him recover & mount his seat on the
top; which after much unpleasant abuse, he was compelled to ac-
quire in, though I really believe it was a made up thing between
himself & the Landlord of the Inn, to leave us behind. We afterwards
arrived at the Hotel Dublin without any further trouble, where we
stayed all night for the Rushed tomorrow. The coachman soon after
made his appearance for his fare, but he quickly got his answer,
which he so richly deserved, at which he poured forth his prolific
Irish invarious tongue, with vile effect. Distance ran about 110
miles.

21st July. — We rose early & went down to the Regan House, where we
had a sumptuous breakfast & soon after stepped on board the Packet
when we quickly left the land of fair Ireland, for our English home.

E'en thy servant feasts on green
And sweet thy daughter's smile,
No "Land of Promise" brighter seen
Than thine, dear Erin's Isle.
The air is mild, thy skies are clear,
Yet wherever I roam,
One spot to me is still more dear
My happy English Home!

After an hours sailing about, we got clear of the Bar, & were then out
in the open channel, the sea running high with equally heavy gale
from the south-west, which ill agreed with the Irish Paddies.
in the Fox hole, there were upwards of fifty of them in it, sick, fighting & rolling about in horrid convulsion amongst each other, half suffocated with the hatchets been obliged to be partially laid over, on account of the too often rude, impetuous billows, breaking & coming on board our cabin guests during this stormy passage had each of them a fine ets in their stomach, & we who had been tossed upon deck by the chief of the day & night, had acquired an appetite for any thing but a broken sea & a gale of wind. — About midnight, we caught a glimpse of merrie old England.

“The wretched isle —
The fortress built by nature for itself.”

We landed at Liverpool by 1 o’clock in the morning, & had we got off only half an hour earlier, we should have made the passage in much less time. After a little hurrying & being in doubt, we passed on to the inn, leaving the Customhouse Officers to find out scor abode, if they wished for the trouble.

22d July — We spent part of the day in this flourishing busy place of trade & then set off through Warrington, Manchester, Stockesfield, Leeds, York, & Beverley, in the coach for Hull, where after a pleasant travel of the night & part of the following day, we arrived at our Sailor’s welcome abode, where for the present, we took up our quarters, finding her conserve the severe loss she had more particularly being preserved of in pretty good health and coming quiet.

23d July — Brother F. & self having some business to transact at York, we set off by the coach, but at Beverley, owing in part to the same opposition then existing on the road, we narrowly had miss, lose three hearts of animals, the next ben run off their legs, that ever a poor & expectation traveller, set behind, to get them started, was difficult enough, but to keep them going was no easy task. We certainly wanted a rest of the Rees, which put me in mind of a gentleman, who was travelling some time since, and having an itching for driving, gave the Coachman a shilling to permit him to take the reins in hand, but finding it to be more laborious than pleasure, from the wretched state of the horses, he applied the whip to a gallop, part of one of the animals, upon seeing which, Coachman said, “Gently there, sir, if you please, I keeps that, we bet of raw
to-self to cut a lot of a splash when I goes through the town. But
here bad luck enough there was room to be found. For poor Davis, their
kids were touched & tried in each & every part. After a hard struggle
over the wolds, we get happily released from them at the next stage. Nor
mind in York, where we stayed till the following day at noon, when we were
pleased to take our places, outside, on the opposition coach. The other being
full at York, we were again arrayed with our team, for among them
they had absolutely only two seeing or giving eyes. As in the two
leaders, each having one. The other two were meaner all, but with all this
disparagement in sight, they were good gears. If we were after some severe
galloping were enabled to pass the other opposition coach, just before tak-
ing a very sharp turn of the road, round which we went frightfully
whirling on two wheels, B luckily got our balance again, but not so our
antagonist, who kept on at his full gallop, B times over with a
terrible crash; no one was materially hurt, though having the
guard was thrown a considerable distance & bled much at the nose
& severely shook. A gentleman, the only one that was inside, who was
rather unengaged & uninformed, was a length of time before he could be got
cut out, as he was likewise much shook. B impressed, B couldn't believe
that the coach had been overturned, causing us much laughter & fun.

Upon sighting the coach, the lower side, we found was quite smashed in
but in other respects, it was not materially damaged. Thus not been able to
meet with places in York, perhaps was the lucky means of saving us, our boxes
& limbs. After spending a few weeks in Hull, I began to feel weary & dwell
for occupation. If something to look forward to, both for body & mind, as I walked
the streets, one, B all seemed to be going about their own affairs,

Where with like haste, through different ways they went;
Come to ends, and come to be undone.

This led me to disclose my determination of visiting my Father immediately
by, against which, my Brother, Sister, B friends strongly demonstrated to this
I would not listen, but at the same time, encouraged to fulfill their personal
wishes & entreaties. I had just been deprived of my mother. B every moment B
protested my separation from her. Yet on B never forebode my Father in a foreign
country, B in a situation so different from all that he had been accustomed to.
His health is an object of no importance to me; I felt I should be
happy if I could afford any consolation to my father &c. associate by showing the.
miseries which have long been accumulating upon him. "I for fear dying by his side to dying of a distance from him & that, in effect, I am too proud of his distinguished virtues & too eager to imitate his example to be separated from him for a moment." After a long pause, they proposed we should all first.
communicate our thoughts on writing to him & read the result, to which I acceded, with the promise from them, that should there be no letter by the
following spring, they would willingly agree to my intentions of visiting the
Attentiv., as such, I feel that it will be then my imperative duty to set off
on my intended journey, & adopt the celebrated line of Melton:

"So - morsus to fresh fields and pastures new."

Thus nature sets for the present. - My Sister being much out of
health, an excursion to Bridlington was thought beneficial to her. My
Brother R. I proposed accompanying her, & her husband there.

2d August - Having taken our places in the Coach, we set off at a
smacking pace, passing through, on the way, the neat town of Beverley
to the pleasant & pleasant village of Bardston, which is situated at the north
most extremity of Holmby, & is close, joining the north sea. It is much
more resorted by the people of the neighboring hamlets, who come here to put
the shores here, by every tide. From here the road continues on the banks
of the Cliffs, & as you approach Bridlington, you have a fine
view of its town & bay, & on either side, high elevated land, on which
is seen on the left, embosomed in trees, the handsome seats of Sir
William Rickland, & the Earl Godfrey Browne, & on the right, a few
miles out to sea, is the lofty, white cliffs & promontory of Flamborough-head.
Over-looking the village, forming on of the most magnificent objects &
greatest natural curiosities perhaps in the kingdom.

Half an hour's cool refreshing breeze, we entered the healthful & pleasant
Town of Bridlington, to which many respectable families resort to
in summer, for the benefit of sea bathing. It has a handsome & level
appearance, the houses are for the most part well built, & the principal
street, which opens directly to the harbour, is remarkable spacious
& broad. The coach not stopping longer than a quarter of an
hour to change horses, we took a short walk down to see its site. 99. Its
beauties: it is defended by two Piers, on the northern side of which there
is a promenade that commands a fine view of Flamborough head. 99. the expansive
soil, horse-shoe bay, from whence the scene is often times, particularly
animated by the numerous coasting vessel that are detained here by
the contrary winds, it has been considered, as the safest & most commodious
anchorage place on this coast. the entrance of the port is narrow; 99.
therefore rather difficult of access, but the harbour is defended by two
batteries from the approach of an enemy, one on the north, & the other
on the south-side of the town, which batteries enfilade the entrance. 99. from
a safe fire at right angles. the guard is a strong fortification, we hastened back
from this all cheerful. Piers & promenade 99. a quarter of an hour, we pro-
ceeded through the town of Bridlington, a mile from the sea. It consists
chiefly of one long irregularly paved street, extending along the southern decli-
sate of a small elevation. 99. its situation is both pleasant & salubrious. the
town is of great antiquity, as may be observed by the remains of an ancient
Priory which stands at the east end, as you enter it from the quay: the
church fragment, left is the noble arch'd way, on which is conspicuously
placed, the date of 1206, supposed to mark the period of its foundation. The church
of this Priory, adjoining seems likewise to have been an extensive & memorable
pile of Gothic architecture. Immediately upon leaving this place, the hills began
to rise sharply & you are soon elevated to a great height, at one com-
manding the ocean to a vast extent, & the country many leagues in extent.
For a run down of a few miles, we came to the neat small built town of
Humberby, about midway between the latter place & Scarborough, which is pleasantly
situated in a valley, being surrounded by much fertile land, 99. adorned by a
considerable quantity of ornamental wood, shrubs growing on an elevated site on
led the castle-hill. the property of Humphry, Oakesboston, Esq. whose mansion
house is an ancient built structure, on the precipitous adjoining slope:
99. just below on the opposite side of the road, enjoying a full view of the
blue expansive sea, is the residence of the learned J. Dowett, Esq., the
Rev. & Vicar of Francis Wrangham. leaving this place, after a change
of horses, we rose a long succession of hills. 99. after a run of a few miles
we came in sight of Flamborough or our distant port, from which there is a
tone 99. grand prospect of its situation from its castle, enriched by the ocean, made
by the setting sun, now declining beyond the vast hills, shedding its
rich yellow beams on the rocky summit of the surrounding 99.
boundless cliffs. — By 6 o'clock we arrived in town, & were put down at Mr. Hodgson's house, next to which we joined an agreeable party of about sixty in number. Receiving us kindly, my brother & I soon promenaded the town & its precincts. Its ancient name of Torbay, is of Saxon derivation, Seat of Bear, signifying a rock. Tor is a fortified place, & is delightfully situated on the beach of a beautiful bay, on the borders of the garment ocean, or, enjoying a central position between Whitsby & Scarborough Head. The situation cannot but be greatly admired, the town rising from the shore in the form of an amphitheatre, ledge towering over ledge, the main town spreading indefinitely towards the south, while the cliffs of the ancient castle adorn the top of a lofty promontory on the east. The elevated site of Oliver's Mount exhibits a noble object on the west. The place itself is well built & various circumstances have contributed to render it a charming summer's residence. The principal streets & the upper town are spacious & well paved, with excellent flagged footpaths on each side. The houses in general have a neat appearance. The new buildings on the shore of the cliff, are very striking, & stand almost unvailed in respect of situation, having in front a beautiful full terrace, nearly 100 feet above the level of the sands. The church of St. Mary's, which was once a spacious & magnificent structure, is the only one left in the town. It stands on an eminence, exceedingly picturesque, a little below the castle. The Spa is situated on the sea shore, at the foot of the high cliff, a little to the south of the town, where there is a neat small terrace adjoining the Spa house from whence the celebrated mineral waters are descended. They consist of four wells, the north or chloride, the south or saline, & were discovered about two centuries back. There are seven or more held in high estimation, rendering it a place of fashionable & general resort, ever since, both for health, pleasure, & amusement. The harbour is the only port of consequence between the River & Lyme-mouth. It is very commodious & easy of access: the old stone pier that forms its southern end, is situated in a half-moon shape to the length of 1200 feet in the aright, & at its outer extremity, has a neat Light-house. But notwithstanding this noble breakwater, they are now forming a further outside of it, which sweeps into the sea, with a large portion of a similar circle to the first. The foundation of this pier are 60 feet in breadth, & at the curve...
63 feet. When finished, will extend 1800 feet into the sea, 88 about 60 feet.

The stones used in its construction are

immense, many of them weighing from 20 to 30 tons. They are got from

the White Horse Quarry, about two miles to the south of this harbour.

placed in their proper stations by a simple mechanical invention

of great power, constructed for the purpose. The adjacent country is

beautifully diversified with hills & valleys. It exhibits a variety of ro-

matic scenery, vast tracts of elevated moors, raise their bleak &

serene summits towards the north, & form a sublime & striking

contrast to the cultivated country towards the west, while a grand &

extensive line is presented to the South & South-west by the Wood-

hills in the East Riding.

14th August. — Nothing to make much of our time, we began our

regular bathing, promenading, & long walks into the country, the water

we commenced in the Bathing Machines, but did not continue it more than

the first week or two, as we found it to confining for us expert swimmers

so we migrated every other morning to the back of the Castle, where

we had free scope for our immersion. In one of the first baths of

the sea, then running high, my brother & I got outside the breakers, with

the intention of swimming to the Abbey, about a quarter of a mile

out, which we nearly accomplished, but finding the tide was fast

receding, we made all speed back again, & it was with the greatest

effort & difficulty that we made safe our footing & landed on Tessa

Shine again, which we should certainly have not done, had we not

but upon the happy expedient of swimming at the very top of the

coming wave, & diving under the receding one, much pleasure, great

ly exhausted, but not a little frightened.

17th August. — This being Sunday, we went to church, but like many

others, we were obliged to wait in the aisle till half the service was over

before we were put into a seat. & then only by a slip of a shilling or

two into the Wingers hand, already extended to receive the accustomed look

& fee. The congregation was highly fashionable & numerous to support

8th August. — The sands to day were crowded with all staring quity

imaginable, owing to a foot-race between two noted runners, for

a considerable sum, to near 12 miles, to V3 from a given point.
they were attired with only a pair of flamid distoves each & handkerchefs round the head, & set off with a pretty fair speed, which they rather increased to the fourth mile, when it was evident that the athletic man was in his prime, it hollow, the other shewing it visible from his skin, that his trainoire had been treachrous as he broke out in several discoloured blotches. At last he gave in at the fifth mile, though not before his slight garmant came down, with from his evident or design, was a more scrumm, causing some hasty flights of carriage, & some hearty smothered shrieks of laughter and jokes among the surrounding gay crowd. — In the afternoon we went in a small party to see the ancient & stupendous castle, one of the glory & still the ornament of Scarborough: it was built in 1136, in the reign of King Stephen, by William Le Gros, Earl of Albemarle & Holburne. The walls form a very striking & picturesque object. But situated at the eastern extremity of the town, the fort is washed in three sides by the sea, being built on a rocky promontory of projecting projection elevated more than 800 feet on the southern, & 330 feet on the northern side, above the level of the sea, & presenting to the north, the east, the south, a mass of perpendicular rocks, completely inaccessible. During heavy gales, the breakers dash against this mountain fortress with magnificent explosions of spray, that was like thunder upon the rocks beneath.

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Exhausted all her powers. For site she gave it mountain, neighbour to the moon; for walls it brown cliff, whence down the boldest eye With every narrow break for most the abyss Of savagely ocean, spiced with guardian rocks; Then rushed the mountain top, a spacious mound With ever verdant robe.

The eastern aspect is also sufficiently strong, bold, & majestic, being a high, steep rocky slope, commanding the town & the bay. The whole area at the top of this Table land, is upwards of nineteen acres of excellent soil, gently sloping near twenty feet from the north to the south lines. Under an arched vaulted towards the east of the castle yard, near the site of the ancient chapel, is a reservoir of water, which will contain 40 tons, called the "Lady's Well," supposed to be supplied by the ocean wave which falls upon the castle ground through subterraneous fissures. The approach to the castle is by a gate-way, on the summit of a narrow
Isisnes, on the western side above the town. Without the ditch is an out-
work, which was the ancient Barbican. The walls of the tower are 12
foot thick, faced with square stone. In the mastar is as hard that it is acti-
ally crystallized into spar. In this structure the different stories are cir-
ced by strong arches. The area of the Barbican in which the
tower is situated, contains half an acre of ground. In the summit of
the hill was defended on the western side by embattled walls, flanked
with semi-circular towers, from which arrows were discharged, but
these are now falling vapidly into decay. From these ramparts,
the town, the bay, adjacent country, Cromwells Mount, the more distant
ghats & villages, is the far distant sail on the ocean, form as showing
a prospect as the eye of taste need desire, more particularly when the
sun is rising on the mountains, & casting broad streaks of light
shade over the green mazes beneath; or when, declining towards
the west, he reflects his pasting glory on the seeming melancholy
of this matchless scene. — Thucyd.

Garbrie! the shore, thy wooded walks, declare
That Nature's hand has dealt the ample shore;
Thy verdant hills the lonely landscape showing,
Whilst health's pure stream is from the waters flowing
its bay enchantor's wand, or fairy's spell.
Thy sands, when Ocean bids a short farewell,
Become a mart, where fashion greets the sight,—
Where beauty rests, where its charms delight:
Where rolling vehicles unconscious pass
Horses of pride, and humble off
The well-fret beaux, and gay belles appear
In groups, amongst the rocks—or strolling, where
The bright conclave or fair agate, lies
Unseen, unknown, save by the searching eyes
Of restless seer, which, by knowledge blest,
Can turn the shining gem through mingle vest.
Whereas, too, we see the daughter-loving race,
With dimpled cheeks, with all of infant grace;
Whose modest gems, free from guilt, declare
That in this seamy scene, they, much delighted, share.
Returned & after dinner went to the Ballroom, where we saw an excellent match played between the noted Stephen Kemble, the actor, & a mother quitterman. It would do any one good, to have seen and watched this ever-varying power of upheld & dropped, each so peculiar in his own. This bewitching game, often brought us, within its walks, & many fleeting minutes were passed daily in its amusements.

12th August. — The season on horseback was arranged for Racecourses. Having heard this or that story, we all duly mounted & set forward, on an agreeable journey, passing through the most respectable village of Greatore, & on the road over Hay-owr. lofty summits, from the summit of which we stopped a pace to catch a view of the castle, the church, & the sea, which we had so lately left behind. The adjacent country is the village of Shalby, forming a picturesque landscape. In the descent from this hill, to the vale of Racecourse, the road lies along the precipitous edge of a glen, of which the sides are adorned with lofty trees. This rich & picturesque scenery, which lies to the left of the road, meeting at length with a river from the right, which is equally romantic; these junctions forms the commencement of the valley of Racecourse. In proceeding a little way farther are two other glens, of which the present village of Racecourse is seated, run into the moor; through the other, the river Lavenet pursues its course towards the village of Tyton. The hills which surround this vale, are from one hundred to one hundred & twenty yards in perpendicular height, & their steep declivities are profusely adorned with lofty trees of the richest foliage. The hand of nature indeed, has here been lavish of her embellishments.HAS modified these sublamer scenes into such different forms & projections, as render them at once sublime & beautiful. Springs of water bursting from the sides of the hills in natural cascades, or falling with gentle murmurs, contribute as you pass a long to adorn the scene; & the Lavenet, which has its source in the mountains country to the north, glides with a gentle stream past the village of Racecourse, the subterrains of which the bleak & barren moors form a striking contrast to the luxuriant scenes about the small romantic village of Racecourse. Continuing on we came to the Lodge Gate of Sir John Johnson's Estate, where we dismounted & took a stroll in the surrounding clay, over

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...getting a hasty glimpse of this very elegant modern mansion; but returning we again mounted & pushed on by a new route homewards, where we enjoyed many fine views of the sea & much good sport, & arrived in good time for dinner. In the evening we had one of our weekly balls, with some few strangers & friends invited was kept up to a late hour. We went off with seeming relief. At one of these, my brother began to feel the vital tremulous, feel of love, for there was ever after a most hind & constant attention paid to the all bewitching and attractive flame. But whether the vivid flame or oil burns out or not, time must be the revealer.

15th August. Rising early to go to bathe, we heard that the Cliff near the Spa had suddenly slipped from its bed, & overtaking a boy, had nearly engulfed him, leaving only his head & shoulders out. After a short lapse of time, he was dug out alive, but his leg was broken. After our bath this morning, my brother & I attempted the dangerous & herculean task of going round the ledge of rocks at the foot of the castle, which is considered nearly a mile, regard to fire or sea in easterly; but we truly found it so, for there was no way or post-path, but over & down the hedges broken fragments of rock of many tons in weight, which had been hurled from their beds above from time immemorial. They scattered in all directions & forms & profiles, & winter tides, or frozen ice are profusely on the sea. In the morning, the hoar frost, which surrounded ice, is perfectly a white. We had many capers in the morning. After half an hour's hard tug, we made the harbour, & found a dead Cow which had lately fallen from the astounding piece of foam on the shore. We were eating on the shore, & heard the little beings into the oven. It was feeding on its dead friends & cows, & on seeing us, he set off, barking with fearful speed & fright. Thereabouts, the way become highly dangerous & uncertain, as there are several high sloping banks which you are obliged to ascend & descend. In accomplishing which, your neck & limbs are not in a little jeopardy. & danger, for if you once get a slip, you must continue tumbling headlong to the bottom among the hard slanting rocks. Unfortunately setting upon a wrong assu...
of one of these ridges for a considerable distance, which was all springy and nothing to hold by, but the bare earth & stones, except here & there a tuft of grass, which not giving a thought, I laid hold of one, when near a hundred feet from the bottom, when it gave way; I was suddenly going headlong & no doubt would have been dashed in mangled fragments, but for my presence of mind, I quickly as I could, cl冲动 on my body on the ground & stuck my feet & hands into the soft soil, I thus got them into stronger anchorage & brought up & saved my near lost life; after the fright was partly over, I summoned all my remaining nerve & strength & descended again safely to the bottom, after several somewhat nervous escapes & anxious looks, I arrived late to a truly well-earned break; after dinner we formed a movable party on foot, to the Hardy Water Hills distant about two miles from here, on the north sea clift, a place much resorted to by the company in the season, as a sea-garden, the rich shore pasture, buttered cakes are not & which with the hot, noble playing sun ray around, we all enjoyed to a late hour, & then returned to our Domestick.

20th August — This day's recreation was greatly flourished by a horse race, that took place in the lands, between two gentlemen & their own horses. They set off with the intention of making the intended march. winning post, but some fraud were both their thoughts & actions; for the had not fleeted it away above half the distance, when they both bắted & reached separately in spite of their rivers his own way, one taking up in the town, & the other desert into the sea, among the rocky breakers, where both fell & got a severe, good dunking, to the no small amusement of us numerous laughing lookers on: none were any the worse.

26th August — To the morning was uncommonly severe & clear, so suitable for a distant prospect, it was proposed that an excursion on horseback up to Newerly, or Oliver's Mount, so called from the improbable tradition that a battery directed against the castle was placed here, when Oliver Cromwell commanded the parliament's armies. Having hired a number of jazl wag & mounted our four whinners we set off to its base, which is a little more than mile off, from whence the top is approached by an easy winding ascent of nearly a matter half mile, & which once gained, it truly presents one of the most delightful marine towers for looks in all England. From this eminence, which is 600 feet above the
level of the sea, there is also a magnificent view of the coast, the Castle Hill, & its venerable ruins; the town, the harbour, & the pier; with the mighty expanse of the ocean, bounded only by the horizon. After spending a night of delightful hours ramble on this elevated ridge, we remounted our horse. To pursue an extended ride, returned by a different route to our lodgings.

25th August — This evening a great party from our house, went to the Theatre to see Hamlet in his noted character of Polonius, a character that he so well supports, N is so highly suitable to both his person & his outward actions. The house was kept in a constant state of laughter, we retired well pleased and gratified with our evening's amusement.

30th August — Having much leisure time, besides our regular routine of promenades, etc., wives, I availed myself of it by often too long strolls into the country, where I could be alone in quiet, there to gaze & contemplate on the pleasing & active scenes around. The castle mountain top was one of my most frequent & favor'd spots; here on a fine sunny shining day, I have spent hours in ease and tranquility, basking on the summery green grass, where I could behold the buoyant water.

The sea lies stretched before me far and wide — it望着世界 by thousand streams supplied:
And its surface ships come gliding by
Like stars, that nightly track the wide blue sky.
The swelling billows curl before the wind,
And form arched the rising wreaths of foam.
With canvas spread, they shoot the watery waste —
Life birds that cleave the liquid air in haste.
When each wave, the good ship shows no rest,
But heaves like bubble on its back blue breast.
The sun is sinking o'er the western hills,
And tempests increase are change'd to golden stills.
Flag 0' the ocean his bright rays are thrown.
And land, and sea, and sky, are loveliest grown.
The sea-fair wings its way with looks severe,
Like man, enmous' with the beauteous scene;
And its swell's voice still mingles with the roar
Of brine billows rolling on the shore.
How strange! the human heart should be enmest!
But as it is; — there's himself in the heart,
When quiet reigns the vast expanse a thrum.
Man hath a word to govern of his own,
Where fruitful seeds of various kinds are sown;
Justice must be present within his breast,
And vice destroys, for it disturbs its rest.
Man’s soul was from 1 to conquer and subdue,
Each wayward passion, that his bosom gave.
It weans from earth, and points the soul to heaven.

While thus engaged in Sept. 15, pleasing reveries of thought 19 half a sleep
I had almost forgot the hour of time; 19 advancing up hastily to set off my
foot slipped suddenly from under me, 19 I fell down all my length, within a
yard or two of the precipice next the sea, 19 the fall was so instantaneous,
owing to the ground been on a decline 19 so hard 19 the grass so slippery
to the want. 19 vain that I could not have been saved, had there not been a
little hollow close to the brink, that I luckily stepped into, 19 thus stop-
ped my headlong career; 19 my anchors (my fingers) holding well at the
same time in the sword, which I actually tore up, my escape was truly
fortunate, as it was almost miraculous.

9th September — Having now had some weeks respite 19 interval of any
new excursion into the neighbourhood, 19 our stay fast drawing to
a close, a large party set forward on three open Landau’s, to
see the lions of Feluy 19 Flamborough head: after a delightful
run of two hours, we came to the head Inn at Feluy, where we
put up. 19 after a short adjustment, we sailed’s forth in three
or four sets, each taking & wandering his own course as inclination
thought best, with the understanding that we were to meet for luncheon
at a given time. This village of Feluy lays at the bottom of a small
bay. On one side, the high-tumulted, white cliffs of Flamborough stretch
out to a great extent, appearing like castles which bid defiance to the
aspaults of time. On the extreme point stands the Light House, with
its flaming-camp: 19 along the shore, at intervals of two or three miles,
are seen, on elevated spots, the warning beacons, ready to give notice of
impending danger. The north side of the bay is formed by a ledge of rock
which gradually descends into the sea, sloping to the inside of the
say, B on the outside, exposing their abrupt edge to the fury of the northern waves! The sea here, even in calm weather, breaks continually over this dreadful ledge; and "Peter Brigg" half a mile in length, has long been noted in the memory of every North Sea sailor. For some distance round this point the rocks are accessible at low water, B, the admirer of nature may wend his way from shore to shore, till stopped by the waves breaking against the precipitous black cliffs of Spurnthorpe B Redcliff. There is, however, considerable danger of being cut off by the tide, as the passage from one shore to the other is frequently only a very narrow path, B when that is covered by the returning waves, retreat is impossible, B the only alternative to the habitual wanderer is to scale the sullen-looking cliffs, or to abandon himself to his fate. In, by constant use, the times of the tide are exactly known by the villagers, B every rock seems as much at home to them as the village green. The children, on the retreat of the tide, are sent, without fear, when the "Brigg" B then into the coves on the other side, to collect bait for their father's boats, B when the ebb of the water turns upon the shore, many small companies of girls, with baskets of bait on their heads, may be seen, trudging lightly over the slippery rocks, returning to greet their fathers. B No more the lines for the next day's catch. The exterior of these girls is highly picturesque. A coarse red cloth petticoat, half covered by a scanty blue cotton apron, B a coarse bonnet, made of strips of various colours, with some minor arabesques, complete the visible drapery of the generality. In their rambles over the slippery rocks, in search of the limpets B other shell fish for bait, it is their custom to tie up these red petticoats, so as almost to resemble trousers, B this adds greatly to their singular appearance. Accessions from childhood to carry considerable weights on their heads, they always walk in a very erect posture, B sometimes their movements were considerable grace. For a considerable distance from the village, the edge of rocks before spoken of, is capped by clay cliffs of some height. B as these
cliffs follow the course of the "Brigg" they put out some distance into the sea. The view from the extreme point is exceedingly fine. It is bounded, on one side, by the high cliffs of Flamborough, appearing in their immunities, like so many little headlands, \( \text{v} \), on the other, by the huge mound of Scarborough Castle hill proudly projecting into the sea. \( \text{v} \) bearing on its summit the ancient castle and walls, the scenes of many a bloody transaction. From the distinctness of the distant objects contributed to set off the wild beauties of the immediate neighbourhood. On one side the heavy swell of the clear blue sea, at intervals of a few seconds rose with a sudden dead heave on the broken edges of the "Brigg," then momentarily retreating, forming immovable cascades, the sound of whose fall was again stilled by the heavy rising of another swell. On the inside of the bay, the waves, as if exhaused by their efforts to reach to the innermost part, fell on a matter in quick succession over the floating weed, presenting their breaking, \( \text{v} \) threw themselves in impotent ripples on the smooth sandy shore. On the "Brigg" below, the children of the village, were collecting bait, which added much to this picturesque scene. But the tide was now past returning on the adjacent beach & we were forced to make all haste to get from its rapid & often overwhelming force. The fishermen with their boats on their return from the work, though somewhat highly dangerous, well when the tide suitably, which outside the "Brigg," \( \text{v} \) at a high coming wave, but their stern on \( \text{v} \) giving headway goes over with the billow onto safe \( \text{v} \) quiet water, the cutting distance \( \text{v} \) toll off at an easy caper. After spending a short time at the head of the bay, we hailed up the steep bank to the Tree, where there was an excellent old collection, set out, \( \text{v} \) amongst the rest, a couple of proudest lobsters, which they are here highly esteemed for. Our hounds feeling were good & soon ably & cheerfully employed, for a long half hour. We then left the remaining fragments, \( \text{v} \) went forward in groups to visit the renowned Flamborough Head, which is one of the greatest curiosities perhaps this kingdom can boast of. \( \text{v} \) is really a magnificent object; the cliffs are of ana amazing grandeur & stupendous height, rising perpendicularly into the air...
circularly from 800 to 1000 feet: they are composed of a metaphysical limestone rock, of snowy whiteness, & there are several extensive caverns at its base, which were either formed by some unknown mighty convolutions of nature or worn by the everlasting turbulent action of the sea. Of these excavations the most remarkable are the Dore Cote, Porth Hole, & Robin Lyth's Hole: but the latter far surpasses the others in dimension & grandeur. These immense elevated cliffs are the rendezvous of myriads of aquatic and other feeds in the summer, that resort hither to build their nests & rear their tender offspring; at this season, they seem altogether animated, being covered with innumerable birds of various plumage. Present an interesting scene of bustle & agitation. Those who are capable of appreciating the united beauties of the wild, grand, & sublime, will be highly gratified to view either from the land or sea, this immense regions of birds. In the diversified scenes that this stupendous promontory affords. Their nests, though seemingly hung in the air, are still not inaccessible to the depredations of man, for they as well as boys are let down the rocks by ropes fastened to stakes, & thus bring away buckets of eggs for the use of the sugar house in Hull, without seeming to diminish their countless number. The Lighthouse is a noble building at the extreme point of the promontory, close to a bluff on the south side of silica Bay, which is the only place where a boat can land or any person ascend the cliff. It is 250 feet high, with light revolving horizontally & is visible from the distance of 30 miles. It was erected in 1006 & the first light on the 1st Dec. 1806. It has ever since shone by night from its useful head. The ancient ruin called the Danish Tower with its entrenchments round it, are still visible near the village. It have obtained for the place the designation of little Denmark.
after this days Delightfull trip, of about forty miles oclk. 10 walking.
10th September. This gay place of lively resort, is now fast closing, &
several parties took their departure to day, for their respected homes, &
among the rest on the course of a day or two. B we have all gained some of
that There, most essential ingredient to the life, health, sports, recreation &
among the many & not the least, of mind's enjoyment & reflection; that of rambling
on the beach in parties, during the bright summer evenings & then set
walking the wames skilling to the shore, or looking for the shells in the dis-
tance, Equipping their destinations, B the feelings of those within them for
I do so like to gaze on them B the breaking wave. It is the only thing in
nature which is the most beautiful in the moment of its desolation. This
evening was closed with a notice of our agreeable dancing parties.
12th September. To day we took our departure in the coach for Hull, after dis-
sing all friends good by, with a promise of faith on my Brothers side to meet a
particular party soon as they passed through Selby, we set off, taking our route
by Eamor, Langtoft, Driffield, which is most charming little town, with an
open market-place & a number of respectable houses; here we changed horses
& passed on through Fleton Cowesworth, Beswick, Scarborough to Beverley
where we again stopped for the same purpose, & then on to Hull, were
we arrived about 8 o'clock, after an absence of six weeks, of much
recreation and a fair fill of this worlds enjoyment.
13th September. This day ushered in all its usual exhilarating effects
a nipping frost B a bright clear elevated sky; & being my Birthday, I
met at 5 those around me, with a bottle of wine & other good
substantial cheer, and merry were we all.
20th September. My brother & I set off in the Packet for Selby, after a
pleasant sail of 56 miles, we met our friends from Scarborough
Mr. Brockopp & his daughter, waiting our arrival; here was of course
many scenes of fantastic & bewitching Love, that I am not able to
describe, for I have yet to feel that all absorbing thing of passion, seemingly
perfection in human nature; at all events sufficient preliminaries gone into, to disclose the fatal words of,— I do promise! I, T. T. T. have no
objection. They posted next morning for Nottingham, B we proceeded on both
to York, while having met & transacted our affairs with our cautious friend
George Entick, we went forward the following day to Hull. Much of this
20th the two following months were passed away in town B about the neighbourhood;
B in attending the Theatres, which I often frequented; to pass away the

the long hanging hours of too much leisure time,
Unfathomable Sea, whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep rose
Are broken with the salt of human tears!
Their shoreless flood, which in the ebb and flow
Closest the limits of mortality!
And seek of prey, yet howling on for more,
Doomed to their works on its inhospitable shore,
Reaches in calm and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on this,
"Unfathomable sea?"

One night returning from the pleasures of the Drama, in running
swiftly a way a short, to avoid a galloping coach around its coming corner
returning with its party, I ran accidentally against a fellow of a gentle
man & both of us were brought up by the sudden concussion; immediately
upon recovering the shock, he offered one battle with his fists, but
Declining his delivering attitude & actions, I was about leaving his
over forced, when he gave a severe stroke over the back of my shoulders
with his stick, when I instantly turned & gave him three or four sharp
severe cuts across his face & shoulders with mine, which evidently drove &
Damp’d his too raw spirit & finally stopped his foolish rash career. After
a deal of noise & bustle, he would have my name, for further proceeding
next morning, which I gave him in writing. This friend Captain Delroy
as expected, called by 6 o’clock in the morning, he heard all particulars
when after a rather call or two, he found that he was the first aggressor &
I brought word from him, that he would apologize in any manner
that I thought fit & sending to the occasion my answer was, that if he thought
I considered himself wrong & was sorry for having acted as he did, I had no
thing further to request or say, but would gladly meet, as was suggested
at the Dog & Duck, to explain & drink a cordial forgetful glass together: accordingly we met, accompanied with my Brother Mr. Pegge,
After his repeating the above in their presence, we shook hands, when
nonsense left the circle, & was hush’d out, the sherry bottle and the
social joke was cheerfully embraced in its stead.

15th December—This last month of the year, having popped in on us,
not having nothing to attract my mind to of real utility, I accepted our
kind friend Mr. Peter Richardson, invitation to his house at Exon, for the winter, to see in part, how I like a country life & its occupations. My brother wishing to increase his studies & to a store of knowledge for college, prior to his going there again, for taking out his Degree, therefore accompanied me. I’ve set off on this day on foot, proceeding along the Humber bank to the town of Hedon, which is an ancient place, but now consists principally of one long street, having the market-place in its centre. The church of St. Augustine is a large & elegant structure. Leaving Hedon we took the left-hand road, passing through Thornebridge to the village of Thornebridge which is delightfully situated on an eminence, affording a fine prospect of the humber & its various shores. The church is a small, but an ancient structure. The next place was Stringham village to that of Thrusley, which is pleasantly surrounded by a variety of beautiful picturesque scenery. There are two elegant mansions, which may vie for pleasantness of situation with many of the noble villas in the county. They are possessed by Colonel Arthur Chater of Belzard, the former my first commander in arms, of the East York Militia, who tenderly gave me, a commission on his regiment. This was the object towards giving me a military spirit, which I believe I have hitherto upheld & thank for his kindnes. The church is a low Gothic structure, surrounded by lofty trees, which give it an air of deep solemnity. This place is noted for being the birth-place of the famous statesman Marvel, M.P. for Hull. This like is seldom to be found. A few miles on, we came to the town of Rattington, which though lying in a flat country is by no means unpleasingly situated: yet in importance it is little better than a village, the houses being in general but undeveloped built. The only building worthy of notice, is the parish church of St. Patrick, from which Stainton the town is said to derive its name. It is a beautiful Gothic structure, in the form of a cross, with a lofty tower above, that forms every striking & conspicuous object in many parts of Thrusley: from the grounds around are many commanding & delightful views of the Humber & its fertile shores as far as Spurn Point, which are rendered more beautiful by the opposite coast of Lincolnshire. Rattington is supposed by Cordon to have been the Prætorian of Hunsdon and Thrusley; where the Roman way from the Picts Wall terminates. Having recrossed over straight a little
by this short halt, we pushed on in the remaining seven miles of our day's walk, the road leading through the neat, small hamlets of Welbeck and Robin, to the handsome village of Eastington, where we met our ensuing friend Mr. Richardson who gave us his hearty welcome, as did his wife Bessie, in whose hospitable house we now take up our abode for the following bleak months of winter. Our walk of 28 miles, we completed with great ease to ourselves. Eastington of itself has nothing worthy of remark, it consists chiefly of respectable farm-houses, in farm-steads: a small ancient church stands in its centre. Having come here to gain a little insight into the ways of farming, I passed a good deal of my time with our worthy host on his daily rounds, over his lands, in many of the neighbouring country, which is completely flat for many miles, but is in high state of cultivation; the soil, which was more particularly in great abundance, the sea not been more than a mile or a half distant, I still clinging to my favourite element. I often visited its wide shores, for—

reathe there a heart which hath not felt its pace
with a wild delight: when first the roar
Of ocean's spirit met the startled ear
Rebate there a heart so toiled and so worn,
That hath not felt the lightning of its blood
Flash into joy when first the rolling flood
Mench the charmed eye in all its restless stripes,
At once the wonder and the type of life.

There fresh life, quick, and foolishly and wide
Eternal world of waving sea-life live.

Chased magnificent unmeasured space
Where earth and heaven, their dwelling place
Their depth we dimly; they belong sound
To nature's giant wave: the gulf profound
The memory of meeting, whenever she keeps

The hidden depths, in the convulsed deeps
It stored the wealth of nations, and they wore
Herefrom—now and will be river groves
For countless millions! oh! then art done

The solaced footstep of God's awful throne;
The mighty table, upon which which we see
The bow of power— the sign of Deity!

The banks aboundant are high, but of a soft meetering nature, to a vast number of acres of its valuable soil, are yearly washed away by its restless neighbour, the vast turbulent ocean. In one of these excursions to Limington high lands, where
there is a beacon. I returned by the sea-side, then low water, & forgetting
the tide had began to ebb in fact, I had several narrow escapes at
different places where the beach was low, as the waves ran right up the
bank. Before I could run the whole length, between some of them, from
point to point, they would have overtaken me. So it was, I had to climb
up the bank which was all slippery & springy, several times to get out
of their rolling roaming pace. At one spot, more particularly, I had to try
to climb to the top, to so feet in height, but after many sinking falls of
frustrated attempts, I was obliged to give it up for such body fatigue;
should have been precipitated to stay on this bleak elevation, which
was frequently undermining, by the waves beneath, or else try again
to go along the beach, about a nother long mile. I attempted this
remained, but one or twice, very narrowly escaped the dashing
rolling wave catching me, went deep, & this under an almost perpendicular
cliff. I need not dwell, to say more; than I was very well satisfied. —
10th December — The country cold blasts are now setting in, in earnest.
Yet this eastern coast is not a little exposed to its bitter rage;
The fields their verdant now resign,
The blotching floods and lowering
God's is their former play.
The father I would forget the notes,
The joyful strain of their vocal throat
To counteract its sudden effects. Sometimes pastyng, with its substantial
accompaniments, here commenced; and we are merry and much to be
thankful for, at this Land's End, at this inclement season. —
21st January — The weather is now in with an intense storm, which gave us quick and
good appetites. For this part there is supposed with fair shooting; & we awaited our
selves, frequently of the exhilarating and captivating sport.
20th January — Mr. Richardon, my brother, & Self went on horseback to see
Grenvile Point. A light-house, distant about 6 miles, the first three miles, was
over the heavy sands to Helvessen, a small village in the only rising ground
visible. The church dedicated to St. Helen, is now in a state of desolation.
Because I am in such a dangerous situation, being close to the brink of the cliff,
that the inhabitants think it unsafe to dwell on it, any further repairs, requiring
from the annual movements of the sea, that it will, in a very short time,
be shaken into the abyss which has already swept away part of

the burial ground, leaving many of the coffins & skulls visible to the sight. From here the way is on a high ridge of sand, called the Es Dunes formed & grown up by the continual action of the waters of the Nether & the sea, which are separated here only from fifty to a hundred yards apart. After a quarter of an hour we were through these light deep sands, we made the blossoms at Groen Point, kept by Robert Richardson, where we put up our horses. This point is the utmost south point of Groenland, at the mouth of the Nether, with the junction of the German Ocean, & may literally be called an island, at the overflow of the tides frequently renders it impassable from Groen head or from the point to the main land. There are two lighthouses, & a few small houses, inhabited by a number of old seamen, who are from time to time the Trinity House of Hull, for the purpose of managing the lights & the life-boats, which are kept here for the humane purpose of rendering assistance to distressed sailors, being too frequently the scene of mariners misfortune. The western light is built of brick & is of admirable height. We went up to the top, from the front balustrade, which extends all round it, you have a most extensive view in all directions, comprising the whole of the country, the Nether for many miles up its course, the dunes & shore, & country of great extent & the German Ocean, northwest. South, as far as the eye can see, relieved with its numerous panels, giving on its bearing breast — the murmurs of the waves without seemed expenses to study in meditation. I should much like to be under the roof. — joy.

The lights are of a revolving kind, with combined glass & sulfur alternately every other minute, the shades of light & darkness. Every thing is light in the minutest & clearest order. We descended to the town, where we got a lunch, & some blue sky, ablest & willingly eaten upon by Mr. Richardson, who besides being a fine looking woman, has all the gift of the gab. Been with all kinds of customers to a little, either in words or actions. Being much pleased in their habitable little islands, we mounted our horses & on the way, had a sippet gallon. We had a narrow escape of drowning ourselves, in what they call, the little Nuyaktat March, not been able to pull up our welling, returning sheds. They are on a kind of Rush-sand, at the head of the Nether shore, & consist partly of worms & sand. They are considered highly dangerous to whatever goes on or near them; we got out of this circle of dangers, & home by dusk. — This month now drawing to a close, is yet very early, having much snow on the ground. The time arriving for my brothers to return to his College occupations. & having found, that a country life, is not at present congenial to me, I have made up our minds to return immediately; although, Mathinson has some lines on escaping...
from town to country, and the same sentiments have suggested them selves to thousands, with a straight and fervent incommensurable to words.

Here, Freedom, is thy national home,
Here thine abode,
Here dwells Content, here peace of mind
Breathes on the soil!
Here an unwearing dew of joy distills
Over grace and felds,
Oh Nature, Nature! where I live, no power
Puts us again!

There are certainly no pleasures, indeed, which retain their freshness, like those resulting from the admiration of nature; and he who has a real taste for its beauties, will scarcely allow that his enjoyment of them is diminished by the most uninterrupted and familiar intimacy. Yet, notwithstanding my natural admiration of nature, it has not yet sufficient power to subdue my interfering love for general scenery and visiting foreign countries. So now I leave this home territory behind, a miniature farm-yard, with stabling for two, East room for one, a commodious cow-shed, a pigsty, goat-house, and hen-houses, out of room, but, its populous duck-pond, and its abundance of noises—horses neighing, cows lowing, calves bleating, pigs grunting, geese gabbling, ducks quacking, cocks crowing, hens cackling, & horses cooing—was also a lively stirring scene, especially when animated by the presence of mine host, partly sturdy and comely, an excellent representative of a true, honest British yeoman.

26th February.—Having ordered our luggage to follow us, we bade our worthy & hospitable friends goodbye, thanking them for their past demonstrations of kindness & every good wish in return, we started over the ground. On our way we came to Rotherham in Hull to a late tea, which we much enjoyed at our landlord’s welcome table. We spent here a few weeks very agreeable, in partying or in attending dinner & evening parties, & before we were again destined to be separated for a short time. Returning very late from a friend’s table, with all of us, a fair share of the oncoming wine was had not retired to rest little more than an hour, when I was suddenly...
V. luckily awoke by my Sister saying that she was certain the house was
on fire. I instantly arose & endeavored with myself to find out from whence
it proceeded, which I by chance & good luck, at last found out by accidently
pushing my finger ends against a Lath & Plaster wall, which having much
more failing it myself more reason than either of the other gay & lively
companions; I was enabled to court myself & finally to extinguish this fright
ful element. But during over the greater part of the danger, it was highly laugh
ly & medicious, to see how such human nature, was evoking itself & distributing
its powers of mind, as then most affected. Mr. Riggs was seated in his easy
chair, with might cap & flambeau upon, full half seas over, crying out,
Richard, plenty of Water, Richard, plenty of water, & my Brother half
drunk, half galled, prancing down the stairs, crying & interjecting I am not very well, I am
going down into the yard, to walk up & down, let me know, Richard, if there
is any more danger. And my Sister was busy chief of the time, in removing
her somewhat extensive Cupboard of Hats; forgetting to the last, a fifty pound
note that was in a Drawer, close adjoining. This is one of the most pestulous ca
domicies, that can possibly befall us. Having endeavored to put away the
winter as lightly as possible. I fully es this anticipated a letter from my
Father, in which hope, I have been previously disappointed; this hap
penings is allways unmitigated by anything in this world. Salamagundi,
justly observes, that it is the plotting of man to be for ever subjected to pity
vils, which, however trickling in appearance, prey in silence on his little
picture of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine, which might
otherwise be consecrated to happiness. — My Brother setting off for College,
V. my Sister wishing me much to step his return, & thinking of hoping a letter next
come on the interval, I consented. He was about a month absent, V. returned full
of love winning, V. high eulogistical V. academical honours, having passed V.
when his Degree of Master of arts: matrimony, happy life, was now all his
uppermost thoughts. V. seems, V. having made up his mind & even appointed
the time for their nuptials, I was again put off starting on my long inten
sions tour, promising to accompany them to London, on so lovely V. interesting
occasion. He soon again made his exit to where his flame could be main
V. more at ease, V. V. my Sister's were to follow him in the course of a fortnight.

20th March.—To day we set forward on our visit to Nottingham, instead the
Number on rather a rough sea to Boston, where we took the Coach, pril
sent up a long continuing hell, through the village of Reddow, V. thin
rapidly down to the next small town of Brigg, where we changed horses. We again set off, over the river Strickholme, and continued on the ridge of an elevation, all the way to Lincoln, whose all aspiring grandeur, the masonic towers, we did discern for many miles in a direct straight line before us. We passed this noble masonic structure just as day was closing. We descended rather a frightful precipitous road to the head-timber, where we took up our quarters for the night, having run about fifty miles.

21st March — The morning was fine; I got my cloak up by 6 o'clock, and we immediately ascended the steep abrupt cliff, to catch a hasty glimpse of the Minster, which is scarcely secondary in extent or magnificence to any other English edifice of a similar appearance and splendour. The whole of the structure outside is carved and adorned with much highly finished architecture, with numerous grotesque figures in stone; the west front is supposed to be superior to any thing of the kind even in Europe. The towers are lofty, 19 in one of them, is the great son of Lincoln, the bell the largest in England, weighing nearly five tons. 18 is about feet in circumference. We now left this venerable pile in haste, remounted the off-going coach, and passed through this ancient city, which excites wherever you cast your eyes, a pensive remembrance of times long gone bye, in which the town was visited by six Kings of the Roman line, or their more gorgeous successors, the Plantagenets, with throngs of attendant barons and knights. Crossed the river Witham, and passed on through a fine cultivated level country to the pleasing town of Newark in Nottinghamshire, and the coach stopped for half an hour to breakfast, which having partaken of its midday assiette, after so early a ride, we went out to visit the town; among the many places and things seen, was the handsome spacious, well-built parish church, which is reckoned one of the finest parochial edifices in the kingdom. 19 is certainly a noble structure in the florid gothic style, 18 is superbly ornamented with a light and elegant stone tower, that sustains a lofty spire of uncommon beauty, which forms a conspicuous object to the
traveller for many miles around. As for the Coptophia, they were all,
except the following one, of 29, after the common place hint—
Man's life is like unto a winter's day,
Sung breaks their fast and so departs away.
Others stay dinner, and then departs full fed.
The longest age but stays and goes to bed.

The town itself stands on a considerable space of ground, which is situated
on a branch of the Trent, which joins it again, about a mile below him, B
the public and private buildings are chiefly of a respectable appearance,
particularly the Town Hall which is both spacious and handsome building but
the most fascinating feature is the once formerly magnificent castle, in which
the ill-fated King John breathed his last. It was burned in 1215 by the turbulent
people of the town. It still exists, even in its present state of ruin, a lesson to the haughty
living, as a majestic ornament to the town. The horn blowing for a start, we hastened back with quick strides. B
reaching our seats, we set forward at a rapid rate which soon brought us to the neat
small village of Radcliffe, close on the embowering high banks of the swift
dear river Trent. We soon left the fair site behind, B in an hour
we came to the Bridge that crosses the river, by 20 narrow arches
from whence the scenery is highly striking and picturesque, having
a full and fine view of Nottingham B its castle, on its high elevated
hills, B the surrounding shore for many miles in extent. It quarter of an hour longer, brought us into the streets, where we soon after
arrived into the fine spacious market place, in the centre of which all
the town's buildings, where we were met B greeted with our brother B son to
be related friends, whom we found well and all busy, making ready
for the evening nuptial scene. Distance to day, forty miles.

28th March — Its our stay was to be here, for about a fortnight. I made
most of my time in seeing the town B its sights, B neighbouring villages
acquired with my Brother when inclination B he could be spared from
the all enjoyable attractive rhythm, to be his Aik. This capital of the
shore of Nottingham, stands on a soft sandy eminence, which is crowned with
a sandy soil. B its inequalities of site produce several peculiarities of ar-
angement, that can hardly fail to create Beaumrose in the traveller B
be struck with the novelty of the prospect, when in one part he
contemplates three tiers of streets, each overlooking the one immediately below it, & many of the houses in these streets with a parlour cut into the roof, below the cellar of the superior ones. The town, when seen from several distant points, is very striking, particularly prepossessing; & upon a closer view can not detract much from it, for the public structures are all found to be uniformly respectable, while many of the domestic buildings are of an eligible character; but in almost every street, however, it will be recognised as a manufacturing town, & there is ample proof that the chief object of present with the inhabitants is convenience rather than elegance. The streets in general are narrow, irregular, but the spacious handsome market place, perhaps of near acres in circumference well surrounded with elegant shops, may rank with any other in England. Among the public buildings, connected with business, worthy of note are the county-hall, town hall, new exchange, & goals, all which are extremely handsome & well suited to their several purposes. There are three parish churches, that of St. Mary’s, which is a very large structure, & has an noble, massive tower, with a capital ring of bells. St. Peter, & St. Nicholas, in the latter church yard, I found out the following singular & some what whimsical epitaph, on a dwell fellow of a near mortality stone:—

There lies a masqueren who with skill and art
Wrote young and strong fat books and rare D’s hill.
Now conquered by your death (go read, tell it.)
He’s now took leave of powder, gun, and pellet.
A fatal dart which in the dark doth fly.
Has dropt me down among the dead to lie.
If any want to know the poor slave’s name:
I was old Tom Booth, don’t ask, from whence he came.
He’s neither sent, and surely such another.
He is buried from the bells of a mother.

And above all is most interesting of the public buildings; is that of the castle, founded by William the Conqueror, & which has several large dungeons or cells from which is a large subterraneous passage of upwards of fifty yards in length, & is hewn out of the solid rock.
the chief of the present building has been rebuilt by the Duke of Newcastle. It is a large, elegant stone edifice on the bank of a precipitous prominent rock. It is surrounded by a handsome terrace, which commands a fine perspective and extensive prospect of all around. Just below the Castle, is a pleasant park of 180 acres, used for pasturage and gardens. It belongs to the same owner. The horse barracks are at the upper end of it, adjoining the Derby road. It is a large, curvilinear, spacious range of brick buildings. The trade and manufacture of Nottingham have long been very extensive, for which indeed it is well adapted. It is situated near the centre of the kingdom, in the line of the great Trent and Mersey navigation. The staple manufacture is that of stockings, particularly of the finest hands, as those of silk and cotton. There are all sorts in the stocking frame, a simple and ingenious contrivance invented in the time of Elizabeth, by William Dyer, a native of this vicinity. As you travel along, these constant clattering noises is very amusing. - The weather still being unseasonably wet, we proceeded to the different villages, seated near this busy, business-like town, among them are Trenton with its old brick mansion of Esquire Mistress B. on the opposite side of the Trent, four miles off, is the small rural village of Coleston, B. close adjoining is the ancient seat of Sir Robert Coleston family. The mansion stands on a steep cliff, deeply embossed in groves of oak and elm. It is admirably calculated from its situation to command the most extensive prospects over the river Trent, the town of Nottingham, a vast tract of country, extending into all the surrounding country. Its very handsome park-gates open to the ground; from whence a grove about a mile long and wide enough for a bower carriage to drive abreast, leads to the house; this avenue being entirely covered with open woods. It is thickly sheltered on each side with trees, does not allow of any distant views except near the middle, where a circular opening having been cut at the fallage: the most enchanting prospect of Nottingham with the town, B. surrounding country is presented to the eye; like a living picture in a venetian frame, it the effect being such as to be wholly indescribable either with the pen or pencil; it must be seen in order to be duly appreciated. The mansion is not yet complete. But the principal front is both classic and elegant. It has its front ornamented with ten beautiful columns of the same order. On the north side of the town is the village of Radford, surrounded chiefly with the stocking weavers; B. is the base ground of B. its accompanying village. Towards the west is that of Beaston, similarly engaged. Between it and the town on the Derby road are several handsome mansions.
delightfully situated, belonging to the more opulent individuals of the town; connected with the trade; but, that of Hollaston Hall, the seat of Lord Middleton, surpasses them all. It is a winding avenue of lime trees, nearly a mile long, forming the approach to this superb structure, which stands on a knoll. It is a quadrangular form, built according to the fashion that was introduced in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the style of architecture is Italian, but the arrangements go. It has four large towers adorned with pinnacles, and the body of the house rising higher in the centre, is decorated with projecting cupped turrets at the corners. The building is further ornamented by oblong niches, &c. circular ones, being filled with busts of emperors, philosophers, &c.; also by some very rich mantles. The interior of this august mansion fully equals, I suppose, the exterior in magnificence in every respect. It is extensive & well stocked with deer, hares, &c. The fish pond is abundantly stored with the fishy tribe. There are likewise enlivened with swans & other aquatic birds. There is no small portion of additional beauty from their situation amidst a number of majestic oak & elm trees, that occasionally form deep groves. A road at intervals, of variety of extensive & picturesque views over the surrounding very beautiful neighbourhood. The retired & neat village of Hollaston with its handsome little church, is just on the outskirts of the park. It is around & captivating hamlet, from the town & race of a town. During our stay, we had the pleasure of meeting several parties, & that of Esquire Custions & his family, at Thurland Hall, in particular. One day we had a peep into a wine merchant's cellar, which like many more domestic buildings in this town, may be looked upon as objects of real curiosity, on account of the deep & extensive excavations that have been made from time immemorial in the rock, on which their foundations are placed. We descended down to a great depth with winding stairs, & there were extensive vaults, perfectly dry & quite warm & pleasant. Particularly made so now, by an excellent glass of Port wine, to the health of the Prince Regent, & another to the the good wishes to the interiors, &c. &c. &c.
In so different a climate & situation. The idea of being so nearly separated, when related, struck & sensitized, such a multifarious string of feelings of both pleasure & of pain, that on returning the final preliminary of tying the knot, was fixed to take place the day after tomorrow, the fourth of April, may kind Providence ever attend them. The remainder of this month passed away rather idly, but sweet & ever cheerful spring, was now fast approaching, for—

The modest snowdrop, harbinger of spring, now greets the eye, in robe of vengeant white.

With joyous notes, the birds begin to sing, at peep of dawn, to hail the new born light.

Plead with young life, the sporting bands are seen flowing in merriment, with quizzical mirth.

Here nature now prepares her garb of green, to clothe her children, turning into birth.

At this sweet season let not man be sad, while bounteous Heart makes all around him glad.

1st April—This fourth month of the year, came in all mild washing as it all, auspicious of the forth coming festivities.

2nd April—As the day was dawning, my brother was up & dressed at a beautiful fine morning, rather against my then lowering wishes; for I seemed possessed rather more of the sluggish than he does. Be this as it may, we were all collected together in a couple of short hours. We moved off, some on carriages, others on foot, for the scene, of fulfilling past & coming promises, at Saint Nicholas Church, where we all again congregated. By the rightful pledging, old alms service was then commenced & gone through, witnessed & signed by two and twenty of us, to the solemn wish & gratification of all present, more particularly to the Bridal pair, who now were made eternally happy. Bowed the congratulations & good wishes for their future welfare & happiness. The evening bells of St. Nicholas were sent out by their enlivening peal, the souls of the above party sat down to an elegant & substantial Nottingham chut, where all were busy, all were happy, for—

"There is a time—a happy time."
Our morn of life beguiling—
When youth’s first love is in its prime,
And all around is smiling.
When hearts are warm, and young, and light,
Borne down by no deceas.
When skies are clear and storms are bright,
Sweet era of our days.
Eyes full of heaven, and light, and love,
Are smiling on us then—
And joy and hope, where ’s so we rove,
Palm with us there again.
Oh! then’s the time—Dear happy time,—
When all around is smiling.
When youth and love are in their prime,
Our morn of life beguiling!

After spending the middle of the day in partaking of a substantial luncheon, we set off for London City, the Emporium of the world, accompanied by Mr. Bolton’s carriage & some of the family party, for about six miles, where a farewell change took place, § § § § my sister, resumed our seats with the bridal pair, in the Chariot for the city of Leicester. The first place of any note was Doughtburgh in Leicestshire, it is a large irregular old town, situated on the river Soar. The church is a fine spired structure, and has a very handsome tower; it was visited in 1807 by a pestilential disorder, and the register book “The Steward, also New Steward, Rose, and Know thy Master.” Having paid for change of horses, we passed through the extremely romantic village of Mount Sewell, originally called Mount Sewell, from its situation on a steep, craggy hill on the banks of the river Soar. This ridge extends into Leicestshire, & terminates here abruptly, by the west side of the town, whose extremity is lofty, & steep, presenting a most magnificent view of Broom Knowe, & on the highest point called Castle Hill, there formerly stood a fortress, belonging to the Earls of Leicester. The soil is of red sandstone, of which many of the houses are built. The streets paved; § § § of such great durability, after exposure to the sun,
That it resists all kinds of steel. The post-boy Kerke is along & as we were noisy within, we arrived in the suburbs of the city, before we were a wave of it. B drove up to the Head Inn, the Three Chimneys, the Landlord seeing us approach & anticipating our stopping here, received us most obsequiously; he & his attendants bowing, scraping, and all oblige manners and enquiries, & this more especially on such a lively occasion. We stopped here the night, taking a late tea, which enables me to stroll over this ancient city. It is seated on the river Severn & spreads over a considerable space of ground & is situated in the centre of the finest west district in the kingdom. The houses are intermixed, ancient & modern; the public buildings are good & substantial; & there are fine parish churches, all of which are worthy of attention, either on account of their antiquity, architectural beauty, or curious monuments. To the south of the town is the sea Walk, an agreeable promenade; here the meadows are the ruins of an Abbey, which contains Kings & Nobles, & where that wise Cardinal Wolsey, said after his disgrace on his journey from York to London. This place has for a long time, the privilege of farming; & near the north bridge is the house that it was formerly mentioned in. There was also a castle, but scarcely a vestige of it can now be traced. The chief manufacture of this town is that of stockings, which is carried on to a very considerable & profitable extent.

5th April — Brought us another fine & cheerful morning. B were none the worse after yesterday's short journey, nights repose & a substantial breakfast, which having partaking of, we got into a most comfortable post chaise and bowled it along through a much wored & interesting country, passing the next market town of Warrington, on the banks of the Warrand, the Manchester canal; Holford to that of Northampton, the capital of the county, on the river Nene. It is an ancient, handsome & well-built town, consisting of four principal streets meeting at right angles, which are commodious, the houses being built of freestone. B mostly slated. There are several churches, but those of St. Peter & St. All Saints are singularly beautiful specimens of architectural beauty; the
latter has a stately portico, supported by 10 pillars, with a balustrade on the top, in which is the statue of Charles II. The castle-hill meeting-house is large & where the celebrated Dr. Beddington preached for 22 years. This place is noted for a severe battle fought between the houses of York & Lancaster, in which the unfortunate monarch, Henry the 6th, was taken prisoner. The principal trade are those of boots & shoes, which are chiefly for exportation.

IV. After a change of coach & horses, we started off & in the course of a mile, rising a stiff hill, is a beautiful, fine Gothic temple, called the Queen's Chapel, dedicated by Edward the 1st to the memory of his queen Eleanor. Fifteen miles further, another good road & pleasing country, brought us into Buckingh

hill, to the next small town of Newport Pagnell, situated on the Ouse at the junction with the Fork, which divides it into equal parts, one of which is the great stone bridge. 29 from whence the inhabitants are supplied with water, by means of an hydraulic machine. The church is a stately edifice, on a commanding eminence. The place is noted for the manufacture of Bone Lace & Paper. The post-boy by all roads we set off at a rapid rate, but before many miles had been gone over, one of the horses turned very restless, kicking strongly & at last turned completely stiff. It would not move either for good or severe treatment, backing us at one place, a considerable distance down the hill again putting all within, in fearful connection: I jumped off instantly from the Dickey & taking the head of the horses, stopped them from further mischief; my leading them some way up the hill, the post-boy, as assisting with his whip, we again succeeded in getting them well started & proceeded onwards, though not without several narrow escapes of myself being knocked down by the pole, on each plunging descent of the unruly steeds. We are now in Bedfordshire, passing through the neat town of Kibworth, with its handsome market place. 39 its 608 on the

street church, which furnishes a splendid instance of capacious taste, the Lady being completely detached from the tower, which stands about six yards distance. The chief employment is straw hat & lace making. Leaving this place about a mile, we came close on sight of the magnificent & splendid seat of the Duke of Bedford's Wardour Abbey, 18 a mile further the handsome Lodge-Gate, the carriage cumin leading through an extensive forest woods of oak, ash, &c.
wars, with a balustrade. The earth-hill meeting
was taken possession of by the houses of Kent. How
in the summer of a royal
ed temple, called Queen Eleanor.
Kynel, situated on the
as it into equal parts
of the inhabitants. 8 is otherwise notable for being the first
place that attempted at theatrical representations in England. It
is conjectured to have been on the miracles of St. Catherine, 85 performed
under the direction of a priest. The victualling of its neighbourhood is remark-
able for its number 88 eggs & delicate flavour of its Larks, which
are caught at lest twice
now the only remains. This venerable fabric in the form of a
tower, 83 a square massive tower, of 160 feet in height, rising
from its centre from the intersection of the nave and transept,
resting on four large semicircular arches. The general appearance
of this building, when seen from a distance, is dignified imposing
but on approaching it, part of the effect is lost, owing to the rude
mixture of Roman tiles, flints, bricks, stones, &c. which appear
in its walls, 8 excite a stronger idea of desolation than the real
state of the structure well justify. Here many illustrious persons have
been buried; in particular, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, youngest
son of Henry IV, whose body was found entire after the lapse of two centuries.
The great Lord Bacon lies in one of the other churches. This place has
the best wheat market in all England. 8 receives its chief support from
travellers. Having rested here sometime, we again set forward by
dusk, took rest in the head Inn at Barnet, where the two ladies fell
on themselves a little fatigued, partook of a single cup of tea and
for which they made the most extravagant change of those and
5th June, we remonstrated, but it was in vain, so we gave them money for their famous breed of hogs, than for their liberality in charges. This place is likewise noted for the decisive battle fought here at hand, between the houses of York & Lancaster, in which the great Earl of Warwick & Salisbury lost his life. Just before starting again, we had some trouble with these impolite folks, trying to impress on our minds, if we had been weak enough, the danger of passing on the road, now so dark & late in the night. If we did proceed, we ought to have four horses, & they were very obliging certainly & very hard to their own selves as well as a down right set of vile imposters; to try thus to take in strangers from whom they were daily receiving their livelihood. We of course succeeded to none of their vile suggestions, but ordered the Post-boy to push along & never mind, nor heed any one on the road, that might try to hide our sightful course. My brothers, Lady & Sister were naturally a little impressed with the chance of being stopped, which from the number, frequently happening, was not improbable, so I set with my Penknife, my only weapon, & shaded away, & soon after came to the town of Highgate, which made it certainly more cheery, & leaving it on our right, we descended a long steep declivity, passing under Highgate Arch-way, & after passing the Toll-bar, a short distance below we continued rather on a level country, all the remainder of the way to London, whose lighted & enlivening streets, soon told us that we were arrived in this fair famed & renowned city. It been late my brother ordered the Post-boy to put up at the first respectable Hotel that he came to, & could recommend, which was on Highgate, where we alighted & took up our abode, after a highly pleasant two days trip, in which we saw a great variety of pleasant public buildings, & also a great extent of picturesque & well cultivated country, besides enjoying ourselves. After partaking of a kind of Tea-Supper, we retired to our welcome chambers, after being very comfortably entertained, the night being mild & frosty, by a very comfortable fire, & we were in a condition to be very comfortably entertained.
6th April.—Breakfast being over, we had a call from Mr. Bischoff, Mr. Champneys, and Mr. Allgrove. We then went to the house at Highgate, where we were welcome to the house at Highgate, where we were convenient and agreeable to ourselves.

From some time, we met some suitable lodging, which on his leaving us, we called in the search of; which after much poking, distance gone over this most lovely R. duty, stirring Metropolis, we were lucky in procuring in the respectable R. central situation, in St. Paul's street, to where we soon flitted in the course of the evening, making ourselves very comfortable. From whence we almost daily, during my stay of nearly six weeks, took some long promenades in search of the beauty of this almost endless city; returning frequently well tired, but always highly gratified with some of all the great curiosities that we had seen. Among the numerous public splendid buildings, that we saw both in town, were those of the house of Lords & Commons, on which, we were highly entertained. Amused by the different rumor & history, that, having seen the town, their native, fertilized by enlightened ideas on some momentous case matter; on one, more particularly, was that of the alteration of the three estates.

or condensing them into one, treated Jervis, who in a long lively speech full of wit & sarcastic humour, held that it might be very gone, & with a great saving to the country. He was again, & swore in full, in all its bearings, by Lord Castlebay and after much professional, in two or three divisions of the house, was taken, it was finally lost by an immense majority; by the hour that had just struck 2 o'clock in the morning. — The exhibition that we saw that most pleased me, were those of Waterloo, which I had nearly participated of its glory. As fell reflected, as a man & a soldier, ought & would most likely so: B that of the House of Commons, which consists of models in each of ancient temples, & theatres, & in Rome, Italy, & the south of France, formed to a scale, & executed so as to convey a faithful & highly pleasing representation of the present state of those celebrated views. In one of our longer trips, my brother & I visited those noble extensive works the West & East India, & London Docks, & were well repaid for our trouble & expense, that we were
first put to, by a special, brave waterman, who we hired to take us straight through from Westminster Bridge, but as coming towards London Bridge the tide then fast falling, he began to show uneasiness to say that we should be wetted or in some danger, in shutting the iron, as they turn it; to this, we replied he need not mind, partly thinking it was a hoax on us, to avoid going further, & that he was to help pulling or pushing along till he saw there was eminent danger which is too often the case; to this been frequently urged on him, he continued onwards & would certainly at last, have gone into headlong danger, had not some of the other watermen, on either side at their respectful stations, hollered out repeatedly, that we must not now venture through, which at our welcome bidding he made most rapid way across the stream to the Southwark side & gained it, none in time to spare, to rest on his oars. After a little jarring with him & seeing the danger that we had just only missed being drawn into, the water falling below the arches, between eight or nine feet over very short distance. We hired another wherry, & proceeded to the docks, where there is so much to see & equally as much to admire and comment.

10th April — To day we all had a special invitation to dine & spend the day at our Uncle Brodennis, whether we set off, at an early hour, in one of the handyboat shallops, & arrived at Highgate, four miles, where we were put ashore by our worthy, hospitable friend V. & Hosted, truly a noble act & handsome pair, that could well challenge Falstaff himself, for-fedness. After a truly elegant & substantial meal we entered the park, where the bowers of gone by days, might be proud to equal & boast of, with all the choicest wines. We had profited over we took a pleasing stroll through the closes of that elegant village, situated in kind to Hampstead, which though, at first, prefers the same variety of pasturages, yet it rises to the south-east on superior to those in the same direction. There are several very handsome residences: among the most noble & striking, is that of Clerk Wood, the head of Hampstead. The mansion is a noble structure, exhibiting two handsome fronts, the principal of which, towards the north, has two projecting steps, at traverse with ranges along the whole of the south front, whose central division has a noble casement, sustaining pilasters, which is crowned with a handsome pediment. The grounds are made up of gentle undulations, much enlivened by several spacious sheets of water, the breakout of which is most magnificent, to the whole park.
between them being hidden by plantations: a sham bridge erected in one part also forms a good object from the house, while it ably assists in carrying the idea of a continued stream. A rich portion of wooded environs the domain, & a fine serpentine walk displays to the visitor the various beauties of this diversified spot. At Southwark the eminent rich banker of London, has likewise a handsome house & pictures. The grounds, called Holy Lodge, which comprises some fine views over the whole of the metropolis: but that from Highgate, strikingly adjoining the village on the east, commands the most extensive & varied prospect. It was advised some years back to abbreviate the steep declivity adjoining by first having a tunnel, but the earth having fallen on several times, the road was made open, & the thoroughfare of Romsey Lane is now continued by this elevated & substantial archway. Having seen the chief of this desirable village, we retired to the handsome, neat, small abode of our friend & guide, where after partaking again of their truly bountiful fare to a late hour, we set off, welcoming them in return to our abode.

16th April — To day we had a great & grand first treat in seeing the Queen, hold one of her princely Drawing Rooms. Louvois: it was attended by a vast number of the nobility, & many foreigners of the first distinction, in their different rich state carriages. But it was certainly a most delightful thing to see, to which the palm of magnificence in splendour was to be given, either in point of the individual, costumes, their carriages, & their respective servants & liveries. It certainly was a pleasing sight, & tells a tale of the splendid prince of fortunies, that our nobility are possessed of.

20th April — Another week gone & spent in London matters. To day we dined with Mr. Wiltshire's, a distant relative of Mr. Os, in the handsome square of Soho, where we had everything in the highest order. In English fashion. Among the private circle, was a Mr. Hotham, who is considered of the first taste & best judges of teas, in the city. Having spent an agreeable evening, we got home to our quarters, at a late hour.

26th April — Having now spent much more time here, than I at first anticipated. Proving to Mr. Egert, not arriving from Yorkshire, as fully promised, to fetch my sister back, I resolved to leave her soon.
notwithstanding the earnest desire of all my friends, to dissuade me from my first proposed plans; for I was, in my heart, determined to set out, as long for America. For the idea of my Father, perhaps being entomb'd in suffering, touched me however to the quick; 

when I thought of him, my now bound down, far perhaps seclude in a foreign land, I thought of the for comfort; 

and, all my feelings for past neglect, was expressed a flow of filial affection already within me. For my eagerness to receive the paternal embrace, is now so great, that I will not wait any longer, but wish to be hurried on after him, for my heart yearns for the long wished blessing of a Father's love, one whom I had left on the pride of vigorous age, whose noble 

I may justly say, majestic bearing, had so awed my younger imagination; as I had long ago made up my mind finally on this head, it had nothing to add further, but I must there still another promise, that I would wait another few days, if not any longer, I would then set off by myself into Yorkshire. These few impatient days, soon passed away 

as there was no arrivals of a Ligur. I took forthwith my place, this evening in the coach, intending starting tomorrow morning by her for the old City of York. Let up to a late hour, conversing on the present & the future changes & scenes, we may all have each to go through, before we meet again, together in that peaceful & happy land, more particularly, myself, who is now destined, one long to tread a foreign soil. It heartily good wish, a shake of hands, & a parting kiss or two, from the fair feminine branch, separated us for the present fleeting hours, with a farewell, 

1st May—The morning was promising fine. By 6 o'clock, I had mounted the coach stage box, & with Coaches all ready, we set off at a springing rate, leaving this far famed City fast behind, who

The Roman, the Tudor, the Norman and Dane, 

H ave in turn swung thy sceptre, thou Queen of the main; 

Their spirits, though diverse, uniting, made one of nations the noblest beneath the bright sun. 

With the genius of each, and the courage of all, 

No Roman dare plant hostile flag on thy wall. 

For London, for London! the home of the free— 

Thou's no city on earth, royal London, like thee!
The next thriving little town is that of Bingleswade, pleasantly
sited on the banks of the Isel over which there is a handsome bridge, not navigable for small vessels. The church is a fine substantial building and the place is noted for having one of the greatest markets for butter in England. After passing the village of Timperford & Eaton Socon, we entered that of Buckden where is the palace & episcopal residence of the Bishop of St. John. This unusual pile is chiefly constructed of brick, partly surrounded by a moat: it comprises two quadrangular courts, with a square tower as entrance gateway. It contains several spacious apartments. The site of the estate is extremely pleasant. We are now running through the county of Huntingdonshire, by Stilton Hill, catching a distant glimpse of Thoresby, on our right hand, of Whittlesby Moor, & on to Sibton, which is chiefly notable for its excellent sheep, being just sold here. It, which has been so long celebrated as not infrequently called the English Norway. The famous River, Thornhill, lived here, who is supposed to have rode to London 120 miles, three times in a seven hours. It to have won the Cup, at Hambolt with a horse that he accidentally took on the course after a journey 12 miles. Changing horses, we passed through the hamlet of Thornhill, where there is a house, which contained during the war, nearly 1000 prisoners, and a handsome barns for 2000 soldiers. The road here forks, the one on the right hand leading to Peterborough, & the left to Stanford Bridge, on the line opposite to which is Peckover: the river been crossed by a ferry on the bridge, having some good wharfs on its banks. By 6 o'clock we changed horses in the respectable town of Stanford, in Lincolnshire, situated on the banks of the river Welland, which is navigable for boats. It is large but irregular built, most of the houses are of freestone and slate. Having again changed horses, we continued on to continue to the small town of Welland, which we nearly seated in two equal parts, passing the small place of Bottesworth, to that of the market town of Sibton, on the river Wellam, which is a place of considerable antiquity consisting chiefly of four streets, which are both neat & clean, and contains a spacious stone church, displaying high pointed windows. A handsome square tower at the west end, surmounted by an octagonal spire. 273 feet high & neatly celebrated for the beauty of its proportions & ornaments. It has likewise one of those crosses that King Edward I. erected here, as at Northampton, another of these
very elegant Essay to the memory of his beloved Queen Eleanor on St. Peter's Hill, close to the south entrance of the town. — The next stage was Haverford where having changed our horses for fresh ones, we crossed the shield bridge over the river Trent & onwards to Torksey, which is according to Gough, "so by proper name saying, 'benedic to a provident for its money situation.'" It is also rendered famous by Franklyn Barnaby, on his northern route, for the balms of its wine, of which however, whatever may be the quality, more is now sold than in his time as the place is almost made up of towns, for the accommodation of travellers. Though the town is small; yet it has many modern built houses. — The guard giving his sound of horn, we again remounted & went off at aleping rate, under a beautiful serene sky, with the air unfurrowing brilliant, now setting sun, — See the sun declining fast,

Links beneath the dappled west,
And the plough a labor past,
Homeward tends to homing rest.

By midnight we had passed through the next small town of East Retford, & that of the handsome, well built one of Bawtry standing on the side of an eminence, gently sloping towards the north of the east town to the river Tole, which is navigable for small craft, & produces from its bed, very noted millstones & granitones. At Doncaster we made a short stay of a quarter of an hour, which enabled us outside passengers more particularly to see the town, its division into two branches, & is crossed by two handsome bridges. It is not large, but is well built, & remarkable clean; it is considered one of the most eligible of all the genteel towns in the north of England. Where entered as we did from Bawtry, the effect is peculiarly grand: at the first we saw the Place, ground surrounded by a skilful velling, the elegant stand for the accommodation of the visitors, with a range of lofty
handsome houses present themselves to the view, together with that
fine Obelisk called Hall-Croft; the high street, through which the main
road passes, continues on nearly straight for miles, & is both spacious &
adorned the whole length with substantial shops, houses & other public
buildings; amongst the first is that of the parish church of St.
George, which seems to be a suburb structure; it has an elegant square
tower 145 ft. high. - Leaving this elegant, pleasing town, we noted its re-
mourned astrological race, with our capital change of Yorkshire horses,
we kept bowling along mortally, & were soon soon over the river Minster, &
set Frawbybridge, which is a picturesque neat little village on the river
which was the scene of an enterprising battle, that was fought between the
adventures of the houses of York & Lancaster. The next place was Withern
a small village where Margaret, wife of King Edward I. was obliged to stop
when hunting, & was here believing of a son. The trade is great in the pro-
tection of Limestone, in the adjoining quarries, which is peculiarly a
adapted for agricultural purposes. - After a run of half a dozen miles, we
went through the town of great antiquity, but now only a small inconsider-
ate market town. The church is large & is otherwise noted for its cherry
orchard, & also for a species of fruit, called the wensceaster, & the neigh-
borhood is largely concerned in the cultivation of Flax. This town is
blessed ever memorable for the scene of the first of these important events
in the civil wars that took place between Charles I. & the parliament. The
dawn of day had again smiled & opened upon us, with all its exhilarating
effects, & that over a lovely varied landscape. By 8 o'clock we had stopped to
change horses at Tadcaster, &c. through before, when on my leave of absence
from the north to gain my detachment. It is a pleasing picturesque little town
with its fine bridge & noble cascade of water, extending a crafts the river
North, whose banks are high & precipitous, & well clothed with forest woods;
another nine miles brought us to the ancient City of York, whose im-
portant walls & splendid towering Cathedral, gives ideas of past gone
times of grandeur & lament. After aged Yorkshire breakfast, I called upon
Mr. Thorpe & Grey, my Minimum & gave them instructions, as all thoughtful
& consistent ones, ought to attend too, more particularly when leaving
to go abroad, for making my Well, they soon dispatched it, holding out the
signed away in case of no return, equal moiety of shares of all my
property, to my dear Brother & Sister; I left again by the 10 o'clock
coach for Hull, taking my favourite place out as usual next Coach,
who drove away cheerfully with his half broken down steeds on to the
well beaten road, through Holdorf, Ramby Moor, Market Menton,
and so to Beverley, whether we were going away all right or
not, when unfortunately it was not to last long, for just approa-
cching Esques, Watts Hall, near Bishop Burton, we met the Mail
coming at full trot, with lamps lighted, we had not yet got ours, & it was
extremely dark, I was confident this driver did not see us, which I once
or twice warned ours of, but he was to confident, he could have done
the work, but a few minutes told us it was not so, for when we approa-
cched some few yards, each going at the usual speed, it was then time to recover
the error, we in went together, with a most fearful coach. After recovering
a little & putting ourselves to rights, we found the result of the event
was nearly as follows: the guard of the Mail was thrown forwards
on the top of his coach, not much hurt; the inward was thrown com-
pletely between his two leaders, clerks, while he was laid fast, they were thrown
town on their sides, he was rather more frightened than hurt. The main
coach was on the crown of the road & received little damage, save our
front wheel running directly under their Splinter Box, leaving it ap-
propriate use: their four horses thrown down, & there
was not a single trace, that was not either snapped or broken in two
its for swivel, we feared even worse: our guard was thrown from his
seat on to the road side, falling heavily, he being a stout man, the con-
fusion was severe & he bled much from his nose. The coachman was
pitched forward over his horses & lashed between the two coaches, where
he was some time posted, before we could get him extricated, he was
somewhat wet & bruised. As for myself, I was sent off the skid by
great force on to the sword, I should say not less or fewer than six
or seven yards & lighting on all four, I complained a little, and
hurt one of my horses on a stone. Our coach was none the worse,
but the Pole which was broken completely in two places quite
uselves: those of the horses were thrown down, & most of the harness broken. After some little talking & laughing, we set to getting the vehicles separated, which took some time & were detained nearly an hour before they could procure another pole, which been fitted we all B. each, help'd a hand in dragging & summoning ours down the hill, half a mile to Bishop Burton, with some caution, sangery, & movement. The guard & mail-bags were sent off immediately in a boat Chaise & four. From here we all agreed to walk on to Bowerly, there was no conveyance, two & a half miles, which we reached safely; B. after a short detention of changing horses & drivers of the latter, far too frequently, we arrived in Hull by 3 o'clock after a ride of day and night of 240 miles; from which I cannot say I am the least fatigued or worse for. Distance came over 240 miles.

2d May — The first thing I set about was to enquire at the Post Office if any letter had arrived from America. Many ears were soon dissapointed by the unwelcome words, of no, there was not: so as I expected my letter soon to return from the south, I immediately began to prepare for my now long talked voyage: purchase a capital Leather Hatments which was to infold all my contraband stock, B. many other articles; a double barreled gun, a fishing rod, B. a pair of pocket Pistols, each having, two barrels. I was also lucky enough in engaging a passage in a ship, from this Port, for New York, to sail in about a week: the Captain promising to be a pleasant & agreeable companion, and only cost me twenty pounds for the trek; besides wines.

3d May — The ship was all ready to have sailed this evening, but as my Letter had not yet made its appearance or expect for now every coach, the Captain said he would stop for me another two or three, as the wind was not quite favour able to proceed north about, which was his intentions of doing. The Monday conveyance brought my welcome Letter, who
seemed not a little flustered and heart, when I told her of my soon
know hasty departure, & faced & firm decision. The following ple-
ning lines given by her to me, after all her entreaties, strongly
work & bear her affectionate feelings on the occasion.

Since Richard thy departure's near,
Who can suppress the sigh and tear,
Or prayer to Heaven addressed.
Now sound for a far distant shore;
Thy mantle form we perhaps shall see no more,
With every grace impress'd.

No more, 'tis ours to drink the joy,
That flow from thy all shining eye,
And still more winning smile;
Not hear the accents of the tongue,
Sweet as the minister's harp when strong,
That soothes our griefs the while.

What though no lover's homage pay,
And all impasion'd ask thy stay,
With vows and prayer sincere;
Love, friendship pleads with wat'ring eyes,
And every fond expeditious tree,
But oh! thy home's not here.

Sure there has got some powerful spell
At something that no words can tell,
That opens every heart;
Or whence these fond endearments sprang?
And why so were a grief display'd?
To see the thus depart?

The Father is thy polar star,
Whose influence reaches from afar,
Her heart its magnet rare;
For him there bows it without dismay,
The terrors of the wat'ry way,
Now bestriding on the deep;
May He, who paws the gulph'y main,
and holds its proudest waves in chain
and bends its flowing side.
Still, with a guardian's care, thee keep,
And mark a pathway through the sea.
Where safe thy bark may glide.

Amen, to make thy ship's complete,
In happy hour thy Father meet;
Free from all fears alarms.

What joy supreme for him to see
Once more, his dear lot's fare, in this,

And sleep you in his arms.

United States, in summer's bloom,
Shall round thee waft each wave perfume,
And charm thy every sense,
O may it prove a friendly shore,
And all thy wanderings then be o'er,
And joy's bright reign commence.

After the chat of the evening was over, of London friends & Yorkshire news,
we resolved to rest, bidding each other adieu, with health & happiness, attending
our absence; they to their sleeping fellows, & I to my storm. Their
over the foreshore, waiting an early call, should the wind shift. In this
we were again disappointed & had to act over again, the following night.

The pleasing, yet somewhat painful scene of friends & relatives, reluctant,
parting. After five or six hours sleep, I was suddenly waked by
fellow hallooing out in the street, that the ship was already to sail; &
could not wait a moment: I made all haste to the Pier, but found
my station. My mortification, that she had sailed nearly an hour
before, as I was informed; this was saving no doubt to some one that
had been sent, neglecting either carelessly or wilfully. I think the letter
to inform me much earlier. It's she had not much start. I thinking it
very probable that she would bring up in White Booth Road, & been have
pressed & well assured by a waiting & soliciting boatman, for —
"Says he, to me, the wind sets fair, and you will have the box."

I hired a boat for half a guinea, & proceeded under a prep of sail, with the assistance of the oars. I soon gained sight of her, after rounding the opposite point, but, after a run down of 10 miles, the wind came on much stouter, & I was now spreading more canvas & standing her course. Due north, leaving us fast behind, some three or four, gave us the feeling of galloping, soon chase & returned with the coming tide up to Hull, where we arrived just in time for a good earned breakfast at my sister's, who was not a little pleased to see me so soon. I unexpectedly. Immediately after I took my place in the 2 o'clock coach for York, on my way to Liverpool, where I shall no doubt be enabled to embark, without loss of time. When the time for starting had again arrived, we of course had another feeling parting, —

I dashed away the questing tear,
With rough but shaking hand,
And turned to tread a future year,
Far from my native land.

T'S the clock struck 2, o'clock. I mounted the coachman's seat & went soon after leaving this bustling, lively town, not helping casting glances going with a look behind. The weather was very promising overhead & had a fine view to York, where I slept at the Tavern Hotel, taking my place outside for the next morning for Liverpool, by a new route. The first any coach had gone at before. A comfortable tea, sent me soon after to bed, where I slept heavily & happy till I was waked by the host, knocking, saying the coach will be ready to start in a quarter of an hour. So on what time & something left to spare. I was up & waiting. As the noble looking driver Bill, struck 6 o'clock, we were off, all surprised, gay, & new from beginning to end. 

I was the only passenger inside or out, in the whole of the way through. The guard & coachman were very swell & obliging, & I had only to fancy, to make it partly a sham reality in appearance, that it was my own or any other gentleman's carriage & few in hand, such was the handsome fit & arrangement throughout. In hours more, brought us, in a fine rich
In the distance the handsome mansion of Fovant, Wilson Esquire, supposed to be one of the richest commoners in England. The house was all a capital set, were all gay and alive. We soon brought us into the ancient town of Methley, before we got to it, where we changed them for a new set. We then passed on through Harwood, a neat village, then passed on through Harwood, a neat village. It consists of two spacious streets, which form regular approaches to the gateway of Harwood House, the magnificent seat of the Earl of Harwood. The church is large, is surrounded by a thick grove of trees, which gives to that an air of peace and solitude. Close adjoining on the brow of the hill stands the ruins of the castle, whose ruined towers hang over the nave, and are partly modern, now mainly grown on the peaceful vale. From thence there is a most commanding and extensive prospect for miles around. The next place was to the rear of Harwood, a respectable town of Otley, situated in a delightful country. On the river Wharf, the town is supposed to have derived its name from the quantity of Oats cultivated in the adjoining neighborhood, and the name Otley, which is equivalent to oatfield. The church is a spacious, handsome building, at the north end of the town is a fine old hill called the Chevin, signifying the ridge of mountains, which rises majestically over the road to Leeds. Together with Romaldkirk, a new town, which is situated on a kind of plateau, at the head of a valley. The church is a large and handsome building, and is said to be the site of a monastery, of which nothing now remains.
wealth," was born and died here. — The next stage brought us into the small market town of Skipton, situated in the mountainous District of Craven, nearly in the centre of the Lake District. It consists chiefly of one wide, long street, with a handsome church: they carry on a considerable trade in the different sorts of grain of the District. It has some few manufactures of paper, cotton, &c., having the River Aire and Liverpool canal passing close to the suburbs. Such the most conspicuous is attractive about as that of the castle, the seat of the Earl of Bradford, delightfully situated on a commanding slope, & seems to bear indomitable in the recesses, over a valley which lies beneath. The most perfect parts that have stood the ravages of time, are seven round towers, partly in circles, partly in the angles of the building, which form an irregular quadrangular court within. The walls of which are from nine to twelve feet thick. From whose height there is an most pleasing prospect of the town & vale, terminated by ranges of lofty hills; & the romantic charm of this extensive view will be in some degree estimated by the reader, when he is informed that the Vale of Skipton is supposed to be one of the finest, & most fertile in England. — After crossing the canal town on our route, we passed through the neat & pleasant village of Gilberd, situated wholly in an agricultural district, the land of which is let out principally in grazing farms, from which memorable flocks of cattle are fattened for different markets.

The church is an ancient in a large edifice. The mansion belongs to Lord Ribblesdale, who has a handsome mansion in a extensive, beautifully laid out park, which is remarkable for the kind of wild cattle, descendants of that indigenous race which once inhabited the wild forests of Lancashire. This species is
white, save the tip of their noses, which are black, and rather nervous especially when protecting their young. The bread with tame cattle.

We were now running on a fine level country, having Cheshire in picturesque perspective seen in front of some miles, where we arrived soon after it stopped to dine. It occupies an isolated eminence on the eastern bank of the river Ribble, at one end of which, on an elevated limestone rock, are the remains of its bygone ancient fortress, now only consisting of a square tower, that is distinctly surrounded by a wall. The town is a very pleasant and well built little place, with carriages on an extensive plain in the manufacture of cotton. It enjoys the advantage of a canal navigation, which unites the Mersey, Dee, Ribble, Ouse, Trent, Severn, Thames, &c. The church is of considerable antiquity. At a short distance hence is Pendle hill, an elevation 1003 feet above the level of the sea. Having had a good dinner, and plenty of time to enjoy it, we set forward again, and were soon in the County of Lancashire, in the flourishing town of Blackburn, which is divided into equal parts by the river Deswent, crossed by four bridges. It is a fast increasing place, owing to the various improvements that have been made in spinning cotton, by means of which the manufacture of calicoes has attained such a great degree of excellence, indeed as an ancient writer well observes, “to such a state of perfection are the arts of spinning cotton, &c. printing calicoes now brought in this country, that a pound of cotton can be spun into 300 hanks, each 640 yards in length, &c. sold for 18 guineas, &c. a form the pattern be printed, which, in the execution, requires 140 blocks to produce the required figure &c. It has likewise two churches, &c. is embraced by the Leeds &c. Liverpool canal, which links it easily.
as regards freight of goods with the other great ports of trade. Having changed horses, we were walking on towards Chorley, when an enemy Post Chaise came after us, & the Post Master, seeing us not to be surpassed in speed, would not suffer him, by pulling his horses, repeatedly in a full trot, which when the Post Boy, pursuing his Chaise on the side of the road, in a straight for a considerable distance, came up in a parallel line with it gave us a challenge. At this, the whip & reins were all in action, commotion away we set off, at some considerable speed, which was continued nearly two miles, all the horses in full gallop, with little or nothing to raise on either side, when the Chaise driver pulled in on the road where he was ceasing abruptly, & I was truly glad it finished as well, as the horses for the greater half of the race, were quite unmanageable. Chorley is situated near the river Chor, from whence it derives its name, & is a neat small town. The Naylor also flows at a short distance, & gives motion to a number of mills that are erected on its banks, & which, together with the printing & bleaching premises in the neighbourhood, & the large cotton manufactories, commensurate an aspect of extreme bustle & industry to the whole district. We passed on through Chorley, & entered the ancient town of Wigan, seated near the little river Douglas, on the banks of which the Saxons were completely defeated by King Arthur: it is irregular, but well built, & contains many handsome structures besides the church. The inhabitants derive their chief support from the extensive trade carried on, in the different sorts of coarse cotton goods, & the large brass & pewter works in the neighbourhood. At the end of the town there is a monumental pillar commemorating the valour & loyalty of Sir Thomas Gilsby, who was killed on this spot, in the action wherein the the Earl of Derby was defeated, by Leicestershire, in 1651. It is not far off, & is a well, that is said to have formerly possessed the peculiar property of burning like brandy, when a lighted
candle was put to it, & the flame would last a whole day, with sufficient heat to boil Eggs or even meat, though the water still remained cold: of this latter part, we must first have the original beholders before we can give explicit belief to their story. The most
village of St. Helens came next, where the light of day was just dawning: we soon after, a man of a few miles entered the town of Preston, occupying a lofty situation, on the great London road, & consisting chiefly of one long straggling street; having a large B. spacious church, with its handsome lofty spire 150 feet high, peeping seemingly into the cloudy sky. This place has long been celebrated for its manufacture of
Watch-tick &c. moments; besides its plate-glass works in the adjoining neighborhood, where they are enabled to produce mirrors, both convex & concave, of all sizes & quantities, equal to any from abroad. Having moved fresh horses, we pushed along this last stage 18 & by this time was
just well dark, we approached & entered this fine sea port town of
Liverpool, the second only to London, in the kingdom; after a pleasure drive through its lighted & bustling streets, we were put down at the Lion Inn, Dale St., where I took up my abode during my
sojourn here. After a refreshing tea, I took an hour's stroll over
the city & returned by 10 o'clock, highly pleased & gratified with what I
had seen, & after a glass of wine, a chat of talk, retired to rest,
not even feeling the least tired with this day's 140 miles journeying
which was passed under a fine blue sky & aided by unceasing music
by the all cheering tune, that ever as fine, rich, & varied accounts
that man could well wish to dwell on.

5th May — I went down immediately to the Docks in search of
passage, which are literally crowded & jammed together, with vessels
of various nations, hardly a space of egrets or appreis: instead of
astonishing port for those useful carrying floating warehouses
from which — Britannia's noted glory first from Ships arose,
To shipping still her peace and wealth she owes —
After boarding a great number, in which I spent most of the
Farewell to thee—fearwell to thee
My loved my native land!
O'er wild and fearful waves I seek
The fair American strand!
These tears declare how sorrowful
From thee, dear hole, I part;
And all the sweet, endearing ties
That bind a patriot heart.

You stranger shore may cheerfully
Receive my lonely tread,
At Fortune on my future years,
Her serving favours shed;
Or Hope may lend each brighter beam,
And you each brighter smile;
But still my heart well fondly clings
To thee, my parent isle.

And oft when holy evening hour
In tearful silence reigns,
My spirit, borne in fancy's flight,
Shall roam thy lovely plains!
And lingering mid life's early scenes;
To faithful memory dear;
Recalling loves and friendships of
Each long departed year.
Farewell to thee — farewell to thee!
The dimming glooms of night,
That gather round thy torn'd shore,
Have bid thee from my sight!
Farewell! where'er my fate may lead —
What'er that fate may be;
This heart, while warm, my native land,
Will, constant, thirst for thee.

Yet after all this trying change, whether they gain the point, so often searched for, but so seldom found, by many.
For these, — Oh! happiness! our being's end and aim!
God, pleasure, ease, content! whatever they name:
Repos something still which prompts the eternal sigh.
For which we bear to live, or dare to die. —

The merchants here, are very affluent. Love in profuse style, carrying
On extending their dealings with all the habitable parts of the globe. The warehouses near the Heygate, are perhaps the highest in
The largest in the kingdom; many of them been, eight, ten, seven
Twelve stories high, with equal extent. Of proportions in other directions

In one of my walks along this neighborhood, not been noted for
The best of its inhabitants, I was met by a fat, lively, frail one;
In an instant whisked me up in her arms & carried me a few
Yards along the street, in spite of my best endeavours, and
Most earnest entreaties to let me down: this was somewhat a
Meditated prank on me, for I found before I approached where
She & some sailors & others stood, that they were bent on some
Fun, by their laughing & dancing her to do a something, but
little than 100 I report, I was their object 18 ainst, I took in all
in good part & left them to enjoy the fresh, which they must doubt-
ly got. This place is certainly a fine 18 town, 18 though I have
seen a considerable number before, yet I have never seen so
peculiarly interesting a variety, 18 some that I like better or as well
for whatever direction you take, you must 18 cannot but be struck
with the multitude of fine public buildings & other picturesque ob-
jects which every where attract your attention. The town itself stretches
down the northern bank of the river Mersey, about three miles 18 on
an average, a mile inland. On the west side of it, are the
Dock, which, with the wharf, warehouses, be erected in an in-
numerable range along the river, forming a remarkable feature in
the town. These Docks were the first receivers 18 harbours con-
structed in England, for the accommodation of merchandise, 18
consist at present from eight to ten in number. On the shore
or north side, which is elevated, the town is prolonged into
numerous suburbs, consisting of villas & country houses, the retreat
or residence of the wealthy retainers. The more ancient streets are
narrow 18 well built, but those erected in later years, are much
wider, & some of them even elegant, 18 the greater part been well
lighted. The houses which are generally handsome, are built of brick,
covered with slates, imported from north Wales. The many public
buildings are both splendid & richly decorated! Among which is the
Town Hall, Exchange, Custom House, &c. The former is a spacious 18 magni-
ficient edifice, it occupies three sides of a quadrangle; the town hall
forming the fourth, 18 is esteemed among the finest specimens of grecian
architecture in Britain, 18 perhaps the most splendid structure ever
raised in modern times for purposes purely commercial. 18 which of-
fers every accommodation for the dispatch of business. They were erected
in 1833, the area enclosed by the fronts of these buildings 18 the town-
hall is 194 feet by 118, containing upwards of 35,000 square feet,
being more than twice the area of the London Exchange. In the centre of its area is adorned with a superb group of bronze statuary, supposed to be the largest in England, & is in commemoration of the Death of the gallant Lord Nelson. Liverpool contains from ten to fifteen churches, but none of them particularly striking, excepting that of St. Pauls, which is a miniature imitation of the great St. Pauls in London. One chiefly of cast iron which I have not yet been able to visit. The places of public amusements in this all strong town, correspond with the enlightened taste and general liberality exercised by its rich inhabitants.

6th May. This morning as usual I went down to see if the ship was nearly ready for sailing, but as it always happens, they generally report several days before it can possibly take place, as it was to my surprise now, as they say they cannot any way be ready before three or four days more. At this period of waiting news, I went in search of some refreshment; I had very nearly taken my passage in a handsome small brig for St. John, New Foundland. Thinking that I might be again shamed those for a ship to New York, I put up with the present disappointed stay; & spent much of my time at the Exchange House, where I had the handsome & kind offer, to go when ever I liked, in searching in quest of the yet uncertain parts, more particularly to the upper suburbs of the town, called Everton, which is chiefly composed of private handsome dwellings & a noble broad winding public terrace, on whose great elevation, gives the eye an extended horizon commands one of the finest & interested marine & land views in the kingdom, comprehending the town & shipping, the Estuary of the Mersey, the Sea far out from land, the level surface of Lancashire as far as the eye can trace the prospect, with part of Chester, the high broken raggy hills of Wales towards the south & south west, to north-east, the far distant towering mountains of Cumbrian land, whose cloud-capped summits are lost in imaginative distances.
Here I often sat in happy reserved for hours; I am used myself on the sublime scene that lay before me, X; when the time of listing I wear my hat, or the hour of movement for midland I hasten down from this dazzling height X entered again with double rest and pleasure, amongst the all busy striving throng.

1st May. The morning was again fine. X soon began to be oppressible heat as was yesterday; after spending a few hours at my general rendezvous, among the ships X shortly, I went up towards Exeter in search of an account of a stone building, where the inmates made X sold Xaffy X long renewed for its excellence. I soon came up to its station X having purchased a fare share, which I approved of much. I continued my stroll a some distance on the Exeter ridge, when I came up to the east from Church of St. George's, where I stayed my walk for some time, to observe X examine the rare X extraordinary outlines: it is certainly an object of considerable architectural interest for its style, X as having been one of the first cast from Church erected in the kingdom. The whole of the frame work of the windows, door, pillars, spires, roofs, pulpit, X ornamental engravings, are of cast iron. The length is 110 feet; the breadth 47 feet. It is ornamented by a splendid cast window of stained glass. The tower, raised to the height of 95 feet, X standing on a hill, the site of an ancient sea-beacon, is elevated 545 feet above high water mark. X likewise commands a similar venue to that described from the terrace. But while the iron work, used about the building, they had left firm, X The solitary Grave, guarded, for the body snatchers or resurrectionists, had lately been here at work, causing much hue Xery X gave birth to the following pathetic ballade:

"Twas in the middle of the night,
X The sleek young William died,
Where Mary's ghost came stealing in,
X X stood at his bed side."

O William Dear! O William Dear!
My rest eternal ceases,
That my everlasting peace
Is driven into pieces.
I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But though I went to my long home
I vow to stay long in it.
The body snatchers they have come,
And made a sneak at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be.
You thought that I was beard deep,
Raste scent like and heavy;
But from her grave in MaryBone
They're come and bore off MaryBone.
The arm that used to take your arm
To tack to Dr. Vyne;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.
I vow that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us noneal;
You'll find it there at Dr. Bell's.
In spirits and a phial.
As for my feet, the little fat
You used to call so pretty,
There's one I know in Bed ford Row,
The other's in the city.
I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Cartier can;
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up.
Be go by Richford's man.
I wish you'd go to Mr. Pe,
And save me such a note;
I don't half like the outside place,
They're too hot for my inside.
The clock it swears — I must be gone!
My Willam we must part!
But I'll be your's in death, although
Her sisterly has my heart.
Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be;
They haven't left an atom there,
of my soul and me.

This gave much amusing chat around & though a cruel and disagreeable action to those alive, yet when taken in its proper light, is absolutely necessary & not so wrong in a Christian & moral point of view, as is generally & naturally thought of. — Towards the afternoon this town was visited by an awful storm of thunder & lightning, & again more in the evening, accompanied with tremendous rain, when having spent its furious ingredients, it passed away, & the weather became fine & the sky clouded & serene.

9th May — The weather to day is quite changed & even chilly to the feelers; indeed our English climate is very trying & too often gives the wintry months, intervals of fine & genial weather, & shows the promise of approaching spring, when as suddenly a gloomy change takes place, & as its beautifully expresses by the poet, — "Winter lingering chills the lap of May." —

By 12 o'clock, I had the extreme gratification of seeing the Ship Thomas move from her long stationed berth, from out of Hicks Dock, & in the course of an hour, hanging at her best lower anchor, in the midway stream of the Mersey, opposite the town. I went on board afterwards, but found they had not yet cleared out from the custom I was requested to be all ready for tomorrow.

9th May — This morning I was sent word to, that the ships boat
would come on shore for us, about noon, at which time I was proceeding with all willing haste down, accompanied by the all official Porter and doctor's mate, when the truly welcome sound, met us, of some along, masts, the boats just off.

"For look! the tide now ebbs, the shal — splash of waves.

I leave the rapid and long frequent scene.

My present hope — I must if not be soon!"

Too soon, my friends to press your hands again.

I and several of the passengers, were soon seated in her 87 by ten minutes pull, we were safe on board the Thomas, the Captain soon followed by finding all right, gave the deliberating word of command, to hear anchor, make sail, which we all readily adjusted. In less than a quarter of an hour, we had the anchor a-weigh, Number say sail, down to the powder magazine, near the mouth of the river, where we again brought up, and anchored for the next falling tide. The Captain,-self, with two or three others went on shore on the Cheshire side, which is rather hilly, & barren, where we extended our walk for some distance inland, three or four miles in search of some eggs, which we succeeded after entering several cottages, in obtaining an ample supply, & then returned on board after having good share of fun. — The Captain soon obliged to return to Liverpool, he ordered the boat to be there by 6 o'clock to fetch him back. At the appointed time, the slate, with three men & myself, in the jolly boat, set off, & in the course of an hours pull, we landed at the docks. The message was, that he would be with us, by 8 o'clock, but that time, 9, 10, we even 11 struck before we heard any more things; at last a person came & said, that if the Captain was not there in another half-hour, we were to set off, & he would follow in another boat. We were all by this time rather fresh; the fault of us all, or almost one, & by the half-hour was spent, we got into the boat & had a very heavy sea to steer against, when about half-way down, a steam boat, from Liverpool, the first that ever came up, met us, & passed us with a woman-rous noise, putting us in bodily fear & nearly returning us down.
at the same time. The night was dreadfully dark & we shouted the ship Thomas several times over, but receiving no answer for minutes at last we heard a faint voice & soon found that we had got be low & half a mile. If the boatswain's yard had not then been up the Sever, we must have drifted or saved ourselves, out to sea, as the tide was nearly at its height. After a long & hard pulling, the mate plying in making the ship, about 1 o'clock in the morning, at which time the Captain also made his appearance. He came to about 2 o'clock to receive, when all hands were called in deck to leave anchor. Best says it was soon out of its wet earthy bed & the canvas was spread to the fair courting breeze, which soon wafted us from the high adjoining shores, into the blue ocean deep.

More own sweet home! and is it so, that I must part from the, its weary wanderer, far away in foreign climes to be, its lonely solace, love and sad, without one bosom friend to cheer me, as our snow-capped Hills my devoured way I wend? Yet though a weary wanderer then, through trackless paths of, in search of Nature's glorious works, led on by Hope, I go, still there is one sustaining thought, where or I choose to roam, the that I yet once more may tread the shores, mine own sweet home, most of us, now retired to our berths, where the hardy beating seas took their turn at the wheel & at their watch.

10th May — Rise early by the break of day, for I was no better for my bed, the morning quite neglected Captain, having forgot to purchase a nightcap & blanket for me, which he was to find, & promised faithfully to attend to; in his hurry, he said it had entirely left his mind, willfully or not, I cannot say. When I went on deck I looked hastily for the land, but found wherever I cast my wistful eye nothing but one expansive sheet of watery main, extending all around. Those glorious mirror, when the Almighty's form...
11th May — This morning the hatches, anchors, boats, &c. &c.
were all lashed B made ready for sea, as the Captain informs us that we have cleared the land of fair Ireland, so now we are out to sea, sailing smoothly towards Columbus' land, on the horizon which we have to go upwards of 1000 miles. Our little Vessel composed our universe. What a vast field of meditation! to find one's self alone, during a month or six weeks, on the vast ocean, without any other shelter than the immense expanse of the heavens, on a floating stone, B separated only, by a frail plank from the vorticity of the Sea Monsters, B an unfathomable abyss!... What an element our daring courage has conquered! What advantages have we not derived from it! pth, how great is man, how sublime are his efforts, how admirable the success with which they are crowned.

The wind continued still favourable for some days, with only a slight heaving of the blue deep, yet notwithstanding, most of the passengers were very sea sick, B myself, likewise squawking for the first eight forty hours, when I soon recovered of its deadly B annoying effects, which I think I chiefly got rid of sooner by helping much and frequently on deck, which the fine weather further enabled, both by day & night, mixed, it is impossible to conceive on land how much fine weather is enjoyed at sea B advisable to be on deck, both for your own comfort B that of others as frequent as possible. When rain falls it makes the decks slippery as grease, but the salt water has quite the contrary effect Rain water, steeped into a saltpetre in a day or two becomes perfect, but soon purifies itself B if drawn off becomes sweet & wholesome. Beds, as is already the case with soundboard at the Grope B die—Such amiral flinched up so B, but sheep again loose flesh rapidly—while horses B sometimes Cattle that are lying in slings in the hold of the ship, they are of course much bruised about B do not well.

16th May, It fell here in sight B soon after we hailed each other, she was bound to England, last from the West Indies, stood again on our respective courses B were quickly out of sight. This meeting of ships on the wide ocean, is certainly one of the most gratifying & interesting events that is possible to conceive B enjoy:

Where sweeps the wind, or swells the wave, our vessel, glad the view,
The wondering savage marks their decks, and stays his swift canoe.
The Greenlander forges his sledge to watch each distant sail
Pass, like a spirit of the deep, beneath the moonlight pole.
Oh, waves, that love your cottage homes! oh, winds that love the
And youths, in whose firm, fearless limbs, a free-born grace is seen,
Give honour to the noble ships, that fame of freedom loud,
And bid your songs of gratitude from hill and vale ascend.

What horrors of the midnight storm our reckless seamen see:
Then thunder rattles overhead, & bellows plunge below;
Then howls the long-furious blast, like some funereal strain,
And fast and far the vessel drives along the dreadful wave.

Slow off the cannon of the foe hath struck their dauntless breast,
While ye smiled by the social fire, or found the balm of rest.

Then ye had closed your doors in peace, and home's sweet pleasures,
And deep'd your songs of gratitude to those who braved the sea,
Almost your harvest fields, oh, bid this earnest prayer prevail:
"God guard the ships of England, or whatever sea they sail!"

The chief of the day time was spent in walking deck, chatting, and
In frequent firing at a mark, with my gun & pistols, that I brought
With me, in which some of us, after constant practice, became
Good shots & none the afraid of meting a Yankee rifle, aim.

The evenings likewise fled away, sometimes with a cheerful game of cards,
And frequently added with a capital, jovial song, which the
Mate, who had formerly been a lieutenant in the Navy, noted
For ever ready in giving, & whose choirs were well kept up by the
Parley, encircled round the sparkling & exhilarating glass. The weather
Had so far been uncommonly fine, & the parting toon, each day had
Given us a pleasing hope! in spite of another forth coming morrow,
This bright hemisphere, when about setting at sea, is a grand & magnificent
Object; he then appears sheer of his beams, & may be spotted
By the naked eye for any length of time, without any experiencing
a single painful sensation of that delicate organ. When he sinks below the
horizon, he looks like a huge sphere of burning gold. The fiery elements all around, seem as if on fire by the vivid reflections of his rays.

How glorious is the setting sun! With spotty disc, and halo bright,
With final gleam almost seen,
Do subdue a world in darkest night!
With more than regal royalty
Ye seem to poto along his way,
All things to him drew loyalty—
For all things smile beneath his sway!

20th May. About noon, a few miles to the north of us, on our starboard bow, somewhat to our far, a Water-spirit; its appearance bad that of a vivid yellowish thick fluid, tapering on its descent, 10 proceeding from the cloud above to join the sea. It seemed perfect stationary & in the course of half an hour, we were out of its reach of its appalling dangers. They are supposed to arise from the power of electricity, though the event, is undoubtedly one of the causes, but it will not account for every appearance connected with them; for they are often seen as was the case now, in calm weather, when the sea seemed to boil. Round up a smoke under them, rising in a sort of hell towards the spirit. It scrambling noise is frequently heard at the time of their appearance, which happens generally in the summer months, particularly subject to thunder storms, & they are commonly accompanied or followed by lightning. When one of these approach a ship, they are considered highly dangerous to the sailors. If they have a great gun on board, generally fire its contents at its watery substance, which if they are lucky enough to hit, frequently disperses its destructive column; Pelorus, describes it thus,—

When from the left approaching they desire
Let liquid column, towering, shoot on high.
The foam, base an angry whirlwind receiv'd
Where curling billows raise the fearful decks.
Still round, round and round the fluid vortex flies
Scattering far night and horror through the skies.

The swift solution, and the enormous train,
Set sages versed in Nature's love explain
The horrid apparition still draws nigh
And while west from the clashing waves fly—
The guns were primed—The vessel northward flew—
Till her black battery on the column bears—
The netre fired—and while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the slumbering air around
The watery volume trembling to the sky
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high
Unaffrighted surge, receding as it fell—
Filling in hills disclosed the abyss of hell.
But soon, this transient inundation o'er—
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.

25th May—The last few days, we have had rather boisterous Swinden
Winds prevailing to the west of by north, & west of by south, which is rather
against us, & have made but little head-way. How during the time, several
Shoals of Bespises & the Stormy Petrel, better known as the seamen term
them, by the name of Surgeon's Mate or Master Carey's Chickens; it is not large
or than a swallow. & its caudal is entirely black, except the forest of
the tail itself, & the vent feathers, which are white. The legs are long & slender.
These birds are found in most seas, particularly in the Atlantic, at great distance
from the land, where it braves the utmost fury of the storm, sometimes shorn
ning with increasable velocity along the billows of the wave, or sometimes over
that broken summits: it is also an excellent diver, & often follows vessels
to pick up any thing that is thrown overboard; but its appearance is al
ways looked upon by the harry mariner, as the mere passage of stormy seas.

Then on the course of eight & forty hours. It seems frequently to ask
for justification from the fury of the wind, in the wake of the vessel; & very
probably it is for the same reason, that it often swims along between two
sages:—its the clouds began to fly aloft much faster. & the wind to in-
crease, all was made snug for the coming night. the appearances,
all grown now not been the most pleasing.

26th May—Last night was all very tempestuous, & the stormy little
Petrel promonties were but too true; for by noon, it blew a perfect
...the sea now rising mountains high: in its furious course it shung our main top mast, the cap, & upper most board set by planks, just below the main shrouds; for three to four yards in length leaving the canoe of ship Thomas in a most uneasy and doubtful, and forlorn state.

The great waves sinking in政策's langs play:
its ice flakes part beneath the mont used way.

The ship laying thus in the trough of the sea, while we saw no water on deck, the damage done: but on each succeeding roll, we shipped many heavy waves, & at the same time, we found to our discomfort, that she was making water fast; indeed, to some extent, as we each had to apply ourselves vigorously and almost constantly at the pumps.

They sound the well and, terrible to hear!
Five feet down a place the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clashing brake,
And turn by turn the ungrateful office take.

Thus we continued through the day in much suspense, doubt, and commotion, not knowing when the storm would cease or whether she would weather it through. The little Arctic was our only companion or comforter; at all along was seen, perpetually sending down flying through the cheerless, boisterous day, over the heaving, trackless waste of waves, over the rolling, breaking billows, of which it seemed to shine, quite at ease in seeming perfect security.

Thus...

A thousand miles from land are we,

Is flying about on the roaring sea;

Beneath the bounding cast,

Like fleety snow on the stormy blast.

The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,

The strong waves, like quivering reeds,

The mighty cables, and even chains,

The hill, which all earthily strength dismayed

Thus strain and they clash, and hearts like stone

Their natural hard proud strength possess...
Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy Petrel finds a home—it is, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen sea,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to their spring
To rise o'er the waves on their stormy wing!
O'er the deep! O'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish sleep.
Outflying the blast, and the driving rain,
The Petrel tells her tale, in vain;
For the mariner seeth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storms unseen!
Ah! thus doth the prophet, of good or ill,
Must heer from the creatures he seeth still;
Yet he ne'er faileth:—So, Petrel! spring!
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

Towards the midnight watch, the gale had so far subsided, that
half of the crew were ordered to turn in, while the rest watch
ed the yet troubled sea, which ran far above the mast head,
during its late grand, troubled heave. After having stayed up
some hours on deck, keeping the Captain company, I likewise
went below & was soon fast a sleep; but, not so the other poor
Passengers, for they were still, both suffering from fright & thirst.

27th May.—The morning broke out with a much cheerier prospect,
As by noon the wind was gone, & sea had nearly gone down, &
He towards evening. It had completely died away, and

"Not a ripple disturbed the wave serene,"
All around was perfect glassy calm, & the Ship Thomas lay motion
less, with her head varying to all points of the Compass. In

night a slight breeze sprung up from the North West, which again enabled us to stand on our course. There storms, sea, etc., are certain by wonderful, as they are singular; but, the winds are still more mysterious, to us frail mortal beings!

These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain men knew.

For, we come! we come! and ye feel our might,
As we're hastening on our boundless flight,
And over the mountains, and over the sea,
Our broad, unwavering pinions spread,
Like the spirit of liberty, wild and free!
And ye look on our works, and even on us,
Ye call us the winds; but can ye tell
Whether we go, or where we dwell?

We mark as we vary our forms of power,
And felt the forest, and fan the flames
When the have bell moves, and the rush is bent,
When the lover's serenity, and the oak is sent,
As we waft the bark, or the slumbering wave,
Or hurry its crew to a watery grave;
And ye say it is we? but can ye trace
The wandering winds to their secret place?
And whether our breath be loud and high,
Or come in a soft and balmy sigh,
Our threatenings fill the soul with fear,
Our gentle whisperings was the ear
With music sweet, still to me.

And ye list and ye look; but what do ye see?
Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace,
Or when one note, when our number cease?
Our dwelling is in the allmighty's hand;
We come and we go at his command.
Though joy or sorrow may mark our track,
This well is our guide, and we seek not back;
And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away,
Let even an gentlest airs to play.
Then lift up your hearts to him who binds,
Or frees, as he will, the obedient Winds!

28th May—The weather was now all severe & pleasant, which enabled the poor jack tars, to right themselves & get their cloths & pockets dry & comfortable again: they are certainly a lively & jolly set of beings that it is possible to be found, in this creation. An eminent writer has justly asserted that “Man who resides in ships, & whose home is on the waste of waters, must have an interest apart from their fellow beings, because their pains are so manifold & their ways of life, so antinomy. Indeed, when we consider the various & arduous duties of a seaman, the dangers to which he is perpetually exposed, the new scenes, & new faces that he continually encounters, the trying difficulties he experiences when thrown on his own resources, after from his native land, we cannot but contemplate his career with an eye of peculiar interest, self gratification, & curiosity. It is to these sage philosophers, as so to one, that we owe the sea mans of avoiding to whistle in a storm, because it will increase the wind; of whistling for the wind, in a calm; of mending the hoar, shoes on to the main & others places, to prevent the power of wind on board; of mending a fair wind to the starboard & East. I have some half score more of such whims and oddities:

Round the changed bowl the sailors form a ring,
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing;
Its love or battle, hardships of the man,
Or grand inure, awake the homely strain.
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

At one of our shooting days, one of the Crew had a very narrow
escape of been wounded or drowned, as he was coming up from the Farnacle on deck, the ball hitting & glancing off the iron rails of the anchor-stock, which whirred past his head into the sea. He only said, what now, & the laugh
became general; but not so merrily & genially, a notion time, passed among themselves, saving to one of the head. Apprentice boys, been terribly threatened & driven
in a pitched battle, hardened on by the rest of the crew, by a sturdy sculler, insensible Welshman, who vehemently refused to have anything to do with him; but having been pushed about much & at last struck, he said coolly, if you must have it, you must, at which he pressed at him a terrific blow, sending him headlong over & closed upon him. Would I
do doubt have nearly annihilated his slender, over excelling frame, had I not among the rest, have interfered & put a stop to his now, high-minded Welsh
bloom. Indeed they could not expect anything else from him, from their past nonsensical conduct, such as beating upon his head, hustling him about, crying out, blase, like a Goot, &c. &c. Of course, if they were not fools, they would apprehend & resolved, ever long, a corresponding reaction, for, -- "The worm will turn when trodden on, and enem will pick."

29th May. -- The Royal Oak day, & though we did not see any of its pleasing emblems, we had the high gratification for several hours during the fore-part of the night, of beholding one of the beauties of the heavens, the meteor-dance or Northern Lights, in all its various characteristics; though I believe it is considered for the most beautiful & brilliant in the countries in the high northern latitudes. For I well remember the lines on this subject:

By dancing meteors, then, that wend, and shake
A waving flame reflected o'er the heavens.
A roved moon, and stars that beam & play
With double lustre from the glory west;
Or in the depth of polar night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase.
Our guide their saving steps to Finland's fair.

Yet what we saw here was certainly very brilliant & striking, a large luminous arch, extending a considerable space in the heavens, which was at intervals broken, & these threw darkness.
from it, towards the zenith, strong flashes & streaks of bright red, & other colours, similar to what appears in the atmosphere during a great fire. & for several hours the atmosphere was as light in the south-west, as if the sun had set but half an hour; & the light in the north resembled the starry twilight which marks that part of the horizon at midsummer. Thompson writing on the Aurora borealis, & other meteors, says, ---

Silent from the north

A blaze of meteors shoots, answering first
The lower ones, they all at once converge
High to the azure of heaven, and all at once
Disappearing quick, as quickly re-appear,
And mix and thicken, extinguish and re-appear,
All other coursing in a maze of light.

These splendid meteors are generally considered as the result of the combination of the two powers of magnetism & electricity. They are chiefly visible in cold weather; & are usually of a reddish
colour, inclining to yellow, & sends out frequent emissions
of pale light, which seem to rise from the horizon in a pyramidal
configuration, shooting with great velocity up to the
zenith. ---

High quiet ring in the air, as shadows fly
The northern lights adorn the azure sky
Dazzling by superior blaze, the stars move
And hear no vast concave gleams with sporting fire
Soft blazing in the east, the orange hue
The crimson, purple, and ethereal blue
From a rich exalt, by floating clouds upheld
High power in air, with awful mystery, well's
From whose dark entries, with unceasing roll
High emissions gild the glowing pole
Their varied hue slow wandering o'er the sky
Eclipse the splendor of the setting sun
Shine, in quick succession o'er the sky
From the stars antire far diverging fly.
10th May — The weather been uncommonly warm, the sea very smooth with hardly a breath of air to ruffle its glassy surface. 18 one of the Irish cabin passengers agreed to have a swim in its clear blue & inviting bosom, as was our intention these last few days, only for a shark, who was seen hovering & lurking about. The cast lots, who was to go in first, it fell to his turn. Then he went, but before he had hardly swam the distance of ten yards, an unexpected breeze sprung up abrift, which continued only for a few minutes, giving the ship head-way through the water, causing the rope at the same time, which was tied around his neck, to slip to the water. 18 then, falling exhausted, he was again deal exhausted, 18 cut with the rope. 18 not very far from not been well frightened. The shark was seen a few hours afterwards.

18th May — This morning we were again showed by a rather ship appearing in the horizon; in the course of the noon, we were nearly abreast of each other, with signals flying to leave the 18 to speak: ours been the largest ship & the complement as usual was given of taken by our Captain to hail first, which saluting or accosting a ship, is usually performed with a speaking trumpet; the first expression is how, the ship shows, to which she answers hollow; then follow the requisite questions and replies, &c. She was from America B bound for England, B had only left the Newfoundland Banks, two days before, so we are not far off, these new wished for closer. — Time hanging rather heavy. Having ever same active vessel employment, I set about taking my watch entirely to pieces B cleaning her, as I did one of the passengers, B made it go, quite cleanly, B besides a few of pistoles, never having seen either of them, how put together; B for which I had nothing, but my Penknife B a part of Cabin Songs, as tools to assist me in accomplishing, so nice B own critical pieces of mechanism. The chief of the day had been calm & smooth, and nothing seemingly to obstruct the near and far distant glassy sea so to draw our attention to its having undulations, when
suddenly a little after noon, a man a lofty, perceived—
approaching near the lofty stern,
two ship of sportive dolphins he discerned
from beneath i scales they seem reflectant says.
Till all the glowing ocean seems to glaze.

All was now beastie to commotion to get the harpoons, hooks,
and baits ready, for the ensuing exhilarating sport;

soon to the swift of death we all repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in resounding manners wheels along,
And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong
When soon, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attains—
Unerring aim'd the mis-shield weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.

In upturning points his ponderous bolt sustain
As such he struggles with convulsive pain,
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And fleeting life escapes in sanguine galls.
What radiant changes strike the astonished sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gilds the lurid west
With parting beams all o'er profusely widespread.
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal heaven
When orient dews inpearl the opaline's lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion glow.
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow—
Now in pelucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue—
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye—
And now assume the purple's deepest dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray—
What turns of art can nature's powers display?
After inspecting this beautiful and singular fish, for some time, we again committed it, to its own element.

1st June—To-day we caught a fine steady breeze from the north west, continued throughout the night, the weather was very much more chilly, expect to be in ideal water, by tomorrow said.

2nd June—Early with the expectation of soon having the pleasure of seeing some fishing vessels on the Banks, at their daily toil. As the usual weather was just the same as yesterday, 6 about noon running their own knots an hour, we had the high gratification of making these long wished for banks of Newfound land, at about 200 miles off the main land, which when you are first nearing you always are surprised by the constant duns cry, which hardly admits of your seeing but escaping at intervals. A ship's length, the sea turning to a dead lined green colour, & the weather also excessively cold. Five hours more sail, I copied first with my favourite Hollars style, a number of Yankee schooners or Bankers as they are termed, of about 150 tons burden, laying at anchor fishing for Cod. We were soon up 18 amongst them, lowered our boat and boarded one of them; 18 for a couple of bottles of rum & a church of beef, we got the boats bottom nearly filled with them. They were soon on the fire 18 as quickly on the cabin's table, where we found half of them eager by 18 they tasted as excellent, as they were plentiful; 18 that indeed now more particularly, as we have lately fallen short of all the lighter useful provision, like peaches, such as tea, coffee, sugar, butter 18 even potatoes, which was no doubt saving in great measure to the ship's crew, scarcity supply. First laid in 18 of allowing of the wasteful waste of extravagance made of them, by the women 18 her ten children, who no doubt was great. Coming with the Captain, 18 had full indulgence to do as he did most like, which was generously, almost doubly, galling 8 seeing affair; 18 to make it worse, the beef, pork, 8 biscuits, we're almost all, past eat. 18 had but seldom of late been partaken of: the first bare as had 8 tough, the second so greasy 8 fat, 18 the third, having so plentiful a supply of tremendous maggots, half an inch or more in length; 18 had we not, ever and anon, have killed, a half stared soot or two, we should have been as nearly, half famished. For those same days
we certainly luxuriated on this fresh meat, which although not fully hard, tough, &stringy, was thought by us all, very good.

change of food at any rate from the curdled horse-beef, that we served up all most daily, where none better could then be found. & even these are about the ending of them. Yet as things were arranged as far, we shut our eyes to the rest of the worst. As kept never heeding: though the Captain was most reprehensible for such bad conduct, it wellfret neglect, in not finding a fair stock of provisions for his crew & passengers.

The great bank of Newfoundland, may probably be termed a great mountain under the water. It is not less than 330 miles in length, 1230 miles in breadth. The depth of the water ranges from 15 to 60 fathoms. The bottom is covered with an ample quantity of shells, frequented by immense shoals of small fish, most of which serve as food to the cod, which are innumerable & numerous, & voracious. What this bank is so chiefly valuable for, is the great fisheries of cod carried on upon these shoals, where it is calculated that Great Britain & the United States employ annually 3000 sail of small craft, on board of which 100,000 men are employed, & in a year's time, 50,000,000 pounds of the fish are exported by a line of boats. It is nearly in an equal plenty along the shores of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New England, & Cape Breton. During the day we passed a great number of these fine seaboat vessels & their hardy industrious crews, engaged so actively & constantly in pulling up their voracious & welcome fishy produce.

3rd June — The day was fine, & settled, & the breeze much the same, going through the water, about seven knots an hour.

Over the smooth bosom of the faithful's tide,
Rippl'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
We all, excelling, felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confined.

Many of the same kind of vessels in sight. About the wind led to the main-top-sail was hoisted aback & the ship lay to, for a short time to enable us to fish, before we road the bank. And on five fathoms, soon had our lead-lines set, each having two other
hocks to them, near to the lower end, at which there was a heavy weight to sink it down close to the bottom where the fish all lay in one close compact body. The hocks are baited either with a piece of raw meat, fish, or a slice of red flannel, &c., to which they voraciously swallow, in quick succession, indeed almost as fast as we could pull them up to return it to them. The way is to let the line pass easily through your hand, till you have felt the line gently pulled, at which notice you may begin to pull hand over hand, in many speed, for there is seldom a doubt, but that you have hooked one or more of these myriads of fishes. We caught between twenty to thirty, &c., if the wind had not spiring fresh & fair, we might have obtained tons of them, in a very day.

6th June — On this day cleared the banks & now take our departure, a fresh from their cold & thick atmosphere, having now gained more than our heavy outward passage. This been similar to crossing the Line, as the jolly tars say, for a bet of loss & few, Daisyrechter is reported to be coming on board, in the course of a few days to pay his respects to those Passengers that have never had that honour before. Of course much talk & great preparation.

6th June — The day was promising, with a fine shining sun, but so uncommonly & betterly so'd, that we could hardly walk the deck, and more guessing of sea's cause, till about midday, when we bore in sight of a vast mountain of Ice, with several detached pieces, floating steadily to the southward; as we kept approaching it during the day, & the whole of the period in passing this Iceberg, we found the air for several miles around, excessively cold & piercing, so much so, that we could hardly without keen feelings of pain to our faces, look at it, close over the ship's sides, but was obliged to muzzle them up, & keep more on deck.

Thus, in the Atlantic, off the sailor eyes, While melting in the reign of softer sheen, Some sth. of Ice, from polar regions blown, Kail the glad influence of a warmer zone.
The frozen ships attempt a gales supply;
In cooling stream the aerial billows fly;
While Delphias from the scorching heat
In gentler tides the feverish pulse beat.

When we came within the nearest distance, in our direct course
which was not more than a quarter of a mile off, though it looked
not more than one hundred yards,
Such was the floating island, when approaching night.

From this distance we had a distinct and grand view of this stately
vast mountain of ice & its various, glittering colours, which
was greatly enhanced by the salinated rays of the sun, which
kept casting out & imitating the colours of the emerald, the ruby,
& all the rich tints of the Rainbow, in rapid succession;
while the clear blue waves of the Atlantic, were seen rushing up its stately sides, with great impetuosity of height.

Then as suddenly returning headlong, foaming into its own troubled deep.
The iceberg at its base with the surface of the sea, would not cover less than
three or four acres of ground, & it towering so much above our masts.
I have no doubt in my own mind, that it exhibited above the sea,
a front all around, of at least, three hundred feet or upwards in height,
most probably from its huge size & weight, of five times of
that in depth in the water. I think it is here not only necessary, but
sensibly to mention, that while we were passing or doubling this
Ice Hill, it was the height of summer months.

If such is its cold attractions in the balmy season of the year, what a region of
cold must it be, on the arrival of barren winter, with his nipping
blasts & cold. I must needs really stop to say, that I truly sympatheze with these noble, daring hardymen & whale prosecuted of the
regions of the north. In the course of the afternoon, we had passed safely
through the whole of this detached floating field of ice, though not with
out some fear & danger. A little deviation from our night course,
we found several of the smaller pieces, when surrounding them, were
attached & united together under the water, yet their elevated crests
were at the same time several yards a half.
1st June — The weather already somewhat warmer, with a fair sea becoming. We astern us cheerfully through the water, at eight knots an hour. —

Well southward now the increasing breeze near,
Each clouded incipient on their wings appear.
The thirty canvas, all around supplied,
Still makes us unquench'd the full sail of tune.

From the northward a number of Buffle nose spermwhales, species of
The whale, come rushing down towards us kept playing their spouting gambol for some time around us, & at intervals disappearing in the deep, stopping the water with their fiery tails, with a powerful stroke, making a perfect deck sink suddenly, which when they come again to the surface, they made all sound with their breathing & despairing the watery main for 1200, on all directions.

Some of them came within fifty to a hundred yards off the ship, but one in his wonted race, came up close by a passer just under the stern, when I got a good view of his shape & all powerful dimensions, I welcomed him on his hurried passage, with two of my pistol balls, which I delivered directly down upon him. He doubt hit his huge monstrous frame, but with what real effect I am not able to say, for he was head downward instantly into the fathomless sea. A foot away sporting his daily gambols.

8th June — The wind continues in the same suspicious quarter; but we are afraid it will soon alter for the worse, as a shoal of sperm whales have reached us in their rapid course, during several parts of the day —

At troop of sperm whales course explore;
In evening creeps they gambol on the side,
New born aloft, now down the bellow glide.
Their tracks while the heavy waves restrain,
That beam in sparkling trails along the main.
Their fleeting course on the fancy race,
When threatening clouds the ethereal vault deface,
Their route toeward still vagarious form,
To sheer the pury of the approaching storm.

By 11 o'clock the wind had shipped round a head, with every appearance from the clouds swift rising a loft, of a forth coming gale: took in sail immediately and made all snug for the night.

But see! in confusion borne before the blast,
Clounds roll'd on clouds, the dusky night o' west.
The blackening ocean calves; the winds arise; and the dash seed in swift succession flies. While the swelling canvas bends the masts on high, low in the wave the leeward cargo lie. The sailors now, to give the ship relief, reduce the top-sails by a single reef. Each lofty yard with shakeen's courage reels, battle the moaning blocks and raging wheels. Down the tall masts the top-sails sink again; and, soon reduced, assume their post again.

2nd June— I rose this morning rather early & soon going on deck, saw nothing but a troubled sea of waters, with a heavy gale fast increasing. The ship was got instantly under suitable canvas, with close reefs top-sails, &c. to meet its coming rage. By noon it had began to blow tremendously, when soon after, it spurring our fore-top-mast & uppercapps head, N splitting our main top-sail into a hundred pieces; this was a sad accident, at this critical moment, but they were luckily, after much difficulty, R tried, made secure for the present. Amidst all this trouble & scene, R danger, the pumps were well & constantly attended to, for the ship leaked fearfully. R not one on board, but took his spell of work especially the harry and willing tar:—

The crew, though harry'd long with toils severe, still at their pumps perceive no hazards near. Shall we, incautious, then, the danger tell, & once their courage and their hope to quell? Futility forbids! This northern tempest soon may change its quarter with the changing moon: Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside, For into mountains lash the winds so fierce. These leaks shall then decrease; the sails once more direct our course to some relieving shore.

Thus while the mate spoke, around from man to man At either pump a hollow murmured ran.
For while the rebel, through unnumber'd chinks, 
above, below, its invading waters drank, 
bounding her depth, they eyed the wetted scale—
and lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail!
Yet in their quest, by terrors unsealed,
they with redoubling force their task pursued.
The storm still kept increasing to its unwelcome height, the whole 
of the day 13th night, with a mountainous sea breaking against 13, over 
us, which frequently raised the ship to the pinnacle of height. Then 
down instantly, to an abyss below; it was almost frightful to look upon.

The flattering wind, that late with promised aid,
From steed on steed's bay th' evilling ship betray'd.
No longer faunan beneath the seas disguise.
But like a seaman on his quay finds.
Dole'd on the tide she felt the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.
As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
Exciteth, prances to the bloody fray,
Shrewing the ground, he glories in his might,
But reeds tumultuous in the shock of fight.
Ev'n so, expansion'd in yovid pride.
The bounding vessel dances on the tide.

Fierce and more fierce the southern tempest blew,
And more incensed the roving waters grew.
The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
And every hope of fairer days is fled.
Bow-lines and haliards are relax'd again;
Blue-lines haul'd & down, and sheets let fly again;
Clee up each topsail, and by braces squared,
The seamen climb aloft on either yard.
They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind
The yard, by rolling tackles then confined.
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain fees,
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he crest.
Prompt to direct the unskillful still appears —
Th' expert he prays, and the fearful theirs.
Now some, to strike top-gallant yards attend,
Some, travellers up the weather-bas'tays send;
At each mast-head the top-ropes others bend.
The youngest sailors from the yards above
Their parcels, lifts, and braces soon remove;
Then toss'd I am end, and to the travellers tied;
Changed with their sails, they down the bas'tays slid.
The yards swing along the booms inclined,
While some the flying cords aloft confine.
Their sails reduced, and all the rigging clear,
While the crew relax from toil severe.
Awhile the spirits, with fatigue oppressed,
In vain expect the alternate hour of rest.
But with redoubled force the tempests blow,
And woeing hell in full succession grow;
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies —
New troubles grow; new difficulties rise.
No season this from duty to descend!
Still hands on seek the eventful hour attend.
His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Shed'st in western clouds his setting ray;
This sceneries fade half lost in ambient haze.
Retreat along the dash a winson wave,
Tell deep immured the languid orb declines;
And now to cheerless night the sky resigns!
Sad evening's hour — how different from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast;
No ray of friendly light is seen around —
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.
Deep midnight now involves the lidded eyes,
While infant breezes from the shore arose.
The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pall glimmer'd o'er the long-promised land.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With flashing meteors o'er the portentous shore.
This in the troubled sky full of forlorn.
Oft seen in a signal of tempestuous gales.

As expressed above, the sun had disappeared some hours, & the moon had also gone down by 11 O'clock, the sky was then overcast with heavy portentous clouds, & all around & beneath, the pitiful was appeared as if yearning for the prey, which they might to soon ingulf.

Why dost thou rage & sea!

Get what young here soon, or leisure drawn into the world unknown?

What human error, or immortal ill
May shake thy white waters, late so still,
Into such anger cast, and unable strive?

The ships crew, were already somewhat exhausted, yet with a shivering exhilarating glass of grog, were again all alive at their watchful post & the whole of them kept the deck, till the dawn of the following day.

As yet, amid this elemental war,

That scatters desolation from afar,
Not toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To send the seamen with unanimous fear.
Though their firm hearts nor gage nor honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post;

He from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spawn.
Though now full of they felt the raging fire
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
No future ills unknown their souls appeal;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all.

But in the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly repose taste,
As short repose alone their thoughts employ,
Their harangue's & powers by slumber to restore.
While I was the rest of the passengers turned into our berths, though few were able to sleep, from the constant recurrence of pitching to 8 feet 10th June — The ship has braved the storm well throughout the severe night & come safely, if nothing worse, to be enabled to ride 9 feet through the high breaking billows, without any danger to herself or her crew; yet I must own, I felt as I kept watching the long day, its frightful rapid motion, that I had some doubtful forebodings within me, as to whether she could weather out the gale. I think of all the sights that I ever beheld, I am sure there is none half so interesting as the sublime, as when you see the waves rising around you, as about to unite their immense columns, rising the little bark that glides along the hollow between them, like a feather borne on the wind through a narrow glen; & it is a delightful sensation to ride in that buoyant vessel, & feel it bound over the liquid mountains, which but a moment before seemed about to burst above its mast & bury it in a deepening gulf. There can be no excitement from emotion, within the reach of man, equal in pleasure to the existing dance of a ship on the restless sea. The eagle, soaring above the storm which spreads fear & desolation on the earth he has quitted; work with a glance not less vivid the swift descent of the lightning; over which he floats secure, might enjoy sublimity of ideas superior could be possessed them; but within human attainment, the extreme limit of intellectual grandeur is to be found only on the troubled deep. A feeling of wild & lovely joy continually rose in your mind as our barkmore onwards, mounting & sinking with unceasing alternation. Not soon took delight in the deep plunge she gave when the waves retired from beneath her heel, & loved to feel the elastic spring she made, when lifted from the green abyss on the back of the succeeding billow. At these moments, all extent of watery waste, hearing & tumbling, as if animated, its clamor gambols, burst upon the eye, & as suddenly disappearing — at one instant we sunk down into a foaming trough, at the next we seemed to leap above the spray, which broke from
the curling summits of the watery skies. This storm had hardly subsided a few hours, than the weather began to be as unsettled as ever. A soon after a terrific squall came on, blowing hurricanes with lightning. Drown; all hands were seated on deck, quick and instant orders given to take in all sail possible, for,—

The ship no longer can her courses bear:
So seek the covers in the Master's care:
The sailors, summon'd aft, a daring band!
Attend the enfolding brails at his command.
Resist here the watchful effects dispute,
Tell skill and judgment prejudice confute.
The captain, whose genious now soar'd beyond
The narrow rules of art he youth had comm'd,
Skill to the beating fury of the wind,
Recalled the sheet, and kept the tack confined:
So long tried, practice obstinately warms,
The doubts correction, it relies on form.
But the sage states this advice declines,
With whom Johnson in opinion gains:

"The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye,
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the seigning cause foretells the effect,
This experience practice ever will reject."
For, fleeting loose in air, the越是 sail
Soon floats to vane in the enormous gale
And he who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embowel the lee yard-arm."
The Master said—obedient to command,
So raise the tack the ready sailors stand.
Gradual it leaves, while the billowing slate,
Well'd by the wind, alight unstifling flew.
The sheet and weather brace they now stand by;
The lee slate, garnet and the bust blue lines play.
Thus all prepared—Let go the sheet! he cries.
Impetuous round the vengeant wheels it flies.
A heading written by hand:

1092

No margin marks.

The text follows:

Standing at first, till by the blast impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas swell'd,
By spilling lines embraced, with their confines,
As lines at length unchoked by the wind.

Be foremast then secured, with equal care,
Again to reef the mainmast they repair.
While some high mounted, overhaul the tie,
Below the down-haul tackle others play.

Jars, lifts, and brails, a seaman each attains,
Along the mast the swelling yard descends.
Then lower'd sufficient, they securely brace
And fix the rolling tackle in its place.

The reef lines and their savages now prepared.
Mounting on pleasant wheels, they man the yard.

Far on the extremes two able hands appear,
Johnson there, the hurry boatwain here,
That in the van to front the tempest hung—
This round the lee yard-arm, ill-somen'd it clung.

Each seizing to its station first they bend,
The reef-hand then along the yard extant.
The rolling savages, round the extremes entwined,
But suit'd end by inner turns their bend.
From hand to hand the reef lines next received,
Through eyelet-holes and robbin-legs were recur,
The reef in double folds involved they lay,
Stem the firm cord, and either end belay.

Whilst we were thus reining & falling on the bosom of the
ocean, like the hopes of mankind on the stream of life, most
trumpetous high peaked wave, broke suddenly half-mast high
on the quarter deck, knocking several of the passengers flat down
on the deck & besides giving them a famous sticking it no small
fright into the bargain; I foreseeing its approach, escaped it
better, or holding on to windward, by a ring both, in one
of the larboard stanchions, B thus only got a partial drowning. The captain had a narrow escape of being drowned by the same sea, which carried away most of the bulwarks to leeward, washing him against one of the stanchions B thus luckily saved his summit fate. B had the pleasing duty of rescuing him from his perilous situation B bringing him once more on his own quarter. Dick—

Jest then! I'll hold the larboard post.

While on the yard by maine bellows lift'd.

Perhaps solution on our tragic tale

Nor then for ever drawn her deadly veil.

But rolling Heaven prolong'd thy vital fate.

Severed all to suffer and relate!

Poi, while their orders they aloft attend,

To fill the mainsail, or on each second,

A sea, up surging with tremendous roll.

To instant seem to doom the whole.

Oh, friends! secure your hold!" Astron cries.

It comes all dreadful, stamping from the skies!

Uplifted on its horror edge she felt

The shock, and on her side half buried reds

The sail, half buried in the overwhelming wave

A fearful warning to the seamen gave.

While Albert thus, with secret doubts dimag'd,

The geometric distances survey'd,

On seek the watchful captain ones aloud,

"Secure your lives! grasp every man a shroud!"

Roused from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast

When 6 or the sheet, in undulations vast

A giant surge down rushes from on high,

And force and aft decipher'd a ruin lie.

Thence the torn vessel felt the enormous stroke—

The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke,

Both started from their planks the breaking rings.

It extends courage all asunder springs.
The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.
The balanced mizen, bending to the head,
In streaming rains from the margin fled—
The sides convulsive shock on groaning beams.
And, rent with labour, yawn'd the pitching seams.
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And heigh, inequent, by rotation lend:
The ship, thus eased, some little respite finds,
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.

This especial wave was the size of several tons weight, & it was truly
lucky, that all escaped so well & that the ship received no decisive or
serious damage from its unexpected & unwelcome visit. At 12 o'clock
the wind had much abated & the sea had also gone greatly down at sun
set, leaving for the four following hours, a still top-gallant breeze to
encounter: when towards midnight, dim darkness was suddenly hush
ed away by the culminating moon, & the troubled winds and waves
began rapidly to cease their agitated motion, so—

Peace, Ocean, peace! Hold thou more placid life;
For, lo! a queen comes forth, — the maiden Moon,
Whose beauty should abate the stormy time,
And turn all wrath to gladness.

It subsides,
The wild deep Sea, and quells his raging tides,
Beneath by a power as strong; O Love, bright Love!
 Thy gentle—gentlest sway seems everywhere,
On earth, — in azure air, —
O'er the vast Sea, and with the silent stars above!

Before the next watch was to turn in, all was made snug for
the night, and by the stroke of the ships bell, every appearance
around was forswearable for a happy tranquil turn of sleep, which
the poor Task Bars, was most deservedly, aptly glad of.

End of Volume the Third.
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towed the fighting division—lost more men than any
other division—General Sir, Thomas Picton, the
bravest of the brave—Still in old quarters—no change
of clothes—a single blanket not to warm for the crew
Self officer of the guard in Toulouse, over the arsenal &
pontoon boats—exchanged guards—Received my
sentinel & inspected my charge—Responsibility great.
Lord Wellington expected to visit the arsenal—all
alert—Self all important—The pontoons described.
The host & hostess — awoke all gay & lovely. Our regiment marched into barracks — relieved from guard — quite with cheers from the inhabitants — eager after my breakfast — at long last — what could the Dandy Dutch say?

Mount Cabinet — here the scent of the battle was fought — dreadful slaughter. The entrenchments. The dead thrown on promiscuously. Many yet unburied on the battlefield — lay in curvies & grotesque attitudes. Fresh hands with some of the killed. Had no shade to put them under — theoss — it melancholy sight to see the dead — reflection on vain glory & death

The French line, 15 miles off — both armies to keep their respective boundaries. Close all alight & fresh. My clothes stolen off me. Our barracks extensive orders for the Corps to be under the drill sergeant — we liked it not — soldiers must obey. Took a stroll over Toulouse — its situation & description.

Ponson boats placed for the army to cross — Marshal Wellesley with the fourth & sixth Division affect their passage across the Rhone — a sudden rise in the river. The siege of boats swept away — critical state of Wellesley and his division. As attack made by the enemy — the Ponsons again replaced. The third & light Division cross safely — the whole army ready for offensive operations. Lord Wellington makes his dispositions — the plan of attack.

The battle of Toulouse 10th April — the attack first commenced at the wharfs — at the mouth of the canal, soon spread along the whole line. The Spaniards move on gallantly — they drive back with great slaughter — one heroic Spanish regiment. The first assault on the heights of Cabinet taken. — The enemy determined to maintain their position — repulsed.
The centre redoubts taken it fierce ambush attack from the castle of Guerry its failure the enemy retreat.

Victory begins to grow itself General Wills division sukling the enemy from the interior works of the Citadels. Sir.

Thomas division at first successful at the tête de pian but afterwards obliged to retreat. The French army retreats 89

seeks refuge within the city south summoned to surrender his noble reply. The French army suddenly retreat three

general officers & section hundred prisoners taken. The take up their next position at Valladolid.

765

General Leclerc's character. The battle of Toulouse, the most sanguine of the war, the action lasted 12 hours. The

number killed and wounded.

767

Colonel Cooke arrives with the intelligence of hemapistes

Decision. Mysterious delay of the messenger. The battle

fought before the tidings of peace arrives. The two com-

manders sign the convention sent from Paris. South at

first disbelieves the news Napoleon now swindled

away to a mere individual. He may now acclaim

in the words of Terence.

768

Our chance lost of either extinguishing or distinguishing our-

selves. A bill given by the inhabitants to Lord Wellington

& his staff many disappointed. The ladies all dawdling.

The climate in this southern part, excels England, the

sudden storms, but soon clears up.

769

The orderly book informed us of an early march. All on

the alert. Reconnoiter. Description of Toulouse & its

antiquity, its situation. The vine scarce & the wine

not good. The city's circumference, its population, the

streets & houses, the town dreary in appearance, the

public buildings, the churches, the Hôtel de Ville,

the archepiscopie & other public buildings, its antiquities,

seat of learning. Royal University academy, bells, letters,

museum, botanical garden, an observatory to celebrate.
brated men. The Toulousains bigoted in religion, clear
residence, inquire language, pronunciation. The inhabitants
quicker than many districts. The people exaggerate in telling
their exploits; their general character—buying & selling
like the hawker. Believing & thinking like fanatics
restless, hotly—wise & smooth—characteristic proverbs
of the Toulousains. B. the Montpellier, the manufactory's
productions—hunting, fat geese, pees made of geese, roasts
the arms of trees. B. prominent—the noble stone bridge
extensive prospect. the mountain chain of the Pyrenees.
The corn mill of Bassale.

We dine together—all merry & gay. Reads no better for the
good wine—Believed by the 50th regiment. March for Grenad
the climate. The trecpe a little fatigue, meet with the
third division. The town quite full late before we got
to our quarters. The first impression the best. Self effort
of forage fatigue. Found some hay, a poor man's, left
it for charity. Self errors & got into a scrape—found
some more. Gave the command to commence all alert
in pursuing it. All luck, it was the Mayor's. a grand
& burlesque affair with him. Self moved for an ex-
planation. High words, & gestures—all men quit
the hay restored. The affair ended in a laughing joke
against me. Would report me to General Fenton.

Mounted the main gate. A battle of wine or a bottle of
The description of the river Languedoc—the boats & barges that
navigate it. The passage a pleasant trip. It fresh &
some south—much leisure time. Took to the boat again
& ferried over to the opposite island.

The island its extent & boundary. Corsegin & Self exercise
ourselves in athletic games. The cattle seen us—worse.

1773
John — a hard man for it — just escape them — all safe &
Sr. Thomas White leaves by water for England — this general
order read to the regiment — general satisfaction — those shown
for the old veteran — this character — anecdotes of him — it
dialogue between an old Dr. camp of Lord Wellington, & Sr. Thomas
on orders brought Sr. Thomas sudden decision — the attack
by fisted success — Self had a narrow escape, a reprove — The
strongest character often the best.

The country about — grenade — agricultural pursuits — plough with
men — how theythresh the corn out — several by the breeze
their implements smooth — parade days —

Sunday almost forgot — prayers held in the open field —
the great drum a substitute for the pulpit — all because — a
pleasing effect — a pointed effusion on the sabbath bell
some purling in from the inhabitants — a strenue stood given out
one of the eldest & they have found suit — ordered up to
habitats — as an example, received his punishment — till
belonging to the regiment fitted his case — He did his duty
but never looked up again.

It thunder storm — a new formed billiard table described
had a lively game — host of austerity — poor but honest
Self N servant each, etc. — all contentment — man wants
but little — The late storm, now all severe — Met the
French diligence — description the number of passengers it
carries — The Poste as it is called — The Cabriolet — The
Conducive his occupation — society — the novelty of this con-
voyage — the Posteilion his constant activity — the harness &
how the horses are yoked together — The French horse. In
the diligence, all is alive — on equality — lines of poetry on
the first starting of this huge vehicle.

Had a bathe on the promenade — covered by brother officers to exam
the river — promised a another day — Came to the determination
of early rising — The dawn of day, what is finer — General Howen
gave a ball to the officers — inhabitants — it was a failure —
I did not attend — preferred the rural scene — I the surrounding
the rest like the Olivera, concerts, etc. are all vanity —
Swam the rapid passage — the first half — way successful — about midway some doubt appeared — pains in the arms come on — look at the shore with wishful eye — losing ground — presence of mind — use a stratagem — succeed —架rove safe on land on terra firma — the cove saved my life — much exhausted — put led — rated — recovered my wend — to much confidence in self — at flour — mill moved in the stream — proceeded to her by the moving ropes — frustrated — got a good dashing — tightened the ropes — tried again — succeeded — but of loss of skin — survived the scene, but doubting retraced my way — plunge in from the bank — just escaped the vortex — of the counter current — arrived safe — started in full health — in vigor — now how changed — our lives a vapour — although accomplished — so wish to try it again — generosity of a volunteer — The adventure may prove a warning — strive safe — contented —

Description of the floating mill — it good dinner — usual vigor — had the great guard — gest several falls — the inhabitants supposed to be killed by a bateau — it: drowning night — somewhat harassed — the regiments marched out daily for exercise — The peasantry, their rural habits — The roads and restlets seem as in England — Why we such enemies? — The climate fine — France may well boast of her prerogatives —

The 88th Connaught Rangers, marched out for America — cheers for their success — They wished named the Gallibians — Flogging tried to be done away with — its failure — further companions visit the light division — Villages greecules — Its latitude — The act sobriuses — Country seats — Took of le gout (a lunch) — & a bottle de Vin — Returning had much fun — Form is over the never — distance gone —

General Brisbane reviewed our regiments — much pleased with our movement — His appearance in service — General Powers gave another ball — he a handsome figure & spirited — Melting — Solmagnudes description of the bewitching dance —
The artillery of the 3rd Division, marched through to Bordeaux, nothing particular in сентimentes—plenty of smuggling—self-dear the Royal guard—it sold the returning home—left for Americans—a number of bullocks swam the garrisons. The militia clothing arrived. The inhabitants gave a ball to general Flora.

Watering, a description of it. The last route here. Bicolor.

The 3rd game marched into the country. The inhabitants went to the resources—frustration—talk. This again—care for the house—just care safe—start—

—this life a wish to try it again, we may proceed—

General health and day. The volunteers left for America—lived in the cannon mouth. Left 80 others sunk pointed in its reality. A night before guard. Met with a kind inhabitant, his hospitality. His house a little mansion.

Gay's description of the French peasantry. Complaints of the bread—they remark about it a general laugh. A self-handed with the peasant, its as black as thunder.

Instead, the wine, preferably the quantity of some grains of the money of making it. An order to march—Royal Oak day great respecting. Grand legs performed. The whole of the troops to inhabitants graced in the ceremony very imposing, but strikingly separate. Ignorance begets separation and self-interest believes it.

The multitude assembled in the Cathedral. Hymns for the downfall of the Tyrant & his glorious peace. The victory is complete. The warriors neglected. His grave respected. Thanks and gratitude for our achievements in the peninsula. The army return their gratitude.

Then weather the spring. Sibings that leave soon for Bordeaux. Not busy for the change. Expanse of our Cheval—close greatly. The market stage. The felons made off with this bargain. A hard term after them. Captured—kept on a hostage. I threatened them. They glad to get off. The latter. He opposite my quarters. Rescued an interesting female. Hold conversation with her wrote a note to her.
The early heat of summer still shining. The day breaking in all its splendour, mans excitement, these are there! Start off on our march—a sergeant's guard left for to bring up the stragglers. Set off with the 46th regiment with martial music, sending the inhabitants good by—no complaints on either side.

Marched off for Bourgogne. Self had the rear guard. 06 min. 03. A desertion in charge. Dreadfully hot. The men constantly falling out for drink—very trying the distance gone over twice—nothing to eat. Post the desertion.

The colonel blamed me not—met the advance guard of the cavalry—dispersed with the salute. Woodland sun. The whole of the cavalry corps came on view, standing, arms flying, trumpets & bugles sounding, not to be forgotten.

Several streams to wade through—dashed through them—arrived at Beaumont—reported my guard to Col. William. Ordered to dismiss my men. Introduced to his hostess, highly fascinating. A beautiful supply set before me, eager & well satisfied. The town of Beaumont de Lomagne. Its situation, buildings, departments & produce. The above joined the remainder of the third division—mustered strong. The billets poor & scanty—late into bed—fatigued with the march. 800 men fell on the road.

Off by dawn—mustered strongly. The country fine. The white flag hoisted in honour of the Bourbons. The people all alive—their generous offerings—shrewd hearted people.

At Clar de L'Ornagne on the river Hot. Fine campaign country. Enjoying the sight over my Scutéville de Din.


The course of the river Gers. The city of Lizun. The department of the Gers, noted for its flocks—The 2 o'clock. King George's first days reign—Laurel in scar caps. The war.
The day breaking, a procession to the shrines, the men much exhausted. The change clothes—plenty to eat & drink. Condor, its situation on the river Sauce, formerly a seat of a bishop. Today born here. The town—plenty of trees. Its trade. The Protestants took it 1569. The adjacent country fertile. Vineyards abundant.

The Spanish army leaves for their country. Signalized them selves—take their departure—singing their national song.

The Spanish troops well disciplined. Affirmed by the English—they to be submitted upon. Freiburg is in the character. The Sabbath day, entered into a Roman Catholic church. The precepts. The troops refreshed—left the days rest—The town or town hall.


Orders given out. For a general halt.


The Portuguese take their departure for Portugal. Present arms to each other. They move forward. Satisfying cheers, grand & affecting. Eulogy of Lord不受 to the Portuguese troops. They deserve well of their country. They appeal to their
national and patriotic songs, whenever an opportunity occurs.

The war songs of every nation, due the national character of their people. The department of Lot & the Garonne, its vineyards, the grape growing. Adam & Eve could not have more resisted, quartered on a wine merchant, splendid house & gardens. Related with the family. Their daughter受到 treated as one family. Langon its harbour, trade noted for its white wine. Vins de garage. At Bordeaux, the Garonne, Distance from Bordeaux to Toulouse. Poetry on the skin breaking out, strive on the banks of the Garonne. Landscape, its glittering waters. The chestnut tree. The inhabitants decorate a pine tree for their usual sports. A curious scene in threshing out their corn, the country picturesque and more thickly inhabited.

The château & manor - how built - many antique. The town of Castres. The noble Garonne. I gazed upon its waters. The Duke of Wellington passed this evening for Bordeaux. The country changed improved. Vehicles of all descriptions. The scene, a perfect picture. The different hands stretched up as we approached the City. He forests in high glee. Honour, glory a waiteth him for his seeds. Arrive at the city gates, wait for further orders. The noble gate-way. The heat broiled, full of scorching. The soldiers fall out with painings.

The inhabitants sympathise & bring in water & milk. An orderly arrives - March off, round the city. Welcomed by a wave of the white handkerchief, from the fair Ladies. More on to our camping ground, pitched our tents. It grateful shade excessively hot. Fatiguing march. Water very scarce. Nothing in camp to cook with. It prevented establishes them, self in a boat. Eat for those that will partake. Three of us bare - he changes a good face enjoyed ourselves. Did not know what the edibles consisted of. If frogs or snakes, any ponds for rearing them. These reptiles are the evenings sin. The escargot or snails, a favourite dish. Travellers asked if they preferred frogs or snakes, a great variety in one nation's dislikes & tastes. The whole majesticness of man. The tent, its members. Three of us quartered in one - I gloated in my lot lingered after.
conquest & glory. Walked down to the garrison — Castle, doze, &c.

Leaving up to Pouichere — One ship laden with French prisoners

they in high spirits at returning home gave them horses I had equipped some of them — The forlorn prisoners from his youthful

jail home — a poetical effusion on it.

Wore a bateau — the weath of the garrison — Reflection thereon. The

beautiful designs it is formed for — a page. Returned to our tents

when that the Duke would receive us tomorrow. By 7 o'clock all was

formed — it was a grand seat — the day cheerfully hot — hundreds

of the men fell out in the rear. The Duke arrived — received

him in open order — all the bands striking up God save the

King — Coup of his horse treating on my foot.

Marched past the Duke — he saluting us — joined into close column

The Duke rode up, acknowledged the compliment. Returned to town

the troops dismissed to their tents — much tired — a long march

where assembled in the marching. The Duke appeared age, &c. — This

horse, &c. — number of troops reviewed — General Lord Well, his

appearance, goodness to the army. He behaved as did —

Mill. in camp — delighted at visiting their homes. The

light season came into camp.

Had two parades a day — plenty of drilling — an officer & twenty men

went forward to secure the tents at the place of embarkation — The

Dukes thanks in the orderly book. The army on general

yet leave to visit Bordeaux — The theatre, &c. — Returned to

visit — The night magnificent — The sentinels call, how exciting

Pleasing reflections

Here by break of day — The scene seen — rushed on to Bordeaux.

had an excellent breakfast — Description of the city. The story

of Bordeaux — Lounged away our time — still around active and

stirring. The Bordeaux is a picturesque people. The view

from R. about the quay, interesting — Bourneau quay, equal
to that in Paris. The garrison to that of the Ticino — The city

gates — avenues of trees — The quay — The tramplique fort

The tide admits of large vessels to the quay. The exchange

The shops — the antiquities. The churches — St. Michael chairs

the Devil — Notre Dame, the saint R. protects of seaports

persons. The cathedral. The theatre. The public buildings

Objects of curiosity — This city declared first for the Bourbons.
Bourvocaux, the capital of the department of the gironde. The poets Montaigne & Montesquieu were born here. The Bordeais inhabitants. The women handsome. Bourvocaux a favourite place for life & amusements. The winter rather severe. Preceded to Marseilles. Considered the neatest city in the south of France. To compare the wine, Vin de Bourvocaux or Chateau, raised in vast quantities in the department of Gironde. Its chief export. Returned to the hotel. Joined a party to dinner. Many toasts 
V satisfactions. All moral people different nation & languages yet like one family. Nothing like travelling. The writer active spoke nine languages.
Walked the city after dark. It well lighted up. The character of the people. Better observed. Failed out for a few diversions. The Frenchmen all at ease. Movement. His character.

The city all bustle. A glare of lights among the green foliage made it picturesque. Went to the theatre. Portuguese sentinels at the entrance. Our swords requested. Surprised at first, would not comply. Seeing other swords left, we complied. Complied to satisfactions. The company heterogeneous. The actors numerous. Frequent cries of Vive les Bourbons. Vive le Stuiglas. This was the first time that declared for the Bourbons. The white flag hoisted on all the steaples. Hopes long surmounted, success for all a fine 50 gentlemen. The quiet secluded for the Bourbons.

The Duke d’Angoulême, the Mayor of Bourvocaux invited the Duke of Wellington to send some troops to Bourvcaux. Marshall Beresford V fifteen thousand men, more for word. Great preparations made to receive our troops. The Mayor & the Duke d’Angoulême met at the bridge of La Maye. The mayor addressed to General Beresford. The generals reply. The shouts of Vive le dio. Repeated tremendously. The mayor resumes the ancient emblem of the French nation. The white flag hoisted. The white cockade worn. Demonstrations of joy shown through out every part of this noble & interesting city.
Farewell to Bordeaux — found our dormitory — rose early — set off for camp — arrived on parade — breakfasted in tent — platform —

with our excursion — renewing our camp for the battle of Richmond.

Enjoyed the wine — it was on in the shadow — must not interfection.

At pay-day — plenty of the former, but scarcity of the latter.

The soldiers cooking — it was a scene by night of tents — dances —

Time passed away — a protracted spree — exhilaration — highly wrong —

if seen a spectator — was a table loaded with ourselves on the banks.

Tumbled of our boyhood's days — Heaped on the green beaith —

Poised for the night — close by the sound of the sledge — unless of a route for England —

The soldiers Supreme — that the soldiers lost in comfort — he gains in honour —

Orders for a search for Munster — three cheers given — Hope smiles —

The camp of Bordeaux situated — The question is wine — the climate —

The departments — number of inhabitants.

The trials of the Lances — its trade and commerce.

Camp broke up — march on spite — Vineyards — a beautiful sight —

the peasantry preparing the wine — the expense of cultivation.

Half the troops — town of lying near the — the rivers Dordogne —

Gironde — the scenery extensive — moved forward — the heat excessive.

The canton empty — asked the bottle with water —

Received a bayonet wound by accident — Castellane de Stade —

Stilt walkers — executed a general laugh — the stilts how made —

found used & their utility.

Arrived at Castellane — some companies halted here — the rest in the neighborhood —

The march tedious & hot — most felt its effects — strolled through a wood — not liked by slaves of ease.

The magnificent appearance of the garrison — the town of Baye —

its chateau V trade — its walls strongly fortified — at lively contrast.

Men of war at anchor — England's sons, wants no assistance.

Paraded before a Spanish Marquis — went through a variety of dances —

he highly pleased himself with a regular song hall —

the musicians sending through them — it comparison with best at sea.

Returning from parade, had a skirmish nearly ended in a duel I said much successfully — Hope for friendship not to be blasted — good temper & humour, essential to the effect.

Time this last — use it well — it gives suitable return.
Took a stroll to an old castle separated from other objects. It had piloted us its vast dimensions till bears the ravages of time. No traveller ought to pass it.

Had a letter from Stocke, saying up the river a thousand vessels. Officers would settle in France. My idea the reverse. Poetry on England.

The light division arrives, orders to march to morrow. Loth to leave this climate. Pastoral lines.

To give birth to my description of France. Its trade, manufactures, customs, manners of its inhabitants, language, religion, travelling, etc. The land subdivided, better cultivated, no agents, corn dear, harvest how managed. Threshing machines unknown. Corn treading out by horses. The speed of the Post. Fashion alters much in national character. Opinions differ on nations. Colours in ideas on them. A letter from Mr. Bonsarte.


The roadstead of Aigues. St. Richard's fishery. The garron or the grande river. The Clarence takes the 74 13 200 of the rifle corps.
Our captain signaled received orders to sail to-morrow
poetry on sailing for England. Gained renown for our country. Snug on board a choice bath. The signal gun from the Clarion
for sailing. The master weigh, dressed majestically our Commodore
hoisted his flag for getting anchor up. Convey out in the bay.
The light house, 29 de Carcasuean. The bank de Mannifon
the cause of strong, Rockfort harhour fortifications. Re. Island de Elen. At Ro C. The Clarion is the land disappearing.
Disse to France. It breeze. The lights of 29 de Chaf
won, serious thoughts. I had done my duty: it dead

The seventh day. Description of the same
at strong breeze. The Clarion soon out of sight. Number of
our convoy. The vessels sail well, made considerable way
a dead calm. An agitated sea, whetted for a breeze. And
mounting. Gales on board regular battles. Their mill a leisure
little way. Seabees left—much mirth.

The sun rising. Setting on the ocean. The distance came.
It dead calm. A steady breeze. The convoy all along. Blowing
strong. High rolling sea, vessels went on deck. Ushant Island.
A strange sail. Wind on the same quarter. Nine knots an
hour. The ships looked beautiful. Commodore signaled
to shorten sail. The gunners, seen in these waters. Self
mostly on deck. Seabees. Reflections on the moon.
The chief made a song. The sailor's life; career. Three
frigates exchanging signals. They run at a figure eight. They send
one frigate in chase. Drums on deck. Quick again
alight. It man of was a magnificent sight: their discipline
bore away for Ireland. The sea lumious, interesting its
causes atoll.

Contemplation turned in rose early. Land a head.
Went aloft. All rejoiced. The flags of England. The
Reynolds bank. Fishing boats. The fishermen's wife's
Dad. Courtmacsherry Bay. The seven heads.
Kingsale night hour. The ships heads towards the northward. The land went rocky. Kingsale town & harbour frequented by the Dean. 

James the II. landed here. Kept our fleet. Guns a roof. 

An amusing anecdote. The island of Ballybunion. Bay of Kinsale. Enters the bay of Cork. Ships were securely. 


The bay of Cork, its extent. Re-My turn to cater for the men. Went in shore. Shore legs found wanting. Like unto poor Yelites. 

Bight between two islands, singular character. The Freshman, Rothman, B. Englishman, when the last settlers. The market. The Freshman. 


Transport spread. Hundreds of pleasure & fishing boats. 


Visited the Clarence. Introduced to officers. 

Inspect the ship. Swords over the table. The moon reflections. 

Safe on board. Happy slumbers. The troops disembark at Rossgar. 

Interesting sight. Marched for Cork. The scenery beautiful. 

Halt for hulks. The barracks commanding. The men disembark. 


The navigation. 

The regiment parades. Our allotted quarters. The barracks contain. 


Decayed clothing. Burnt. The new given out. 

The regiment to be inspected. One of the inhabitants bayonet. 

A grand to do. Strick orders given out. The town again tranquil, though suspicion reigned. 

The civilians sided the peasantry. A warning not to tantalise. 

The soldiers, stories for his country. The general inspects the regiment. Addresses them. The sentinel had done his duty. 

My turn for the Shannon guard. Description & account.
They part a question. The Irish mile or English mile! The lowest
mountains. Barm or Barmouth its name obtained. Duke of
Cumberland's statue. Paddy's scheme of means going.

The march 29 the day of illness. First time prepared. Has in guard.

Lord Rogers's castle. An exchange offered. For foreign service.
The men formed in a day. Lines on his fate. Seats

Horses trained to keep stone walls. Gerry V Corcoran go on half-pay.

The parley, say, the last advice.

Bivouar lots of thorny. The farmers, the peasants a forlorn set.

All purposes a sudden fray. Fight in class. No ill remains.

Formulated the country. The ploughman's team. Sun setting.

A route for Galway. The unlucky-looking glass. Informers change.

Higgins county its soil. The shannon B canal. River well placed.

Right division for Portumna. The second march for Limerick.

The country wooded. Benagha took a survey. Description of

the shannon. The salmon fisheries. The Connemara province.


Killeenmore bad gave a bleeding.

Loughrea. Lake adjoining it game of Billiards. Twenty miles.

March the country. Stone walls in a bundance.

The water of Carnamast. Osmo, the head of galway bay.


Quite full slept on chairs contented. The 72rd Regiment.

The town of Galway. The quay secure. The bay dangerous.

The fishing boats. The fish market. Salmon first rate. Their obstruction

How they succeed returns from the sea. Double their weight. The

fish wives roll. The 72nd Highlanders. Galway fairs immolation.

The people a miserable set. Reflections on the scene. Their points.

The barracks. The depot from Castle. Regiment 600 strong. A crossing

coast. Our new regiments orders for drill, etc. The masts-

Steeple. Masts room. The soldiers children. Orphans, supported by subscrip.

The orphan adopted by the soldiers.

The fishing boats, awaiting sail. The 18th September, my birth day.

Took a survey of Galway & its environs. The willows courts.

The barracks trade. Etc. Sea help. The harbours given

by a Mayor. Etc. The disasters of 1670 - Mid. Ross & Walls.
Friday's lean & fat bacon, health & spirits by an extra glass, it ball
Lough Corver - it once on destitute, mortification, administered
water - few carriages - Gaming Cars chiefly used one horse each
light horse for guard - at midnight, soldiers forced the sentinel - haying
is them - staff gave chase - tripped one of the persons -
which under circumstances - Characters of Sir Robert Stench &
Colonel A. Manners -
Whiskey too plentiful - Inexorable - it gave had sentimental
its arrangements - decisive effect - the prisoners guilty - sentence
still felt the result - Roman Catholics being punished - suffrages -
The remiss priest, at the head of it - the boy & the priest - animated
their proceedings interfered with - the people encircled - stones thrown
the chief religion - Roman soldiers marched to chapel - Officers not
attend Protestant church - Extract from sermon - Soldiers should assist
A punishment parade - at six o'clock - preparation - Colonel Jorge
Reflections - the lack continues -
General Dolge reviewed the regiment - The baggage put to
flight - The general gives Sir Robert Stench in the chair
Self vera - that on the war - all were brave - Officers still
for glory - it band of heroes - Songs & choruses -
General a native of the camp, the Levies on suction - battle
of Tuyse - The 65 colours - The 48th distinguished themselves
A restraint of the highland piper - Old soldiers discharged
Furloughs for Officers & men - Intoxications often blazed -
Officers to a company - the spendthrift my lot - wished a purse
The Irish ladies & gentlemen - The lower classes - their
prosperities - Beggars numerous - Major Andersons
appointment - A mantle tetter - date of paganism's
Distillation -
Encounter with the Jesuits - Roxboro Whisky - The
obstinate system - it fathers advice -
It lady takes the Veil - ought to be prevented - Vows
taken hastily - Devote - The virgins resolution
Galway Lessons - Priests desperate - Sir Robert.


The crew plundered. Reflection. Elegy on the mariner.

The ship’s cargo lost. The night stormy. The Paddies attempted mischief. Sentry five. They take to their heels.


The county of Clare. Islands of Inman.

Visited the week. Thoughts on scenes around. The moon’s splendor. The suspicious Excise man. Catching heat, but little sleep. The feat for light. Shouting to eat, drink, or lie on. It strew mat. Pity the Excise man. He a rac'sel.

It goes better than a pretended friend. The anxious night. The peep of day. Esquire Martin, family. 8 lands.


Received a guinea for the week. Christmas morning. Coachman gives me the reins. Drive 18 miles. Wet confidence. The guard.


Country daring. Stricken to suit.


Holyhead station. The government packets. A voyage passage.\n
Letticeation. Stateliness. The promontory. Beacons.\n
Parliament house. Its singularity. The cliffs. Bird eggs.\n
The Penzance Saloon's Eggs. Delectability. The caverns. The town deserted. The round house. The harbours romances.\n
Stone Piers. Mountainous shores. Poetic description.\n
Stack & Holyhead Light house. A singular custom for vehicle in foggy weather. The Chester mail coach. Island of Anglesey.\n
Bangor city. Marine road. Beaumaris Castle.\n
Islands of Puffin, Freighthouse, 88 Armes Head. The summer. Beautiful & picturesque. Anecdote of the \n
Rev. Warner. His wishes. The Queen's sever.\n
Village of Aber. Precipitous promontory.\n
The Llanian sands. A dangerous passage. Bell.\n
Rung in foggy weather. Romance of the Beasts fall.\n
The mountain of Penmaen Mawr. Its terraces fall. The appearance. No fear or emotion. The old 1827.\n
The most sublime terrace in the British Isle. 940.\n
The rock of Cefn age - A Cave - Deed inscriptions - A
statue - Elwy & Elwy rivers - The Cathedral - The
vale of Elwy or Elwy
Plentshore - River Dee - Holywell its picturesque seat.
A Minifred Well its uses - Water never freezes - the
quantity discharged varies according to season.
The Dome richly gilded - Hawarden or Hawarden - The
Castle ruins - Subterranean Cells.
Chester city - Distance gone - Country mountaineous.
The land cultivated - Scenery picturesque & grand.
The sea in rear - Stop all night - Comfort and
pleasure - Situation of the City - Fortification walls.
Rigates - The Promenade - Houses curiously construc-
ed - Portico's & Balustrade galleries - Post passenger's
shops & Warehouses - Apartments above them
Public buildings - The Cathedral & noble tower
The three hall edifice - The Castle - stonewall
Bow bridge - A fall of water - Ship building
Navigation - Chester erected by the Roman's
The county - shore had great privileges - noted for its
Dairy & Cheeses - Villages on a bed of red rock
The last day of the year - Morning - arrive at Bridgwater
Forest of Delamere - The observatory - Grand view
The river Wye - Duck Canal - Refuge under them
Duke of Bridgewater's canal - Wirral - trade &
navigation - Manchester - its cotton manufactures
Lancashire's Mansion - Villas, &c - The streets - People
& Vehicles - Huddersfield - Mohon trade - Sir John Hamilton
a marine the town with - Canal navigation - The Tunnel.


Thus passed my time. The days of jolly Christmas. Leave expired. Apply for more successful. Visited our farms. The countryside quite happy. Sad news. Mother's affection. Poetical recollections on my Mother.
Bradford, the centre of the manufacturing districts. The public
buildings. The environs. Distinguished individuals born here.
The song of the Weavers.
A scene of Industry. Smoke. P Engines. Mountainous coun-
Halifax in sight. A frightful speed. Safe over the
The corporation had the right of trying by jury.
Beheading with the Guillotine. Noted for its stuff.
The inhabitants original from Hereford. It is situated on its favour-
The church. Vicarage. The richest in the kingdom.
among the moors. A rapid rise of water. Dangerous.
A thriving cotton place. Machinery invented here.
James, Earl of Derby, beheaded here. Leigh Newton.
R. Prescott, the latter stands elevated. The church spire.
Watches. Watch tools. The country fine. Farm.
houses. Gentleman’s seats. attended in Liverpool.
Such a stroll. The town now situated. St. Paul’s.
Nelson monument. The Wharf. Docks. Inhabi-
tants rich in shipping. Poetical description on
there of the manufacturing. The Mersey. Everton on
the hill. Grand marine view. Liverpool the principal
seaport in the kingdom. The coal advantage great.
The East India trade. Salt from Cheetham.
Mounted the coach-box. The night dark. Earl Groves’s
Steward. V. horse in a ditch. The moon rising.
General Lord. Bennynham, laid in state - Brought over in a hogshead of spirits - Leave the City - Rely Virgin's road for Mulligan's a bustling town - Ancestors on the Mulligan beggars - Lashed along - Roscommon or Rathmines - Balloone near me in 1796. - Athlone to Longford - Their day - A scene of people - The hussar's drums - Tally 5 persons thrown down - Bows, broken swords, broken pikes - The General's punishment - Improved. Reinvestigate your round on the whole - Expecting to be called on at head quarters - The 21st Regimental inspection day - At present - foreign service - The Major Miller on sick leave - Many officers married - The cap made more domestic - Orders for drills & field days - An Roman Catholic funeral - Wroughtful for man & beast - The Undertaker a great hand - At these wakes - His instructions - The Furloughs on the death of a funeral of John, alias Jack Stewart - The colors condemned - New ones - Remembrance of bye gone days - Theiritches saved - The regiment 500 strong - Self asked to join the Light company - A high compliment - Declined the offer - Galway fair - Many Irish Shillelaghs in hand - Self on guard - Orders not to interfere - All tranquil till 4 o'clock - Then a regular set too - The Shillelaghs did execution - One gigantic fellow attacked by four - His gallant defence - Nearly killed it was rather half hour, all quiet & peaceful - Anecdote of the English, Scotch, and Irish - General Doyle reviews the regiment - Reported fit for active service - The General closes with us - Sir Robert, chairman - Left - Conversation - Songs of the war - Lieutenant still singing - Words - The wine passed merrily - Sir Robert, & Sir John return.
The letter, a three-sailed man, honoured with a shake of the
hand. My scene on the table, none the worse for pleasure, fill.
Leaves for Devon city. Bagby, Knite, Party lost. Captains
our fellows. Mine to return, joined a brother officer. It
fell on horseback. Warned him to slacken speed.
She mud splashed us. Hit him with a stone. No
reply. It challenge perhaps. In Essay, he rode
his town and tomb.

A malignant report, the slanderous found out. Sanders
the worst of passions. He a black-legs & a duellist.
Mr. Martin a frequent guest. Renowned. The author
not found out. The parties challenge & fight.
No bloodshed. The captain nearly shot. The fires
in the air. The captain still persists. Martin
calls him out. Sheet like bull-dogs. Horse-pistols.
No bloodshed. The houses of the people. Colonel
Manners collected. Takes a pinch of snuff. It
would regret his loss. The Captain a known
bully. Intrused about my guard. He warned off
officers not to notice him. Had fought many bulls.
Killed his ninth man. The brave resort not to such
appalling chances.

Further remarks on the subject. It lovely anecdote.
Forebodings nothing nothing unpleasant. It letter
told a different tale. Dear Mother under an operation
she doing well. Forebodings of her death. Hope still animates.
Departed in peace. Hope flitted away. Had many troubles
beloved by with 8 poor. The best of mothers. Borrowed my fell
ings. The silent tear, its sole in sorrow. Her number of years.
All things preach of death. The spring approaching. Self.
Signed: Thanks to Providence. Potatoes how plucked.

May month; the men ordered to bathe. Ball Cartridge

firing. Captain Robs of the Engineers joins our selfs.

Major Anderson receives him; Billiards & Rackets, etc.

Thomas Sutton leaves for the continent. Sends copies for

our regiment. The news quickly received; Major Millers

death much regretted. Records of his toils in war.

Tablet over the warrior's grave. Left home for the battle.


A letter from brother. Apply for an exchange.

Half-pay to go to America. Self of a moving train. Many

accomplished. Exchange sent off.

Wish for my liberty. Thinking on the future. Regard

life of the world. Gladness, Recheerfulness. Why

repeal. Brother visits me. News arrived of the

Battle of Waterloo. Still life. Gaiety. Coasts Recheer-

ing one foat at mea.

The town fall of Bonaparte in verse. The month pas-

sed away in our united corps. My exchange

arrived, with Lieut. Scott 38th Regimen. My wish

completed. Liberty ever sweet.

Self satisfied leaving the service. Mother's death

was the tie affection for Sister & Brother. Long

to see my father. Feelings enter to see the world.

The regiment march. My feelings. The tie was

cast. Soldiers must serve. Conversation and

wishes exchanged. My health drink. Returns

the compliment. As friends must part.

The departure of the 74th Regiment from Galway. The hearty.


My departure near. Opinion of the character & manners of the Irish in general. Ireland the gem of the sea. Excitation ought to cease. They a superior people. Comparison between the English & the French. They capable of holding commanding situations. The sows of Erin. Its fault, etc. etc.

Character of the Irish. It manners, trade, etc. The French & English compared.


Reflection in poetry on the fathomless sea.

Self fell asleep — it precipice — marvellous escape. Our stay drawing near — Visit Felley bay R. Bridge — the fisher men adventures — Their picturesque trips — the women carry great weights. Retreat from the tide.

Flamborough head — The caverns of Dore-cote — Thork hole, V. Robins Leth's hole — Mayseids of sea foul — magnificent scenery — Grand sight to those who can appreciate well — romantic scenery — Fish eggs robbed X sent to market. The Light house a distance seen from — The old fortifications called little Denmark — Return to Flamborough.


It walk to York — Affairs settled — Return to Hull — Leisure hours hang heavy — Reflection the scene.

Returning from theatre — it severe concision. Offer of battle. Declines the compliment — Encounter — Name & address given. Captain Soling supreme — The affair explained — it jealous.

Meet at the Dog & Duck — Thank hands — it bottle of wine — No thing to do — Invitation — Visit Caxton.


Route continued — Welcome by friends — Caxton R. church.
Self farming. The country now cultivated. Wheat its chief crop.
The sea shore. The banks. A narrow escape.
Lincoln Cathedral. At precipitous road. Stop all night.
1122
A place of great trade - The market place - A whimsical epitaph - The castle - The town's notable passages - The Park 
Riverview - The stocking-frame invented by William Lee - 1811
Inenton - Esquire - Musters seat - Cleton - the domain of Sir Robert Cletons - Basford village - Stocking weaving -
The race course - Beaton village - Wallaston Hall - Lord Middleton's mansion - Wallaston village & church - A dinner party - a wine merchants roch - cellars - a glass of wine - bride & bridesgrooms health - a multifarious string of ideas - Preliminaries -
The knot when tied - the guests attend them - 1814
Spring approaching - The wedding day - the 1st of April - The marriage congratulations - the feel of bells - at Nottingham -
breakfast - all busy, all happy - a happy time in youth - love prime - The luncheon -
Set off for London City - Loughborough - a presidential town -
for Mount Everest - why named - the verge of hills -
the castle - the granite stone - its durability -
The post boy dashed along - The town of three crowns - The land lord all polite - stopped the night - The ancient city of Leicester -
The churches - The promenade walk - The ruins of the Abbey - things that nobles resided within - Cardinal Wolsey desk here - The castle in ruins - the client for courage - Harborough town - Northampton the capital -
The statue to Charles the 11. - Dr. Dodsbridge preaching -
The battle between the houses of York & Lancaster - Henry VI. taken prisoner - The trade, &c.
Queen Eleanor's Crop - Buckinghamshire - Town of Newport -
Raganel - Hydraulic Machine - Narrow escape from boats - 1813
Boroughbridge - Woburn town - the 3D formed church - the Abbey - the Bridge gate

Dunstable - the woman walking in Isabel streets - Stony Blaiting - theatricals first attempted here by a priest.

The neighbourhood noted for Louths - Lincolnshire.

St Albans - older than London - the ruins of an Abbey.

Roxmonastery - the Abbey church - illustrious persons buried - the body of the Son of Henry IV.

Dorset - the best west market - situated at Barnet - extravagant charge - demonstrated - credit due for bread of pigs - noted battle fought.

The Earl of Salisbury lost his life.

The road dangerous - highwaymen, &c. - mounted on the ditch - the post boy to push along is heed no one - many robberies hereabouts - Highgate stockway - the post house - arrive at Islington street - stop the night - an invitation - located - Norfolk street - perambulated the city - London Leons, &c. - the house of commons & Lords - at grand debate - the Westminster exhibition - it sollicits feelings - Die Bourgas models of Rome & Italy - East

West Indica Docks.

A narrow escape - under London Bridge - Invitation.

A hearty greeting - the Baron of D. - the happy pair - the village of Highgate - the Earl of Maryville.

Highgate archway - Motley's view - Earths the banker.

Queens Leesee - the equipages - dinner set at Mr. Scott's.

Resolved for America - Friends against me - Reflection.
Wilberfoss. Market Weighton. The Harts hills to Beverley
A race between our coach & a Post Chaise—Charley and Wigan—King Arthur defeated the Saxons—The Bree of Peaster—works—The Pillar to Sver, Thomas Wrights—valour & loyalty—It noted spring to boil Eggs and cook meat.

Saint Helens—Prescot—Match tools & movements, and Mirrors—The town of Liverpool—It glum of Negroes & to bed—The country throughout fine—The Docks—Vessels from nations—Britannia's glory, rose from shipping—Boarded a number of vessels—A passage in ship Thomas, Captain Mathewson, for New York—Leisure time, observing busy man—Vessels coming in & going out—The departure of Emigrants—it poetic effusion—Happiness was for, but seldom from—The merchants live in princely style—The warehouses—Stood out about a smell one.

Description of Liverpool—The docks & reservoirs, the first in England—The northern suburbs—The town Hall & the Exchange—Lord Nelson's monument—Self disappointed at not sailing—Visited Everton—The splendid Marine Landscape and contemplation—Descend amongst busy man.

The town church, the first built—The grave of Nestor—The body snatched—The pathetic Rorimual ballad of a violent storm—The English climate—The ship Thomas in the Mersey—Sail tomorrow—Went on board—Splash went the bars—Hope to meet again—The anchor up—Dropped down to the quay—A skirmish on shore—The jolly boat crowd for the Captain.
No news of him Waited impatiently set off Met a Steam boat Nearly ran down Some fright Hailed the ship At first seaman heard Just below the ship Drifting out to sea Arrived on board High water Up anchor Set sail Enter the deep The shores of England A last farewell
Twelve early The Captain's negligence No land in sight The unfathomless Ocean It strange sail The first breakfast The Irish Emigrants in high glee Hope It pitiful Welshman, wife, 10 ten Children The ship's cargo Off the Cow of Cork It glads of gung No bed in my birth Left in early clothes itself contented The Captain deserves censure The anchor, hatches, boats, i.e. made secure Cleared the land Colombias land 4000 miles off The ship set Universe It feels for meditation The ocean and the heavens It frail plank & a floating stone Man's courage & sublime his efforts The wind favourable The sea tranquil The Passengers sea-sick It's annoyance Advice for a cure The weather not appreciated The decks slippery in rain Salt water the revenue Rain water putrid, the reverse of drawn off Fowls, horses, cattle, i.e. thrive on board Shot a vessel at gratifying treat The handy Bar Firing at a mark The evenings jovial song The mates career The stern setting at sea
A water-sprint. Dangerous to approach it. Poetical description of it.

The winds are boisterous. Shoals of perils.

The stormy petrel foretells a storm. Seeks protection. The night unsettled. The ship all snug.

The petrel's prophecies.

Sped a noted storm. Spreading the main-topmast. Spreading the ships planking. The ship leaks. Apply the pumps. The petrel, poetically described.

The gale subsides. The crew turn in. Self-watch the troubled sea. The passengers frightened and sick.

The weather fines. Sea gone down. It dead calm. The ship like a log, on the deep.

A breeze springs up. The winds how mysterious.

The jack-tars, peculiar & antipathetic. Superstition.

Other sea-sayings. One of the crew had a most providential escape.

A battle on board. The worm will turn. V. doves will pick.

The aurora borealis or northern lights. They a most striking object.

Poetic lines on them. Their origin and cause.

Tinted swan in the sea. Cast lots. The freshman.

A narrow escape. It shark observed. Shot a ship. How the salutation takes place.
The weather warmer. A cheerful breeze. A number of Bottle-nosed Grampus. Their demotions. Fine two Pistol Balls at them. They dived. A shoal of Porpoises appear, their raped career. Forbade a gale. The ship made snug for the night. The gale increases. Take in sail. Spring the Fore top-mast, Helen's cap-head, and split the Helen's top sail. The ship leaks. All hands to the pumps. The hardy Cox at his post.
The storm rages — The ship goes high and low — At
grievous sea — The late flattering wind — The gale
increases — The sun & moon go down — It descries
night — Take in more sail — Poetical Description
how it is done —

The sea rages & foams, why? — The ships crew, ready
at their posts — At cheering glass — At shelter
ed — Men require rest — Turn in, but little rest —

The ship braces the gale — Doubtful forebodings — At
sea storm, the most sublime — It comparison be-
tween the Eagle & Man — The rising & falling
of the Ocean, like mankind —

A fresh gale — Take in sail — It depicts how to
be done — It sea struck the ship — All dashed &
frightened — The Captain nearly lost — Self
assisted him — It poetical description of the
Tempest — How to take in sail —

The sea and wind abated — At top gallant breeze — The moon
her glorious light — The agitated motion of the waters
ceases — Peace, Ocean, Peace! — Made all snug — All
favourable for the night — The Jack Tar, опы glad of
APPENDIX.

Names of Towns, Villages, Rivers, Lakes, Mountains, Territories, and Shores, seen by Land & Water, and the number of Miles traveled over.

March continued from page 752.

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Place</th>
<th>Miles</th>
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Total Miles: 4885
Lavedec 207 — Castel Fabre 207
Damazeau 207 — Arnon river 207
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La Tremblade 239

Miles: 5,214 14,557 19,761
Land Water Miles: 4,886 14,557 19,761
Bouches of D'U., Charente, land
magazine, Head of town 868 — Cork Harbor 868 — Cove Water 868
Fort 868
Haulbowline Middletown 868
Cappa Cove 874 — Cork Harbour 874
Bay 874 — Mount Middletown 874
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Browage 369  Rockfort 360  Island of D'Olven 360  St. Bivno 360  Chapiron Light house 360 360 Ireland The seven Heads 367  Court magazine 370  Kinsale 367  Black head 368  Kinsale town 368  harbour 368  Barry and Cork Heads 368  Ballycotton island 368  Groomen Bay 368  Rockes point Cove Harbour 368  Fort Camden 369  Fort Carlisle 368  Spike Island 369  Haslockeline Island 369  Cove 370  Meddleton 370  Elyne 370  Cove of Cork to Cork 370  Cove 370  Passage called ferry 375  Cork 375  Lee river 375  Blarney 370  Cork City 379  Cork to Brr or Pencentown 380 page  Glarner 380  Water Gap 380  Bude river 380  Rathcormuck 380  Fermoy 380  Blackwater river 380  Youghall Bay 380  Donevaile 380  Naugles Mountains 381  Mallow 381  Teine 381  Hillworth 381  Cork County 386  Miles 5.234 15.367 20.621
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Berr or Barentown to Galway page

Sliice Bloom mountains 8.87 Berr river 8.87 Kings County 8.91 Post umna 8.92 Banaghore 8.92 Shan non river 8.92 Eyrecourt 8.92

Killemure river 8.92 Lough Rea 2.97 Lake 8.97 Carnamore river 8.97

Omarow 8.93 Galway Down 8.93

Galway Bay 8.93 Galway Town 8.97

Galway to the North in Casle Bay 8.97

Lough Corrib 8.99 Lame 8.92 Casle Bay 8.92

Miles: 3.444 15.367 20.844
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City 940 — Ogwen river 940 — Aber 940
Benmaen Haue 940 — Aberconway
941 — Conway River 941 — Abergele
942 — Denbighshire 942 — St Asaph
942 — Clwyd r Elwy rivers 942
Holywell 942 — Flintshire 942 — Hawes
943 — Chester 944 — Chestershire
944 — Frodsham 946 — Grand Trunk
Canal 947 — Weaver river 947 — Bridge
Water Canal 947 — Warrington 947
Manchester 947 — Huddersfield 948
Leeds 948 — Bramham Moor 950 — Tadcaster 950 — York 950 — Market Weighton
950 — Beverley 951 — Hull 951

Journey from Hull to York, 12.951 page
Beverley 952 — Market Weighton — Darlington
Nelson — Wetherby — York — Deighton
Rother — Cawood — Selby — Loftus
Bridge — Hawson — Caves — Melton
Torraby — Hulme — Hull

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Scarborough 904 — Cloughton 994 — Robincliff 998 — Dalby 998 — Colliers Mount 998 — Bridge & Town 998 — Flamborough Head 998 —

Scarborough & Neighborhood 1000 page —

Scarborough to Hull 1002 page —

Seamer 1002 — Langtoft 1002 — Driffeld 1002 —

Hutton Cranswick 1002 — Scarborough 1002 — Hull 60 —

Hull to Selby, York, &c. 1002 —

Hull to Easington, &c. 1003 page —

Hesdun 1004 — Beveringham 1004 — Ottringham 1004 —

Winsted 1004 — Pattrington 1004 —

Easington 1004 — Helmeick 1004 — Sheffield 1004 —

Dimlington 1004 — Helsa 1006 — Spurn Point & Light House 1006 —

Hull to Nottingham 1009 —

Humber — Barton 1009 — Redburn 1009 —

Bregg 1009 — Archholme 1009 — Lincoln 1009 —

Watham River 1009 — Newark 1009 —

Radcliffe 1009 — Trent River 1009 —

Nottingham 1009 —

Nottingham & the Neighborhood 1011 —

Sinerton 1013 — Clifton 1013 — Beasford 1013 —

Beasford 1013 — Wallaston 1014 —

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Journey from Hull to Liverpool 1038 page
Beverley 1033 — Market Weighton 1033
Bamby Moor 1033 — York 1034 — Wetherby 1034 — Harwood 1034 — Otley 1034
Skipton 1035 — Gisburn 1036 — Clitheroe 1036 — Ribble River 1036 — Blackburn
1037 — Chorley 1037 — Wigan 1038 — St. Helens 1038 — Prestest 1038 — Liverpool 1038
Voyage from Liverpool to New York 1040
The Banks of Newfound 1042 page

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