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PINCHARD
1806

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James Smith.
of Jordanhill.

NOTES
ON THE
WEST INDIES.
VOL. I.

Strahan and Preston,
Printers-Street, London.

NOTES
ON THE
WEST INDIES:

WRITTEN DURING THE
EXPEDITION UNDER THE COMMAND
OF THE LATE
GENERAL SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY:

INCLUDING OBSERVATIONS ON
THE ISLAND OF BARBADOES,
AND THE SETTLEMENTS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH TROOPS, UPON
THE COAST OF GUIANA;

LIKEWISE REMARKS RELATING TO THE
CREOLES AND SLAVES OF THE WESTERN COLONIES, AND
THE INDIANS OF SOUTH AMERICA:

WITH OCCASIONAL HINTS, REGARDING
The Seasoning, or Yellow Fever
OF HOT CLIMATES.

By GEORGE PINCKARD, M. D.
OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS,
DEPUTY INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF HOSPITALS TO HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,
AND PHYSICIAN TO THE BLOOMSBURY DISPENSARY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

It is a strange thing that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seene, but
sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land-trauaile, wherein so much is
to bee obserued, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be re-
gistered than obseruation.

LORD VERULAM.

London:
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1806.



DEDICATION.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

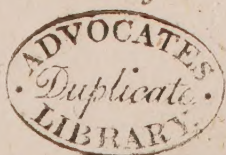
LOOKING round, as it is said authors are wont, for a great personage, to whose name I might dedicate my work, I have not found it possible to fix upon any one, to whom I could with so much propriety consign it, as to ITS PARENT! Accept, then, Benign Power! Thine offspring: cherish it, even as Thou hast begotten it: and cause Thy warmest influence ever to animate the heart of

Thy faithful and devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury,
March 15, 1806.*

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P R E F A C E.

FROM the entreaties of a Friend the following “Notes” were written for his private eye:—from the solicitations of other friends they are now offered to the eye of the Public. The former were tender persuasions, and, in obeying them, the author had much and sincere gratification: he wishes he could feel as well assured that he is pursuing the path of wisdom, by yielding to the latter. But he is too sensible that what may be amusing, or may, even, be deemed valuable, in the closet of friendship, may be very unfit to meet the less-prejudiced judgment of the world; and he is not without many apprehensions, lest a flattering partiality—a partiality which often deals praise, where no merit is due, should have induced him to present to the Public, what ought never to have escaped beyond the limits of private perusal.

Conscious how little his "Notes" are calculated to withstand the scrutinizing severity of criticism, he may observe that, at no time, during the period of writing them, had he a thought that they were destined to appear at the bar of the public. To fulfil the wishes of one, whose sentiments and opinions were dear to him, was a grateful task: it was congenial to his feelings, and, regardless of studied rules, he performed it with all the freedom of familiar intercourse. He, daily, devoted to his friend the few last minutes, previous to embracing his pillow: it, consequently, happened that his remarks were, frequently, traced with a drowsy pen, or hurried over with a wearied and reluctant arm: but, from adopting this habit, the busy occupation of the day suffered no interruption; all the occurrences were noted, whilst they were strongly alive in the memory; and those who have known the privation of a long and perilous absence from their home, and the objects of their esteem, will comprehend the many happy associations, which were, thus, brought to sweeten the hours of repose.

At the time of the author's arrival in the West Indies every thing, in the tropical regions, was new to him. His desire to obtain information was ardent, and without waiting to digest his remarks

into a systematic train—to stamp them with the importance of method—or to improve them by more mature observation, he endeavoured to convey, to his friend, a correct and faithful representation of the feelings impressed upon his mind, by the novel scenes around him, whilst he was yet a stranger, and before habit and familiarity had weakened their effect.

He fears that the frequent repetitions, necessary to this mode of communication, will be found to be more tedious, and, in some instances, even more multiplied than a “thrice told tale,” but he saw no way of avoiding them, without altering the whole plan of the work, and depriving it of the only merit, which he feels it has any title to claim, viz. that of giving the occurrences, precisely as they passed before the eye. He was not engaged in a deliberate voyage of discovery; nor did the busy and anxious duties of his appointment allow him time to devote to pursuits of minute investigation. The utmost he could hope was to catch events as they passed, and faithfully to note them, from the impression of the fleeting moment: and, if it should be objected to him that the remarks are not always of high importance, he would observe that it is not from great occurrences, alone, that a correct judgment is formed of men

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LETTER I.

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Southampton, Oct. 3.

THE happiness we enjoy by preserving an intercourse with our friends when separated from them, beyond the reach of personal interview, ranks amongst the highest blessings of civilized life. The social principle which attaches man to his species, influences him wheresoever he may be placed, or whatsoever his condition—it prevails equally in savage life and in polished society:—but it is to navigation and the art of writing, those powerful engines which have established a freedom of intercourse throughout the wide

extent of the globe, that we are indebted for the superior enjoyment of communicating with far distant friends, and thereby rendering our separation less intolerable.

Yet, will you, my friend, I fear, but too soon discover how much you have sacrificed your judgment to your friendship, in so strenuously requiring frequent communications, from me, during my absence from England.—In the correspondence your kindness has exacted you will have to encounter a task, while all the advantages of amusement and instruction will be mine: but you have brought it upon yourself, and must, therefore, be content to see me your debtor, assured of my regret that the benefit, to be derived, cannot be reciprocal. Did I even possess all the glowing and happy talents necessary to descriptive narration, the busy employment of my time, and the unsettled state of my mind, amidst the perpetual hurry and uncertainty of military movements, must prevent me from observing, and still more from relating what may pass before me, with the accuracy you might expect, or I could

desire. Indeed, were genius mine, and all the acute and penetrating powers fitted for the task, still, from being unable to mature my remarks by the recurrent eye of a continued residence, all I could offer you, would, necessarily, be superficial and undigested.

You will perceive, therefore, that, under all circumstances, yours cannot fail to be a trial of patience, for, you can only expect the perusal of hasty notes, hastily collected, by an observer whose time must be devoted to the duties of his appointment—and whose movements and pauses must be regulated by those exigencies of the army which more immediately, and imperiously demand his attention.

But it were needless to enter into a detail of the allowances you will have to make. You already know them: hence, as apologies are irksome to you, I forego all further comment, and, meeting you as you desire, proceed to my subject. You command me, and, as the soft dictates of friendship usually pulsate upon my heart with an influence

too grateful to be disregarded — my pen obeys.

The adventures of a stage-coach are sometimes amusing, but it happened that my journey, hither, was peculiarly devoid of incident, being, merely, a dark nocturnal ride, which passed on without any thing to divert, or to interest.

According to my usual habit I felt no disposition to sleep, but, wrapt in pensive stillness, sat undisturbed, and let my cogitative faculties have their way. My fat companions, whom you saw in the mail, proved to be three of the sturdy sons of old Ocean. They had formed rather an intimate acquaintance with a certain personal pronoun; and, in abruptness of manner, seemed to be as nearly related to that great personage Mr. John Bull, as to his kind patron, father Neptune. If I mistake them not, they were the commanders of some trading ships, or transports, going out with the convoy. The one sitting upon the same seat with myself, so spread his huge sea-worn limbs as to occupy nearly the

whole width of the coach, thrusting my, comparatively, diminutive person up into the corner like a very bodkin. Each of them, planting himself, with a loud grunt, quite at his ease, they all lowered down their travelling caps, and, turning into their births in the several corners, sunk as profoundly into the arms of Morpheus as though they had been quietly swinging in their hammocks upon the smooth surface of a western ocean. Occasionally they were rather loud in starts of sonorous repose, otherwise they caused no interruption of my meditations ; and as darkness deprived me of all the variety of passing objects, the want of sleep was, in some measure, compensated by my senses falling into the slumber of weakened impression.

Amidst the stillness of night we rolled swiftly on, without impediment or delay, always finding horses in readiness at the place of change. Even the great business of eating and drinking was more than commonly disregarded. No social hour of supper was observed : nor were our conductors troubled with those frequent calls of thirst, which are,

commonly, so vexatious and annoying to the passengers. To arrive at the end of the journey seemed alike the object of all. Within the coach it was my lot, alone, to be sensible of time, or distance. Our sleeping captains might have fancied themselves to have been transferred by some sudden or sylph-like aid; for, the curtains of their eyes but dropped with the closing day of London, to be again uplifted with the rising sun of Southampton.

We arrived at an early hour, and after taking the refreshment of a cold ablution, and a plentiful breakfast, I proceeded, without delay, to head-quarters, to announce my arrival, and to pay my respects to the commander in chief. It happened that the inspector-general of hospitals was with Sir Ralph Abercromby, at the time I called, I, therefore, reported my appointment to both—and put myself under command.

The effect of this moment, upon my mind, I had not fully anticipated. It was a moment big with sensation, but I cannot say—with delight! A sudden impulse flushed

within me, which seemed to create unexpected feelings, as it were, of regret, on the surrender of my liberty. Recalling the days of my youth, when, at school, I was subject to the will of a master, my mind, in vivid remembrance, rapidly retraced all the images of a restraint which had so long been irksome to it, and in high impatience of the impression, busy appeal seemed to call aloud, “Dost thou not recollect that it was then, the anxious theme of all thy hopes to escape from fetters, and gain the exercise of thine own will? Didst thou not anticipate, as the consummation of thy best wishes, the proud and happy period when thou should’st arrive at the power of self-command? and, this attained, would’st thou, now, surrender the freedom of action so long, and so anxiously contemplated as thy greatest good—would’st thou abandon the happy acquisition for which thou hadst languished—for which thou hadst toiled through so many tedious years?”

Such were the repugnant, and discouraging appeals of momentary impulse; but sober reason quickly resumed her throne, and, pur-

fuing a more tempered train of ideas, banished the hostile impresson; when the renewal of former contemplations soon restored me to myself.

From the quarters of the commander in chief, I accompanied the inspector-general to visit the sick, and, in professional pursuit, forgot the wayward feelings of a discordant moment.

This walk afforded me the opportunity of taking an early view of the military hospital, and I have great pleasure in remarking to you that it does much credit to the doctor's * judgment and industry. Placed in the direction of the medical department, his exertions have demonstrated how essential it is to commit that important appointment to an officer whose experience qualifies him for all the various duties it demands. From a well devised arrangement, forwarded by a zealous and laudable industry, he has caused a large old building, late a sugar-house, to be con-

* Sir J. McNamara Hayes.

verted into a commodious, and well-aired hospital; where the unfortunate sick are comfortably placed, duly attended, and conveniently, as well as liberally accommodated with all that their afflicted situation demands.

After my visit at the hospital, I spent the remainder of the morning in perambulating the town and its environs, and in making various calls upon my friends and acquaintances. At the hour of dinner I found myself *en famille* with colonel M., whose lady is among the unhappy inconsolables, whom this sad expedition is about to separate from their Lords. In the afternoon I joined several of my professional comrades at the inspector-general's; and, to complete the round of a busy day, accompanied a party, in the evening, to the public rooms: the night I crown to you, for, as my pen traces the hour, the clock strikes——twelve.

LETTER II.

Scenery, promenades, amusements, &c. of Southampton. Its many accommodations for the sick and the well. Reflections upon visiting the encampment near Southampton. Remarks upon the discouraging sentiments conveyed to the troops. The author obtains leave of absence to return to London. Probable mistake respecting the author, and some of his comrades. The utility of persons engaged in the service accommodating themselves to circumstances. Facility of yielding to events a leading feature in the character of the French. Reflections upon this principle as forming a contrast between the French and English. Further observations upon the French character.

Southampton, Oct. 5.

WERE you a stranger to Southampton, I might offer you many full pages upon its delightful situation, and the many charms of its environs; for it cannot be disputed that this town and neighbourhood afford more of pleasing scenery, convenience, and accommodation, than most other spots in England. *Within* the town, the sick and the feeble have the benefit of sea-bathing, the well and the dissipated the amusements of a playhouse, public rooms, card-playing, and assemblies:—

without it, all may find recreation—the various promenades, either for walking, riding, rowing, or sailing, being such as to invite and to gratify even the most fastidious. Pleasant walks, delightful water excursions, and the finest forest rides, abound on every quarter, offering all the variety of open country, inclosed fields, sea and river views, and woodland scenery. Nor are the common and more generally striking lions of the neighbourhood less abundant: there being, within reach, a multitude of towns, places, and objects which usually attract the attention of strangers, such as Portsmouth and its dock-yard, Gosport and its hospital, the Isle of Wight, the fleet at Spithead, Winchester, Lymington, Lyndhurst, Netley Abbey, &c. &c. &c.

In short, Southampton would seem to be one of the few places equally calculated for the invalid, the idle, and the gay; for each may find the pursuit fitted for his habits and inclinations. Without the too common excess of dissipation, this place offers every recreation and amusement that a rational mind can desire; and, in the happy combination

of its rural scenery, it presents all the first requisites of a summer retirement. Nor will the mere Epicurean visitor be disappointed of his gratification,—for the market is plentifully supplied with the good things of life. The fish, poultry, butcher's-meat, and vegetables are not only abundant, but, also, the best of their kind.

The town is, commonly, well filled with company, during the summer ; but, this year, from the attraction of a camp, and the crowd of military assembled to proceed with the expedition, it is overflowing, and, consequently, all is life and motion. Still those who seek retirement can readily find it, whether in the less public parts of the town, in the hedge-row path, the lonely sea-side walk, or, in pensive ramble, amidst the deep shades of the forest :—or, they may escape from the busy crowd, and noisy throng, by retiring to the still surface, and the tranquil scenes of the river.

The town itself bears all the appearance of neatness and comfort, and the many hand-

some villas near it not only improve the surrounding scenery, but, likewise, impose a general air of wealth and opulence.

As you know my habit of visiting what are called *the lions* of a place, as soon as possible after my arrival, you will conclude that I have not neglected the encampment near Southampton; and, in this, you will judge correctly, for, verily, I have not been unmindful of it. I have made it a visit of very attentive inspection, and much do I wish it were possible for words to convey, to you, all the host of feelings that rushed into my mind upon the occasion. A whole volume of mixed sensations crowded my bosom, and I scarcely knew which was predominant. Viewing the soldiers in full contemplation of the strict order, the manly deportment, and the elevated enthusiasm of the character, my mind traversed, in hasty review, all the perils and hardships,—the glory and honours, which attach to a military life. I felt a sense of pride and gratification on seeing so fine a body of men ready to join in our expedi-

tion. My imagination saw all the inviting forms of success before them. I observed them in battle, on the opposite side of the Atlantic; felt honoured in their bravery; hailed them victorious, and, crowned with the laurels they had won, re-conducted them, in safety, to their home, and their friends.

Yet the bright picture was not without its shades: restless fancy went on to busy herself in gloomy comparisons, in painful contrasts, and afflicting reverses! Viewing the brilliancy, the order, and the comfort of a domestic camp, in the peaceful fields of England, she called up ideas of a confused and tumultuous encampment upon the enemy's soil, threatened by the approach of a daring foe, routed by blood-thirsty cohorts, or stormed by a horde of merciless brigands! Next appeared the dire confusion of battle, the distress of defeat, and the dread effects of panic, with all the horrid scene of bleeding wounds, dying groans, and mangled bodies, and, still worse than these, were pictured the fatal ills of climate:—yellow-fever opened her all-

devouring jaws, and, in deadly disease, exposed a contrast, yet more afflictive, than all the perils of battle or defeat.

Although, in my mind, the more happy face of the picture maintained its impression, I am sorry to believe that the general sensation of the country is in sympathy with the opposite. A degree of horror seems to have overspread the nation from the late destructive effects of the yellow-fever, or, what the multitude denominates, the West India plague ; inasmuch that a sense of terror attaches to the very name of the West Indies—many, even, considering it synonymous with the grave ; and, perhaps, it were not too much to say, that all, who have friends in the expedition, apprehend more from disease than the sword.

Such discouraging sentiments I am sorry to find have not been concealed from the troops. The fearful farewell of desponding friends is every day, and hour, either heedlessly, or artfully sounded in their ears. People walking about the camp, attending at a review, or a parade, or merely upon seeing

parties of soldiers in the streets, are heard to exclaim,—“ Ah, poor fellows ! you are going to your last home ! What pity such brave men should go to that West India grave !—to that hateful climate to be killed by the plague ! Poor fellows, good bye, farewell ! we shall never see you back again !” With such like accents are the ears of the soldiers incessantly saluted ; and the hopeless predictions are loudly echoed, for the worst of purposes, by the designing, whose turbulent spirits would feast in exciting discontentment among the troops.

But, strongly as I would condemn every attempt, and every incaution, which might create even the feeblest ray of terror in the breasts of the soldiers, yet I cannot but be sensible, that it is a service of imminent danger : and, while I look at these men, in high admiration of their intrepid character, the recollection of the general sensation, which prevails respecting them, steals upon me, and my bosom heaves a silent pang in the consciousness that a great majority of them will never return. Still I would hope that

every foldier is governed by the same individual feelings as myself, and that each is fully impressed with the belief that it will be his lot to escape. With the greatest truth I may aver that, notwithstanding all the depressing rumours of the moment, and the trembling alarm of friends and relatives, I do not feel the slightest personal apprehension, either with respect to climate, or disease. What shall prove to be my fate, amidst all the chances of service, it were idle to conjecture, but I shall embark with confident assurance of returning to my friends, and to Old England.

It is the duty of soldiers to serve wherever their country requires, and hence the attempts to inspire them with a dread of climate are not less cruel, than mischievous. Designed to injure the country, they operate by distressing the feelings of the individual, whose noble mind knows no fear of death from other cause; but, if he falls, falls without a murmur—glorying in having devoted himself to his country, and, calmly, resigning himself to the fate of war.

It does not appear that the expedition is so, immediately, upon the eve of sailing as is generally imagined. The whole of the troops are not yet assembled, nor are all the transports in readiness. Finding this the case, I have obtained leave of absence for a week, and have the prospect of seeing you again before my departure.

Repeating my visit at the Inspector General's, I have learned, with some surprise, that my name is not upon the return of the hospital staff of this armament, and I begin to fear that my being ordered to Southampton has been the offspring of error. Two other staff-physicians are in the same predicament, and it is, even, probable that, like many of the more idle visitors, we have only made a trip to see the camp, and go back again.

It is not unlikely that we may find our names upon the St. Domingo staff, instead of the staff of the Leeward Islands; in which case we may expect to make a journey to Cork, to join the expedition about to sail from Ireland. This would be a disappointment to

me, beyond the mere inconvenience of, again, moving my person and my baggage, for, in the Leeward Island division, I have acquaintances, whom I had hoped to find my comrades on service : while, with the St. Domingo staff, there are very few persons to whom I am known. But I am prepared for all the uncertainties and disappointments, I may have to encounter : considering the duties of my appointment as the great object of my attention, I shall make it my study to remove whatever difficulties may occur, by subduing them.

Except in what regards individual connections, there is, perhaps, no question of choice between the two divisions of the armament ; the service, so far as it respects our department, being, essentially, the same in one part of the West Indies as in another ; and, if I should be ordered to Cork to join the St. Domingo expedition, I hope I have philosophy enough to soothe the disappointment, by regarding the journey through Wales, and Ireland,—two countries which I have been long desirous to visit, in some degree as a compensation.

In my present pursuit I feel the necessity of establishing it as a principle to view occurrences in their best light, and, instead of repining that more cannot be obtained, to seek comfort from what falls in my path. Were we to adopt this as a leading maxim, in all situations, it is more than possible that we might, often, have happy hours, where we know only those of misery ; for such a principle, applied with wisdom, would tend very much to blunt the sharp thorns of life. As if the evils of the world were not enough severe, we, too commonly, attach ourselves to the unhappy face of events, brood over fancied sorrows, and, eagerly, multiply our disappointments, wholly overlooking the more favorable features from which peace, harmony, and comfort might derive.

“ Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,
 Poor imps ! unhappy if they can't be curs'd,
 For ever brooding over mis'ry's eggs”

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This gloomy tendency of our disposition forms a remarkable characteristic between the people of England and those of France :

while an Englishman, in afflictive contemplation, dwells on misfortune, even to suicide—a Frenchman, let the affairs of the moment be never so adverse, always finds wherewithal to attach his better hopes; and, surely, when any occurrence proves less happy than we had anticipated, it is wise policy rather to extract from it all the good we can, than to give up ourselves wholly to the sadness of disappointment, because it fulfils not our every wish.

From this facility of yielding to events, it has been said that the French people know how to play the game of happiness better than the English. It may be so. But still it is possible that the principle, to which I allude, may be carried to excess. Where it is the effect of a patient and manly fortitude, and employed to support us against injury, misfortune, and disappointment, it is both amiable and virtuous, and may be dignified with the title of philosophy. But it is sometimes the effect of frivolity, or depravity—is connected with vice and dissipation, and highly unworthy. When proceeding from this source, it supersedes all the finer feelings

and sentiments of the mind. It destroys the natural affections, and, weakening the attachment which ought to exist, between man and man, tends to make mere egotists of us all. It not only renders us insensible to our own misfortunes, and the common ills of life, but makes us callous to the sufferings of others, and shuts the heart against those feelings of sympathy and compassion, which, being founded in humanity, are among the highest adornments of our nature.

Notwithstanding my determination to pass over the ills of my present employment as lightly as possible, I confess myself to be one of those dull Britons who would hope never to see the period when French levity shall supersede John Bull's sedate integrity. If a Frenchman dissipates the passing moment with greater mirth and cheerfulness, still there is something in the more solid attachment, and the blunt honesty of an Englishman, which is more important, and more interests and engages our esteem.

As a stranger, or traveller, I look not for

friendship, or for confidence, and have always hailed that urbanity and ease of manner, which make the moment pleasant; or have been in good humour with that smooth and extended politeness which means ——— nothing at all! But, when residing among Englishmen,—my countrymen, whom I regard more as the relatives of one great family, I have always seemed to expect a degree of stability and sincerity, which it were idle to look for in the mere traveller's hour.

The plodding pursuits, and sober attachments of the English, possess not sufficient *goût* for the appetite of a Frenchman, whose life may be said to constitute one system—one continued series of intrigue. In all his occupations he requires the high seasoning of variety. Whatever the substance of his pursuit, intrigue is always the condiment. Without a spice of intrigue the board were insipid, however sumptuous. A Frenchman troubles not himself with the affections; but is a dupe to his passions. His attachments wear away with the moment, and are

not thought of beyond the period of being convenient to his purpose. He is often disappointed, but never dismayed. All regret, for the past, he buries in some new scheme or adventure. If one project fails, he, instantly, flies to another, exclaiming, “Ah, Diable ! cela ne me conviens pas. Il y faut un autre projet. Allons ! tâchons encore.”—If he succeeds not to-day, he has always a new plan for to-morrow. If discomfited in the scheme of the morning, he feels certain of success in the *nouveau projet* of the evening. Something new, something not of plain or ready attainment—something possessing a real or a fancied intricacy is always imagined, or attempted. No matter how vast, or how frivolous the object—whether a revolution of the state, or a game of loto. It diverts his attention, dissipates the moment, shields him from the sadness of disappointment, and shuts the door against ennui. From the conduct, usually, pursued it would seem to be a leading feature, in the character of a Frenchman, not to attach himself seriously, or permanently to any thing ; but to avail himself of all passing circumstances, yielding to each, or

causing each to yield to his purpose. In this way he travels the great journey of life with less of care and sorrow than the more sedate of other nations; sombre reflection offering no impediment to a path, which, at every step, bears his loved motto,—“Vive la bagatelle!”

I am aware that you will plead very broad exceptions to this, as a general character, and I most readily admit them; for, although the reverse is too common, I have seen Frenchmen, under misfortune, whose patient submission, instead of bearing the marks of levity and frivolity, has exhibited all the manly firmness of true dignity and philosophy.

But I am wandering from my subject—
abruptly, therefore, Good night!

LETTER III.

The author returns to London with Doctor Master. They are ordered to join the St. Domingo staff, at Cork. Author passes a few days with his friends. Provides new supplies of baggage. Medical officers' uniform.

London, Oct. 9.

I HAD hoped that you would have received my last letter before you left town, and, in the flattering expectation of seeing you again, before my departure from England, I hastened to your home, immediately, upon my arrival in London; when I was extremely disappointed to find that you were gone, and that I cannot have the gratification of, personally, telling you, that my journey to Southampton proves to have been only a visit to the camp.

Finding that we were not appointed to the Leeward Island division, Doctor Master and myself returned to Town, and, as we suspected, found our names upon the list of the St. Domingo staff. We are now directed to proceed in the Ulysses, armed transport, to

Cork, to join the expedition under major-general Whyte. But as this ship is now in the Thames, and is to touch at Spithead on her way, it will give us a few days to prepare our baggage, and instead of going round with her by sea, we can put our things on board, and meet the vessel at Portsmouth. I shall thus gain a few pleasant hours, among my friends, which I had not anticipated ; and shall have time to provide myself with such necessaries as I may require, both for the voyage, and the climate. Most of the few things which I had been able to hurry together, during the short moment allowed, previous to my journey to Southampton, are already rendered useless to me, in consequence of a subsequent arrangement, requiring the officers of the hospital staff to appear in a certain prescribed uniform. How will you smile to fancy your friend, who hath so long clothed himself in sable, like a very lobster, changed, all at once, to a gay scarlet, and fringed and embroidered with gold. Come and see him, and be assured that, whether he be gay or sad, his coat bright or black, he is always, faithfully, - - - - - yours.

LETTER IV.

Author returns to Southampton. Destination of the Ulysses reported to be changed. Expedition still delayed. Author visits the theatre, and public rooms at Southampton. Theatrical Corps.

Southampton, Oct. 19.

SOUTHAMPTON again? Yes, be not surprised! you perceive that I am in a way to be, early, initiated into all the sudden and uncertain movements of a military life.

We came to this place *en route* to Portsmouth and Spithead, where we were to join the Ulysses, on her way from the river Thames to Cove harbour; and we have now the singular comfort of being told that the destination of this ship is changed, and that she is not to go round to Cork, but to proceed, forthwith, to the West Indies, in company with the Leeward Island division.

Should this information prove to be correct, or should not the ship very soon reach Spithead, Master and myself may be ordered

to Cork in some other vessel, before she arrives, and, in this case, we shall have the mortification of being compelled to proceed to St. Domingo without our baggage, which was put on board in the Thames: but our instructions still direct us to the *Ulysses*, and unless these should be, officially, countermanded, we shall wait the arrival of that ship, considering the information which has been conveyed to us, only as idle rumour.

Every thing here is pressing forward with all possible dispatch, but to get such an immense expedition to sea, is a work of, infinitely, greater magnitude than those who do not think to the details of it can be aware of. Probably it may be, yet, some weeks before the fleet can sail, notwithstanding all the activity and exertions used to hasten it.

Should we be long detained, on shore, I shall be mortified that we could not remain at Southampton, which, in addition to the many advantages of its situation, is now in high season, and as pleasant as Portsmouth is reputed to be disagreeable.

You will admit that I avail myself of the present moment, and neglect not the passing occasion, when I tell you that, since my return hither on the 16th instant, I have made visits to the environs of the town—rode through the forest, and to the camp—passed two evenings at the theatre, and one at the public rooms.

I am sorry to remark, contrary to the good order of Southampton, that, each of the two nights, when I happened to visit the theatre, the tranquillity of the audience was disturbed, the performance interrupted, and the whole house brought into a scene of riotous confusion. The first time, it arose from some idle etiquette, which I could not exactly comprehend, respecting one of the actresses coming forward to announce her own benefit; and did not subside until, with great reluctance, and after much delay, she, submissively, made her appearance. The second time, it proceeded from a number of officers and other spectators crowding upon the stage so as to interrupt the performers; and only ceased, after much delay and confusion, by

all of them being actually hissed and pelted off the stage.

As it happens at most country places, the theatrical corps consists of a few tolerably good actors, and many very bad ones: but, upon the whole, the town seems satisfied with their performance, and at this moment of full crowd, offers them great encouragement.

To-morrow I leave Southampton, and, in a few days, shall have the pleasure of addressing you from——the Wapping of England.

LETTER V.

Author and his comrades detained in suspense at Portsmouth.

Objects commonly noticed by strangers in and about that place. Portsmouth different in time of war and of peace.

Hint that in peace it might be an æconomical retirement for prodigals. Anecdote shewing its extravagance in time of war.

Profligacy observed upon the streets of Portsmouth. Description of the dress and person of a "Portsmouth Poll."

Progress of a long absent tar, upon landing at Portsmouth. Visit to the dock-yard. Honourable retreat of Admiral Cornwallis.

The Haslar hospital. Intended military hospital at Gosport. Obliging attention of Dr. Lind.

Author addressed by a bounty-man at the Haslar. The ramparts. Observations on the sad necessity of man fortifying himself against the ravages of his own species.

Portsmouth, Oct. 23.

NO tidings of the Ulysses! Four long days have passed away, since my arrival at this place, and I am still left in anxious uncertainty respecting my baggage, and my passage.

My colleagues, Doctors Master and Henderson, have, again, joined me, and, like myself, have passed four heavy days of suspense,

with only the prospect of extending it to fourteen more. Being sadly tired of a Portsmouth inn, and seeing no prospect of soon embarking, we have taken private lodgings in the hope of passing, more quietly, our tedious hours of waiting.

Portsmouth verifies, to our experience, all that we had heard of its unpleasantness, and vulgar immorality. The great objects, which call forth the attention of strangers, are the dock-yard, the Haslar hospital, and the fine walk upon the ramparts. All these we have visited, likewise South-Down castle, and the Forton and Porchester prisons: nor have we neglected that new modern messenger the telegraph, by which intelligence can be conveyed, from this place to the Admiralty, at Charing-cross, in the short period of ten minutes.

Having thus exhausted all the novelty of the town and its environs, it only remains to us to lapse into the dull round of the place. It is said that in days of peace, long grass grows upon the streets. In time of

war they are more trodden ; but, even then, the busy activity of the place occurs only at intervals, as when a fleet comes in, or is about to sail : at which periods the town becomes all crowd and hurry, for a few days, and then suddenly reverts to a languid intermission of dullness and inactivity.

The rent of houses and apartments—the price of provisions, &c. differ very much in times of peace and of war. Indeed, we are told that the houses, and lodgings, have their war price, and their peace price, distinctly fixed. Viewing its present extravagance, if Portsmouth should be, proportionally, cheap in time of peace, as it is dear in war, it might serve as a place of retirement for our prodigals, and render unnecessary their tours of retrenchment to the mountains of Wales, or of Switzerland:—and, perhaps, there are few places that might sooner bring them to sober reflection ; for it is lifeless and insipid as the most forlorn might desire, and would seem well calculated to temper the mind into the gloomy sedateness of penitence.

The following anecdote, said to be of recent occurrence, will exemplify, to you, what may be termed the war-extravagance of Portsmouth. A gentleman, who had been ill, called on his way to Southampton, to dine at one of the inns, and having but a weak appetite, ordered only a veal-cutlet, with a pint of wine, for which he was charged *eighteen* shillings. Conceiving, there must be some error, he desired to speak with the landlord, who, instead of conducting himself with the civility of a person obliged by the preference given to his house, doubled the offence by his insolence. Upon the gentleman telling him that he apprehended some mistake had occurred, respecting the demand made for his dinner, he looked at the bill, and, immediately, replied, "Yes, Sir! there is a mistake, I perceive." Accordingly he took the account back with him, into the bar, as the gentleman supposed, to make the necessary deductions—but, to his surprise, the waiter quickly returned with it, increased from *eighteen* to *nineteen* shillings.

The gentleman feeling enraged at the

imposition itself, and, more especially, at the insolent manner of aggravating it, desired the landlord might again be called, when he informed him that if he, still, insisted upon his enormous charge, he would publish it in all the newspapers, and set a mark upon his house, which should make it notorious throughout London and the country: upon which the impertinent host, still persisting in his demand, drily replied, “And when you have made it so well known, will you be so good, sir, as to add, N. B. *The house to let!*”—There was no contending with such insolence. The man had made his fortune—and it was in vain to attempt to teach him civility, good manners, or common honesty. The gentleman, therefore, paid the bill, and left the house, lamenting that his only remedy was—to avoid it in future.

In respect to streets, houses, markets, and traffic, Portsmouth is not unlike other country towns, but Portsmouth-point, Portsea-common, and some other parts of the town have peculiarities which seem to sanction the celebrity the place has acquired. In some quar-

ters, Portsmouth is not only filthy and crowded, but crowded with a class of low and abandoned beings, who seem to have declared open war against every habit of common decency and decorum. You know the strong desire I have to contemplate human nature, under all her varied forms, but those she, here, assumes, I am sorry to tell you, are, uncommonly, hideous and disgusting. The riotous, drunken, and immoral scenes of this place, perhaps, exceed all others. Commonly gross obscenity and intoxication preserve enough of diffidence to seek the concealment of night, and, assuming a kind of decency, strive to hide themselves from the public eye: but, here, hordes of profligate females are seen reeling in drunkenness, or plying upon the streets in open day, with a broad immodesty which puts the great orb of noon to the blush. These daughters of Cypria are not only of manners peculiar, but likewise of such peculiar figure and apparel, that it were, perhaps, difficult, in any other part of England, to find a correct resemblance of—
“sweet Poll of Portsmouth.”

To form to yourself an idea of these tender languishing nymphs—these lovely fighting *ornaments* of the fair-sex, imagine a something of more than Amazonian stature, having a crimson countenance, emblazoned with all the effrontery of Cyprian confidence, and broad Bacchanalian folly: give to her bold countenance the warlike features of two wounded cheeks, a tumid nose, scarred and battered brows, and a pair of blackened eyes, with balls of red; then add to her sides a pair of brawny arms, fit to encounter a Colossus, and set her upon two ancles like the fixed supporters of a gate. Afterwards, by way of apparel, put upon her a loose flying cap, a man's black hat, a torn neckerchief, stone rings on her fingers, and a dirty white, or tawdry flowered gown, with short apron, and a pink petticoat; and thus, will you have something very like the figure of a "*Portsmouth Poll*."

Callous to every sense of shame, these daring objects reel about the streets, lie in wait at the corners, or, like the devouring kite, hover over every landing-place, eager to

pounce upon their prey; and each unhappy tar, who has the misfortune to fall under their talons, has no hope of escape till plucked of every feather. The instant he sets foot on dry land he is embraced by the neck, hugged round the waist, or hooked in the arm by one or more of these tender Dulcineas; and, thus, poor Jack with pockets full of prize-money, or rich with the wages of a long and dangerous cruize, is, instantly, dragged (though, it must be confessed, not always against his consent) to a bagnio, or some filthy pot-house, where he is kept drinking, smoking, singing, dancing, swearing, and rioting, amidst one continued scene of debauchery, all day and all night, and all night and all day, until his every farthing is gone. He is, then, left to sleep till he is sober, and awakes to return, penniless, to his ship—with much cause to think himself fortunate, if an empty purse be the worse consequence of his, long wished for, ramble ashore.

My visit to the dock-yard was of a nature highly gratifying. I contemplated this vast depôt of stores—this great workshop of our

navy, as the emblem of our nation's glory. No part of it escaped my eye. I regarded each spot with all the enthusiastic veneration of a Briton, proud of his country's greatness, and of the splendid and heroic achievements of its defenders.

The Tigre, ship of war, lately taken from the French, by Lord Bridport, being in dock, we had the opportunity of going on board, to witness the injuries she had sustained from the thunderbolts of Britain. Her shattered condition bespoke, in strong expression, the terrible effects of a close-fought action at sea. Yet were we told that all she had suffered was trivial, compared to what is seen, in many vessels, after a battle. If so, it is equally matter of surprise that such vessels should be kept afloat, as that any should ever have been constructed capable of withstanding the destructive batteries now brought against them.

While examining the many wounds of the Tigre, my mind called up, in vivid association, the late noble retreat made by our gallant admiral Cornwallis, which I have always

thought did him high and singular credit. Conducted as it was, it had all the merit of a great victory, and I well remember that, at the first moment of perusing the dispatches concerning it, I was impressed with a high sense of that officer's judgment, and his valour, and felt that I must ever retain the highest respect for his professional talents. To have defended an inferior fleet, against such unequal force, and to have brought every ship safe into port, argues a degree of intrepid deliberation, of address, and of steady valour, which can only be found in a great commander. To have brought in the fast sailing vessels of the squadron had been meritorious: but to have dropped astern, with these, and caused them to bear the blows, in protection of the slower vessels, whilst they made the best of the wind, and, thus, to have saved the whole, was doubly honourable. It was great and bold, and worthy the brother of our brave and long esteemed Marquis, whose high and well-appreciated talents are so universally acknowledged, and so increased in splendor, by the humanity and benevolence of his nature. That two such distinguished comman-

ders, in the different branches of our service, should be found in the same family, is no less honourable to themselves than gratifying to their country. Of such men England has just cause to be proud. Contemplating their characters, I feel as a Briton, and partaking of my country's pride, could exclaim, Such are Albion's heroes—such her own legitimate sons!

My visit to Haslar hospital was in keeping with that to the dock-yard. Connected with our country's greatness, it called up a similar train of ideas, and I felt it an honor to England that so noble an institution should offer, to our brave tars, the comforts required in sickness. Too much cannot be done for our navy, nor can the provision for our sick and wounded defenders be too liberal; they merit all their country can bestow. It has long been said, and, assuredly, with great correctness, that British sailors are not only a bold, but a peculiar race of beings: the fact is striking, and although it were extremely difficult to describe their singular character, yet may it be given in one short sentence, for—

they are a race of heroes! Each in his capacity, and as far as the power of an individual extends, is a decided hero. Of fear he only knows the name. Nothing so delights him as to be led into close combat; and, rather than be vanquished, he would submit to die at his gun. That such men should be liberally accommodated in their sufferings, must be congenial to the warmest wishes of every Briton; and to know that they are so, is consolatory to the feelings of all who are sensible of their value. It is due to their courage and bravery, and is demanded from their country's gratitude.

The Haflar is, admirably, calculated, as an asylum, for this important purpose. The establishment is splendid and liberal, and well worthy its object; and, in, so amply, providing for her brave and suffering defenders, England consults her best interests, while she proves herself to be mindful of the high duties of humanity.

The hospital, like many others of this island, from the grandeur of the edifice, might

be mistaken for a palace. It is built in an open, airy situation near the sea, at a short distance from Gosport. The sick are brought in boats, from the ships at Spithead, and, conveniently, received on shore at a landing place at the hospital. This great building, fitted for the accommodation of two thousand patients, together with houses for officers and the medical attendants, a chapel, a laboratory, a variety of offices, and thirty-eight acres of good pasture land, belonging to the institution, is enclosed within a high brick wall, with iron-gates, and a porter's lodge at the entrance, which no stranger is permitted to pass, without the leave of one of the resident lieutenants; or the porter first announcing his name to some officer of the establishment.

Much to the credit of the country this noble asylum, likewise, offers apartments for sick and wounded officers, where those who from convenience, or necessity, wish to avail themselves of the benefit of the institution, may find every aid and comfort their situation demands.

Nothing necessary to the establishment has been omitted. It is a distinct building, separated from all others, and, from possessing every essential within itself, is as complete as it is liberal, and does honor to the reign of George II. who has the merit of being its founder.

The establishment consists of a governor, (usually an old navy captain) three lieutenants, three physicians, three surgeons, two visiting apothecaries, a chaplain, an agent, a steward, and a dispenser, with assistants and servants in proportion to the number of sick. The hospital accomodates one thousand eight hundred patients, conveniently, but it sometimes happens that it receives as many as two thousand. This important establishment was founded in the year 1746, but was ten years before it was completed, the patients not being admitted until the year 1756. The expenditure, as may be expected, from the nature of the institution, differs very widely in different years, varying from 10,000l. to upwards of 30,000l. per annum.

A plan has lately been formed for establishing a military hospital, likewise, in this neighbourhood, for the accommodation of our sick and wounded soldiers. You will join me, I have no doubt, in wishing that it may be attended with every possible success, and that it may prove equally useful to our army, as the *Haslar* to the navy. The building is already commenced, at Gosport, and it is expected to be in readiness for the reception of patients next year, or, at the latest, the year following.

At the *Haslar*, a high degree of order and arrangement prevails, and all the regulations of the establishment are duly observed. The hospital is clean, well ventilated, and well conducted; and the benefit, intended, is regularly and correctly administered.

But great and liberal as is the relief held out, to the sick, by this splendid institution, we are not to contemplate it in the limited view of a mere asylum for those who are, immediately, suffering. Its object is

far more extensive. It may be said to be the depôt—the great and general receptacle of maritime sickness, and the best guardian of our navy; for it not only offers a home to the sick, but holds out the means of keeping disease and infection from our fleets. Every ship lying in harbour, or upon going out to sea, has the privilege of sending any of the sailors who may chance to be ill, to the *Haf-lar*; a regulation founded in wisdom, and fraught with great and manifold advantages; for, not only are the sick more speedily recovered, but, by this excellent arrangement, every ship is made free from disease, and contagion is prevented; or, if it should already exist, is kept from spreading through the vessel, or extending its direful effects to the fleet. Hence, from the extensive accommodation of this admirable institution, and from the strict rules of cleanliness and ventilation, which are now observed on board the ships, all apprehension is removed of great and general sickness in our navy.

Dr. Lind, the senior physician at the *Haf-lar*, politely offered his services, as guide and

conductor to us, in our round at the hospital, and we were much gratified in this opportunity of becoming known to him. But few men could be found so well calculated for the situation and appointment he holds. The doctor is not only a man of professional talents, but of great accuracy and systematic arrangement. He, very obligingly, communicated to us much information respecting the interior œconomy of hospitals; and, from his remarks, we collected many useful hints, of which we hope to avail ourselves on service. From a person of such extensive experience, you may believe, that every word was treasured, and we shall be happy in the opportunity of applying his observations to the benefit of the sick in our military hospitals.

In our walk through the Haflar, a man, apparently a convalescent, came up to me, in one of the fever wards, and, accosting me in a firm tone of voice, without any preface, desired me to “take care of my pockets.” I heard him, without much surprise, supposing him to be a convalescent in the delirium of

fever ; when he quickly rejoined, “ take care of your pockets—for I’m a d——ble thief.” This confirmed me in the idea suggested by his first address : but I was soon undeceived by the information that he was “ *a bounty-man*,” sent by one of the parishes, as a part of the levy required to complete the manning of the navy ; the parish officers having, thus, availed themselves of the opportunity of relieving the parish from an unfortunate object, who had long been a burthen to them, from being in a state of insanity. But too many, it is to be feared, have sought to fulfil the act by serving their country with such-like contributions.

I mentioned the ramparts as another object of our attention. These form an agreeable relief to the general heaviness of the town, by affording a lively and extensive view of the environs, including the sea, the Isle of Wight, and the Southampton river, with the fleets at Spithead and St. Helen’s.

The works of a fortified town, being considerably elevated, usually form a pleasant

promenade, and offer a commanding view of the country adjoining. Could the mind divest itself of all idea of the unhappy cause which renders such barriers necessary, they might be regarded as the ornamental improvement of the place : but, too commonly, gloomy reflections connect with them, from the contemplation of the cruel ferocity of our nature, which requires that such defence should be opposed to those of our own species, and prevents mankind from associating in the peaceful harmony of one great family. That men should need to be thus protected against each other, is a melancholy reflection, and almost amounts to a contradiction of all the boasted advantages of our reasoning faculty. The wild beasts of the forest war, only, from the calls of appetite, and even under the powerful impulse of hunger, devour not those of their own species—but man ! savage man ! who boasts the exclusive faculty of reason, employs his talents to the destruction of his fellow beings, and without even the plea of the beast of prey—that nature impels him to it by the appetite she has given him.

The fortifications of Portsmouth have been, lately, extended to the part called Portsea, by which they have assumed a more formidable aspect ; and although they are, even yet, more calculated to guard against a surprise, than to withstand the regular attack of a besieging army ; still, from its fosses, its bastions, and its angles, this place wears more the appearance of a, regularly, fortified town, than any other of our island. But, happily, for England, she has been fortified by a greater master than Vauban, Colbert, or any other engineer of modern or ancient celebrity. The trident of *old Neptune* has dug a deep fosse around her, which Britons, of the present day, know how to guard, as their best defence, against all the sanguinary hordes of our species.

LETTER VI.

Author receives instructions to proceed to Cork in the Bridgewater transport. Is offered an exchange from the St. Domingo to the Leeward Island staff. Embarkation of troops. Tempestuous scenery at Portsmouth. Author visits the Circus. Adventure of a British tar at this theatre. Author lodges at the Widow Butler's. Is led into religious controversy with his hosts. Obtains her blessing, by prescribing a simple food for her children.

Portsmouth, October, 28.

STILL at Portsmouth, and the Ulysses not yet come round from the Thames! Henderson and myself have received orders not to wait longer, but to repair, immediately, on board the Bridgewater transport, and proceed to Cork. Of this vessel we do not hear the most happy report. She is very old, and we cannot fancy her so safe as the Ulysses. We, likewise, hear that she is, already, much crowded with passengers, and that we have no prospect of obtaining, even, a tolerable birth on board. But as I before remarked to

you, I am prepared for all I may have to encounter, and resolved to meet whatever happens *sans me plaindre*.

Master has not received instructions to accompany us, and we lament the prospect of being so soon deprived of his society. But we have some hope, that he may, again, join us at Cork. Possibly he may follow us in the *Ulysses*, and have the satisfaction of not being separated from his baggage.

You will learn with surprize that, what I, some time ago, fought, in vain, is now offered to my acceptance. One of the physicians of the Leeward Island staff, wishing to go to St. Domingo, it has been proposed to me to make an exchange, giving him my appointment, and taking his. But my arrangements are now fixed. I have a better knowledge of things connecting with the service on which we are destined, and my baggage is, already, on board a vessel bound for St. Domingo:—if, therefore, my destination be altered, I can only know it officially, for

circumstances no longer prompt me to a voluntary exchange.

Some troops were embarked yesterday, from this place. The weather was rough and unfavorable. Such indeed has it, constantly, been, since our arrival at Portsmouth,—always stormy, and, at times, tempestuous. From this state of the weather we have had the opportunity of seeing this great maritime port to much advantage; a degree of grandeur being added to the scenery, which, in a more tranquil season, had not existed. The general movement and activity have been, necessarily, increased. We have heard the deep roaring of the billows, and have listened to the howling of the wind, and the beating of the storm among the shipping; the troubled waves have dashed, in heavy seas, upon the land, or broke, with violence, against the rampart-walls; boats and ships have been set adrift, others have been driven from their anchors and cast on shore; and that degree of the terrific, necessary to the sublime, has prevailed. But sublime and grand as it may

have appeared, you will believe that, as we are so soon to be placed at the mercy of the restless and turbulent waters, the ideas excited, by this scenery, have not been of the most happy nature.

A sort of relief to the dull round of Portsmouth has, lately, presented itself, in a company of equestrians, who have opened a circus, or theatre for horsemanship, in the hope of amusing the public, at more of profit than the bare support of the riders and their horses. But, in this expectation, it seems probable, they may be disappointed, especially, if their visit should be at all protracted.

To have disregarded this only amusement of the place had been a great neglect : but a single visit has exhausted all our curiosity. Of the spectators, no small proportion consisted of sailors, (drunk or sober,) and the *lovely* Cyprians I have before described to you. The low buffoonery of the clown, you may believe, was suited to his audience, and, certainly, it was coarse and vulgar as, even, Portsmouth might desire.

Perhaps I might say that the best part of the entertainment proceeded from a jolly tar, in a fit of mirth, letting himself down from the gallery, to snatch off the fool's cap,—which he put upon his own head, and, usurping the place and character of the clown, desired him to “*budge*,” for he was “*too great a fool to keep the deck*.” This introduced a very ludicrous scene between Jack and the clown. The clown met the adventure as mere sailor's fun, bore it patiently, and, in his own way, endeavoured to turn it to the amusement of the audience: while Jack made many hits of humor and drollery, and seemed not, altogether, unworthy of the cap. For some time they maintained a very ridiculous and sportive contest, who should wear it, Jack repelling the rough wit and sarcasm of the clown with considerable effect. But, at length, the latter observing that “*two fools*” were “*too much for so genteel an audience*,” abruptly seized the cap from the head of the merry tar, and poor Jack, thus deprived of necromantic influence, reeled off the stage, a mere drunken sailor, stammering, by way of apology, “*D..d.. dumme, ladies and g...gentlemen, I'm o...b..b...*”

liged to strike, for t'other's the b...b...biggest fool."

From the time of our leaving the Fountain inn I have lodged at the house of a widow, who proves to be a very strict disciple of the zealous and bigotted Whitfield. This poor woman has several children, who are brought up in all the scrupulous tenets of their sect; and, it being a part of the system to seek profelytes, I am, sometimes, in my occasional conferences, betrayed into theological discussions with my puritanical hostess. Most commonly they turn upon the hallowed doctrine of predestination; when the scriptures are turned, and twisted, and tortured, and construed, and misconstrued, in a variety of ways, and in all the trite language, and ready quotation of the sect, to exemplify the certitude of this great and universal principle; which, to minds less biaſſed, would only seem to plead an excuse for all the bad passions of man, while it impeached the justice of a benevolent, all-wise, and all-merciful ruler.

But, as I, always, hold religion sacred, and

venerate true devotion, under all the various forms assumed by every class of its votaries, however mislaid, with regard to particular tenets, I, so far, subscribe to the merit of the widow's arguments as to quit the topic in perfect harmony; although less impressed with the great truths, she so fervently urges, than her zeal for the good cause would lead her to wish.

I feel, however, the satisfaction of having obtained this poor woman's esteem and gratitude; although, by a circumstance less spiritual than religious observance;—a concern, indeed, wholly temporal, for it regards, simply, the body's support! Finding that she was often at a loss to contrive a convenient and economical dinner for her little brood, I hinted to her the great utility of rice. In reply to which she remarked, that she did often make them *rice-puddings*, but that they were very expensive, and required much time and trouble in preparing. She did not seem to have any idea that rice, *simply boiled*, could be eaten, or that it could be regarded as food, without the admixture of eggs, sugar, milk,

and spices ; and, when I assured her that *plain rice* merely put into a bag and boiled, made a very wholesome and nourishing diet, she smiled, and expressed strong doubts of the fact : therefore, in order to convince her, I desired that she would procure some rice that day for the children's dinner, and let me instruct her how to prepare it. She did so, with a sort of reluctance, believing that it could not be good,—not eatable ! I repeated my assurances that she would find it an important article of diet, adding, that it was *predestined* for her children to use it as a principal part of their food.—This was a close specimen of her own logic, and a little staggered her : but she could not “ tell by anticipation what was predestined. Whatever was would come to pass.” This, she believed, never could. She knew not what was to be ; but, like the most zealous of the sect, reserved herself to judge the case of pre-ordination by the event.

At dinner-time the rice appeared, and, fortunately, it was well boiled. I desired them to mix with it some moist sugar and a small

piece of butter, and, giving some of it to the children, begged of the mother to leave it to them to decide whether the predelination I had foretold was not about to be fulfilled. They ate up, eagerly, what was given them, and asked for more. The poor woman, likewise, partook of it herself, and, to her great surprise, found it to be, not only a good and wholesome food, but very palatable. A scene of joy and happiness succeeded, which I witnessed with the most heartfelt satisfaction ; and I could not but take to myself the merit of having done a good action :—although it was but the humble one of prescribing *a pudding* to a poor widow, and her tender babes !

The dear little ones clapped their hands, and, in lisping accents, told their joy ; while the thankful parent relieved a heart, loaded with gratitude, by expressing a multitude of acknowledgments, and praying Heaven, for ever, to bless me. “ Now,” said she, “ I can never be at a loss for a pleasant, or a plentiful meal, for my poor children :” and, on my putting to her the question regarding my prediction, she replied, that she was not only

fully convinced of the truth of it, but that she further believed it had been predestined by the Almighty, that I should be sent, to lodge in her house, to instruct her how to provide, for her infants, a fit and palatable food, which, at all times, she might be able to procure.— She devoutly offered thanks to Heaven, on this happy event, which, she declared, brought, to herself and children, a degree of comfort, and of plenty, she had not dared to expect.

If I at all know your heart, my friend, however trivial it shall seem to some, this will not be regarded, by you, as, merely, an idle anecdote. You will envy me the blessing of the widow Butler, and the smiles of her innocent babes.

LETTER VII.

Author goes to Spithead and St. Helen's with Dr. Henderson, in search of the Bridgewater transport. They return to Portsmouth unsuccessful. Violent storm on the 29th of October. Its effect upon the minds of the common people. Fleets detained by bad weather, and contrary winds. Suggestion that an approaching peace may prevent the expedition from proceeding to its destination. Credulity of a hypochondriac lady, who asked a celebrated empiric to tell her the name of her malady.

Portsmouth, October, 31.

YOU, no doubt, expected that my next letter would be addressed to you from Cork, and will be surprized to find that I am still at Portsmouth:—but this is among the numberless uncertainties of my present calling.

Upon receiving our instructions to repair on board the Bridgewater, Dr. Henderson and myself took a boat and went off to Spithead, in the intention of joining her, but, after sailing and rowing, amidst the fleets, there, and at St. Helen's, throughout, nearly, the whole

of the day, we, at last, returned without being able to find our Ship.

We hailed a great number of vessels with inquiries, but could not obtain any accurate tidings of the Bridgewater. One had no knowledge of her whatever ;—another knew her, but could not tell where she lay ;—a third had never heard her name. Some had seen her, but said she had shifted her birth ;—some thought she had dropped down to St. Helen's ;—some believed she lay at the Motherbank,—and others understood that she had failed. Amidst all these contradictory reports we could neither find the ship, nor learn any certain intelligence respecting her : hence, after a most tiresome and fatiguing round, and consuming nearly a whole day in quest of the Bridgewater, it only remained to us to return to Portsmouth, and, again, wait for further orders.

Previous to going into the boat we had been informed at the Transport-Office, that the vessel, we inquired for, had received instructions to sail without delay : it is there-

fore probable, that she might be getting under weigh at the very moment we went off in search of her. The following morning we learned that she had, actually, sailed for Cork.

After the account I gave you, in my last letter, regarding this ship, you will not imagine that our disappointment was very afflicting ;—and I, candidly, confess that my greatest uneasiness, upon the occasion, proceeded from our sickening tour in the boat. The revived hope of seeing the *Ulysses*, and the prospect of regaining the society of our friend Master, held out to us more than a compensation for our toil. In the latter expectation we were speedily gratified ; but the satisfaction of greeting the *Ulysses* still remains in anticipation.

The weather continues to be very unsettled. It has been stormy and tempestuous beyond all that is usual, even, at the roughest season of the year. On the 29th instant it blew a perfect hurricane,—like what we read of as, sometimes, happening in other countries,

but unlike all that we are accustomed to witness in England. Had the fleet been at sea something very disastrous would, probably, have befallen it; but as the weather has so long been stormy, we hope that the boisterous heavens will have exhausted themselves before the expedition fails.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 29th, a tremendous gale began to blow. The sky blackened. The tumid clouds rolled in heavy masses, darting forth quick lightning, followed by loud bursts of thunder. The tearing gusts of wind brought with them violent showers of hail, and deluging torrents of rain. The whole elements seemed to be moved in one convulsive effort. The vivid lightning traced its path in broad and fiery flashes, and the terrific thunder instantly followed, as if raging to overtake them. At one instant it rolled in oppressed and convulsive sound, seeming to struggle against some great impediment that confined it to the clouds, and, at the next, it burst forth, in full explosion, as though a match had, suddenly, fired the whole ordnance.

of heaven. Hailstones, of uncommon magnitude, beat down with a force and rapidity, as if contending which should first reach the earth: and scarcely had they fallen, before the sweeping violence of the wind forced them into heaps like deep-drifted snow; in which state they remained for hours after the storm; notwithstanding the heavy torrents of rain which followed them.

The houses were shaken, to a dangerous degree, by the excessive force of the tempest. The loud ocean rolled in tremendous seas, and broke, in ruptured mountains, on the shore. Many of the ships were driven from their anchors; some were dismasted; others cast away; and boats, set loose by the storm, were swallowed up by the troubled waters, and afterwards vomited, by the expelling throes of the sea, upon dry land.

The hollow sound of the wind, and the heavy beatings of the hail and rain, through the thick forest of shipping lying in the harbour, together with the tremendous dashings of the sea, and the troubled motion of the

vessels, upon its restless surface, all combined to render the scene greatly awful ; but too high a degree of the terrific was intermixed with it, for the spectator to regard its grandeur and sublimity in quiet contemplation.—To convey any just idea of it would require the pen of a Milton, or a Shakespeare.

Great and general alarm prevailed, especially among the lower orders of people ; in whose minds a fearful association was excited, which carried them, infinitely, beyond the probable injuries to be expected. They ran, trembling, into the remotest corners of their houses, uttering loud bewailings, and fearing that some dreadful visitation of the Almighty was upon them, and that He, in his wrath, was about to punish their sins, by the destruction of the town, and its wicked inhabitants. Nothing was heard but the howlings of the tempest. In all other respects a dread stillness reigned. No living thing was seen upon the streets ; and all around seemed hushed in the silent pause of consternation.

When the violence of the storm had a little abated, and the rays of light began to issue through the broken clouds, the trembling multitude ventured forth, and, assembling in groups at the door-ways, relieved their apprehensions by relating them to each other, in the restored comfort of mutual intercourse. At this moment I could not but remark the striking effect of that great and leading feature of our nature,—the social principle. Had these people remained alone, hidden in the corners of their houses, their sense of alarm had, probably, continued much longer; but they derived manifest relief from communicating with each other; and the very act of relating their fears insensibly dispelled them.

Having much curiosity to hear their remarks, and to observe their expressions of terror, I mixed with these associated groups, and found that their apprehensions had been great and various. Some had magnified the storm into an earthquake, sent to destroy them. Others had believed it to be a hurricane, which

would bury them in the ruins of the town. Many had imagined they were to be swallowed up by the sea, which threatened the place in huge and loud-roaring billows. Some, widening their fears to the whole extent of our island, considered the awful scene as an omen to the Parliament (which was to meet this day), to warn them against persisting in a “cruel and bloody war;” others, looking to the immense fleets preparing for our expeditions, believed the whole about to be swallowed up, because their employment was wicked; and all seemed to regard the tempest as a scourge, intended to punish the vices, and chastise the follies of mankind.

Whilst every one contemplated the event as of vast and mighty import, busy imagination had tortured their individual fears into a thousand forms. One worthy dame had felt the earth shake under her; another saw the whole street move; the olfactories of a third had perceived sulphureous fumes issuing from below, and some had even heard the church and other buildings falling into the opened

chasms, and crashing amidst the shattered bowels of the earth. These secret terrors, you will believe, subsided with the storm; yet all, in soberest reason, vowed they had never known the like before.

The injuries done were less than might have been expected. Some of the ships and boats necessarily suffered; a few houses were unroofed; and, amidst the devastation, the windmill, at Gosport, was blown to the ground. It was, at first, said that many lives were lost,—but, happily, we do not find this report confirmed.

The West-India fleet, the fleet for Gibraltar, and the Channel fleet, are all detained by tempestuous weather and contrary winds; and there are some among us who, from the pacific tendency of the King's speech, and other circumstances, which they imagine to be favorable, would persuade themselves that our great expedition will never fail; or, that, if it should get under weigh, negotiations for peace will prevent it from reaching the West-

Indies. I dare not hazard an opinion upon this subject. What say you politicians of London respecting it?

But I have something to tell you more amusing than storms, and fleets, and troubled seas. You will remember our occasional conversations respecting the numberless perils and dangers that derive, to the public, from the license afforded, in this country, to every idle and impudent boaster of empirical remedies for the cure of disease; and, without any violent surprize, you will place the following fact among the host of absurdities which daily meet your eye and your ear.

A physician, whom I had the pleasure of conversing with yesterday evening, was, some time ago, called to visit a patient who was, wretchedly, afflicted with hypochondriasis. She had long been under the care of the solid and celebrated *Doctor*——and had swallowed of his all-healing, all-restoring, all-strengthening, and never-failing cordial as much as had cost her *two-and-twenty* guineas. Still she was more and more low, dyspeptic,

and hypp'd ; and her poor flatulent stomach was, cruelly, annoyed with the repeated positions of this *infallible* specific. At length, after enduring the *doctor*, and his remedy, through a most tedious trial, and finding no relief, she grew impatient to know, decidedly, the nature of her malady, and, at one of her visits to the *doctor*, pointedly importuned him to tell her the *real and true* name of her disease : when this *great* man, finding that his patient was urgent, and that he was unable, any longer, to evade the question, assumed a dignified and important air, and, with *great* gravity, made known to her his *great* opinion that she had - - - - -
 “ *a great fire in the bones !*” The poor burning lady, in all fullness of faith, gave credit to the fiery tale, and, in the true sense of a hypochondriac believer, felt that not only her bones, but her whole frame was rapidly consuming. Unhappily for *the doctor*, she soon after discovered that taking his never-failing balsam was only adding fuel to her fire ; and, at last, upon turning to the newspapers she found that, in the long list of maladies to be cured by this omnipotent remedy, the *doctor*,

alas! had forgot to promise that it should extinguish the "fire in the bones;" upon which she abandoned both cordial and *doctor*, and applied for relief to the physician, who amused us with the history of the case.

LETTER VIII.

Author and his colleagues joined by Dr. Cleghorn. Doctors Master, Cleghorn, and the author contemporaries at Edinburgh, and fellow-pupils of Guy's and St. Thomas's. Author and his comrades, joined by Mr. Nicholl, again visit the Dock-yard, Haslar Hospital, and Forton Prison. Vicissitudes of war exemplified in the case of a French prisoner.

Portsmouth, Nov. 8.

OUT of evil, it is said, sometimes springeth good : and I feel assured that you will agree with me, in considering the adage verified, when I tell you, that the repeated delays to which we have been subjected have proved the means of completing our party, by converting our harmonious trio into a still more social quartette :—a circumstance which has happened from our being joined by Dr. Cleghorn, who is now arrived, at this place, on his way to join the St. Domingo hospital staff. He is a pleasant, well-informed man, and of good professional abilities ;—is brother to the professor of anatomy at the University

of Dublin, and nephew to the celebrated author on the diseases of Minorca. His society is a great acquisition to us, and we are much gratified in having such an agreeable addition to our party. We now look, more anxiously than ever, to the arrival of the *Ulysses*, in the hope of being allowed to establish a pleasant mess for the voyage.

On the day of Dr. Cleghorn's arrival at Portsmouth, it happened that he met me walking in the street, when, without any introduction, he directly accosted me by name; and, on my seeming surprized, at being so addressed by a stranger, he remarked that my face was very familiar to him, from having seen me often at the classes in Edinburgh: upon a further eclaircissement, it proves that Master, Cleghorn, and myself were cotemporaries, though not acquainted, at Edinburgh; and that we were all pupils at Guy's and St. Thomas's in London. We are now met again, under circumstances calculated to create a durable intimacy, and we hope to remain associated, until the calls of service shall require our unwilling separation.

I have also the pleasure of finding myself further relieved from the dulness of Portsmouth, by the society of my friend Mr. Nicholl, who is just arrived here, in order to proceed to the West Indies, with the expedition, but, on a much pleasanter service than ourselves, viz. that of taking possession of some estates, lately left him as a legacy, in the island of St. Vincent; and from which he has the prospect of obtaining an income of several thousands per annum.

With our newly-arrived friends we have repeated our visits to the Dock-yard, the Haslar Hospital, and the Forton Prison. The wounded and shattered Tigre again arrested our attention. We also went on board the Bellerophon, and an immense ship now building, which is intended to carry upwards of a hundred guns.

At the prison we met with a striking example of the numerous and sudden vicissitudes to which persons are liable, who are exposed to the hazardous chances of war. Observing among the prisoners, an officer

who had lost his right arm, we were led to ask some questions respecting him, when we learned that he was the very lieutenant who took possession of our ship of war the *Alexander*, at the time she fell into the hands of the French ; and that he had, afterwards, been taken in one of the ships captured by Lord Bridport's fleet, and had lost his arm in the action. Thus the man, who, but a short time ago, rejoiced in victory, is now humbled by defeat, and has the sad mortification of being confined a prisoner, with the loss of a most important limb, and the melancholy prospect of being a cripple throughout the remainder of his life.

LETTER IX.

Author and his comrades embark on board the Ulysses at Spithead. Report of the expedition being about to sail. Consequent hurry and confusion. Scramble for provisions. Author and his comrades buy a gilet pie upon the street, hot from the oven. Embarkation scene at Portsmouth. Author's account of having witnessed a similar scene at Geneva, but of a nature and extent far more afflicting. Conduct of an emigrant marquis upon that occasion. Reception of the author and his comrades on board the Ulysses. Proceedings of the first night on board.

Spithead, Nov. 12.

GREETINGS from the Ulysses! Our suspense is, at length, relieved. The day after I last wrote to you, our long looked for Ulysses arrived, with a fleet from the Downs, and yesterday, Henderson, Master, Cleghorn, and myself, took our births on board, finding Master's and my baggage stowed in great safety.

We left Portsmouth in a grand scene of hurry and confusion, in consequence of it being reported, on the arrival of the fleet

from the Downs, that every ship, belonging to the expedition, was to sail, without further delay; those of the Leeward island division for Barbadoes, and those of the St. Domingo division for Cork. The transports, with troops from Southampton, happening to drop down the river at the same time, to rendezvous at the Motherbank and Spithead, seemed to confirm the report; and suddenly, all was converted into extreme hurry and activity. Multitudes, both from the newly arrived ships, and those which had been long waiting, thronged on shore to purchase provisions and stores, to complete their stock for the voyage. Many, who had passed their hours of suspense in the town, had also their marketings to make; and hence the demand becoming, suddenly, greater than the supply, it introduced all the confusion of a general scramble. Each seized upon whatever provisions he could find, asking no questions, but paying any money that was demanded.

Not aware of the tumultuous pressure of such a moment, and considering ours to be only a short passage, we had, purposely, de-

layed purchasing our meat, bread, and other fresh provisions, until we should be certain that the ship, in which we were to make the voyage, was arrived. But, should we proceed to sea, immediately, and the voyage be at all protracted, we shall be reduced, by this neglect, to salt food, and the ship's allowance; for, in the general scramble, we were unable to obtain what we wished, and were compelled to repair on board with a very deficient supply.

All the butchers' and bakers' shops were quickly emptied. Not a loaf, nor a bit of meat, not even a carrot, nor a cabbage remained, and many went empty away. Neither porters nor servants were required, but every one, who was successful enough to put his hand upon any provisions, gladly became the bearer of his own load. To shew you the extremity to which we were reduced, I may tell you that our party stopped a man, upon the street, who was carrying home a large giblet pie, hot from the oven, which we tempted him to let us take on board, by offering, for the pie and the dish, more than

double their value—or indeed any money he might demand.

To an unconcerned spectator it must have been a most ludicrous and diverting scene, and such as might have afforded full scope to the all-animating pencil of Hogarth. We were too intimately associated in what was passing, to view it only with an eye of amusement. Still I could not but remark the oddity of the assemblage, and the varied expression of countenance, as actuated by hope, joy, disappointment, hurry, and anxiety. Military and naval officers, passengers, servants, soldiers, sailors, boys, women, and negroes, all crowded together upon the streets, formed one heterogeneous mass—one great and motley groupe, of which every part was in busy motion—each person feeling the apprehension of being left behind.

From the multitudes of anxious heavy-laden individuals who were seen running with their burdens down to the boats, and scrambling to embark, it might have appeared to a stranger, that the inhabitants of Portsmouth

were making one great effort to carry off all the provisions, stores, and furniture of the town, previous to evacuating it to the possession of an enemy. One hurried off with legs and shoulders of mutton, another with half a sheep, a third with a huge piece of beef, and others with different joints of veal or pork. Here was a man running with a cheese, there one with a sugar-loaf. Others were scampering away loaded with rice, or papers of groceries. Some ran off with bags of bread, some with baskets of greens, potatoes, carrots, turnips, and the like. Many were seen bending under heavy bundles of clothes, wet from the wash; others loaded with camp-stools, deal boxes, sea-coffers, pewter utensils, and various other kinds of stores; and, amidst the throng, ourselves with the smoking giblet pie, and such other provisions as we had been able to procure. Every one was upon the alert. Necessity made all industrious, and, without any idle or scrupulous objections, each was glad to minister to his own wants.

Intermixed with the business of this

anxious scene, were many other circumstances which increased the general crowd and confusion of the picture; such as multitudes pressing into, and overflowing the shops—people running against, or tumbling over each other upon the streets—loud disputes and quarrelling—the sadness of parting—greetings of friends, unexpectedly met, and as suddenly about to separate—sailors quitting their trulls—drunkards reeling—boatmen wrangling—boats overloaded or upset—the tide beating in heavy sprays upon the shore—persons running and hurrying in every direction, for something new, or something forgot—some cursing the boatmen for not pushing off with more speed, and others beseeching and imploring them to stop a minute longer.

Such was the state in which we left Portsmouth, after a residence of three weeks, during which time we had regarded it as a dull inanimate place; but the change was sudden, and will be only transient: the hurry and tumult will vanish with the sailing of the fleet, and the town will relapse into its tran-

quill fameness, until the recurrence of a similar occasion.

This troubled moment of scramble and confusion called to my remembrance a scene, not unlike it, but upon a far greater scale, which I had witnessed at Geneva, at the time when the French general Montesquiou, after taking the town of Chamberry, marched his army against that city. This was a period of uncommon interest, and it has stamped an indelible impression upon my mind. Having made a long tour through Holland, the Pays-bas, Germany, Switzerland, and Savoy, my brother and sister, and myself had proposed making the vicinity of Geneva our resting-place, during the autumn months, and, with this view, we had taken up our residence at the village of Copet, near that city, in a cottage, built upon the very brink of its enchanting lake.

From our windows we, at once, commanded, perhaps the grandest landscape, and the sublimest picture in nature. An expanse of water thirty-six miles in length, six in breadth,

and as bright as crystal, was immediately before us. Near to us, at the upper extremity of this fine sheet of water, appeared the city of Geneva, encompassing the end of the lake in semilunar form. Upon its sides were seen many villages, towns, and country villas, distributed amidst verdant fields, or luxuriant vineyards. At the distance of a few miles, on the left shore, was the celebrated town of Lausanne, with the towering mountains of Jura, which divide Switzerland from France; and before us, on the opposite coast of the lake, rose the gigantic Alps of Savoy, proudly elevating themselves, in three vast ranges, aspiring to the very skies, and scarcely leaving a space between the earth and heaven. The first rise, gradually, behind the beautiful villas and vineyards bordering the lake, and are covered, to the top, with cattle and green herbage; those of the second range, tower above these, and appear, at the distance of from ten to twenty miles, in rugged pyramids of naked rock; and the most remote, which crown all the others, are seen above the clouds, at the distance of forty or fifty

miles, appearing in huge summits of ice and snow.

Here we had hoped to sojourn during the autumn, enjoying these finest scenes of nature, placed, as it were, beyond the broils of a disordered world: but it was not permitted us, quietly to lull in nature's lap, or, thus, to rest embosomed in her softest couch. Too soon wide-spreading violation reached this peaceful retreat, and the maniacal fever of change, which shook the globe, suffered not this heavenly spot to escape.

Under the protection of a neutral republic, and believing themselves secure in this soul-enchanting retirement, many of the unhappy and persecuted emigrants, from France, had taken refuge in this most delightful neighbourhood, hoping to rest in quietness, and, peacefully, deplore their country's woes; but the infectious revolution, which now spreads its poison abroad, respects neither persons nor places. No establishment, however ancient or sacred, is secure against its pestiferous in-

fluence. It rages wide and wild, and, like a ferocious beast of prey, seems only eager to devour and destroy.

At an early hour of the morning, long previous to the usual moment of persons being allowed to enter the city, crowds of distressed and terror-struck emigrants, flying from the adjacent country, thronged to the Chamberry gate, to seek protection within the walls, reporting that the French army had seized the town of Chamberry, and was proceeding against Geneva.

The news was unexpected as alarming, and the sudden apprisal introduced a scene of terror and confusion not to be described. An universal consternation prevailed. The emigrants expected to be massacred if they fell into the hands of their implacable foes; and the aristocratic party of the inhabitants looked to nothing but plunder, indignity, and insult.

A general council was called, and it was resolved to demand the Swiss subsidy of

troops to defend the city. In the meantime several of the senators deemed it prudent to embark such of their property as could be conveniently moved; and the whole body of emigrants hastened, without delay, to seek their safety in the more independent territory of Switzerland. Of the inhabitants also, great numbers saw no security but in quitting the town; and many, who remained, held it prudent to send away their wives and families.

The scene which followed was not unlike what we have, lately, witnessed at Portsmouth, but more general, and of a nature infinitely more afflicting. Indeed the sudden panic that overspread the place, together with the alarm and confusion of the emigrants, begat a day of horror and distress, which might have drawn compassion even from the tiger-hearts of those who caused it.

Penetrated with every fearful apprehension, multitudes abandoned their property, and ran from the city to escape, only, with their lives; regardless whither they wandered, or

what path they took, so it but led to a place of safety. Others taking what property they could with them, crowded into boats upon the lake, in order to proceed, by water, to the Cantons of Switzerland. Many hurried away on horseback, others in coaches, carts, waggons, or any sort of conveyance they could find. Every species of carriage, of whatever shape or structure, was seized and driven away with more than a double load.

Unhappily a new source of distress arose, from an obstacle which the terrified multitude had not anticipated. The little town of Verfoy, situated upon the western border of the lake, is within the territory of France, and the frightened multitude, in pursuing the public route to Switzerland, which leads through this place, met with guards of military "levellers" stationed upon the streets, and upon different parts of the road, who stopped every person, and every carriage, under pretence of searching for emigrant, or contraband property. But these new comptrollers of the road—this new species of highway robbers, sanctioned by that odious badge of *liberty*, the

national uniform, having, in compliance with the system and principle of the revolution, subdued all the antiquated prejudices of conscience, stole and plundered without reserve. The law of force being their only rule of justice, they found no difficulty in attaching the term "*émigré*" to whatever they desired to possess. If emigrant property was found, it was tossed out upon the open road; the packages emptied, and whatever was valuable taken away: and those persons who were discovered to be emigrants, were, further, robbed of their shoe-buckles, knee-buckles, ear-rings, and the like, and subjected to every low and degrading insult that could aggravate their misfortune, or augment the distress of their retreat. For more than a mile, between Verfoy and Geneva, the road was strewed with interrupted carriages—with trunks, boxes, imperials, and other packages, exposed to the rough examination, and the plunder of these, *for-disans*, sons of *freedom*. Whole trains of carriages were thus detained for many hours, and others were not suffered to proceed.

Multitudes of persons hearing of the rude

inspection to which those in advance were subjected, returned, before they reached the first station of French troops, hoping to make their escape, with less difficulty, by water. But in this they were not less unhappy, for the freedom of the lake was also violated. The tri-coloured marauders of Verfoy, observing a crowd moving upon the water, sent out four boats, and stationed them across the lake, with instructions to intercept every vessel that should attempt to pass; and interruption and plunder prevailed, equally, upon the land and the water.

The whole town was now at the highest point of distress; boats, carriages, and vehicles of every description were crowding back, both from the road, and the lake; the French army was said to be actually on its march from Chamberry; and, still worse, from the democratic part of the citizens being dissatisfied with the decision of the council, respecting the Swiss troops and the defence of the city, the place was threatened with intestine commotion. No one felt safe in the town, yet none could escape from it, without injury or

insult.—The moment was awful as perilous. Consternation was seated upon every brow. The streets were crowded with parties, each suspecting the other's designs: and from the more violent and disorderly calling aloud, "Point de Suisses—Point de Suisses," it was to be apprehended that some dreadful convulsion might ensue.

In this alarming state of the city the council was again assembled, and, in order to appease the discontented, it was resolved that some step should be taken to evince the amicable disposition of the government of Geneva, towards the republic of France. A decree was accordingly passed, that the French resident at Geneva, who had not been acknowledged since the memorable 10th of August, should be recognised, as envoy of the French republic, and that he should be requested to proceed to general Montesquiou, commanding the French army, with assurances of friendship from the council and people of Geneva.

This, in some degree, quieted the dissatis-

fied citizens : but “ Point de Suiffes—Point de Suiffes,” continued to be occasionally heard. The council, however, did not abandon the decree of calling in the Swiss levy, but reserved all further proceedings, until they should receive the answer of general Montefquiou, to the friendly communication conveyed through the medium of the French resident.

In the mean time, as the whole town felt indignant on account of the freedom of the lake being infringed, an armed vessel was dispatched to assert the rights of the state of Geneva ; and to insist upon the free and uninterrupted passage of all vessels going from the city. The remonstrance succeeded, and no further obstacle being opposed, every boat, barge, and skiff—every vessel that could carry an oar or a sail, was, immediately, employed, and the general hurry and confusion were tenfold increased. Anxious multitudes thronged on board, and the crowded boats were in danger of being upset, or sunk to the bottom.

From the distress and extreme peril which intermixed with, and augmented the confusion

of this disastrous period, it was rendered highly afflicting. Not only the peace and property, but the lives of numbers were at hazard. To go off in the boats, crowded as they were, was extremely dangerous; but still greater peril awaited longer delay. Hence, at all risks, those who could possibly find place, ventured themselves afloat, and, quickly, we saw, from our window, as it were, a whole town moving upon the water.

Among the crowd that appeared before the city gates early in the morning, as well as among those who left their homes, to escape from the town, were groupes of the various descriptions of young and old, male and female, rich and poor, polished and vulgar, all confounded, pell-mell, together. Acting from the sudden impulse of terror, many thought only of the safety of their persons; and some, in their haste and anxiety to escape, ran off without hats or shoes—some without caps or bonnets. Few, indeed, were enough collected to regard either propriety or ornament of dress. The countenances of all bespoke more important concern; but their

feelings were differently depicted, and so great was the motley variety of the throng, that had the occasion been less painful, the whole scene might have appeared as a ludicrous spectacle. But all the circumstances connecting with it, were so serious and afflicting, that every feeling of levity, which might have arisen from the various incidents of the moment, was absorbed in the general emotion of compassion for the sufferers.

Both the sympathy and astonishment of the town were excited, in a peculiar manner, towards an unfortunate old lady, nearly eighty years of age, who had heard the alarm in the night-time, and, in order to save her life, had hurried away on foot, from her place of residence, and had been compelled to walk many miles to reach Geneva; where she appeared, amidst the terrified crowd, before the hour of opening the city gates.

Very different was the sensation created by the misfortune, or rather by the conduct, under misfortune, of a frivolous marquis—a

petit maitre who was driven back to the town by the rude boat-inspectors from Verfoy. A party of English who had been acquainted with this emigrant, during his residence at Geneva, wishing to assist him in his escape to the Cantons, had offered him the protection of their boat. But the fans-culottes searchers of the vessel, finding their ex-countryman on board, minutely inspected every package, plundering the marquis of his, and detaining much of what belonged to his kind protectors; but, worst of all, they robbed the unhappy marquis of his shoe-buckles, his knee-buckles, and—his beloved *ear-rings*! and then obliged him and the party to return, not suffering the vessel to pass on account of having an emigrant on board. Upon landing from the boat, this insignificant fribble ran to my brother and myself in loud bewailing, forgetful of the greater loss of his baggage, and that his life was still in danger, and lamenting only——“*les cheres boucles d'oreilles!*”

“Ô! Messieurs,” cried the wretched fop,
 “Les vilains republicains ont volé mes boucles d'oreilles. Les gueux! Les voleurs! Les

enragés démocrates ! Ils ont volé mes chères boucles d'oreilles ! Hélas ! qu'elles étoient belles ! qu'elles étoient superbes ! Ô ! pourquoi faut il que je les aie perdues ! Les voleurs ! Les coquins ! Pourquoi faut il qu'ils m'ayent volé mes boucles d'oreilles !” All his concern : all his anguish seemed to centre in these idle ornaments — these effeminate appendages of his ears.

I need not explain to you the emotion created in our minds by the poor marquis's griefs. Such ineffable frivolity, exhibited at a moment of the heaviest affliction, could not but render its object contemptible. But as soon as the bitter calamity of losing his ear-drops would allow him to think of his personal safety, we, in compassion to his misfortunes, assisted in conveying him, by means of a small private boat, to the opposite side of the lake, where we put him on shore upon the territory of Savoy, and left him to steal his way through the vineyards, into the Cantons of Switzerland.

But you will say that I am straying as wide as the marquis, and, like him, dropping

trifles in your ears, to the exclusion of more immediate, or more important subjects: let me, therefore, return with you to the *Ulysses*, and tell you, that upon reaching the ship, we had so anxiously looked for, we were received as people unknown and unregarded—conducted into a large ward-room, strewn with various kinds of lumber, and there left, as in a wilderness. No births had been prepared, nor any kind of arrangement made for our accommodation. Not a cot was flung; nor any sleeping place allotted. The ward-room was open to all, and was to serve for the whole of the passengers. We were turned in loose, with six or eight other persons, and soon found ourselves to be, only, individuals of the general herd—the whole flock being left, at large, like sheep in a common fold.

The vessel is commanded by an officer of the navy, and it was no part of his duty to prepare accommodations for passengers he neither knew nor expected. She is one of the old forty-four gun frigates, and carries some of her guns as an armed transport. Had our ship been a common transport, or a mer-

chantman, I should have felt enough at home to have demanded all we required, but, from not having, before, been passengers on board a ship of war, Cleghorn, Master, and myself were quite at a loss how to proceed. Fortunately Henderson is more *au fait* to these subjects, and from understanding the necessary etiquette, kindly took upon himself the task of meliorating our condition. Having applied, with all due ceremony, to the Governor of our ocean-castle, he soon succeeded in bringing one of the lieutenants to our aid; who, very obligingly, gave immediate directions for bettering our situation, and it was gratifying, beyond all the advantages of personal accommodation, to observe with what promptitude his orders were put into execution. The packages, and other incommoding lumber, were quickly removed; and a canvas partition was put up to divide the ward-room into two separate apartments; allotting to us that on the starboard side. Four cots were flung, in a row, over the cannon, and inclosed with another canvas running, parallel with the former, throughout the whole length of the ward-room. This formed a

general sleeping birth for our mess, allowing to each his appropriate dressing room between the several guns : and, thus, were we speedily accommodated with five distinct apartments, consisting of a long narrow dining room, and, as we were assured, four *excellent* bed-rooms.

We were both amused and gratified in observing the expertness of the ship's carpenters, and all the men employed upon this occasion ; and it afforded us great pleasure to remark how prompt and obedient they were in executing the commands of their officers. On board a transport, or a merchantman, several days would have been expended, in preparing what was here completed in a single hour.

As we are only fresh-water sailors, it was, hinted, for our information, that the aft, or sternmost cot, being the upper birth on the star-board side, was deemed the place of honor, and hence appropriated to the use of the captain, always, when the officers sleep in the ward-room. My ambition did not lead me to contend for this sickening post of honor, therefore, in

obedience to my poor nauseated stomach, I, very humbly, required to be allowed to take the lowest cot of the four, and am accordingly indulged with the berth nearest the centre of the ship, where I lie with my three comrades kicking, in a row, at my head.

Our first night has been restless and disturbed—the unpleasant heaving of the ship—the creaking of bulk-heads, and other noises—the uneasy motion of the cot, and a whole host of annoyances, prevented me from sleeping. At each movement of the ship, or the cot, my feet were struck against the bulk-head at the bottom of the ward-room ; or I was bumped upon the huge cannon standing under me ; or had Cleghorn's feet roughly presented to my head. Some of these evils arose from the cot being badly slung, and will be removed ; and a few days, I trust, will reconcile me to those which cannot be remedied.

LETTER X.

Leeward Island division of the expedition puts to sea. Appearance of the fleet on doubling the point of the Isle of Wight. Its sailing forms a grand and pleasing spectacle. Firing of cannon on board a ship. Author's sensations convince him that he is no longer upon terra firma. Putrid water on board the Ulysses. Kitchen Inconveniences. Author expects to proceed to Ireland.

H. M. S. Ulysses, Nov. 15.

THE long expected day is at length arrived, when our proud fleet swells its lofty sails to seek the enemy. The loud signal of departure being given, all the ships of the Leeward Island division weighed anchor this morning, and put to sea under a most favourable breeze. The Ulysses being left to wait the sailing of the convoy for Cork, we remained tranquil spectators, and had every opportunity of enjoying the scene; which was great, and splendid, and led me strongly to wish that you had been here to witness it, with us. The day being fine, and the wind from a

friendly quarter, the picture was beautiful, as it was grand and animated. On passing round, or, to use the sailors' term, on doubling the point of the Isle of Wight, all the ships seemed to fall into regular succession, forming a line of numberless extent—each elevating her sails, into view, over the territory of the island, as though they were contending which should be longest seen; or, as if striving to rival the clouds, in their travels through the skies, conscious that they, too, bore, within them, their thunder, and their lightning.

It was a pleasing spectacle to every beholder, and those who felt as Englishmen ought, derived, from it, sensations peculiarly grateful. To witness such a fleet full-swalling, from our little island, into the broad ocean, to fight our battles in a far distant country, conveyed ideas of greatness and power, which were calculated to raise a just ambition in every British bosom. The ships of war and transports exceeded two hundred sail. The immense ship, the Commerce de Marseilles, captured at Toulon, is at the head of the convoy, with the admiral, the commander in chief

of the army, and nearly a thousand troops on board. It is, currently, reported here that the whole of these, together with the Cork division, are to rendezvous at Barbadoes, and, making that the grand depôt, proceed, from thence, to the attack of various colonies.

For a long time past has this vast armament been expected in the West Indies, and during many tedious weeks has England, almost daily, looked for its departure: but to prepare, and set afloat such a fleet, and such an army, is an undertaking of no trifling magnitude: and far more difficult in the execution than those superficial observers, who are ignorant of the service, are willing to imagine. If it meets with fair winds, and proceeds without disaster, or unforeseen delay, it may yet arrive at a good season, and in time, perhaps, to effect all its intended operations,

We were, yesterday, regaled with the loud treat of hearing the ship's cannon fired, while we were on board. Every thing was cleared away, as if preparing for action:

all the doors and windows were set open, and every precaution used, to prevent injury or accident. We remained in the ward-room during the time of firing the guns, in that part of the ship, and endeavoured to be strictly attentive to the effect. It was not unlike a violent stroke of electricity : and, for a moment, we felt stunned with the shock. The jarring concussion conveyed the sensation of the whole ship having shivered asunder, or suddenly burst into atoms ; and it seemed matter of surprize that the ears of the sailors should, ever, become capable of supporting the successive and violent explosions of a hostile engagement. Notwithstanding the precaution of letting down the windows, those of the quarter gallery were shattered to pieces.

You know what a sick and suffering sailor I am, and will not be surprized to learn that the slight motion of the ship, at anchor, gives me a degree of head-ach, with a sense of nausea, and uneasiness of stomach. It does not quite amount to sickness, but is sufficient to make me know that I am not upon terra firma. Possibly the gradual introduction

effected by our present delay, may enable me better to support the more severe motion of sailing; and, from growing accustomed to the ship, while in harbour, I may be less a sufferer when we put to sea.

We are daily becoming more settled, and better reconciled to our floating dwelling: but we are sometimes annoyed by the merry crowd on the other side the canvass. Some late additions have been made to their party; and this seems now to be the general mess, and common receptacle of passengers: but, grouped as they are, friends and strangers together, we sometimes find that they are sufficiently acquainted to become more loudly joyous than is quite agreeable, in such near neighbours.

As we are to wait for other ships, we may now find an opportunity of adding to the scanty stock of provisions, which we procured amidst the general scramble of embarkation; and we hope, also, that our vessel will have time to take in a fresh supply of water; for we have, hitherto, suffered, very severely, from not

having any, but what has been putrid and offensive, on board ; and coming, directly, to this from the shore, has rendered it far worse than if we had been, gradually, compelled to submit to it, after being a long time at sea. To myself, in particular, this is a weighty misfortune, as I have not the common resource of flying to wine and beer, as a relief. We have taken to our aid, both purifiers and filtering stones ; and, very soon, we hope to have good water from the shore. We are further assured of having our present sufferings compensated upon the passage ; for the Thames water, now so offensive, will soon restore itself, and, becoming settled and depurated, will be clear and sweet as we could desire.

With regard to our eating, likewise, 'tis well we are not of the Epicurean school. The many disagreeable smells, and the heaving motion of the ship, have much impaired our appetites ; and, were we squeamish, or over-dainty, we must, literally, starve ; for our ship-cuifinier happens to be fit only to cook for the seasoned stomachs of old Neptune's hardiest sons. In strength and stature this governor

of the galley might be deemed a fit opponent for Hercules, although his appearance sometimes calls up the idea of a fable spirit who had been long broiling in the dark regions of Pluto. His professional ignorance is only exceeded by his general stupidity. He makes us a daily visit at breakfast-time, to receive instructions regarding dinner; and he, usually, stumbles upon some outrageous mistake, or, totally, spoils whatever is put into his hands. A few days ago he was desired, together with other dishes, to let us have some beef-steaks; and having received his instructions, he bent his neck, in respectful civility, and hastened away: but, within a single hour after, lo, and behold! came our cook running and puffing into the ward-room, with a great dish of beef-steaks, all hot and smoking. He had used uncommon expedition in getting them ready, and, added to the blunder of giving us dinner an hour after breakfast, he had burnt the steaks as black as his own skin, and as dry as the outside of a tea-kettle.

As soon as the other vessels are ready, the Ulysses, we are told, is to proceed with them

to Cowes harbour, to join the St. Domingo division. It is probable, therefore, that my next letter may be addressed to you from Ireland.

LETTER XI.

A dreadful storm overtakes the fleet. It returns to St. Helen's in a disabled condition. Author's sensations during the storm. Those of other Passengers unaccustomed to the sea. Quaint jokes and remarks of the sailors. Dismal effects of the gale. Author and his comrades go on shore at Portsmouth, and at the Isle of Wight. Are told that the Ulysses is to proceed to Cove with the first fair wind, without waiting for the convoy.

Spithead, Nov. 19.

WHEN, in my last, I mentioned to you the grand and splendid fight we had witnessed, in the sailing of an important division of our great expedition, I did not anticipate the painful reverse of, thus soon, communicating the unhappy tidings of its return. But, alas ! how uncertain are all human expectations ! Pleased as we were at the proud sailing of this fleet, only a few days since ; now, we should rejoice, still more, could we see every ship again safe in harbour.

We, yesterday, experienced a most tremendous gale, which, from its disastrous effects

among the shipping at Spithead, led to very painful apprehensions concerning the fleet which had so lately gone to sea. The wind having shifted to an unfavourable point, and blowing with great violence, it was manifest that the convoy could not proceed; and but too evident, that many of the ships must be damaged or lost; and I am sorry to add that we are, already, witnessing the melancholy confirmation of our fears, for the fleet not having cleared the channel, was unable to weather the storm, and, during the whole of this day, different ships have been dropping in at St. Helen's, in a sadly disabled state, bringing still worse tidings of those left behind. A storm so violent and destructive has seldom been known in this climate; indeed, many who had been in the West Indies, remarked, that it was scarcely inferior to a tropical hurricane. Even the admiral's ship was in extreme peril, and, with great difficulty, weathered the gale. She is now brought back in a much injured condition, being very leaky, and having a considerable depth of water in her hold. So alarming was her situation, during the storm, that if the boisterous elements had raged on but a little longer, she had, probably, gone to

the bottom, with the general, the admiral, and nearly two thousand souls on board. We are told that she is so damaged as to be unfit for further service, and that, notwithstanding the large sum lately expended in repairing her, she can never, again, be fit to go to sea.

The confusion of a crowded convoy increased the danger of the gale. Some vessels became ungovernable, and ran on board each other; some had their sails split; others were dismasted; some lost their bowsprits; and scarcely any escaped without more or less of injury. Many were lost upon our own shores—others were wrecked upon the coast of France—some sprang a leak—and several, alas! foundered and sunk. Those, even, of the crews, who are made prisoners, from their ships having been blown upon the enemy's shore, have much cause to be happy—for others, less fortunate, sharing the fate of their vessels, perished in the fathomless deep.

Great multitudes are known to be lost; but the full extent of this sad disaster cannot yet be ascertained, for crippled ships still continue to drop in: it is therefore hoped that some may

appear which report leads us not to expect. Among the more hopeless is the Stanley, with some hundreds of troops on board. Of this ship not the slightest intelligence can be learned, from any one yet returned. She is supposed to have gone to the bottom, and all hands to have perished! What a sad and melancholy change! By how slender a thread are the hopes of man suspended! This great fleet which had cost so much time, and toil in its equipment; and which, under the fairest prospects, so lately swelled her sails to seek the broad ocean, is already defeated, disabled, and brought to ruin! What an example! What a striking proof of the weakness of human foresight; and the uncertainty of all our wisest calculations!

The damage done to the vessels, immediately around us, and the perilous state of our own ship, although lying at anchor, had caused a too faithful representation of the evils which might have befallen us, had we been on our passage to Ireland; and rendered us happy in not having, previously, gone to sea. Signals of distress were heard on all quarters. Pieces

of masts, cordage, and planks floated by the sides of the Ulysses: All was hurry and alarm around us. Many vessels near to us were injured — some, driven from their anchors, drifted on board other ships, or were cast on shore, and, being there wrecked, remained, before our eyes, sad examples of the greater disasters to be apprehended from the storm.

Such, even, was the perilous insecurity of the Ulysses, that although, to use the sea-term, we had *lowered our top-masts, and made all snug*, it was deemed expedient to prepare the guns, for the purpose of firing signals of distress; and, had the gale continued much longer, we might have required assistance, which, at such a moment, it had been impossible to obtain.

I was, excessively, sick and ill; and from the deep rolling, heavy tossings, and the many troubled motions of the ship, was quite unable to support myself upon my legs. Staggering and stumbling I crawled out of the ward-room to the middle of the half-deck, to seek a more central part of the ship, and, there, clinging

to some firm hold, remained, sick and comfortless, to wear out a most distressful day. Afflicted with head-ach, a nauseated stomach, and trembling limbs, my contemplations were not of the most consolatory nature. I saw all the evils that were to befall our fleet under their most gloomy colors. I beheld the convoy dispersed; ships struggling in the gale; my fellow creatures sinking; and the whole expedition discomfited: the mind sympathizing with the sickened frame, all was pictured as one grand scene of disaster and destruction.

My friend Master, and some others on board, suffered still more severely than I did; for, by fixing myself to the spot where I found a free circulation of air, and, comparatively, but little motion, the nausea, which distressed me, did not proceed to the violent, and almost incessant reaching, with which they were afflicted.

In the midst of our apprehensions, and our danger, I could not but notice the strange remarks, and quaint jokes which passed among

the sailors, who were, variously, actuated by feelings of indolence, anxiety, or indifference. One of them being called upon deck, and desired to go aloft, to do something that was expedient at the top of the mast, idly crawled up, from below, muttering, "I'd rather be drowned in the sea, dammee, than at the mast-head"—another, observing a passenger in a severe fit of vomiting, exclaimed—"dammee, he's only sick for want o'grog"—and a third, as if responsive to the other, called out, "stiff breeze Jack. He'll be worse yet! Steward! why don't you give the gentleman a piece of fat pork to settle his stomach."

About five o'clock in the evening the storm began to abate; when torrents of rain lessened the wind, and brought the sailors some respite from the harassing, and perilous duties of the day. From those who have returned in safety we hear many details of real, and of imaginary distress, of ludicrous incidents, and of very truly afflicting, and melancholy events; but the distressful sum of the whole is, that the fleet is severely damaged;

many ships are lost; numbers of souls have perished; and the whole expedition is disabled and delayed.

To repeat to you all the afflicting reports we hear on the subject, would swell my letter into a volume: for, in addition to real and serious ills, the representations of passengers, not accustomed to the sea, magnify those of less importance into a terrific catalogue of injuries and disasters. Some lost their baggage—some their stock and provisions: One laments his pig—another his goat—another his poultry: Some were floating in their births, from water dashing in at the scuttles; and others, finding the sea break in at the stern and quarter-gallery windows, fancied themselves to be drowning in their beds. Pigs and sheep, chickens and ducks were washed away by dozens. Hen-coops, filled with poultry, boats, binnacles, and quarter boards were all swept off by the violence of the wind, or by the heavy seas that broke over the deck. Hogs and sheep put to sea in open boats; ducks and geese swam off in their coops; naked goats fought the waves; even

chickens and turkies took to the water, and all were seen swimming upon the ocean together.

We were on shore this morning at Portsmouth, and, from the ramparts, saw the ships of the returning fleet assembled in forest crowd at St. Helen's. From thence, also, we had a more ample demonstration of the effects which the storm had produced immediately around us; and I am sorry to tell you that we find the injury more extensive than we had imagined. Five or six vessels lie, cast on shore, close to the town, and several are driven aground in Stokes' Bay. Two are lying near to South-sea Castle; an artillery ship, with the Ocean transport, and a gun-boat, are on shore directly under the ramparts, and lying, dry, quite out of the sea. Some, it is hoped, may be got off again, others are so much injured, that they will be entirely lost.

Our visit to Portsmouth was for the purpose of procuring some additional provisions for the passage, and completing other necessary purchases; and, with acknowledgments for your kind attention, I may announce to you

that it afforded me the opportunity of receiving the gay sword, and scarlet embroidered suit, in which your friend is directed to exhibit his person.

We have also had a pleasant ramble, since I last wrote to you, to the Isle of Wight, in search of eggs, poultry, and pigs to add to our sea store.

The report is, again, revived that we are to avail ourselves of the first hour of a fair wind to proceed to Cork, without waiting for any other vessel; and we are all of accord in wishing this may prove correct, for our present state of suspense and uncertainty is growing, most sadly, tedious and disagreeable.

LETTER XII.

Military incertitude not inferior to the glorious uncertainty of the law. Examples in proof of this. The Ulysses destined to make a running passage, with troops, to Martinique. Punishment of flogging a sailor round the fleet.

H. M. S. Ulysses, Nov. 23.

THE uncertainty of the law has established itself into an adage : but I begin to suspect that, proverbial as it is, it must yield to the superior incertitude of military service. Even the fickle elements, with which this so intimately connects, are out-rivalled by it ; for, uncertainty is, equally, its principle and its pursuit. In my last letter I mentioned to you that we were to proceed to Cove the moment the wind was fair, and, in this idea, we had written to our friends desiring them not to address us, again, at Spithead, but to send their letters to Ireland, that they might meet us at Cork. Now, we find that our destination is again changed, and indeed, within the two last days, it has been so rapidly altered and confirmed, fixed, reversed, varied, and changed, again and again, that we

are, totally, at a loss on what assurance to fix our faith.

Yesterday we heard of new doubts and delays. The stores of the *Ulysses* were to be unstowed, in order to examine if any of them were injured by the gale ; they were to be removed, and the vessel given to the service of the Leeward Island army ; she was to proceed direct to the West Indies with troops of Sir Ralph Abercromby's division ; to go immediately to Cork, to take on board troops of the St. Domingo division ; to be converted into an hospital ship ; into a transport for stores, &c. &c. &c., so that, within the short round of twenty-four hours, the ship and ourselves were destined to an almost infinite variety of stations and purposes. To-day the reports have not been less multiplied or less varied, and the destination of the *Ulysses*, and her passengers, has changed with almost every passing hour. In the morning it was settled that the ship was to proceed to the West Indies, with the Leeward Island convoy ; and that we were to remain on board, during her passage down the Channel, but were to be dis-

tributed, into different ships of the St. Domingo division, on arriving at a certain latitude, or whenever we should fall in with the St. Domingo convoy, from Cork; and this being mentioned to us as the final arrangement, we wrote a hurried line to a friend at Cove, begging him to take charge of our letters, until we should meet at sea, or at St. Domingo. At noon the inspector general of hospitals came on board to announce to us that the *Ulysses* was to be, completely, fitted as an hospital ship, for the St. Domingo army; and to be the receiving ship of the Cork division, during the passage; and, further, that we were not only to continue on board, but officially, and to consider ourselves on duty. Yet scarcely had one short hour passed away before a different arrangement was made; for, at one o'clock, it was again decided that the *Ulysses* should proceed to Cork, and take in troops for St. Domingo; and so completely did this seem to be fixed, that the purser of the Trusty man of war, who was going to join his ship, put his baggage on board, and set off to Cork, by way of Milford Haven, assured of meeting the *Ulysses* at Cove. But evening had not ar-