

other times, hurried away by the violence of his disease, he spoke and acted extravagantly, although never troublesome to society.

A young Englishman, with whom I travelled, wished to accompany me. Being provided with a guide, we arrived in two hours, just before sun-set. We were informed by his servant that he was on a neighbouring rock. We soon perceived him walking quickly, and talking. At last, being either disturbed by the noise of some dry leaves under our feet, or having finished his discourse, he looked at us, and came to offer us his hand. "Whoever you are," said he, "you are welcome. Come to my cottage, I will relate to you my love, my happiness, for a short time, and the other causes of my grief."

After a frugal supper, during which he spoke confusedly, he made us enter a little parlour, hung round with pictures. "There," said he, is the history of my life; you may read it in an instant. The beauty of the principal person is nothing when compared with the qualities of her mind, and her amiable virtues." I entreated him to explain the pictures. Every one related to the life of his Anna; her birth, her first lesson in music, and the moment he was compelled by his duty to engage in the war. He gave us an animated account of the battle in which he was dangerously wounded while commanding the left wing. Half cured, he had hastened to the arms of his Anna. His reception presented a mixture of love and fear, which was easily distinguished in all his features. After this picture, followed one representing the declaration of his love, their marriage, the birth of a daughter. He passed over these happy moments with joy; but suddenly turning to the opposite side, he shrieked and ran away. We continued to observe them, and saw a long train of misfortunes which had befallen him since his marriage. The death of the parents of his Anna; her long illness, and death. At last we perceived the rock on which we had met him. He was represented with his hand uplifted, and in the attitude of sorrow. Under the picture was written, "Here are the beloved remains; here I shall end my life;—may Heaven shortly put an end to my sorrow!"

The unfortunate man, whom we repented to have so affected, had gone to seek a mat worked by his Anna, on which he hoped to enjoy sleep. What in some measure abated our concern was, to hear that after every time he had related his misfortunes, he continued much better for several days.

The next day, after a sail of eight hours, I arrived at Baltimore, which twelve or thirteen years ago did not contain more than 11,000 inhabitants; but at present its population exceeds 30,000, and its commerce ranks it among the most important ports of the United States. Its situation on the bay of Chesapeake is

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