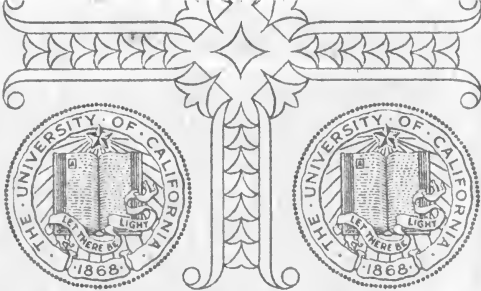


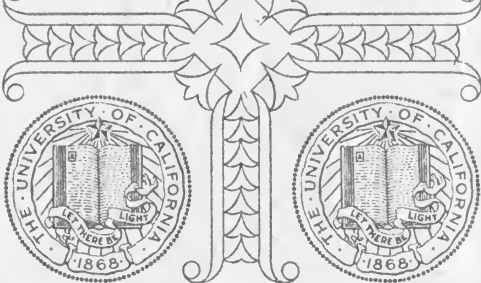
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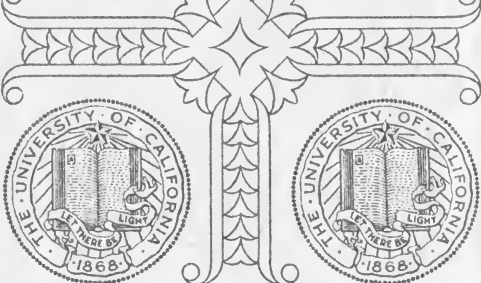
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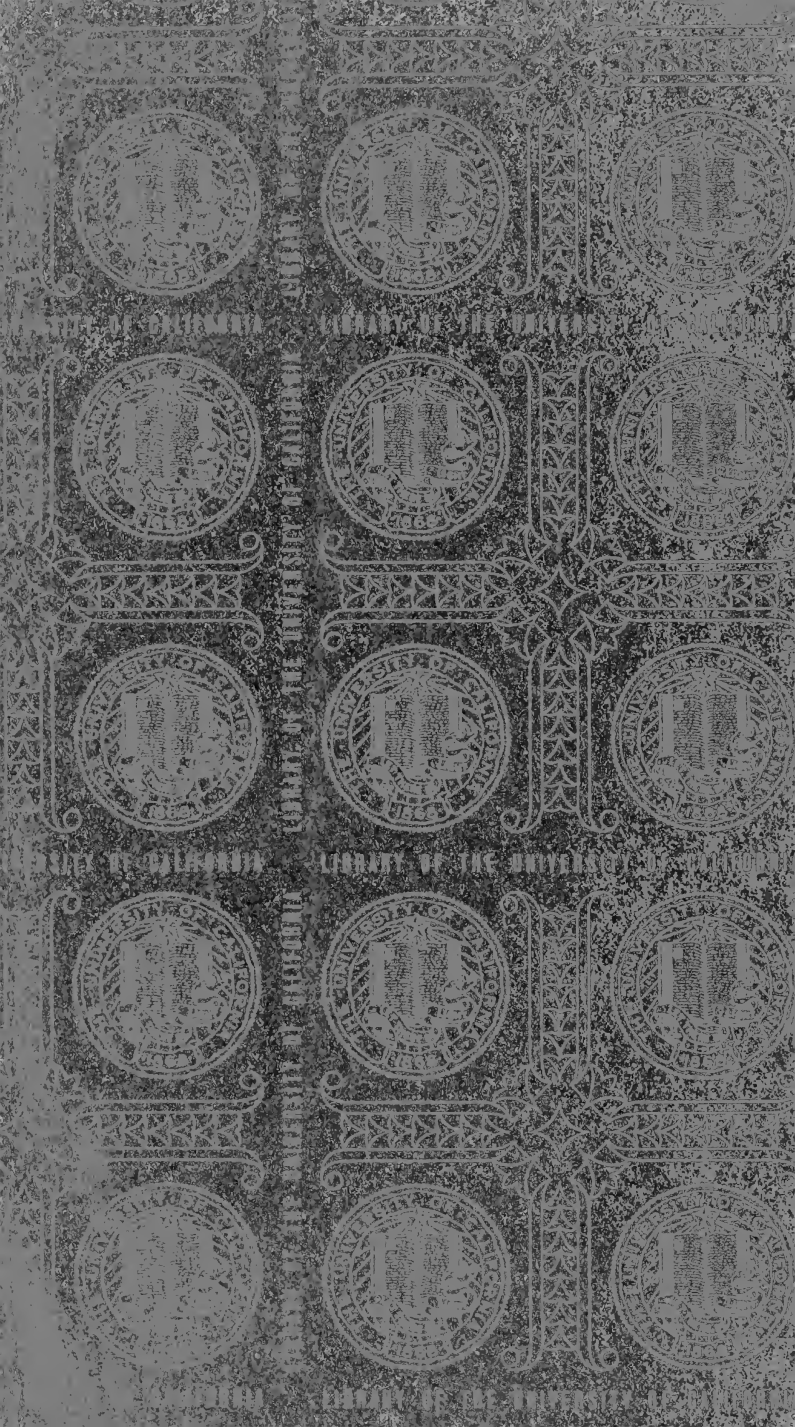
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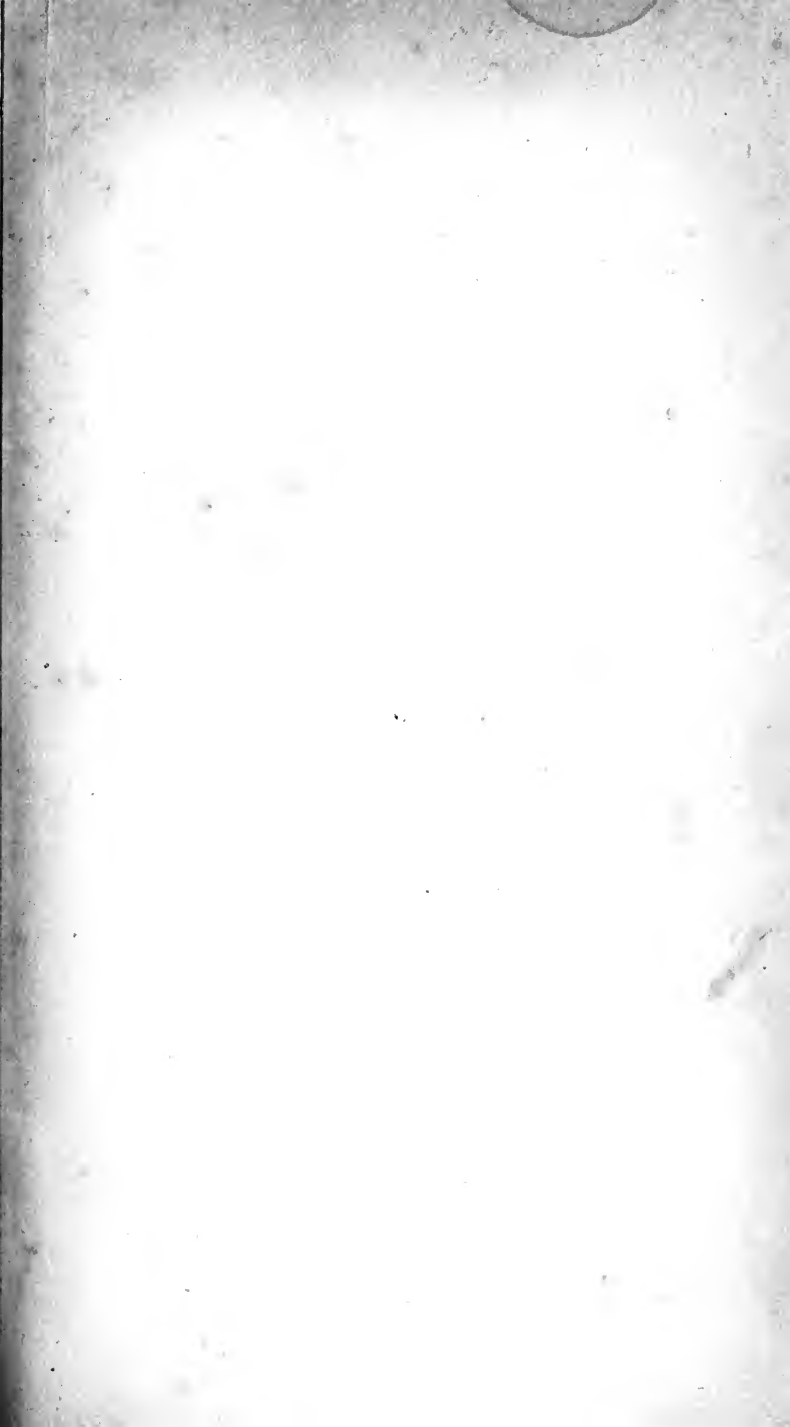
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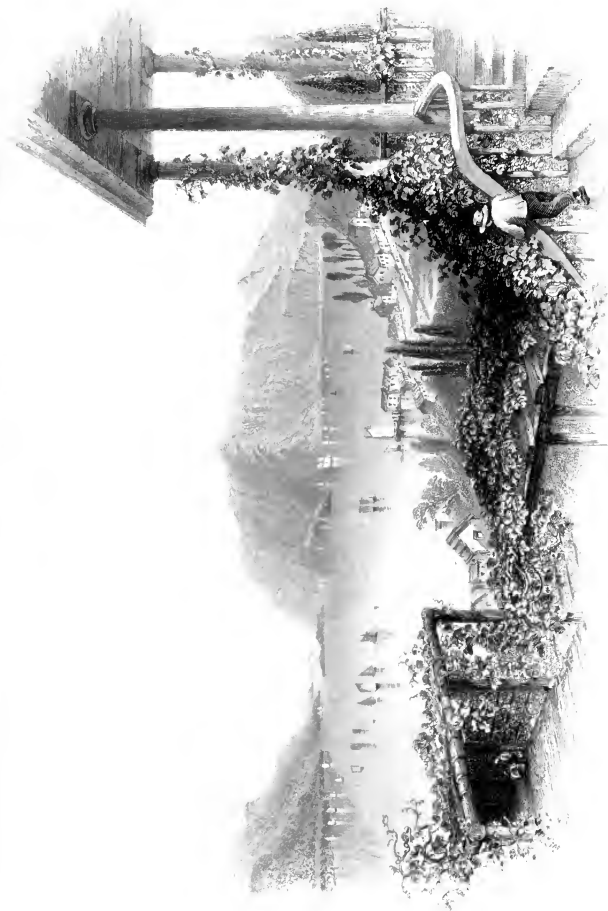




THE
HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD.

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Wm. Hudson's England.

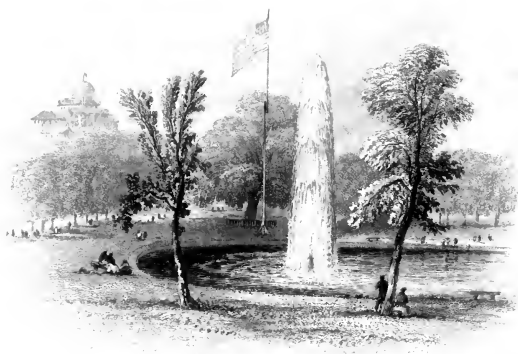
From West Point.

THE
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THE NEW WORLD,

BY

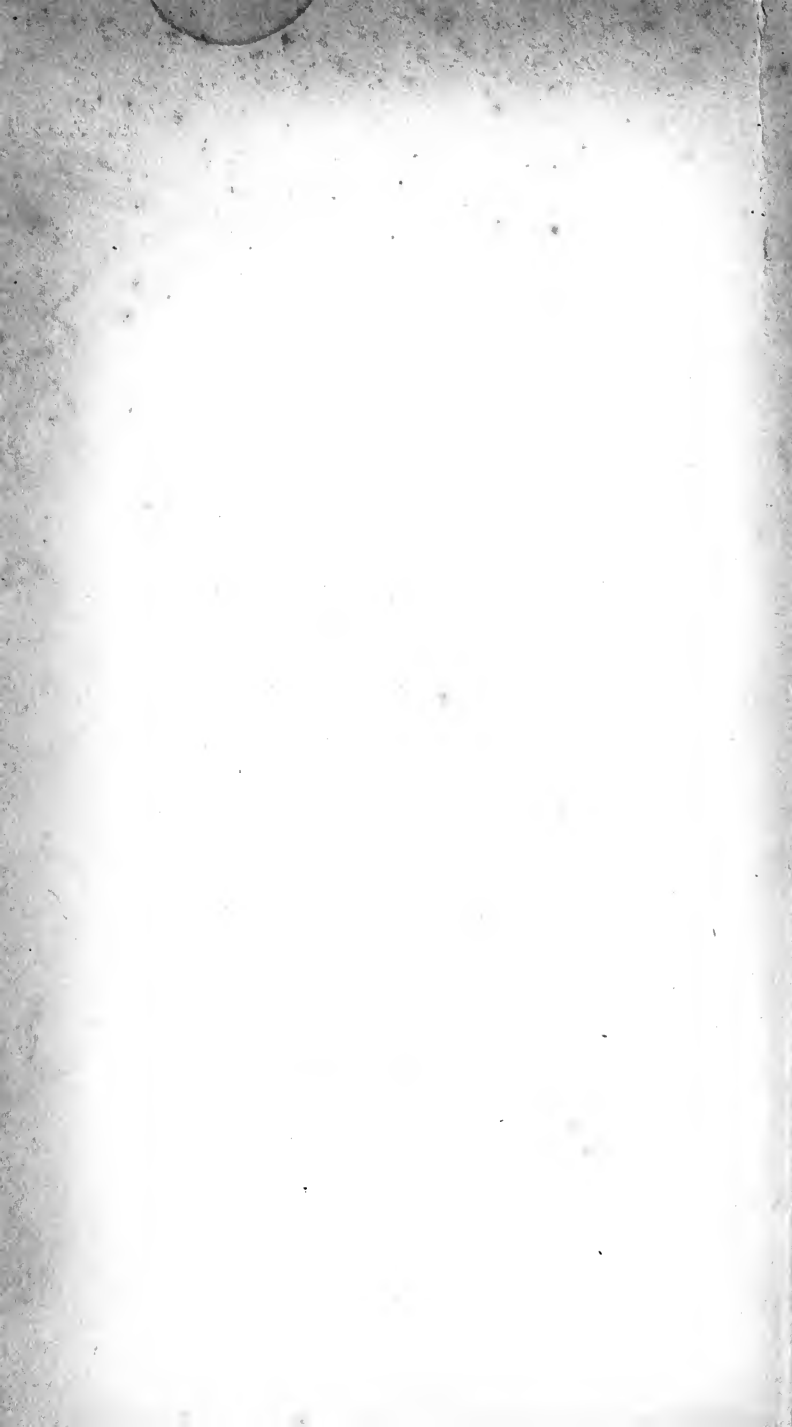
Frederika Bremer

VOL. I.



Robert S. Peck

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY
G. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 215 N. 2ND ST.



THE
HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD;

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY

FREDRIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

“SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG.”—*Psalm xevi.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & CO.

25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1853.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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1853

v. 1

TO THE READER.



THE only excuse for troubling thee with so long a correspondence is, that if it had not been published in this manner, it would not have been published at all. And my excuse for publishing it at all is that, for many reasons—I would not abstain from doing so.

In placing these letters in thy hand, dear reader, I should wish that thy mind might be favourably disposed toward them, or at least, might not be in opposition to the spirit in which these letters were first written. They need it more than anything which I have yet written, because, I cannot conceal it from myself, they suffer from—egotism—the offence of all autobiography. This, whilst it may not offend the sympathetic feelings of a brother or sister, may easily offend the stranger who does not partake in them. Much therefore in the letters which referred to myself, and which was personally agreeable to me, has been omitted in their transcription for the press, but not all, otherwise the ingenuous character of the letters must have been sacrificed, together with the

peculiar colouring of my life and its circumstances in America. Much remains of that which individually pleased or annoyed me—perhaps more than should have remained. Whilst transcribing these letters I have often been unable to realise to myself that I was then preparing them for the public, and not writing them merely to my sister, “my innermost,” to whom even the innermost might be revealed, and the most childish things be spoken. As soon as I began to write, that sister always stood before me, with her mild, heavenly eyes, her indulgent smile, intercepting the view of my unknown readers. I saw only her, I forgot them. I know that I have often erred in this way, and especially, in the earlier portion of these collected letters, during a time when illness rendered me weak, and weakness strengthened egotism. If I have allowed this illness to remain too prominent in this portion of the letters, there is, however, this excuse for it, that it is a malady, which is very prevalent in America, which is caused by the climate, the general diet and mode of life, and against which both natives and emigrants cannot be sufficiently cautioned. And if I have said too much about this malady and its causes, other authors, on the contrary, have said too little. It is the most dangerous monster of the New World. In extreme cases it leads to the madhouse or to death. Happy they who know how to avoid it, or who, at the commencement, find, as I did, a good physician, who, by the united powers of diet and medicine, is able to avert the malady before it gains too much ascendancy.

I have in the letters to my sister preserved the endearing epithets as they were originally written, and which we in Sweden make use of among relatives or dear friends; although many readers may think them somewhat childish, I cannot help it. I have attempted to exclude them and to substitute others more *befitting*, but I could not succeed; such appeared stiff, unnatural and prosaic. Better the childish than the prosaic, thought I; and the little words will, I trust, be overlooked for the sake of the great matter, which, without any merit of mine, is yet contained in these letters.

And if, dear reader, thou hast now and then patience with the letter-writer when she speaks in sickness of body, or in the foolishness of affection, thou wilt be rewarded by being led, in her healthier and stronger moments, as by a sisterly hand, into a more familiar and cordial intimacy with that great country beyond the Atlantic, with its people, its homes, and its inner life, than might otherwise have been the case; and this thou wilt find is worth all the trouble.

I know the faults of my work, a knowledge often painful to me, better than my reader, or any one else. And this knowledge would depress me, if I did not know at the same time, that all which is best in this work will contribute in bringing nearer to each other the good homes of the New World, and the good homes of Europe, and above all those of my native land; in bringing the noble, warm hearts there, nearer to those which beat

here, and thus, as far as I am able, aid in knitting together the beautiful bonds of brotherhood between widely-sundered nations.

Mayst thou, dear reader, feel the same, and let this reconcile thee to the—

LETTER-WRITER.

TO MY AMERICAN FRIENDS.

—◆—
STOCKHOLM, *May*, 1853.

THESE letters were written in your homes whilst I lived there with you, as a sister with her brothers and sisters; in the North, in the West, in the South, of your great country. They were written during familiar intercourse with you. And without you they would not have been what they now are, for without you I could not have become acquainted with the Homes of the New World, nor have been able from your sacred peaceful hearths to contemplate social life beyond. To you, therefore, I inscribe these Letters. They will bear witness to you of me, and of my life among you. You said to me,—

“ We hope that you will tell us the truth.”

You wished nothing else from me. I have endeavoured to fulfil your wishes. Be you my judges!

That which I saw and found in the New World has been set down in these letters. They are, for the most part, outpourings from heart to heart; from your homes to my home in Sweden. When I wrote, I little thought

of committing them to the press, little thought of writing a book in America, least of all in these letters, and of that they bear internal evidence. Had such a thought been present with me, they would have been different to what they are ; they would have been less straightforward and natural ; more polished, more attired for company, but whether better—I cannot say. My mind in America was too much occupied by thoughts of living, to think of writing about life. Life was overpowering.

The idea of writing letters on America did not occur to me until I was about to leave the great land of the West, and the feeling became more and more strong in me, that what I had seen and experienced during these two years' journeyings was not my own property alone, but that I had a duty to fulfil as regarded it. I had, it is true, a presentiment from the first that the great New World would supply me with many subjects for thought, to be made use of at some future time, perhaps even in books, but in what manner, in what books—of that I had no distinct idea. I confess to you that I went about in America with the thought of metamorphosing the whole of America in—a novel ; and you, my friends, into its heroes and heroines : but that with such subtle delicacy, that none of you should be able to recognise either America or yourselves.

But the realities of your great country could not be compressed into a novel. The novel faded away like a rainbow in the clouds, and the reality stood only the stronger forward, in all its largeness, littleness, pleasantness, sorrow, beauty, completeness, manifold and simple,

in one word, in all its truth ; and I felt that my best work would be merely a faithful transcript of that truth. But how that was to be accomplished I did not clearly know when I left America.

“You will understand, you will know it all when you are at home !” frequently said that precious friend who first met me on the shore of the New World, whose home was the first into which I was received, whom I loved to call my American brother, and who beautified my life more than I can tell by the charm of his friendship, by the guidance of his keen intellect and his brotherly kindness and care ; whose image is for ever pictured in my soul in connection with its most beautiful scenes, its romantic life, its Indian summer, and, above all, its highland scenery on that magnificent river, where he had built his delightful home, and now—has his grave ! Yet no, not alone in connection with these pictures does he live before me ; time and space do not contain a character such as his. To-day, as yesterday, and in eternity, shall I perceive his glance, his voice, his words, as they were once present with me ; they are united with all that is beautiful and noble in the great realm of creation. His words are a guide to me as well in Sweden as they were in America. I love to recal every one of them.

“You will know it all when you come into your own country,” said he with reference to many questions, many inquiries, which at my departure from America were dark to my understanding.

The thought of publishing the letters which I had written home from America, as they first flowed from my

pen on the paper, or as nearly so as possible, did not occur to me until several months after my return, when with a feeble and half-unwilling hand I opened these letters to a beloved sister who was now no longer on earth. I confess that the life which they contained reanimated me, caused my heart to throb as it had done when they were written, and I could not but say to myself, "These, the offspring of the moment, and warm feeling, are, spite of all their failings, a more pure expression of the truth which my friends desire from me, and which I wish to express, than any which I could write with calm reflection and cool hand." And I resolved to publish the letters as they had been inspired by the impression of the moment, and have on their transcription merely made some omissions and occasional additions. The additions have reference principally to historical and statistical facts which I found passingly touched upon in the letters or in my notes, and which are now amplified. The omissions are of such passages as refer to my own affairs or those of others, and which I considered as of too private or too delicate a nature to bear publicity. I have endeavoured in my communications from private life not to overstep the bounds which a sense of honour and delicacy prescribed; nor to introduce anything which it would be undesirable to publish, either as regarded confidential communication or the names of individuals. I am deeply sensible of the requirements of delicacy in this respect; and nothing would be more painful to me than to feel that from want of due circumspection I had failed herein.

I fear, nevertheless, that some of my friends may feel their delicacy wounded by the praise which I could not always withhold. They must forgive me for my love's sake!

I have lived in your country and your homes with no ordinary affection;—your homes received me there in no ordinary manner. If the heaped-up measure sometimes ran over, it was less my fault than—yours. Ah! The deeds of selfishness and of hatred ring every day in our ears with the names of those who practise them. Let us preserve then other names to be conveyed round the world on the wings of spring and love, that like a heavenly seed they may take root in the earth, and cause all the best feelings of the soul to blossom. The heart sometimes is ready to doubt of goodness and its power on earth,—it must *see* before it can *believe*. I would hereby aid it in this respect. I have spoken of you.*

The best, the most beautiful, in your hearts and in your homes has, after all, not been revealed. I know that within the human heart and home, as in the old temple of the older covenant, there is a holy of holies upon whose golden ark the countenances of the cherubim may alone gaze and read the tables of the covenant.

I have followed my own convictions in that which I have censured or criticised in your country and your people. That which I myself have seen, heard, experienced, felt,

* In the English and American editions the initials of the names are merely given, where the names belong to private individuals. I have however considered this veiling of my friends to be superfluous in the Swedish, where in any case their names merely sound as a remote echo.

thought, that have I written, without fearing anything, excepting any error as regards truth and justice.

But when you read these letters, my friends, have patience, if possible, till the end; and remember that these are often the impression of the moment, which later impressions mature or change.

Consider them as digits, which you must go through before you are able to combine them into a whole. Four of the letters, those, namely, to H. C. Ørsted, to I. P. Böcklin, to Her Majesty the Queen Dowager of Denmark, and to H. Martensen, are to be regarded as resting-places by the way, from which the ground which has been passed over is reviewed, and the path and the goal reflected upon. Some repetitions occur in these, which it was not possible to avoid. I fear that some repetition may also be found in the other letters, and it might have been avoided. But

From you, my friends, I hope for that truth before which it is pleasant to bow even when it is painful. Wherever I have erred, wherever I have formed a wrong judgment, I hope that you will freely correct me. I know that you will acknowledge all that which is good and true in what I have written. I fear from you no unjust judgment. It seems to me that I have found among you the gentlest human beings, without weakness; therefore I love to be judged by you.

I here return to your beautiful homes as a spirit, reminding you of the stranger whom you received as a guest, and who became a friend, to converse with you of former days spent on your hearths, to thank and to bless

you, and not merely you, whose guest I was, but the many who benefited me in word or deed, the warm-hearted, noble-minded, all those who let me drink the morning dew of a new, a more beautiful creation, that elixir of life which gives new, youthful life to heart and mind. Words are poor, and can only feebly express the feelings of the soul. May, however, somewhat of the life's joy which you afforded me, again breathe forth from these letters to you, and convey to you a better expression of thanks than that which can here be uttered by,—

Your guest and friend,

FREDRIKA BREMER.



THE

HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD.

LETTER I.

ON THE SEA.

Sept. 23rd, 1849.

THIS is, dearest Agatha, my second day on the great ocean! And if the voyage goes on as it has begun I shall not soon long for land. The most glorious weather, the heaven and the sea full of light, and for a habitation on my voyage to the new world a cabin large and splendid as a little castle, and besides that, convenient in the highest degree. And how I enjoy my quiet uninterrupted life here on board, after the exciting days in England, where the soul felt itself as on a rack, whilst the body hurried hither and thither in order to see and accomplish that which must be seen and accomplished before I was ready for my journey! For it was requisite to see a little of England, and especially of London, before I saw America and New York. I did not wish to be too much overcome by New York, therefore I would know something of the mother before I made acquaintance with the daughter, in order to have a point and rule of comparison, that I might correctly understand the type. I knew that Sweden and Stockholm were of another race,

unlike the English country, and towns, people, manners, mode of building, and so on. But England had in the first place given population, laws, and tone of mind to the people of the new world. It was the old world in England which must become my standard of judgment as regarded the new. For that reason I came first to England, and to England I shall, please God, return when I have finished my pilgrimage on the other side of the ocean, in order to obtain a more decided impression, to form a conclusive judgment before I return home. We will expound together the runes in the native land of runic lore.

Now, however, I know what London looks like, and I shall not be amazed by the buildings of New York.

To-day, Sunday, has been to me really a festival day. We have had divine service on board, and that was good and beautiful. The passengers, about sixty in number, together with the crew of the vessel, all in their best attire, assembled in the great saloon on deck. The captain, a brisk, good-looking, young officer, read the sermon and prayers, and read them remarkably well. The whole assembly joined in the prayers and responses, as is customary in the English episcopal church. The sun shone in upon that gay assembly composed of so many different nations.

To be so solitary, so without countrymen, kindred or friends, in this assembly, and yet to know myself so profoundly united with all these in the same life and the same prayer,—“Our Father, which art in Heaven!”—it affected me so much that I wept (my usual outlet, as you know, for an overflowing heart, in joy as in grief). The captain thought that I needed cheering, and came to me very kindly after the service. But it was not so. I was happy.

Since then I have walked on deck, and read a poem called “Evangeline,” a tale of Acadia, by the American

poet, Henry Longfellow. The poem belongs to America, to its history and natural scenery. There is much dramatic interest and life in it. The end, however, strikes me as melo-dramatic and somewhat laboured. The beginning, the descriptions of the primeval forests of the new world, the tall trees which stand like the old druids with long descending beards and harps, which sound and lament in the wind, is glorious, and is a chord of that fresh minor key, which pervades the whole song, about the peaceful persecuted people of Acadia—a beautiful but mournful romance, and founded upon history. This little book was given to me by William Howitt on my departure from England; and thus I have to thank him for this my first taste of American literature, in which I fancy I can perceive a flavour of the life of the New World.

How pleasant it is to be able to read a little, and to be able to lie and think a little also! People here show me every possible attention; first one and then another comes and speaks a few words to me. I answer politely, but I do not continue the conversation; I have no inclination for it. Among the somewhat above fifty gentlemen, who are passengers on board, there is only one—a handsome old gentleman—whose countenance promises anything of more than ordinary interest. Nor among the twelve or thirteen ladies either is there anything remarkably promising or attractive, although some are very pretty and clever. I am very solitary. I have an excellent cabin to myself alone. In the day I can read there by the light from the glass window in the roof. In the evening and at night it is lighted by a lamp through a ground glass window in one corner.

People eat and drink here the whole day long; table is covered after table; one meal-time relieves another. Everything is rich and splendid. Yes, here we live really magnificently; but I do not like this superabundance,

and the eternally long dinners are detestable to me; all the more so sitting against a wall between two gentlemen, who are as still as mice, and do nothing but eat, although one of them, an Englishman, might converse very well if he would. My passage-money is thirty-five sovereigns, which includes everything. Somewhat less in price, and somewhat less to eat and drink, would be more to my taste.

Later.—I have just seen the sun go down in the sea, and the new moon and stars come forth. The North Star and Charles's Wain have now gone farther from me; but just above my head I see the cross and the lyre, and near them the eagle which we also see at home; and with these companions by the way I cannot be other than cheerful. We have the wind in our favour, and drive on our thundering career with all sails set. If we continue to proceed in this way we shall make the voyage in from twelve to thirteen days.

I hope, my sweet Agatha, that you regularly received my two letters from England; I sent the last from Liverpool on the morning before I went on board. I was quite alone there, and had to do and arrange everything for myself: but all went on right. I had the sun with me, and my little travelling fairy, and the last dear letters of my beloved, my passport to the new world, and—to the better world, if so be, for they are to me like a good conscience. I say nothing about my good spirits, but you know me, my darling: "Long live Hakon Jarl!"

Thursday.—Five days at sea! and we are already more than half-way to New York. We have had fair wind without intermission, and if all goes on as it has begun we shall make one of the most rapid and most prosperous voyages which has ever been made from Europe to America. "But one must not boast till one has crossed the brook." To-day when the wind blew and the sea heaved somewhat roughly, my style of writing became

somewhat like Charles XII.'s in his letter to "mon cœur." I get on capitally, my little heart, and do not wish myself away, so comfortable am I here, and so animating and elevating appears to me the spectacle of heaven and earth. Yes, the soul obtains wings therefrom and raises herself upwards, high above the roaring deep.

For several days we have seen no other object than heaven and sea, and circling sea-birds; not a sail, nor the smoke of a steamer. All is vacancy in that immense circle of space. But the billows, and the sunbeams, and the wandering clouds are sufficient company; these and my own thoughts. I stand and walk whole hours alone on deck and inhale the fresh soft sea-air, watch one leviathan dive down and rise again from the roaring waves, and let my thoughts dive down also, and circle round like the sea-birds in the unknown distance. There was always something of the life and joy of the Viking in me, and it is so even now. Yesterday was a glorious day, it was throughout a festival of beauty which I enjoyed unspeakably.

In my early youth, when we were many in family, and it was difficult to be alone, I used sometimes to go and lock myself in that dark little room at Årsta, where mamma keeps her keys, merely that I might feel myself alone, because as soon as I was quite alone in that pitch darkness, I experienced an extraordinary sensation—a sensation as if I had wings and was lifted up by them out of my own being, and that was an unspeakable enjoyment to me. That half-spiritual, half-bodily feeling is inexplicable to me; but it always returns when I am quite alone and altogether undisturbed by agitating thoughts; as is the case at this time. I experience a secret, wonderful joy as I stand thus alone among strangers, in the midst of the world's sea, and feel myself to be free and light as a bird upon the bough.

Yet it is not this feeling alone which gives me here calmness and, as it were, wings, but another which I well understand, and which is common to all alike as to me. For whoever when alone in the world, or in heart, can from his heart say—*Our Father!* Mine and all men's! To him will be given rest and strength, sufficient and immortal, merely through this consciousness.

Out of the chaotic group of human countenances, which at first met my eyes here, a few figures have come nearer to me, and have acquired an interest for me through glances, expression or words. Among these is a tall respectable clergyman from New York, by name *John Knox*; and who seems to me to have a little of the historical Knox-nature of stern Puritanism, although united to much benevolence. Besides him, a family from New York, also, consisting of an old lady, the mother, with her daughter and son-in-law—a handsome young couple, who have for their bridal-tour visited, during eleven months, Egypt, Greece, Italy, France, etc., without having, in the first instance, seen Niagara, or any of the natural wonders of their own country, which I do not quite forgive in them. They are now on their return, the old lady having gained the knowledge “that all human nature is very much alike throughout the world.” This family, as well as Mr. Knox, are Presbyterian, and will not concede that Unitarians are Christians.

There is also a couple of young ladies from Georgia. One of them a handsome, married lady; the other a very pale young girl with delicate features, Hanna L——, clever, sensible, and charming, with whom it is a pleasure for me to converse. Although belonging to a slaveholding family, she condemns slavery, and labours at home to make the slaves better and happier. She is consumptive, and does not expect to live long; but goes forward to meet death with the most contented mind.

One sees the future angel gleam forth from her eyes, but the suffering mortal is seen in the delicate features.

Besides these, there are some elderly gentlemen, with respectable and trustworthy countenances, who assure me that I shall find much pleasure in my journey through the United States; and lastly, a couple of slaveholders, handsome, energetic figures, who invite me to the South, and assure me that, I shall find the slaves there to be "the most happy and most enviable population!!"

The days pass on calmly and agreeably. The only objection I have to the life on board the "Canada," is the excess of eating and drinking.

Monday, October 1.—The tenth day on board. It has been somewhat less agreeable during the last few days: stormy and rough. We had yesterday what they call "a gale." I endeavoured, but in vain, to stand on deck. I was not made to be a sailor. We are near Newfoundland. We steer so far northward to avoid the equinoctial storms on the more southern ocean. But we have had contrary winds, and considerable storms for some days, so that we have not progressed as favourably as the commencement promised. We shall not reach Halifax till to-morrow. We shall put in there for a few hours and send our European letters to the post (for this reason I am bringing mine into order), after which we steer direct south to New York.

I am perfectly well; have not been sea-sick for a moment, but cannot deny but that it seems to me rather unpleasant when, in the evening and at night, the waves thunder and strike above our heads, and the vessel heaves and strains. Fortunately, the ladies are all well and cheerful; and in the evening three of them sing, two of whom met here for the first time in the world; the "old lady," who, after all, is not so old—only about fifty—and who has a splendid soprano voice, and the pale girl and her friend, with their

clear voices, sing hymns and songs remarkably well together. It is very charming and beautiful. The tones remain with me at night like consolatory spirit-voices, like the moonlight on the swell of the waves.

Last night, when the sea was rough and there was even some danger, when every movable thing was tumbled about, and I thought of my home, and was in "a shocking humour," and acknowledged it even to my fellow-voyagers, those three voices sang hymns so exquisitely till about midnight, that every restless wave within me hushed itself to repose. To-day, we have better weather and wind, and are all in good spirits. Some little children, however, are so sick that it is pitiable to see them. This next night we shall come into dangerous water. One of the great steamers, which goes between Europe and America, struck amid the surf in the neighbourhood of Halifax, and suffered considerable damage. But we must manage better than that. Our Captain Judkins is considered to be a remarkably skilful seaman. An excellent, good-tempered, and kind-hearted man is he beside; likes to come and sit in the saloon with the ladies, tells them stories, and plays with the children.

I read a deal here on board; one can get through a vast many books on such an occasion. I have read Châteaubriand's "Confessions," but without much pleasure. What can one learn from an autobiography in which the writer acknowledges that he will confess nothing about himself which would be derogatory to his dignity. It was in a manner different to this that St. Augustine wrote his Confessions, regarding merely the eternal eye; in a different manner Rousseau, great and noble, at least in his desire to confess to *the truth*. Thus will I, sometime, shrive myself. For every object and every consideration is mean except this, the highest. Châteaubriand's French vanity spoils, for me, his book; nevertheless, I have retained some glorious descriptions, some occasional

profound word or expression, as well as another fresh conviction of the weakness of human nature.

I have read here also Miss Martineau's "Life in the East." I like to study pictures of the East, and of the earliest period of the cultivation of our race in opposition to the West—that promised land which I am approaching with a thousand questions in my soul. But I am disturbed in Miss Martineau's book by her evident endeavour to force her own religious opinions upon the life and history of antiquity. Some great and beautiful thoughts, nevertheless, run through the book, like a refreshing breeze. In them I recognise that noble spirit before which I often bowed myself in awe, and before which I bowed last when reading her "Life in a Sick Room."

The calmest day we have yet had on board! And this calm is really beautiful after the last day's storm. Little sparrows swarm around our vessel in the evening, with greetings from land. They remind me of the birds which brought to Columbus the first intelligence from the shores of the New World. What must have been his state of mind on seeing them!

To-morrow morning, early, we may set foot on American soil at Halifax; but as we there fall in again with "Old England," I take the matter coolly. I have been on deck for a long time. Sea and sky are calm, and of an uniform light grey, like the everyday life of the north. We leave a broad, straight pathway behind us on the sea, which seems to fade away towards the horizon.

I have been annoyed to-day by the behaviour of some gentlemen to a little storm-driven bird which sought for rest in our vessel. Wearied, it settled down here and there upon our cordage, but was incessantly driven away, especially by two young men, an Englishman and a Spaniard, who seemed to have nothing to do but to tease this poor little thing to death with their hats and handkerchiefs. It was distressing to see how it endeavoured

again and again, upon its wearied wings, to follow the vessel, and again panting to alight upon its cordage or masts, only to be again driven away. I was childish enough to persecute these young men with my prayers that they would leave this poor little creature in peace. But it was to no purpose, and to my astonishment, neither did any of the other passengers take the little stranger under their protection. I called to mind that I had seen in Swedish vessels little storm-driven birds treated differently—left in peace, or fed with bread-crumbs. The end of the pursuit here was, that after the bird had left its tail in the hand of one of its tormentors, it was soon taken; it was then put into a dark cage, where it died in a few hours.

I consider myself to be far from all excess of sensibility; but nothing angers me more, among human beings, than unnecessary cruelty to animals; and I know that a noble human nature abhors it. For the rest, I deplored over the cruel children in men's shape, because I believe in a Nemesis even in little things; and I believe that the hour may come when these young men may long for rest, and find none; and that then that hunted bird may make itself remembered by them. When I arrive in America one of my first visits shall be to the Quakers, because I know that one of the beautiful traits of their religion is mercy to animals.

I once was also a cruel child, when I did not understand what suffering was, and what animals are. I received my first lesson in humanity to animals from a young, lively officer, who afterwards died the death of a hero in the war against Napoleon. Never shall I forget his reproachful glance and tone, as he said to me, "The poor worm!" It is now more than thirty years since!

I shall, my dear heart! write no more this time. But as soon as I reach New York I shall again write to you. And that which I long for there, is to hear from home. It is now so long since I had a letter.

Many feelings stir within me as I thus approach the end of my voyage, feelings not easy to describe. What will be the end of it? That I do not know. One thing, however, I know: that I shall see something new; learn something new; forget that which was of old; and press onward to that which lies before me. There is much for me to forget, and to be renewed. And this, also, I know: that friends will meet me in that foreign land; and that one faithful friend comes to meet me on the shore. That is good!

Good night, dear little sister. I embrace you and mamma; kind greetings to relations and friends—and may she live in the new world, as in the old,

Your

FREDRIKA.

LETTER II.

NEW YORK, *October 4th*, 1849.

“Good morning, little sister mine! or rather, good evening in the New World, where I now set firm foot, after thirteen days rocking on the sea. I am lodging in the Astor House, one of the largest and best hotels of New York, and where the inhabitants are as numerous as in the capital of Iceland, namely, about five hundred.

Opposite to this Astor House I see a large, so-called, museum, with fluttering banners and green shrubs on the roof, and the walls covered with immense paintings, representing “The Greatest Wonders in the World,” in immense, wonderful animals, and extraordinary human beings, all of which may be seen in the house; among these I observe a fellow who makes a summerset aloft in the air out of the yawning jaws of a whale; a “*salto mortale*,” like the salt-prophet, Jonas; and many such-like curiosities, which are still further trumpeted forth

by a band of musicians from a balcony before the house. They play very well, and the whole looks very merry.

In front of the Astor House is a green space, inclosed with trees, and in the centre a large fountain, which has a refreshing appearance, and there I have refreshed myself by walking an hour this afternoon. Astor House is situated in Broadway, the great high-street and thoroughfare of New York, where people and carriages pour along in one incessant stream, and in true republican intermixture. Long lines of white and gilded omnibuses wind their way at an uninterrupted, rapid rate, as far as one can see, amid thousands of other vehicles, great and small. The broad side-paths are thronged with people of all classes; there are beautiful houses, and houses under erection; splendid shops, and a heap of horrible rubbish. There is something confused in this Broadway which makes one feel a little bewildered in the beginning. And thus, in the first place, I merely think of getting across the street alive. That beautiful little green plot, with its lovely fountain, seems to me, beside the bustling Broadway, like an oasis in the agitated sand.

I must now say something of my arrival here.

I last left you the day before we reached Halifax. That night was the end of any danger in our voyage; for it was during a thick mist that we approached the shore and its dangerous surf. We were obliged every now and then to lie still. In the morning, however, we were at Halifax, and I saw the surf-billows, like some unknown, enormous sea-creatures, heave themselves, roaring at a distance around us. I went on shore at Halifax, but only to meet again the worst features of the old world, fog, rags, beggars, dirty, screaming children, wretched horses, and such-like. I was glad to stay only a few hours there.

The following day we took our course direct to New York; that was a real enjoyment,—warm weather, a calm

sea, favourable wind, and in the evening the ocean full of phosphoric light and stars, and heaven full of stars also, shining out from amid poetical clouds. It was a glorious evening. I was on deck till quite late, and watched the fireworks which our keel called forth from the deep along the whole track of the ship. We sailed, as it were, in an element of bright silver, from which the most splendid constellation of golden stars sprang forth incessantly.

The day before had been cloudy; the heavens and the sea had been grey; the waves lead-coloured. But when we came into the large, beautiful haven of New York, which inclosed us like an open embrace, the sun broke through the clouds, strong and warm, and everything far around was illuminated. It was a glorious reception by the New World; besides this, there was a something so singularly full of vitality, so exuberantly young, which struck me deeply: there was in it something of that first life of youth, such as is felt at fifteen or sixteen. I drank in the air as one might drink in water, whilst I stood on deck looking out upon the new shore which we were rapidly approaching.

The shore is low. A forest of masts, as yet, hid New York from my sight; one only saw its towers and its smoke; and right and left in the harbour lay, with its green hills and groups of beautiful villas and houses, the large islands, Long Island, and to the left Staten Island, which seemed to me higher and more woody than the rest of the coast. The harbour is magnificent; and our arrival was festively beautiful, thanks to sun and wind!

A very agreeable family of the name of B——, from Georgia, took charge of me and mine with the utmost kindness, and I accompanied them to the Astor House, where we immediately obtained rooms. The pale girl and myself took up our quarters in a room four stories high; we could not manage it otherwise.

I had not been a quarter of an hour in the Astor

House, and was standing with my travelling companions in a parlour, when a gentleman dressed in black, with a refined, gentlemanly appearance and manner, and a pair of the handsomest brown eyes I ever saw, approached me gently, and mentioned my name in a remarkably melodious voice: it was Mr. Downing, who had come from his villa on the Hudson to meet me on my arrival. I had scarcely expected that, as I was so much after my time, and he had already made a journey to New York on my behalf in vain. His exterior and his whole demeanour pleased me greatly. I do not know why, but I had imagined him to be a middle-aged man, with blue eyes and light hair; and he is a young man, about thirty, with dark eyes and dark hair, of a beautiful brown, and softly curling—in short, of quite a poetical appearance! He will remain here with me over to-morrow; but he insists upon it that on the following day I shall accompany him to his house on the Hudson, where I can make the acquaintance of his wife, at my leisure, in the Highlands of the Hudson, as well as consider over my future travelling movements.

I have spent the evening with my friends from the "Canada," and Mr. Downing, in one of the many large drawing-rooms of the house, and there made various acquaintances. Magnificent drawing-rooms with furniture of velvet, with mirrors and gilding, brilliant with gas-lighted magnificent chandeliers, and other grandeur, stand open in every storey of the house, for ladies and gentlemen who live here, or who are visiting here, to converse or to rest, talking together on soft and splendid sofas or arm chairs, fanning themselves, and just as if they had nothing else to do in the world than to make themselves agreeable to one another. Scarcely can a lady rise than immediately a gentleman is at hand to offer her his arm.

October 5th.—Uf! It is more wearisome here than

anybody can believe; and I am quite tired out after one day of lion-life.

Through the whole day have I had nothing to do but to receive visits; to sit or to stand in a grand parlour, and merely turn from one to another, receiving the salutations and shaking hands with sometimes half a dozen new acquaintance at once—gentlemen of all professions and all nations, ladies who invite me to their house and home, and who wish that I would go immediately; besides, a number of letters which I could do no more than merely break open, requests for autographs and so on. I have shaken hands with from seventy to eighty persons to-day, whilst I was unable to receive the visits of many others. Of the names I remember scarcely any, but the greater number of the people whom I have seen please me from their cordial frank manners, and I am grateful to them for their extreme friendliness towards me. It feels to me so warm and hospitable. Nevertheless I was very glad to be relieved for a few hours from my good friends, and to drive out with Mr. Downing to the beautiful park, Greenwood, the large and new cemetery of New York, a young *Père la Chaise*, but on a more gigantic scale as to situation and plan. One drives as if in an extensive English park, amid hill and dale. From the highest hill, Ocean Hill, as it is called, one looks out to the sea—a glorious view. I should like to repose here. The most beautiful monument which I saw, was of white marble, and had been erected by sorrowing parents over their young daughter and only child. The young girl had been driven over; I suppose it must have been in Broadway.

On our return to the hotel I dined with Mr. Downing in one of the smaller saloons. I saw some gentlemen sitting at table, whom it was as distressing for me to look at as it is to look at over-driven worn-out horses, for so they looked to me. The restless, deeply sunk eyes, the

excited, wearied features,—to what a life they bore witness? Better lie and sleep on Ocean Hill than live thus on Broadway! These figures resembled a few of those which I had seen at the Astor House; but I had already seen on Broadway both human beings and horses which I wished not to have seen on the soil of the New World, and which testify to dark passages of life even there. And yet,—how should it be otherwise, especially at New York? which is rather a large hotel, a caravanserai for the whole world, than a regular American city.

After dinner I again received visitors, among these, Mrs. Child; she gave me the impression of a beautiful soul, but too angular to be happy. The little poetess, Miss Lynch, was among the visitors of the morning, an agreeable, pretty, and intellectual young lady, in whose countenance there is a look of Jenny Lind. I also saw some of my countrymen. A pleasant young Swede, Frestadius, came with a large bouquet. The Norwegian consul, Hejerdahl, Mr. Buttenskön, I had scarcely time for more than merely to exchange a greeting with. Oneonius came also from the West, and wished to talk with me, that I might warn our countrymen against emigration and its sufferings.

Among the invitations of to-day there was one to a Phalanstery, situated at New Jersey, not far from New York. I shall have no objection to make a nearer acquaintance with these wild beasts. The family which invited me thither, on a visit to themselves, did not seem at all repulsive, but, on the contrary, attractive; so ingenuous, kind, and earnest, did they appear.

But [that which I am a little afraid of is, for myself at least, lest life in this country should be like this of to-day; then I should be regularly worn out, for my strength could never stand against these many lively people. What is to be done if it goes on in this way? Fortunately I shall be conveyed away from New York early to-morrow

morning by the excellent Mr. Downing. This evening I must, spite of my fatigue, drive to a soirée at the house of Miss Lynch, who wishes to introduce me to some of her literary friends. I am dressed for this purpose, have on my best clothes, and look quite respectable in them, and am writing whilst I wait for the carriage. Only to think of those who are lying down to sleep!

I am still in joint quarters with the pale young girl from the South; I have never seen any one with so serene a mind, or one who meets suffering so cheerfully. She is a quiet, pious being, endowed with great strength and tenderness of soul.

I must now go! Good night!

NEWBURGH ON THE HUDSON, *October 7th.*

Sunday.—My sweet sister, my sweet friend! how glad I am to be here in the young, new world; how thankful I am to Providence, who, in his mercy, through the impulse of mind and of steam, brought me happily hither, although I am at the same time almost as much burdened as elevated by the crowd of impressions and thoughts which, as it were, rush in upon me at once.

Everything of which I have had a foretaste, which I have sought after and longed for, do I meet with here, and more than that. I mean nourishment and light for the inquiring and searching spirit within me. I consider myself especially fortunate in coming in contact with Mr. Downing, a noble and acutely discriminating spirit, a true American, yet without blind patriotism, an open heart, a critically sagacious intellect, one who can assist me to understand the condition and the questions of this country. And with such assistance it is very requisite to begin.

It was also requisite that I should really be released

bodily from my friends of the Astor House and New York, who otherwise would have made an end of me in the beginning. I was so weary of that first day's labour in social life, which lasted till long after midnight, and was so much in want of rest and sleep, that I did not believe it possible for me to set off from New York at five o'clock the next morning. I said so to Mr. Downing, who very mildly, yet decidedly, remarked, "Oh, we must endeavour to do so!" on which I thought to myself, "these Americans believe that everything is possible!" but feeling at the same time that the thing was quite impracticable. And yet at half-past four the next morning I was up and ready dressed, kissed in her bed the pale girl from the South, who at the last moment tied round my neck a little silk handkerchief, as delicate and white as herself, and then hastened down to place myself under the tyranny of Mr. Downing. The carriage was already at the door, and seated in it I found Miss Lynch, whom Mr. Downing had invited to pass the Sunday at his house.

"Go a-head! New World!" cried the servant at the door of the hotel to our driver; and we rolled away down Broadway to the harbour, where the great steamboat, the "New World," received us on board. This was really a little floating palace, splendid and glittering with white and gold on the outside, splendid and elegant within: large saloons, magnificent furniture, where ladies and gentlemen reclined comfortably, talking or reading the newspapers. I saw here none of Dickens' smoking and spitting gentlemen. We floated proudly and smoothly on the broad magnificent Hudson. It was a pity that the day was rainy, because the voyage was, excepting for this, one of the most beautiful which any one can conceive, especially when after a few hours' time, we reached what are called the Highlands. The shores, with their boldly wood-covered heights, reminded me continually of the shores of the Dala and the Angermanna rivers, nay, seemed

to me to belong to the same natural conformation, excepting that here it was broader and on a larger scale; and the dark clouds which hung between the hills in heavy draperies above the river, were in perfect harmony with the gloomily beautiful passes, through which we swung, and which presented at every new turn new and more magnificent pictures. The river was full of life. Wooden-roofed steamboats, brilliant, as ours, with gold and white, passed up and down the river. Other steamboats drew along with them flotillas of from twenty to thirty boats, laden with goods from the country to New York, whilst hundreds of smaller and larger craft were seen skimming along past the precipitous shores like white doves with red fluttering neck-ribbons. On the shores shone forth white country-houses and small farms. I observed a great variety in the style of building: many of the houses were in the gothic style, others like Grecian temples; and why not? The home ought to be a temple as well as a habitation and a storehouse. Also in our old North was the houseplace a sacred room in which the household gods were to be worshipped. I saw too that there was every variety of church on the shores: the prevailing colour being white. Many private houses, however, were of a soft grey and of a sepia tint. During the latter part of the journey, the clouds came down upon us, and we became perfectly wet. But with the agreeable Miss Lynch and Mr. Downing it was an easy thing to preserve sunshine in temper and in conversation.

After a sail of between three and four hours, we landed at the little town of Newburgh, where Mr. Downing's carriage awaited to convey us up the hills to a beautiful villa of sepia-coloured sandstone, with two small projecting towers, surrounded by a park: lying high and open it has a free view over the beautiful river and its shores. A delicate, pretty little woman met us at the

door of the house, embraced Mr. Downing, and cordially welcomed his guests. This was Mrs. Downing. She seemed to be of a bird-like nature; and we shall get on and twitter together charmingly, because I, too, have something of that nature about me.

The Astor House and its splendid rooms, and social life and the "New World" steamer, with all its finery, were good specimens of the showy side of the life of the new world; and Mr. Downing said that it was quite as well that I should at once have seen something of it, that I might the better be able to form an opinion of the other side of life here—of that which belongs to the inward, more refined, peculiar, individual development. And I could not easily have a better specimen of this than in Mr. Downing himself, and his home. He has built his house himself. It was himself who planted all the trees and flowers around it; and everything seems to me to bear the stamp of a refined and earnest mind. It stands in the midst of romantic scenery, shadowy pathways, the prettiest little bits of detail and splendid views. Everything has been done with design; nothing by guess, nothing with formality. A soul has here felt, thought, arranged. Within the house there prevails a certain darkness of tone: all the wood-work of the furniture is brown; the daylight even is dusk, yet nevertheless clear, or more properly full of light—a sort of imprisoned sunshine, something warm and deep; it seemed to me like a reflection of the man's own brown eyes. In the forms, the furniture, and the arrangement, prevails the finest taste; everything is noble and quiet, and everything equally comfortable as it is tasteful. The only things which are brilliant in the rooms are the beautiful flowers in lovely vases and baskets. For the rest, there are books, busts, and some pictures. Above small bookcases, in the form of gothic windows, in the walls of Mr. Downing's parlour, stand busts of Linnæus, Franklin, Newton, and

many other heroes of natural science. One sees in this habitation a decided and thorough individuality of character, which has impressed itself on all that surrounds it. And in this way ought every one to form himself and his own world. One feels here Mr. Downing's motto, "Il buono è il bello." In food, in fruits, as well as in many small things, prevails a certain amount of luxury; but which does not make any outward show; it exists, as it were, concealed in the inward richness and exquisite selection of the thing itself. I did not expect to have met with this kind of home in the young new world.

Since I have been here it has rained and blown incessantly, and I am quite appalled at the climate. It could hardly be worse with us in October. But not the less happy do I esteem myself for having come to so good a home. My room is in the upper story, and has a magnificent view over the Hudson, and the hills on the other side of the river.

I thought that I should be here, for a time at least, free from visitors. But no! Last evening, as I sate with my friends in their peaceful parlour, there came, amid the darkness, the storm, and the rain, Professor Hart, the editor of Sartain's "Union Magazine" in Philadelphia, who immediately on the announcement of my arrival in the newspapers, had travelled from Philadelphia to New York, and from New York had followed me hither merely, he said, to "monopolise" me for his magazine, begging me to write for it, and for none other, during my visit to America. So much for American enterprise in matters of business. For the rest, there was so much gentlemanly refinement in his manner, and a something so benevolently good and agreeable in his pale, delicate countenance, that I could not help taking a fancy to him, and giving him my word that if I should write anything for publication in America I would leave it in his hands. But I doubt

whether I shall write anything here. Here I have need to think and to learn.

Monday, the 8th of October. — To-day the sun shines above the lordly Hudson, which flows at my feet; and I should feel myself happy with my thoughts and my American books were not the stream of visitors again in motion, taking up my time and my attention. I must beg of the Downings to defend my forenoon hours, and during them not to allow me to be called from my cage; if not, I shall become a savage lion, instead of a tame lioness, as they would have me, and as is most becoming to my disposition. I feel myself particularly happy with the Downings, and I am able to learn very much from Mr. Downing, whose individuality of character strikes me more and more. There is something of a quiet melancholy in him, but he has an unusually observant glance, a critical, and rather sarcastic turn of mind, the result of a large comprehension. He is silent, but one of those silent persons from whom one seems to hear profound wisdom, though not a word is said. His mind is in a high degree receptive and discriminating, and the conversation of all is interesting to him. His wife is a charming, merry, and amiable little creature, of a highly cultivated mind, and equal to her husband.

I have to-day, at the suggestion of Mr. Downing, written to Professor Bergfalk to invite him hither. Professor Bergfalk is at this time at Poughkeepsie, a few Swedish miles up the country, where he is perfecting himself in the use of the English language. I consider it is a particularly fortunate thing for me to be able now and then, during my stay here in this country, to meet and to converse with Bergfalk; and I wish him to make Mr. Downing's acquaintance, and for Mr. Downing to become acquainted with Bergfalk, that he may know how interesting a Swedish learned man can be.

Now receive a large, cordial embrace across the great ocean for mamma and you!

P.S. I must tell you that among my invitations is one to a wedding in the neighbourhood: I shall gladly accept it. I like to see brides and weddings.

In my next letter I shall speak of my plans and of my route for the future: at present they are not wholly decided; further than that, I wish to spend the winter in Boston—the American Athens—and there, as far as I can, come to a knowledge of the intellectual movements in the life of the New World. In the first place, it is a good thing for me to spend about three weeks with the Downings, and to make excursions with them to some of their friends on the Hudson,—“some of the best people in the country,” as they say. Among these is Washington Irving, who, together with Fenimore Cooper, was the first who made us in Sweden somewhat at home in America. Miss Sedgwick is expected here in a few days: I shall be glad to see her, and thank her for the pleasure we have had in her “Redwood” and “Hope Leslie.” If I could only have a little time for myself! The difficulty to me is to be able to receive all the kind people who hasten to me from far and near, from different states and towns. But although I can but imperfectly respond to their good-will, yet I am not the less heartily grateful for it; and never shall I forget how, on the very first day of my arrival in New York, more than half-a-dozen homes were opened to me, where I might have been received as guest and member of the family; and the number of these homes increase daily. I have even had invitations from Quakers. Would that I could have accepted one-fifth of these!

LETTER III.

ON THE HUDSON, *Oct. 11, 1849.*

MY DEAR HEART!—We went to the wedding at nine o'clock in the morning. We drove to the house of the bride in pouring rain. All the guests, about a hundred in number, were already assembled. The bride's father, an elderly gentleman of a remarkably agreeable appearance, offered me his arm to lead me into the room where the marriage was to take place. It was the only daughter of the house who was to be married. The elder sister had been dead about a year, and that the mother still grieved for her loss might be seen by her pale, sorrowful, countenance. The wedding company was very silent. One might rather have believed oneself in a house of mourning than at a joyful festival. And as the eldest daughter had died soon after her marriage, and in consequence of it, namely, when she was about to become a mother, it was not without cause that this festival was regarded with serious thoughts.

Ladies and gentlemen were introduced to me one after another, and then again the whole circle became silent. Presently it was whispered round that the marriage ceremony was about to commence. A door opened, and a young gentleman entered, leading in a young lady in her bonnet and travelling dress. They took their places side by side at the bottom of the room, a venerable old clergyman stepped forward to the young couple, and—they were united in holy wedlock for ever by a short prayer, a short admonition, and a short benediction. Friends and relations then came forward, and kissed and congratulated the new-married pair; I also went forward, leaning on the father's arm, kissed the bride and shook hands with the young husband. He looked happy and

perfectly self-possessed. She also looked pleased, and besides that, very pretty; nay, she would have appeared really handsome if she had been in bridal attire, and not dressed as for a journey, and that evidently less with regard to looking handsome than to the rainy weather in which the new married couple would commence their journey through life; that is to say, immediately after the marriage ceremony they would set sail for Niagara, and must therefore hasten away to the steam-boat. Champagne and cake was handed round.

One saw the bridal presents arranged upon a table; they were looked at, and each wedding-guest received a little pasteboard box, tied round with white ribbon, in which was a piece of bride-cake. After that every one set off, even the young couple, they to return, after a few weeks' pleasure-tour, to reside with the parents. It all took place in the twinkling of an eye.

This marriage ceremony seemed to me characteristic of that haste and precipitation for which I have often heard the Americans reproached. Life is short, say they, and therefore they hurry along its path, dispensing with all needless forms and fashions which might impede the necessary business of life, and perform even this as rapidly as possible, making five minutes suffice to be married in, and receiving even the marriage benediction in travelling costume, that they may instantly set off on a journey—to Niagara, or somewhere else.

But I must acknowledge that on this occasion it was merely the *form* which was hurried. It was evident that earnestness lay at the bottom of every heart, and even the short marriage-blessing bore the impression of deep and solemn earnestness. One could easily see that it was not a matter of jest, not a matter of passing interest, but one of great importance. Many persons were affected, some wept—they thought probably of the former marriage in this family. The old servant, a negro, who handed about

refreshments, had one of those countenances in which may be read a whole volume of the inner life of the family, and which shows that it is a life of affection, in which the servant feels himself to be a member of the family.

Many people disapprove of these marriages in travelling attire, and at the moment of setting out for a journey, and insist on their being conducted with greater solemnity. Nor are they the only customary mode here. They have also evening marriages, when the bride is dressed pretty much as with us, and everything is conducted with about the same solemnity, with the exception of exhibiting the bride to the people, surrounded by lights, marshals, and bridemaids, as is usual with us in Sweden, and I believe in Sweden alone.

Saturday, Oct. 20th.—I have not now written for several days, the time having been occupied by many people, and many engrossing engagements. I shall now, however, note down the more important of the late occurrences.

Hitherto I have not received any letter; I long, I long; so much!

I have greatly enjoyed this period of my new life, and the Hesperian fruits, and whether it is the effect of these or of the new world's youthful, lively atmosphere (we have had for some time the most beautiful weather) or of the new impressions which daily flow in upon me, but I feel the strings of life vibrate as it were more strongly, and my pulse beat at times almost feverishly. I feel myself to be drinking nectar spiritually and bodily; it is a divine drink, but almost too potent for a weak mortal, at least as an everyday beverage. The excess of social intercourse is also too exciting, however charming and agreeable it may be. Mr. and Mrs. Downing, who have no children, seem to live for the beautiful and the agreeable in life amid a select circle of friends and neighbours, who for the most part reside on the lovely banks of the Hudson, and

a cheerful and unembarrassed social intercourse seems to characterise the life of this circle. They are continually visiting one another. The banks of the Hudson are now in all the pomp of autumn, and the foliage of the woods which clothe the shores and the heights, and which consist of a great variety of trees, is now brilliant with the most splendid variation of colour, from light yellow to intense scarlet; but it is too gorgeous and chaotic a splendour to be truly agreeable to my eye, which requires more uniformity of colour.

Of fruit there is here the greatest abundance; the most beautiful peaches, although their season is properly over; pears, plums, grapes, that is to say, hot-house grapes and many other. The Downings' table is ornamented every day with a basket filled with the most glorious fruit—really Hesperian—and beautiful flowers arranged with the most exquisite taste. The breakfasts here, in the country, are much more substantial than with us in Sweden. Besides coffee and tea the table is supplied with fish, fresh meat, buckwheat cakes, omelets, and so on. Besides which here is bread of Indian corn and a kind of sweet potato, which is peculiar to the country, and which is an extremely good and palatable fruit. It is long, soft, and mealy, yellow and very sweet. It is commonly brought to table unpeeled, and is eaten with butter. At dinner there is meat, in the same way as in England, together with various vegetables and fruit peculiar to America. In the afternoon but little is eaten; they have commonly tea, and bread-and-butter or tea-bread, and after that preserved fruits, mostly peach, and cream. One custom, which appears to me to be especially excellent, is to place little tables beside the guests, one to each two persons, before the tea is handed round. In this way people place themselves together, two and two, and have the most delicious little *tête-à-têtes*, and that you know I am very fond of. I cannot converse well except when *tête-à-tête*.

My happiest hours here are those which I spend alone in the forenoon, in my own room, with American books, which Mr. Downing lends me, and those passed in the evening with my host and hostess, sitting in the little darkened parlour with bookcases and busts around us, and the fire quietly glimmering in the large fire-place. There, by the evening lamp, Mr. Downing and his wife read to me by turns passages from their most esteemed American poets. The books I afterwards carry with me up into my chamber; in this way I have become acquainted with Bryant, Lowell, and Emerson, all of them representatives, in however dissimilar a manner, of the life of the New World. Bryant sings especially of its natural life, of its woods, its prairies, its peculiar natural scenes and phenomena—and his song breathes the quiet fresh inspiration of natural life. One feels the sap circulating through the growth of the tree, and the leaves shooting forth. His ‘Thenatopsis,’ or night-song, is a largely conceived although a short poem, in which the whole earth is regarded as a huge burial-place. Lowell is inspired by the great social questions of the new world, by the ideal life of the new world, which he calls forth into existence in his songs about freedom, about the bliss of a free and contented, noble life, and about the honour and beauty of labour. Again and again I beg Mr. Downing to read to me that beautiful little poem, “The Poor Man’s Son,” which charms me by its melody, and by its impartial spirit—which is moral melody, and by that cheerful truth which it utters in the prospects for the poor man’s son on the soil of the new world. Would that I could translate for you that beautiful poem, and that Mr. Downing could read it to you with his musical voice! His little wife, Caroline, prefers reading a short epic poem, called “Sir Launfall’s Vision.” Lowell’s ideas are purely moral, and a deep vein of religious feeling runs through them. One of his most

beautiful songs, in which burns a strong and noble patriotism, is directed against a political measure in Congress favourable to the maintenance of slavery in the United States. By this and many anti-slavery songs has this young poet taken his place among the leaders of that great party in the country which calls itself Abolitionist, and which insists upon the abolition of slavery. He must express himself in verse—he does not make the verse, he sings it, and in his song there is that overflowing sentiment which makes the heart overflow, and the mind spread forth her wings.

Waldo Emerson, rather a philosopher than poet, yet poetical in his prose philosophical essays, strikes me as a new and peculiar character, the most unusual of the three. He seems to me as an American Thorild, who by his own strong, powerful nature would transform the world, seeking for law and inspiration merely within his own breast. Strong and pure, self-collected and calm, but at the same time fantastical, he puts forth from his transcendental point of view aphorisms on nature and history, on God (whom he does not regard as a personal God, but as a superior soul in harmony with laws), and on men, criticising men and their works from the ideal of the highest truth and the highest beauty. “The world,” says Emerson, “has not seen a man,” and he looks forward with longing to that man, the man of the New World, in whose advent he believes. What this new man shall really be, and what he is to do, is somewhat undecided,—merely that he shall be true and beautiful, and further, I suspect, he must be very handsome and tall of stature, if he is to find favour with Emerson, who is himself, they say, a man of singular beauty, and who regards any personal defect as a sort of crime. The new man regards no laws but those within his own breast; but there he finds the unfalsified wells of truth and beauty. The new man believes in himself alone; he demands

everything from himself, and does all for himself, reposes upon himself and in himself. The new man is a stoic, but not stern as such; he is beautiful and gentle. Wherever he comes life blooms: in the circle of friends it becomes as a holy day; nectar and ambrosia pour forth at his approach; but he himself needs no friend. He needs none, not even God; he himself becomes godlike, inasmuch as that he does not need him. He conquers heaven, inasmuch as he says to heaven, "I desire thee not!" He descends down into nature as a restorer, governs and places it under the spell of his influence, and it —is his friend. In it he has that which suffices him; the divinities of the woods whisper to him their peace and their self-sufficingness; there is not a mole-hill which has not a star above it; there is no sorrow which the healing life of nature cannot heal. He says farewell to the proud world; he tramples upon the greatness of Rome and Greece in this little rural home where he in the trees can see God. Emerson's language is compressed and strong, simple, but singularly plastic. His turns of thought are original; old ideas are reproduced in so new and brilliant a manner that one fancies them heard for the first time. The divining-rod of genius is in his hand. He is master in his own domain. His strength seems to me peculiarly to be that of the critic, a certain grand contempt and scorn of the mediocre of the weak and paltry wherever he sees it, and he sees it in much and in many things. He chastises it without mercy; but, at the same time, with wonderful address. Emerson's performances in this way are really quite regal. They remind me of our King Gustavus Adolphus the Great, when he took the criminal soldier by the hair, and delivered him over to punishment, with the friendly words, "Come, my lad, it is better that thy body now suffer chastisement than that thy soul go to hell." Yet there is more in Emerson even than the intention

of chastisement. The writings of this scorner of imperfection, of the mean and the paltry, this bold exacter of perfection in man, have for me a fascination which amounts almost to magic! I often object to him; I quarrel with him; I see that his stoicism is one-sidedness, his pantheism an imperfection, and I know that which is greater and more perfect, but I am under the influence of his magical power. I believe myself to have become greater through his greatness, stronger through his strength, and I breathe the air of a higher sphere in his world, which is indescribably refreshing to me. Emerson has more ideality than is common among thinkers of the English race, and one might say that in him the idealism of Germany is wedded to the realism of Britain.

I have, as yet, never gone a step to see a literary lion: but Waldo Emerson, this pioneer in the moral woods of the New World, who sets his axe to the roots of the old trees to hew them down, and to open the path for new planting; I would go a considerable way to see this man. And see him I will,—him, who, in a society as strictly evangelical as that of Massachusetts and Boston (Emerson was the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Boston), had the courage openly to resign his ministration, his church, and the Christian faith, when he had come to doubt of its principal doctrines; who was noble enough, nevertheless, to retain universal esteem, and old friends; and strong enough, while avoiding all polemical controversy and bitterness of speech, to withdraw into silence, to labour alone for that truth which he fully acknowledged, for those doctrines which the heathen and the Christian alike acknowledge. Emerson has a right to talk about strength and truth, because he lives for these virtues. And it will benefit the world which is slumbering in the Church from the lack of vital Christianity, to be roused up by such fresh winds from the Himalaya of heathenism. But how can Emerson overlook ——? Yet

I will not ask about it. Emerson is just and true. Would that many were like him!

But now I must tell you something of my late doings in society. Miss Catherine Sedgwick, the author of "Redwood," came here, together with her young niece, Susan, a few days after my arrival. Mr. Downing, who greatly esteems her, wished me to make her acquaintance. She is between fifty and sixty, and her countenance indicates a very sensible, kind, and benevolent character. Her figure is beautifully feminine, and her whole demeanor womanly, sincere, and frank, without a shadow of affectation. I felt my soul a little slumbrous while with her for the first few days; but this feeling was, as it were, blown quite away in a moment by a touching and beautiful expression of cordiality on her side, which revealed us to each other; and since then I have felt that I could live with her as with a heavenly soul, in which one has the most undoubting trust. I derived pleasure, also, from her highly sensible conversation, and from her truly womanly human sympathies. She has a true and gentle spirit; and I feel that I could really depend upon her. Of late years she has written much for, what I will call, the people of lower degree in society; because here, where almost every person works for their living, one cannot properly speak of a working-class, but quite correctly of people of small means and narrow circumstances—a class which has not yet worked itself up. Franklin, himself a workman, and one who worked himself upwards, wrote for this class. Miss Sedgwick writes for the same; and her little novels and stories are much liked, and produce a great deal of good. People praise, in particular, a story called "Home," which I shall endeavour to read. Miss Sedgwick was at this time occupied in preparing a new edition of her collected works. She consulted me about some proposed alterations in some of these works, and I told her that I,

for my own part, never would alter anything in the works which I had written long since, even where I saw their faults, and could easily correct them; because, where an author lives and writes through a long course of years, his or her works constitute a history of that author's development, which ought to remain unaltered as a history in itself, alike instructive to him as to others. An author's works are portions of an autobiography, which he must write whether he will or not.

Miss Sedgwick invited me to her house in Lennox, in the western part of Massachusetts, during the next summer, and promised to visit with me a Shaker establishment in New Lebanon, which lies at no great distance from her house.

Whilst Miss Sedgwick has been here the Downings have made an excursion with us to the top of South Beacon, one of the highest hills in the highlands of this district. Mr. Downing drove me, and for this mountain-road a skilful driver and a good horse were really needful, because the road was steep, and rather an apology for a road than anything else. But we stumbled and struggled over stock and stone in our light carriage, until we had ascended about nine hundred feet, and from the top of the wood-covered hill looked down upon half the world, as it seemed to me, but which presented the appearance of a billowy chaos of wooded heights and valleys, in which human dwellings were visible, merely as specks of light, scarcely discernible to the naked eye. Man, so great in his suffering, in his combat, vanished into nothing, seen from this material hill-top, and therefore I thought not about him. That which was most refreshing to me in this landscape was the view of the Hudson, which, like a clear thought bursting from chaos, makes for itself a path through the woods, and flows brilliantly forth into the infinite. Our party was a little too large and a little too merry for me. I know not how it is that a thoughtful

silence should always come over me in such gay parties, amid natural scenes. And here I ought to have been alone with the magnificence of Nature. One little moment, partly alone and partly with Mr. Downing, who knows how to be gay and jocular with the gay, and silent with the silent, was to me the crowning luxury of the excursion, during which there was no lack of champagne and joke, and more substantial fare yet for the palate, together with polite gentlemen and lovely ladies, both young and old. Yes, lovely ladies there certainly are here, but rather pretty and delicate than, properly speaking, beautiful. A really beautiful woman I have not yet seen here, but neither have I seen a single ill-favoured countenance or deformed person. That which especially pleases me is the easy, unembarrassed, and yet modestly kind intercourse which exists between the young of both sexes.

Completely weary were we when, after our excursion to the hills, we reached home in the evening, and beautiful was rest in that lovely quiet home with the kind Downings. That which my mind has retained of the excursion is the view of that bright river, bursting forth from the gloomy forests of earth. It gleams, as it were, within me.

I parted from Miss Sedgwick with the feeling that I should never like to part with her. Her niece, Susan, was an agreeable well-educated girl. A young gentleman, who is said to be her lover, followed her hither.

A few days after our excursion to South Beacon we went up the Hudson to visit a family of the name of D., who belong to the aristocracy of these shores. We set off in good time in the morning; the air was delicious; the wind still, and the shores shone out in the utmost splendour of their autumnal pomp beneath a somewhat subdued sunshine. The sails on the river scarcely moved, and above the heights lay a sort of sunny

mist, a light haze which is said to distinguish this period of the year, and that state of the atmosphere which is here called "the Indian Summer." It commences, they say, at the end of October, and extends often through the whole of November into December, and is considered one of the most beautiful parts of the year. And if I am to judge by these days, one can scarcely imagine more perfect weather; warm and calm, the purest, most delicious atmosphere, sunshine softened by that light haze which seems to cast a mystical romantic veil over the landscape brilliant with the splendour of autumn. Whence comes this Egyptian veil of mist? "It comes from the Indians who are now smoking their pipes at their great Pahaws," replied the cheerful Mrs. Downing; "I wish you to have an accurate idea of things here." The accurate truth however is that nobody can say what is the real cause of this smoke-like mist, or of this summer in the midst of autumn.

But to return to our excursion, which was charming. We left the highlands of the Hudson; the shores now became lower and the river wider, embracing islands on its bosom. But soon we perceived in the distance a yet higher and more massive range of hills than I had hitherto seen, the magnificent thousand-foot-high Katskill mountains, which are a portion of the great Alleghany chain, which divides North America from north to south.

The banks of the river, which were scattered with houses, appeared rich and well cultivated. There were no castles, no ruins here, but often very tasteful houses with terraces and orchards, whole parks of peach trees. The only historical legends of these shores are a few traditions of wars with the Indians. I did not seem to miss the ruins and the legends of the Rhine. I like these fresh new scenes which have a vast future. We have ruins enough in the Old World. Among the company

on board was a Shaker in drab clothes, and a hat with broad brim; in countenance he looked like a cross old fellow, not at all a good representative of the Shaker establishment. After a sail of about three hours we reached Blithewood, the beautiful seat of the D.'s, whither we were invited to a great breakfast. Here, as in many other places, I observed how they exclude the daylight from the rooms. This troubles me, who am accustomed to our light rooms in Sweden, and who love the light. But they say that the heat of the sun is too powerful here for the greater part of the year, and that they are obliged as much as possible to exclude its light from the rooms. A handsome, stately lady, whose figure was of remarkably beautiful proportions, and much rounder than is common among the ladies I have yet seen, received us kindly. This was Mrs. D. She is a Catholic, and is, I believe, of an Irish family, and her sisters are Calvinists. They manage however to agree together remarkably well, both in affection and good deeds—that central Church in which all sects may unite in the name of the same Lord.

We were conducted to our room, refreshed and dressed ourselves; then came breakfast and all the neighbours, and I had to shake from sixty to seventy kindly extended hands, which would not have been a difficult task if a deal of small talk had not followed, which, through the repetition of the same word and thing, became wearisome, and made me feel like a parrot. The assembly was beautiful and gay, and the breakfast, which was magnificent, was closed by a dance. It was a pleasure to me to see so many lovely and lively young girls,—delicate figures, though deficient in strength. The ladies dress with taste; have small hands and feet, and remind one of the French, but are more lovely than they. Something however is wanting in their countenances, but what I do not rightly know—I fancy it is *expression*. I was

not quite in spirits, and felt to-day somewhat fatigued. When, however, in the evening, I came forth into the open air, and, accompanied by the silent Mr. Downing, wandered quietly beside the glorious calm river, and contemplated the masses of light and soft velvet-like shadow, which lay on the majestic Katskill mountains, behind which the sun sank in cloudless splendour; then did the heart expand itself and breathe freely in that sublime and glorious landscape; then did I drink from the mountain-springs; then did I live for the first time that day.

In the evening I enjoyed an unusual pleasure. Mrs. D. played on the harp and piano, and sang remarkably well, with extraordinary power, like a real musician, which I believe is a rare thing in this country. There were both words and expression in her singing, and so there is also in her demeanour; hers is a noble figure, with a free and independent carriage; "she sustains herself," as you would say. She neither sings nor talks by rote. She sings and talks out of her own independent, feeling, and thinking soul. Her eldest son, a boy of thirteen, has, it appears to me, a real genius for music, even though he broke off and was not able to sing to the end—and I believe that he really could not—a little fantastic song, the first notes of which, however, were sufficient to foretell a something beyond talent in the boy. He was not in the mood, and in that state he could not sing. Mrs. D. told me, during our conversation at table, that her son was to learn a handicraft trade, because, although they were now wealthy, the time might come when they would be so no longer, but when it might be necessary for him to earn his bread as a common workman; so uncertain is the stability of wealth in America;—why so, I could not rightly understand.

The following day I again saw a crowd of people,

who came to see the Swedish stranger. In the afternoon I visited two or three beautiful places in the neighbourhood. On one of these, a point projecting into the river, has a ruin been built, in which are placed various figures and fragments of walls and columns, which have been brought from the remarkable ruins lately discovered in Central America or Mexico. The countenances and the head-dresses resembled greatly those of Egyptian statues: I was struck in particular with a sphynx-like countenance, and a head similar to that of a priest of Isis. This ruin and its ornaments in the midst of a wild, romantic, rocky, and wooded promontory, was a design in the best taste.

In the evening we left this beautiful Blithewood, its handsome mistress and our friendly entertainers. We returned home in the night. The cabin in which we sate was close and very hot. Just beside us sate two young men, the one of whom smoked and spat incessantly just before Mrs. Downing and myself. "That gentleman needs a Dickens!" said I softly to Mr. Downing. "But then," replied Mr. Downing, in the same under tone, "Dickens would have committed the mistake of supposing him to be a gentleman!"

Of my Blithewood visit I retain the Katskill mountains and Mrs. D. I made a little sketch of her profile in my album (I took one also of Miss Sedgwick), and she gave me at parting a beautiful purse, made with an unusual kind of beads.

Another festivity at which I was present during this time was at Mrs. Downing's grandmother's. It was a family party, on the occasion of her ninetieth birthday. She lives on the opposite shore; and there assembled this day in her honour, children and grandchildren, and grandchildren's children, as well as other near connections, an assembly of from fifty to sixty persons. The little old lady of ninety was still lively and active, almost as

much so as a young girl. We ate and drank, and some toasts were proposed: I gave one for "The Home" in America as well as in Sweden. In the afternoon we had a little music. I played Swedish polskas; and a young artist, a Mr. C., properly a landscape painter, son-in-law of one of the sons or granddaughters of the family, sang an Italian bravura aria, so beautifully, and with such an exquisite voice, that it was really a refreshment to hear him, and one was sure that he had learned the art in Italy.

I have been entertained at two other houses on the Hudson, and saw in the one a beautiful, animated hostess, and many beautiful articles of luxury, but without that elegant arrangement which distinguishes the house of the Downings; and in the other an original old lady, who has been compared among the neighbours to "ma chère Mère" in "The Neighbours," and who really gives occasion for the comparison; besides which, we met there a remarkably excellent man, Dr. H., a firm Swedenborgian, and a more agreeable person to talk with than the generality of Swedenborgians whom I have met with. He has built a house for himself upon one of the terraces of the Hudson. A splendid lodge, of grey stone, is already complete, and people are a little curious to know whether a lady is not coming into the house; and it is maintained that the heart of an amiable young girl in the neighbourhood is interested in the question.

N.B. Dr. H. is very much esteemed and liked, especially by the ladies; but he has hitherto exhibited a heart of stone to their charms.

I have been much pleased at this moment by a visit from Bergfalk, as well as by witnessing his state of mind, and the fresh, unprejudiced view which he takes of the good and evil in this New World; and by his warm feeling for Sweden, and the strong hope which he

entertains of her future development. He is fresh and vigorous, and has a pleasure in communicating his thoughts. And although his English is every now and then the most wonderful gibberish that ever was heard, yet his thoughts find their way through it, and by it, and sometimes in a brilliant manner. Thus, for example: last evening, when characterising the faults and the merits of Macaulay's historical work, this was so striking as to cause the otherwise undemonstrative Mr. Downing to exclaim repeatedly, "Excellent! delightful!"

Mr. Downing was interested by Bergfalk in a high degree, and invited him to spend the night there; but he had already engaged rooms in the town. We accompanied him to his inn; and I gave him Lowell's and Emerson's works to bear him company.

To-day, Sunday the 21st, as I continue my letter, Bergfalk is again here, and with him a Swedish doctor, Uddenberg, living at Barthelemi, and who came to pay his respects to me. The morning has been intellectually rich to me in a conversation on Lowell's poem of "Prometheus;" and the manner in which an American poet has treated this primeval subject of all ages and all poets. Bergfalk again distinguished himself by his power of discriminating the characteristics of the subjects; and nothing like this is ever thrown away upon Mr. Downing. At my request he read that fine portion of Prometheus's defiance of the old tyrants, in which the poet of the New World properly stands forth in opposition to those of the Old World, because it is not, as in the Prometheus of Æschylus, the joy of hatred and revenge, in the consciousness that the power of the tyrant will one day come to an end; nor as in Shelley, merely the spirit of defiance, which will not yield, which knows itself to be mightier than Zeus in the strength of suffering and of will,—no: it is not a selfish joy which gives power to the newly-created Prometheus; it is the certainty which defies the

tyrant, and by his strength has prepared freedom and happiness for the human race. That threat with which he arms himself against his executioner, that defiance by which he feels that he can crush him, is prophetic of the ideal future of the new world of America; for much suffering has rendered keen his inner vision, and made of him a seer, and he beholds—

“ A sceptre and a throne ;
 The pipings of glad shepherds on the hills,
 Tending the flocks no more to bleed for thee ;
 The songs of maidens pressing with white feet
 The vintage, on thine altars poured no more ;
 The murmurous bliss of lovers underneath
 Dim grape-vine bowers, whose rosy branches press
 Not half so close as their warm cheeks untouched
 By thoughts of thy brute lust ;—the hive-like hum
 Of peaceful commonwealths, where sunburnt toil
 Reaps for itself the rich earth made its own
 By its own labour, lightened with glad hymns
 To an omnipotence which thy mad bolts
 Would cope with as a spark with the vast sea,—
 Even the spirit of free love and peace,
 Duty's own recompense through life and death ;
 These are such harvests as all master-spirits
 Reap, haply not on earth, but reap no less
 Because the sheaves are bound by hands not theirs ;
 These are the bloodless daggers wherewithal
 They stab fallen tyrants, this their high revenge :
 For their best part of life on earth is when
 Long after death, prisoned and pent no more,
 Their thoughts, their wild dreams even, have become
 Part of the necessary air men breathe ;
 When, like the moon herself behind a cloud,
 They shed down light before us on life's sea,
 That cheers us to steer onward, still in hope ;
 Earth with her twining memories ivies o'er
 Their holy sepulchres ; the chainless sea,
 In tempest, or wide calm, repeats their thoughts,
 The lightning and the thunder, all free things
 Have legends of them for the ears of men.
 All other glories are as falling stars,
 But universal nature watches theirs :
 Such strength is won by love of human kind.”

After this came Caroline Downing, with her favourite bard Bryant, the poet of nature. But Bryant's song also is warm with patriotism, with faith in the future of America, and in her sublime mission. Thus, in that beautiful epic poem, "The Prairies," in which he paints, as words can seldom paint, the illimitable western fields, in their sunbright, solitary beauty and grandeur, billowy masses of verdure and flowers waving in the wind; above these the vagrant clouds; and, higher still, the sunshine, gleaming above the vast scene, paradisaic, splendid, and rich, but silent and desolate as the desert. The silence, however, is broken. The poet hears a low humming. What is it? It is a bee, which flies forth over the flowery plain, and sucks the honey of the flowers. The busy bee becomes a prophet to the poet; and in its humming flight and its quiet activity he hears the advancing industry of the human race, which will extend itself over the prairies, transform them into a new Paradise, and cause new and yet more beautiful flowers to spring up:—

" From the ground

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice,
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows."

Last of all, I come to the poems of Waldo Emerson, small in dimensions, but great in their spirit and tone; and read aloud a little dithyrambic poem, which is characteristic of the individuality of the poet. Other American poets speak to society; Emerson always merely to the individual; but they all are to me as a breeze from the life of the New World, in a certain illimitable vastness of life, in expectation, in demand, in faith, and hope—a something which makes me draw a deeper breath, and, as it were, in a larger, freer world. Thus says Emerson's poem:—

GIVE ALL TO LOVE.

“GIVE all to love ;
 Obey thy heart ;
 Friends, kindred, days,
 Estate, good fame ;

Plans, credit, and the muse ;
 Nothing refuse.

* * * *

For it is a god,
 Knows its own path,
 And the outlets of the sky.

'Tis not for the mean ;
 It requireth courage stout,
 Souls above doubt,
 Valour unbending ;
 Such 'twill reward,
 They shall return
 More than they were
 And ever ascending.

Yet hear me, yet
 One word more thy heart behoved,
 One pulse more of firm endeavour,
 Keep thee to-day,
 To-morrow, for ever
 Free as an Arab
 Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid ;
 But when the surprise
 Vague shadow of surmise
 Flits across her bosom young
 Of a joy apart from thee,
 Free be she, fancy free,
 Do not thou detain a hem,
 Nor the palest rose she flung
 From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
 As a self of purer clay,
 Though her parting dims the day,
 Stealing grace from all alive,
 Heartily know,
 When half-gods go
 The Gods arrive.

This is noble stoicism. Among Emerson's poems are some which bear witness to a less noble spirit, —to a self-consciousness which rejoices in its contempt of the world; that knows itself to have enough, whilst the world perishes of hunger; a something which reminds one of the answer of the ant to the grasshopper, in La Fontaine's fable. But this shadow passes away, as do all clouds, from the clear heaven of the poet, having not there their abiding home. One strongly prominent feature in him is his love of the strong and the great. Thus he speaks in his poem, "The World-Soul:"—

"Thanks to the morning light,
Thanks to the seething sea,
To the uplands of New Hampshire,
To the green-haired forest free;
Thanks to each man of courage,
To the maids of holy mind,
To the boy with his games undaunted
Who never looks behind."

But nobler even than this is the song of our Geijer:—

"I greet with love each field and grove,
And thou, blue billowy sea, I love;
Life-giving light in depth and height,
Thou heavenly sun, art my delight!
But more than all earth's fair array,
More than the blue waves' dancing play,
Love I
The dawning light of heavenly rest
Within a trembling human breast!"

Of this light Emerson knows nothing. Emerson has, in other respects, many points of resemblance with Geijer, but he stands as much below him as heathenism stands below Christianity.

I cannot, perhaps, do full justice to Emerson's poems by my translation; I never was very clever at translation; and I fancy it almost impossible to render the poetic element of Emerson into another tongue, because it is of

so peculiar a kind, and has, like the character of the poet, its own extraordinary rhythm and spirit.

Henry Longfellow, the author of "Evangeline," is perhaps the best read and the most popular of the poets of America, but this is owing to qualities which are common alike to the elder poets of all countries, rather than to any peculiar characteristics of the New World's poets. Those sentiments, whether happy or sorrowful, which exist in the breast of every superior human being, are peculiarly his domain, and here he exercises his sway; and in particular, in his delineation of the more delicate changes of feeling. In "Evangeline" alone has he dealt with an American subject, and described American scenery.

But enough now, my sweet sister, of this poesy of morning. We will now have our dinner. Men of the two countries are invited, and yet a third, namely, the Swedish Consul, from Boston, Mr. Benzon, who is coming to see me.

In the Evening.—The day is ended with its changing scenes and impressions. If I could only take everything more coolly! But I am too ardent, too easily excited. Every impression goes directly to my heart—and there it remains too strongly impressed. I am alone in my room, and see from my window, through the dark yet star-bright night the steamboats which pass along the Hudson, and send forth from their chimneys sulphur-blue and yellow flames.

To-morrow morning I am going with the Downings to visit some of their best friends, a family of the name of H., who live on the Hudson, in the neighbourhood of Washington Irving. And next week I return to New York, there to begin my campaign, for which this little taste of rural life and society is merely a prelude.

Among the people who, during this time, have come to see me are in particular a married couple, Mr. and Mrs. S.,

who came hither with their little baby from New York, solely to offer me their house as my home when there. They were so beautiful and so earnestly kind; there appeared to me to be something so pure, so single-minded about them; they seemed to speak so entirely from their own honest hearts, that I was glad to accept their invitation, and to arrange to go to them before I took up my quarters in any other homes, as I had promised to do for a time. Among others that of Miss Lynch. It seems as if I should scarcely be obliged to pay anything for my living in this country, if I am to continue being thus entertained. But I must not expect that it will be thus everywhere. Besides, it has its disadvantages, as well as its advantages and its great pleasures.

Mr. and Mrs. S., who are of the class called Socialists and Abolitionists, and who belong to the Liberal Movement Party in the country, are universally acknowledged to be remarkably noble and estimable people. "From them," said Mr. Downing, "you will hear what is going forward in this party, and you will probably see at their house William Henry Channing, one of our most distinguished lecturers and extempore speakers, and through him you may become acquainted with Emerson."

I cannot tell you, my Agatha, how fortunate I esteem myself, that immediately at the commencement of my visit here, I have come into contact with so profoundly thinking and so universally comprehensive a mind as that of Mr. Downing, and who, besides, is so indescribably kind to me, and so careful that I shall derive every possible advantage from my journey, and see everything, both good and bad, in their true light. He never dictates, never instructs me, but now and then, and as if by chance, he mentions to me the names of persons who are active for the future of the New World in one way or another, and makes me observant of what is going on in the country.

I notice, among other things, with what precision all branches of intellectual labour seem to be carried on; and how easily ability and talent make their way, find their place and their sphere of action, become known and acknowledged.

Mr. Downing has mentioned to me Horace Mann as one of the persons who have most effectually laboured for the future; as an individual who has brought about, by his enthusiasm and determination, a great reform in the work of instruction; who has laboured for the erection of beautiful new schools in all parts of the country, and has infused a new life into the organisation of schools. It appears that the reformers and the lecturers who develop the spiritual and intellectual life in America, and call forth its ideal, come from the northern states, from New England, and in particular from Massachusetts, the oldest home of the Pilgrims and the Puritans.

Of that which he himself has done, Mr. Downing speaks with the utmost modesty; but I heard from Miss Sedgwick that few men in the United States are so universally known, or so generally influential as he. His works on architecture, on gardening, on flowers and fruits—and all of which are calculated to ennoble the taste, to make the purest productions in their branches of science and art accessible to every man—these works are to be found everywhere, and nobody, whether he be rich or poor, builds a house or lays out a garden without consulting Downing's works. Every young couple who sets up housekeeping buys them.

"It happens," said Mr. Downing modestly, "that I came at a time when people began universally to feel the necessity of information about building houses and laying out gardens."

He is what people call here "a self-made man," that is to say, a man who has less to thank education for what he

is than his own endeavours. "He is one of our best men," said Miss Sedgwick.

It will readily be supposed that it was painful to me to leave him and his truly sweet and kind little wife. Mr. Downing has drawn up for me a proposed route of travel—the plan of a journey for one year through the United States, as well as furnished me with letters to his friends in the different States. I still had a deal to say to you about my happiness in being here, my happiness in the new vitality which seems given to me, although I feel that the outer life is a little wearisome sometimes; and I expect to have to pay for it one of these days. But ah! how few there are who have to complain of having too many objects of interest, of experiencing too much good will! My beloved Agatha, think of me in thy prayers; and that I know thou dost, and thank God for me that He has so abundantly fulfilled my secret prayers, has satisfied my hunger and my thirst, and nourished me with His riches and His goodness!

In the Morning.—Yet once more a greeting from the beautiful banks of the Hudson from the heights of Newburgh, before I leave them, perhaps for ever. Mr. Downing says, indeed, that I must return to them next year; but it is long till then, and I must travel far and see very much.

Again a beautiful morning. The river is bright as a mirror; hundreds of little vessels glide softly, like swimming sea-gulls, on the bosom of the water between the lofty hills. I wonder how they are able to move. The wind seems to sleep. Over the river and the mountains, over the golden woods, which assume every day a yet more golden hue, over the white glittering villages with their church spires, and in the bosom of the wooded hills rests the thin, white misty veil of the Indian summer. It is a scene of which the character is grand and calmly romantic. I feel and see it, but not merely in external

nature. This Indian summer with its mystical life, its thin veil cast over the golden woods and mountains—I feel it in my soul. I look around me on nature, and ask, “Is it I who live in thee, or dost thou awaken this life in my soul?”

I see the beautiful well-built little houses, with their orchards and grounds which lie like pearls set in the emerald green frame of the river! How much is contained in them of that which is most valuable in the life of the new world. How beautiful and perfect seems here private life, engrafted as it is into public life; and what a pleasure it is to me that I have become acquainted with many of the families inhabiting these small homes on the banks of this great and glorious river!

Not far from Mr. Downing’s villa is a beautiful country seat, inhabited by four sisters, all unmarried. A good brother, who had become wealthy by trade, built this house, and bought the land around it for his sisters. Some years afterwards, the brother fell into misfortunes: he lost all that he was possessed of. The sisters now took upon themselves the education of his children,—he has now his home with them. They are excellent and agreeable women, who know equally well how to converse seriously or merrily. On the other side of the river a brick-maker has built himself a lovely villa. This honourable man—for so he seems to be, and so he really is—has been here two or three times to present me with flowers, and invite me to his villa. Mr. Downing has called my attention to a beautiful little house, a frame-house, with green verandah and garden just in this neighbourhood. “It belongs,” said he, “to a man who in the day drives cart-loads of stone and rubbish for making the roads. In this is the working-man of the new world superior to him of the old. He can here by the hard labour of his hands obtain the more refined pleasures of life, a beautiful home, and the advantages of education for his family much more

quickly. And here he *may* obtain these if he will. In Europe the greater number of workpeople cannot obtain them do what they will.

At this moment an explosion thunders from the other side of the Hudson, and I see huge blocks of stone hurled into the air, and then fall into the water, which foams and boils in consequence: it is a rock, which is being blasted with gunpowder on a line of railway now in progress along the banks of the river, and where the power of steam on land will compete with the power of steam on water. To hurl mountains out of the way; to bore through them; to form tunnels; to throw mountains into the water as a foundation for roads in places where it is necessary for it to go over the water; all this these Americans regard as nothing. They have a faith to remove mountains.

Now come the steam-boats thundering like tempest in the mountains. Two or three chase each other like immense meteors; one amongst them comes along heavily, labouring and puffing, dragging along a large fleet of larger and smaller craft. New York receives butter, and cheese, and cattle, and many other good things from the country; and the country, with its towns and rural abodes, receives coffee and tea, and wine, and wearing-apparel, and many other things from New York, and through New York, from Europe. The little town of Newburgh maintains alone by its trade from the country and back two or three steam-boats. When one sees the number, and the magnificence of the steam-boats on the Hudson, one can scarcely believe the fact, that it is not more than thirty years since Fulton made here his first experiment with steam-power on the river, and that amid general distrust of the undertaking. He says himself, when speaking on this subject:—

“When I was about to build my first steam-boat, the public of New York in part regarded it with indifference,

in part with contempt, as an entirely foolish undertaking. My friends were polite, but they were shy of me. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a decided expression of disbelief in their countenances. As I went daily to and from the place where my boat was building, I often lingered unknown near the idle groups of strangers who were collected there, and listened to their remarks respecting the new locomotive. Their language was always that of scorn and persecution. People laughed aloud, and made jokes at my expense; and reckoned up the fallacy and loss of money on 'Mr. Fulton's Folly,' as the undertaking was constantly called. Never did I meet with an encouraging remark, an animating hope, or a warm wish.

"At length came the day when the experiment was to be tried. To me it was a moment of the utmost importance. I had invited many of my friends to go on board and witness the first successful voyage. Many of these did me the kindness to come, but it was evident that they did so reluctantly, and in the belief that they should become the witnesses of my humiliation, and not of my triumph; and I know very well that there was sufficient reason to doubt of my success. The machinery was new, and ill made. A great portion of it was prepared by artisans unaccustomed to such work; and difficulties might easily arise, also, from other causes. The hour arrived at which the boat was to begin to move. My friends stood in groups on deck. Their looks indicated uneasiness, mingled with fear: they were silent and dejected. The signal was given, and the boat was put in motion; it advanced a short distance, then stopped, and became immovable. The former silence now gave place to murmurs and displeasure, and disquiet whisperings, and shrugging of shoulders. I heard on all sides 'I said it would be so;' 'It is a foolish undertaking;' 'I wish we were all well out of it.'

“I mounted on the platform, and told my friends that I did not know what was the cause of the stoppage, but that if they would be calm, and give me half an hour’s time, I would either continue the voyage or give it up entirely. I went down to the engine, and very soon discovered an unimportant oversight in the arrangement: this was put to rights. The boat began to move once more. We left New York; we passed through the Highlands; we arrived at Albany! But even then was mistrust stronger than positive proof. It was doubted whether the thing could be carried through, and if so, whether it would ever lead to any great advantage.”

This was about thirty years since; and now half the human race flies over land and sea upon Fulton’s wings! But even in the New World first discoveries have to contend with trouble and opposition.

The dew of morning lies upon the soft grass-plat before my window, and the beautiful groups of flowers and trees are glittering with it; among these is the little magnolia, with beautiful light-red seed-vessels; everything is beautiful and peaceful, and—that great, rich scene, the life upon the river below! I should like to live beside a large river like this. What great thoughts, what life is there not in it, from its commencement in the fountains of the clouds, in the cradle of the hills, and during its course through the valleys and the fields of earth, growing ever mightier as it advances!

As guests the affluent cities it inviteth,
And flowery meadows gather round its knees.—TEGNÉR.

It is a benefactor wherever it goes; it salutes and makes festive; confers benefits and blessings; but it takes no notice of this; it pauses not, neither rests.

Lands it baptises with its name and flows on;

A hero’s life! Then hastens he onward to his goal,

the ocean: there he finds rest—rest worthy of a heroic soul—peace in the infinite, the great: sufficient for all.

I would willingly live by the Hudson if I did not know a river yet dearer to me: it is called Götha River. Our Årsta is charming beside its salt waves. But I would rather have a little place beside the river Götha; and I fancy that you would be better there, on the western coast of Sweden, than on the eastern, and the colder.

I must now leave you, to write other letters. Mr. Downing will also write a few words to you and to mamma. I yesterday proposed a toast, your health, and we drank it in champagne.

Kind greeting to relations and friends, and say something especially cordial to Beata Afzelius from me.

LETTER IV.

BROOKLYN, *November 5th*, 1849.

MY SWEET SISTER,—Again in New York, or in that portion of the great city which is called Brooklyn, and which is separated from New York by the so-called East River, and which will be a city of itself, and which has also a right to be so for its own sake. Brooklyn is as quiet as New York is bewildering and noisy: it is built upon the heights of Long Island; has glorious views over the wide harbour, and quiet broad streets, planted on each side with acanthus trees, a kind of Chinese tree, and I believe of the acacia family, which has a leaf like our ash, only much broader, and which bears long pods. There is also another kind of tree, with a taller stem, which gives shade and a peaceful and rural character to the streets. It is said that the merchants of New York go over to Brooklyn, where they have their house and home, to sleep. The friend with whom I am living, Marcus S.,

has his place of business in New York and his proper home here in Brooklyn, one of the very prettiest rural homes, by name "Rose Cottage," which he himself built, and around which he has himself planted trees, covered arbours with trailing vines, has sown the fields with maize, and other vegetables, so that the place has the united character of park and garden. From this place he drives every morning to New York, and hither he returns every evening, but not merely to sleep, but to rest, and enjoy himself with wife, children, and friends. Rose Cottage lies just on the outskirts of the town (you must not imagine it a little town, but one which has a hundred thousand inhabitants, its own proper town-house, very magnificent, and from fifty to sixty churches), and the country, with wooded heights and green fields, may be seen therefrom on three sides. But houses are now building at various distances, and threaten soon to shut out the country. It may, however, be some years yet before Rose Cottage comes into the city. I shall now remain here a little while before I set off to Massachusetts and Boston.

Much, very much, had I to tell you, but alas! I have neither the time nor the necessary repose; and I must here give you my life more as a compendium than I did in Denmark. My impressions of life here are more great, more massive, on a broader scale, so to say: I cannot yet bring them under control, cannot yet deal with them; I cannot give them expression. I have a feeling of the forms in the block, but it will require time and labour to hew them out. This much, however, is certain: the effect of my American journey, as far as myself am concerned, is altogether quite different to what I expected. I came hither to breathe a new and fresher atmosphere of life; to observe the popular life, institutions, and circumstances of a new country; to become clearer in my own mind on certain questions connected

with the development of nations and people; and in particular, to study the women and the homes of the New World, and from the threshold of the home to obtain a view of the future of humanity, because, as the river is born from the springs of heaven, so is the life and the fate of a people born from the hidden life of the home.

I came, in a word, to occupy myself with public affairs; and it is private affairs, it is the individual which seizes upon my interest, my feelings, my thoughts. I came with a secret intention of breaking myself loose from fiction and its subjects, and of living with thinkers for other purposes; and I am compelled towards it more forcibly than ever; compelled involuntarily, both by thought and feeling, towards fiction; compelled to bring into life forms, scenes, and circumstances, which, as dim shadows, have for twenty years existed in the background of my soul. And in this so-called realist country, but which has more poetical life in it than people have any idea of in Europe, have I already, "in petto," experienced and written more of the romance of life, than I have done for many years. And I shall continue to do so during my residence here.

When I became aware that, from my waking in the morning, I was occupied in my innermost work-room, not with American affairs and things, but with my own ideal creations, influenced by the interest which everything that surrounded me, and which my new circumstances excited within me, I then gave up the thought of attempting to do anything else but what God had given me to do. I must also here employ my talent, and follow my own vocation, and let fate and circumstances make of it what they must and will.

I shall, as hitherto, study the world of private life, but shall allow the air and life of the New World, that great world's life, to flow into it, and give to it greater effect. Thus would I always have it to be. I must work it out

better hereafter. I have long had a presentiment of the romance of life, in its infinite greatness and depth of feeling. When it dawned before my glance, that first view of a transfigured world, never shall I forget that heavenly Aurora, which was, which is, which will continue for ever to be a bright spot in my earthly life. For that I have to thank Sweden. Clouds, however, veiled it for a moment; I did not see it clearly, or rather, I could no longer recal it in its first beauty. Now again I behold it; and I predict that for its perfect daybreak I shall have to thank—America. My life, also, in and with this new world, assumes a romantic form. It is not merely a new continent, a new form of things, with centuries for its future which I have here to observe; it is a living soul, a great character, an individual mind, with which I must become acquainted, live and converse with during a profoundly earnest intercourse. How I desire to see its characteristic features, to listen to its revelations, its unconsciously oracular words regarding its life and its future! And that great, universal hospitality with which this great new world receives me, makes me feel that it is a heart, a living spirit which meets me in it.

Now for a little of the exterior of my life. I last left you when I was just about to pay a visit with Mr. Downing to Mr. H. and his family. As we came down to the bridge at Newburgh two men were there, the one fat, and the other lean, who were talking loudly, and with so much warmth, that they seemed to be in a state of anger with each other. "Everybody who goes with this steam-boat is robbed!" exclaimed the one; "it is full of pickpockets and rogues!" "Let everyone who is careful of his life," cried the other, "take care not to go in the boat he recommends: it has a cracked boiler, and will blow up before long!"—"That is not true, but the greatest lie!" returned the first, and they cast terrible glances at each other from under their contracted eye-

brows, whilst they continued to go on commending their own boats and abusing each other's.

"What is the meaning of this?" said I to Mr. Downing, who smiled quietly, and replied: "Here is an opposition. Two vessels are emulous for passengers; and these fellows are hired by the two parties to puff their boats. They act this part every day, and it means nothing at all."

I observed, also, that whilst they cast the most ferocious glances at each other, there was frequently a smile on their lips at the ready abuse which they poured out against each other's boats, probably alike innocent, and alike safe, the one as the other; and the people around them laughed also, or did not trouble themselves the least about their contention. I saw that the whole thing was a comedy, and wondered only how they could endure to play it so often.

Mr. Downing had already made choice of his boat: and we had not long been on board before the captain sent to offer "Miss Bremer and her friends" free passage by the steamer as well as by the railway of the Hudson. And thus by means of my good name and American politeness, we sailed down the Hudson in the warm, calm summer air. But the brickmaker, Mr. A., who had already declared himself as my friend, had brought me beautiful flowers, invited me to his villa by the Hudson, and discovered some good phrenological developments in my forehead, here seized upon me, and conducted me to his wife, who introduced me to a poet, whose verses, she maintained I must have read; and the poet introduced three ladies, and the three ladies various other ladies and gentlemen. I became, as it were, walled in, felt as hot as if in an oven, and fled out of the saloon to my silent friend on deck, upbraiding him because he had given me up as a prey to the natives of the country. Nevertheless, I very much liked my friend the brickmaker, who is a

broad, substantial, kind creature, with an open heart and countenance. I liked also the poet, who was evidently a lively and good-tempered person, only that I had not read his verses, and all these my new friends were too many for me. I was now able to sit silently on deck with the silent Mr. Downing; but yet, with the consciousness that I inwardly conversed with him, that his glance rested upon the same objects as mine, and that his mind received them and judged of them, if not as I did, yet in a manner which I could understand, because I understood him. Now and then a word was uttered, now and then a remark was made, and all was cheerful and amusing. How pleasant is such companionship!

When we left the steamboat we took our places on the Hudson Railway, the same which is in progress opposite to Newburgh, and along which we flew with arrow-like speed to Mr. H.'s villa, which lies upon a height by the river-side. There we were soon in the midst of a beautiful home and domestic circle. The father of the family, Mr. H., is the son of the general of that name, the contemporary and friend of Washington, and one of the great men of the American War of Independence. Mr. H., his wife, a still handsome elderly lady, of quiet motherly appearance, a son, and three daughters, constitute the family. Mrs. S., the married daughter, whose praise, as a woman remarkably gifted both in heart and head, I had heard from many people, gave me an invitation to visit with her the schools and various other benevolent institutions of New York, which I gratefully accepted. The two younger, unmarried daughters, Mary and Angelica, seemed to me like types of the two female characters which are often introduced in Cooper's novels. Mary is of a lively, ardent character, full of energy; she has bright brown eyes, is witty and merry in conversation. Angelica is Madonna-like, gentle and fair, a beautiful, noble, and, in mine and many

other people's eyes, a most highly attractive being. I remarked in particular the charm of her voice, and her movement, and how, without asking any questions, she could, even with ladies, set a conversation afloat, and keep it up with animation.

Mr. H., the father, took me out with him to visit various small farmers of the district, so that I might see something of their circumstances. At two of the houses we arrived just at dinner-time, and I saw the tables abundantly supplied with meat and cakes of Indian meal, vegetables, and fruit, as well as with the most beautiful white bread. The houses were for the most part "frame-houses," that is to say, a sort of neatly-built wooden house; the rooms had large windows, which were light and clean. It was a real pleasure to me to converse with Mr. H., who is well acquainted with the country, and a warm friend of its free institutions, the excellence of which he has had an opportunity of testing during a long official life.

The day was beautiful, but a little cool in the wind—not a "well-mingled air," as you are accustomed to call it. And the air here has something so keen, so penetrating, that I am affected by it as I never was in Sweden.

There was a whole crowd of strangers to dinner, among whom was Washington Irving, a man of about sixty, with large beautiful eyes, a large well-formed nose, a countenance still handsome, in which youthful little dimples and smiles bear witness to a youthfully fresh and humorous disposition and soul. He must be a man of an usually happy temperament, and of the most excellent heart. He has surrounded himself with a number of nieces (he says he cannot conceive of what use boys are in the world), whom he makes happy, and who make him so by their affection. He says he has the peculiar faculty of liking everything which he possesses,

and everything which seeks his protection. He is an optimist, but not a conceited one.

He was my neighbour at table, and I have to thank him for not becoming sleepy; nor should I have supposed, as people told me, that he was accustomed to be sleepy at great dinners, at which I certainly am not surprised. But the dinner to-day was not one of the long and tedious description, besides which he evidently endeavoured to make the conversation interesting and agreeable; and I, too, did my best, as you may easily suppose.

In the afternoon I begged him to allow me to take a profile likeness of him; and, in order that he might not go quite asleep during the operation, I begged Angelica H. to sit just opposite to him, and talk to him; and the plan succeeded excellently. The handsome old gentleman now became wide awake, loquacious and lively, and there was such vivacity in his smile, and so much fun in all the merry dimples of his countenance, that it is my own fault if I have not made one of the best and most characteristic portraits that has ever been taken of this universally beloved author. I am glad to have it to show to his friends and admirers in Sweden. Washington Irving invited me and my friends to his house for the following evening; but, as we were obliged to return home that day, we could not accept his invitation, but engaged to pay him a visit in the morning.

In the evening, the new married son of the family returned home from a journey. It was delightful to see the handsome young man sitting between his father and mother, full of mirth and cordiality, endeavouring to divide himself, as it were, equally between them, replying to their questions, and acknowledging their tokens of affection.

Among other objects of interest which I saw here, and which I had also seen in a few other houses on the Hudson, was the "American Birds" of Audubon, a work

of real genius and merit; for one does not merely see the various kinds of American birds, but also their characteristics, their life, and history; how they build and feed themselves; their quarrels, perils, and joys. Some of the paintings seem to me to show a little eccentricity in design; but what can be more eccentric than nature herself in certain hours and humours?

Another interesting acquaintance which I made here was with Mr. Stevens, who discovered and has written upon the remains of Central America. What a rich field is there presented for American enterprise and love of investigation. And they ought not to rest, these Vikings of the present time, before all this is their own, and they have there free space to work in. At present there are great difficulties in the way of their advancing into these regions.

On the following morning, we had, among other good things for breakfast, (they have only too many and too highly-seasoned dishes—cayenne pepper here spoils both meat and the stomach); we had also honey from Hymettus, which had been sent by a friend of the family who had lately returned from his travels in Greece. This classical honey seemed to me not any better than the virgin honey of our northern bees. Flowers and bees are pretty nearly alike all over the world, and are fed by the same heavenly honey-dew. I thought how our bees at Årsta murmur their songs in autumn around the mignonette, and how thou thyself seest them now as thou movest like a little queen among thy subjects in the flower-garden, among beds of flowers which thou hast had planted. Alas! but it is true that even now it is there the winter trance, and the bees have forgotten themselves in their hives! I forget here how the year goes on, because the Indian summer is a time of enchantment.

I went in the forenoon with Mary H. to Washington

Irving's. His house or villa, which stands on the banks of the Hudson, resembles a peaceful idyll; thick masses of ivy clothe one portion of the white walls and garland the eaves. Fat cows fed in a meadow just before the window. Within, the room seemed full of summer warmth, and had a peaceful and cheerful aspect. One felt that a cordial spirit, full of the best sentiment of the soul, lived and worked there. Washington Irving, although possessed of the politeness of a man of the world, and with great natural good-temper, has, nevertheless, somewhat of that nervous shyness which so easily attaches itself to the author, and in particular to him who is possessed of delicacy of feeling and refinement. The poetical mind, by its intercourse with the divine spheres, is often brought somewhat into disharmony with clumsy earthly realities. To these belong especially the visits of strangers and the forms of social intercourse, as we make them in good society on earth, and which are shells that must be cracked if one would get at the juice of either kernel or fruit. But that is a difficulty for which one often has not time. A portrait which hangs in Washington Irving's drawing-room, and which was painted many years since, represents him as a remarkably handsome man, with dark hair and eyes—a head which might have belonged to a Spaniard. When young, he must have been unusually handsome. He was engaged to a young lady of rare beauty and excellence; it would have been difficult to meet with a handsomer pair. But she died, and Washington Irving never again sought for another bride. He has been wise enough to content himself with the memory of a perfect love, and to live for literature, friendship, and nature. He is a wise man, but without wrinkles and grey hair. Washington Irving was at this time occupied with his "Life of Mahomet," which will shortly be sent to press. Two ladies, the one elderly, the other younger,

neither of them handsome, but with countenances full of intelligence and feeling, and near relations of his, were at his house.

Again at Mr. H.'s, I received a number of visitors, all handsome, and in manners kind and open-hearted. The ladies have in general fine figures, but they are somewhat too spare. After that we had music. Mary H. and I had just sate down, full of enthusiasm, to an overture for four hands, which we played so that they who heard us cried bravo! when Mr. Downing, with his melodious voice, and decided manner, which makes him sometimes a sort of amiable despot, interrupted us with the words, "Now it is time," namely, time for us to take leave, and I hastened to the railway, which as with an iron hand had stopped the music of life. But it accompanied me nevertheless in the impression of that beautiful family life which I have again seen here; and to the railroad also accompanied me that fine old gentleman, Mr. H., who, during the whole time, had shown me the greatest kindness, and now, at parting begged me to regard him as a father, to consider his house as mine, and to come and remain there whenever I might find myself not so well off in any of the United States. And I know that this offer on his part is as equally sincere as is that of Mr. Downing, that I would regard him as a brother, and allow him to serve me whenever I might find occasion. "Bear that well in mind!" these were his words at parting, so that I have now both father and brother in this new world—that will do to begin with!

I sate silent in the railway carriage beside my silent friend, but the music of whose soul I am always conscious of, though he speak not a word; so that after all, there was no interruption to the music.

We sailed up the Hudson on a gloomy but beautiful evening. The air was quite calm; now and then a

steam-boat came thundering towards us with its flaming chimney, but the river was unusually quiet. From out the dark shadows which the lofty mountains threw upon the shores, gleamed here and there small red lights. "They are from the cottages of the labourers on the railway," said Mr. Downing.

"Not they," said I; "they are little dwarfs that are peeping out of the rocks and that unclose the openings to the mountain halls within; we Scandinavians know all about it!"

Mr. Downing laughed and allowed my explanation to pass. That which I seem to want here, if I think about a want at all, where so much new and affluent life presents itself, is that life of sagas and traditions which we possess everywhere in Sweden, and which converts it into a poetic soil full of symbolical runes, in forest, and mountain, and meadow, by the streams and the lakes, nay, which gives life to every stone, significance to every mound. In Sweden all these magnificent hills and mountains by the Hudson would have symbolical names and traditions. Here they have only historical traditions, mostly connected with the Indian times and wars, and the names are rather of a humorous than a poetic tendency. Thus a point of rock somewhat nose-like in form, which runs out into the river, is called St. Anthony's Nose, and in sailing past it I could not help thinking of a merry little poem which Mr. Downing read to me, in which St. Anthony is represented as preaching to the fishes, who came up out of the depths quite astonished and delighted to hear the zealous father of the Church preaching for their conversion. The end, however, is,

Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

And thus continued in their natural vices; and St. Anthony got—a long nose.

I spent yet a few Indian summer days with my friends by the Hudson—days rich in many things; intercourse with human beings, and with nature, and the enjoyment of beautiful paradisaical fruits: the new moon lit her torch, and gave a yet more highly romantic character to the summer veil on mountain and river—wonderfully beautiful days and scenes! and wonderfully beautiful was that day when, during a storm, I travelled with my friends down the Hudson to New York. Autumn had during its advance given uniformity of colouring to the woods. It varied now between copper and gold, and shone like an infinitely rich golden embroidery on the Indian veil of mist which rested upon the heights along the Hudson. The wind was so violent that at times the vessel was driven on the banks, and, as the evening advanced, the groups of people became more and more silent in the crowded saloon. Friend drew near to friend, husband to wife; mothers pressed their children closer to their breasts. My eye by chance fell on the tall figure of a man of energetic appearance; a little woman stood close beside him, and her hand was pressed to his heart. A speechless and passionate life prevailed there—prevailed throughout the atmosphere that stormy, hot evening. This and some other scenes have inscribed themselves ineffaceably on my soul; thou shalt read them there some time—there or upon paper, for whatever I experience forcibly and deeply thou knowest that I must, sooner or later, give back either in word or form.

We arrived in storm and darkness at New York, but nevertheless reached the Astor House most comfortably; and very soon was I seated familiarly with my friends in a light and handsome room, drinking tea and the most delicious milk cooled with ice.

“In order that I may now show you proper respect,” said Mr. Downing, “as we are about to part, I believe that I must beg from you—an autograph!”

Thus he often good-humouredly teases me, knowing, as he does, my abhorrence of the American autograph collectors. We spent the evening pleasantly reading by turns from our favourite poets, Lowell, Bryant, and Emerson. It was twelve o'clock when we separated, and I went to my room. But I remained up for some time, listening through the open window to the softly plashing rain, drinking in the balsamic air, and allowing the breath of a new life to penetrate my very being.

I remained yet a few days at the Astor House with the Downings. During these we visited the Exhibition of the American Art-Union in New York. Among the paintings of native artists, I saw none which indicated peculiar genius, with the exception of a large historical painting from the first Mexican War between the Spaniards and the Indians. A few pieces of sculpture gave me great pleasure, from their delicacy of expression and mastership in execution. Among these in particular was a marble bust of Proserpine, and a fisher-boy listening to the sound of the sea in a conch-shell, both the works of the American artist Hiram Powers. One could almost wish for something greater and more national in subject; but greater beauty, or more perfection in form, would be impossible. Just opposite to the room of the American Art-Union they have placed, with good judgment, as it seemed to me, the so-called Düsseldorf Gallery, a collection of old paintings, principally of the German school, which has been opened for the benefit and instruction of American artists and lovers of art. But the want of time prevented me from visiting this gallery, at the present moment.

Among other good things which awaited me here was an offer from a much-esteemed publisher of New York, Mr. George Putnam, the same who is bringing out the works of Miss Sedgwick, to publish a new and handsome edition of my writings, which have hitherto been

printed and circulated here at a low price, and to allow me the same pecuniary advantage as a native author. Mr. Downing was pleased with the proposal, because he knows Mr. Putnam to be a thoroughly honourable and trustworthy man.

It was not without pain that I parted from the Downings, with whom I had spent so richly intellectual and delightful a time (I will call it my honeymoon in the New World), and to whom I am really cordially attached. But I shall see them again ; I have to thank Mr. Downing for many things ; for the wisdom and the tact, as well as the brotherly earnestness with which he has assisted me to arrange my movements here in the new world, and as regarded invitations and other marks of friendliness which I have received. At parting he admonished me with his beautiful smile, that I should on all occasions make use of a little inborn tact—(N.B. a thing which I was born without)—so as to know what I ought to do and to permit. I think, in the meanwhile that I made good use of his advice, by immediately afterwards declining the proposal of a young gentleman to climb a lofty church tower with him. Nothing strikes me so much as the youthfulness of this people—I might almost say childish fervour and love of adventure. They hesitate at nothing, and regard nothing as impossible. But I know myself to be too old to climb up church towers with young gentlemen.

When the Downings left me, I was intrusted to the kind care of Mr. Putnam, who was to conduct me to his villa on Staten Island. It was with difficulty that we drove through the throng of vehicles of all kinds which filled the streets leading to the harbour, in order to reach the steam-boat in time. I cannot help admiring the way in which the drivers here manage to get out of the way, and twist about and shoot between and disentangle themselves without any misadventure from the really Gordian knot of carts

and carriages. It is extraordinary, but it is not excellent. I sat all the time in expectation of seeing the head of a horse come through the carriage-window, or of the carriage being smashed to pieces. In the meanwhile, all went well; we reached the steamboat in time, had a beautiful sail upon the calm waters of the extensive bay, where large and small steamboats incessantly are passing and winding their way among the sailing craft. That is a scene of life!

At Mr. Putnam's beautiful house on one of the heights of Staten Island, I saw a most charming, cheerful, and agreeable little hostess and three pretty children, and in the evening a whole crowd of people from the neighbourhood. I played Swedish polskas and ballads for them. The best thing of the evening was a comic song, sung by an excellent elderly gentleman.

I was frozen in my bedroom, because the weather is now cold, and they do not heat the bedrooms in this country. It is here as in England, not as in our good Sweden; and I can hardly accustom myself to these cold bedchambers. It was to me particularly hard to get up and to dress myself in that chilly room, with my fingers benumbed with cold. But I forgot both the numbness and the frost when I went down to breakfast, and saw the bright sun, and the lovely and kind hostess in that cheerful room, with its prospect over the bay, the city, and the island. In the forenoon Mr. Putnam drove me in a covered carriage to see the island, and to call upon various families. The rich golden woods shone in their autumnal pomp of varied gold or brown—a colouring both warm and deep, like that of the soul's noblest sufferings. I indulged the emotion which it excited, and I drove through the woods as through a temple filled with symbolic inscriptions, and that which it presented to me I could read and decipher. Thus we advanced to the loftiest point of the island, whence the prospect was glorious,

from its vast extent over land and water. The height was lost; and the eye hovered and circled, like the eagle, in the air; but with no rock, no mountain-crag, on which to rest.

I saw also two handsome houses, with their gardens, and two handsome, kind ladies. One of them was really beautiful, but sorrowing: death had lately taken from her her heart's joy. In the second home joy and happiness were the dwellers; there was no mistake about that. I was obliged to promise to return there in the spring, and there to witness that lovely season. But I wonder how many breaches of promise I shall be guilty of in this country!

Mr. Putnam conveyed me back to New York, and to the kind Mrs. S., who now took charge of me, and with her I visited various public institutions, among which were a couple of large schools, where I saw hundreds of cheerful children, as well as young people. I remarked in particular the bright, animated, beautiful eyes of the children. The mode of instruction seemed to me especially calculated to keep the children awake and attentive. One building contained many, or all gradations of scholars. The lowest rooms are appropriated to the smallest children, of from four to six years old (each child having its little chair and detached desk standing before it), and with each story ascends the age of the pupils, and the branches of knowledge in which they are instructed. In the uppermost story they have advanced to nineteen or twenty, or even above (as well in the girls' school as the boys'), take diplomas, and go thence out into the world to live and teach according as they have learnt here. I however did not gain much information. I wished to put questions, but they gave themselves little time to answer, and I saw that my visit was regarded not as for instruction, but for display. In the institution for the deaf and dumb a young teacher indicated by signs to

the pupils a long history, which they were to write upon the writing-tablets which hung around the walls. They did it excellently; and I could not but marvel at their powers of memory and their quickness of apprehension and expression.

The following day an excursion was proposed to one of the islands in the neighbourhood of the city, where right-minded men have established a large institution for the reception and assistance of emigrants, who, in sickness or destitution, arrive in New York from Europe. The island is called "Ward's Island," the institution "the Emigrant's Asylum." One of its principal founders and supporters, Mr. Colden, formerly one of the chief lawyers of New York, and now a man of affluence, occupying himself solely and entirely with benevolent institutions, conducted Mrs. S. and myself, as well as Bergfalk, whom I persuaded to accompany us thither, in his carriage. Bergfalk is addicted to burying himself among law-books and acts of parliament, to living with the dead, and I must decoy him forth to breathe the fresh air with the living, and to live among them.

The day was glorious, and the sail in the boat upon that calm, fragrant water (I never knew water give forth a fragrance as it does here) in that warm autumnal sun, was one of the most agreeable imaginable. On Ward's Island people may form a slight idea of the difficult question which the Americans have to meet in the reception of the poor, and often most wretched population of Europe, and how they endeavour to meet it. Thousands who come clad in rags, and bowed down with sickness, are brought hither, succoured, clothed, fed, and then sent out westward to the States of the Mississippi, in case they have no friends or relations to receive them at a less remote distance. Separate buildings have been erected for the sick of typhus fever; for those afflicted with diseases of the eye; for sick children; for the convalescent; for lying-in

women. Several new houses were in progress of erection. Upon those verdant, open hills, fanned by the soft sea-breezes, the sick must, if possible, regain health, and the weak become strong. We visited the sick; many hundreds were ill of typhus fever. We visited also the convalescent at their well-supplied dinner-table.

“But if,” said I to Mr. Colden, “they are supplied every day with such soup and such meat as this, how can you manage to get rid of them, at least of such as live only to eat?”

“With them we do as the Quaker did with his adversary,” replied Mr. Colden, smiling: “he took hold of him in a rough manner. ‘How now?’ said the enemy. ‘You are really not going to strike me: that is against your religious principles!’ ‘No,’ said the Quaker, ‘I shall not strike thee; but I shall keep hold of thee in a very uncomfortable manner.’”

Bergfalk was as much pleased as I was, in seeing this noble, flourishing institution, which the people of the New World have established for the unfortunate children of the Old; and I enjoyed no less the peculiar individuality of Mr. Colden, one of those strong characters who sustain such institutions as easily as a mother her child upon her arm—a man strong of heart, soul, and body. For such men I feel an admiration which is akin to a child-like love; I would willingly serve them as a daughter. They have the magnetism which is ascribed to the mountain character.

I visited also with Mrs. S., the home established for the restoration of fallen women: it appeared to me excellent, and well arranged. Miss Sedgwick is one of the managers, and does a very great deal of good. She reads to the women stories which call forth their better nature, and talks to them cordially and wisely. She must be one of the most active supporters of this reformatory home.

Mrs. S., who is a gentle, motherly, and domestic woman,

as well as a good citizen even beyond the sphere of her own house—and every noble woman ought to be the same—was an amiable hostess to me; and the only thing which I lacked was, that I was unable to talk more with her. But these schools, asylums, etc., they are in the highest degree excellent and estimable: but ah! how they weary me! Mrs. S, conducted me to the house of Miss Lynch, where I saw a whole crowd of people, and among them Bryant the poet, who has a beautiful characteristic head, with silvery locks.

From Miss Lynch's I was taken by a kind and respectable professor,—Hackitt, I believe, he was called—to the Elysian Fields, a park-like tract, on an island near New York, and so called from their beautiful idyllian scenery; and they were beautiful as an idyll,—and the day, and the air—nay, my child, we have nothing like them in the Old World! at least, I have never felt any such. I drink in this air as I would drink nectar, and feel it almost like a pleasant intoxication: it must belong to this time of the year, and to the magic life of this Indian summer. I wandered in the Elysian Fields with really Elysian feelings, saw flocks of white sails coming down the Hudson, like winged birds of peace, and I allowed my thoughts to float up it to the friends there, the new and yet so dear; far from me, and yet so near. It was an enchanting day that day in the Elysian Fields of the new world. My professor was good and wise, as Mentor, in "Les Aventures de Télémaque," and I fancy wiser, because he did not talk, but followed me with fatherly kindness, and seemed to enjoy my pleasure. In the evening he conducted me across East River to Rose Cottage, in that quiet Brooklyn; and there I shall rest some days a little apart from the world.

Now a word about my new friends, Marcus and Rebecca. They are a very peculiar kind of people; they have a something about them remarkably simple

and humane, serene, and beautiful, which seems to me of angelic purity. The first day that I dined at their house they called me by my name, and wished that I should call them the same; and now I live with them familiarly as with a brother and a sister. They have been, and are, indescribably kind to me. The first day I was there I was somewhat out of humour: I suffered from the cold, especially in my bed-room, and from having to place myself in new circumstances, to which I always have a repugnance. But they had a stove set in my chamber, made it warm and comfortable, and I soon felt myself at home with them, and happy.

Marcus is also what is called a self-made man. But I rather suspect that our Lord himself was of his kind, both in heart and head. His countenance reminds me of Sterne's expression about a face—"it resembles a blessing." His wife, Rebecca, comes of the race of Quakers, and has something about her of that quiet, inward light, and that reflectiveness, which, it is said, belongs to this sect. Besides this, she has much talent and wit, and it is especially agreeable to hear her converse. Her exterior is pleasing, without being beautiful; her mouth remarkably fresh and cheerful, and her figure classically beautiful. Both husband and wife are true patriots and warm friends of humanity, loving the ideal in life, and living for it. They are people of affluence, and are able to do much good. They are interested in Socialism, but rather as amateurs than as the actually initiated. Yet Marcus has associated several of his clerks with him in his business. But he is one of that class who do not like to talk about what they do, or that others should busy themselves therewith. His wife and friends like to talk about him; and I do not wonder at it. The family consists of three children. Eddy, the eldest boy, twelve years old, and who might serve as a model either for a Cupid or for one of Raphael's angels, has a

quiet, thoughtful demeanour, with great refinement of expression. Little Jenny, the only daughter, is a sweet little girl; and then comes "the baby," a yellow-haired little lad, with his father's brow and clear blue eyes: a delicate, but delightful child.

With Marcus I talk about what is going on both now and for hereafter in the country, whether afar off or near; with Rebecca about the history of the inward life; and thus learn much which both affects and interests me. Yes, my sister, there is here much more poetry, much more of the romance of life, than we have imagined. Life here is new youth. The climate, also, is youthful, but not always most agreeably so: it is very fickle. The first days I spent here at Brooklyn were so bitterly cold that I was frozen both body and mind. Now, and for the last three days, it has been so warm, that I have lain at night with my window open, have seen the stars shining through the Venetian shutters, and been saluted in the crimson dawn by the mildest zephyrs, and that air, and that odour, which has in it something magical.

November 7th.—I have not been able to write for several days. I am sorry for it, my sweet child, but I cannot help it. I will some time, by word of mouth, fill up the gaps which remain in my letters. Many things which are flattering, and many things which are difficult, occur to me every day, which are not worth putting down on paper. My life is a daily warfare against kindness and politeness, and curiosity, during which I often am weary and worn out; often, also, I feel the wafting influence of an extraordinary youthfulness and enjoyment gush through my soul. I felt this one day during a conversation with the noble, enthusiastic W. H. Channing,—a character as ardent as it is pure, with a beaming eye, and a countenance as pure and regular as I could imagine that of a seraph to be. His figure, which is noble and elegant, is well suited for that of a public speaker. He is rather a

critical admirer than an enthusiast as regards his country. He loves enthusiastically merely the ideal and the perfect, and knows that the reality falls short of this.

"We are very young, very young!" said he, speaking of the people of the United States. He spoke of Waldo Emerson with admiration, but as of a remotely lofty spirit. "He is the best of us all!" said he.

"Is he your friend?" I inquired.

"No," replied he; "I cannot flatter myself with such a relationship between us. He is besides too much apart, too——. But you ought to see him to be able to understand him."

I made some observation against Emerson's turn of mind. Channing did not make much reply to this, but continued mentally to look up to Emerson as one looks up to some star of the first magnitude. This man must have the power of fascination.

On Wednesday I go with Channing and Marcus and Rebecca to the North American Phalanstery in New Jersey, take a near view of that wonderful thing, and learn more about Christian Socialism. Bergfalk will go with us. After that I return here, where I remain to the end of the week. The following week I shall spend with Miss Lynch in New York, and give myself up to a life of society there. After that, I return here, and accompany my friends to Massachusetts, in order to celebrate with their relations there the great festival of Thanksgiving-day, as it is called. This day, which is fixed this year for the 26th of November, is celebrated with particular solemnity in the States of New England, where it first originated. After that, I shall visit the Lowells, the Emersons, and many others, to whom I am invited, and so on to Boston, where I think of spending the winter months, and whence my friends will return home.

In the evening, at sunset, I went out for a solitary walk in the road, half town, half country. I walked

beneath the green trees; and by my side went the beautiful Eddy, quite silent. The evening sky glowed, and cast its warm reflections over meadow and wooded height. And when I turned my eyes from these to the beautiful boy at my side, I met his, as gentle and winning as an angel's glance. He seemed to see and to understand that which lived within my soul. Thus walked we onward. But it began to grow dusk; and now a man on horseback rode up to us with a large box or package upon his arm: it was that good Marcus, on his Dolly; and the package which he carried was for me, and was full of the most beautiful flowers, from Mr. Downing; and with them a few words for me, still more beautiful than the flowers. Rebecca and I arranged the flowers in a beautiful alabaster vase, in the form of a lily, rising from its basin. Marcus and Channing assisted us with their eyes.

I am quite well, my little Agatha, spite of vagaries both of body and soul, and am infinitely thankful for what I here learn and experience, and for these good, cordial friends! That which I want is to hear good news both from you and from mamma. I hope to hear by this day's post, hope and long. I must now send off this letter, and set to work on many others. Kiss mamma for me, and greet all who wish for greetings

From your
FREDRIKA.

LETTER V.

ROSE COTTAGE, *November 12th, 1849.*

AT length, at length I have received letters from home, letters from mamma, and from you, my sweet Agatha! I kissed the letter for joy when it was put into my hand. But ah! how it grieved me to hear that you are again ill,

and that without either rhyme or reason, so soon after leaving the baths of Marstrand, where I last saw you so well. I can now merely endeavour to console myself with the belief, that by this indisposition you will get rid of all further indisposition for the year, and that you therefore will be in all the better health for the winter. Will you not? yes, we must next winter remove with you to some warmer climate, to your beautiful Italy, to Rome, or to Palermo, and next summer you can make good use of sea-bathing again at Marstrand. And I will be with you, my dear heart, and talk and write beautiful things for you, because I shall be rich in such things, and we will inhale a new and beautiful life together. I have not yet received your letter to London, but I shall have it yet, or else E. L. deserves to—lose his head, if he have not already lost it, for he took it upon himself to receive this letter and send it on to me. But yet once more, thanks for the beautiful letters.

I must now tell you about our expedition to the Phalanstery. It was a charming morning when we set out. The air felt quite young—scarcely five years old. It was not a boy, it was a girl, full of animation, but shy; a veiled beauty. The sun was concealed by light clouds, the winds were still. As Marcus, Rebecca, and I, were standing for a short time by the ferry at Brooklyn, waiting for the boat to take us over to New York, a Quakeress was also standing there, with a Roman nose, and a frank but grave countenance. I looked at her, and she looked at me. All at once her countenance brightened as if by a sunbeam. She came up to me, "Thou art Miss Bremer," said she. "Yes," said I, "and thou art ——" She mentioned her name, and we shook hands cordially. The inward light had illumined her in more than one way, and on such a morning I felt myself on the sweetly familiar terms of "thee and thou" with the whole world.

We crossed the river, Marcus, Rebecca, and I. The

morning wind awoke, and the clouds began to move; sailing craft and steam-boats passed one another in the bay, and young lads sate in their boats fishing up large casks and planks which the current bore with it out to sea. The shores shone out green and gold. An hour afterwards and we were on board the steam-boat which would convey us to New Jersey. Bergfalk had joined us full of life and good-humour. Channing had come with his pure glance, clear as the light of a diamond, and with him Mr. H., a lover of flowers and of Channing. We steamed along amid sunshine and conversation on subjects of interest, the dialogue being principally between Channing and myself, the others putting in now and then a word, every one rather opposed to me, and I a little opposed to all, with the exception of Marcus, whose reason accorded with my views. By this time the clouds began to gather over us, and it soon began to rain.

We arrived in New Jersey amid rain, and in rain we reached the little town of Red Bank. Here a waggon from the Phalanstery met us, which had been sent for the guests, as well as for potatoes, and in it we stowed ourselves, beneath a tilted cover of yellow oil-cloth, which sheltered us from the rain. A handsome young man, one of the people of the Phalanstery, drove the pair of fat horses which drew us, and after we had ploughed the sand for a couple of hours, we arrived at the Phalanstery, a couple of large houses, with several lesser ones standing around them, without any thing remarkable in their style of architecture. The landscape around had a pleasant, park-like appearance; the fields and the trees were yet quite green. New Jersey is celebrated for its mild climate and its fine fruits. We were conducted into a hall and regaled with a dinner which could not have been better if it had been in Arcadia; it would have been impossible to have produced better milk, bread, or cheese. They had also meat here.

I here met with the family which had first invited me to the Phalanstery, and found them to be the sister and brother-in-law of Marcus, two earnest, spiritual-minded people, who have a profound faith in and love for the principle of association. He is the president of the institution at this place. Mr. A., who has not alone enthusiasm, but who is evidently a clever and straightforward man of business, gifted with the power of organisation, was originally a minister, and devoted himself for a long time most beneficially as a missionary of the poor, "a minister at large," as they are called in this country; after which he lived for ten years as a farmer in one of the western states in the valley of the Mississippi, cultivating maize and fruit, and finding himself well off amid the affluent solitudes of nature. As his children, however, grew up, it appeared to him too solitary for them; the house became too small, and for the sake of their education and their moral and intellectual development, he removed again, and came nearer to the great world of man. But in so doing he resolved to unite himself with that portion of it which, as it appeared to him, came the nearest to his idea of a Christian community. He and his wife and children, therefore, joined this association, which was established eight years before by a few married couples, all enthusiasts for this idea, and which now calls itself "the North American Phalanstery." Each member advanced the sum of one thousand dollars; land was purchased, and they began to labour together, according to laws which the society had laid down beforehand. Great difficulties met them in the commencement, in particular from their want of means to build, for the purchase of implements, and so on. It was beautiful and affecting to hear what fatigue and labour the women subjected themselves to—women who had been but little accustomed to anything of this kind; how steadfastly and with what noble

courage they endured it ; and how the men, in the spirit of brotherhood, did their part in any kind of work as well as the women, merely looking at the honour and the necessity of the work, and never asking whether it was the fit employment for man or for woman. They had suffered much from calumny, but through it all they had become a stronger and more numerous body.

They had now overcome the worst, and the institution was evidently improving. It was in contemplation at this time to build a new house, in particular a large eating-hall and place for social meeting, together with a cooking and wash-house, provided with such machinery as should dispense with the most onerous hand-labour. The number of members was at this time somewhat above seventy. The establishment has its own peculiar income from mills and from tillage as well as from its orchards. They cultivate peaches, melons, and tomatoes. In the mills they prepare hominy (ground maize), which is boiled into a sort of pudding and eaten universally, especially for breakfast.

One evening a great portion of the members of the Phalanstery assembled in one of the sitting-rooms. Various individuals were introduced to me, and I saw a great number of very handsome young people ; in particular I remarked the niece and nephew of Marcus S., Abbie and her brother, as being beautiful according to one's ideal standard. Many among the men wore coarse clothes ; but all were neat, and had a something of great earnestness and kindness in their whole demeanour.

Needlework was brought in and laid upon a table. This was the making of small linen bags for containing hominy, and which, when filled and stamped with the name of the Phalanstery, are sent for sale to New York. I sewed one bag ; Channing also made another and maintained that he sewed quicker than I did ; my opinion,

however, is that my sewing was the best. After this I played Swedish dances and ballads for the young people, which excited them in a remarkable manner, especially the Necks polska. I related also to them the legend of the Neck and the Priest, and the Wand which became verdant, a legend which shows that even the spirits of nature might be saved. This struck them very much, and the tears came into many eyes.

I had a little room to myself for the night, which some of the young girls had vacated for me. It was as small as a prison cell; had four bare white walls, but was neat and clean, and had a large window with a fine and beautiful prospect; and I was exceedingly comfortable in that little chamber, and slept well upon a good sofa bed to the sound of the plashing rain, and in the mild atmosphere which entered through the half-opened window. The bed-making sisters, two handsome, kind young girls, were the last which I saw in my room. I was awake in the morning by the sound of labour throughout the house; people were going and coming, all full of business; it sounded earnest and industrious. I thought the "Essenes and the Pythagoreans began the day with a song, a consecration of the day's work to the service of the holy powers," and I sighed to think that the associations of the West were so far behind those of the East. I dressed myself and went down.

As there is always an impulse within me to enter body and soul into the life which at that time exists around me, so would I now live here as a true and earnest member of the Phalanstery, and therefore I entered as a worker into one of the bands of workers. I selected that in which cooking was going forward, because I consider that my genius has a bent in that direction. I was soon standing, therefore, by the fire, with the excellent Mrs. A., who had the management of this department; and I baked a whole pile of buckwheat cakes, just as

we bake cakes in Sweden, but upon a large iron plate, until breakfast, and had then the pleasure of serving Marcus and Channing with some of them quite hot for breakfast. I myself thought that I had been remarkably fortunate with my cakes. In my fervour of association I laboured also with hands and arms up to my very elbows in a great kneading trough, but had very nearly stuck fast in the dough. It was quite too heavy for me, though I would not confess it; but they were kind enough to release me from the operation in the politest manner and place it in abler hands.

The rain had ceased, and the sun began to find his way through the clouds. I now therefore went out to look about me, accompanied by Mrs. A., and the lady of the President, the latter of whom wore a short dress and pantaloons, which were very becoming to her fine and picturesque figure, and besides which, were well calculated for walking through the wet fields and woods. We first paid a visit to the mills. Two handsome young girls, also in short dresses or blouses, girt with leathern bands, and with jaunty little caps on their heads, which were remarkably becoming, went, or rather danced along the footpath before us, over hill and dale, as light and merrily as birds. They were going to assist at the hominy mills. I went through the mills, where everything seemed excellent and well arranged, and where the little millers were already at their work.

Thence we went across the meadows to the potato-fields, where I shook hands with the chief, who, in his shirt-sleeves, was digging up potatoes among his senators. Both the chief and the other members looked clever and excellent people; and the potato crop promised this year to be remarkably rich. The land in New Jersey appears to be very good and fruitful. The sun shone pleasantly over the potato field, the chief, and his labourers, among whom were many men of education and intelligence.

In my conversation with the two sensible women, my conductresses, I learned various particulars regarding the laws and life of the Phalanstery; among others, that they are wise enough not to allow the public to absorb private property. Each individual may invest as much as he likes in the association, and retain as much of his own property as he wishes. For that which he so invests he receives interest. The time required for labour is ten hours a day. All who work over hours are paid for such over work. The women participate in all rights equally with the men: vote, and share in the administration of law and justice. "But," said Mrs. A., "we have had so much to do with our domestic affairs, that we have hitherto troubled ourselves very little about these things."

Any one who makes known his desire to become a member may be received as such after a probation of one year in the Phalanstery, during which time he must have shown himself to be unwearied in labour, and steadfast in brotherly love and good will. As regards his religion, rank, or his former mode of life, no questions are asked. The association makes a new experiment in social and economic life: it regards the active principle of love as the ruling power of life, and wishes to place everything within the sphere of its influence; it will, so to say, begin life anew, and makes experimental researches into its laws; like those plants called exogens, it grows from the exterior inwards, but has, it appears to me, its principle much less determinate than the vegetable.

Being asked in the evening my opinion of this community, I candidly confessed in what it appeared to be deficient; in particular as regarded a profession of religion and public divine service; its being based merely upon a moral principle, the validity of which might be easily called in question, as they did not recognise a connection with a life existing eternally beyond earth and time, with any eternally binding law, nor even with a divine Lawgiver.

“The serpent may one day enter your paradise, and then—how can you expel it?”

I told them also how I had felt that morning; how empty and dead a life of labour seemed to me which was not allied to the service of the Supreme, which did not admit of space for the holy and the beautiful.

An elderly gentleman, who sat near me, with a very good and honest countenance, but who had a horrible trick of incessant spitting, was the person who in particular replied to my objections. But his reply and that of the others merely served to strengthen my impression of the cloudy state in which the intellect here is at present. I therefore remained silent after I had given my opinion. But I and many others hoped that Channing would have spoken. He, however, did not; but sat listening with his beautiful speaking head, and his beaming glance turned towards the disputants. After that Bergfalk and I began to talk with each other in Swedish, in order that they might hear that extraordinary foreign tongue. We placed ourselves opposite each other, in the midst of the company, and conversed in Swedish for the edification of our very attentive audience.

I was again requested to play for the young people. The following day at noon we were to leave. In the morning, about half a dozen beautiful young girls seized upon me, and conducted me from one house to another, and I played to all the mothers and grandmothers in the Phalanstery, and upon every piano which was to be found there, six or seven in number; and the young creatures were so charmed and so excited with the marches and the polskas and the songs which I played to them, that they both laughed and cried. N.B. Music as yet in the Phalanstery is merely a babe in swaddling clothes; they regard at present their work as their play. It is true nevertheless that the children there are unusually cheerful; the very little ones were in particular most charming.

Magnificent lads were the lads of the association, and not in the least bashful before the stranger. One saw in them the dawning spirit of the co-operatist.

I became, however, horribly weary of my part as associate sister, and was glad to sit down and play for the Phalanstery, and to kiss all the young girls (and glorious warm-hearted girls they are), and shake hands with the associate brothers and sisters, and leaving the Phalanstery with my friends, seat myself again quietly in the steam-boat on my way back to New York.

Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

I was like the fishes in St. Anthony's sermon, not a morsel more converted than they were. Because, although I should lose all regard for myself if I did not believe that I was inwardly associated with the interests of humanity in every various sentiment of my being, in my prayers as well as in my work—did not feel myself to be a worker in the great Phalanstery of the human race—yet is my nature altogether opposed to association when brought into too near a proximity, or in outward life. And I would rather live in a cottage on the bleakest granite mountain of Sweden, alone by myself, and live on bread and water and potatoes (which I would boil for myself), than in a Phalanstery on the most fertile soil, in the midst of associated brethren and sisters, even if they were as agreeable as are they at this place. But that belongs to my individual character; I cannot live perfectly excepting in solitude. For the greater number of people, however, even the outward life of association is the happiest and the best. Association in that form which it assumes, for example, in this Phalanstery, is evidently doing a justice to many individuals which would never be done to them in the great social system as it is usually constructed. Thus, for example, there was here a man,

who was possessed of considerable knowledge and a cultivated mind, but in consequence of the weakness of his eyes, was incapacitated for maintaining himself by any means which required much eyesight. This man was poor, and without near connections. In the ordinary state of society he must either have taken refuge in some asylum for indigence, where his life, physical and spiritual, would have been scantily supplied, or he must have sunk into the coarse working class, who merely labour for the life of the body. As a member of the Phalanstery, this man gave his bodily labour ten hours in the day, and on the other hand was entitled to all the nobler enjoyments of cultivated life, intercourse with superior and educated people, good meals partaken in cheerful company, always a kind welcome, and every evening, when the work of the day was over, if he were so inclined, rest and refreshment in society, in a large light room, with agreeable women, handsome children, music, books, opportunities for conversation on the highest interests of life in connection with the interests of the association. After all, I believe that I begin to love this association, whilst I write about it, and whilst I think upon the noble justice which it does to this individual and to many others like him. Is there not something great and beautiful, when a community thus receives into its bosom even the meanest human being, who will not be useless, and which allows him to become participant of its enlightened life, so long as he takes part in its life of labour? And that it is which Christian Socialism aims at. And well may it, in the consciousness thereof, courageously bear the derision and contempt which the world at large casts upon it, and with its countenance turned towards the eternal light say consolingly, as Mr. A. (the preacher and the farmer) said to me at our departure, "We know that we have not trodden any man under foot."

But my doubt as to the want of solid construction in

this particular case returned nevertheless; and on the steamboat, in quiet conversation with my friends, we examined the question still further. I repeated my objections against this building without foundation. Channing was certain about it, in the belief that the more profound laws of reason and of life necessarily become developed from human nature when it is left to test and to experimentise itself. "That which I require in the Phalanstery," said Channing, "will yet come, and come in a new way, and with deeper conviction." I believe, as Channing does, that it must come, because human nature possesses these seeds of eternal ideas within its own breast, and has developed them in all ages. All historical religions and modes of philosophy, religious associations, and so on, bear witness to this truth. But I continue to demand from the Socialists, why not take up that work which is already begun and continue it? Why not accept the consciousness which the human race universally possesses of itself, its life, and its aims? Why attempt to undertake a work which has already been given up? That is to waste time and strength which might be turned to better account. But perhaps there may be something new here which I have not clearly seen—the principle of a new beginning. It is evident to me, however, in the meantime, that neither do the others see it very clearly. They go *en tâtonnement*; but they are perhaps guided by an instinct which is clairvoyant.

I shall return to this institution and to these subjects. This Phalanstery is for the present the only one on this plan existing in the United States. Many others have been founded, but all have failed and gone to pieces from the difficulty of winning the interest of the members and their stedfast co-operation for the principle of the institution and for the common weal. The enthusiasts have done the work, the sluggish-spirited have lived upon them; the former have done everything, the latter

nothing. Fourier's theory about the attraction of labour has been effectually refuted by many sluggish natures. The advocates of the theory maintain, indeed, that it has never yet been fully proved, because mankind has not been educated to consider labour attractive. But we shall see.

At home at Rose Cottage, in the quiet, affectionate family circle there, how pleasant was rest after the Phalanstery expedition! There also my most beautiful hours are passed in the society of the husband and wife, in conversation with them, and in reading together the poets of America. Here also is Lowell a favourite, and it is a pleasure to hear Rebecca read him and other poets, because she reads remarkably well. Marcus leaves the house generally immediately after breakfast, but during that meal he often finds time to read us something important either in the newspaper or from books for the most part having reference to social questions and improvement. He is now busied with a scheme for the erection of baths and washhouses on a large scale, for the benefit of the poor of New York, and with collecting subscriptions for that purpose.

I must now tell you something about W. H. Channing, because he is one of the most intimate friends of the family, and is connected with them and with the spiritual life of the country in a remarkable manner. He was some years ago the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Cincinnati, but the room, that is to say, Unitarianism, became too small for him; he could not breathe freely forth heart and soul in it, and "he therefore resigned an office which he could no longer hold with an easy conscience," although his congregation, which was very much attached to him, did all they could to induce him to remain, and although he knew not how henceforth he was to maintain himself, his wife, and his two children. But he thought like the old patriarch, strong in faith, when he obeyed

the summons of the Supreme, "the Lord indeed regards sacrifice!" And the Lord did so. Some of his friends took the subject under consideration, and wrote a letter to Channing, the contents of which were, "Come to us; become our friend and spiritual shepherd; but in perfect freedom; follow your own inspiration: preach, talk to us how and when it appears best to you. We undertake to provide for your pecuniary wants. Live free from anxiety, and happy how and where you will; teach us how we should live and work; our homes and our hearts are open to you."

Channing's answer to this letter proved the nobility and the earnestness of his heart. He came. And since that time he has lived conformably with the invitation which enabled him to visit prisons, to become one in religious and social festivals and societies, or to lecture on social questions in New York, Boston, and other towns; following the dictates of his inspiration, and by his genial and beautifully gifted character awakening the soul and warming the heart; producing "revivals" of a higher life, scattering the seed of eternal life, and fanning up the feeble flames of the true life wherever he came.

He visits his friends whenever he likes, often unexpectedly, but he is always wished for and warmly welcomed; always finds in every house a room prepared for W. H. Channing. The good Marcus S. has such respect for intellectual and spiritual gifts, and in particular such devotion to Channing, that he has a peculiar pleasure in serving him. He and Rebecca, and some other friends, entertain the thought of building him a house near the Phalanstery. The thought of this and of Channing's satisfaction, made Rebecca quite happy. Ah, Agatha! to live among such people!—It is worth the fatigue of crossing the world's sea merely to become acquainted with them.

Next Sunday Channing will deliver a lecture in New York, and I, as well as my friends, shall go to hear him. I am well off here in Brooklyn, in this home, with this married pair and their beautiful children! Here too it is quiet and beautiful. I can wander about alone and in silence, take long walks by myself in the neighbourhood. I observe among the trees here, splendid weeping-willows, actually colossal trees. They are still quite green. The grapes ripen in the open air; Marcus has only to put his hand outside the garden-porch, around which the vine-branches form a leafy bower, to gather whole handfulls of beautiful bunches, with which he comes in and regales us. And I often walk in a long pleached alley covered with vines, where I gather and eat. The grapes are of a pale lilac colour, small, very sweet and agreeable, but have always a little lump inside which is rather sour and unripe. This may be peculiar to grapes in this country. The verandah which ornaments the front of the house is now splendid with the most beautiful chrysanthemums. In summer they tell me numbers of humming birds hover around the roses.

NEW YORK, NINTH STREET.

Thursday, November 15th.—Again an interruption of several days. My dear child! life is to me like a rushing river, and I must be borne on with it, taking only care that I don't lose life. The more detailed account of the career and its adventures I must leave till we meet.

Last Sunday morning I went to church with my friends—to a beautiful church with painted windows, which give a somewhat gloomy appearance to the church; people here are so afraid of sunshine. The building was fine, but the sermon, by a Unitarian preacher, was of the most meagre description. In the afternoon, we drove to New York, to hear Channing. There is always such a crowd and such a bustle on the New York side

of East River, that I always feel as if one must there fight for life and limb. Yet it is very seldom that any accident occurs. I was glad to be able to hear Channing, of whose extraordinary ability as an extempore speaker I had heard so much. The room in which the lecture was to be delivered, and which might hold about five hundred persons, was quite full. It was built as an amphitheatre, in an oval half-circle. Channing entered, and commenced by prayer, standing the while with his face turned to the assembly. After this he addressed them, but with downcast eyes and in a careless and almost indifferent manner. The subject which he besought the audience, as well as himself, to consider, was "the assembly of the saints." Some beautiful observations there were, but the whole was so devoid of any deep coherence, so undeveloped and without application, so wanting in life and warmth, that I was amazed in the highest degree. "Is this," thought I, "American eloquence? is this the richly-gifted orator of whom I have heard so much praise? And those downcast looks, that immovability—how can it be!" But now I heard Rebecca whisper to her husband, "What is amiss with Channing? He must be ill! He is not like himself!"

This consoled me; because I now perceived that this was an unusual state with Channing. He was actually not like himself. That inspired expression of countenance which I had so often seen in him had vanished. Several times he stopped and seemed endeavouring to collect himself. But the discourse could not proceed. It was painful to see that it could not, and at length Channing brought it to a sudden close. And then, with a fine, almost hectic, flush mantling his cheek, he advanced a step or two and said—

"I feel it to be necessary to offer an excuse to the assembly for the unsatisfactory manner in which I have treated my subject, and which has arisen from a total

want of spiritual life in myself this evening, and of which I was unconscious when I entered the hall."

The undisguised and noble candour with which this explanation was given refreshed my spirit, as did also the manner in which his friends bore the disappointment of the evening. One could see that they thought, "it is of no importance, for Channing will make it up to us another time. No matter."

A little circle of his friends surrounded him, whilst the rest of the numerous assembly quietly left the hall. Afterwards he told Marcus and Rebecca that he could not explain the weight which seemed like a bewitchment to have enchained his powers of mind that evening. He had come to New York from his house on the Hudson full of life, excited by the beautiful, star-bright evening, and full of a desire to speak. But when he entered the hall, he had become like a person deprived of the use of his limbs, and he could not shake off the heavy cramping fetters which he was disposed to ascribe to the magic influence of some opposing evil spirit.

When, however, I see at times the glance of Channing's eye, the fine clear crimson of his cheek, I cannot help asking myself whether these times of exaltation are not the contents of a dangerous chalice which, while they enhance life, bring death all the nearer; the Prometheus spirit which steals the fire of heaven is compelled to pay for it with days of imprisonment and sorrow. But who could or who would prevent the bird from seeking the mountain even though he become the prey of the fowler, or the silk-worm from spinning, although she spins her own tomb? From the very threads that she spins the human race after all make their holiday attire.

On Monday my good hosts took me to Miss Lynch, who lives in one of the quiet and fashionable quarters of New York. And, for a little time, I took leave of this couple, so pure-hearted, so happy in each other, so

infinitely kind to me. But I shall return to them ; with them I shall have my head-quarters, and my home whenever I return into this neighbourhood ; such was the agreement between us before we parted.

On Tuesday I dined with Mrs. Kirkland, the author of that excellent and amusing book, "A New Home in the West," and saw in the evening from sixty to seventy of her friends. Amongst these was a remarkably agreeable gentleman from Illinois, who invited me to his house there, and who promised to be my cicerone in that part of the great west. Mrs. Kirkland is one of the strong women of the country, with much *à plomb*, but with also much womanliness both of heart and soul, kind as a mother, a friend and fellow-citizen ; one whom I like, and of a character to which I feel myself attracted ; her beautiful smile and the flash of her brown eye, when she becomes animated, betray the spirit which lives in her book of the "New Home," but over which the misfortunes and burden of life seem afterwards to have cast a veil.

On Wednesday I was taken to a lady's academy, called "the Rutger Institution," from the name of the founder, and here I saw four hundred and sixty young girls, and some excellent arrangements for their instruction and cultivation. I also heard and read several compositions by the young girls, both in prose and verse ; and I could not but admire the perspicuity of thought, the perfection of the language, and above all, the living and beautiful feeling for life which these productions displayed. Genius, properly so called, I did not find in them ; and I question the wisdom of that publicity which is given to such youthful efforts. I fear that it may awaken ambition and an inclination to give importance to literary activity, which befools many young minds, while so few are possessed of the divine gift of genius which alone makes literature as well as authors good for

anything. I fear that it causes them to forget for a mere show of life the beauty of that life of which Byron speaks in these glorious lines—

Many are poets, but without the name;
 Many are poets who have never penned
 Their inspirations, and perchance the best;
 They felt, and loved, and died. * * *

They compressed

The God within them, and regained the stars,
 Unlaurelled upon earth, but far more blessed
 Than those who are degraded by the jars
 Of passion and their frailties linked to fame,
 Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.

I have also taken the liberty of expressing this in a little preface which I have been asked to write for these productions, which are about being published. And in any case, these words of Goethe, in "Faust," apply to all writers—

First we should live; we afterwards may write.

These young girls may be said as yet scarcely to have lived, known, thought enough to write of their own experience, their own faith and conviction. They write, as people sing, by the ear. It is good, it is excellent that every one should early learn to disentangle their thoughts, to express themselves well and clearly, and for this purpose are these trials of authorship commendable. But the publicity, the having them printed, the trumpeting them abroad, the rewarding them, and so on, can that also be good for the young, for any one, or for anything?

True genius will in its own way and its own time make for itself a path to praise and renown,

For it is a god;
 Its own course it knoweth,
 And the paths through the clouds.

After having gone through the Institute, and taken breakfast with the family whose name it bears, and which

seems to belong to the wealthy and fashionable class of the city, I dined with the N.'s, whom you may remember were with us at Årsta, and who had now kindly invited me to their house. They wished also to take me to the opera this evening, but Miss Lynch was going to have a large party, where I was to be introduced to people, and people were to be introduced to me, and I drove therefore to the house to act the parrot in a great crowd of people till towards midnight. These introductions are very wearisome; because I must for a hundred times reply to the same questions, and these for the most part of an unmeaning and trivial character, just as people would put to a parrot, whose answers are known beforehand—for example: Had you a good passage from England? How do you like New York? How do you like America? How long have you been here? How long do you think of remaining? Where are you going to from here? and such like.

It is true that numbers of really kind and good-hearted people come to see me, and I am not mistaken in the feeling which brings many others; but there are too many. It is an actual whirl of presentations and scraps of conversation which serves no other purpose than to make the soul empty and the body weary. A good earnest conversation with an earnest person would be a refreshment. But scarcely could I have begun such a one before I must turn round my head again to reply to the question, "Had you a good passage?" or "What do you think of New York?" or "How do you like America?"

Such fêtes as these are one's ruin! And in the meantime I am taken up with visits, letters, and notes, invitations, autographs, so that I have no time for myself. I had this morning a charming visit from a little lady doctor, that is to say, a lady who practises the healing art, a Miss H. H., "female physician," as she calls herself, from Boston, who invited me to her house there,

insisted upon it that I *must* come, would not let me escape till I had promised, and was all the time so full of animation, and so irresistibly merry that we, she and I and the whole company, burst into one peal of laughter after another. There was besides so much that was excellent and really sensible in what she said, and I felt that there was so much heart in the zealous little creature, that I could not help liking her, and made her the promise as she wished. With her was another lady, as quiet as she was active, a female professor of phrenology, who wished to get hold of my head. But my poor head has now enough to do to hold itself up in the whirl of company life.

I have passed the forenoon in making visits with Mrs. Kirkland, and at six o'clock I went to dine with Consul Habicht, our Swedish Consul in New York, who is very agreeable and polite, but who dines so horribly late. In the morning I shall be taken by a lively lady, Mrs. L., to her country seat on the Hudson, and on Saturday I return to see a great number of people at Miss Lynch's. And thus is every day occupied for the whole time.

Sunday the 18th.—And now for a short time before going to church let me converse a little with my Agatha. Do you know that it is really remarkable what I have gone through, both as regards people and things. I am beginning to have an esteem for myself. But it is really necessary to be strong as a stranger and a guest in this country.

The day before yesterday Mrs. L. (an excellent type of the exuberantly youthful life of the people of the New World), fetched me and Miss Lynch to her villa on the Hudson. But firstly, we had to pay a morning visit to a rich lady, who had a morning reception, then to a little Quaker lady, eighty-four years old, the handsomest little old woman I ever saw, and who in her delicate white

Quaker garments and muslin, seemed to me like a living holiday. I made a sketch of her head in my album, to Mrs. L.'s great delight, who desired people to come and look at the old lady, and at me as I sketched her.

After this we drove to a great lunatic asylum, Blumington, as it is called. And here I was delighted—delighted by the affectionate consideration for the patient which is shown in everything, and which treats these, the earth's most unfortunate beings, as the children of the family. Music is heard in many of the rooms, for there is a considerable number of pianos in the establishment; and the feeble mind seemed especially to enjoy the relaxation it thus obtained. Without, flowers were cultivated and planted in garden beds (within, the ladies also made flowers). There was also a museum of minerals, shells, stuffed birds, and other animals, besides a library and other things: all calculated to awaken an interest in the diseased mind, and to turn it from its morbid self-observation to the observation of other objects, and to occupy it therewith. The park which surrounds the house, is large and beautiful; and the patients may wander undisturbed in its many alleys, enjoy the beauty of the country, and rest on the benches under the trees. The flowers were a real luxury here, and on all hands one met with agreeable objects, with the exception, of course, of the poor lunatics themselves. Nay, even in them also, for in them one sees objects of much mercy—mercy which produces the most beautiful results, because the method which is universally adopted in the United States for the treatment of the insane, operates so beneficially that their recovery belongs to the rule, incurable insanity forming the exception; that is to say, if on the commencement of the disease the patient has been immediately placed in one of these excellent asylums.

From this asylum we continued our way into the country. Our hostess continually, as we drove along,

springing out of the carriage, now to fetch a basket with cakes and other things for her housekeeping, now for bouquets for Miss Lynch and myself. At length we came to the beautiful villa, F. Hall, on the Hudson, where we found a large family party assembled, and where Mr. L., a kind old gentleman and a Quaker, just as quiet in body and mind as his wife was restless, was waiting dinner for us,—a substantial and delicious dinner, as were all the dinners I saw in this country. In the evening we had a party of about sixty persons. It was more agreeable than I expected, and fatigued me less. But ah! how these Americans, and in particular these lady Americans, do ask question upon question! My gay hostess—a sort of Amelia A., but with yet higher “spirits,”—refreshed and amused me. She was so full of unaffectedly fresh life. Thus, for example, she sung, and very well too; but there was a part of the song which was evidently too high for her voice, and when she came to this a second time, she stopped short just as if the notes had stuck fast in her throat, rose up and left the piano, as much untroubled as if she had been singing alone to herself, and went and chatted and laughed with various people in the company. This was all very sweet and fresh. Mr. L. is a handsome, fatherly old gentleman, whom I like much. He is his wife’s second husband; and beneath this family life there is a romantic love-story, more beautiful and noble than one generally finds in written romances.

I slept well, and awoke by seeing a strong red light shining through the Venetian shutters of my window. I thought of fire, and sprang up. But it was the crimson light of sunrise which glowed with pale red flames in the eastern heavens, above the green heights, above the calm mirror-like river, and the white sails quietly sleeping, and which now, as it were, shook off sleep, awoke by its splendour. It was enchantingly beautiful. I, too, shook

off sleep, both of body and mind, at this glorious spectacle. This Aurora which kissed and transfigured everything, living or dead! For such sights and such scenes is King David's song of praise alone available. "Sing to the Lord a new song! Sing to the Lord all the earth!"

That beautiful morning hour passed by, and I went down to breakfast. Then began the torment of the day, with company both in doors and out, and the eternal questions, which did not leave me a moment's peace, and which interrupted every dawning sentiment of delight in the lovely landscape. Some handsome young girls, in particular, drove me almost to desperation by their—"Miss Bremer, have you seen the telegraph there, on the other side of the river?" "Miss Bremer, do you see the railway down there?" "Miss Bremer, do you see the splendid foliage on the river-banks?" And "Miss Bremer, have you such in Sweden?"

To hear and to have to answer such questions as these two or three times, is quite too much; but if they are repeated six or seven times, and one does not see any end to it!—At length, quite worn out by it, I told Mrs. L. that I could not bear company in the morning, but that during this time I must be a little alone; she took it well and kindly,—mentioned it to the young girls, who also were very amiable about it, and left me in peace. But I fear that the young have lived with nature, as if they heard her not, and forgot her for railroads and outward glittering things, and see not in her an instructress and a friend. If it were not so, they would talk less and listen more, or have a little more reflection. But it is not their fault.

In the forenoon I drove round in the carriage with my hostess, Bancroft, the historian, and Anne Lynch to call on several of the neighbours. I saw in their beautiful villas a vast amount of comfort and even the exquisite luxury of pictures and statues; met in one place with a

horrible lion-hunter, who tormented us with talk, albums, the desire for autographs and subscriptions and so on, and persecuted us even to our carriage, whither we had betaken ourselves, calling after Mr. Bancroft to know where he lived. "Drive, drive!" cried we, laughing, and so drove as fast as we could to the so-called "High Bridge," where a glorious natural scene met our eyes. Yes, the scenery of this new world seems to me rich and beautiful; if one could only see it in peace, and with time for reflection! But here, in the neighbourhood of New York, people seem obliged every moment to turn their heads or their attention to the Croton Aqueduct, which conveys water from Croton to New York, a magnificent and excellent work, invaluable to the great city; but which gave me a deal of trouble! But now to proceed on our drive. Our hostess talked and laughed and joked the whole time in her overflowing animation and merriment. The carriage jumped over stock and stone along the bad road, like a leaping calf. I sat silent and patient, out of sheer fatigue. Thus drove we round the country and shore, and at length back to dinner, to see company, write autographs, and so on; then drove at full gallop to New York, where the Downings were to meet me, and a great party at Miss Lynch's. To this house on the Hudson also, and to this lady did I promise to return next summer, to go with her to her father's large farm, where she was brought up, and where her father and sisters still lived. Yes, we were to do a deal together. But ah! the exuberantly ardent lady, who I think might prevent the Hudson from freezing, I feel myself like a feeble fly beside her, and cannot but remember the story of "*Le pot de fer et le pot de terre.*"

The Downings were already in Miss Lynch's parlour when I arrived. I was so glad to see them, and to be able to pour out my heart to them in full freedom, that all at

once I felt myself rested. And if you had seen me a few hours later in a company of about a hundred people, you would not have imagined that a few hours before I had been weary and completely knocked up. Only to see the Downings revived me, to say nothing of various beautiful acts of kindness on their part. Mr. Downing looked so well this evening that he attracted the attention of many people by his remarkable and distinguished appearance, as he wandered among the crowd with his reserved demeanour, his deep and speaking eye, his half shy, half proud expression. The company at Miss Lynch's this evening was remarkably handsome: I saw some splendid toilettes and some splendid figures among the ladies. The men, in a general way, are not handsome; but they have a manly appearance,—have good foreheads, bright eyes, a cheerful and determined manner. The hostess herself, in an elegant white dress, exactly suited to her slender and well-made figure, and with a white flower in her hair, ornamenting that simply beautiful and graceful head, was one of the most agreeable forms in the company, moving about lightly and freely as a bird, introducing people to one another, mingling them in conversation in such a manner as always gave pleasure with those happy words and expressions which some people can never hit upon, let them seek ever so much, but which others can hit upon without seeking for; and Anne Lynch is one of these.

I distinguished myself peculiarly as a flower-distributor. I had received a great number of flowers to-day, and I was thus enabled to give a little bouquet of flowers to one and another lady in company. This flower-distribution pleased me greatly, because it furnished me with an opportunity of saying, or at all events, of looking a little kindness to many a one. And this is nearly the only thing I can return for all the kindness which I receive here.

Among the guests of the evening I remember in particular an agreeable Mrs. Osgood, one of the best poetesses

of the United States, not only for her beautiful speaking eyes, her manner and style of expression, both so full of soul, but also because she placed in my hands her fan, saying that it must remind me of "Fanny." All the ladies in this country use fans, and flutter and manœuvre a great deal with them; but I, as yet, had not furnished myself with one. I remember also in particular a gentleman with splendid eyes, and frank, cordial manner, whom I wished I could have had more conversation with, for there was evidently both genius and heart in him. He is one of the most celebrated preachers of the Episcopal Church of New York, and is named Hawks. This was, as yet, the most entertaining evening party I had been to in this country.

Later.—I have now been to church with Mrs. Kirkland, and have heard one of the best sermons I ever heard: no narrow-minded sectarian view of religion and life, but one in which the church—a regular cathedral church—arched itself over life, as the dome of heaven arches itself over earth and all its creatures; a large-minded sermon, such as properly befits the New World, that great new home for all the people, and all the races of the world. Bergfalk was also among the audience, and was as much struck as I was with the sermon and the preacher, Mr. Bellows.

I am now going to dine with my friends, the Downings, at the Astor House; and the evening I spend with a family of the name of S. To-morrow I go to a grand dinner, and in the evening to the opera.

Thursday.—Is there in this world anything more wearisome, more dismal, more intolerable, more indigestible, more stupefying, more unbearable, anything more calculated to kill both soul and body than a great dinner at New York? For my part, I do not believe there is. People sit down to table at half-past five or six o'clock; they are sitting at table at nine o'clock, sitting and being

served with the one course after another, with the one indigestible dish after another, eating and being silent. I have never heard such a silence as at these great dinners. In order not to go to sleep, I am obliged to eat, to eat without being hungry, and dishes, too, which do not agree with me. And all the while I feel such an emotion of impatience and wrath at this mode of wasting time and God's good gifts, and that in so stupidly wearisome a manner, that I am just ready to fling dish and plate on the floor and repay hospitality by a sermon of rebuke, if I only had courage enough. But I am silent, and suffer and grumble and scold in silence. Not quite beautiful this; but I cannot help it! I was yesterday at one of these great dinners—a horrible feast! Two elderly gentlemen, lawyers, sat opposite me, sat and dozed while they opened their mouths to put in the delicacies which were offered to them. At our peasant-weddings, where people also sit three hours at table, there are, nevertheless, talk and toasts, and gifts for the bride and bridegroom, and fiddlers to play in every dish; but here one has nothing but the meat. And the dinners in Denmark! I cannot but think of them, with their few but excellent dishes, and animated cheerful guests, who merely were sometimes too loud in their zeal for talking, and making themselves heard; the wit, the joke, the stories, the toasts, the conversations, that merry, free, lively *laissez aller*, which distinguishes Danish social life; in truth, it was champagne—champagne for soul and body at the entertainments there!—the last at which I was present in Europe before I came hither. But these entertainments here! they are destined to hell, as Heiberg says in "A Soul after Death," and they are called "*the tiresome*." And they ought to be introduced into the Litany. On this occasion, however, Fortune was kind to me and placed by my side the interesting clergyman, Dr. Hawks, who during dinner explained to me with his

beautiful voice, and in his lucid and excellent manner, his ideas regarding the remains in Central America, and his hypothesis of the union of the two continents of America and Asia in a very remote age. It was interesting to hear him, and interesting would it be to me to see and hear more of this man, whose character and manner attract me. He also is among those who have invited me to his house and home, but whose invitation I am obliged to decline, and in this case I feel that it is a renunciation and loss.

As he led me from the dinner-table, I proposed to him to preach against such dinners. But he shook his head, and said, with a smile, "Not against dinners, Miss Bremer!"

Gentlemen, even the best of them, are decidedly too fond of eating.

When at night I went home with Anne Lynch, the air was delicious, and the walk through this night air, and in the quiet streets—the causeways here are broad and as smooth as a house-floor—very agreeable. The starry heavens—God's town—stood with streets and groups of glittering dwellings in quiet grandeur and silence above us. And here, in that quiet, starlight night, Anne Lynch unfolded all her soul to me, and I saw an earnest and profound depth, bright with stars, such as I scarcely expected in this gay being, who, butterfly-like, flutters through the life of society as in its proper element. I had always thought her uncommonly agreeable, had admired the ability with which she, without affluence, and who, alone by her talents and personal endowments, had made for herself and for her estimable mother an independence, and by which she had become the gathering point for the literary and the most cultivated society of New York, who assembled once a week in her drawing-room. I had admired also her inoffensive wit; her child-like gaiety and good-humour, and especially liked

a certain expression in her eye, as if it were seeking for something, "something a long, long way off," even in her apparently dissipated worldly life; in a word, I had liked her, had a deep interest in her—now I loved her. She is one of the birds of Paradise which skims over the world without soiling its wings with its dust. Anne Lynch, with her individuality and her position in society, is one of the peculiar figures of the New World.

The evening and night parties which I see here are, for the rest, not to compare with the most beautiful of the kind which I have seen in Sweden and Denmark. Here there is not space nor yet flowers enough, nor air enough. Above everything, I lack costume, character in dress. The ladies are handsome, are well and tastefully dressed, but they are too much like one another. The gentlemen are all dressed alike. This cannot here be otherwise, and it is good and right at the bottom. But it is not good for picturesque effect. Nor does it seem to me that the mental individuality is sufficiently marked to produce an outward impression. But to this subject I must return.

At the opera this evening I saw a large and handsome building; splendid toilettes in the boxes, and on the stage a prima donna, as Desdemona, against whom I have nothing to object, excepting that she could love such a disagreeable Othello. The music, the singing, and the scenery, all tolerably good (with the exception of Othello), but nothing very good. One might say, *ce n'est pas ça!* but there was nothing which would make one think "*C'est ça!*" like a tone, a glance, a gesture of Jenny Lind.

A lecture was delivered last Sunday evening, in the same hall where I had heard Channing, on Christian Socialism, by Mr. Henry James, a wealthy, and, as it is said, a good man. His doctrine was that which recognises no right but that of involuntary attraction,

no law of duty but that of the artist's worship of beauty, no God but that of the pantheist, everywhere and yet nowhere—a doctrine of which there is no lack of preachers either in Sweden. After the conclusion of the discourse, which was given extempore, with accordant life and flashing vivacity, Channing arose and said, that “if the doctrine which we had just heard enunciated were Christian Socialism, then he did not agree with it; that the subject ought to be searched to the bottom; that he considered the views of the speaker to be erroneous, and that on the following Sunday he would take up the question in that place, and show them in what the errors of these views consisted.”

The thing has excited attention, because both speakers are fellow-labourers in a newspaper called “The Spirit of the Age,” and both are men of distinguished talent. I am glad, as I shall thus have an opportunity of hearing Channing before I leave New York, and that on one of the most interesting subjects of the day and period.

The next letter which you will receive from me will be from the homes of New England. Next Monday I set off with the S.'s. One of the first homes in which I shall rest after the festival of Thanksgiving Day, will be that of the excellent and noble poet Lowell. The invitation came to me from himself and his wife, while I was with the Downings. As yet I have scarcely done anything but go from one house to another, interesting, but troublesome, for one must always be charged, if not exactly with genius, at least with good-humour and strength to see company, and to be agreeable, when one often feels oneself so weary as not to be good for anything else than to sit in a corner and be silent—or spin. But, thank God for all that is good and joy-giving! And how much more joyfully should I spin this life of festivals and living impressions if I did

but know that you, my little Agatha, were joyful and a little better. We cannot, however, expect very much at this time of the year. I kiss mamma's hand, and thank her for that dear letter, and embrace you across the great waters.

LETTER VI.

WESTBOROUGH, *Dec. 2nd, 1849.*

MY DEAR LITTLE AGATHA,—I now write to you from a little town near Boston, while waiting for the railway train, which at five o'clock will take us, that is to say, myself, Mr. and Mrs. S., their little son Eddy, and Professor Bergfalk, whom I induced to come with us. He must not begin here to bury himself among books as he did in Sweden: he must go abroad, and see a little of life and mankind here to begin with, and celebrate the festival of Thanksgiving—one of the really national festivals of the Americans—in the heart of the State where it arose, and where it still is cordially maintained. When winter comes, he may read to his heart's content in his beloved books. The truth is Bergfalk was not hard to persuade, but came willingly and with pleasure.

I wrote to you last in New York during my warfare there. It was very troublesome to me, and did not mend at Brooklyn. Strangers came from morning to evening, and, though many amiable people were among them, I longed many a time merely to lie down and sleep. I must, however, tell you of the occasions when the interest of the moment chased away all drowsiness and fatigue and made me more awake than ever. Amongst these stands foremost the evening of Channing's improvised lecture. Last Sunday evening Channing was fully himself, and his discourse poured forth like a clear rushing river,

logical, perspicuous, glorious in subject and in elaboration. It was to me a spiritual feast. He started with the idea of a personal God in opposition to that of the pantheist, everywhere and nowhere; developing from that divine personality the thence derived doctrine of duty, of social law, of beauty, of immortality as applicable to every man, to every human society, and proved how merely upon this ground Christian Socialism, or Christian community, could become stable, could advance humanity to its highest purpose. Channing did not this time interrupt himself once; he did not replace a single word, carried along by a continued inspiration, sustained by an enthusiasm without extravagance, without passion, never violating the law of beauty, and with a polemical creed which never wounded the divine law. He merely once said in a somewhat sharper tone, that the "person who did not in his own breast become conscious of the duality of human nature, who did not combat with a lower self, is either without humanity, or is deeply to be pitied."

The hall was quite full of people, and the profoundest attention prevailed. At the close of the oration a circle of congratulating friends gathered around Channing. I saw even the speaker of the former evening, Mr. H. James, go forward to Channing, lay his hand upon his shoulder, as if caressingly, as he said "You have done me an injustice; you have misunderstood me!" He seemed pale and agitated, but perfectly kind.

I went in a little carriage alone with Channing from Brooklyn to New York this evening, and remarked how desirous he seemed of dissipating his thoughts and occupying them with subjects foreign to that of the lecture. Now, as he took me back to the carriage and we were about to separate (he was to remain in New York, and I was returning to Brooklyn), I could not avoid saying to him, "How happy you must have felt this evening!"

"Yes, oh yes!" he replied, with a half sigh; "but then I have wounded Mr. James!"

Afterwards he extended to me his hand, with his beaming smile, and said—

"We shall meet in the morning!"

But when comes that morning? We have now parted for a long time. But it is true, that if one ever meets a spirit like that of Channing, it must be felt like a meeting in the morning.

I recollect one evening party at the S.'s with especial pleasure. There were a sufficiency of space, air, flowers, and some remarkably agreeable people. A noble, handsome Miss S. recited a poem with much pathos of voice, but otherwise altogether quietly. She and her handsome sister wore real chrysanthemums in their hair. One most charming young girl played on the piano one of her own compositions, full of sweet feeling. Young C. sang. They danced also. It was a gay, agreeable party, where each performed some social duty, and where all seemed to enjoy life, and each other's society.

On Monday morning we set off, taking our way through Connecticut. I left New York and Brooklyn with many an unanswered letter of invitation, many unvisited schools and institutions coming speeding after me, as if to lay hold upon me! I had a bad conscience. I actually ran away from the battle of people. I could not do otherwise. If I had been two people I could not have answered all the invitations, calls, etc.,—and I am only one! But I shall return to New York. I must yet see something more of its best and of its worst; among the latter, that portion of the city which is called "Five Points," from five streets coming together at one place, and where the lowest and the most dangerous population of the city has its abode. I asked Mr. D., in joke, whether he would go through the "Five Points," with me. He answered decidedly, "No." Ah! "*Il bello è il buono*"

is not there to be met with. But beyond the beautiful and the good, seek I for truth and for reality in everything and everywhere. I must also make myself somewhat better acquainted with the five points in the refined life of New York; for I know that there, as in all great cities, is also to be found in the life of the higher class the five ugly and dangerous points. As the first point I reckon the long and tiresome dinners.

New York appears to me outwardly a plodding and busy city without beauty and interest. There are beautiful and quiet parts, with beautiful streets and dwellings; but there the life in the streets is dead. On the Broadway, again, there is an endless tumult and stir, crowd and bustle, and in the city proper, people crowd as if for dear life, and the most detestable fumes poison the air. New York is the last city in the world in which I would live. But it is also to be regarded merely as a vast hotel, a caravanserai both for America and Europe. Besides, it is true that I always felt myself there in such a state of combat and so fatigued, that I had not time to look around for anything beautiful. But, thank heaven! I know Brooklyn, and there I could both live and sleep.

And now let us proceed on our way through the valleys of Connecticut to the small homes of New England, the home-land of the earliest pilgrims.

In the afternoon we reached Hartford. We were invited for the evening to Mrs. Sigourney's, the author of "Pleasant Memories from Pleasant Lands;" and here I shook hands with the whole town I believe,—from the bishop, a handsome old prelate, to the school girl, and played my usual part in society. Mrs. Sigourney, a very kind little sentimentalist, but a very agreeable lady, dressed in green, about fifty years old, with a good motherly demeanour, would perforce keep me with her all night, and I could not go back to my excellent chamber at the hotel, which I would so gladly have done, where I

might rest and have been silent. In the morning, however, I forgot the little annoyance in breakfast and conversation with my kind hostess and her agreeable only daughter. The sun shone into the room, and the whole had the character of a good home made warm by love. In such homes I always do well, and I should have liked to have stayed longer with Mrs. Sigourney had it been possible. At parting she presented me with a handsome volume of her collected poetical works, and therein I read a poem called "Our Country," for which I could have kissed her hand, so beautiful was it, and so noble and so truly feminine is the spirit it breathes. As coming from a woman and a mother there is great beauty in the following address to her native land—

Ah beautiful and glorious ! thou dost wrap
 The robes of Liberty around thy breast,
 And as a matron watch thy little ones
 Who from their cradle seek the village-school,
 Bearing the baptism on their infant brow
 Of Christian faith and knowledge ; like the bud
 That at the bursting of its sheath, doth feel
 Pure dews, and heavenward turn.

There is thy strength,
 In thy young children, and in those who lead
 Their souls to righteousness. The mother's prayer
 With her sweet lisper ere it sinks to rest—
 The faithful teacher mid a plastic group—
 The classic halls, the hamlets slender spire,
 From whence, as from the solemn gothic pile
 That crowns the city's pomp, ascendeth sweet
 Jehovah's praise ; these are thy strength, my land !
 These are thy hope.

Oh lonely ark, that rid'st
 A tossing deluge, dark with history's wrecks,
 And paved with dead that made not heaven their help,
 God keep thee perfect in thy many parts,
 Bound in one living whole.

After those pleasant morning hours I was obliged again to see people, and was therefore taken out by my hostess in a carriage to see the town, which appears to me to be

well-built and well-situated. The public buildings are the largest and the most ornamented of any in the town. But everything, both within and without, testifies of affluence and prosperity. About noon I took leave of my friends at Hartford, and promised to come back.

It was rather late when we reached Worcester, where we had an invitation from the Mayor, and who this evening kept open house in our honour. As soon, therefore, as we had arrived, we were obliged to dress ourselves and go to a grand party. As there was a great gathering in the town of the schools and the teachers of the district, the house was so crowded that we could scarcely move in the rooms, and my host himself did not know the names of many persons whom he presented to me. But it was all the same to me, because it is very seldom that those foreign names fix themselves in my memory; and kind people are all alike welcome to a friendly hand-shaking with me. We were received also with beautiful and cordial songs of welcome, and with gifts of flowers from handsome girls and young men. I played the Neck's polska to them, and Rebecca S. related to them, in my stead, the legend of the Neck and the Priest, the profound sentiment of which never fails to impress the mind of the hearer, and which is an excellent specimen of the popular poetry of Scandinavia.

Among the guests in company was the celebrated blacksmith and linguist, Elihu Burrit, a very tall and strong-limbed man, with an unusually lofty forehead, large beautiful eyes, and, above all, handsome and strong features;—a man who would excite attention in any company whatever, as well for his appearance as for the expression of singular mildness and human love which marks his countenance. He had lately arrived here from the Peace Congress, I believe in Paris, and talked about peace principles, of which much is said and taught in these the oldest lands of the pilgrim fathers. I

declared myself to be a friend of war, of a good righteous war, when, at least, peace cannot have a great and prolonged life on earth. But what is now the state of the world during a long peace? Do not thousands of little dwarfs stick up their heads and fight with pins or pen-points, sticking and scratching from right to left, calling up petty-mindedness, selfishness, bitterness, causing petty affronts, wretched gratification, idle tales and endless vexation in every quarter? Is not society broken up into a thousand little quarrels and little contentions? If now a serious, honourable war occurred, like the giants who crush the dwarfs. People would then forget their petty contentions for great common interests. In these they would again become brothers: and after the giants come the gods, and with them the renovation of life.* Mankind must evidently grow in heart and in intelligence; and the community must perfect its work before they talk about universal peace. This must proceed from within.

Among the questions which were this evening put to me was this:—"What do you think of so many people coming to see you?"—"I wish that I were handsomer!" replied I, simply, and with truth.

Our host was a man of agreeable person, frank and kind as a true American, his wife was a graceful, agreeable woman, with the stamp of peacefulness and refinement which I have frequently observed in the Quaker women, and which makes them particularly charming to me. She had lost an only child; and had now adopted as her own a little boy, who loved her as a mother, and who scarcely could be happy when away from her.

We spent the forenoon of the following day in visiting several small homes, many of them belonging to families of Quakers, which were all distinguished by their order

* As Translator I beg to dissent considerably from these views of Miss Bremer.—M. H.

and neatness; but also, at the same time, I fancied by a something of stiffness and emptiness which would be oppressive to me. After this we continued our way to Uxbridge, where we were to keep the Thanksgiving festival.

I saw from the railroad the paternal home of Marcus S.; that country house and home where he had been brought up with many brothers and sisters, and to which his looks were now directed with affection. The moon arose and shone upon the waters of the Blackstone river, along which the railroad runs. Lights glimmered from the factories on the other side of the river. I saw this landscape, as in a dream, hour after hour, and rather saw than felt its beauty, because the motion and the rattle of the railway carriage produced a fatiguing and deafening effect.

We took up our quarters with a newly married couple, a physician and his little wife, the eldest niece of Marcus S. They had built their house according to one of Mr. Downing's designs, and laid out their garden also after his plan; and here they lived without a servant, the wife herself performing all the in-doors work. This is very much the custom in the small homes of the New England states, partly from economic causes, and partly from the difficulty there is in getting good servants. I slept in a little chamber without a fire-place, according to the custom of the country: but the night was so very cold that I could not sleep a wink; besides which, I was visited during the long night by some not very pleasing doubts as to how in the long run I should be able to get on in this country, where there is so much that I am unaccustomed to. When the sun however rose, it shone upon a little white church; which with its taper spire rising out of a pine-wood upon a height, just before my window, and the whole landscape lit up by the morning sun, presented so fresh, so northern, so *Swedish* an

aspect that it warmed my very heart, and I saluted Thanksgiving-day with right thankful feelings. The whole scene with its hills and its valleys, now brightened by the morning sun, actually resembled the scenery around us, and I thought of the Christmas morning at our church with its burning candles; the pine wood and the lit-up cottages within it, the peasants, the sledges with their little bells, and all the cheerful life of the sacred Christmas time! But our little red-painted cottages were changed into small white houses which looked much more affluent.

My hands were so benumbed with cold that I had difficulty in dressing, and was all in a shiver when I went down to breakfast in that little room, where, on the contrary, it was stiflingly hot from an iron stove. The breakfast, as is usual in the country, was abundant and excellent: but I cannot believe, that these abundant hot breakfasts are wholesome.

After breakfast we went to church, for this day is regarded as sacred throughout the country. The preacher enumerated all the causes for thankfulness which his community had had, as well publicly as privately, all the good which they had experienced since the Thanksgiving festival of the foregoing year; and although he was evidently not of a practical mind, and the history of the year was given rather in the style of a chronicle, "on this solemn and interesting occasion," yet from its subject and purpose it was calculated to engage the mind. Why have not we; why have not all people such a festival in the year? It has grown out of the necessities of the nobler popular heart; it is the ascribing of our highest earthly blessings to their heavenly Giver. We have many publicly appointed days for prayer, but none for thanksgiving: it is not right and noble.

I have inquired from many persons here the origin of this festival in America; but it is remarkable how little people

are able to throw light upon its historical commencement. They know merely that it arose in the "earliest times of the pilgrim-fathers in America," and that it has since established itself in the church as the expression of the higher popular feeling. I have, nevertheless, heard it said—and it does not seem to me improbable—that it arose at the commencement of the colony, when, at a time of great scarcity, and in the prospect of approaching famine, five ships laden with wheat arrived from England; that therefore it was for a long time the custom in Massachusetts to lay, at this festival, five grains of corn upon the dinner-plate of each guest, which custom is retained to this day in certain of the parts of the State.

The weather was splendid, but cold, as after church we walked through the rural city, with its small houses and gardens, and saw the well-dressed inhabitants returning home from church. Everything testified of order and of easy circumstances without show and luxury. We dined in a large company, the dinner being at once abundant yet frugal, at the house of one of Marcus S.'s relations. We spent the evening with his sister and her family, who own and cultivate a large farm near Uxbridge, the mother of our doctor's little wife; and here all the relations were assembled. The mistress of the house, a quiet, agreeable, motherly woman, "lady-like" in her manners, as was her sister at the Phalanstery, and that from nobility and refinement of soul, pleased me extremely, as did all the simple cordial people of this neighbourhood; they were much more hearty, and much less given to asking questions than the people I had met with in the great city parties. We had a great supper with the two indispensable Thanksgiving-day dishes, roast turkey and pumpkin pudding. It is asserted that the turkeys in the states of New England always look dejected as the time of Thanksgiving approaches, because then there is a great slaughter among them. The clergyman who had

preached in the morning asked a blessing, which would have appeared too long had it not been for its excellence.

After supper the young people danced. I taught them the Swedish dance called "Väfva Wallmar," and played the music for them, which excited general applause. Towards midnight we returned to our little home, Marcus and Rebecca occupying my former cold chamber, and a bed being made up for me in the pretty parlour, where I had a bright coal fire and a letter from the Downings, which made me still warmer than the fire—it was almost too many good things! Marcus and Rebecca said that they liked a cold sleeping-room, and that they were accustomed to it; and it may be so; but yet it was very kind! In the morning my little hostess brought me a cup of coffee, which she herself had made, and waited upon me in the most sweet and kind manner. I was thankful, but rather ashamed; nor would I have permitted it had I been younger and stronger than I am.

Bergfalk had also suffered much from the cold, although lodged in excellent quarters with Marcus's sister.

Friday forenoon we drove to Hopedale Community, a little Socialist settlement a few miles from Uxbridge, where also my friends have relatives and acquaintance. The day was mild and the air soft, and the drive through the yet verdant meadows agreeable. One of Marcus's nephews drove us.

Hopedale Community is a small settlement altogether founded upon Christian principles, and with a patriarchal basis. The patriarch and head of the establishment, Adin Ballou, a handsome old gentleman, received us, surrounded by a numerous family. Each family has here its separate house and garden. The greater number of the people are handicraftsmen and agriculturists. Here also were we received with songs of welcome and flowers. Here also I remarked in the young people a singularly joyous and fresh life, and it was delightful to see the

happy groups passing to and fro in the sunshine from one comfortable home to another. The church of the little community, as well as its schoolhouse, struck me as remarkably unchurchlike. Various moral aphorisms, such as "Hope on, hope ever;" "Try again," and such like, might be read upon the naked walls. For the rest it was evident that the poetic element had much more vitality here than among the community of New Jersey. The moral element constituted nevertheless the kernel even here, the poetic was merely an addition—the sugar in the moral cake.

We dined in an excellent little home. They asked no questions of the guests, merely entertained them well and kindly. A negro and his wife came hither wishing to be received as members of the community. Hopedale Community would suit me better than the North American Phalanstery, partly from the separate dwellings, and partly from the recognition of the Christian faith, as well as for the sake of the patriarch, who has the appearance of a man in whom one might place the most heartfelt confidence. The little community has been in existence about seven years, and consists of about thirty families, comprising in all one hundred and seventy souls. Every member pledges himself to "the Christian faith, non-resistance, and temperance." Adin Ballou has published a work on the right understanding of these subjects, which he gave me.

Taking one thing with another, it seemed to me as if life in this home, and in this community, was deficient in gaiety, had but few enjoyments for the intellect, or the sense of the beautiful; but it was at the same time most truly estimable, earnest, God-fearing, industrious,—upon the whole, an excellent foundation for a strong popular life. From these small homes must proceed earnest men and women, people who take life seriously, and have early learnt to labour and to pray. Hopedale Community

simply describes its object to be, "a beginning upon a small scale of those industrial armies which shall go forth to subdue, to render fruitful and to beautify the barren fields of the earth, and to make of them worthy dwelling-places for practical Christian communities, and the wider extension of general improvement for the best interests of mankind." Practical Christianity is the watchword of these peaceful conquerors. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall inherit the earth."

I shall for the present write no more about my campaign: although often amused and interested, I wonder continually whether I shall ever again have any rest; there seems no prospect of it, however. The cold is now also come here, and it is a hard master to strive against. To-day it is a regular tempest.—I wonder how it is with you, my darling, and whether you find yourself warm and comfortable in our quiet home in Stockholm. May you be so, my beloved Agatha, and may the winter not be too severe for you!

BOSTON, *December 2nd.*

Here I am now, my dear child, in the midst of severe cold, but in a warm and handsome room in Revere House, with a glowing fire to bear me company. Here I am installed by Marcus and Rebecca, who merely exhorted me to be comfortable and not to want for anything.

In the forenoon I went with them to church, and heard a singular kind of sermon from Theodore Parker, a man of powerful character, and richly gifted as a speaker, who, with a strong and fearless spirit, applies the morality of Christianity to the political and social questions of the day and the country. He has a Socratic head, large well-formed hands, and his whole being, expression, gestures, struck me as purely original—the expression of a determined and powerful nature.

I shall go in the evening to a Socialist meeting; that

is to say, if I do not prefer remaining in my own room and enjoying an evening's peace ; and if I had requested this of my friends, I should have done so. But I allow myself to be borne along with the stream as long as I am able.

In the morning we go to Emerson's, who lives in a little city called Concord, at about an hour's distance by railway from Boston ; and the next day, or the day following that, I go to the Lowells at the University of Cambridge, a few miles from this place, where I remain some days, and where I shall more exactly determine my stay in Boston. I have had various invitations to different families, but as yet have not accepted any. It will be a painful thing to me to part from these excellent people, Marcus and Rebecca. They belong to the best kind of people, and are infinitely agreeable to live with.

My dear Agatha ! I write very imperfectly to you about both things and people here ; but neither things nor people here allow me any time in which to write about them. So much the more, however, shall we have to talk about, and so much the more shall I some time have to write about ; for people and circumstances affect me powerfully, and in a manner which astonishes and excites me greatly. I feel every day how altogether necessary for my whole life, and for the development of my moral and intellectual being, is this American journey.

Tuesday, December, 4th.—Just returned from my little journey with the S——s and Bergfalk to Concord, the oldest town in Massachussets, and the residence of Waldo Emerson. We drove there, and arrived in the midst of a regular snow-storm. But the railway carriages are well warmed, and one sits there in beautiful ease and comfort, excepting that one gets well shook, for the railroads here are much more uneven than those on which I have travelled in Europe.

Emerson came to meet us, walking down the little avenue of spruce firs which leads from his house, bare-headed amid the falling snow. He is a quiet nobly grave figure, his complexion pale, with strongly marked features and dark hair. He seemed to me a younger man, but not so handsome as I had imagined him; his exterior less fascinating, but more significant. He occupied himself with us however, and with me in particular, as a lady and a foreigner, kindly and agreeably. He is a very peculiar character, but too cold and hypercritical to please me entirely; a strong, clear, eye, always looking out for an ideal which he never finds realised on earth; discovering wants, short-comings, imperfections: and too strong and healthy himself to understand other people's weaknesses and sufferings, for he even despises suffering as a weakness unworthy of higher natures. This singularity of character leads one to suppose that he has never been ill: sorrows however he has had, and has felt them deeply, as some of his most beautiful poems prove; nevertheless, he has only allowed himself to be bowed for a short time by these griefs; the deaths of two beautiful and beloved brothers, as well as that of a beautiful little boy, his eldest son. He has also lost his first wife after having been married scarcely a year.

Emerson is now married for the second time, and has three children. His pretty little boy, the youngest of his children, seems to be, in particular, dear to him. Mrs. Emerson has beautiful eyes, full of feeling, but she appears delicate, and is in character very different to her husband. He interested me, without warming me. That critical, crystalline and cold nature may be very estimable, quite healthy, and, in its way, beneficial for those who possess it, and also for others, who allow themselves to be measured and criticised by it. But—for me—David's heart with David's songs!

I shall return to this home in consequence of a very

kind invitation to do so from Emerson and his wife, and in order that I may see more of this sphinx-like individual.

From the worshipper of nature, Emerson,—who does not belong to any church, and who will not permit his children to be baptised, because he considers the nature of a child purer than is commonly that of a full-grown sinful man ;—we went to sleep at the house of a stern old Puritan, where we had long prayers, kneeling with our faces to the wall. Elizabeth H., the only daughter of the family, is still beautiful, although no longer young, and a very noble and agreeable woman. She was engaged to be married to Emerson's best beloved brother, and, after his death, declined all other matrimonial offers. She is evidently a noble creature, gifted with fine and estimable qualities, and her friendship for Waldo Emerson seems to me something very pure and perfect. I also hope to see her again in the course of the winter.

It looked like a true Swedish winter morning, in the pretty little Idyllic city of Concord. Miss H. went out with me, and we visited the monument erected over the first victim who fell in the American War of Independence, for here he fell when the first bloody contest occurred. It was now nearly snowed up, and ice and snow covered also the little river which beautifies the city, and which was called by the Indians, *Musketaquid*, "the Grassy River." Emerson has given that name to one of the freshest and sweetest of his poems. Wandering in that pure winter atmosphere, beneath trees covered with glittering snow, and by the side of Elizabeth H., whose atmosphere is to me as inspiriting as the pure sunny air, made me cheerful—both soul and body. On we rambled, we met Bergfalk, who came quite warm in heart and joyful from a ladies' school in the city, where he had heard the young girls solve mathematical problems, which he had been requested to give them,—and solve them easily

and well too. He was quite charmed with the young girls and their teacher, a lady in the highest degree gentlewoman-like, as he described her. Bergfalk had made a little speech to express his pleasure, and the estimable and agreeable clergyman who had accompanied Bergfalk was no less warm in his praise, declaring that every girls' school would be delighted in the highest degree with "the Professor," as he was called here, and everywhere during our journey, for people scarcely attempted to pronounce his name, as if they considered it quite impossible.

I visited also several of those small homes, which are very comfortable, although the family waits upon itself, and does all the business of the house without a servant. This is a thing to be esteemed, but not to be loved, and I am not comfortable with it.

We left Concord in the afternoon without having again seen Emerson.

As to the Socialist meeting this evening, I must tell you that I saw there a great number of respectable-looking people, and heard theories for the future, as to how human beings—instead of going to heaven, as now, by the thorny path,—will wander thither on roses, and more of the same kind. I heard also various beautiful plans for the accomplishing of this, but they all were remarkable for their want of basis in possibility and in human nature, such as it really is. In general it seems to me that the Socialists fail by not taking into consideration the dualism of human nature. They do not see the evil, and they believe that everything can become right in this world by outward institutions. I have during their discussions a feeling of wandering among the clouds, or of being lost in a great wood. The humane side of their theories, of their endeavours for the best interests of humanity, cannot be doubted.

The Swedish consul in Boston, Mr. Benzon, who was

with us, made me, through Rebecca, an offer of his house, as my home during the winter, which was agreeable to me, although I do not know whether I shall be able to accept it. But I have received many kind and beautiful invitations.

And now, my dear heart, I must tell you that I am losing all patience with the incessant knocking at my door, and with visiting cards and letters, and am quite annoyed at being continually obliged to say "come in," when I would say "go away!" Ah! ah! I am quite fatigued by the welcome here, which will not leave me at peace! I have in the meantime not yet received any one, but say I shall be at home in the evening.

In the morning I leave for Cambridge. A horrible murder has just been committed here by one professor on another, and the whole university and city are in a state of excitement about it. It is an unheard-of occurrence, and as the accused has many acquaintance and friends, and has been known as a good husband, and in particular as a good father, many maintain his innocence. He is in the meantime conveyed to prison. People talk now about scarcely anything else.

I must yet add that I am perfectly well amid all my vagaries, and shall so manage during my stay in Boston as to have more repose. I shall have one or two reception-days during the week, and arrange so that I may have time for myself; I know that I require it. Bergfalk is well and lively, and liked by every one: and he sends cordial greetings to mamma and to you. Greet cordially from me Hagbeg, Maria, and Christine, our servants and friends.

P. S.—I must yet tell you that I am not sure that I have judged rightly of Emerson. I confess that I was a little staggered by the depreciating manner in which he expressed himself about things and persons whom I admired. I am not certain whether a steadfastness and

pride so little akin to my own did not tempt me to act the fox and the grapes. Certain it is that Emerson's behaviour and manner made upon me an impression unlike that which other haughty natures produce, and which it is easy for me to condemn as such, or as such to despise. Not so with Emerson, he ought not to be acquitted so easily; he may be unjust or unreasonable, but it certainly is not from selfish motives: there is a higher nature in this man; and I must see more of him, and understand him better. For the rest, this acquaintance may end as it will, I shall be calm. "If we are kindred, we shall meet!" and if not—the time is long since past when I wished very much to please men. I have passed through the desert of life; I have by my own efforts fought, through much difficulty, my way up to that Horeb from whose summit I behold the promised land; and this long suffering and this great joy have made for all time, the splendid figures of this world, its crowns, its laurels, and its roses, pale before my eyes. I may be fascinated or charmed by them for a moment, but it is soon over; that which they give makes me no richer; that which they take away no poorer: and many a time can I say to them as Diogenes to Alexander,—“Go out of my sunshine!” I should not even desire to come to this proud magi, Waldo Emerson, and to see the stars in his heaven, if I had not my own heaven and stars, and sun, the glory of which he can scarcely understand.

LETTER VII.

HARVARD COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, *Dec. 15th.*

I CAN now, my beloved child, have a little talk with you in peace. By this time mamma and you must know of my arrival in this country—of my first experience in it, and how well all goes on with me: but I again have such a craving for letters from home, and am so grieved to have had but one since I came hither, and to have no knowledge of how you have recovered from your illness, and how mamma is, and all the rest at home.—I must however, soon hear, and God grant that all may be well.

I wrote lately to you from Boston: I remained there several days with my friends, the S——s, amid an incessant shower both of visits and engagements, which sometimes amused me, and sometimes drove me half to desperation, and left me scarcely time to breathe. A few of these days and hours I shall always remember with pleasure. Among the foremost of these, is a morning when I saw around me the most noble men of Massachusetts; Alcott, the Platonic idealist, with a remarkably beautiful silver-haired head; the brothers Clarke; the philanthropist, Mr. Barnard; the poet, Longfellow; the young, true American poet, Lowell (a perfect Apollo in appearance), and many others. Emerson came also with a sunbeam in his strong countenance,—and people more beautiful—more perfect in form (almost all tall and well-proportioned) it would not be easy to find.

Another forenoon I saw the distinguished lawyer, Wendel Phillips, and Charles Sumner, a young giant in person; Garrison, one of the principal champions of the Abolitionist cause, and who, therefore, at a time of excitement, was dragged by the mob through the streets—of

Boston, I believe—with a halter round his neck as a malefactor. One sees in his beautiful countenance and clear, eagle-eye, that resolute spirit which makes the martyr. Speaking with him, I told him candidly that I thought the extravagance in the proceedings of the Abolitionists, their want of moderation, and the violent tone of their attacks could not benefit, but rather must damage their cause. He replied, with good temper, "We must demand the whole loaf if we would hope to get one half of it!"

He expressed himself mildly regarding the Southern slave-holders, said that he valued many of them personally, but that he hated slavery, and would continue to combat with it as with the greatest enemy of America. And a man who had endured the maltreatment of a mob—who had borne the halter, and disgrace, and has still stood firmly as before, combating fearlessly as before; the resolution and character of such a man deserve esteem. This gentleman brought to us two lately-escaped slaves, William and Ellen Kraft. She was almost white; her countenance which was rather sallow, had the features of the white, and though not handsome, a very intelligent expression. They had escaped by means of her being dressed as a man; he acting as her servant. In order to avoid the necessity of signing her name in the travellers' books, for she could not write, she carried her right arm in a sling, under the plea of having injured it. Thus they had succeeded in travelling by railway from the south to the free States of the north. They appeared to be sincerely happy.

"Why did you escape from your masters?" I asked,—"did they treat you with severity?"

"No," replied she; "they always treated me well; but I fled from them because they would not give me my rights as a human being. I could never learn anything, neither to read nor to write."

I remarked in her the desire for learning peculiar to the white race.

“How is it,” said some one in company to the negro, “that the assertions of the anti-slavery party regarding the treatment of the slaves, that they are often flogged and severely beaten, are declared to be false? Travellers come to the north who have long resided among the plantations of the south, and have never seen anything of the kind.”

William smiled, and said with a keen expression; “Nor are children whipped in the presence of strangers; this is done when they do not see.”

Neither of these escaped slaves complained of their masters. And though like every other thinking Christian, I must condemn slavery as a system and institution, I wait to pass judgment on American slave-holders and slavery in America—until—I have seen it nearer. I am, from experience, suspicious of party-spirit and its blindness, and whenever I see this in activity I cannot accede to it, but on the contrary feel myself inclined to opposition. I will, at all events, see and hear for and against the question before I join either party. Justice and moderation before everything!

I was two evenings at the theatre, and saw Miss Charlotte Cushman—the principal actress in the United States—in two characters, in which she produced a great effect, both here and in England, namely, Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth. Miss Cushman, immediately on my arrival in New York, had written very kindly to me, offering to be any use to me in her power. Here, in Boston, she placed a box at the theatre at my service, which was very agreeable to me, as I could thus invite my friends to accompany me. Miss Cushman is a powerful actress; she possesses great energy, but is deficient in feminine grace, and wants more colour in her acting, especially of the softer tone. This has reference princi-

pally to her Meg Merrilies, which is a fearful creation. Miss Cushman has represented in her merely the witch, merely the horrible in nature. But even the most horrible nature has moments and traits of beauty; it has sun, repose, dew, and the song of birds. Her Meg Merrilies is a wild rock in the sea, around which tempests are incessantly roaring, and which unceasingly contend with clouds and waves. She was also too hard and masculine for Lady Macbeth. It was merely in the night scene that her acting struck me as beautiful, and that deploring cry so full of anguish which she utters when she cannot wash the blood from her hands, that—I feel I shall *never* forget. It thrilled through my whole being, and ——I can still hear it; I can hear it in gloomy moments and scenes.

I like Miss Cushman personally very much. One sees evidently in her an honest, earnest, and powerful soul, which regards life and her vocation with a noble earnestness. She has, through great difficulties, made her own way to the position which, by universal recognition and with universal esteem, she now occupies. She belongs to an old Puritanic family, and after her father's misfortunes, she supported by her talent for some years her mother and her younger sister. She looks almost better in private than on the stage; the frank blue eye, the strong, clever forehead, and the honest, sensible expression of her whole demeanour and conversation make one like to be with her.

I experienced much kindness and warm goodwill in Boston, of which I cannot now speak. Ah! there is no want of warm-heartedness here, my little Agatha, and the youthful spirit of the people makes it very perceptible. But the misfortune is, that I am but *one* against many; and that I have not the strength nor the disposition to struggle with and against that kindness which I feel to be so beautiful and so genial to my heart. The only quiet hours which I had in Boston were when I was driving along the streets in a carriage to

visit institutions or to pay visits: these days were also agreeable from many things in themselves, and from intercourse with my friends, the estimable S——s; they too enjoyed them and were gay. Agreeable things occurred, and agreeable people came daily and hourly, with fresh plans for fresh pleasures, and from day to day was deferred their return to New York and my separation from them. My little female physician, Miss H., had a chase after me every day, to catch me and take me home with her. The Lowells came to fetch me to Cambridge, but we, my friends and myself, were grown reckless, setting at nought all principles of ordinary promise-keeping and propriety, and had, just out of merriment and a little innocent foolhardiness, determined to persevere in our unprincipled conduct, and still remain together a few days longer in Boston under our pleasant devil-may-care system, when two telegraphic despatches came one after the other, first to Marcus, then to Rebecca, containing the words, "your baby is very sick."

With this was an end to all "frolic." Rebecca, bathed in tears of anguish, Marcus with trouble in his good countenance, immediately got everything ready for their departure, so that they might set off by railway a few hours afterwards, and early the following morning reach their home, where Rebecca expected to find her little boy dead.

At the same time that they left I was to take up my quarters at the house of the Swedish consul, Benzon. I could not part with them without shedding tears; I had been so happy with them. They are such excellent people, and I was now so sorry for them, although it was impossible for any one to bear a sorrow more beautifully than they did this. And besides, they had been so inexpressibly kind to me! I cannot describe it in a letter; and neither can I think of it without emotion. To the last I had to strive with them, but in vain, that I

might be allowed to pay my expenses in Boston. They maintained that I was their guest, and thus I paid not the slightest sum for my expensive and splendid living at the Revere House for three several days. And their manner of doing me this kindness, as "an honour and a pleasure to themselves;"—nay, my Agatha, I have never seen its equal before!

I took it almost as a certainty that my friends would find their little boy—"the baby"—dead; so violent had been the convulsions, into which he had been thrown, for he was teething: and Rebecca expected to hear at the door of her home the words, "He is not here! he has arisen!"

The day after their arrival, however, came to me a telegraphic message, with the words, "Dear Friend! Rejoice with us. Baby better. Danger nearly over.

"MARCUS."

What heartfelt pleasure this afforded me!

In the evening I went with Benzon and Bergfalk, together with a young Mr. K., an agreeable and witty man, a friend of the S——s, to a concert given by the "Musical Fund Society," and was admitted by a free ticket, which would admit myself and my friends during the whole of the winter. And there I heard Beethoven's Fourth Symphony excellently performed by a numerous orchestra. The second adagio in this seized upon me with extraordinary power. Ah! who taught this man thus to understand the inmost life of the heart, its strivings upwards, its depressions and re-ascendings, its final conflict, resolute endeavour, and ultimate victory? No instrumental music makes upon me a more profound impression than this glorious adagio. Its tones were to me like the history of my own soul.

On Sunday I again heard Theodore Parker preach. He made a full and free confession of his faith, and I

was rejoiced to see his honesty and courage, although I could not rejoice at the confession of faith in itself, which was a very imperfect recognition of the Christian revelation, and which acknowledged in Christ merely a human and moral teacher, although as such the model and the ideal of humanity. Parker belongs to the Unitarian body; and to that section of it which denies miracles, and everything that requires supernatural agency in the sacred history. That which really displeased me was, that Parker asserted that he regarded Christ as standing in no other relationship to God than did all mankind; and that he merely was mentioned in history as "a modest young man from Galilee." How can a lover of truth read the sacred history, and expressions such as these, "He who has seen me has seen the Father;" "The Father is in me, and I in Him:" and many others of a similar kind, and yet make such an assertion?

After the sermon some ladies who were unknown to me, came up, and accosting me with much warmth and kindness, said they hoped that I was pleased; that I was satisfied, etc. I replied that I was not wholly so! and declined to be introduced to the preacher, as, according to custom here, immediately after service introductions take place in the churches, and conversation is carried on, which is not only unpleasant but quite out of place.

In the afternoon Benzon read aloud to Mr. K., Bergfalk, and myself, an "Essay on the American Mind," by a Mr. Whipple; it is writted in a lively manner, takes broad views, and is not without marks of genius. It has been very much talked about, and furnished us also with matter for conversation.

In the evening I had a visit from Theodore Parker. I am so great a lover of courage in all forms, and of every unreserved expression of opinion and belief, that I extended my hand to Parker, thanking him cordially for his can-

dour. But I nevertheless told him frankly my objections to his Christology, and we had a good deal of quiet controversy. I found Parker extremely agreeable to converse with, willing to listen, gentle, earnest, and cordial. I stated to him also my objections against the Unitarian point of view in general, because from it many of the greatest and most important questions as regards God, humanity and life, must be left unsolved, and never can be solved. Parker heard me with much kindness and seriousness, and conceded various things, conceded among others the reasonableness of miracles, when regarded as produced by a power in nature, but not out of it,—the law of nature on a larger scale.

As I said before, Parker has a Socratic head; he has a pure and strongly moral mind; he is like Waldo Emerson, captivated by the moral ideal; and this he places before his hearers in words full of a strong vitality, and produces by them a higher love for truth and justice in the human breast. Parker, however, as a theologian is not powerful; nor can he talk well upon the most sublime and most holy doctrines of revelation, because he does not understand them. In his outbursts against the petrified orthodoxy, and the petrified church, he is often happy and true. But I think that people may say of him as somebody said about a greater man, Luther, "*Il a bien critiqué mais pauvrement doctriné.*" Parker, however, investigates earnestly, and speaks out his thoughts honestly, and that is always a great merit. More we can hardly desire of a man. Beyond this he teaches to be very good, to do much good; and I believe that from his kind and beautiful eyes. In short I like the man.

The next day Benzon accompanied me to Cambridge to the Lowells; from whom, as I have already said, I had received an invitation through Mr. Downing, who had written to the poet of the pleasure which his writings had given me.

There I have now been a week, and shall remain yet a week longer; they will have me stay, and I am quite willing to stay, because I am well off to my heart's content in this excellent and agreeable home. The house, and a small quantity of land which surrounds it, belong to the father of the poet, old Dr. Lowell, a handsome old man, universally beloved and respected, and the oldest minister in Massachussets. He planted all the trees round the house, among which are many beautiful northern pines. The whole family assembles every day for morning and evening prayer around the venerable old man; and he it is who blesses every meal. His prayers, which are always extempore, are full of the true and inward life, and I felt them as a pleasant, refreshing dew upon my head, and seldom arose from my knees with dry eyes. With him live his youngest son, the poet, and his wife; such a handsome and happy young couple as one can hardly imagine. He is full of life and youthful ardour, she as gentle, as delicate and as fair as a lily, and one of the most loveable women that I have seen in this country, because her beauty is full of soul and grace, as is everything which she does or says. This young couple belong to the class of those of whom one can be quite sure; one could not for an hour, nay not for half an hour, be doubtful about them. She, like him, has a poetical tendency, and has also written anonymously some poems, remarkable for their deep and tender feeling, especially maternal, but her mind has more philosophical depth than his. Singularly enough I did not discern in him that deeply earnest spirit which charmed me in many of his poems. He seems to me occasionally to be brilliant, witty, gay, especially in the evening, when he has what he calls his "evening fever," and his talk is then like an incessant play of fire-works. I find him very agreeable and amiable: he seems to have many friends, mostly young men. Among his poems the witty and

satirical are the most popular; as, for example, his "Fable for Critics," in which, in a good-humoured way, he has made himself merry with the poets and poetesses of New England, only one of whom, Margaret Fuller, is severely handled. His satirical, political, fugitive pieces, have been very successful. As one of his merits I reckon his being so fascinated by his little wife, because I am so myself. There is a trace of beauty and taste in everything she touches, whether of mind or body; and above all, she beautifies life. Among other beautiful things which she has created around her in her home, I have remarked a little basin full of beautiful stones and shells, which she herself collected; they lie glittering in water clear as crystal, and round them is a border of coral. Pity it is that this much loved young wife seems to have delicate lungs. Her low, weak voice tells of this. Two lovely little girls, Mabel and Rose, the latter yet at the mother's breast, and an elder sister of the poet, one of the worthy and the good, constitute the remainder of the family.

I saw here some gentlemen of the University who interested me; among them Mr. Everett, a man of learning and of rank, formerly ambassador to the British Court; the natural historian, Professor Agassiz, who has an unusually agreeable appearance and manner (and who presented his betrothed to me, a tall blonde young American lady); as well as the astronomer, Professor Holmes, (I believe that is his name) whose head is singularly beautiful, and who brought with him two handsome daughters. I have also paid some visits.

The general topic of conversation for the time is the murder of Professor Parkman by Mr. Webster, the Professor of Chemistry. People talk for and against. One friend of the accused, a lawyer of high standing, Judge T., says that he is perfectly persuaded of his innocence. So also a pleasant and sensible woman,

Mrs. F., who saw a good deal of him, and for the last time a few days after the supposed murder, when he spent an evening at her house, played at whist, and was more cheerful and agreeable than usual. Young Lowell, on the contrary, believes Webster to be guilty, from various things which he lately heard of his character and associates as a young man. He has for a long time lived beyond his means, and the occasion of the murder was a small sum of money, a few hundred dollars which he had borrowed from Professor Parkman, who let him have no peace, so urgent was he for their repayment. This Parkman must have been a very singular man. Rich though he was, he would literally persecute and torment poor people to whom he had lent money, until it was repaid by them, or they allowed him interest. Yet would he the very next day send money to these same people as a gift, or under some pretence or other, never however as from himself, but as from some one else. He wished before men to appear as an unsparing judge.

In this way he not long since persecuted Webster, until the latter under pretence of settling with him, decoyed him into the chemical laboratory in Boston, where he made an end of him, in what manner is not yet known. They have merely found fragments of the body, which Webster had endeavoured partly to burn and partly to conceal. Webster boldly denies the deed, but having made an attempt to poison himself in prison, the suspicion against him is greatly increased.

At the end of next week I shall leave the Lowells, and remain for a few days with my little lady-physician; after that, I remain at Benzon's house, probably until I leave Boston. Benzon arranged with Rebecca that she was to persuade me to this; and as they proposed to settle the whole thing, it is both advisable and agreeable to me. Benzon himself is unmarried, but as the wife of his associate, Mr. K., superintends his

house, I can be boarded with her after Benzon has left for Europe, which will be about the beginning of January. This is highly agreeable to me also, in an economic point of view. Benzon is a very good man, of a noble mind and refined education, refined and delicate in his manners, so that one can accept such a kindness at his hands, and besides that have pleasure in his society. And, moreover, I can be more free in his house, and have much more quiet than I could any where else, at least in any of those families which have kindly been opened to me: for there the duties of society would be incumbent upon me, which they will not be here. So that I believe it could not be better arranged for me than it now is.

December 16th.—Good morning, my little Agatha; this bright, rather windy and cold day, I saw the sun rise in the morning and shine into my bed through the fir-trees before my window: and Sweden and my beloved ones were so near to me in this salutation of the sun through the pine-trees, that I saluted that new sun for them as well as for myself, and saluted this new world which gave and gives me so much of life and interest.

I have now spent some quiet days in Cambridge, the quietest days which I have spent since I came into this country. I now see company and receive visits only in the evenings. Bergfalk is now also in Cambridge, and happy in the company of a library of 14,000 volumes, and of various lawyers who embrace him warmly. With him and my young host, I one day lately visited the several buildings of the University and the library. In the latter I was surprised to find one portion of the Swedish literature not badly represented here. This is owing to the poet, Professor Longfellow, who having himself travelled in Sweden sent hither these books. He has also written about Sweden, and has translated several of Tegnér's poems. I found also the Eddas among the Swedish books. Bergfalk laid his hands on the West-

götha laws, which he treated as an old friend, and in which he showed some of the gentlemen who accompanied us, an example of that alliteration which was so much in vogue in the writings of our forefathers, and about which the gentlemen found much to say. I saw also Audubon's large and really magnificent work on the American birds, a work of genius besides.

Among the visitors whom I have seen and who have interested me, are a Mrs. R. and her daughter Ida. Ida was born in Sweden where her father was *chargé d'affaires* many years, and although she left the country as a child, she has retained an affection for Sweden and the Swedes. She is a handsome and agreeable young lady. Her mother looks like goodness itself.

"I cannot promise you much that is entertaining," said she, in inviting me to her house, "but I will nurse you!"

I could not but embrace her for this motherly good will; but ah! that which I need is not continually ranging and flitting about from house to house, but to be quiet for a while. I promised nevertheless to go to them (they live in the country, some miles on the other side of Boston) on Christmas-eve, which they will keep in a northern fashion, with Christmas pine-twigs, Christmas candles, and Christmas-boxes, and, as I perceive, great ceremony. But more than all the Christmas-candles, and the Christmas-boxes, do I need—a little rest.

23rd.—I have been this week to several dinner-parties—one very excellent at the house of Professor Longfellow and his handsome and agreeable wife. Their house is handsome, and there we met Miss Charlotte Cushman and Miss Hays, a young English lady of interesting appearance, very quiet and noble deportment, who travels with her and is her friend, Charles Sumner and a couple of other gentlemen. Longfellow is an agreeable host, and gave us American wines, sherry and champagne,

the latter I thought especially good; it is made from the Cataba grape at Cincinnati. We dined also at the house of the pleasing and lively Mrs. F., whose husband is a martyr to neuralgia, which makes many martyrs in this country. I could scarcely avoid shedding tears when I saw him, he looked so suffering, yet so perfectly patient, as he sat there quite lame in his wheeled chair.

Farther, we dined at Professor P.'s, a Swedenborgian, who showed me much kindness; and farther still, I have been at a — Bee! And if you would know what the creature is in the life of society here—then, behold! —Is a family reduced to poverty by sickness or fire, and the children are in want of clothes or whatever else it may be, immediately a number of ladies of the neighbourhood who are in good circumstances meet together at one place to sew for them. Such a sewing-assembly as this is called a *Bee!*

And now there was a Bee at the house of Mrs. S., the lady of the President of the University, to sew for a family who had lost all their clothing by fire, and I was invited to be present at it. The bee-hive was excellent, and busy, and cheerful, and had—if not honey—remarkably good milk and cake to offer the working bees, among whom I took my place, but not to do very much myself.

A merry little man, Professor K., a Dane by birth, and a true Dane in naïveté and loquacity, has visited and amused us many times. He has associated himself with a Polish professor, one as large and stately as the Dane is little and lively, and the two are always together disputing and making speeches,—singing each his own songs in so amazingly contrasting a manner, that Maria Lowell and myself kept this evening continually bursting into fits of laughter.

Professor Desor, a Swiss and naturalist, has interested

me greatly by his anecdotes of natural history and his friendly attentions.

In the evenings when I and my young friends are alone, we read; Maria reads her husband's poetry charmingly well, or I relate to them some little romantic passage, or a Swedish love or ghost-story, or I beg of them to relate such to me. In this way I soon become at home in a family.

But the New World is too young, and has too few old houses and old rubbish for ghosts to thrive there; and as to love-stories they do not seem to be remarkable enough to become historical, except in the homes and the hearts where they live in silence. But still, every home in which I have yet lived gives me its love-history, as its best flower, before I have left it; it always amuses me very much, and I am filled with manifold admiration of the blind, or rather the clairvoyant, god's devices for making one out of two.

I go out every day, either with my young friends or alone. With them I visited, to-day, Mount Auburn, the great burial-place of Boston, a romantic, park-like district, with hills and valleys, and beautiful trees. Elms seem to be the favourite trees of Massachussets. I never saw such large and beautiful elms as here. They shoot aloft, palm-like, with branching trunks, and spread forth their crowns, bending down their branches in the most pliant and graceful manner. In their branches, now leafless, I often see a little, well-built bird's-nest hang, swinging in the wind. It is a small and very delicate bird, called the oriole, which thus builds a cradle for its young, and its bed must be very pleasant. It has thus built in the branches of an immense elm at Cambridge, called Washington's elm.

The weather is for the most part beautiful and sunny, and the colour of the sky wonderfully clear and bright. Its beauty and the transparency of the atmosphere charms

me. The weather was enchanting yesterday; it was like a spring-day. I frequently go alone to a tract of land where the road soon ceases, but where the view is extensive over the grassy fields; the ridge of the lofty horizon is clothed with pine-woods, and everywhere, both near and afar off, are seen small clusters of white houses and churches. The grass is now withered and yellow, but when the wind sweeps over it, it bears with it—I know not what extraordinarily agreeable odour, which produces a wonderful effect upon me: memories pleasant and affecting, beloved countenances, glances, voices come to me in it; a thousand feelings, thoughts, presentiments; life becomes too full; the heart overflows, and my eyes swim with tears: how is it?—I feel myself less strong than formerly, and I often have a sensation of fever.—I need rest.—Many also say the same, but not many wish it for me. We shall see, we shall see whether I am able to go to Milton Hill (to the R.'s), and keep Christmas. I wish it, intend it, but——

December 25th. Ah! no, my child. The journey has not taken place. I had already begun to pack my portmanteau, but I could not manage it, and my courage failed. I wrote to say it was impossible (by a young gentleman who was going to the festivity) and thus I passed Christmas-eve quite alone with Maria Lowell. I sewed, and she read aloud to me her husband's new work which had been published the day before. Thus we conversed quietly and inwardly from the open heart and soul—even as we may converse in heaven. All the rest of the family were gone to an entertainment at Boston.

The Christmas-eve of the year before I had spent in Denmark with the beautiful and excellent Queen Caroline Amalia. The year before that with you at Årsta, with Christmas branches, and cheer, and dance, for our country-children, a merry company! then to the Christmas matins

the next morning. And now this evening in another hemisphere, alone with a beloved young wife—beautiful, dissimilar pictures of life!

In the morning I shall leave this family and Cambridge. I have visited many homes in this neighbourhood; all are alike in the internal construction, neatness, arrangement and comfort; in some there is a little more, in others a little less beauty; in that lies the principal difference. Longfellow's is among the most beautiful and the most artistic homes I have seen here. One beautiful decoration which I have seen in the homes here, as well as in the other small houses of New England which I have visited, is a large bouquet, a regularly gigantic bouquet of the beautiful grasses of the country, and which, if we are to judge by these specimens, are of gigantic growth. These are placed as decorations in vases in the parlour, and used also in other ways. One often sees little humming birds, not of course alive, fluttering among the grasses. I have seen also groups of the beautiful birds of the country, and shells, used for the decoration of rooms, and these seem to me excellent, and in the best taste. We, even in Sweden, might have such, if we would set more store on that which is our own—through the gift and favour of God.

I cannot tell you how kind the Lowells were and are to me. I have sketches of them in my album and in my heart, and you shall see them in both.

I must now say farewell, and kiss you and mamma in spirit. I always fancy myself writing to both at once. May I only soon receive good letters from my dear ones! That would be the best Christmas-box that I could receive.

I had almost forgotten—and that I ought not to do—to tell you of a visit I have had this evening from the Quaker and poet Whittier, one of the purest and most gifted of the poetical minds of the Northern States,

glowing for freedom, truth and justice, combating for them in his songs and against their enemies in the social life of the New World; one of those Puritans who will not bend to or endure injustice in any form. He has a good exterior, in figure is slender and tall, a beautiful head with refined features, black eyes full of fire, dark complexion, a fine smile, and lively, but very nervous manner. Both soul and spirit have overstrained the nervous chords and wasted the body. He belongs to those natures who would advance with firmness and joy to martyrdom in a good cause, and yet who are never comfortable in society, and who look as if they would run out of the door every moment. He lives with his mother and sister in a country-house, to which I have promised to go. I feel that I should enjoy myself with Whittier, and could make him feel at ease with me. I know from my own experience what this nervous bashfulness, caused by the over-exertion of the brain, requires, and how persons who suffer therefrom ought to be met and treated.

I have had a little botanic conversation with the distinguished Professor of Botany here, Asa Gray, who came and presented me with a bouquet of fragrant violets. He gave me also out of his herbarium some specimens of the American *Linna borealis*, which resembles our Swedish, but is considerably less, and has somewhat different leaves. I thought that I should botanise a great deal in this country, but God knows how it is! The good Downing sent me to-day a large basket, a gigantic basket-full of the most magnificent apples, alike splendid as excellent, and I had the pleasure of being able to treat my young friends with them. The Downings and the S——s are incomparably kind to me.

Among the curiosities of my stay in Cambridge, I set down an invitation I had one evening to go and take a walk in Paradise with Adam and Eve. The gentleman

from whom it came, first in writing and then by word of mouth, (I fancy he exhibits some sort of a wax-work show) gave me a hint that several gentlemen of the Academic State would avail themselves of this opportunity of making my acquaintance—in Paradise—in company with Adam and Eve. You may very well imagine what was my answer. Beautiful company!

In conclusion I ought indeed to say a word or two about Cambridge, an excellent little city of small white houses, with small courts and gardens, and beautiful lofty trees, regular and ornamental, but monotonous. I should in the end be tempted to sing here—"The same and same always would make our lives sour!" Variety beautifies the whole of nature.

Here also was I shown several very handsome houses, belonging, the one to a bricklayer, the other to a carpenter, a third to a cabinet-maker, and so on: thus universally do common handicraft trades lead to honour and to property in this country.

The University is attended by about five hundred students yearly. It is wholly a Unitarian establishment, and belongs to the Unitarian Church. All branches of natural history are much studied here. Now however people say that the example of the chemical professor Webster proves that they do not produce much sanctity. The history of this murder continues to be the topic of general conversation, and proofs of Webster's guilt accumulate more and more. He however continues to deny it. An event of this kind is without parallel in this community, and seems to every one almost incredible.

LETTER VIII.

BOSTON, *January 1st, 1850.*

A GOOD New Year to all the beloved ones at home!

Thanks, my dearest little Agatha, for your letter! It was a heart-felt joy and refreshment to me; for although there was here and there a joyless shadow in it, yet a cheerful spirit breathed through the letter, which told me that you were sound both soul and body. And how amusing it was to see you go out to dine with the relations right and left! And all the little news of home; of the new servant, for instance, who stands so assiduously so rivetted to the back of your chair, and then darts in the way before you, out of sheer respect and zeal to open the doors; ah, how amusing is all this to read about, and how amusing it seems at several thousand miles' distance! And that mamma should be looking so well, and Charlotte so much better—and Hagbert be so pleased amid his activity in the country—is very inspiring.

I now again write to you in the house of Benzon, sitting in a handsome little parlour, furnished with green velvet, and with beautiful pictures and engravings on the walls; and I cannot tell you how glad I am to be here at rest for a time, a month at least, because I require repose both for soul and body, and I cannot possibly have more quiet, freedom, and comfort than I have here. I have not been so well for some time, for all that moving about and that life of visiting, with its incessant demands both on soul and body, were too much for me; and all the time I was losing sleep and freshness of mind. But thank God, both one and the other promises to return with giant strides after a few days' rest, and the benefit of a sort of Chinese decoction, given me by my little lady-physician, and—"Hakon Jarl is still alive!" But people

live quite differently here to what they do in Europe. Climate and food are different, and I do not believe that the latter is suitable to the climate.

It was not without pain that I left the Lowells. They are extremely estimable people, and I have really a sisterly affection for them. Miss H. seized upon me with all her might. I had not much inclination for the visit, but it turned out much better than I expected. In the first place it was amusing to become more nearly acquainted with this very peculiar individual. People may have better manners, more tact, and so on, but it would be impossible to have a better heart; one more warm for the best interests of mankind, and, upon the whole, more practical sagacity. She is of a Quaker family, and with that determined will and energy which belongs to the Quaker temperament, she early resolved to open both for herself and her sex a path which she conceived it important that women should pursue, and towards which she felt herself drawn in an especial manner. She therefore, together with a younger sister, took private instruction from a clever and well-disposed physician; and she has now, for her sister is married, been in practice twelve years as a physician of women and children, acquiring the public confidence, and laying up property (as, for instance, the house in which she lives, a frugally furnished but excellent house, is her own), and aiding, as I heard from many, great numbers of ladies in sickness, and in diseases peculiar to their sex. In especial has she been a benefactor to the women of the lower working classes, delivering to them also lectures on physiology, which have been attended by hundreds of women. She read them to me; and the first I heard, or rather the introductory lecture, gave me a high opinion of the little doctor and her powers of mind. I was really delighted with her, and now, for the first time, fully saw the importance of women devoting themselves to the

medical profession. The view she took of the human body, and of its value, had a thoroughly religious tendency, and when she laid it upon the woman's heart to value her own and her child's physical frame, to understand them aright, and to estimate them aright, it was because their destination was lofty,—because they are the habitations of the soul and the temples of God. There was an earnestness, a simplicity, and an honesty in her representations, integrity and purity in every word; the style was of the highest class, and these lectures could not but operate powerfully upon every poor human heart, and in particular on the heart of every mother. And when one reflects how important for future generations is the proper estimation of the woman and the child, how much depends upon diet, upon that fostering which lies beyond the sphere of the physician and his oversight, and which women alone can rightly understand; who can doubt of the importance of the female physician in whose case science steps in to aid the natural sense, and to constitute her the best helper and counsellor of women and children? That women have a natural feeling and talent for the vocation of physician is proved by innumerable instances, from the experience of all ages and people. And it is a shame and a pity that men have not hitherto permitted these to be developed by science. How much good for instance might be done, especially in the country among the peasantry, if the midwife, besides the knowledge which is requisite to bring a child into the world, united also to this the requisite knowledge for helping the mother and child to a life of health. But man has neglected this, and still neglects it, and it avenges itself upon thousands of sickly mothers and sickly children. If, then, woman possesses naturally a religious tendency of mind, and the disposition to regard life and all things from a central, sanctifying point of view inclines her to treat, even the

smallest thing as of importance looked at from this point of view; if she is gifted by nature with the mother's heart, and the mother's love, how well it suits her to become a priestess of the temple in which the child should be sanctified to God—to the God of health and holiness! How sacred is her right to be there consecrated!

In the old times the physician was also the priest, and consecrated to holy mysteries. The descendants of Æsculapius were a holy race, and among them were also women; the daughter of Æsculapius, Hygeia, one of them, was called the goddess of health. Of this race came Hippocrates. We now talk about Hygeia, but we only talk. She must be recalled to earth; she must have room given to her, and justice done to her if she is to present the earth with a new Hippocrates.

But to return to my little human doctress, who is not without those sparks of the divine life, which prove her to belong to the family of Æsculapius. One sees this in her eye, and hears it in her words. But the round short figure has wholly and entirely an earthly character, and nothing in it indicates the higher ideal life, excepting a pair of small, beautiful and white hands, as soft as silk—almost too soft, and, as I already said, a glance peculiarly sagacious and penetrating.

With her I saw several of the "emancipated ladies," as they are called; such, for instance, as deliver public lectures, speak in public at antislavery meetings, etc. One of these struck me from the picturesque beauty of her figure and head, her pale noble countenance and rich golden hair, together with the perfect gentleness and womanliness of her whole demeanour and conversation, united to manly force of will and conviction. She is a Mrs. Paulina Davis, from Providence, and has for many years delivered with great success, lectures on physiology, which are much attended by the working classes. She and my little doctress are warm friends. I saw also her

husband, Mr. Davis ; he seems to be a sensible man, and perfectly approves his wife's views and activity. I promised to visit this couple in Providence.

I heard here many things about the Shakers and their community, as my little doctor is physician of some of them ; I also read several letters of some of their elders, in which occurred beautiful, pious thoughts and feelings, but in a very narrow sphere. I received an invitation to visit the Shaker establishment at Harvard, near Boston, and where there is a garden of medicinal plants. I shall be glad to become better acquainted with these extraordinary people. I saw here various new kinds of people and strangers, because my little doctor has a large circle of acquaintances. Every evening, at the close of the day, she read her Bible aloud, and we had prayers in the old Puritanic style.

My visit, and the new pictures of life which I saw here, were really refreshing to me : but I was glad nevertheless to return to the repose of Mr. Benzon's house, where Mrs. K. does not say three words during the day, and yet is kind and agreeable, and where a respectable good-tempered German, Christine, takes care both of the house and of me, and where I can be alone a great portion of the day, because Benzon is occupied at his office out of the house. When he returns in the evening he is an extremely pleasant companion, reading to me, or conversing in an entertaining manner. I have hitherto neither received visits nor accepted invitations, but have so arranged that Mondays are my reception days. Thus I shall now begin to breathe in peace, and to read and write a little. To-day, however, Benzon will accompany me to the Lowells, whom I wish to surprise with a few little matters which I hope will give them pleasure. One feels oneself so poor if always receiving kindness.

December 8th.—And now, my dear child, I have received your second letter. And your letters—do you hear?—

you are not to despise. To be able to see by them exactly how things are at home, that is my wish, whether it be cloudy or bright, and your letters can give me nothing more precious than the simple truth—than the reality as it is. And my little Agatha, bear in mind as much as possible that spring and summer will return—that the sun is behind the cloud and will come forth in his due time. That is an old song, but I have often experienced its truth, and I do so now.

We have here a perfectly Swedish winter, and to-day it is as grey and cold as we ever could have it at Stockholm. And it is a little satisfaction to me not to have it better than my friends in Sweden. I am most excellently well off at Benzon's house, and it is a satisfaction to pay something towards my living, though that is not done till Mr. Benzon leaves for Europe, which he will do on Wednesday. He will not however reach Stockholm before May or June. He will then call on mamma and you and convey greetings from me.

Yesterday forenoon I had my reception, between twelve and four o'clock, and saw a whole crowd of people, and received a great number of invitations. Among these was one from a lady with whom I would gladly become more intimate; this was a Mrs. B., a young and affluent widow with one child, a splendid little girl. She looked so good, so very much like a gentlewoman, was so agreeable and so unspeakably amiable towards me; she wished merely, she said, that I should be benefited by her, that she might drive me out, and endeavour to give me all the pleasure she could in the most delicate and agreeable manner. I should like it; in her nothing repels, but much pleases me. We could sit side by side in the carriage and be silent, and of that I am very fond.

I have also been present at one of the "Conversations" of Alcott, the Transcendentalist, and have even taken some

part in the conversation. There were present from forty to fifty people, all seated on benches. Alcott sits in a pulpit with his face towards the people, and begins the conversation by reading something aloud. On this occasion it was from the writings of Pythagoras. He is a handsome man of gentle manners, but a dreamer whose Pythagorean wisdom will hardly make people wiser now a days. He himself has lived for many years only on bread, fruits, vegetables, and water, and this is what he wishes all other people to do; and thus fed, they would become, according to his theory, beautiful, good and happy beings. Sin is to be driven out by diet. And the sacred flood of enthusiasm would constantly flow in the human being purified and beautified by diet. Both the proposition and the conversation were in the clouds, although I made a few attempts to draw them forth. Alcott drank water and we drank—fog. He has paid me a few visits, and has interested me as a study. He passed last evening with me and Benzon, and entertained us with various portions of his doctrine. Every bland and blue-eyed person, according to him, belongs to the nations of light, to the realm of light and goodness. I should think Lowell would be Alcott's ideal of a son of light; all persons however with dark eyes and hair, are of the night and evil. I mentioned Wilberforce and other champions of the light, with dark hair. But the good Alcott hears an objection as if he heard it not, and his conversations consist in his talking and teaching himself. We drank tea, and I endeavoured to persuade Alcott to drink at least a glass of milk. But that was too much akin to animal food. He would not take anything but a glass of water and a piece of bread. He is at all events a Transcendentalist who lives as he teaches.

I have accepted some invitations for this week. I am to dine on Sunday with Laura Bridgeman at the house of her second creator, the director of the Deaf and

Dumb Institution in Boston—Dr. How. His agreeable wife came here herself with the invitation.

9th.—I shall now close my letter because Benzon is about to set out on his journey. I shall miss him, for he has been indescribably kind and agreeable to me, and has arranged everything beforehand so admirably, that it could not be better or more convenient.

To-day I shall dine and spend the evening out. So also to-morrow; and to-morrow in the forenoon I shall visit several public institutions in company with Charles Sumner, the young giant and lawyer. I begin now to rattle about again. If one could only do it in moderation. But there are difficulties here in this country.

Bergfalk is again in New York. We shall probably hardly meet again, as his ways are not my ways, excepting in our common goal and object—Sweden.

LETTER IX.

BOSTON, *Jan. 22nd.*

I SHALL NOW, my sweet child, have a little chat with you, and this chat I shall send by post. I can hardly conceive that I have not written to you for all these fourteen days; but one engagement succeeded another, and people, and letter-writing, and many things occupied the time, and the days went on—I know not how.

I have also been a little out of sorts again and not able to do much. The good allopathists here—and I have had one of the first physicians in Boston—did not understand my malady, and prescribed merely for the stomach. I therefore took refuge with homœopathy.

But I must tell you how it happened. I went one day—although I felt very miserably unwell—to visit several public institutions, accompanied or rather taken

there by Charles Sumner. First to the House of Correction for women, where I admired the order and arrangement of everything; after that we went to the Lunatic Asylum for the poor. It was clean and well-ordered, but, ah! it was deficient in all the comfort and beauty which had distinguished the Asylum for the wealthy insane at Bloomingdale. One woman conceived a violent friendship for me, embraced and blessed me continually, and desired the others to bless me also.

“Say, bless her!” said she to Mr. Sumner. He was engaged in conversation with the superintendent and did not attend to her request. She repeated it, and said finally in a wild, threatening voice—“Say, bless her!”

“Yes, God bless her!” said Sumner, now kindly, in his deep, beautiful voice; and with this my friend laughed and was very much pleased.

Among the men were two with whom Sumner was acquainted; they were two of his college companions; men with good heads, and who had been before him in mathematics. Now their high-arched foreheads appeared not to harbour a sensible thought. One of them recognised his former comrade, but the recognition seemed to grieve and embarrass him.

From this asylum I was obliged to go out to dine, and after that to a Swedenborgian meeting at the Swedenborgian church, where I shook hands with about one hundred Swedenborgians.

It was half-past ten when at length I reached home, and for the first time in the day I experienced a feeling of comfort and satisfaction. Every feeling of annoyance had vanished, and I enjoyed half an hour of rest with a female friend who had accompanied me home. But at this moment came my physician, and would of necessity take me with him to a large party.

I prayed to be excused; I said, “Now for the first time am I enjoying rest to-day; for the first time to-day

am I feeling pretty well. You are doing now what so many others do ; you say I must have rest, and yet you at the same time compel me to go into company ! ”

It was of no use. I could not gainsay my physician ; go I must, and that to a party, given by one of the most elegant ladies of Boston, at about twelve o'clock at night. It was too much ! And that is the way they kill strangers in this country. They have no mercy on the poor lion, who must make a show and whisk his tail about as long as there is any life left in him. One must really be downright obstinate and stern, if one would be at peace here. And I feel as if I should become so. It is said that Spurzheim was regularly killed with kindness by the Bostonians.

But to return to my evening. That nervous depression again returned and I passed two distressing hours, and envied the Indians and all free people who lived in the open, wild woods. When again at home, I was seized by the dread of one of my sleepless nights, and of the wretched day which was certain to succeed it, when life would seem to be the heaviest of burdens although I might not be otherwise ill. When therefore I now felt my hands burning as in fever, I recollected some homœopathic globules which my friend Downing, who is himself a homœopathist, had given me when I was very much excited, and which had calmed me wonderfully. Of these I took a few, and—I slept better that night than I had done for many weeks. As early therefore as possible the following day I went out among my acquaintance in Boston, inquiring after a homœopathic physician. A kind, handsome, elderly lady, Mrs. C. (the mother of three tall sons), promised to send her physician to me. Accordingly when, about noon, having returned from a walk, I entered my sitting-room, I beheld there a tall old gentleman with a pale and strongly marked countenance, high forehead, bald temples, silver-

grey hair, and a pair of deep-set, blue eyes full of feeling and fervour. He stood there silent and dressed in black, in the middle of the room, with the appearance almost of a clergyman, and with his penetrating, earnest eyes riveted upon me. I do not know how it was, but it was so, that from the first moment I saw him I felt confidence in and affection towards him. I advanced towards him, took his hand between both mine, looked up in his pale, grave countenance and said, "help me!" Thus helpless, feeble, and poor, had I now for some time felt myself to be, under the power as it were of a strange suffering, which crippled me both in soul and body, and alone too, in a strange land, without any other support than the powers of my own soul and body to sustain me through the work which I had undertaken!

He replied in a deep bass voice, speaking slowly as if with difficulty—but ah, my child, it seems like vanity in me to say what he replied; but let me seem vain for this once—he said, "Miss Bremer, no one can have read your Neighbours, and not wish to help you! And I hope to be able to help you!"

I wept; I kissed the thin, bony hands, which I held, as I would have kissed those of a fatherly benefactor; I felt myself also like a child.

He gave me a little white powder, which looked like nothing, and which I was to take before I went to bed. I took it; slept excellently, and the next day—ah! what feelings. All malady was gone. I felt myself as if sustained by spirit-wings; a nameless sensation of peace and health pervaded my whole being. I went out. I did not feel my body. I rejoiced in the blueness of heaven, in the leaping of the billows. I could see that the world was beautiful. I had not felt thus for a long time, and the certainty that I had now a remedy which would support my still vigorous power and will, made me unspeakably happy. I thanked God. And

not merely for my own sake, but for yours, because I am convinced that nothing would suit you and your weakness so well as these airy, light, almost spiritual, and wonderfully effective medicines. These little white nothings of powders and globules, which taste like nothing, look like nothing, operate powerfully and quickly, often within half or a quarter of an hour. And, finally, I beg of you to make the trial of them, if this winter, as is generally the case with you in the winter, you find yourself out of health, both body and mind; make the trial of them, and throw all other medicine out of the window. Pay attention also to diet, and that you do not eat anything which disagrees with you. My doctor maintains that my disorder proceeds from the stomach, and is of the kind very common in this country, and which is called dyspepsia. He has prescribed for me a very exact diet; that I am not to eat fat or greasy meat, nor roast meat, nor highly seasoned, no preserves, nor many other things. I was for a long time obstinate, and insisted upon it that my stomach was the best part about me. I have, however, since then remarked, to my astonishment, that certain food operates upon my condition; that, for instance, I wake in the morning with a sensation of misery if I eat preserves in the evening; and that, on the contrary, I am quite well in the morning when I eat nothing sweet or fat in the evening. The difficulty is for me, here in this country, to adhere to any fixed regimen, but I am becoming more and more convinced that the diet here is unwholesome, and is not suited to the climate, which is hot and stimulating. They eat hot bread for breakfast, as well as many fat and heating dishes, besides roast pork, sausages, omelets, and such like. In the evening, especially at all suppers, they eat oysters stewed, or as salad, and peach-preserve or peach-ice. Oysters, cooked in every possible way, are very much eaten by all, and precisely these, and the other

articles which I have mentioned, are difficult of digestion and highly injurious to weak stomachs.

And now adieu to this food, physis, and stomach chapter, but which has a great interest for me and many others, and which ought to be seriously taken into consideration here.

As to my doctor, I must tell you that his name is David Osgood, that he visits me every day, and treats me with the greatest tenderness, and that he has promised to make me quite cheerful and strong before I leave Boston. He is of an old Puritan family, and is himself a real original; he has a rough exterior, but the most gentle and the best of hearts, as may be seen by his eyes. There are certain eyes which certainly can never die. They must remain in heaven as they are on earth. That which I remember most clearly about my friends, is always their eyes, their glance. I am sure that at the resurrection I shall recognise my friends by their eyes.

I must now tell you about Concord, and the Sphinx in Concord, Waldo Emerson, because I went to Concord five days ago, attended by—"himself." I was wretchedly unwell; I do not know what it was that I had eaten the day before, or whether it was merely the removal and the journey to a new home which had caused me to have no sleep the preceding night. Whatever the cause might be, I sate, weak with fever and dejected in mind, by the side of the strong man, silent and without being able to say a single word, merely mechanically turning my head as he pointed out to me a few remarkable places which we passed. And he perfectly understood what was amiss with me, and let me be silent. I was weak with fever, and oppressed with a feeling as if I should fall to pieces during the first four-and-twenty hours that I was in Emerson's house; but after that, whether it was the little white nothing-powder,

or the pure snow-refreshed atmosphere (we had a regularly beautiful Swedish winter at Concord), or whether it was the presence of that strong and strength-giving spirit in whose home I found myself, or whether it was all these together, I cannot say, but I became quite right again, and felt myself light and well.

And during the four days that I remained in Emerson's house, I had a real enjoyment in the study of this strong, noble, eagle-like nature. Any near approximation was, as it were, imperfect, because our characters and views are fundamentally dissimilar, and that secret antagonism which exists in me towards him, spite of my admiration, would at times awake, and this easily called forth his icy-alp nature, repulsive and chilling. But this is not the original nature of the man; he does not rightly thrive in it, and he gladly throws it off, if he can, and is much happier, as one can see, in a mild and sunny atmosphere where the natural beauty of his being may breathe freely and expand into blossom, touched by that of others as by a living breeze. I enjoyed the contemplation of him, in his demeanour, his expression, his mode of talking, and his every-day life, as I enjoy contemplating the calm flow of a river bearing along, and between flowery shores, large and small vessels—as I love to see the eagle circling in the clouds, resting upon them and its pinions. In this calm elevation Emerson allows nothing to reach him, neither great nor small; neither prosperity nor adversity.

Pantheistic as Emerson is in his philosophy, in the moral view, with which he regards the world and life, he is in a high degree pure, noble, and severe, demanding as much from himself as he demands from others. His words are severe, his judgment often keen and merciless, but his demeanour is alike noble and pleasing, and his voice beautiful. One may quarrel with Emerson's thoughts, with his judgment, but not

with himself. That which struck me most, as distinguishing him from most other human beings, is *nobility*. He is a born nobleman. I have seen before two other men born with this stamp upon them. His Excellency W——r; in Sweden, and —— is the second, Emerson the third, which has it, and perhaps in a yet higher degree. And added thereto that deep intonation of voice, that expression, so mild yet so elevated at the same time. I could not but think of Maria Lowell's words, "If he merely mentions my name I feel myself ennobled."

I enjoyed Emerson's conversation, which flowed as calmly and easily as a deep and placid river. It was animating to me both when I agreed and when I dissented; there is always a something important in what he says, and he listens well and comprehends, and replies well also. But whether it was the weariness of the spirit, or whether a feeling of esteem for his peace and freedom, I know not, but I did not invite his conversation. When it came it was good; when it did not come it was good also, especially if he were in the room. His presence was agreeable to me. He was amiable in his attention to me, and in his mode of entertaining me as a stranger and guest in his house.

He read to me one afternoon some portions of his *Observations on England* (in manuscript), and scraps from his conversations with Thomas Carlyle (the only man of whom I heard Emerson speak with anything like admiration), about "the young America," as well as the narrative of his journey with him to Stonehenge. There are some of these things which I can never forget. In proportion as the critical bent of Emerson's mind is strong, and as he finds a great want in human beings, and in things generally—measuring them by his ideal standard, is his faith strong in the power of good, and its ultimate triumph in the arrangement of the world. And he understands perfectly what constitutes noble republicanism and

Americanism, and what a nobly-framed community and social intercourse. But the principle, the vitalising, the strengthening source—yes, that Emerson sees merely in the pure consciousness of man himself! He believes in the original purity and glory of this source, and will cleanse away everything which impedes or sullies it—all conventionality, untruth and paltriness.

I said to an amiable woman, a sincere friend of Emerson's, and one who, at the same time is possessed of a deeply religious mind, "How can you love him so deeply when he does not love, nor put faith in the Highest which we love?"

"He is so faultless," replied she, "and then he is lovely!"

Lovable he is, also, as one sees him in his home and amid his domestic relations. But you shall hear more about him when we meet, and you shall see his strong beautiful head in my album, among many American acquaintance. I feel that my intercourse with him will leave a deep trace in my soul. I could desire in him warmer sympathies, larger interest in such social questions as touch upon the well-being of mankind, and more feeling for the suffering and the sorrow of earth. But what right indeed has the flower which vibrates with every breath of wind to quarrel with the granite-rock because it is differently made. In the breast of such lie strong metals. Let the brook be silent, and rejoice that it can reflect the rock, the flowers, the firmament, and the stars, and grow and be strengthened by the invisible fountains, which are nourished by the mountain-tops.

But I must give you a specimen or two of Emerson's style, and of his manner of seeing and feeling which most please me. I will make two extracts from his "Essays," which are applicable to all mankind, to all countries, and to all times, and which are portions of, or drops from that vein

of iron ore which runs through everything that Emerson says or writes, because it is the life of his life.

In his lecture on self-reliance, he says :—

“ To believe your own thought, to believe that which is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense ; for always the inmost becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the last judgment. The highest merit which we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton, is that which every man recognises as the voice of his own soul, is that they set books and traditions at nought, and spoke not what men, but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognise our own rejected thoughts ; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our own spontaneous impression with good-humoured inflexibility, then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say, with masterly good sense, precisely what we have thought and felt the whole time, and we shall be forced to take our own opinion from another.

* * * *

“ Trust thyself ; every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place which the Divine Providence has found for you ; the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves, childlike, to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men,

and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and, not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay, plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on Chaos the Dark.

* * * *

“Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred, but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world.

* * * *

“A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen, and philosophers, and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. Speak out what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood? It is a right fool’s word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood; and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

“I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleyah are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. We pass for what we are.

* * * *

“Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour.

“ One tendency unites them all.

* * * *

“ Perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind,—although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. My perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

“ The relations of the soul to the Divine Spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be, that when God speaketh, He should communicate not one thing, but all things, and new-create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away,—means, teachers, texts, temples fall; all things are made sacred by relation to it—one thing as much as another.

* * * *

“ Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God Himself, unless He speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul.

* * * *

“ If we live truly, we shall see truly. When we have new perceptions we shall gladly disburden the memory of its inward treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

* * * *

“ This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this as on every topic, the resolution of all into the Ever-blessed One. Virtue is the governor, the creator, the reality. All things real are so by so much of virtue as they contain.

* * * *

“ Let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us shun and astonish the intruding rabble of men, and books, and institutions, by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid them take the shoes off their feet,

for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune, beside our native rulers.

* * * *

“We must go alone. I like the silent church before the service begins better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary. So let us always sit. * * But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be devotion. * * The power which men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my own act. What we desire, that we have; but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love.

“If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations; let us enter into the state of war, and wake Thor and Wodin, courage and constancy, in our breast. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of those deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, O father! O mother! O wife! O brother! O friend! I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I shall endeavour to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife,—but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I must be myself. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me and my heart appoints. If you are noble I will love you; if

you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly, but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest, and mine, and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this sound harsh to say? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine; and if we follow the truth it will bring us out safe at last. But so you may give these friends pain. Yes; but I cannot sell my liberty to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me, and do the same thing.

“The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and the bold sensualist will use the same philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we *must* be shriven. You may fulfil your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct* or in the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, cousin, neighbour, town, cat, and dog, and whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard, and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect will. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts, it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any body imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment for one day.

“And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity, and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law to himself, that a

simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity to others.

“If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction, *society*, he will see the need of these ethics.”

I must remark, that if any one will seriously observe human nature, as it commonly is, he will easily see that a moral code, such as Emerson's, would produce conceited and selfish beings, and that it is merely calculated for natures as pure and beautiful as his own, and which form the exception to the general rule. That which he in all cases mistakes is the radical duality of human nature. Yet with what freshness, invigoration, does not this exclamation come to our souls, “*Be true ; be yourself!*” Especially when coming from a man who has given proofs that in this truth a human being may fulfil all his human duties, as son, brother, husband, father, friend, citizen. But—a true Christian does all this, and—something more.

I must give you two examples of Emerson's doctrines, as relates to the relationship of friend with friend, and on friendship ; because they accord with my own feelings, and act as an impulse in the path which for some time I have chosen for myself.

“Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep by a word or a look his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine is that the *not mine* is *mine*. It turns the stomach, it blots the daylight—when I looked for a manly furtherance, or, at least, a manly resistance—to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The

condition which high friendship demands is, ability to do without it. To be capable of that high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be my two before there can be my one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognise the deep identity which beneath their disparities unites them.

“He is only fit for this society who is magnanimous. He must be so to know its law. He must be one who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy, He must be one who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not dare to intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We must not be wilful, we must not provide. We talk of choosing our friends, but our friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course, if he be a man, he has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honour. If you must needs hold him close to your person, stand aside—give those merits room—let them mount and expand. Be not so much his friend that you can never know his peculiar energies, like fond mammas who shut up their boy in the house until he has almost grown a girl. Are you the friend of your friend’s buttons or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to boys and girls to regard a friend as a property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure instead of the pure nectar of God.

* * * *

“A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real, so equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy,

and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another.

* * * *

“Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, and know his mother, and brother, and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me as a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him I want; but not news nor pottage. I can get politics, and chat, and neighbourly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and quiet as Nature herself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard.

* * * *

“Worship his superiorities. Wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell him all. Guard him as thy great counterpart; have a principedom to thy friend. Let him be to thee for ever a sort of beautiful enemy, untameable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial conveniency to be soon outgrown and cast aside.

* * * *

“What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent, so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom; and for you to say aught is

to be frivolous. Wait, and thy soul shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips.

* * * *

“Vain to hope to come nearer to a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flies the faster from you, and you shall catch never a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off, and they repel us; why should we intrude? Late—very late—we perceive that no antagonism, no introduction, no consuetudes, or habits of society, should be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire,—but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them, then shall we meet as water with water; and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they.

* * * *

“Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little, you gain the great. You become pronounced. You demonstrate yourself so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the first-born of the world—those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as spectres and shadows merely.

* * * *

“It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew to carry a friendship greatly on one side, without the correspondence of the other. Why should I cumber myself with the poor fact that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness

have they produced results which are so. The aim—the intention, is the best part of them.

Emerson says in his characteristics of transcendentalism:

“If there is anything grand and daring in human thought or virtue; any reliance on the vast, the unknown; any presentiment—an extravagance of faith—the spiritualist adopts it as highest in nature.

* * * *

“These youths bring us a rough but effectual aid. By their unconcealed dissatisfaction, they expose our poverty and the insignificance of man to man.

* * * *

“These exacting children advertise us of our wants. There is no compliment, no smooth speech with them; they pay you only this one compliment of insatiable expectation; they aspire, they severely exact; and if they stand fast in this watch-tower, and persist in demanding to the end, and without end, then are they terrible friends, whereof poet and priest cannot choose but stand in awe; and what if they eat clouds and drink wind, they have not been without service to the race of man.

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“When every voice is raised for a new road, or another statute; or a subscription of stock; for an improvement in dress, or in dentistry; for a new house or a large business; for a political party, or a division of an estate—will you not tolerate one or two solitary voices in the land, speaking for thoughts and principles not marketable or perishable? Soon these improvements and mechanical inventions will be superseded; these modes of living lost out of memory; these cities rotted, ruined by war,—by new inventions—by new seats of trade, or the geologic changes;—all gone, like the shells which sprinkle the sea-beach with a white colony to-day—for ever renewed, to be for ever destroyed. But the thoughts which these few hermits strove to proclaim by silence, as well

as by speech, not only by what they did, but by what they forbore to do, shall abide in beauty and strength, to re-organize themselves in nature, to invest themselves anew in other, perhaps higher-endowed and happier-mixed clay than ours, in fuller union with the surrounding system."

Thus says the noble idealist; and perhaps I have quoted too much from him, when I cannot at the same time show you what he *is*—because this is the most remarkable thing in him. I have nothing against his children—the transcendentalists; it is a refreshment both to hear and to see them, and they utter many a forgotten truth with new life. They are the element of youth in life, and always produce a renovating effect, and they behold many a beauty which older eyes are no longer clear enough to perceive. I remember to have heard that Schelling would not take as pupils young men above five-and-twenty years of age. He considered them after that age not to be so capable, not to be possessed of immediate perception and insight. But when these young pagan alp-natures say, "We have reached to the highest!" then, I say, "Nonsense! you have done nothing of the kind! You say, 'We are gods.' I say, 'Descend from your elevation to the divinely made world, then will I believe you.' You satisfy yourselves with your lofty, isolated position, believing that you do enough by showing the ideal. Ah! the ideal has never been unknown! You are poor, sinful, imperfect human creatures, like the rest, and your bravery does not come up to the heart of Christianity, which does not merely exhibit the ideal, but helps to attain it; not merely suffers all, but overcomes all; does not sit still and look grandly forth, but combats with its followers, admonishing them to overcome evil with good!"

If the transcendentalists will really create a new, a transcendental state, then they must create a something

beyond that; they must, in their ideal man, present a more beautiful figure than that which has already been presented on earth and for earth—the powerful, and, at the same time, humble son of heaven and earth, uniting both in one new creation. But—they cannot even understand the beauty of this.

But enough of the transcendentalists. I must, however, say a few words about a lady who belongs to this sect, and whose name I have frequently heard since I came to America, partly with blame, partly with praise, but always with a certain degree of distinction, namely Margaret Fuller. Although devoid of beauty, and rather disagreeable than agreeable in her manners, she seems to be gifted with singular talents, and to have an actual genius for conversation. Emerson, speaking with admiration of her powers, said, “Conviction sits upon her lips.” Certain it is that I have never heard of a woman in this country possessed of such ability for awakening enthusiasm in the minds of her friends. Emerson said of her, with his usual almost alarming candour, “She has many great qualities; many great faults also.”

Among these latter appear to be her arrogance and her contemptuous manner towards others less gifted than herself. I have also heard that she could repent of and ask pardon for severe words. In haughtiness and independence of temper, in pride and honesty, and in critical asperity, she was perfectly a transcendentalist? The “Conversations” which she at one time gave in a select circle at Boston, are spoken of as of the highest interest. Mrs. Emerson cannot sufficiently praise her fervent eloquence and the extraordinary affluence of her mind, and—I believe—half reproaches me for not being like her.

Margaret Fuller went to Italy with my friends, the S——s, about two years since, and remained there when

they left. A report has now reached this country that she has connected herself with a young man (she herself is no longer young, being upwards of forty); and a Fourierist, or Socialist marriage, without the external ceremony, is spoken of; certain it is that the marriage remained secret, and that she has a child, a boy. She herself has written about it, and about her maternal joy, but not anything about her marriage, merely that she shall relate what farther concerns her when she returns to America, which will be next year. All this has furnished subject for much conversation among her friends and her enemies. They who loved neither herself nor her turn of mind believe the worst; but I shall never forget with what zeal one of her friends, Mr. W. R., defended her on one occasion in company, and that merely on the ground that her character repelled every suspicion of any action which might cast a stain upon it. Her friends at Concord—among these the Emersons, Elizabeth H., and a younger sister of Margaret Fuller, married in Concord—seemed perfectly easy with regard to her conduct, and convinced that it will justify itself in the open light of day. This is beautiful.

Margaret Fuller has in her writings asserted the right of woman to her own free development, and to liberty in many cases where, although conformable to the strictest moral code, it would yet be offensive to many even in this so-called free country. Her friends, and among these the excellent, pure-hearted S——s, wish me to become acquainted with her.

“Ah! you must see Mrs. Ripley,” said Emerson, on one occasion, with his fine smile; “she is one of the most remarkable persons in Concord.”

And I saw a handsome, elderly lady, with silver-white hair, clear, deep blue eyes, as of the freshest youth, a very womanly demeanour, from which nobody could sur-

mise that she reads Greek and Latin, and understands mathematics, like any professor, and helps young students, who cannot pass their examination in these branches of knowledge, by her extraordinary talent as a teacher, and by her motherly influence. Many a youth blesses the work she has done in him. One of these related of her, "She examined me in Euclid whilst she shelled peas, and with one foot rocked the cradle of her little grandson."

I spent, with the Emersons, an evening with Mrs. Ripley. Neither were there any servants kept in her house. These ladies of New England are clever ladies, true daughters of those pilgrim women who endured hardships so manfully and laboured equally with their husbands, and established with them that kingdom which now extends over a hemisphere.

An ancestor of Elizabeth H. was one of the first pilgrims which that little ship, the "Mayflower," conveyed to the shore of Massachusetts. He related many times how, when these men were about to frame laws for the new colony, they liked to talk them over before their wives, their sisters, and daughters, and to hear their thoughts upon them. This was beautiful and sensible. Of a certainty that chivalric sentiment and love which generally prevail in America for the female sex had their origin in the dignity and the noble conduct of those early women; of a certainty, from that early equality, that equality in rule and in rights which prevails here in domestic and social life, although not as yet politically.

I liked to talk with Elizabeth H. There is something very profound and great in this young woman; and her words frequently are as brilliant as diamonds in sunshine.

Among the persons whom I saw at the Emersons, and who interested me, was Professor Sherbe, a Swiss, a man of a noble and grave exterior, with something also

of ultra-idealism in his philosophy. He has fought against the Jesuits in Switzerland, and is now a teacher and lecturer in America. Lastly, I made the acquaintance of a Doctor Jackson, the discoverer of the somnific effects of ether on the human frame and consciousness, and for which he received a medal from our King Oscar, which was shown to me. He made the discovery entirely by accident, as he has described. I congratulated him on having thus become the means of an infinite blessing to millions of suffering beings.

I left Concord accompanied by this gentleman, who is brother to Mrs. Emerson. But Concord did not leave my memory; its snow-covered scenery; its blue, clear sky; its human beings; its transcendentalists:—all that I had experienced, heard and seen in Concord, and most of all, its sphinx (as Maria Lowell calls Emerson), these all form a sort of alpine region in my mind which has a power of fascination for me, and to which I shall long to return as to the scenes and sights of my native land.

When I reached home last evening I found Marcus S., who had come hither on business. It was a heart-felt joy to me, to see, once more, that excellent, good friend. After I had spent an hour in conversing with him and Mr. Sumner, I went with Marcus to Alcott's concluding "Conversation," where several pre-arranged topics with regard to diet and its importance to humanity, were discussed. Alcott maintained that all high and holy teachers of the human race had paid great attention to diet, and in particular had abstained from flesh. Some one said that Christ had eaten flesh. Another said that that could not be proved. A third said that he, at all events, had eaten fish. I said that that stood written in the Gospels. A second agreed. "No matter," said Alcott, "I know better than to eat fish."

The man is incorrigible. He drinks too much water,

and brings forth merely hazy and cloudy shapes. He should drink wine and eat meat, or at least, fish, so that there might be marrow and substance in his ideas. Marcus, too, was amused at the Conversation, but in his quiet way. Among the audience were some ladies with splendid, intelligent foreheads, and beautiful forms. But I did not hear them say a word: I wonder how they could sit still and listen in silence; for my part, I could not do it. And, although the company were invited to a new series of Conversations, this of a certainty will be the last at which I shall be present.

January 26th.—Alcott came to me yesterday afternoon; we conversed for two hours; he explained himself better during our dialogue than in his public Conversation, and I understood better than hitherto that there was really at the bottom of his reform-movement a true and excellent thought. This thought is the importance of an earnest and holy disposition of mind in those who enter into the bonds of wedlock, so that the union may be noble, and its offspring good and beautiful. His plans for bringing about these beautiful and holy marriages between good and beautiful people (for none other are to enter into matrimony—oh! oh! for the many!) may be right for aught I know. They are better and more accordant to human nature than those of Plato for the same purpose. But who will deny that it would be better for the world if they who cause human beings to be born into the world did it with a higher consciousness, with a deeper sentiment of responsibility. Marriage, looked at with reference to this subject, stands in general very low. A man and woman marry to be happy, selfishly happy, and beyond that the thought seldom extends; does not elevate itself to the higher thought—"we shall give life to immortal beings!" And yet, this is the highest purport of marriage. Married couples who

have not offspring of their own may fulfil its duties by adopting orphan children.

“But why do you not enunciate these views fully?” inquired I from Alcott: “they are of higher importance than any I have heard during your Conversations, and are really of the highest importance to society.”

Alcott excused himself by the difficulty of treating such a subject in public conversation, and spoke of the intention he had of realising his views in the formation of a little society, in which, I presume, he would act as high-priest. Again a dream. But the dreamer has risen considerably in my estimation by the reality and the nobility of his views on this subject. I will even excuse his whim about diet, with the exception of its exclusiveness. I adhere to that system, which, without the one-sidedness of this and the continued use of wine and all other of God's good gifts, yet still cries aloud to mankind,—“Take heed ye be not overtaken by gluttony and drunkenness.”

Alcott gave me two books. They contain conversations which took place between him and various children during a period when he had a school—which was intended to be “the School,” *par excellence*. Alcott's main point in the education of children is to awaken their higher nature and to give them a high esteem for it, so that they may love it and always act in accordance with it. He, therefore, early places before their eyes the human-ideal, or the ideal-human being in Jesus Christ. On every occasion of the children's assembling, Alcott began his instruction by reading aloud a chapter from the Holy Scriptures. When this was ended, he asked the children; what was in your thoughts, or in your soul, whilst you heard this?” Many of the replies were very *naïve*.

After this Alcott led them to consider what virtue had been exhibited in the narrative, or the incident which

they had just heard, and also to name its opposite, and to think whether they discovered it in themselves, and so on. Much that was excellent and worthy of reflection was thus brought forward, and the whole was calculated for the child's development. Many a word of dewy, primeval freshness proceeded from those childish lips, but also much that was childish and unsatisfactory both from child and teacher. In any case, this is a method which, though it would not answer in schools of any extent, is one which every mother ought to reflect upon.

"What was there in your soul, in your heart?" What might not loving lips call forth in the child's consciousness, to the child's memory, by these words, spoken in the evening after the day's schooling, work, play, sorrow, and joy!

When Alcott was gone, Emerson came and remained a good hour with me. He is iron, even as the other is water. And yet, nevertheless, his world floats in an element of disintegration, and has no firm unwavering shapes. Wonderful is it how so powerful and concrete a nature as his can be satisfied with such disintegrated views. I can find fault with Emerson's mode of thought, but I must bow before his spirit and his nature. He was now on his way to New York, where he was invited to give a course of lectures. He has promised, when he returns again, to visit me. I must sometime have a more thorough conversation with him, as well on religious subjects as on the future prospects of America. I feel also a little desire for combat with him. For I never see a lion in human form without feeling my lion-heart beat. And a combat with a spirit like that is always a pleasure even if one wins no victory.

As regards Alcott, I do not know what spirit of contradiction makes me continually excited by him, as well as to amuse myself with him. I sincerely appreciate, however, the beautiful aims of the excellent idealist, and

I like, when I say anything against him, to hear Emerson's deep voice saying, reproachfully, "Amid all the noise and stir of the present day for outward and material aims, cannot you bear to hear one or two individual voices speaking for thoughts and principles which are neither saleable nor yet transitory?"

Ah, yes! If they were but a little more rational.

I was this evening at a large party of the Boston fashionables, at Mrs. B.'s. I felt quite well; the company was handsome, elegant, very polite, and the evening was agreeable to me. Another evening I was at another great fashionable party in another house. I did not feel well, and the company seemed to me rather splendid and aristocratic than agreeable. I saw here a couple of figures such as I did not look for in the drawing-rooms of the New World, and, least of all, among the women of New England, so puffed up with pride, so unlovely—one read the "money-stamp," both in glance and figure. I was told that Mrs. — and her sister had spent a year in Paris; they ought to have brought thence a little Parisian grace and common-sense, as well as fashion. People who are arrogant on account of their wealth, are about equal in civilisation with our Laplanders, who measure a man's worth by the number of his reindeer. A man with one thousand reindeer is a very great man. The aristocracy of wealth is the lowest and commonest possible. Pity is it that it is met with in the New World more than it ought to be. One can even, in walking through the streets, hear the expression, "He is worth so many dollars!" But the best people here despise such expressions. They would never defile the lips of Marcus S., Channing, or Mr. Downing. And as regards the fashionable circles, it must be acknowledged that they are not considered the highest here. One hears people spoken of here as being "above fashion," and by this is meant people of the highest

class. It is clear to me that there is here an aristocracy forming itself by degrees which is much higher than that of birth, property, or position in society; it is really the aristocracy of merit, of amiability, and of character. But it is not yet general. It is merely as yet a little handful. But it grows, and the feeling on the subject grows also.

I have been to a charming little dinner at Professor How's, where I met Laura Bridgeman. She is now twenty; has a good, well-developed figure, and a countenance which may be called pretty. She wears a green bandage over her eyes. When she took my hand, she made a sign that she regarded me to be a child. One of the first questions which she asked me was, "How much money I got for my books?" A regular Yankee question, which greatly delighted my companions, who, nevertheless, prevented its being pressed any further. I asked Laura, through the lady who always attends her, if she were happy? She replied with vivacity, and an attempt at a sound which proved that she could not sufficiently express how happy she was. She appears indeed to be almost always gay and happy; the unceasing kindness and attention of which she is the object, prevents her from having any mistrust of mankind, and enables her to live a life of affection and confidence. Dr. How, one of those dark figures whom Alcott would regard as offspring of the night; that is to say, with dark complexion, dark eyes, black hair, and a splendid energetic countenance, but with a sallow complexion; is universally known for his ardent human love, which induced him to fight for the freedom of the Greeks and Poles, and finally to devote himself to those whose physical senses are in bonds. His acquaintance is valuable to me, for his own sake, though I shall not be able to enjoy much of his society. He appears, like me, to suffer from the climate and from the over-exciting nature of the food of the country. His wife is a most

charming lady, with great natural gifts, fine education, and great freshness of character. Two lovely little girls, red and white as milk and cherries, as soft as silk, fresh and fair as dew-drops, even in their dress, came in at the end of dinner, and clung caressingly around the dark, energetic father. It was a picture that I wished Alcott could have seen.

I think of remaining here about fourteen days longer, to allow the homœopathic remedies time to effect their work in me. My good Doctor comes to me every day, and it is a joy to me merely to see him. I am indescribably thankful for the good which I experience, and have experienced, from homœopathy, and am thinking continually how good it would be for you.

Rich I certainly shall not become here, my sweet child, because I have here neither time nor inclination to write anything. But my journey, thanks to American hospitality, will not cost me nearly so much as I expected. And if some of my friends might rule, it would not cost me anything; I should live and travel at the expense of the American people—but that would be too much.

It is horrible weather to-day—pouring rain and strong wind. I was rejoicing in the hope of being left at peace in consequence of the weather, but I was not able to say no to a couple of visitors, one of whom had called with the intention of taking me to an evening-party, the other to ask me to sit for my portrait. But they both received a negative.

I have just received the most beautiful bouquet from a young lady-friend—a great number of beautiful small flowers arranged in the cup of a large snow-white *Calla Ethiopica*;—and but few days pass without my receiving beautiful bouquets of flowers from known or unknown friends. This is very sweet and beautiful towards a stranger: and to such I never say no, but

am right thankful both for the flowers and the goodwill.

Now *adieu* to this long chatty epistle, and a hearty *à Dieu* to my little friend.

LETTER X.

BOSTON, *February 1st.*

MOST hearty thanks my dear little heart for your letter of the 15th of December: it is so inexpressibly dear to me to hear and see how things are at home, as well in the little as the great. If you only had not your usual winter complaint. Ah that winter! but I am glad nevertheless that you feel a little better in December than in November, and assure myself that in January you will be better still. And then comes the prospect of summer and the baths of Marstrand. Mamma writes that you were evidently stronger for your summer visit to Marstrand. And you will be yet stronger still after your next summer's visit. But your ideal—that farm-yard servant-girl, who took the bull by the horns, when will you come up to that?

My strength has increased considerably for some time, thanks to my excellent Dr. Osgood and his little nothing-powders and globules. And when I feel myself well my soul is cheerful and well, and then my mind is full of thoughts which make me happy; then I am glad to be on the Pilgrims' soil; that soil which the Pilgrim-fathers as they are here called, first trod, first consecrated as the home of religious and civil liberty, and from which little band the intellectual cultivation of this part of the world proceeds and has proceeded.

It was in the month of December, 1620, when the little ship, the "Mayflower," anchored on the shore of Massachussets, with the first Pilgrims, one hundred in number. They

were of that party which in England was called Puritan ; which had arisen after the Reformation, and in consequence of it, and which required a more perfect Reformation than that which Luther had brought about. But they desired more ; to give full activity to the truth which Luther promulgated when he asserted man's direct relationship to God through Jesus Christ, denying any right of the Church or of tradition to interfere in the determination of that which should be believed or taught, and demanding liberty for every human being to examine and judge for himself in matters of faith, acknowledging no other law or authority than God's Word in the Bible. The Puritans demanded on these grounds their right to reject the old ceremonial of the Established Church, and in the place of those empty forms, the right to choose their own minister ; the right to worship God in spirit and in truth, and the right of deciding for themselves their form of Church government. Puritanism was the rising of that old divine leaven which Christ had foretold should one day "leaven the whole lump" of the spiritual life of liberty in Jesus Christ. The charter of freedom given by him was the watchword of the Puritans. With this in their hand and on their lips they dared to enter into combat with the dominant Episcopal Church ; refused to unite themselves with it, called themselves non-conformists, and held separate assemblies or religious conventicles. The State Church and the government rose in opposition and passed an act against conventicles.

But the Puritans and the conventicles increased year by year in England. Noble priests, such as Wicliff, and many of the respectable of the land, became their adherents. Queen Elizabeth treated them however with caution and respect. Her successor, King James, raved blindly against them, saying,—“ I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of the land ; or worse, only hang them ; that is all ! ” And the choice was given them ;

either to return to the State Church, or imprisonment and death. This only strengthened the opposition; "For," says Thomas Carlyle, otherwise tolerably bitter in his criticism on human nature, "people do human nature an injustice when they believe that the instigation to great actions is self-interest, worldly profit or pleasure. No, that which instigates to great undertakings, and produces great things, is the prospect of conflict, persecution, suffering, martyrdom, for the truth's sake."

In one of the northern counties of England, a little company of men and women, inhabitants of small towns and villages, united in the resolve to risk all for the open acknowledgment of their pure faith, conformably with the teachings of which they determined to live. They were people of the lowest condition, principally artisans or tillers of the soil; men who lived by the hard labour of their hands, and who were accustomed to combat with the severe circumstances of life. Holland at this time offered to them, as it did to all the oppressed combatants for the truth, a place of refuge; and to Holland the little knot of Puritans resolved to flee. They escaped from their vigilant persecutors through great dangers, and Leyden in Holland became their city of refuge. But they did not prosper there; they felt that it was not the place for them; they knew that they were to be pilgrims on the earth seeking a father-land: and amid their struggles with the hard circumstances of daily life, the belief existed in their souls that they were called upon to accomplish a higher work for humanity than that which consisted with their present lot. "They felt themselves moved by zeal and by hope to make known the Gospel and extend the kingdom of Christ in the far-distant land of the New World; yes, if they even should be merely as stepping-stones for others to carry forth so great a work."

They asked, and after great difficulty obtained, the consent of the English government to emigrate to North

America, where they might endeavour to labour for the glory of God and the advantage of England.

They chartered two ships, the "Mayflower" and "Speedwell," to bear them across the sea. Only the youngest and strongest of the little band, who voluntarily offered themselves, were selected to go out first on the perilous voyage; and that after they had publicly prepared themselves by fasting and prayer. "Let us," said they, "beseech of God to open a right way for us and our little ones, and for all our substance!"

Only a portion of those who had gone out to Holland found room in the two vessels. Among those who remained was also their noble teacher and leader, John Robinson. But from the shores of the Old World he uttered, as a parting address, these glorious words—"I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has yet more truth to break forth out of his Holy Word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches who are come to a period in religion, and will go no farther at present than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you remember it—'tis an article of your Church covenant—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God."

"When our vessels were ready to receive us on board," writes one of the party, "the brethren who had fasted and prayed with us gave us a parting feast at the house of our minister, which was roomy; and then, after shedding many tears, we refreshed ourselves with the singing of hymns, making joyful music in our hearts as well as with our voices, for many of our community were very skilful in music. After this they accompanied us

to Drecht Harbour, where we were to go on board, and there we were entertained anew. And after our minister had prayed with us, and floods of tears had been shed, they accompanied us on board. But we were in no condition to talk one with another of the exceeding great grief of parting. From our vessel, however, we gave them a salutation; and then extending our hands to each other, and lifting up our hearts for each other to the Lord our God, and so set sail."

A prosperous wind quickly conveyed the Pilgrims to the English shore; and then the smallest of the vessels, the "Speedwell," was compelled to lie-to for repairs. But scarcely had they again left the English coast with sails unfurled for the Atlantic, when the captain of the "Speedwell" and his company lost courage in the prospect of the greatness of the undertaking and all its perils, and desired to return to England. The people of the "Mayflower" agreed that "it was very grievous and discouraging." And now the little band of resolute men and women, several of the latter far advanced in pregnancy, persevered in their undertaking, and with their children and their household stuff, an entire floating village, they sailed onward in the "Mayflower" across the great sea towards the New World, and at the most rigorous season of the year. After a stormy voyage of sixty-three days, the Pilgrims beheld the shores of the New World, and in two more days the "Mayflower" cast anchor in the harbour of Cape Cod, on the coast of Massachusetts.

Yet, before they land, and whilst the "Mayflower" yet rests upon the waves of the deep, they assemble to deliberate on some constituted form of government; and, drawing up the following compact, they formed themselves into a voluntary body-politic.

"In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign

King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body-politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

This instrument was signed by all the men in company, forty-one in number. Thus was framed, in the cabin of the "Mayflower," the most truly democratic constitution which the world had yet seen. That democratic, self-governing community came forth in a state of complete organisation from the "Mayflower" to the shore of the New World.

Like Abraham, the pilgrim-band went forth, obedient to the voice of God, into a land to them unknown, and not themselves fully cognisant of the work they were called to do.

They went forth to seek a free virgin soil on which to found their pure church, for the glory of God's kingdom, and unconsciously to themselves, likewise, to found, in so doing, a new civil community which should be a home and a community for all people of the earth. The "Mayflower" gave birth to popular constitutional liberty at the same time that it established the pure vitality of religion: and that was but natural, the latter included the former. The Pilgrims conveyed with them the new life of the New World without being themselves conscious of it.

They landed on a rock, since called "Plymouth Rock,"

or, also, "The Pilgrims' Rock." It was a young girl who was first permitted to spring from the boat on shore. It was her light foot which first touched the rock. It was at the commencement of winter when the pilgrims reached the new land; and they were met by cold, and storm, and adverse circumstances. They made an excursion of discovery inland, and found, in one place, a little corn, but no habitations, only Indian graves.

They had been but a few days on shore, and were beginning to build habitations as a defence against the storms and the snow, when the Sunday occurred, and it is characteristic of that first Puritan community that, under their circumstances, they rested from all labour, and kept the Sabbath uninterruptedly and with all solemnity.

I have lately read a narrative, or, more properly speaking, a chronicle, kept as a diary of the life of the first colonists, their wars and labours during the first year of their settlement. It is a simple chronicle, without any wordiness or parade, without any attempt at making it romantic or beautiful, but which affected me more, and went more directly to the depths of the heart, than many a touching novel; and which seemed to me grander than many a heroic poem. For how great in all its unpretendingness was this life, this labour! What courage, what perseverance, what steadfastness, what unwavering trust in that little band! How they aided one another, these men and women; how they persevered though all sorrow and adversity, in life and in death. They lived surrounded by dangers, in warfare with the natives; they suffered from climate, from the want of habitations and conveniences, from the want of food; they lay sick; they saw their beloved die; they suffered hunger and cold; but still they persevered. They saw the habitations they had built destroyed, and they built afresh. Amid their struggles with want and adversity, amid the Indian's rain of arrows, they founded their

commonwealth and their church; they formed laws, established schools, and all that could give stability and strength to a human community. They wielded the sword with one hand and guided the plough with the other. Amid increasing jeopardy of life, they in particular reflected on the welfare of their successors, and framed laws which every one must admire for their sagacity, purity, and humanity. Even the animal creation was placed under the protection of these laws, and punishment ordained for the mistreatment of the beast.

During the first year their sufferings and hardships were extreme. "I have seen men," writes an eye-witness, "stagger by reason of faintness for want of food."

The harvest of the third year was abundant, and now, instead of, as hitherto, each one labouring for the common benefit, each colonist worked alone for his own family and his own advantage. This gave an impulse to labour and to good management. And when they had lived through the time of want, a time of prosperity commenced, and the colony increased rapidly in power and extent. In a few years it was said of it "that you might live there from one year's end to another without seeing a drunkard, hearing an oath, or meeting with a beggar." They who survived the first period of suffering lived to be extremely old.

It is not to be wondered at, that from a parentage strong as this, should be derived a race destined to become a great people. Other colonies more to the south, whose morals were more lax, and whose purpose of life was of a lower range, had either died out or maintained merely a feeble existence amid warfare with the natives, suffering from the climate and encompassed with difficulties. The Puritans, on the contrary, with their lofty aims of life, their steadfast faith and pure manners, became the conquerors of the desert and the lawgivers of the New World. Nor do I know of any nation which ever had a

nobler foundation or nobler founders. The whole of humanity had taken a step onward with the Pilgrim-fathers in the New World. The work which they had to do concerned the whole human race.

And when from the land of the Pilgrims I look abroad over the United States, I see everywhere, in the south as well as the north and the west, the country populated, the empire founded by a people composed of all peoples, who suffered persecution for their faith, who sought freedom of conscience and peace on a new free soil. I see the Huguenot and the Herrnhutter in the south, and along the Mississippi, in the west, Protestants and Catholics, who, from all the countries of Europe seek for and find there those most precious treasures of mankind; and who in that affluent soil establish flourishing communities under the social and free laws instituted by the oldest Pilgrims.

To them belongs the honour of that new creation, and from them even to this day, proceed the creative ideas in the social life of the New World; and whether willingly or unwillingly, widely differing people and religious sects have received the impression of their spirit. Domestic manners, social intercourse, form themselves by it; the life and church-government of all religious bodies recognise the influence of the Puritan standard, "Live conformably to conscience; let thy whole behaviour bear witness to thy religious confession." And that form of government which was organised by the little community of the "Mayflower," has become the vital principle in all the United States of America, and is the same which now on the coast of the Pacific Ocean controls and directs with quiet power the wild free spirits of California, educating them to self-government and obedience to law.

The old colonies have sent out to all parts of the Union crowds of pilgrims, sons and daughters, and they constitute at this time more than one-third of the population of

the United States of North America. They were nevertheless most numerous in the north, and there they have left the strongest impression of their spirit.

When I contemplate that Puritan community as it exists in our time, about two centuries after its first establishment, it seems to me that there are two main-springs within its impulsive heart; the one is a tendency towards the ideal of moral life, the other impels it to conquer the earth, that is to say, the material power and products of life. The men of the New World, and pre-eminently the men of New England, (humourously called Yankees) have a passion for acquisition, and for this object think nothing of labour—even the hardest—and nothing of trouble; nay, to travel half over the world to do a good stroke of business, is a very little thing. The Viking element in the Yankee's nature, and which he perhaps originally inherited from the Scandinavian Vikings, compels him incessantly to work, to undertake, to accomplish something which tends either to his own improvement or that of others. For when he has improved himself, he thinks, if not before, of employing his pound for the public good. He gets money, but only to spend. He puts it by, but not for selfish purposes. Public spirit is the animating principle of his life, and he prefers to leave behind him the name of an esteemed and beloved citizen rather than a large property. He likes to leave that which he has acquired to some institution or benevolent establishment, which thenceforth commonly bears his name. And I know those whose benevolence is so pure that they slight even this reward.

The moral ideal of man and of society seems to be clearly understood here, and all the more clearly in those northern states which have derived their population from the old colonies. From conversation with sensible idealists among my friends as well as from the attention I have given to the spirit of public life here, I have

acquainted myself with the demands made by man and by society, and for which young America combats as for its true purpose and mission, and they appear to be as follows :—

Every human being must be strictly true to his own individuality ; must stand alone with God, and from this innermost point of view must act alone conformably to his own conscientious convictions.

There is no virtue peculiar to the one sex which is not also a virtue in the other. Man must in morals and conduct come up to the purity of woman.

Woman must possess the means of the highest development of which her nature is capable. She must equally with man have the opportunity of cultivating and developing her intellect. She must possess the same rights in her endeavours after freedom and happiness as man.

The honour of labour and the rewards of labour ought to be equal to all. All labour is in itself honourable, and must be regarded as such. Every honest labourer must be honoured.

The principle of equality must govern in society.

Man must become just and good through a just and good mode of treatment. Good must call forth good.

(This reminds me of that beautiful Swedish legend of the middle ages, about the youth who was changed by a witch into a wehr-wolf, but who, at the sound of his christian name, spoken by a loving voice, would recover his original shape.)

The community must give to every one of its members the best possible chance of developing his human abilities, so that he may come into possession of his human rights. This must be done in part by legislation, which must remove all hindrances and impediments ; in part by public educational institutions which shall give to all alike the opportunity of the full development of the human

faculties, until they reach the age when they may be considered as capable of caring for and determining for themselves.

The ideal of society is attained in part by the individual coming up to his own ideal; in part by those free institutions and associations in which mankind is brought into a brotherly relation with each other, and by mutual responsibility.

EVERYTHING FOR ALL is the true object of society. Every one must be able to enjoy all the good things of earth, as well temporal as spiritual; every one according to his own capacity of enjoyment. None must be excluded who does not exclude himself. The chance of regaining his place in society must be given to everyone. For this cause the prison must be an institution for improvement, a second school for those who need it. Society must in its many-sided development, so organise itself that all may be able to attain everything: EVERYTHING FOR ALL.

The ideal of the man of America seems to me to be, purity of intention, decision in will, energy in action, simplicity and gentleness in manner and demeanour. Hence it is that there is a something tender and chivalric in his behaviour to woman, which is infinitely becoming to him. In every woman he respects his own mother.

In the same way it appeared to me that the ideal of the woman of America, of the woman of the New World, is, independence in character, gentleness of demeanour and manner.

The American's ideal of happiness seems to me to be, marriage and home, combined with public activity. To have a wife, his own house and home, his own little piece of land; to take care of these, and to beautify them, at the same time doing some good to the state or to the city—this seems to me to be the object of human life with most men; a journey to Europe to see

perfected cities, and—ruins belong to it, as a desirable episode.

Of the American home I have seen enough, and heard enough, for me to be able to say that the women have in general all the rule there which they wish to have. Woman is the centre and the lawgiver in the home of the New World, and the American man loves that it should be so. He wishes that his wife should have her own will at home, and he loves to obey it. In proof of this, I have heard the words of a young man quoted; “I hope that my wife will have her own will in the house, and if she has not I’ll make her have it!” I must, however, say, that in the happy homes in which I lived I saw the wife equally careful to guide herself by the wishes of her husband as he was to indulge hers. Affection and sound reason make all things equal.

The educational institutions for woman are in general much superior to those of Europe; and perhaps the most important work which America is doing for the future of humanity, consists in her treatment and education of woman. Woman’s increasing value as a teacher, and the employment of her as such in public schools, even in those for boys, is a public fact in these states which greatly delights me. Seminaries have been established to educate her for this vocation (I hope to be able to visit that at West Newton, in the neighbourhood of Boston, and which was originated by Horace Mann). It even seems as if the daughters of New England had a peculiar faculty and love for this employment. Young girls of fortune devote themselves to it. The daughters of poor farmers go to work in the manufactories a sufficient time to earn the necessary sum to put themselves to school, and thus to become teachers in due course. Whole crowds of school-teachers go hence to the western and southern states, where schools are daily being established, and placed under their direction.

The young daughters of New England are universally commended for their character and ability. Even Waldo Emerson, who does not easily praise, spoke in commendation of them. They learn in the schools the classics, mathematics, physics, algebra, with great ease, and pass their examinations like young men. Not long since a young lady in Nantucket, not far from Boston, distinguished herself in astronomy, discovered a new planet, and received, in consequence, a medal from the King of Prussia.

The literature of Germany has for some years taken a great hold in the Northern States, and has had a remarkable influence on the minds of the youthful student in particular, as awakening the mind to the ideal of life. The public speakers and lecturers, who attract multitudes to hear them, are the advocates and promulgators of the human ideal. Peace, liberty, genuineness of character, temperance, purity, and the ennobling of every phase and condition of life, the diffusion of the benefits of life and cultivation to all men, are the subjects which animate the eloquence of the speaker and attract thousands of listeners. All questions are treated and worked out with reference to "the benefit of all, the ennobling of all."

It is said of a tree that it *grows* when it raises itself nearer to heaven; and we may, in this sense, say of this community, that *it grows*. It labours not merely to extend, but to elevate itself.

Since I last wrote, I have spent an amusing evening at an anti-slavery meeting, in Faneuil Hall (a large hall for public assemblies), which was very animated. Mr. Charles Sumner, who wished me to see one of the popular assemblies here, accompanied me. Some runaway slaves were to be introduced to the public, and the talking was about them. The hall and the galleries were quite full. One of the best, and certainly most

original, speaker of the evening, was a great negro, who had lately succeeded in escaping from slavery with his wife and child, and who related the history of his escape. There was a freshness, a life, an individuality in this man's eloquence and gestures which, together with the great interest of the narrative, were infinitely delightful. Sometimes he made use of such extraordinary similes and expressions, that the whole assembly burst into peals of laughter; but John Brown, that was his name, did not join in it; he did not allow himself to be moved, but went on only the more earnestly with his story.

I remember, in particular, when he described crossing a river while pursued by the men employed to catch him. "There sit I now," said he, "in a boat with merely one pair of oars, and row and row with all my might to reach the other, the free shore, where my wife and my child await me. And there I see the pursuers coming after me, rowing with three pair of oars. They have nearly caught me;—but above us sits the great God, and looks at us, and he gave me the start. I reach the shore; I am upon free ground! And now, this evening, I am with my wife and my child!"

The assembly clapped their hands in tumultuous applause. After this speaker a group came forward, which was also saluted with much clapping of hands; a young, fair lady, in a simple white dress, and hair without any ornament, stepped forward, leading a dark Mulatto woman by the hand. She had been a slave, and had lately escaped from slavery on board a vessel, where she had been concealed. Her owners, who suspected her place of concealment, obtained a warrant for searching the vessel, which they did thoroughly, burning brimstone in order to compel her to come forth. But she endured it all, and succeeded in making her escape. It was a beautiful sight, when the young, white woman, Miss Lucy S., one of the ladies whom I had seen at my

little Doctress's, placed her hand upon the head of the black woman, calling her sister, and introducing her as such to the assembled crowd. It looked well and beautiful, and it was certainly felt by all that the white woman stood here as the friend and protector of the black. Miss Lucy performed her part very well, in a perfectly womanly, quiet, and beautiful manner. She then related the history of the late slave, and talked about slavery for a full hour, with perfect self-possession, perspicuity, and propriety of tone and gesture. But instead of speaking, as she might and ought to have done, from her own womanly feeling of life—instead of awakening sympathy for those wrongs which woman especially suffers in slavery, inasmuch as her very children do not belong to her; that the beings whom she brings forth in sorrow are the property of her master, and may be taken from her and sold whenever he will—instead of laying stress upon this and many other circumstances repulsive to the heart and to every sense of justice, and which especially befall the female slave; Miss Lucy struck into the common track of so-much hackneyed abuse of the pro-slavery men of the north, and against Daniel Webster and his warm zeal for Hungarian freedom, while he saw with indifference three millions of native Americans held in slavery. She repeated merely what the men had already said, and said better and more powerfully than she had done; she entirely mistook her own mission as a female speaker. When will women perceive that, if they would worthily take a place in the forum, they must come forth with the dignity and power of the being who has new and mighty truths to enunciate and represent? They must feel and speak from the centre of the sphere of woman. Not all the good-nature and courtesy of man will enable them to maintain their place on the public platform, if they do not take possession of it on their own positive ground. There is no want of this in itself; it lies near to the

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heart of woman ; it is within her, around her, if she will but see it. But she must yet obtain a more profound knowledge both of herself and of life. The women who in all ages have stood forward as the priestesses of the inner life, as prophetesses and interpreters of the most sublime and the most holy, and who were listened to as such by people and by kings, Deborah, Wala, Sybilla, merely naming in them some of the oldest types—these might point out to the women of the New World the path to public power and public influence. And if they do not feel this higher power in themselves, how much better to remain in quietness and silence ! How powerful might they be even then ! What power is mightier than that of love, than that of rational goodness ? The eagle and the dove, as I have heard it said, are, of all birds, those which fly farthest and most rapidly to their object.

Miss Lucy Stone's audience were good-natured, listening attentively and applauding at the close of the speech, but not much. People praise her clearness of delivery, her becoming manner, and the perspicuity of her mind : that was all ; more could not be said—and that was not much.

The gentlemen who followed her brought with them more life and interest. But they offended me by their want of moderation and justice ; by their style of declamation ; by their endeavouring to point out even in the galleries of the hall, individuals who did not agree with them in their anti-slavery labours ; it offended me to hear family life desecrated by making known dissensions ; for example, between the father and the daughter on these questions ; thus overlooking the divine moral law of "Judge not !" These tirades were carried to an extreme and with much personality. But all was animated and amusing, and the best understanding seemed to exist between the speaker and his audience.—Wendel Phillips, the young lawyer,

seemed to possess the greatest share of public favour; and he is really an unusually gifted and agreeable speaker, carrying the public along with him, and seeming to know his own power of moving and electrifying them. A Mr. Quincy, a young man, of one of the highest families in Boston, spoke violently against anti-slavery people, and among others against his own eldest brother, now Mayor of Boston. But the public did not like his outbreak, especially against the Mayor, and hissed and clamoured terrifically. Mr. Quincy proceeded with still more violence, walking up and down the platform, his hands in the pockets of his coat-skirts, which he fluttered about, as if he enjoyed himself, and was fanned by the most agreeable of zephyrs.

At length the tumult and the cry of "Phillips!" "Wendel Phillips!" was so overpowering, that Mr. Quincy could not be heard. He paused, and beckoned with a smile to Wendel Phillips that he should take his place.

Phillips, a fair-complexioned young man, of a pleasing figure and very easy deportment, stepped forth, and was greeted with a salvo of clapping, after which a profound silence prevailed. Wendel Phillips spoke with the calmness and self-possession of a speaker who perfectly understands both himself and his hearers, and he took up that subject which Miss Lucy had passed over; he spoke for the female slave, for the mother whose new-born child belongs not to her, but to the slave-holder and to slavery. He spoke of this with the low voice of suppressed emotion, and a simplicity of language, yet powerful enough to excite to the utmost the human heart against the circumstances and the mode of treatment which he described. It was masterly. The assembly hung on his lips and took in every word. Once, during an argument, he addressed my companion, Mr. Sumner, saying, "Is it not so, brother Sumner?" Sumner smiled, and nodded an affirmative.

At the close of this speech an excited gentleman leapt upon the platform and began to declaim at the side of Phillips. Phillips laughed, and prayed the assembly not to listen to this "incapable gentleman." The assembly were thrown into a state of fermentation, yet in perfect good-humour; they smiled, they whistled, they shouted, they clapped, and hissed, all together. During this commotion the people began to leave the galleries with the utmost calmness and composure. Plates were sent round through the hall to receive a collection for the Mulatto-woman, after which we left the hall together with many others; and I could not but admire the quietness, the methodic manner, in which this was done. There was no crushing nor confusion; each one followed silently in his turn, and thus the assembly flowed away like a quiet river.

I was glad to have been at a popular assembly where so much license prevailed, but which was yet under the control of order and good temper.

I visited the Senate-House one day in company with Mr. Sumner. Saw the Senate sitting sleepily over a question of shoe-leather, and heard in the House of Representatives a good deal of very animated but somewhat plebeian eloquence in a debate on the question of "Plurality and Majority," as well as voting. But of this I shall say no more. The Americans speak extempore with great ease and fluency: their speeches here were like a rushing torrent; the gestures energetic, but monotonous, and without elegance.

The President, the speaker, and several of the members of both Houses, came and shook hands with me, and bade me welcome. I mention this because it seems to me beautiful and kind thus to welcome a foreigner and a woman, without importance in political life, but who properly belongs to the quiet world of home. Does not this show that the men of the New World regard the home as the maternal life of the State?

I was pleased by this visit to the States-House of Boston, which is also, in its exterior, a magnificent building. Two immense fountains cast up their waters in front of its façade, and from the flight of steps outside the house the view is splendid. Below lies the extensive green called "Boston Common," in the middle of which is also a beautiful fountain, which throws up its water to a great height. Round it, on three sides, run three remarkably beautiful streets, each street planted through its whole length with lofty trees, mostly the elm, the favourite tree of Massachusetts, and some of the same kind beautify also the park-like Common. On the fourth side is an open view of the ocean creek.

Here, on the broad causeways, beneath the beautiful elms, I am fond of walking when the weather is mild, to behold through the branches of the trees the bright blue heaven of Massachusetts, and to see in the park, the little Republicans coming out of school, running and leaping about. In this neighbourhood are various beautiful well-built streets, among which "Mount Auburn Street," with its view of the sea, and along which I walk on my way to the Common from my home at Mr. Benzon's. Below the hill on the other side lies the market-place, "Louisberg Square," where I also often take a walk; but less for its little inclosure of trees and shrubs, and the there enclosed wretched statue of Aristides, but because Mrs. B. lives there; and with her I always feel myself quiet and happy, and am willing now and then to take an excellent little dinner in company with her mother, Mrs. L., a clever, cordial and splendid old lady, and one or two other guests. Mrs. B. is one of the genus fashionable, who has her clothes ready-made from Paris, and who lives as a rich lady, but whose heart is nevertheless open to life's modest works of love, and who endeavours to make all around her, even animals, happy. A magnificent grey greyhound called Princess,

has its home in the house, and is the most excellent house-dog I ever made acquaintance with.

Mrs. B.'s little daughter, Julia, is remarkably like her grandmother in her turn of mind, her liveliness and even her wit. This charming little girl makes the most amusing puns without being at all aware of it.

One day when there was good sledging, Mrs. B. took me to see a sledge-drive on the Neck, a narrow promontory which is the scene of action for the sledging of the Boston fashionables. The young gentlemen in their light elegant carriages, with their spirited horses, flew like the wind. It looked charming and animated. I once saw one of the giant sledges, in which were seated from fifty to a hundred persons. This was drawn by four horses, and certainly above fifty young ladies in white, and with pink silk bonnets and fluttering ribbons, filled the body of the carriage. It looked like an immense basket of flowers, and had also a splendid and beautiful appearance. But I am not fond of seeing people in a crowd, not even as a crowd of flowers; a crowd nullifies individuality. More beautiful sledging than that of the Swedish "Racken," where a gentleman and lady sit side by side, on bear or leopard skins, drawn by a pair of spirited horses covered with swinging white nets,—more beautiful carriages and driving than these have I never seen.

There has been this winter no good sledging in Boston; nor has the winter been severe. Yet, nevertheless, it is with difficulty that I can bear the air as soon as it becomes cold. I who have such a love of the Swedish winter, and who breathe easily in our severest weather, have really difficulty in breathing here when the atmosphere is as cold as it is just now,—it feels so keen and severe. It seems to me as if the old Puritanic austere spirit had entered or rather gone forth into the air and penetrated it; and such an atmosphere does not suit me. Of a certainty

the atmosphere of America is essentially different to that of Europe. It seems thin and dry, wonderfully fine and penetrating, and it certainly operates upon the constitutions of the people. How seldom one sees fat people or plump forms here. The women appear delicate and not strong. The men strong and full of muscular elasticity, but they are generally thin, and grow more in height than otherwise. The cheeks become sunk in the man even while he is but a youth, and the countenance assimilates to the Indian type. The climate of Boston is, for the rest, not considered good on account of the cold sea-winds.

Of Boston I shall not say much, because I have not seen much, and not in the best state of mind to judge. The city itself does not seem to possess anything remarkably beautiful, excepting that of which I have spoken. The neighbourhood of Boston, on the contrary, I have heard described as very beautiful, and in many cases bearing a resemblance to that of Stockholm. As yet I have only seen it in a covered carriage and in its winter aspect. I have observed a great number of charming country-houses or villas.

My most agreeable hours in Boston have been spent at Mrs. Kemble's readings from Shakspeare. She is a real genius, and her power of expression, and the flexibility of her voice, so that she at the moment can change it for the character she represents, are most wonderful. None can ever forget that which he has once heard her read; she carries her hearer completely into the world and the scene which she represents. Even Jenny Lind's power of personation is nothing in comparison with hers. She is excellent, and most so in heroic parts. I shall never forget her glowing, splendid countenance, when she as Henry V. incited the army to heroic deeds. And she gave the scene between the enamoured warrior-king and the bashful elegant and yet naïve French princess in such

a manner as made one both laugh and cry, that is to say, one laughed with tears of sheer joy in one's eyes. When she steps forward before her audience, one immediately sees in her a powerful and proud nature, which bows before the public in the consciousness that she will soon have them at her feet. And then—while she reads, yes, then she forgets the public and Fanny Kemble; and the public forget themselves and Fanny Kemble too; and both live and breathe and are thrilled with horror, and bewitched by the great dramatic scenes of life which she with magic power calls forth. Her figure is strong although not large, and of English plumpness; a countenance, which without being beautiful, is yet fine, and particularly rich and magnificent in expression. "In her smile there are fifty smiles," said Maria Lowell, who always says things beautifully.

Fanny Kemble was extremely amiable and kind to me, and sent me a free admission for myself and a friend to her Readings. She has read to-day my favourite of all the Shakspeare dramas, Julius Cæsar, and she read it so that it was almost more than I could bear. In comparison with these glorious heroic characters and their life, that which at present existed around me, and I myself in the midst of it, seemed so poor, so trivial, so colourless, that it was painful to me. And that which made it still more so, was, that I was obliged between every act, and whilst wholly excited by the reading, to turn to the right hand and to the left to reply to introductions and to shake hands—very possibly with the best people in the world, but I wished them altogether, for the time, in the moon. Besides which, a lady, a stranger to me, who sate by me, gave me every time anything remarkable occurred, either in the piece or in its delivery, a friendly jog with her elbow.

As regards the people around me, I may divide them into two, or rather into three classes. The first is worthy

of being loved, full of kindness, refinement, and a beautiful sense of propriety; in truth, more amiable and agreeable people I have never met with; the second are, thoughtless, mean well, but often give me a deal of vexation, leave me no peace either at home, in church, or at any other public place, and have no idea that anybody can desire or need to be left at peace. Much curiosity prevails certainly in this class, but much real good-nature and heartfelt kindness also, although it often expresses itself in a peculiar manner. But, then, I should not perhaps feel this so keenly if I had my usual strength of body and mind. The third—yes, the third is altogether—but I will only say of it, that it is not a numerous class, and belongs to a genus which is found in all countries alike, and which I place in the litany.

I receive invitations through the whole week, but I accept only one, and another invitation to dinner, that is to say, to small dinner-parties. These are for the most part very agreeable, and I thus am able to see happy family groups on their own charming and excellent hearths. One recognises the English taste and arrangement in everything. For the most part, I decline all invitations for the evening. Evening parties do not agree with me; the heat produced by the gas-lights of the drawing-rooms makes me feverish. On the contrary, I have greatly enjoyed my quiet evenings at home since I had a young friend to read aloud to me, that I could not wish for anything better. Mr. V., an agreeable young man, son of Benzon's companion, and who also lives in the house, offered to read aloud to me in the evening, although he did not know, he said, whether he could do it to please me, as he had never before read aloud. He read rather stumblingly at first, but softly, and with the most gentle of manly voices. It was like music to my soul and my senses; it calmed me deliciously. Before long he lost all his stumbling,

and his reading became continuous and melodious as a softly purling stream. And thus has he afforded me many good, quiet evenings, in the reading of the biography of Washington, of the President of Cambridge, Jared Sparks', Emerson's Essays, or other works. Mr. Charles Sumner has also enabled me to spend some most agreeable hours, whilst he has read to me various things, in particular some of Longfellow's poems. One day he read a story to me, in itself a poem in prose, by Nathaniel Hawthorn, which gave me so much pleasure that I beg leave to tell it you with the greatest possible brevity. N. B. Hawthorn is one of the latest of the prose writers of North America, and has acquired a great reputation. His works have been sent to me by some anonymous female friend, whom I hope yet to be able to discover, that I may thank her. He treats national subjects with much earnestness and freshness; and that mystical, gloomy sentiment, which forms, as it were, the back-ground of this picture, like a nocturnal sky, from which the stars shine forth, exercises a magical influence on the mind of the New World, perhaps because it is so unlike their every-day life. The piece which Sumner read to me is called "The Great Stone Face," and the idea seems to be taken from the actual large rock countenance, which it is said may be seen at one place among the mountains of New Hampshire—the White Mountains, as they are called—and which is known under the name of "the Old Man of the Mountain."

"In one of the valleys of New Hampshire," says Hawthorn, "there lived in a mean cottage a young lad, the child of poor parents. From his home and from the whole valley might be seen in one of the lofty distant mountains a large human profile, as if hewn out in the rock, and this was known under the name of 'the Great Stone Face.' There was an old tradition in the valley, that there should some day come a man to the valley

whose countenance should resemble that of the great stone face; that he should be the noblest of men, and should introduce a golden age into the valley. The young lad grew up in the full view of that great stone face which seemed to hold dominion over the dale, and in the constant thought of the expected stranger, who would one day come and make the dales-people so happy. For hours he would gaze at the large stone countenance, filling his whole soul with the sublime beauty and nobility of its features. Thus time passed; he went to school, grew up a young man, became a schoolmaster and clergyman; but he always kept looking at the lofty, pure countenance in the rock, and more and more grew his love of its beauty, and more and more deeply he longed after the man who had been foretold and promised, and whose countenance should resemble this.

All at once a great cry rang through the dale, 'He is coming! he is coming!' And everybody went out to meet and to welcome the great man, and the young minister among the rest. The great man came in a great carriage, drawn by four horses, surrounded by the shouting and exulting crowd; and everybody exclaimed, as they looked at him, 'How like he is to the great stone face!'

But the young clergyman saw at the first glance that it was not so, and that he could not be the foretold and promised stranger, and the people also, after he had continued some time in the valley, discovered the same thing.

The young man went quietly on his way as before, doing all the good he could, and waiting for the expected stranger, gazing continually on the large countenance, and fancying that he was living and acting for ever in its sight.

Once more the cry went abroad, 'He is coming! he is coming! the great man!' And again the people

streamed forth to meet him, and again he came with all the pomp of the former, and again the people cried out, 'How like he is to the great stone face!' The youth looked and saw a sallow countenance with really some resemblance to the large features of the face; but, for all that it was very unlike. And after a while he began to remark that the resemblance became still more and more unlike, nor was it long before everybody found out that their great man was not a great man at all, and that he had no similarity to the large stone face. After this he disappeared from the dale. These expectations and these disappointments were repeated yet several times.

At length, although the good clergyman gave up almost entirely his sanguine expectations, he still hoped silently, and continued silently to work in his vocation, but with more and more earnestness, extending yet more and more the sphere of his operations—for ever glancing upwards to that large stone countenance, and, as it were, impressing yet deeper and deeper its features upon his soul. Thus time went on, and the young man had advanced towards middle life; his hair had begun to grow grey, and his countenance to be ploughed by the furrows of advancing years, but the great long-expected stranger had not appeared. But he yet hoped on.

In the meantime, the influence of his life and his labours had ennobled the dales-people, and given beauty to the dale itself. Universal peace and universal prosperity prevailed there during a long course of years. And by this time the locks of the clergyman were of a silvery whiteness; his face had become pale and his features rigid, yet was his countenance beaming with human love. About this time the people began to whisper among themselves, 'Does not there seem to be a remarkable resemblance between him and the great stone face?'

One evening a stranger came to the clergyman's

cottage and was hospitably entertained there. He had come to the dale to see the great stone countenance, of which he had heard, and to see the man also of whom report said that he bore the same features, not merely in the outward face, but in the beauty of the spirit.

In the calmness of evening, in presence of the Eternal, in presence of that large stone countenance of the rock, they conversed of the profound and beautiful mysteries of the spiritual life, and while so doing they themselves became bright and beautiful before each other.

‘May not this be the long-expected, the long-desired one,’ thought the clergyman, and gazed at the transfigured countenance of his guest. As he thus thought, a deep feeling of peace stole over him. It was that of death.

He bowed his head, closed his eyes; and in those rigid but noble features, in that pure pale countenance, the stranger recognised with amazement him whom they had sought for—him who bore the features of the great stone face.”

Hawthorne is essentially a poet and idealist by nature. He is, for profound, contemplative life, that which N. P. Willis, with his witty, lively pen, is for the real and the outward. The former seeks to penetrate into the interior of the earth, the latter makes pen and ink sketches by the way; the former is a solitary student, the latter a man of the world. Hawthorne’s latest work, “The Scarlet Letter,” is making just now a great sensation, and is praised as a work of genius. I however have not yet read it, and there is a something in its title which does not tempt me. Hawthorne himself is said to be a handsome man, but belongs to the retiring class of poetical natures. I know his charming wife and sister-in-law. Both are intellectual women, and the former remarkably pretty and agreeable, like a lovely and fragrant flower. The Hawthornes are thinking of removing to the beautiful

lake-district in the west of Massachusetts, to Lenox, where also Miss Sedgewick resides. They have kindly invited me to their house, and I shall be glad to become better acquainted with the author of the "Great stone face."

Cooper and Washington Irving (the former lives on his own property west of New York) have already by their works introduced us to a nearer acquaintance with a part of the world of which we before knew little more than the names—Niagara and Washington. After these poets in prose, several ladies of the Northern States have distinguished themselves as the authors of novels and tales. Foremost and best of these are,—Miss Catherine Sedgewick, whose excellent characteristic descriptions and delineations of American scenes even we in Sweden are acquainted with, in her "Redwood" and "Hope Leslie;"—Mrs. Maria Child, who in her pictures of the life of antiquity as well as that of the present time, expresses her love for the ideal beauty of life, for everything which is good, noble and harmonious, and who in all objects, in mankind, in flowers, stars, institutions, the sciences, art, and in human events, endeavours to find the point or the tone wherein they respond to the eternal harmonies; a restless seeking after eternal repose in the music of the spheres, a Christian Platonic thinker, a Christian in heart and deed;—Mrs. Caroline Kirkland, witty, humourous and sarcastic, but based upon a large heart and a fine understanding, as we also saw by her delicious book, "A New Home in the West;"—Miss Maria M'Intosh, whom we also know by her novel, "To seem or to be," and whose everyday life is her most beautiful novel. (But that one might also say of the others.) Of Mrs. Sigourney I have already spoken. Mrs. L. Hall, the author of a great dramatic poem called "Miriam," I know as yet merely by report. Of the lesser authoresses and poetesses I say nothing, for they are legion. The latter

sing like birds in spring time. There are a great many siskins, bullfinches, sparrows; here and there a thrush with its deep and eloquent notes, beautiful though few; but I have not as yet heard among these minstrels either the rich inspiriting song of the lark or the full inspiration of the nightingale; and I do not know whether this rich artistic inspiration belongs to the womanly nature. I have not in general much belief in the ability of woman as a creative artist. Unwritten lyrics, as Emerson once said when we spoke on this subject, should be her forte.

The young Lowells are in affliction. Their youngest child, the pretty little Rose, is dead. James Lowell has just informed me of this in a few words. I must go to them; I have not seen them for a long time now, not since that little child's illness.

February 10th.—Now, my little Agatha, I will for a moment take up the pen and—

February 15th.—Down went the pen just as I had taken hold of it.

A visitor came whom I was obliged to receive, and then—and then—Ah! how little of life's enjoyment can one have in this hurrying life, although it may be, and indeed is honourable. I will rest for one day from opening notes of invitation, requests for autographs, verses, packets and parcels, containing presents of books and flowers, and so on. I cannot, or to speak more properly, I am not able to read all the notes and letters which come to me in the course of the day, and merely to think of answering them puts me in a fever, and then—people, people, people!!!

In the meantime I am heartily thankful to God and my good physician that my health is so much better, because it will now enable me to accept more adequately the good will which is shown towards me, and for which I feel grateful, and also to complete my campaign in the country.

I cannot sufficiently thank Mr. B. for the comfort which he has afforded me in Boston, neither Mr. and Mrs. K., my kind host and hostess since Mr. B. left. As regards my convenience and comfort, I have been treated like a princess. But I long for the South, long for a milder climate, and for life with nature. I long also for freer, more expansive views, for the immeasurable prairies, for the wonderful West, the Ohio and the Mississippi. There for the first time they tell me that I shall see and understand what America will become. But this much I do understand of what I hear about the fertility and affluence of this region—that if the millennium is ever to take place on this earth it must be in the valley of the Mississippi, which is said to be ten times more extensive than the valley of the Nile, and capable of containing a population of two hundred and fifty millions of souls.

And now, my little heart, I will give you a bulletin of the manner in which the last days have been spent.

I went to Cambridge, accompanied by the estimable Professor P. Little Rose lay shrouded in her coffin, lovely still, but much older in appearance; the father sate at her head and wept like a child; Maria wept too, so quietly, and I wept with them, as you may well believe. The affectionate young couple could weep without bitterness. They are two, they are one in love. They can bow down together and rest. They have both very susceptible feelings, and sorrow therefore takes a deep hold on them. Maria told me that little Mabel—she is three years old—came early in the morning to her bed and said, “Are you lonely now, mamma? (little Rose had hitherto always slept in her mother’s bed) shall I comfort you?”

I dined with Professor P., but I was distressed in mind, not well, and not very amiable either; I therefore excused myself from an evening party, and went home.

If people could but know how much I suffer from this nervous indisposition they would excuse an apparent unfriendliness which exists neither in my disposition nor my heart. In the evening I composed myself by listening to the melodious reading of young Mr. V.

One day I visited the celebrated manufactory of Lowell, accompanied by a young agreeable countryman of mine, Mr. Wachenfelt, who has been resident here for several years. I would willingly have declined the journey, because it was so cold, and I was not well, but they had invited strangers to meet me, got up an entertainment, and therefore I was obliged to go. And I did not regret it. I had a glorious view from the top of Drewcroft Hill in that star-light cold winter evening, of the manufactories of Lowell lying below in a half-circle, glittering with a thousand lights like a magic castle on the snow-covered earth. And then to think, and to know, that these lights were not *ignes fatui*, not merely pomp and show, but that they were actually symbols of a healthful and hopeful life in the persons whose labour they lighted; to know that within every heart in this palace of labour burned a bright little light, illumining a future of comfort and prosperity which every day and every turn of the wheel of the machinery only brought the nearer. In truth there was a deep purpose in these brilliant lights, and I beheld this illumination with a joy which made the winter's night feel warm to me.

Afterwards I shook hands with a whole crowd of people in a great assembly, and the party was kept up till late in the night. The following morning I visited the manufactories and saw "the young ladies" at their work and at their dinner; saw their boarding-houses, sleeping-rooms, etc. All was comfortable and nice as we had heard it described. Only I noticed that some of "the young ladies" were about fifty, and some of them not so very well clad, while others again were too fine. I was most

struck by the relationship between the human being and the machinery. Thus, for example, I saw the young girls standing—each one between four busily working spinning jennies: they walked among them, looked at them, watched over and guarded them much as a mother would watch over and tend her children. The machinery was like an obedient child under the eye of an intelligent mother.

The procession of the operatives, two and two, in shawls, bonnets, and green veils, as they went to their dinner, produced a fine and imposing effect. And the dinners which I saw at a couple of tables (they take their meals at small tables five or six together) appeared to be both good and sufficient. I observed that besides meat and potatoes there were fruit-tarts.

Several young women of the educated class at Lowell were introduced to me, and amongst these some who were remarkably pretty. After this my companions drove me out in a covered carriage over the crunching snow (there were seventeen degrees of cold this day) that I might see the town and its environs. The situation is beautiful, on the banks of the cheerfully rushing Merrimac river (the laughing river), and the views from the higher parts of the town as far as the white mountains of New Hampshire, which raise their snowy crowns above every other object, are extensive and magnificent. The town was laid out somewhat above thirty years ago by the great uncle of James Lowell, and has increased from a population at that time amounting to a few hundred persons, to thirty thousand, and the houses have increased in proportion.

Much stress is laid upon the good character of the young female operatives at the time of their entering the manufactories, and upon their behaviour during the period of their remaining there. One or two elopements I heard spoken of. But the life of labour here is more powerful than the life of romance, although that too lives in the

hearts and heads of the young girls, and it would be bad were it otherwise.

The industrious and skilful can earn from six to eight dollars per week, never less than three, and so much is requisite for their board each week, as I was told. The greater number lay by money, and in a few years are able to leave the manufactory and undertake less laborious work.

In the evening I returned by railway to Boston, accompanied by the agreeable Wachenfelt, who seemed to be very much taken with the inhabitants of Lowell. I lost one thing by my visit to Lowell, which I regret having lost; that was the being present at Fanny Kemble's reading of "Macbeth" the same evening. The newspaper had published the same day a full account of the judicial examination into the Parkman murder, and its melancholy details had so affected Fanny Kemble's imagination, as she herself said, that it gave to her reading of the Shakspearian drama a horrible reality, and to the night-scene with the witches, as well as to the whole piece, an almost supernatural power, as I have been told by several persons who were present.

I went last Sunday with Miss Sedgewick, who is come to the city for a few days, and two gentlemen, to the sailors' church to hear Father Taylor, a celebrated preacher. He is a real genius, and delighted me. What warmth, what originality, what affluence in new turns of thought, and in poetical painting! He ought of a truth to be able to awaken the spiritually dead. On one occasion, when he had been speaking of the wicked and sinful man and his condition, he suddenly broke off and began to describe a spring morning in the country; the beauty of the surrounding scene, the calmness, the odour, the dew upon grass and leaf, the uprising of the sun; then again he broke off, and returning to the wicked man, placed him amid this glorious scene of nature—but, "the

unfortunate one ! He cannot enjoy it !” Another time, as I was told, he entered his church with an expression of profound sorrow, with bowed head, and without looking to the right and the left as is his custom (N.B. He must pass through the church in order to reach the pulpit), and without nodding kindly to friends and acquaintances. All wondered what could have come to Father Taylor. He mounted the pulpit, and then bowing down, as if in the deepest affliction, exclaimed, “ Lord have mercy upon us because we are a widow !” And so saying he pointed down to a coffin which he had had placed in the aisle below the pulpit. One of the sailors belonging to the congregation had just died, leaving a widow and many small children without any means of support. Father Taylor now placed himself and the congregation in the position of the widow, and described so forcibly their grief, their mournful countenances, and their desolate condition, that at the close of the sermon the congregation rose as one man, and so considerable was the contribution which was made for the widow, that she was raised at once above want. In fact our coldly moralising clergy who read their written sermons ought to come hither and learn how they may touch and win souls.

After the service I was introduced to Father Taylor and his agreeable wife, who in disposition is as warm-hearted as himself. The old man (he is about sixty) has a remarkably lively and expressive countenance, full of deep furrows. When we thanked him for the pleasure which his sermon had afforded us, he replied, “ Oh ! there’s an end, an end of me ! I am quite broken down ! I am obliged to screw myself up to get up a little steam. It’s all over with me now !”

Whilst he was thus speaking, he looked up, and exclaimed with a beaming countenance, “ What do I see ? Oh my son ! my son !” And extending his arms he went

forward to meet a gigantically tall young man, who, with joy beaming on his fresh, good-tempered countenance, was coming through the church, and now threw himself with great fervour into Father Taylor's arms, and then into those of his wife.

"Is all right here, my son?" asked Taylor, laying his hand on his breast; "has all been well kept here? Has the heart not become hardened by the gold? But I see it, I see it! All right! all right!" said he, as he saw large tears in the young man's eyes. "Thank God! God bless thee, my son!" And with that there was again a fresh embracing.

The young man was a sailor, no way related to Father Taylor, except spiritually; who, having been seized by the Californian fever, had set off to get gold, and now had returned after an interval of a year, but whether with or without gold, I know not. But it was evident that the heart had not lost its health. I have heard a great deal about the kindness and liberality of Father Taylor and his wife, in particular to poor sailors of all nations.

In the afternoon of the same day I attended divine service in the chapel of Mr. Barnard, as I had been invited to do, and I saw in his house proofs of this man's admirable activity in the aid of the poor and the unfortunate by means of education and work. There were present in the chapel about five hundred children, and after the service I shook hands with the whole five hundred little republicans, male and female, and with some of them twice over; the boys were especially zealous, and noble merry lads they were. The earnest and effective means which are in operation throughout this State for the education of the rising generation are the most certain and beautiful signs of its own fresh vitality and an augury of a great future.

Mr. Barnard is a missionary of the Unitarian community, and one of its most zealous members in its labours

of human kindness. N.B. Most of the larger sects in this country have their missionaries, or, as they are also called here, "ministers at large," whom they send forth to preach the word, establish schools or perform works of mercy, and who are maintained by the community to which they belong, and whose influence they thus extend.

I have during my stay in Boston visited different churches, and it has so happened that the greatest number of them have belonged to the Unitarian body. So great indeed is the predominance of this sect in Boston, that it is generally called "the Unitarian city." And as it has also happened that many of my most intimate acquaintances here are of this faith, it has been believed by many that I also am of it. You know how far I am otherwise, and how insufficient and how unsatisfying to my mind were those religious views which I held during a few months of my life—and which I abandoned for others more comprehensive. Here in this country however it is more consistent with my feelings not to follow my own sympathies, but to make myself acquainted with every important phase of feeling or intellect in its fullest individuality. I therefore endeavour to see and to study in every place that which is its characteristic. Hence I shall in America visit the churches of every sect, and hear if possible the most remarkable teachers of all. The differences of these, however important they may be for the speculative understanding of the entire system of life, are of much less importance to practical Christianity and to the inward life. And therefore in reality they trouble me but very little. All Christian sects acknowledge, after all, the same God; the same divine mediator and teacher; the same duty; the same love; the same eternal hope. The various churches are various families, who having gone forth from the same father are advancing towards eternal mansions in the

house of the Eternal Father. Every one has his separate mission to accomplish in the kingdom of mind. God has given different gifts of understanding, and thence different forms of comprehension and expression of truth. By this means truth in its many-sidedness is a gainer. And the full discussion even of the highest subjects, which takes place in the different churches of this country, as well as in the pages of their public organs (for every one of the more considerable religious sects has its own publication, which diffuses its own doctrines as well as reports the transactions of its body) are of infinite importance for the development of the religious mind of the people. Besides this, it must tend to an increasingly clear knowledge of the essential points of resemblance in all Christian communities, to the knowledge of the positive in Christianity, and must prepare the way by degrees for a church universal in character and with a oneness of view, even in dogmas.

The two great divisions of the church in the United States appear to be those of the Trinitarian and Unitarian. The Unitarians arose in opposition to the doctrine of a mechanical Trinity, and the petrified old state-church (the Episcopalian) which held it. The latter lays most stress upon faith, the former on works. Both acknowledge Christ (the one as God, the other as divine humanity) and regard him as the highest object for the imitation of man. Both have individuals within their pale who prove that in either it is possible to advance as far and to deserve in as high a degree the name of a Christian.

I have heard two good sermons from the clergy of the old state-church in this country. It seems to me that this church is regarded as the peculiarly aristocratic church here, and that the fashionable portion of society generally belongs to it; it belongs to people of good *ton*. But the speculative mind in the church appears to me not

yet to have come forth from its cave of the middle ages; they still oppose faith to reason, and there appears not yet to be within the realm of theology an enlightened mind like that of our H. Martinsen in the North. I say this however without being fully certain on the subject. I have not yet heard or read sufficiently the theological literature of this country.

The most distinguished leader and champion of Unitarianism in this country, Dr. Ellery Channing, called also the Unitarian Saint, from the remarkable beauty of his character and demeanour, showed how far a human being might go in his imitation of Christ. I have heard many instances related by his friends of the deep earnestness, of the heart-felt sincerity with which this noble man sought after the just and the pure mode of action in every case, even in the most trifling. One may see in his portrait a glance which is not of this world, which neither seeks for nor asks anything here, but which seeks for and inquires from a higher friend and councillor. One may see it also in his biography, and in the detached letters lately published by his nephew, H. W. Channing, and which the latter has had the kindness to send to me. I read them occasionally, and cannot but think of your favourite text:—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

How pure and beautiful for instance is the sentiment which is contained in these words, which I now take at random from the volume before me:

"Reflect how unjust you are towards yourself if you allow any human being to hinder the growth of a soul such as yours. Bear in mind that you were created to love infinitely, to love eternally, and do not allow an unrequited affection to close this divine spring.

* * * * *

"I cannot reprove your wish to die. I know no advantage greater than that of death, but it is an advantage for

those in whom evil has been more and more subdued, and who have been continually gaining an ascendancy over self. I should be glad to awaken that disinterested self-sacrificing human love, both in you and in myself, as well as a more profound consciousness of our own spiritual nature, reliance on the divine principle within us, the innermost work of our loving, and on God's infinite love to that divine life. Nothing can harm us but infidelity to ourselves, but want of reverence for our own sublime spirit. Through failure in this respect we become slaves to circumstances and to our fellow men."

Everywhere, and on all occasions, one sees Channing turning to that divine teacher in the human breast, which is one with the divine spirit of God for the fulfilling of the law, and it is from this inward point of view that he regulated his outward conduct.

And never indeed has God's blessing more visibly rested upon a human being. How fresh, how full are the expressions of his joy and gratitude as he became older; how he seemed to become younger and happier with each passing year! He reproached himself with having enjoyed too much, with being too happy in a world where so many suffered. But he could not help it. Friends, nature, the invisible fountains of love and gratitude in his soul—all united themselves to beautify his life. All only the more enlarged his sphere of vision, all the more, during declining health, increased his faith and hope in God and man, all the more his love for life, that great, glorious life!

It was during his old age that he wrote—

"Our natural affections become more and more beautiful to me. I sometimes feel as if I had known nothing of human life until lately—but so it will be for ever. We shall wake up to the wonderful and beautiful in what we have seen with undiscerning eyes, and find a new creation without moving a step from our old haunts."

He often spoke of his enjoyment of life in advancing years. Somebody asked him one day what age he considered as the happiest. He replied with a smile, that he considered it to be about sixty.

During the illness, which, gradually wasting him away, ended his days, his inward life seemed to increase in fervour and strength. He inquired with the most cordial interest about the circumstances of those who came to visit him. Every human being seemed to have become more important and dearer to him, and yet all the while his brain kept ceaselessly labouring with great thoughts and objects.

“Can you help me,” said he to his friends during his last days, “to draw down my soul to every-day things from these crowds of images, these scenes of infinitude, this torrent of thought?”

Once, when some one was reading to him, he said, “Leave that; let me hear about people and their affairs!”

He was often heard, during his last painless struggle, to say, “Heavenly Father!” His last words were, “I do not know when my heart was ever so overflowed with a grateful sense of the goodness of God!” And his last feeble whisper was, “I have received many messages from the Spirit!”

“As the day declined,” adds his biographer, “his countenance fell, he became weaker and weaker. With our aid he turned himself towards the window which looked out over the valleys and wooded heights to the east. We drew aside the curtains and the light fell on his face. The sun had just gone down, and the clouds and sky were brilliant with crimson and gold. He breathed more and more softly, and, without a sigh, the body fell asleep. We knew not when the spirit departed.”

Thus only can sink a sun-like human being; thus only can die a man whom God loves, and in whose heart His Spirit abides.

How great a power this true Christian exercised upon others, I can judge from the following little occurrence.

One day I was walking with Mr. B. through the streets of Boston, and as we passed one house, he bowed his head reverentially as he said, "That is a house which for several years I never approached without feelings of the most heartfelt reverence and love. There dwelt Dr. Channing!"

As regards my own private friends, I do not trouble myself in the least to what religious sect they belong—Trinitarians or Unitarians, Calvinists or Baptists, or whatever it may be—but merely that they are noble and worthy to be loved. Here also are many people, who without belonging to any distinct church, attend any one where there is a good preacher, and for the rest, live according to the great truths which Christianity utters, and which they receive into their hearts. Some of my best friends in this country belong to the invisible church of God.

February 19th.—What beautiful days! Three days of the most delicious spring weather. And this luxurious blue heaven, and this air, so pure, so spiritually full of life, and as it were so intoxicating. I have not felt anything like it! I become as it were permeated by it. I have been so well these last days, have felt such a flood of fresh life in me that it has made me quite happy and childish enough to feel a desire to tell everybody so, and to bid them rejoice with me. I know that many would do so; and I know that I myself should be glad to know some one who having suffered as I have done, now feel as I do. In my joy I compelled my little allopathic doctor, Miss H., to thank God for the progress which I and the homœopathic doctor had made. And she did so with all her heart. She has a heart as good as gold.

I have, these beautiful days, enjoyed the weather and my walks, and the company of agreeable people, and—

the whole world. One day Mr. Longfellow came and took me to dine with them at his—father-in-law's I believe (you know that my strength never lay in genealogy), Mr. A.'s. This was on the first of the beautiful days, and as soon as I came out of my gate I stood quite amazed at the beauty of the sky and the deliciousness of the air. I told the amiable poet that I thought it must have been himself that had enchanted them.

The A.'s is one of the most beautiful homes I have yet seen in Boston; the elderly couple are both handsome; he an invalid, but with the most kind and amiable temper; she, cheerful both body and soul, and very agreeable. With them and the Longfellows I had a charming little dinner.

On Monday the Longfellows had a cast taken of my hand in plaster of Paris; for here, as elsewhere, it is a prevailing error that my hands are beautiful, whereas they are only delicate and small. When I returned I found my room full of people. N.B., it was my reception-day, and I had stayed out beyond my time. But I was all the more polite, and I fancy that no one was displeased. I felt myself this day to be a regular philanthrope; thus the people stayed till past three o'clock.

When my visitors were gone the young Lowells came for the first time since their loss, and Maria set down upon the floor a basket full of the most beautiful mosses and lichens, which she and James had gathered on the hill for me, as they knew I was fond of them. This affected me sincerely; and it affected me also to see again the same kind of plants which I myself had gathered on the hill in the park at Årsta, and I could not help it—I watered them with tears; my soul is like a heaving sea, the waves of which flow and ebb alternately. But they are swayed in both cases by the same element.

· Yesterday afternoon Waldo Emerson called on me, and

we had a very serious conversation together. I was afraid that the admiration and the delight with which he had inspired me had caused me to withhold my own confession of faith—had caused me apparently to pay homage to his, and thereby to be unfaithful to my own higher love. This I could not be. And exactly because I regarded him as being so noble and magnanimous I wished to become clear before him as well as before my own conscience. I wished also to hear what objection he could bring forward against a world as viewed from the Christian point of view, which in concrete life and reality stands so infinitely above that of the pantheist, which resolves all concrete life into the elemental. I fancied that he, solely from the interest of a speculative question, would have been led out of the universal into the inward. Because, when all is said which the wisdom of antiquity and of the noblest stoicism can say about the Supreme Being, about the “superior soul” as an infinite law-giving, impersonal power, which brings forth, and then, regardless of any individual fate, absorbs into itself all beings, who must all blindly submit themselves as to an eternally unjust and unsympathetic law of the world,—how great and perfect is the doctrine that God is more than this law of the world; that he is a Father who regards every human being as His child, and has prepared for each, according to their kind, an eternal inheritance in His house, in His light; that He beholds even the falling sparrow;—this is a doctrine which satisfies the soul! And when all is said which the noblest stoicism can say to man about his duty and his highest nobility, if it made Epictetes and Socrates, and set Simeon Stylites on his pillar, how incomparably high and astonishing is this command to mankind:

“Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect!”—

A command, a purpose which it requires an eternity to attain to! And when all is said which all the wise men

of the old world, and all the transcendentalists of the new world can say about the original nobility of the soul, and her ability to keep herself noble by constantly having her regards fixed on the ideal, and by avoiding the rabble and the trash of the earth ; and when the endeavours of the transcendentalists—when the divinely aspiring spark within us makes us acknowledge the poverty of this merely negative point of view, and our inability to attain to the highest requirement of our better nature ; then how great and consolatory, how conclusive is the doctrine which says that the divine Spirit will put itself in connection with our spirit, and satisfy all our wants by the inflowing of its life !

This most extreme vitalising process, this “ new birth ” and new development, which the Scriptures often speak of as a marriage, as the coming of the bridegroom to the bride, as a new birth, which we may see every day exhibited in natural life—as, for instance, by the grafting of a noble fruit-tree upon a wild stock—is finally the only explanation of human life and its yearning endeavours.

This is what I wished to say to Emerson ; what I endeavoured to say, but I know not how I did it. I cannot usually express myself either easily or successfully until I become warm, and get beyond or through the first thoughts : and Emerson’s cool, and as it were, circumspect manner, prevented me from getting into my own natural region. I like to be with him, but when with him I am never fully myself. I do not believe that I now expressed myself intelligibly to him. He listened calmly and said nothing decidedly against it, nor yet seemed inclined to give his views as definite. He seemed to me principally to be opposed to blind or hypocritical faith.

“ I do not wish,” said he, “ that people should pretend to know or to believe more than they really do know and believe. The resurrection, the continuance of our being is granted,” said he also ; “ we carry the pledge

of this in our own breast; I maintain merely that we cannot say in what form or in what manner our existence will be continued."

If my conversation with Emerson did not lead to anything very satisfactory, it led nevertheless to my still more firm conviction of his nobility and love of truth. He is faithful to the law in his own breast, and speaks out the truth which he inwardly recognises. He does right. By this means he will prepare the way for a more true comprehension of religion and of life. For when once this keen glance, seeing into the innermost of everything—once becomes aware of the concealed human form in the tree of life—like Napoleon's in the tree at St. Helena—then will he teach others to see it too, will point it out by such strong new and glorious words, that a fresh light will spring up before many, and people will believe because they *see*.

At the conclusion of our conversation I had the pleasure of giving Emerson "Geijer's History of Sweden," translated into English, which he accepted in the most graceful manner. I have never seen a more beautiful smile than Emerson's; the eyes cast a light upon it. Mr. Downing's is the only smile which resembles it; it is less brilliant, but has a more romantic grace about it.

Later in the evening I heard Emerson deliver a public lecture on "The Spirit of the Times." He praised the ideas of the Liberals as beautiful, but castigated with great severity the popular leaders and their want of nobility of character. The perversity and want of uprightness in party spirit prevented the upright from uniting with any party. Emerson advised them to wait for and look for the time when a man might work for the public without having to forego his faith and his character.

Emerson is much celebrated both here and in England as a lecturer. I do not, for my part, think him more remarkable as such than during a private conversation on

some subject of deep interest. There is the same deep, strong, and at the same time melodious, as it were metallic tones; the same plastic turns of expression, the same happy phraseology, naturally brilliant; the same calm and reposing strength. But his glance is beautiful as he casts it over his audience, and his voice seems more powerful as he sways them. The weather however was this evening horrible; the wind was very high, and the rain fell in torrents, (for it never rains here softly or in moderation) and very few people were present at the lecture. Emerson took it all very coolly, and merely said to some one, "one cannot fire off one's great guns for so few people."

I have visited to-day the Navy Yard of Boston and Massachusetts, and have shaken hands with the officers of the fleet and their ladies at a collation given at the house of the Commodore, during the whole of which we were regaled with fine instrumental music. It is a magnificent Navy Yard, and the whole thing was beautiful and kind, and afforded me pleasure.

I have this week also visited, in company with the distinguished school-teacher, G. B. Emerson (the uncle of Waldo), some of the common schools, and could not but be pleased with the excellent manner in which the children read, the girls in particular, that is to say, with so much life and expression, that one saw they fully understood both the words and the meaning; they also answered questions in natural history extremely well. Mr. E. has himself a large private school which is much celebrated.

In the evening I am going to Fanny Kemble's reading of Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and after that with Emerson to a musical *soirée* at the house of a wealthy merchant, his friend Mr. A., whom he greatly esteems for his practical abilities as well as for his honest decided character.

And now, my little Agatha, I am preparing to set off to the South, first to New York, then to Philadelphia, then to Washington, then to Charleston in South Carolina; from which place I shall farther decide on my course. Thank God, I now feel strong and capable of the journey. I have invitations and offers of homes from all quarters, nearly from every one of the States. From Philadelphia alone I have above half a dozen. Some of them I cannot accept; others I can accept with pleasure, but in any case it is good to experience so much warm and ready hospitality.

My good physician continues daily to visit and watch over me, I might almost say with fatherly tenderness. He brought with him to-day an allopathic physician, Dr. W., whom he wished to introduce to me, because, said he, "I have a high esteem for him." Dr. W. has for several weeks together, with two other allopathic physicians, attended a gentleman who has been ill of typhus fever, and who lives not far from Mr. B., one of the brothers C., and one of the most celebrated preachers of Boston. The crisis of the fever had happily passed; the patient lived, but continued to be ill with a great number of important symptoms, which defied, week after week, all the skill and experience of the physicians. One of them, Dr. W., said, "We have done all that is in our power as allopathists. We will call in a homœopathist and let him try his skill." My doctor was called in. He immediately began by applying specifics against the symptoms which caused the chaotic state of the disease, and got rid of them within six and thirty hours or less. The patient was brought into a calm state, when after an examination of homœopathic accuracy it was discovered that a tumour had begun to form in his left side, which had naturally kept up his feverish state. This was operated upon, and the sick man is now in a perfectly convalescent state, to the great joy of his

family and his many friends. See now what homœopathy can do !

I lately heard a little boy spoken of, who in consequence of having taken cold had an attack of acute rheumatism, and lay in a state of such horrible suffering that he could not bear any one to come near him, and he became almost free from pain through homœopathic treatment within twelve hours. My good doctor was an allopathist in his younger days, and from over-exertion in his profession, suffered to that degree from neuralgia that the physicians gave him up, and as a last resource sent him over to Europe. There he met with Hahnemann, who did not convince him by his teaching, but induced him to make trial of his means of cure. These immediately produced the most favourable results in his condition, and in so doing changed his medical theory. When he returned to America he was quite well, and a homœopathist. And I too praise homœopathy. But I believe at the same time that allopathy has its own sphere, and that it ought to go hand in hand with homœopathy, even as the excellent Dr. W. and Dr. O. came to visit me.

My good doctor has one trouble with me. The little globules which Mr. Downing gave me, and which caused me to sleep so well, have maintained their magic power over me, and cause me to sleep even when O.'s medicine will not do it. Downing will not tell me the name of this remedy, but carries on a merry little joke about it, saying that it is not the medicine, but the conjuration which he says over it, which makes it so efficacious, and when I ask for the name, he merely sends me some more globules. My good doctor smiles, and says, "I don't like this Downing medicine which excels mine. I do not like it because it is not I who give it you." But I laugh (and he smiles too) and I always have my Downing medicine standing every night on a table by my

bed. With it I lay myself down in confidence. There is a good spirit in the little vial.

February 25th.—Where did I leave you last, my child? Yes, I know! I was going to hear Fanny Kemble. She read the “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*.” But this dream I have never quite understood, nor thought much of, nor do I yet, spite of Fanny Kemble’s masterly reading. The evening at the A.’s was pleasant to me. Miss A. is a good and charming young girl, with sense and sterling character, and really a musical talent for the piano. Besides this, Emerson was kind and conversable. He is much struck with Fanny Kemble’s appearance and talent. He now had seen her for the first time, and said, in speaking of her, “What an abundance there is in her! She is Miranda, Queen Catherine, and many more at the same time!”

He likes strongly-expressed individuality. And so do I. But Emerson sees human beings too much merely as individuals. He says of one person, “that is an actress!” of another, “that is a saint!” of a third, “that is a man of business!” and so on, and sets them away each one in his corner, after he has clapped his ticket upon them. And so indeed has every planet its own axis on which it turns; but its greatest importance seems to me to consist in its relationship to the sun, that centre around which it revolves, and which determines its life and its course.

I shall not now write any more to you from Boston, because I must get ready for my journey, and I have much to do in the way of visits and letter-writing before I can creditably leave the city and neighbourhood. But ah! that will hardly be possible. I cannot bear much; the least exertion brings on fever. The air is again cold and keen, and I am again not well—I know not whether from the air or the food, or whether from people and all one’s social duties. But this I know, that I shall soon again be well. The climate, and I myself, here in this

country, are alike variable; and when people ask me one of the standing questions here, "What similarity is there between the climate of your country and that of ours?" my answer is equally a standing one, "That between a staid married man and a changeable lover."

Last evening I spent very agreeably with Miss Sedgewick and her adopted daughter, a pleasing young wife, Mrs. M. Fanny Kemble was there, and her cheerful strongly-marked character is always refreshing; as is also Miss Sedgewick's kindness and fine understanding.

Fanny Kemble asked me across the room a question about Lindblad.

"What do you know about our Lindblad?" replied I.

"Do I not know Lindblad?" replied she, with the air and pride of a queen. "Do I not know this beautiful singer?" And she mentioned several of Lindblad's ballads which she said she sang.

It delighted me to hear that Lindblad's songs are known and beloved in England and America.

I shall write no more this time. I shall now make my curtsy to Boston and Bunker's-hill, the monument on which it is said was completed by the work of women (that is to say its top), that of the men not being sufficient.

And now—to the South! to the South!

LETTER XI.

NEW YORK, *March 2nd*, 1850.

WHAT a shabby trick, or rather how negligent of fate, my sweet Agatha, to let a little creature fall who has no superabundance of strength, and yet so much patience! It grieves me to the heart! That treacherous ice which let you slip so sadly when you were on so good an errand! And what were the good angels about to permit it? I can hardly forgive them!

Thank God, however, that you are now getting better, and that spring is approaching, and the time for the Marstand baths, and that you can have the benefit of them. And our poor Marie stands in need of them also. I do not thank Charlotte and all our friends for being so attentive to you, because that is quite natural, but I like them all the more for it, and think better of them than of the negligent good angels. And, my little Agatha, if the heart and the will could have wings, then I should be now in your chamber, and by your bed; or if, as I hope, you have said good bye to bed, by your side, as your stick or crutch, or your waiting-maid: and that you know.

Thanks be to homœopathy and my good watchful doctor, I am now again in better health, though not yet quite recovered, and have now and then relapses; but they are of short continuance, and as I now understand my complaint better, and how it ought to be treated, I hope to be myself again shortly. I have not been so during these winter months. My sun has been darkened, and at times so totally that I have feared being obliged to return to Europe with my errand in America uncompleted; I feared that it was not possible for me to stand the climate. And that has not a little astonished me, as I considered myself so strong, or so elastic, that I could bear and get through as much as any Yankee. But the malady which I have endured, and still endure, is like the old witch who could trip up even Thor.

It is a disagreeable, poisonous, insidiously serpent-like disease—a vampire which approaches man in the dark, and sucks away the pith and marrow of body, nerves, and even of soul. Half or two-thirds of the people in this country suffer, or have suffered, in some way from this malady; and I with them. The fault lies in the articles of food, in their mode of life, in the manner of warming their rooms, all of which would be injurious in any climate, but which in one so hot and exciting as this is

downright murder. The great quantity of flesh meat and fat, the hot bread, the highly-spiced dishes, preserves in an evening, oysters, made dishes—we could not bear these in Sweden (we indeed will never roast our meat with anything but good butter!) and here they ought to be put in the Litany—that they ought! and so ought also the “furnaces,” as they are called, that is, a sort of pipe which conveys hot air into a room through an opening in the floor or the wall, and by which means the room becomes warm, or as it were boiling, in five or ten minutes, but with a dry, close, unwholesome heat, which always gives me a sensation of pain as well as drowsiness in the head. The small iron stoves which are in use here are not good either: they are too heating and too extreme in their heat; but yet they are infinitely better than these furnaces, which I am sure have some secret relationship with the fiery furnace of hell. They seem to me made on purpose to destroy the human nerves and lungs. Besides these, they have in their drawing-rooms the heat of the gas-lights; and when we add to this the keenness and the changeableness of the atmosphere out of doors, it is easy to explain why the women, who in particular are, in this country, so thoughtless in their clothing, should be delicate and out of health, and why consumption should be greatly on the increase in these north-eastern states. Besides this, many often suffer from dyspepsia as a consequence. I am in the meantime indescribably thankful to have been rescued from the claws of the monster; for I consider myself to have been so, as I understand how to defend myself with regard to food, and I take with me my physician’s globules and prescriptions. And my good old physician, with his somewhat rugged exterior and his heart warm with human love, I am really so much attached to him! For seven weeks has he now attended me with the greatest care, coming every day, sometimes two or three times in

the day, when he thought I was in a more suffering state, giving me the most fatherly advice, and finally furnishing me with medicines and rules and regulations, as regards diet, for the whole of my journey; and when I offered to pay him for the trouble he had taken, he would not hear of such a thing, shaking his head, and saying, in his deep serious voice, that it was one of the happiest circumstances of his life, that he could in any measure contribute to the re-establishment of my health. "One thing, however, I beg of you," wrote he, in his fatherly farewell letter, "and that is that you will sometimes write to me, and tell me about your health, and what you are doing and enjoying; because I hear a great deal about human suffering and sorrow, but very seldom about human happiness."

Yes, my sweet Agatha, I cannot tell whether I rightly know the American character, but of this I am certain, that what I do know of it is more beautiful and more worthy to be loved than any other that I am acquainted with in the world. Their hospitality and warm-heartedness, when their hearts are once warmed, are really overflowing, and know no bounds. And as some travellers see and make a noise about their failings, it is very well that there should be somebody who, before anything else, becomes acquainted with their virtues. And these failings of theirs, as far as I can yet see their national failings, may all be attributed principally to the youthful life of the people. In many cases I recognise precisely the faults of my own youth,—the asking questions, want of reflection, want of observation of themselves and others, a boastful spirit, and so on. And how free from these failings, and how critically alive to them are the best people in this country! America's best judges and censors of manners are Americans themselves.

March 5th.—You thank me for my letters, my sweet Agatha; but to me they seem so wretched and so few. I meant to have written you better letters; but

partly I have been so indisposed, and so depressed in mind, that I have not been able to write; and in part the daily desire to see people and things, the receiving of visits and letters, and such like, have so wholly occupied me that my letters home have suffered in consequence. This also can be merely the slightest *summa summarum* of the last fortnight's occurrences, for they have come on like a torrent, and I can scarcely remember their detail.

I was present at two other Conversations of Alcott's before I left Boston. They attracted me by Emerson's presence, and the part he took in them. Many interesting persons and persons of talent were present, and the benches were crowded. The conversation was to bear upon the principal tendencies of the age.

First one, then another clever speaker rose, but it was most difficult to centralise. The subjects had a strong inclination to go about through space like wandering stars, without sun or gravitation. But the presence of Emerson never fails to produce a more profound and more earnest state of feeling, and by degrees the conversation arranged itself into something like observation and reply; in particular, through Emerson's good sense in calling upon certain persons to express their sentiments on certain questions. A somewhat unpolished person in the crowd suddenly called upon Emerson, with a rude voice, to stand forth and give a reason for what he meant by "the moral right of victory on earth, and justice of Providence, and many more absurd phrases which he makes use of in his writings, and which were totally opposed to the doctrines of Christianity, the testimony of the martyrs, and which would make all martyrs to be fools or cheats?" The tone in which this inquiry was made was harsh, and in the spirit of an accusation. The whole assembly directed their eyes to Emerson. I could perceive that he breathed somewhat quicker, but when, after

a few moments' reflection, he replied, his manner was as calm, and his voice, if possible, more gentle and melodious than common, forming a strong contrast to that of the questioner. "Assuredly," replied he, "I consider that every one who combats and suffers for any truth and right, will in the end obtain the victory; if not in his first appearance, then certainly in his second."

The inquirer was silenced by this reply, but looked angry and irresolute.

By degrees, however, the conversation, through the influence of Emerson, divided itself, as it were, into two streams, and which in fact might be called the two principal tendencies of the age; the one was Socialism, which seeks to perfect man and human nature by means of social institutions, and which seemed to have many adherents in the assembly: the second, under the guidance of Emerson, who would perfect society by means of each separate human being perfecting himself. The former begin with society, the latter with the individual. One of the company, who was called upon by Emerson to express his opinion, said "that he held the same views as Emerson, inasmuch as man must first begin the work of perfection in himself. He must adorn himself as a bride to make himself fit for a union with the divine spirit. It was by means of this union that the most perfected humanity would be attained to!" To these remarks Emerson replied by a beautiful, grateful smile. "You see that I," continued the speaker, "like my great countrymen, Swedenborg and Linnæus, lay great stress upon marriage" (you may guess certainly who the speaker is now).

"You then regard marriage as of the highest importance in life?" said Alcott, very much pleased.

"Yes, the spiritual marriage; it is the only one which is necessary."

With this reply Alcott seemed less pleased. For the

rest Alcott would do without us, and without children altogether, except a few select ones, an *élite corps*, of which he would himself be the teacher, and who would be the new-born generation.

When the conversation had pretty fully developed the wisdom and the folly of the assembly, Theodore Parker took up the word, and gave an excellent, but covertly sarcastic statement of that which had been said during the evening, in particular of Alcott's philanthropic views with regard to the present human generation. When he had ended, an involuntary smile played upon all countenances, upon Emerson's as well as the rest; but however, turning his eagle-like head—eagle-like in expression if not in features—towards the speaker, he said, "that is quite right, and would be still more so if we came here to examine a speech from the chair, and not a free, unreserved conversation. But here might avail a maxim which I saw applied by one of my friends in England, who used to assemble his friends for the discussion of interesting topics. He had inscribed above the door of the room used for their discussions some words—which I am sorry I do not accurately remember—but the substance of which was, that every body was welcome to say what he thought right, but that it was forbidden to any one to make remarks on that which was said.

On this, a new smile was on every face, and evidently at Parker's expense. Parker seemed a little hurt, reddened, but said—after a moment's pause—"that he thought it was better to make some remarks on that which had been said, than to come together and talk, without knowing distinctly what they were talking about."

And now again all laughed, and Emerson also with Parker, and the assembly broke up cheerfully; and I drove home more amused and edified than I expected ever to have been at one of Alcott's "Conversations."

I was present again at two more of Fanny Kemble's

Readings, and was greatly delighted. My acquaintance with her has also afforded me great pleasure and interest. She is full of genius, and is, in every respect, a richly-gifted woman, with a warm heart and noble mind, and with life and with "spirit" enough to ride a horse to death every day, and to master every man or woman who might attempt to master her. Proud one moment, as the proudest queen, she can yet, towards an unpretending being, be the next as humble and as amiable as an amiable young girl. Loving splendour, and expensive in her way of life and her habits, she can yet be simple as a simple countryman or a peasant-maiden; thus, she often, in the country, dressed in man's attire, goes ranging about through wood and field, and on one occasion she herself drove a cow home to Miss Sedgewick, who had lost hers, and who now received this as a present from her "sublime" Fanny. (N.B.—She lives in Miss Sedgewick's neighbourhood and the two are very fond of each other.) She utters the noblest thoughts, yet she is deficient in the more refined womanliness, and seems to me not to understand the true dignity of her own sex. But she understands Shakspeare, and reads incomparably. Her Henry V., Brutus, Cleopatra (in the death scene), I shall never forget.

Maria Lowell accompanied me to the forenoon readings last Saturday. She read Shakspeare's enchanting "As you like it," and she read it enchantingly well. After the reading I invited her to take luncheon with me, together with the young Lowells.

She came brimful of life, warm from the reading, and warm from the increased warmth of her hearers; her eye seemed to comprehend the whole world, and the dilated nostrils seemed to inhale all the affluent life of the world. By chance, it so happened, that Laura Bridgeman with her attendant, had come to call on me at the same time, and was seated in my room as Fanny Kemble entered. Fanny Kemble had never before seen the blind, deaf and

dumb Laura, and she was so struck by the sight of this poor, imprisoned being, that she sat certainly above a quarter of an hour lost in the contemplation of her, whilst large tears streamed unceasingly down her cheeks. Laura was not quite well, and she was therefore more than usually pale and quiet. One can hardly imagine a greater contrast than these two beings, these two lives. Fanny Kemble with all her senses awake to life, powerful enough to take possession of life in all its manifold phases and its fulness; Laura Bridgeman shut out from life, her noblest senses closed, dead, without light, without hearing, without the power of speech!!—and yet, perhaps, Laura was now the happier of the two, at least in her own sense of existence. She even made intelligible her lively sense of happiness, in reply to the question which was put to her. Fanny Kemble wept, wept bitterly. Was it for Laura, for herself, or merely from the contrast between them?

I went up to her several times to offer her some refreshment, but she merely answered "By and by," and continued to gaze at Laura, and tears continued to fall.

In awhile she became composed, and we had an hour's cheerful and amusing conversation with the Lowells. After which I took a little sketch of Laura.

Fanny Kemble, as you know, has been married to a wealthy American and slave-holder, Mr. Butler, and is now separated from him. This marriage and its consequences seem to have embittered her life, especially the separation of herself and her two children. I have heard her lament over this in the most heart-rending manner, and I cannot conceive how the social spirit of America, in general so favourable to woman and to mothers, can permit so great an injustice when the fault which occasions the marriage separation is on the man's side. To separate a mother from her children! That ought never to take place if she does not openly forfeit her right to them! In this tragedy of marriage the two principal

persons have each their friends and adherents, but the general voice seems to be in her favour. I can very well believe that Fanny Kemble would not be the most excellent nor the most tractable of wives. But why then did he so resolutely endeavour to win her? He knew beforehand her temper and her anti-slavery sympathies, for she is too truthful to have concealed anything. Extraordinary in the meantime is that sort of magnetic power which this woman, so unfeminine in many respects, exercises upon a great number of men. For my part—to use the words of one of her friends—I am glad that there is *one* Fanny Kemble in the world, but I do not wish that there should be *two*.

The last evening party at which I was present at Boston was at the Mayor's, Mr. Q., who belongs to one of the oldest families in Massachusetts. The last few days before my departure were full of occupation, and the last of all, on which I had to pack, to write many letters, to make calls and to receive visits at the latest moment, threw me again into my wretched and feverish state. But when it was over, that last day of my stay in Boston, with its various scenes, its fatigues, and its queerness, and with it a section—and one heavy enough—of my life in the New World, and when late in the evening young V. read to me some chapters in the Gospel of St. John, then was it good, then was it beautiful and pleasant. And if even at that time the fountain of tears was unsealed, it was from a deep sense of gratitude. For was not that season of sickness and depression over; and had I not through it learned to know and to love one of the best and the noblest of men, my good physician and friend, Dr. O.; and had become acquainted with a glorious remedy both for you and for myself? And I now also understood the sufferings of nervous patients. I had never had experience of such myself, and had been inclined to be impatient towards them. I shall now do better.

Young V. is a complete Englishman in appearance, character, and prejudices, and in a certain solidity of manner and demeanour, which is not American. But with all this he is very agreeable and polite, and I have to thank him for many friendly attentions, most of all for his evening readings. These were the delicious outpouring of the Spirit of Peace after the restless hours and the fatigues of the day.

I left Boston on the last of February at eight in the morning. I was accompanied to the railway station by Mr. K. and young V., and at the station, who should I see but my good doctor, who had come thither to bid me farewell, and the amiable Professor H. who presented me with a large and beautiful bouquet. With this in my hand away I sped in the comfortable railway carriage, on the wings of steam, in splendid sunshine on that bright cold morning, cheerful both in soul and body, and with a certain peace of conscience at having so far fulfilled my social duties in Boston. I, however, it is true, glanced with envy at a hen which, at one of the cottages which we passed, lay in the dust, basking in the sunshine, and I thought it was much better to be a hen than a lion.

I was invited at Springfield to dine at the Union Hotel, and there to receive visits from various ladies and gentlemen, as well as to write autographs. And then forward on my flying career. The sky had in the meantime become cloudy; it grew darker and darker, and I arrived at New York in a regular tempest of wind and snow. At the station however I was met by a servant and carriage sent for me by Marcus S. And half an hour afterwards I was at Rose Cottage, Brooklyn, drinking tea with my excellent friends, who received me in the kindest manner, and with whom I sate up talking till late.

And I am now with them, and able to hide myself from the world for a few days. This is enchanting; I hope

here perfectly to regain my strength before I betake myself to the South. Here I have the peace of freedom which I desire, and my friends' mode of living is altogether simple and healthful; and they themselves, and the children, and Rose Cottage, with its peaceful spirit—yes, with many such homes, the New World would be also the *Better World!*

It is, however, very cold still, and I long for the South, and for a milder air. I am not very fond of the climate of Massachusetts. Yet I have to thank Massachusetts for some glorious spring-days during the winter, for its beautiful, deep blue, beaming sky, for its magnificent elms, in the long sweeping branches of which the oriole builds in full security its little nest which sways in the wind; I thank it for its rural homes, where the fear of God, and industry, family affections, and purity of life, have their home. Its educational system has my esteem, and many excellent people have my love. To the good city of Boston I give my blessing, and am glad to be leaving it—for the present, but hope to return, because I must again see my friends there, when the elm-trees are in leaf; above all my good doctor and the young Lowells. And we have agreed to meet next summer. We shall together visit Niagara, which Maria Lowell as yet has never seen. When she was last with me in Boston I saw upon the floor of my bed-room a flower which had fallen from her bonnet, a white rose with two little pale pink buds, and which had touched her light curls,—they lay upon the carpet like a remembrance of her, and I picked them up, and shall keep them always as a remembrance of that lovely young woman. I thank the land of the Pilgrims above all for its ideal, for its conception of a higher law in society, a law of God, which ought to be obeyed rather than human law; for its conception of a standard of morality higher than that which is current in the world, and which demands the highest purity of life

in man as in woman, and which admits of no lax concession; for its noble feeling as regards the rights of woman and her development as fellow citizen; for its sense of the honour of labour, and its demanding for every good labourer honourable wages as such. I thank it for its magnanimous wish and endeavour to give everything to all; for those little settlements in which the children of the New World endeavour to bring into operation the divine teaching. People say that such ideas are impractical. It is by such impractical ideas that society approaches nearer to heaven, nearer to the kingdom of God, and the very things which are insecure root themselves firmly in those which are secure.

Sunday.—I am just returned from a Presbyterian church, where I have heard a young preacher from the West preach “on the positive in Christianity,” one of the best extempore Christian discourses which I ever heard in any country. The preacher, Henry Beecher, is full of life and energy, and preaches from that experience of Christian life which gives a riveting effect to his words; besides which he appears to me to be singularly free from sectarian spirit, and attaches himself with decision and clearness to the common light and life of every Christian church. He has also considerable wit, and does not object to enliven his discourse with humorous sallies, so that more than once the whole audience of the crowded church burst into a general laugh, which however did not prevent them from soon shedding joyful tears of devotion. That was the case at the prayer of the young preacher over the bread and wine at the administration of the sacrament, and tears also streamed down his own cheeks as he bowed in silent, rapt contemplation of the splendid mystery of the sacrament, of that humanity which through the life of Christ is now born and transfigured. When we stand at the communion-table with our nearest kindred or our family, we ought to

have this thought livingly present to our minds, that we should behold them as transformed by the spirit of Christ; we should think, how beautiful will my husband, my friend, my brother, become, when this his failing, or that his short-coming is done away with, when he stands forth transfigured through the divine life! Oh how patient, how gentle, how affectionate, how hopeful, are we not capable of becoming! Such was the substance of the young minister's discourse, but how earnestly and convincingly he spoke is not for me to describe. I also partook of the sacrament, to which he invited all Christians present, of whatever name or sect they might be, as well as strangers from other lands. The bread (small square pieces of bread upon a plate) and the wine, were carried to the benches and passed on from hand to hand, which took considerably from the solemnity of the ceremony. How beautiful is our procession to the altar, and after that the hallelujah song of the assembly!

The ritual of our Swedish church, as expressive of the religious feeling of the assembly, seems to me also to be better and more perfect than that of any other church with which I am acquainted, yet nevertheless even that might be better still. But the sermons and the hymns are better in this country; the former have considerably more reality, and are more applicable to actual life; and the latter have more life and beauty also, and would have still more if they were really sung by the congregation. This however I have to object against the hymns of the United States, that they are sung by a trained choir in the gallery, and all the rest of the congregation sit silently and listen just as they would sit in a concert-room. Some accompany them, reading from their hymn-books, but others never open theirs. When I have occasionally lifted up my voice with the singers I have seen my neighbours look at me with some surprise. And then the hymns and psalms here are so full of rhythm, have

such vitalising tunes, and such vitalising, beautiful words, that I feel as if people ought to sing them with heart and soul. Our long, heavy Swedish psalms, full of self-observation and repetition,* are not met with here; neither have I here met with those monotonous feeble, poor tunes, which destroy all life in the soul, and which made me every time a hymn was begun, glance with a certain fear at its length; for if it were very long, I never reached the end of it without being weary and sleepy, though I might have begun with fervency of feeling. And was it different with others? I have often looked around me during the singing in Swedish churches, and have seen many a dull, sleepy eye; many a half-opened mouth which did not utter a word, and had forgotten to close itself,—in short, a sort of idiotic expression which told me that the soul was away, and whilst I thus looked at others, I found it was the same with myself. The prayers it seems to me are better with us than with the congregations here; but still they might be improved even with us. In the episcopal churches of this country the prayers are according to the printed form in the book, and it frequently happens that the soul has no part in these. It is a mere prating with the lips. In the Unitarian churches the preacher prays for the congregation and in its name, prays an infinitely long prayer, which has the inconvenience of saying altogether too much, of using too many words, and yet of not saying that which any single individual ought to say. How often have I thought during these long prayers, how much more perfect it would be if the minister merely said, “Lord help us!” or “Lord let thy countenance shine upon us!” Better than all would it be as Jean Paul proposed, that the minister should merely say, “Let us pray!” And then that some beautiful soul-touching

* I am not speaking here of those glorious Swedish psalms, which are capable of a comparison with the most beautiful hymns of any Christian people.

music should play, during which all should pray in silence according to the wants and the inspirations of their souls. Of a truth then would prayers ascend more pure and fervent than any prescribed by human tongues and forms. A worship of God in spirit and in truth, a vital expression of the life and truth of Christianity—should we then have on earth.

But I must yet say a few words about that young disciple of Calvin, Henry Beecher, but who has left far behind him whatever is hard and petrified in the orthodoxy of Calvin, and breaking away from that has attached himself to the true Christian doctrine of mercy to all. He was with us last evening, and told us how as a missionary he had preached in the West beneath the open sky to the people of the wilderness, and how during his solitary journeys amid those grand primeval scenes, and during his daily experience of that most vitalising influence of Christianity upon the fresh human soul, he had by degrees introduced order into his own inward world, had solved hitherto difficult religious questions, and had come forth from the old dead church into one more comprehensive, and more full of light. He described also, in the most picturesque manner, the nocturnal camp-meeting of the West; the scenes of baptism there on the banks of rivers and streams, as well in their poetical as in their frequently comic aspects. There is somewhat of the power of growth peculiar to the great Western wilds in this young man, but somewhat of its rudeness also. He is a bold, ardent young champion of that young America, too richly endowed and too much acknowledged as such, for them not to be quite conscious of their own *I*. And even in his sermon this *I* was somewhat too prominent. But only more and more do I feel how great an interest I shall take in visiting that great West where "growth" seems to be the only available watchword; where, in the immeasurable valley of the Mississippi, between

the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, it is said there is room for a larger population than that of the whole of Europe; and where a great and new people are developing themselves, through a union of all races of people, in the lap of a grand and powerful natural scenery, which like a strong mother will train them up into a more vigorous and higher human life. Many a thinking man here in the Eastern States has said to me, "You will not see what the American people are becoming, not see the Young American, until you reach the West."

I had intended to set off from New York to Philadelphia in company with Mrs. Kirkland, according to her proposal, and thence go forward with Anne Lynch to Washington, to attend some of the sittings of Congress, and to see its lions; but I am so afraid of all the fatigue and excitement which mixing in society involves, and I am so anxious to go to the South, because this season of the year is best for that purpose, as in May the heat is already too great in the Southern States, that, after consultation with my friends, I have determined to go on Saturday by steamer to Charleston in South Carolina. Within seventy-two hours I shall be there, and probably in full summer, whilst here the ground is covered with snow.

From Charleston I shall travel to the different places to which I am invited, and spend in Carolina and Georgia, that paradise of North America, the months of March and April. In May, I shall go to Washington, and after a stay of a fortnight there, return here, and so go westward to Cincinnati (Ohio), on to Illinois and Wisconsin, where I shall visit my countrymen, the Swedes and Norwegians, and see how they are getting on. From this point I shall travel by the great inland lakes to Niagara, where, about the end of June, I have agreed to meet the Downings and the Lowells.

Thus, my sweet Agatha, you see my tour made out; and I am certain to have the eye of a good spirit from my

Swedish home upon me during my journey. It may so happen that after this I may not be able to write to you as often as heretofore; but once a month, at least, you shall have a letter, and I will try to write better letters than I have yet done. Ah! if I could only continue to be as well as I am now beginning to feel, then I should live and think and write so much! I sometimes also feel as if a book on America would come forth from me; but then it would be very different to any other of my works.

The sun and the light now come in upon me in my charming room at Rose Cottage. If they would but only shine now in upon you, my sweet child, and speak of spring and warm breezes, and the sea-baths and good health!

March 15th.—I could not accomplish my journey as I had arranged. The vessel by which I thought of sailing has been sold to the Californian trade, and the next steamer which goes to Charleston will not leave till Saturday fortnight, and I had neither time nor inclination to defer my going south so long. I have therefore determined to go by a sailing vessel, and Marcus S. has arranged for me to go by a good and safe packet. If the wind is favourable I shall be there in from four to five days; and I fancy that the voyage will be amusing. If the wind is contrary and the weather stormy, it will still be well. I do not object to be tossed a little by wind and wave.

I have packed my things to-day and got ready for the journey, and although there is a tempest of wind and snow, yet I feel cheerful and impatient to be off. The spirit of the Vikings is again awake within me, and—

“Pleasant to me is the song of the billows
Which heave on the tempested sea!”

I shall be better off amid them than in the gas-lighted drawing-rooms of Boston and New York.

I have now spent a week with Mrs. Kirkland in New

York. She is not the gay and vivacious being which her book, "A New Home in the West," led us to imagine. Hers is a character of greater depth. That playful spirit, with its feeling for the comic in life, has been depressed by sorrow and misfortune, but it flashes forth sometimes and then reveals the depth of the soul's earnestness. She is an ardent and strong woman, and a true fellow-citizen, and has sustained herself amid great trials by religion, and by the necessity to work for her four children, two sons and two daughters; the youngest son, Willie, and the youngest daughter, Cordelia, are especially my favourites. Friendship with the noble and distinguished preacher, Mr. Bellows, as well as her literary occupation, make her life anything but poor. She is one of those natures in which the feminine and the manly attributes are harmoniously blended, and which therefore is well balanced, and is capable of taking the lead of those around her.

I saw at her house a Miss Haynes, who has been a missionary in China, and who, still young and handsome, conducts a large girls' boarding-school in New York. She interested me by her individuality, and by the interesting stories which she related of Miss Dorothea Dix (the Mrs. Fry of the New World), and her uncommon force of character and activity. I hope yet to meet this angel of prisons and hospitals, and to kiss her hand for that which she is, and that which she does.

At Mrs. Kirkland's I also saw the young traveller, Bayard Taylor, who had just returned from California, and I was glad to hear his stories from the land of gold; in particular of the character of its scenery, its climate, vegetable productions, and animals. Apropos of him. I must beg leave to tell you a little about what I think a Yankee is, or what he seems to me to be; and by Yankee is properly understood, one of the boys of New England; the type of the "go a-head America,"—of Young America.

He is a young man—it is all the same if he is old—who makes his own way in the world in full reliance on his own power, stops at nothing, turns his back on nothing, finds nothing impossible, goes through everything, and comes out of everything—always the same. If he falls, he immediately gets up again, and says “no matter!” If he is unsuccessful, he says “try again!” “go a-head;”—and he begins again, or undertakes something else, and never stops till it succeeds. Nay he does not stop then. His work and will is to be always working, building, beginning afresh, or beginning something new; always developing, extending himself or his country; and somebody has said, with truth, that all the enjoyments of heaven would not be able to keep an American in one place, if he was sure of finding another still further west, for then he must be off there to cultivate and to build. It is the Viking spirit again; not the old Pagan, however, but the Christian, which does not conquer to destroy, but to ennoble. And he does not do it with difficulty and with sighs, but cheerfully and with good courage. He can sing “Yankee Doodle” even in his mishaps; for if a thing will not go this way, then it will go that. He is at home on the earth, and he can turn everything to his own account. He has, before he reaches middle life, been a schoolmaster, farmer, lawyer, soldier, author, statesman; has tried every kind of profession, and been at home in them all; and besides all this, he has travelled over half, or over the whole of the world. Wherever he comes on the face of the earth, or in whatever circumstances, he is sustained by a two-fold consciousness which makes him strong and tranquil; that is to say, that he is a man who can rely upon himself; and that he is the citizen of a great nation designed to be the greatest on the face of the earth. He thus feels himself to be the lord of the earth, and bows himself before none save to the Lord of lords. To Him however he looks upward,

with the faith and confidence of a child. A character of this kind is calculated to exhibit at times its laughable side, but it has undeniably a fresh, peculiar greatness about it, and is capable of accomplishing great things. And in the attainment of the most important object in the solution of the highest problem of humanity—a fraternal people, I believe that the Father of all people laid his hand upon the head of his youngest son, as our Charles the Ninth did, saying, “He shall do it! he shall do it!”

As an example of those amusing and characteristic instances of Yankee spirit, which I have often heard related, take the following. A young man, brother to Charles Sumner, travelled to Petersburg to present an acorn to the Emperor Nicholas,—but I must tell you the story as Maria Child tells it, in her entertaining letters from New York.

“One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trowsers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and tenpenny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying—‘I’ve just come out here to trade, with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get a sight of the Emperor.’

“ ‘Why do you wish to see *him*?’

“ ‘I’ve brought him a present all the way from Americky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands.’

“Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, ‘It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I am afraid the Emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?’

“ ‘An acorn!’

“ ‘An acorn! What under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?’

“ ‘ Why, just before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we thought we'd just step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the Emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him.’

“ ‘ My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the Emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it.’

“ ‘ I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Americky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our railroads, and about our free-schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the Emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family!’

“ ‘ Well, sir, since you are determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes. He may possibly assist you!’

“ ‘ Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on.’

“ In two or three days he again appeared, and said, ‘ Well, I've seen the Emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him the acorn, he said he should set a great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand, and

he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again yesterday; and she's a fine knowing woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice gals.'

“ ‘What did the Empress say to you?’

“ ‘Oh, she ask me a sight o'questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Americky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants.' ‘But then you don't *call* 'em servants,' said she; ‘you call 'em help.' ‘I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollope?' says I. ‘We had that ere book a-board our ship.' The Emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself. ‘You're right, sir,' said he, ‘you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she been reading it this very morning!' Then I told all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I brought over, and guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good bye, all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you did not calculate to see me run such a rig?’

“ ‘No, indeed I did not, my lad. You may very well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction.'

“A few days after he called again, and said, ‘I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer come to my room, and told me that the Emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself and he took me into a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I've been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I've seen about

all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas ? ’

“It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

“In a short time his visitor re-appeared. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘I made up my mind to go home ; so I went to thank the Emperor and bid him good-bye. I thought I could not do less, he’d been so civil. Says he, ‘Is there anything else you’d like to see before you go back to Americky?’ I told him I should like to have a peep at Moscow ; for I had heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I’d read a deal about General Buonaparte ; but it would cost a sight o’ money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to my mother. So I bid him good-bye, and come off. Now what do you guess he did next morning ? I vow he sent the same man in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again, when I’ve seen all I want to see ! And we’re going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now ? ’

“And sure enough the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador’s house in a splendid coach and four, waving his pocket-handkerchief, and shouting ‘Good-bye ! Good-bye ! ’

“Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the Emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors.

“The last tidings of him reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a journal, which he intended to publish.

“Now who but a Yankee could have done all that ? ” adds Mrs. Child.

Between this young Yankee and the American states-

man and gentleman Henry Clay, there is—a great distance, and I do not know why he just now presented himself to my memory out of the great number of persons that I saw in New York this week. I saw him at the house of Anne Lynch, who is one of his especial lady friends, and sometimes acts as his secretary. He is a very tall and thin old gentleman, with an unusually lofty, bald brow, an ugly but expressive countenance, an awkward figure, but with real grace of manner and a pleasing, sonorous voice. He has when he likes, and he always likes to have it with ladies, a remarkably obliging, I might say heart-felt, expression and manner. He is likewise surrounded by female worshippers, and he himself seems to be a great worshipper of woman. He has been some few days in New York, and overwhelmed by friends and invitations. He seemed, however, to me to bask himself in the sunshine of his popularity more than I should have thought an old man would have done. I should not have thought that he could have endured that horrible fine life of day labour!—The Americans have more enthusiasm for their great statesmen than the Europeans for their kings. Clay, though from one of their slave-states (Kentucky), is, I believe, a liberal-minded man, who understands and who desires the true greatness of his country. Although not properly of the Yankee race—for the Southern states were peopled by that political party, known in England under the name of Cavaliers, and opposed to the Puritans in manners, life, and temper—he has, nevertheless, some of that viking-spirit which distinguishes the sons of the New World. He is what is here designated “a self-made man;” his father was a poor farmer, and his life has been a restless combat on the stormy sea of politics; he has fought several duels, and as a senator, has combated by word, and by influence in the Congress of the United States, for the well-being of the Union at home and for its power

abroad, during a long course of years, both bravely and honourably.

Yet another figure glances distinctly forth from these days so rich in people—a lovely, captivating female figure, the perfect gentlewoman—Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian of that name. After several years' residence in Europe, and acquaintance with the high life of the highest circles in England, she has returned to America with a definite understanding and a warm sense of the advantages of her native land and of its mission to humanity.

Mrs. Kirkland took me back to the S.'s. Ah Agatha, if I could only show to you how amiable is this married couple, how good, how pure, how delicate-minded! Marcus is certainly one of the best and most warm-hearted beings that beautify this earth. And Rebecca is good also, unusually endowed, amusing, and most charming. To do good and to help others is their greatest joy—their continual thought. And besides that, they are so cheerful, have such a good and beautiful and excellent way of taking anything, that even that which is vexatious changes itself into something good and agreeable in their hands. And if people could only communicate such things by teaching, I should learn much from them. Happier human beings I have never seen. And they themselves are so filled with gratitude for the happiness which they have experienced and still experience, that they are prepared to receive whatever blow may come, in the feeling that they have had so much of this world's good fortune. But misfortune seems not to have the heart to strike these gentle and grateful beings, who look at it with glances of submissive love; it approaches and threatens, but then passes by. Thus was it with regard to their baby, which long hovered on the brink of the grave, but which now becomes daily stronger and livelier. How kind they have been and are to me I have not words to tell! They think for me, arrange everything for me and

look after me as if I were their sister ; and they do everything so nicely and so well. I cannot be sufficiently grateful for these friends.

The Downings also—those amiable people and kind friends—are to me invaluable. They came to New York to see me, and brought me the most beautiful flowers. His dark eyes, and her gentle, bright blue ones, as blue as our Swedish violets, will accompany me on my journey—will remain in my heart.

March 16th.—But I do not know how rightly I am to get away, there is so much difficulty both as regards the vessels and—the captains. The captain, that is to say him of the sailing-vessel, when he learnt the name of the lady-passenger who wished to sail in his vessel—refused to receive her on board ; and when Marcus insisted upon knowing his reason why, he replied that he did not wish to have any authors on board his ship who would laugh to scorn his accommodations, and who would put him in a book. Marcus laughed and wanted to persuade him to run the risk, assuring him that I was not dangerous, and so on. But the man was immoveable. He would not take me on board ; and I have now to wait till the next steam-boat goes, which is eight days later. And for this I have to thank Mrs. Trollope and Dickens. But I am happy at Rose Cottage with my amiable friends, and this delay has afforded me the pleasure of hearing Emerson's lectures at various times, both here and in New York. It is a peculiar pleasure to hear that deep, sonorous voice uttering words which give the impression of jewels and real pearls as they fall from his lips. I heard him yesterday in his lecture on eloquence severely chastise the senseless exaggeration and inflation of expression made use of by some of his countrymen, and which he compared with the natural and poetically beautiful, yet destructive hyperbole of the East. He produced examples of both, and the assembly, in the best possible humour

with their lecturer, gave the most lively demonstrations of approval and pleasure. Marcus S. and some other gentlemen of Brooklyn invited Emerson to give these lectures, and I thus saw him there several times. Perhaps we may never meet again. But I am glad to have seen him.

20th.—We have had two quiet beautiful evenings, for I do not this time either receive visits, or accept invitations, unless exceptionally; I must rest. My friends and I have therefore been alone, and we have spent the evenings in reading and conversation. I have read a letter which they have received from Margaret Fuller, now the Marchioness Ossoli, for her marriage is now divulged, and her advocate, Mr. W. R., was perfectly right. Madame Ossoli is now, with her husband and child, on her way to America, where she will take up her residence. And on board the same vessel is also that young man who travelled to Petersburg, and gave the Emperor of Russia the acorn. Her last letter is from Gibraltar, and describes the affectingly beautiful evening when the body of the captain—he had died of small-pox—was lowered into the sea, above which the evening sun descended brilliantly, and small craft lay with white sails outspread like the wings of angels. A certain melancholy breathes through the letter, and a thoroughly noble tone of mind, with no trace whatever of that insolent and proud spirit which various things had led me to expect in her. In her letter to Rebecca she spoke of her joy as a mother, and of her beautiful child, in the most touching manner. “I can hardly understand my own happiness,” she says in one place; “I am the mother of an immortal being,—‘God be merciful to me a sinner!’” That does not sound much like pride! She has sent home a box of presents and souvenirs for her friends, “in case I should not again see my father-land,” says she. She has commenced the voyage with joyless presentiments; and now that the good captain of the vessel is dead, during the voyage they seem to increase.

Yet all has gone well hitherto, and her mother, three brothers, and her only sister, the young amiable lady at Concord, and many of her friends, expect her with longing and with joy.

22nd.—Yesterday I visited the Female Academy at Brooklyn, an educational institute for five hundred young girls, where they study and graduate as young men do. I admired the arrangement of the establishment, its museum, library, &c., and was especially pleased with the deportment of the young girls; heard their compositions both in prose and verse, liked them and the young ladies who read them. I also heard here a song, with which, to my shame I say it, I have been greeted two or three times in this country, because the words, in which I cannot discover a grain of sense or connection, have been dedicated to me, (they begin, "I dream, I dream of my father-land") and the music to—Jenny Lind! *C'est imprimée!* These finishing schools for young girls give unquestionably a deal of finish, various kinds of knowledge, demeanour in society, self-possession, &c. But are they calculated to develop that which is best in woman? I doubt it; and I have heard sensible women in this country, even among the young, doubt also, or rather deny that they are. They may be good as a temporary means of leading women into those spheres of knowledge from which they have hitherto been excluded. Thus these young ladies are universally commended for the progress which they make, and for their skill in mathematical studies, in algebra, and physics. But it is clear to me that the pursuit of these scholastic studies must involve the neglect of much domestic virtue and pleasure. The young girl, in her zeal to prepare her lessons, snubs her mother, and looks cross at her father, if they venture to interrupt her. They call forth her ambition at the expense of her heart. They lay too much stress upon school learning. The highest object of

schools should be to prepare people to do without them. At all events the life of the young girl ought to be divided between the school and home, so that the school may have but a small part of it. The good home is the true high school.

But I almost reproach myself for saying so much against an institution where I experienced so much of the young heart's warmth as I did here. Certain it is that I embraced and was embraced, that I kissed and was kissed, by daughters, and nieces, and mammas, and aunts, so that there was almost—too much of it. But the warm-heartedness there warmed my own heart, and I bore away with me many lively memories of it.

I am now preparing for my departure, and in the meantime have taken the portraits of my friends and their children, "the rose-coloured family," in a little group of heads, which I leave with them as a memorial of me. I was very sorry to part with it. I should like to have had it always with me. But I shall see them again, for I am returning here. Great part of my books and clothes, as well as my one chest, I shall leave at their house. When I look at the former, and see the thick volumes of Hegel's Philosophy and Scandinavian Mythology, which I intended to have studied during my visit to this country, I cannot but smile. I have not once thought of opening them.

March 24th.—Yesterday Channing was here, the amiable W. H. Channing! He came in the morning, fresh and dewy as a morning in May. We had during the winter exchanged a couple of letters, and in them had got a little atwist. Emerson was the apple of discord between us. Channing set up Emerson, and I set up—myself. And thus we both became silent. When we now met he was most cordial and beaming, gave me a volume of Wordsworth's, the "Excursion"—and was perfectly kind and amiable. With such men one breathes the air of spring.

There was a little party in the evening, Channing among the rest. After he had said good night and left the house, he came hastily back, and calling me out, led me into the piazza, where pointing up to the starry heavens, which shone forth in beaming splendour above us, he smiled, pressed my hand, and—was gone.

But I must not talk only of myself and my own affairs; I must say a little about the affairs of the public. The question of universal interest, and which now occupies everyone, regards the incorporation of California and Texas with the Union as independent States. The whole country may be said to be divided into two parties,—Pro-Slavery, and Anti-Slavery. California, rapidly populated, and that principally from the North-Eastern States, the enterprising sons of the Pilgrims, has addressed to Congress a petition to be freed from slavery, and to be acknowledged as a free state. To this the Southern slave states will not consent, as California by its position belongs to the Southern States, and its freedom from slavery would lessen their weight in Congress. They contend desperately for the maintenance of what they call their rights. The Northern free states contend just as desperately, in part to prevent the extension of slavery to California and Texas, and in part to bring about the abolition of that which they with reason regard as a misfortune and a plague-spot to their father-land. And the contest is carried on with a good deal of bitterness on both sides, both in and out of Congress.

Abolitionists are here of all shades. Various of my acquaintance belong to the Ultras; the S.'s to the Moderates, and to these last I attach myself; I think the others unreasonable.

The continually increasing emigration of the poorest classes of Europe, principally from Ireland and Germany, has given rise to great exertions, not to oppose it, but to deal with it, and to make it not merely uninjurious, but as

beneficial as possible, both for the country and the people themselves.

The Irish become here the best labourers which America possesses, in particular for the making of roads and canals. The Germans are assisted for the most part, to the West, to the great German colonies in the Valley of the Mississippi, and where all hands and all kinds of human qualifications are in demand. There begin to be in the Eastern States, as in Europe, more labourers than labour; but these also are moving off in great numbers westward. That great West, as far as the Pacific Ocean, is the future, and the hope of North America, the free space and boundless prospect of which give to its people a freer respiration, a fresher life than any other nation enjoys.

On all questions of general interest in the separate States, meetings are held, resolutions taken, and motions or petitions sent up to Congress, where the carrying them out comes within its administration. And it is a pleasure to hear how they all, at least in the Northern States, march onward for the advancement of popular education, and for the development of popular power, and all such public measures as tend to the general advantage.

In the midst of all the agitation of these great questions there comes at this moment the news of Jenny Lind's expected arrival, which has gone like wild-fire through the country, electrifying everybody and causing every countenance to clear up. It is as if a melodious major key echoed in every breast.

Thanks, my sweet child, for what you write about our friends and acquaintance at home. Greet them for me, and tell Mrs. L. that I think of her as tenderly and as faithfully as in Sweden. One of the happiest days of my life will be when I hear that she has recovered from her illness.

I must have mentioned to you, as among my kindest

acquaintance in Boston, the Longfellos, both man and wife, and Professor and Mrs. How. I always felt animated, both heart and soul, when I was with them. Mrs. How, a most charming little creature, fresh and frank in character, and endowed with a delicate sense of the beautiful, I could really get very fond of.

I have declined the offers of several portrait-painters, but I could not help sitting to one in Boston, a Mr. Furniss, an agreeable young man; and he has taken a pleasing likeness of me. People say it is very like, and it is to be engraved.

I now bid you farewell; embrace and kiss mamma's hand in spirit. May you be able soon to tell me that you are quite well! I salute every spring day that comes, on your account. And we have had here some beautiful, vernal mild days, but the weather is now again cold, and as severe, and keen, and snowy as it ever is at this season in Sweden. But it will soon change again. And how I long for the South!

I have rested now thoroughly for some days, and I feel myself stronger each day. May my dear Agatha only feel the same!

P.S.—Mrs. W. H. of Charleston has written to me and kindly invited me to her house there. But—I must see her first to know whether we can get on well together. I shall therefore, in the first instance, go to an hotel in the city, and remain there for a few days in the most perfect quiet, and in the enjoyment of freedom and solitude. Then we shall see!

LETTER XII.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, *March 22nd*, 1850.

AH that I could but fly away and cast a glance into my home and see how it is with my Agatha and mamma! But ah! "that cannot be, your grace!" said the duck, and therefore I must sit dull and silent as a duck, and enjoy myself by hoping and trusting that you are advancing with great strides on the path of improvement, and that you are becoming more and more like Taglioni in agility and grace. May it be so, my little heart! and may everything be well at home!

Things have gone splendidly with me. I arrived this morning, after a voyage of three days and nights, expecting to have found here full summer, and somewhat annoyed, instead of that, to find the weather cold and grey, and to be obliged to go about in winter clothing. But it cannot last long. The trees, for all the streets are planted with trees, are already clothed in tender green; roses, lilies, and orange-blossoms beckon from terraces and gardens, and the sun begins to break through the clouds. Probably, in the morning, it will be real summer again.

The weather during the last days of my stay at Brooklyn was wild and winterly, and the day I went on board was icy-cold; one saw ice and icicles everywhere; the sharp wind was full of icicles. The good, amiable Marcus and Rebecca, with their two eldest children, the angelic Eddie and the merry little Jenny, accompanied me on board. Marcus carried my luggage, spoke to the captain and to the stewardess for me, and arranged everything.

I was so overwhelmed by introductions to strange people

that I was obliged to take refuge in my room that I might say a few words and take leave of my friends.

I really sate down and grieved for an hour after the S.'s had left me, and I was borne upon the waves farther and farther from them. At night I dreamed that they were with me, and I thought, then, they are not gone, and we are not parted; it was merely a bad dream! But the dream was true enough.

The whole of the first day of the voyage was cold, grey, and cheerless. I avoided everybody excepting a couple of Quakers, *Friends* as they are commonly called, a man and his wife, with whom I became a little acquainted, and who pleased me as Friends generally do by their quietness and their peaceful, silent demeanour. Their earliest youth was past; she had one of those pure, beautiful countenances which one so often meets with among Quaker women; he seemed to be out of health, and they were travelling to the South on his account. The next day we had splendid sunshine, but still cold, till towards noon, when we seemed, all at once, to come into really warm spring. It was like magic. Sky and sea were bathed in light; the air was full of life and delicious influence. It was enchantingly beautiful, divine! My whole being was suffused with this glory. I avoided the catechising conversation and sate down on the upper deck, and saw the sun go down and the full moon ascend in mild splendour; saw the north-star shining at yet greater distance from me, and Orion and Sirius ascend to the zenith. Hour after hour went by and I was unconscious of everything excepting that the new world was beautiful, and its Creator great and good. I feared nothing excepting that somebody might come and talk to me and thus interrupt the glorious silence, the repose and gladness of my spirit.

I saw, on the lower deck, young men and their wives come out into the clear moonlight, pair after pair, cooing

affectionately like doves ; saw the Friends, my friends, sitting side by side, gazing upwards at the moon which shone upon their mild and calm countenances ; saw the moonbeams dancing upon the dancing billows while we were borne onward along the calm sea towards Cape Hatteras, the light-house of which shone towards us, like a huge star on the south horizon.

At Cape Hatteras we were to enter the Gulf of Mexico, and this point is one of danger to the mariner. Violent gusts of wind and storm are generally encountered there ; and many a fearful shipwreck has occurred at Cape Hatteras ; but tempest and disaster came not near us. The moon shone, the billows danced, the wind was still, the pairs of turtle-doves cooed, and the Friends slumbered ; we passed Cape Hatteras at midnight, and I hoped now to be in the region of steady summer warmth. But psha ! Nothing of the kind.

Next morning it was again grey and cold and cheerless, and not at all like summer. One portion of the company lay in their berths suffering from sea-sickness ; another portion sate down to a merry game of cards under an awning on deck. I sate apart with the Friends who were silent and at last went to sleep. But I was full of life and wide awake all day ; felt remarkably well and spent a rich forenoon in company with the sea and with Bancroft's "History of the United States," which interests me extremely as well from its truly philosophical spirit as for its excellent narrative style. In the former he resembles our Geijer, in the latter, D'Aubigné. I read also on the voyage a little pamphlet on "Special Providence" by a sort of renowned clairvoyant of New York, named Davis, but a production which more clearly testified to the blindness of the spirit I never saw, and I knew not whether to be more astonished at its pretension or at its poverty.

On the morning of the fourth day we were before

Charleston. The morning was grey and cheerless and not agreeable. But the shores around the bay covered with dark cedar-woods, and pale green broad-leaved trees had a singular but attractive appearance. Everything was novel to my eyes, even the exterior of the city, which rather resembled a city of the European continent, at least in the style of its houses, than either Boston or New York. A young gentleman with whom I had had some excellent conversation on board, and whom I liked—excepting that he would make a show with his French, which, after all, was nothing to make any show with—now stood with me on deck observing the country, where he was at home, and crying up the happiness of the negro-slaves, which did not much enhance his own worth; for remarks of this kind only show want of judgment or of politeness. A young lady who had shared my cabin, and been silent and sea-sick the whole time, now lifted up her head and instantly asked me “how I liked America?”

Mrs. W. H. sent her brother, a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, to take me in a carriage to her house, but I preferred my own freedom, and to accompany the Friends to the hotel which they had decided upon for themselves. And there am I now, in a little room with four bare, white-washed walls.

I have been out wandering about the town for two good hours, pleased with my solitude and by the great number of new objects which meet my eye everywhere; by the appearance of the town with its numerous gardens (for it is like a great assemblage of country houses, each one with its verandah or piazza ornamented with foliage and flowers); by the many kinds of trees, all strange to me, and which are now in flower or in leaf (I only saw one without leaves, but with its stem and tops covered with pink blossoms); by the dark-green orange groves in the gardens, and which whisper and diffuse their fragrance on the breeze. Negroes swarm in the streets. Two thirds of the

people whom one sees out in the town, are negroes or mulattoes. They are ugly, but appear for the most part cheerful and well fed. In particular one sees fat negro and mulatto women, and their bright coloured handkerchiefs, often wound very tastefully round the head, produce a picturesque appearance, a thousand times preferable to the bonnets and caps which they wear in the free States, and which are unbecoming to them.

That which struck me most in the streets, after the great number of negroes, was the large flocks of turkey-buzzards, which stalk about here and there, picking up any offal which they can find to eat. They are so fearless, that they will scarcely move out of your way. I saw numbers of them also, sitting in rows on the roofs and chimneys, and a very strange appearance they made, stretching out their heavy wings in the air and the sunshine. They are regarded in Charleston as a species of city-scavengers, and are therefore welcome to the streets. It is forbidden to destroy them.

March 29th.—Cold, cold, still intolerably cold today.

At five o'clock this morning I heard the drum which calls the negro slaves to work.

Yesterday afternoon I was invited by my acquaintance from the Northern States, who are here in the hotel, to drive out with them, and we had a charming drive in the beautiful sunshine. The country is altogether flat, as far as one can see. Beautiful forest tracts, plantations of trees, and water, all contribute a charm to it. The town itself lies by the sea, upon a peninsula, between two rivers, the Ashley and Cooper, which discharge themselves into the sea.

My friends brought oranges and bananas for me, as we drove along, and I now for the first time tasted this tropical fruit, which people here are so fond of. It has a delicate, sweet, somewhat insipid, flavour; in form it

resembles our large seed-cucumbers; in colour and in flesh it is like a melon, but less juicy. I could have fancied I was biting into soap. I have a notion that we shall not become good friends, the banana and I.

My Quaker friends left early this morning to go still farther south, in the hope of reaching summer air. It was too cold for them here. The month of February was here very warm, and the yellow jasmine which then flowers is now nearly over.

I must now bid you adieu, as I must go out and call on Mrs. W. H., and see whether I could be happy with her. If not, I shall remain quietly here, although it is certainly no Eldorado. The hotel is probably not one of the best in the city. A chaos of negro lads throng about the dinner and supper table, pretending to be waiters, but they do nothing more than spring hither and thither, round one another, without either dexterity or order, and move about everything on the table, without rhyme or reason which I can discover. I am waited on in my room by a pretty mulatto girl, very ragged, yet with such a good and patient look,—that it makes me unhappy. I asked her how much wages she had; she looked at me with astonishment, and replied, “that she belonged to Missis.” But “Missis” is a lady, of a stern mien, and keen-eyed, whose property I would not willingly be, and—poor girl! Miss D. told me that a young servant girl of the house had last year been flogged by the gentleman of the house, the son of the lady.

I could remain here very well a few days longer, and then proceed further south, to Savannah and to Augusta in Georgia, whither I am invited by my fellow passengers of the “Canada,” the family of the name of B. and Miss L. I ought to remain there through the month of April, for there one sees the paradise of the South. And I ought to take the opportunity of seeing something of the plantations there. If the Southerners knew with

what an unprejudiced and honest intention I come to them, merely seeking for the truth in everything, and ready to do justice to the good in all, even in slavery, then would they not meet me with suspicious glances. I have besides no wish to penetrate particularly into the most sorrowful side of Southern life. That has been penetrated into enough already. I wish to see nature, life—that which the New World is becoming here also, and that aspect of life, as a part of it, which is the result of position and the gifts of nature. I wish therefore to avoid conversations on slavery with people in general; and with some individuals in particular. With sensible and right-minded people however, many of whom are to be met with here, I will talk of slavery, will question them, and listen to them, and I am certain that we shall understand each other and perfectly agree, if not always in the thing, at all events in disposition of mind. I am come hither to see and to learn, not as a spy. I wish to have in the South, mild atmosphere, flowers, repose, health; and the good that it has and does will I acknowledge with all my heart. I also believe that there are few Southerners who do not regard slavery as the misfortune of the country, although they consider it difficult to be rid of it.

From Savannah I shall write again to you. Now merely a kiss and heartfelt wishes that this may find you once more active and well.

Later.—Yet a few more words to tell you that I have seen Mrs. W. H. and her children, and that I remove to-morrow to her house and home. The very first view of her countenance, and its expression, so full of kindness and sincerity, was sufficient for me. I liked her immediately, and the short conversation I had with her sufficed to strengthen the impression of the first glance. She is evidently one of the intelligent, kind and motherly women of the earth; she has, it is true, a little weakness

towards literary endowments and literary people, but I, for my part, consider this quite amiable in her. She is about my own age, and might, from her appearance, be a Swede. The blue eyes, the round fresh countenance, the plump figure, as well as the charming good nature in speech and manner, are so like our Swedish ladies. She is indeed of Scandinavian descent; her father was Danish — by name, Monefelt. Of the other members of the family I saw three pretty girls; the eldest seventeen, the youngest nine years old, and a handsome lad of ten. Mr. W. H., two elder sons, and the eldest daughter of the family, are now from home.

I have seen also another agreeable family, that of Dr. G., whose wife, son-in-law, and daughters, have called on me, and offered to take me to the islands and the beautiful places in the neighbourhood.

I have likewise seen to-day Mrs. Hammarsköld (Emilie Holmberg) and her mother. Tears of longing for Sweden filled the eyes of the old lady. The younger lady is a much esteemed teacher of music here.

I can now write no more, the post is leaving.

God bless my sweet Agatha!

LETTER XIII.

CHARLESTON, *April 12th*, 1850.

I SEE a feeble Southern beauty reposing upon a luxurious bed of flowers in a nectarine grove, surrounded by willing slaves, who at her nod bring to her the most precious fruits and ornaments in the world. But all her beauty, the splendour of her eye, the delicate crimson of her cheek, the pomp which surrounds her couch, cannot conceal the want of health and vigour, the worm which

devours her vitals. This weak, luxurious beauty is—*South Carolina*.

And after all, my Agatha, she *is beautiful*. I have inexpressibly enjoyed her peculiar charm, so delightful, so rich, and to me so novel.

I have been fourteen days here, and although the weather for the most part has been rainy, and is so still, yet there have been days when I have wished that all feeble, ailing humanity, (and you my Agatha above all,) could remove hither, breathe this air, see this exquisite pomp of heaven and earth, which must invigorate them like a balsam of life, and enjoy life anew. I can understand how the mariners who first approached these shores, and felt these gentle breezes, this atmosphere, believed that they were drinking an elixir of life, and hoped to find here the fountain of perpetual youth.

During these delicious days I have made some excursions into the country, round the city, with Mrs. H., and some kind acquaintance. In all directions, after we had ploughed through an extent of deep sand—but they are now beginning everywhere to form wooden roads, which are very excellent to drive upon—we arrived at forest. And the forest here is a sort of paradisaical wilderness, or abounding with many kinds of trees and plants which I never before heard of or saw. Nothing is studied or trimmed, but everything grows in wild luxuriant disorder: myrtles and fir-trees, magnolias and cypresses, elms and oaks, and a great many foreign trees, the names of which I do not know. The most magnificent and the most abundant of all trees here is the live-oak, an evergreen, an immense tree, from the branches of which depending masses of moss, often three or four yards in length, (the *Tillandsia Umvides*) hung down in heavy draperies. These pendant grey masses upon the heavy branches produce the most unimaginably picturesque effect, and when these trees have been planted with any

regularity they form the most magnificent natural Gothic churches with arcades and lofty vaulted aisles. Beneath these long-branched patriarchs of the forest flourish a number of lesser trees, shrubs, plants, and climbing vegetation, especially the wild vine, which fill the wood with perfume, and make a beautiful show in the hedges, and up aloft in the trees, whence they fling down their wild blossoming branches. Thus, with the wild yellow jasmine, which was here and there yet in flower; thus with the white Cherokee rose, which also grows wild, and in the greatest abundance; thus, with many other showy creeping plants, which on all sides twine around the boles of the trees, and many of which are said to be poisonous. (And many poisonous things, both of vegetable and animal life, are said to be in these wildernesses.) The magnolia is one of the most glorious of their trees, a tall green-leaved laurel, the white blossoms which are said to be the most beautiful flowers of the South; but it does however not begin to flower till the end of May.

The city itself is now in full bloom, for the city is like a great assemblage of villas standing in their gardens, which are now brilliant with roses of every kind. The fragrance of the orange blossom fills the air, and the mocking-bird, the nightingale of North America (called by the Indians, *cenconttolly*, or the hundred-tongued, from its ability to imitate every kind of sound), sings in cages in the open windows, or outside them. I have not yet heard it sing when free in the woods. The nectarine and the fig-tree have already set their fruit. I observed this in Mrs. W. H.'s garden, where also I saw the Carolina humming-bird flutter, like a little spirit, among the scarlet honeysuckle flowers, sipping their honey as it flew. That is something particular, and very beautiful, my little Agatha, and I am fortunate in being here.

I have received many kind visits and invitations, and first among the former let me mention that which is

most to my taste, and to which I owe some of my most beautiful hours in the New World. You know my faculty of receiving decided impressions as regards persons, and of my coming into *rapport* with them almost at the first moment. This faculty or power, which has never yet deceived me, has become more keen since I went abroad on my Viking expedition, quite alone, and have thereby been brought into immediate connection with a great number of persons. I have, of late in particular, acquired a sort of mercurial sensitiveness to the various temperaments and natures which approach me, and the barometer of my feelings rises or falls accordingly. Thus as I liked Mrs. W. H. from the first moment, did I like—but in another way—Mrs. Holbrook, the wife of the Professor of Natural History, from the first moment when I saw and heard her. I became animated, and as it were awakened, by the fresh intelligent life which spoke in that lovely, animated woman. There is nothing commonplace, nothing conventional in her. Everything is clear, peculiar, living, and above all, good. I felt it like a draught of the very elixir of life—the very fountain of youth. The next day I dined with Mrs. W. H., at her beautiful, elegant residence, the sea-breezes coming in refreshingly through the curtains of the windows. Her mother, Mrs. R., a beautiful old lady, with splendid eyes; her sister, Miss Lucas R.; three ideally lovely and charming young girls, her nieces; and three very agreeable gentlemen, composed the party. Mr. Holbrook is, together with Aggassiz, the Swiss, now on a natural history expedition to the great fens of Florida, called the *Ever Glades*.

After an excellent dinner we drove to the battery, the fashionable promenade of the city, and which consists of a bald inclosure along the beach, where people walk round and round in a circle, so that they see again and again all those they know, and all those they do not know, who are promenading there, a thing that I should have

nothing to do with beyond at most once a-year, not even to breathe the very best sea-air. Neither did this sort of promenade seem particularly to Mrs. Holbrook's taste; but the people of the New World, in general, are fond of being in company, are fond of a crowd.

After an excellent tea, Mrs. Holbrook drove me home. And that was one day of fashionable life at Charleston; and it was very good. But better still, was another day spent in the country, alone with her at her country-seat, Belmont, some miles out of town.

She came about noon and fetched me in a little carriage. We were alone, we two, the whole day; we wandered in myrtle-groves—we botanised—we read; Mrs. H. made me acquainted with the English poet, Keats; and above all, we talked; and the day passed like a golden dream, or like the most beautiful reality. You know how easily I get wearied with talk, how painful to me is the effort which it requires. But now I talked for a whole day with the same person, and I was not conscious either of effort or of fatigue. It was delicious and amusing, amusing, amusing! The air itself was a delicious enjoyment. Mrs. Holbrook was like a perpetually fresh-welling fountain, and every subject which she touched upon became interesting, either from her remarks upon it, or from the views which her conversation unfolded. Thus we flew together over the whole world, not always agreeing, but always maintaining the best understanding: and that day, in the fragrant myrtle-groves of Belmont, on the banks of the Ashley river, is one of my most beautiful days in the New World, and one which I shall never forget. Now I became acquainted, for the first time, with the amber-tree, and several other trees and plants, whose names and properties Mrs. H. mentioned to me. Natural science has extended her glance over the life of the world, without diverting it from the religious and heavenly life. For her the earth is a poem, which in its various forms

testifies of its Poet and its Creator; but the highest evidence of Him she derives, not from the natural life, but from a still, lofty figure, which once advanced from the shadows of life before her glance, and made life for her light and great, connecting time and eternity. Mrs. H. is a platonic thinker, who can see (which is rare in this world) system in all things, and dissimilar radii having all relationship to one common centre. I spoke freely to her of what I considered the great want in the female education of this country,—and of all countries. Women acquire many kinds of knowledge, but there is no systematising of it. A deal of latin, a deal of mathematics, much knowledge of the physical sciences, &c., but there is no philosophical centralisation of this, no application of the life in this to life itself, and no opportunity afforded after leaving school of applying all this scientific knowledge to a living purpose. Hence it falls away out of the soul, like flowers that have no root, or as leaves plucked from the branches of the tree of knowledge when the young disciple goes from school into life. Or if they do remember what they have learned, it is but merely remembered work, and does not enter as sap and vegetative power into the life itself. That which is wanting in school-learning, in the great as in the small, is a little Platonic philosophy.

On other subjects we did not fully agree; my imagination could not always accompany the flights of my friend. But the charm in Mrs. H. is that she has genius, and she says new and startling things, in particular as regard the life and correspondence of nature and of the spirit.

When the sun sank in the waters of the river this beautiful day came to an end, and we returned to the city. But I must go again to Belmont, and spend a few days there with its good genius; so it is said—but I know not whether I shall have the time.

Mrs. H. belongs to the aristocratic world of Charleston,

and to one of its noblest families, the Rutleges, but is universally acknowledged as one of "the most intellectual and charming women," and is spoken of as "above fashion;" and how could such a spirit be trammelled by fashion?

She has, however, one twist, but that is universal here, and it belongs to the slave states.

South Carolina is generally called the Palmetto State. I expected to have seen everywhere this half-tropical species of tree. I was quite annoyed not to see, either in or out of Charleston, any palmettos. They have been, in a Vandal-like manner, cut down for piles, and for ship-building, because this timber is impenetrable to water. At length, however, a few days ago, I saw this States-tree of Carolina (for the State bears a palmetto-tree on its banner) on Sullivan's Island, a large sand-bank in the sea, outside Charleston, where the citizens have country-houses for the enjoyment of sea-air and sea-bathing; and there in various gardens we may yet see clumps of palmettos. Imagine to yourself a straight round stem, slightly knotted at the joints, from the top of which large, green, waving fans, with finger-like divisions, branch forth on all sides upon long stalks, and you have an image of the palmetto, the representative of the palm. I was invited by Mr. and Mrs. Gilman to a pic-nic on Sullivan's Island. Pic-nics are here the current name for excursions into the country, where they go to eat, and to enjoy themselves in a merry company. These parties are very much liked, especially by the young people; and many a tender, serious union, looks back for its commencement to a merry pic-nic. That at which I was now present was a large party, nor was there any lack of young people, nor yet of young enamoured pairs; but the day was cool, and I felt it to be rather laborious than agreeable, which is often the case with me on so-called parties of pleasure. But I really did enjoy a drive with Mrs. Gilman on the beach,

along the firm fine sands, whilst the waves came rolling in, thundering and foaming even to the horses' feet. There was a wild freshness in this scene, whilst the air was of the mildest and most delicious character. How romantic is "nature," and how rich in picturesque contrasts! Both Mr. and Mrs. Gilman are of the poetical temperament; she has sung the beauty of quiet and pious life; he the subjects connected with his native land. His splendid song,—

"Fathers, have ye bled in vain!"

written from fervent inspiration at a time when the dissolution of the Union was threatened by the bitterness of party strife, has been sung with rapture throughout the United States, and perhaps may have contributed more to arouse the public spirit of fellow-citizenship than any governmental measure which is said to have saved "the Union." Mr. Gilman is a highly esteemed and beloved minister of Charleston, a handsome elderly man, whose inward earnestness and nobility are faithfully reflected in his exterior.

Last evening I was at a wedding, that is to say, I was invited to witness the marriage ceremony in the church. It was between a Catholic and a member of the English Episcopalian church; and they had agreed to select the minister of the Unitarian congregation of Charleston, Mr. Gilman, to unite them. Only the relatives and friends of the bridal pair were to be present at the ceremony, which took place in the evening by lamp-light. The bride was lovely as a new-blown white rose, small and delicate, dressed in white, and with a very pretty garland and veil. The bridegroom was a tall and thin gentleman; not handsome, but had the look of a good, respectable man, is very rich, and desperately in love with his white rose-bud. Their bridal tour is to be a pleasure trip to Europe. After the marriage ceremony, which was

worthily and beautifully performed by Mr. Gilman, the company rose from their seats and congratulated the bridal pair. A fat old negro-woman sate, like a horrid spectre, black and silent by the altar. This was the nurse and foster-mother of the bride, and who could not bear the thought of parting with her. This parting, however, is only for the time of their journey, as these black nurses are cared for with great tenderness as long as they live in the white families, and generally speaking they deserve it from their affection and fidelity.

You may believe that there has not failed to be here conversations about slavery. I do not originate them, but when they occur, which they frequently do, I express my sentiments candidly but as inoffensively as may be. One thing, however, which astonishes and annoys me here, and which I did not expect to find, is that I scarcely ever meet with a man, or woman either, who can openly and honestly look the thing in the face. They wind and turn about in all sorts of ways, and make use of every argument—sometimes the most opposite, to convince me that the slaves are the happiest people in the world, and do not wish to be placed in any other condition, or in any other relationship to their masters than that in which they now find themselves. This in many cases, and under certain circumstances, is true; and it occurs more frequently than the people of the Northern States have any idea of. But there is such an abundance of unfortunate cases, and always must be in this system, as to render it detestable.

I have had a few conversations on the subject, something in the following style:—

Southerner.—“Report says, Miss Bremer, that you belong to the abolitionist party?”

Myself.—“Yes, certainly, I do; but so, doubtlessly, do we both; you as well as I.”

Southerner is silent.

Myself.—"I am certain that you, as well as I, wish freedom and happiness to the human race."

Southerner.—"Y—y—ye—e—e—e—s! but—but—"

And now come many *buts*, which are to prove the difficulty and the impossibility of the liberation of the negro race. That there is difficulty I am willing to concede, but not impossibility. This, however, is clear, that there requires a preparation for freedom, and that this has been long neglected. There is here, in Charleston, a noble man who thinks as I do on the matter, and who labours in this the only true direction and preparation for this freedom, namely, the negroes' initiation into Christianity. Formerly their instruction was shamefully neglected, or rather opposed: the laws of the State forbidding that slaves should be taught to read and write, and long opposing their instruction, even in Christianity. But better times have come, and seem to be coming. People frequently, in their own houses, teach their slaves to read; and missionaries, generally methodists, go about the plantations preaching the Gospel.

But the onesidedness and the obstinate blindness of the educated class in this city, really astonish and vex me. And women, women, in whose moral sense of right, and in whose inborn feeling for the true and the good, I have so much faith and hope—women grieve me by being so shortsighted on this subject, and by being still more irritable and violent than the men. And yet it is women, who ought to be most deeply wounded by the immorality and the impurity of the institution! Does it not make a family a non-entity? Does it not separate husband and wife, mother and child? It strikes me daily with a sort of amazement when I see the little negro children, and think—"These children do not belong to their parents; their mother, who brought them into the world with suffering, who nourished them at her breast, who watched over them, she whose flesh and blood they

are, has no right over them. They are not hers ; they are the property of her possessor, of the person who bought her, and with her all the children she may have, with his money ; and who can sell them away whenever he pleases." Wonderful !

The moral feeling, it is said, is becoming more and more opposed to the separation of families and of little children from their mothers by sale ; and that it now no longer takes place at the public slave-auctions. But one hears in the Northern, as well as in the Southern States, of circumstances which prove what heart-breaking occurrences take place in consequence of their separation, which the effects of the system render unavoidable, and which the best slaveholders cannot always prevent.

The house-slaves here seem, in general, to be very well treated ; and I have been in houses where their rooms, and all that appertains to them (for every servant, male or female, has their own excellent room), are much better than those which are provided for the free servants of our country. The relationship between the servant and the employer seems also, for the most part, to be good and heartfelt ; the older servants especially seem to stand in that affectionate relationship to the family which characterises a patriarchal condition, and which it is so beautiful to witness in our good families between servant and employer ; at the same time with this great difference, that with us the relationship is the free-will attachment of one rational being to another. Here also may often occur this free-will attachment, but it is then a conquest over slavery, and that slavish relationship, and I fancy that here nobody knows exactly how it is. True it is, in the meantime, that the negro race has a strong instinct of devotion and veneration, and this may be seen by the people's eyes, which have a peculiar, kind, faithful, and affectionate expression, which I like, and which reminds me of that beautiful expression in the eye

of the dog: true is it also, that they have a natural tendency to subordination to the white race, and to obey their higher intelligence; and white mothers and black nurses prove continually the exclusive love of the latter for the child of the white. No better foster-mothers, no better nurses, can any one have for their children, than the black woman; and in general no better sick nurses than the blacks, either male or female. They are naturally good-tempered and attached; and if the white "Massa" and "Missis," as the negroes call their owners, are kind on their part, the relationship between them and "Daddy" and "Mammy," as the black servants are called, especially if they are somewhat in years, is really good and tender. But neither are circumstances of quite the opposite kind wanting. The tribunals of Carolina, and the better class of the community of Carolina, have yet fresh in their memory, deeds of cruelty done to house-slaves which rival the worst abominations of the old heathen times. Some of the very blackest of these deeds have been done by — *women*; by women in the higher class of society in Charleston! Just lately, also, has a rich planter been condemned to two years' imprisonment in the house of correction, for his barbarous treatment of a slave. And then it must be borne in mind that the public tribunal does not take cognisance of any other cruelties to slaves, than those which are too horrible and too public to be passed over! When I bring forward these universally-known circumstances in my arguments with the patrons and patronesses of slavery, they reply, "Even in your country, and in all countries, are masters and mistresses sometimes austere to their servants." To which I reply, "But then they can leave them!" And to this they have nothing to say, but look displeased.

Ah! the *curse* of slavery, as the common phrase is, has not merely fallen upon the black, but, perhaps, at this moment, still more upon the white, because it has

warped his sense of truth, and has degraded his moral nature.

The position and the treatment of the blacks, however, really improve from year to year. The whites, nevertheless, do not seem to advance in enlightenment. But—I will see and hear more before I condemn them. Perhaps the lover of darkness has established himself principally in Charleston. “Charleston is an owl’s nest!” said a witty Carolina lady to me one day.

I must now tell you something about the home in which I am, and in which I find myself so well off, and so happy, that I would not wish for a better. The house with its noble garden stands alone in one of the most rural streets of the city, Lynch-street, and has on one side a free view of the country and the river, so that it enjoys the most delicious air—the freshest breezes. Lovely sprays of white roses, and of the scarlet honeysuckle, fling themselves over the piazza, and form the most exquisite verandah. Here I often walk, especially in the early morning and in the evening, inhaling the delicious air, and looking abroad over the country. My room, my pretty airy room, is in the upper story. The principal apartments which are on the first story open upon the piazza, where people assemble or walk about in the evening, when there is generally company.

You are a little acquainted with Mrs. W. H. already, but no one can rightly know her, or value her, until they have seen her in daily life, within her own home. She is there more like a Swedish lady than any woman I have met with in this country, for she has that quiet, attentive, affectionate, motherly demeanour; always finding something to do, and not being above doing it with her own hands. (In the slave states people commonly consider coarse work as somewhat derogatory, and leave it to be done by slaves.) Thus I see her quietly busied from morning till evening; now with the children, now with

meals, when she assists her servants to arrange the table; or when meals are over and removed, and all is in order which needs looking after, (for the negroes are naturally careless,) she will be busy cutting out and making clothes for them, or in dressing and smartening up the little negroes of the house; then she is in the garden, planting flowers or tying up one that has fallen down, training and bringing into order the wild shoots of trailing plants; or she is receiving guests, sending off messengers, &c., and all this with that calm comprehension, with that dignity, which at the same time is so full of kindness, and which is so beautiful in the mistress of a family, which makes her bear the whole house, and be its stay as well as its ornament. In the evening, in particular — but I will give you a circumstantial history of my day.

Early in the morning comes Lettis, the black-brown servant, and brings me a cup of coffee. An hour afterwards little Willie knocks at my door, and takes me down to breakfast, leaning on my little cavalier's shoulder,—sometimes I am conducted both by him and Laura,—to the lowest story, where is the eating-room. There when the family is assembled, good Mrs. Howland dispenses tea and coffee and many good things, for here, as in the North, the breakfasts are only too abundant. One of the principal dishes here is rice (the principal product of Carolina) boiled in water in such a manner as to swell the grains considerably, yet still are they soft, and eat very pulpy. I always eat from this dish of rice at breakfast, because I know it to be very wholesome. People generally eat it with fresh butter, and many mix with it also a soft-boiled egg. For the rest they have boiled meat and fish: sweet potatoes, hommony, maize-bread, eggs, milk cooled with ice; all which are really a superabundance of good things. During the whole meal-time one of the black boys or girls stands with a besom of peacocks' feathers to drive away the flies.

After breakfast all go out on the piazza for a little while, the children leap about and chase one another through the garden, and it is a delight to see the graceful Sarah, now thirteen, leap about, brilliant with the freshness of youth and joy, and light as a young roe, with her plaits of hair and her ribbons flying in the wind. She is a most charming creature. The elder sister, Illione, is also a pretty girl, with something excellent, grave and demure in her demeanour and manner. Willie has beautiful eyes and brown curls, and Laura is a little rosebud. Two little black negro-girls, Georgia and Attila, the children of Lettis, jump and leap about in the house, and on the steps, as quick and dexterous as one might fancy black elves.

After breakfast I go into my own room and remain there quite undisturbed the whole forenoon. At twelve o'clock Mrs. W. H. sends me up a second breakfast, bread and butter, a glass of iced milk, oranges and bananas. You see my dear heart, I am not likely to suffer from hunger. At three o'clock they dine, and there may be a guest or two to dinner. In the afternoon my good hostess takes me out somewhere, which is in every way agreeable to me.

The evening is nevertheless the flower of the day in this family, (ah, in how many families is the evening the heaviest part of the day!) Then the lamps are lighted in the beautiful drawing-rooms; and all are summoned to tea. Then is Mrs. W. H., kind, and fat, and good, seated on the sofa with the great tea-table before her, loaded with good things; then small tea-tables are placed about, (I always have my own little table to myself near the sofa,) and the lively little negro-boy, Sam, (Mrs. W. H.'s great favourite) carries round the refreshments. Then come in, almost always, three or four young lads, sons of neighbouring friends of the family, and a couple of young girls also, and the young people

dance gaily and gracefully to the piano, in all simplicity and good faith. The children of the house are amiable with one another, they are very fond of one another, and dance together as we used to do in the evenings at home. But they are happier than we were. I generally play an hour for them, either waltzes or quadrilles. Strangers, in the mean time, call and take their leave.

Later, people go out on the piazza, where they walk about, or sit and talk, but I prefer rather quietly to enjoy the fragrant night-air, and to glance through the open doors into the room where the handsome children are skipping about in the joy of youth, Sarah always ideally lovely and graceful, and—without knowing it.

Mr. M., the brother of Mrs. W. H., and the gentleman who came to fetch me the first morning, is a guest here every evening; he is a man of great conversational powers, and tells a story remarkably well.

But with none of them am I so much at home as with my good sensible hostess. And I cannot describe how excellently kind she is to me.

April 13th.—We had last evening a great storm of thunder and lightning, such as I have never seen in Europe, although I remember one June night last year, in Denmark, at Sorö, when the whole atmosphere was as it were in bright flame. But here the flashes of lightning were like glowing streams of lava, and the thunder-claps instantly succeeded them. For the first time in my life I felt a little frightened at a thunder-storm. And yet I enjoyed the wild scene.

In a couple of days I shall go hence on a visit to Mr. Poinsett, the late Minister of War for the United States, as well as their Ambassador to Mexico, and who now lives as a private man on his own plantation. He must be an unusually interesting and amiable man, has seen a great deal of life and of the world, and I am therefore glad to receive an invitation to his house near George

Town, a day's journey from this place. I have to thank Mr. Downing for this. I shall spend there a few days, and return hither, whence I shall go to Georgia. I must make good use of the time, because early in May the heat becomes great in the South, and then all the planters remove from their plantations to avoid the dangerous fevers which then prevail. During the summer months it is said that a night spent on one of the rice-plantations would be certain death to a white man. The negroes on the contrary suffer little or nothing from the climate.

I am now making a sketch, from an oil painting, of the portrait of a great Indian chief, by name Osconehola, who, at the head of the Seminole tribe, fought bravely against the Americans in Florida, who wished to drive the Indians thence and send them westward to Arkansas. The country in the southern parts, which was possessed by the tribes of the Seminole and Creek Indians, and where they were continually an annoyance to white settlers, produces as its more general wood a tree which is called light-wood, from the gumminess of its timber, which quickly kindles and burns with a bright flame. It is not of a large size, and is easy to fell. The Arkansas, on the Western side of the Mississippi, produces for the most part oak forests, bounded by the wild steppland (Nebraska, the principal resort of the Indians at this time in North America), and has a severe climate.

Osconehola therefore replied to the message and the threat which was sent by the government of the United States, in these words:—

“My people are accustomed to the warm air of Florida, to the rivers and the lakes which abound in fish; to the light-wood, which is easy to fell, and which burns easily. They cannot live in that cold country where only the oak tree grows. The people cannot fell the large trees; they will perish there for want of the light-wood!”

And when at last the choice was given him, either open

war with the United States, or that he should sign the contract which banished himself and his people from Florida, he struck his spear through it, and said,—

“I defy them to conquer us within five years!”

And the war between the Florida Indians and the army of the United States continued five years; much blood was shed on both sides, and still were the Indians in possession of the country, and would perhaps have been so still had not Osconehola been taken captive through perfidy and deceit. When under the protection of the white flag he came to have a talk with the Spanish General Hernandez. The treachery was indeed the Spaniards', but still it appears that the American officers were neither ignorant of it nor yet averse to it.

Osconehola was taken as prisoner, first to St. Augustin, then to Charleston, and to Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island. From this moment it appeared as if his spirit was broken. Persons who visited him in his prison—Mr. M. was among these—says that he never saw a glance so melancholy and gloomy. He, however, never uttered any lamentation, but often spoke with bitterness of the manner in which he had been taken prisoner, and of the injustice which had been done to his people in forcing them from their native soil to remove to a northern land where no light-wood was to be found!

His handsome person, his melodious voice, his large dark eyes, full of gloomy fire, his bravery and his fate, awoke a universal interest for him, and the ladies in particular felt an enthusiasm for the handsome Seminole chief, visited him and made him presents. But he seemed indifferent to all; grew more and more silent, and from the moment when he was put in prison, his health declined, although he did not appear to be ill. He ate but very little, and would take no medicine. It was evident that he wished to die. The captive eagle could not live deprived of the free life and air of his forest.

Two of his wives, one young and handsome, the other old and ugly, accompanied him into captivity. The old one waited on and tended him, and he seemed to love her most. He was always occupied by but one thought—the certain ruin of his people in that cold land where there was no light-wood. Embittered and silent, he wasted away by degrees, and died one month after his arrival at Fort Moultrie, died because he could not live. The light-wood in his life was consumed. A weeping willow droops over the white marble stone which covers his grave outside the wall of the fortress by the sea-shore.

It is a few years since he died, and his life, combat and death, are an abbreviated history of the fate of his nation in this part of the world. For this reason, and also for the sake of the expression of his handsome countenance, have I wished to make a sketch of his portrait, so that you may see it. I have heard him spoken of here by many persons. Otherwise, I have not just now a weakness for the Indians, notwithstanding their stern virtues, and beautiful characters, and the splendour with which novelists have loved to surround them. They are extremely cruel in their wars between the different tribes, and they are usually severe to the women, whom they treat as beasts of burden, and not as equals.

Casa Bianca, April 16th.—I now write to you, my sweet child, from a hermitage on the banks of the little river Pee Dee. It is a solitary, quiet abode, so solitary and quiet, that it almost astonishes me to find such a one in this lively active part of the world, and among these company-loving people.

A fine old couple, Mr. Poinsett and his lady, who remind me of Philemon and Baucis, live here quite alone, in the midst of negro slaves, rice-plantations, and wild, sandy, forest land. There is not a single white servant in the house. The overseer of the slaves, who always lives near the slave-hamlet, is the only white person

I have seen out of the house. Nevertheless the old couple seem to me to live as safely as we do at our Årsta, and to be about as little careful of fastening the house-door at night. The house is an old one (N.B., for this young country), with antique furniture, and rooms testifying of good old-fashioned aristocratic taste and comfort.

Round the house is a park, or garden, rich in the most beautiful trees, shrubs, and plants of the country, planted by Mr. Poinsett himself, according to Mr. Downing's advice, and, as under the snow-covered roof at Concord, had I the pleasure of hearing the words, "Mr. Downing has done much for this country," so universal is the influence of Mr. Downing here in the improvement of taste, and the awakening a sense of the beautiful, as regards buildings, the cultivation of gardens, and the laying out of public grounds.

North America has also this peculiarity, that all kinds of trees and shrubs from other parts of the world may be removed here, become naturalised and flourish; in the grounds around Casa Bianca are a great number from foreign countries. Of all the trees here I like best the native large live-oak, with its long, pendant growth of moss, (two magnificent specimens of this tree stand opposite the house on the banks of Pee Dee, and form by their branches an immense portico, through which one sees the river and the landscape beyond) and the sober, lofty, dark green magnolias. Outside my window, which is in the upper story, stands a *cornus Floridæ*, a tree whose crown now seems to be a mass of snow-white blossom, and early in the morning I hear and see the thrushes singing their rich morning song on its topmost branches; farther off is the deliciously odoriferous *Olea fragrans* from Peru, and many beautiful rare trees and shrubs. Among these sing the thrushes and the mocking-birds, and swarms of blackbirds twitter and chatter, and build in the great live-oaks. Mrs. Poinsett will not allow

them to be disturbed, and every morning, after breakfast, come little grey sparrows and the brilliant cardinal-birds (so called from the splendour of their plumage) quite familiarly, and pick up the rice-grains which she scatters for them in the piazza before the door. On the quiet little river Pee Dee, glides first one and then another canoe paddled by negroes, and it is only by the steamboats which now and then swing their tails of smoke over the river Wackamow, beyond Pee Dee, and by the sailing vessels which one sees on their way down to Cuba or China, that one observes that here also one lives in this trading and trafficking world.

Mr. Poinsett is a French *gentilhomme* in his whole exterior and demeanour (he is of a French family), and unites the refinement and natural courtesy of the Frenchman with the truthful simplicity and straightforwardness which I so much like in the true American, the man of the New World. That fine figure is still slender and agile, although he suffers from asthma. He has seen much, and been among much, and is an extremely agreeable person to converse with, in particular as relates to the internal political relationship of the United States, which he has assisted in forming, and the spirit and intention of which he thoroughly understands, whilst he has a warm compatriot heart. I have, in a couple of conversations with him in the evening after tea, learned more of these relationships, and those of the individual states to their common government, than I could have learned from books, because I acquire this knowledge in a living manner from the sagacious old statesman; I can ask questions, make objections, and have them at once replied to. He is the first man that I have met with in the South, with one exception, who speaks of slavery in a really candid and impartial spirit. He earnestly desires that his native land should free itself from this moral obliquity, and he has faith in its doing so; but he sees the whole

thing at present involved in so many ways, and the difficulties attending any change so great, that he leaves the question to be solved by the future. He firmly believes in the onward progress of America, but he is far from satisfied with many things in the country, and especially in this very State. He is one of the New World's wise men, who more and more withdraw themselves from the world, looking calmly on from his Hermitage, and apparently happy there with his excellent wife and his rural occupation.

In the morning, after I have eaten, with a good relish, my breakfast of rice and egg and cocoa, I help Mrs. Poinsett to feed the birds, and am delighted that the beautiful showy cardinal-birds will condescend to pick up my rice-grains. And then, if I rush out into the garden ready to embrace the air, and the shrubs, and all nature, the good old lady laughs at me right heartily. Then out comes Mr. Poinsett, begs me to notice the beautiful *la marque* rose, which Mr. Downing gave him, and which now is full of large clusters of yellowish-white flowers on the trellised walls of the house; and thence he takes me round the garden, and tells me the names of the plants which I do not know, and their peculiarities, for the old gentleman is a skilful botanist. He has also taken me round his rice-grounds, which are now being sown, after which they will lie under water. And it is this irrigation, and the exhalation therefrom, which makes the rice-plantations so unwholesome for the white population during the hot season. Mr. Poinsett's plantations are not large, and seem not to have more than sixty negroes upon them. Several other plantations adjoin these, but neither are they large, as it appeared, and my entertainers seemed not to be intimate with their proprietors.

I range about in the neighbourhood, through the rice-fields and negro-villages, which amuses me greatly. The slave-villages consist of small, white-washed, wooden

houses, for the most part built in two rows, forming a street, each house standing detached in its little yard or garden, and generally with two or three trees about it. The houses are neat and clean, and such a village, with its peach-trees in blossom, as they are just now, presents a pleasant appearance. The weather is heavenly; "true Carolina air," say the Carolina people, and it is delicious.

Yesterday—Sunday—there was in the forenoon, divine service for the negroes in a wagon-shed, which had been emptied for that purpose. It was clean and airy, and the slaves assembled there, well-dressed and well behaved. The sermon and the preacher (a white missionary) were unusually wooden. But I was astonished at the people's quick and glad reception of every single expression of beauty or of feeling. Thus when the preacher introduced the words from Job,—“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!” there was a general movement among the people; the words were repeated; many exclaimed Amen! amen! and I saw many eyes full of tears.

In the evening I wandered out to enjoy the beautiful evening and to look about me. I have often heard it said by the friends of slavery, even in the Northern States, as a proof of the happiness of the slaves, that they dance and sing in the evening on the plantations. And now I thought perhaps I may chance to see a dance. I reached the slave village. The little white houses, overshadowed by the pink blossoming trees, with their little plot of garden-ground, looked charmingly; the little fat, black children leapt about eating a large yellow root, the sweet potatoe, laughing if one only looked at them, and especially inclined to shake hands. But in the village itself everything was very still and quiet. A few negro men and women were standing about, and they looked kind and well to do. I heard in one house a sound as of

prayer and zealous exhortation. I entered and saw an assemblage of negroes, principally women, who were much edified and affected in listening to a negro who was preaching to them with great fervour and great gesticulation, thumping on the table with his clenched fists. The sum and substance of his sermon was this—"Let us do as Christ has commanded us; let us do as he wishes, let us love one another. Then he will come to us on our sick beds, on our death beds, and he will make us free, and we shall come to him and sit with him in glory!"

The discourse, spite of its exaggerated pathos and its circumlocution, could not have been better in its aim and in its application. And it delighted me to hear the doctrine of spiritual freedom promulgated by a slave among slaves. I have since heard that the Methodist missionaries, who are the most influential and effective teachers and preachers among the negroes, are very angry with them for their love of dancing and music, and declare them to be sinful. And whenever the negroes become Christian they give up dancing, have preaching meetings instead, and employ their musical talents merely on psalms and hymns. This seems to me a very unwise proceeding on the part of the preachers. Are not all God's gifts good, and may they not be made use of in His honour? And why should not this people, by nature joyous and childlike, worship God in gladness? I would, instead, let them have sacred dances, and let them sing to them joyful songs of praise in the beautiful air, beneath the blossoming trees. Did not King David dance and sing in pious rapture before the ark of God?

I went on still farther through wood and meadow, into the wild, silent country. When it began to grow dusk I turned back. I repassed the same slave village. Fires blazed in the little houses, but everything was more silent and stiller than before. I saw a young negro with a good and handsome countenance, standing thoughtfully under

a peach-tree, leaning against its bole. I accosted him, and asked him of one thing and another. Another slave came up, and then still another, and the conversation with them was as follows:—

“At what time do you get up in the morning?”

“Before sunrise.”

“When do you leave off in the evening?”

“When the sun sets—when it is dark.”

“But when do you get time to look after your gardens?”

“We must do that on Sundays, or at night, for when we come home we are so tired that we could drop down.”

“How do you get your dinners?”

“We have no dinner! It is all we can do if, while we are working, we can throw a bit of bread, or some corn into us.”

“But my friend,” said I, now a little mistrustful, “your appearance contradicts what you say; for you look in very good condition, and quite brisk.”

“We endeavour to keep ourselves up as well as we can,” replied the man by the tree; “what can we do unless we keep up a good heart. If we were to let it droop we should die!”

The others responded to the song of lamentation.

I bade them good night and went my way, suspecting that all was not true in the slaves' representation. But still—it *might* be true; it was true if not here, yet in other places and under wicked masters; it might always be true in an institution which gives such irresponsible power at will—and all its actual and possible misery presented itself to me, and made me melancholy. The evening was so beautiful, the air so fragrant, the roses were all in blossom; nature seemed to be arrayed as a bride; the heaven was bright; the new moon, with the old moon in her arms, was bright in the firmament, and

the stars came out, clear and brilliant. The glory of the scene, and that poor, black, enslaved, degraded people—they did not at all agree! All my enjoyment was over.

I was glad however to have a man like Mr. Poinsett to talk with. And to him I confided, in the evening, my conversation and my thoughts. Mr. Poinsett maintains that the slaves have told me falsehoods. "One can never believe what they say," said he, adding, "that also is one of the evils of slavery. The people are made liars by it. Children learn from their parents to regard the white people with fear, and to deceive them. They are always suspicious, and endeavour by their complainings to get some advantage. But you may be sure that they have been imposing upon you. The slaves round here have a certain quantity of work set them for the day, and at this time of the year they have for the most part finished it by four or five o'clock in the afternoon. There is commonly kept on every plantation a male or female cook who prepares the daily dinner at one o'clock. I have one for my people, and I have no doubt but that Mr. — also has one for his people. It cannot be otherwise. And I am certain that you would find it to be so if you would examine into the affair."

Mr. Poinsett does not deny but that abuse and maltreatment of slaves has often occurred and still occurs, but public opinion becomes more and more sternly opposed to it. Some years ago extreme cruelty was practised against the slaves on a plantation in the neighbourhood, by an overseer, during the prolonged absence in England of the owner of the plantations. The planters in the neighbourhood united, wrote to him, told him that they could not bear it, and requested that the overseer should be removed. And this was done. Mr. P. considers that the system of slavery operates in many cases much more unfavourably on women than on men, and makes them, not unfrequently, the hardest masters.

18th.—I am just returned from a solitary ramble into the plantations, which has done me good, for it has shown me that the slaves under the peach-tree really did impose upon me. During my ramble I saw at one place in the rice-field a number of small copper vessels standing, each covered with a lid, from twenty-five to thirty in number, just as with us, one sees the labourers' noggins and baskets standing together in the grass. I went up, lifted the lid of one, and saw that the vessel contained warm, steaming food, which smelt very good. Some of them were filled with brown beans, others with maize-pancakes. I now saw the slaves coming up from a distance, walking along the headland of the field. I waited till they came up, and then asked permission to taste their food, and I must confess that I have seldom tasted better, or more savoury viands. The brown beans were like our "princess beans," boiled soft with meat and seasoned, somewhat too highly for me. But it ate with a relish, and so did the maize-cakes and the other viands also. The people seated themselves upon the grass-sward and ate, some with spoons, others with splinters of wood, each one out of his own piggin, as these vessels are called, and which contained an abundant portion. They seemed contented, but were very silent. I told them that the poor working people in the country from which I came seldom had such good food as they had here. I was not come there to preach rebellion among the slaves, and the malady which I could not cure, I would alleviate if it was in my power. Besides which, what I said was quite true. But I did not tell them that which was also true, that I would rather live on bread and water than live as a slave.

On my homeward way I saw an old negro, very well dressed, who was standing fishing in a little stream. He belonged to Mr. Poinsett, but had been by him liberated from all kind of work in consequence of his age. From this sensible old man I heard various things which also

pleased me. I saw in two other places likewise the people at their meals, breakfast and dinner, and saw that here too the food was good and abundant.

I passed by my negroes of the peach-tree yesterday afternoon, and saw them coming home with a crowd of others at about six o'clock. One of them sprang over a hedge when he saw me, and grinning with his white teeth, asked from me a half dollar.

April 20th.—Good day, my sweet child! I have just had my second breakfast, at twelve o'clock, of bananas. I am beginning to like this fruit. It is gentle and agreeable, and has a wholesome effect, as well as the mild air here, that is to say, when it is mild. But even here the climate is very changeable. Yesterday the thermometer fell in one day twenty-four degrees, and it was so cold that my fingers were stiff as icicles. To-day again one is covered with perspiration, even when one sits quietly in the shade. We have been twice at great dinners with planters some miles from here, but I am so annoyed by great dinners, and made so ill by the things I eat, that I hope, with all my heart, not to go to any more. But my good hostess, who has a youthful soul, in a heavy and somewhat lame body, heartily enjoys being invited out.

Yesterday, as we were taking a drive, the carriage, which has generally to go through heavy sand, made a stand in a wood for the horses to rest. Deeper down in the wood I saw a slave village, or houses resembling one, but which had an unusually irregular and tumble-down appearance. At my wish Mr. Poinsett went with me to it. I found the houses actually in the most decayed and deplorable condition, and in one house old and sickly negroes, men and women. In one room I saw a young lad very much swollen, as if with dropsy; the rain and wind could enter by the roof; everything was naked in the room; neither fire-wood nor fire was there, although the day was chilly. In another wretched house we saw an old woman lying

among rags as in a dog-kennel. This was the provision which one of the planters made for the old and sick among his servants! What a fate is theirs who have fallen into such circumstances! And what pitying eye beholds them excepting—God's?

* * * *

In one slave village near a great house, I saw remarkably handsome people, and living in good houses. But I observed that the glances of the young men were gloomy and defiant, with no expression of kindness towards their owners. That did not look well. On our homeward way we drove through many slave villages. It was a pleasant sight to see the fire-light flickering in the small houses—for each family has its own house—and to see the negroes come so early from their day-labour. This district consists of a sandy, wood-covered soil. The wood is principally a kind of yellowish pine—the yellow-pine, or light-wood, with great tufts of six-inch long leaves, which sometimes assume the likeness of the palmetto. It is horribly monotonous; but splendid, lofty flowers, lupines, and rose-red azaleas, grow among the trees, and light up the woods. It was late and dark before we reached home, and I sate and looked at the lights which I saw flash here and there near the road or in the wood, but which vanished as we approached. I called Mr. Poinsett's attention to them, and he said that they must be fire-flies. They make their appearance about this time. I hope to make a nearer acquaintance with the shining creatures.

21st.—I have to-day wandered about deliciously in wood and field, and in so doing, came to a river called the Black River. I saw slaves at work not far off, under a white overseer, from whom I requested and obtained an old negro to take me across the river. The good-humoured old man was more free-spoken and clear-headed in his conversation than I have commonly found the slaves

to be. And whilst he rowed me in a little canoe, made of a hollowed tree stem, he talked freely about the owners of the plantations that lay by the river. Of one it was—"Good master! blessed master, ma'am!" of another—"bad master, ma'am! beats his servants. Cuts them to pieces, ma'am!" and so on.

On the other side of the river I came to a plantation where I met with the owner himself, who was a clergyman. He conducted me through the slave-village, and talked to me about the happiness of the negro slaves, which convinced me that he himself was a slave of mammon. Certain it is that under a good master they are far from unhappy, and much better provided for than the poor working people in many parts of Europe. But under a wicked master they have fallen into direful and hopeless misery. Sophists, who are determined to see only the sunny side of the picture, deny absolutely that such are ever to be found. But I have already both heard and seen enough of them. That which the North testifies against the South I will not believe; but that which the South testifies against itself, I am compelled to believe. Besides the best master is no justification of slavery, for the best master dies sooner or later, and his slaves are then sold to the highest bidder, like cattle. The slaves out in the fields present a joyless appearance; their dark colour and their grey dress, without a single white or coloured garment to enliven it, give them a gloomy and dull appearance. I must however mention, as an exception, the knitted cotton caps of the men, which have generally a couple of red or blue stripes, knitted into the grey ground-colour. At work in the field they look like figures of earth. Quite different is the appearance of our peasants in their white linen, their showy, ornamental attire. The slave villages, on the other hand, as I have already remarked, have rather a comfortable appearance, excepting that one very rarely sees glass in the windows

of their houses. The window generally consists of a square opening, which is closed with a shutter. But so also are those in the houses of the poor white people, and in Carolina there are many such to be met with. In the room one sees, nearly always, a couple of logs burning on the hearth, and the household furniture and little provision stores resemble those which are to be found in the homes of our poorest people in town and country. Here and there, however, one sees more attention paid to the house; a little ornament about it, together with well-supplied beds. Every house has a pigstye, in which there is generally a very fat pig; and many hens and chickens swarm about the garden-plot, in which they grow Indian corn, beans, and different kinds of roots. These little plots, however, do not look very well attended to. The slaves sell eggs and chickens, and every Christmas their pig also, and thus obtain a little money to buy treacle or molasses (of which they are very fond), biscuits, and other eatables. They often lay up money; and I have heard speak of slaves who possess several hundred dollars. This money they generally place out to interest in the hands of their masters, whom, when they are good, they regard as their best friends, and who really are so. All the slave-villages which I saw perfectly resemble each other, only that some of the houses are better, and others worse kept. The slaves are under the management of one or two overseers, appointed by the master, and under these there is, for each village, a driver, who wakes the slaves in the morning, or drives them to work when they are late. The driver is always a negro, and is often the most cruel and the most severe man in the whole plantation. For when the negro is unmerciful he is so in a high degree, and he is the worst torment of the negroes. Free negroes, who are possessed of slaves—and there are such—are commonly the worst

of masters. So, at least, I have been told by trustworthy persons.

22nd.—I dreamed last night so livingly of you, my darling Agatha, and was delighted to see how brisk and well you looked; we talked, in my dream, about Marstand, and you told me that mamma thought of accompanying you thither. Now that I am awake I wonder whether the dream was a soothsaying. Mamma is always accustomed to approve of your bathing and water-cure.

My life passes quietly, as quietly as the little river before my window; but it is well for me. I have not passed a calmer time since I have been in this country; for, with the exception of a few occasional visits in the forenoon from neighbours, I live quite alone with my good, old married pair. Every morning there is laid on the breakfast-table, beside my plate, a bouquet of deliciously fragrant flowers, generally of the Peruvian *Olea fragrans*, (and anything more delicious I do not know,) gathered by Mr. Poinsett. Every evening I sit with him and Mrs. Poinsett alone, read and talk with him, or tell stories for the good old lady, or give her riddles to guess, which very much amuses her. She sits by the fire and takes a nap, or listens to what Mr. Poinsett and I read by lamplight at the table. I wished to make him a little acquainted with my friends the transcendentalists and idealists of the north, and I have read to him portions of Emerson's Essays. But they shoot over the head of the old statesman; he says it is all "unpractical," and he often criticises it unjustly, and we quarrel. Then the good old lady laughs by the fire, and nods to us, and is amazingly entertained. Mr. Poinsett is nevertheless struck with Emerson's brilliant aphorisms, and says that he will buy his works. It is remarkable how very little, or not at all, the authors of the Northern States, even the best of them, are known in the south. They are

afraid of admitting their liberal opinions into the slave states.

Mr. Poinsett has travelled much, as well in Europe as in America, and he maintains that no scenery, not even the sublimest scenery of South America, its Andes and its river Amazon, equals Switzerland in picturesque beauty. Switzerland is the only country on the face of the earth which he desires to see again, and there he would like to spend his last days. He seems weary of statesmanship and of the life of a statesman. Even Calhoun, the great and almost idolised statesman of Carolina, is not great in Mr. Poinsett's opinion, excepting in ambition. His whole life seems to have been a warfare in the service of ambition, and his death (for he is just dead, during the sitting of Congress at Washington) the result of this warfare in his breast, owing to the political feuds in which he perpetually lived.

It is very charming to see my two old friends together in everyday life. They are heartily attached to each other. One standing quarrel they have about a horrible old straw bonnet of Mrs. Poinsett's, which looks like an ancient up-turned boat, and which Mr. Poinsett cannot bear the sight of, and which he threatens to make an end of, to burn, every time he sets eyes on it, but which she obstinately will keep, and which she defends with terror whenever he makes any hostile demonstration against it. But it is altogether a love-squabble, and as it has now lasted for ten years I suppose it will last on to the days of their death. They have both of them a cough which they call "constitutional," and I also cough a little now and then, as I have always done; we have now three constitutional coughs. I contemplate this good feeling between my old couple with delight, and see how true love can bloom in and beautify old age. There are attentions, pleasing little acts of forethought or compliance, which are worth many kisses, and

have certainly a greater charm than these as proofs of love.

I spend the greater part of the forenoon in the garden among the flowers, birds, and butterflies, all splendid and strangers to me, and which salute me here as anonymous beauty. During these hours spent amid this new and beautiful nature, thoughts visit me which give me great joy and which in every way are a great comfort to me. I will explain: I have for sometime felt as if I could scarcely bear to read, nor yet to write anything which required the least exertion of mind, as it produces in me a degree of nervous suffering which is indescribable, and the effect of which remained long afterwards. I have therefore almost given up the hope of studying, and of making myself much acquainted with books during my residence in this country; this has been painful to me and I have long striven against it, because study has always been my greatest pleasure, and now more than ever was it necessary for me to be able to devour books, so that I might be somewhat at home in the life and literature of this country. Here, however, during these beautiful early mornings, in this beautiful, fragrant, silent world of trees and flowers, there has arisen within me a clearness, a certainty, something like the *inner light* of the Quakers, which tells me that it is best for me now to lay aside books, and altogether to yield myself up to live in that living life, to live free from care for the moment and to take and accept that which the hour and the occasion present, without troubling myself with many plans or much thought. I must let things come to me as they may come, and determine for me as they will determine. A conviction has come to my mind that a higher guidance attends me and that it will direct everything for the best; that I have nothing to do but to yield myself up to its inspiration so long as I keep my eye firmly directed to the Star of Bethlehem which led me hither—and I *cannot*

turn my eye from that—the desire to find the truth. Thus shall I find the child of God!

Therefore, in God's name, farewell to books, to the old friends and pasture-grounds. I press forwards towards that which is before me, and confide in the fatherly guidance of God. A something infinitely delightful and elevating has taken possession of my soul with these thoughts, and filled my heart with joy. Weak, I yet know myself to be strong, bound down to the earth, I yet know that I have wings; I am merely a child and yet I can overcome the world.

And thus I go forth and converse with the flowers, and listen to the birds and to the whispering of the great live-oaks. Oaks like these, with their long, depending trails of moss must have inspired the oracle of Dodona.

The blackbirds which build in them in great numbers, are about the size of our jackdaw, and have on each side their necks, below the head, a fine yellow ruff, like a half-round frill. The mockingbirds are grey, about as large as our Swedish nightingale, and their song is very intricate and often really charming; but it wants the strong inspiration of the European nightingale and lark. It is as if the bird sang from memory; sang reminiscences, and imitated a number of sounds of other birds and even animals. There are, however, in its song, beautiful, peculiar tones resembling those both of the thrush and the nightingale. People say that these birds dance minuets with each other. I too have seen them here figuring towards one another, tripping quite in a minuet-fashion. I suppose this is their way of wooing. It is remarkable that people never succeed in rearing in cages the young of these birds which have been taken from the nest; they always die shortly after their captivity. It is asserted that the mothers come to them and give them poison. The full-grown birds in the country thrive very well and sing in cages.

I am sometimes interrupted in my forenoon musings

by a merry negro-girl, servant in the house, who says "Missis has sent me to hunt you," and it is for me to come in to my luncheon. If I am writing I remain in my own room and then, generally at twelve o'clock, the good old lady herself comes up to me with bananas and a glass of milk. In the afternoon I generally go on some expedition of discovery. When I am returning home in the twilight I often see my old folks coming to meet me, she walking with a crutch and supported by his arm.

24th.—Last evening I had an old negro to row me in a little canoe down the Wachamon river, spite of Mr. Poinsett's remonstrances, who fancied that no good would come of it. The moon rose and shone brightly on the river and its banks, over which hung various trees and plants in flower with which I was unacquainted. The negro, a kind old man, paddled the boat onward, and wherever I saw an enticing flower, thither we paddled and gathered it. Thus went we on for about two hours in that clear moonlight, and everything was as solitary and silent on the river, and on its banks, as in a desert.

There had, however, been this day a great wedding on the banks of the Wachamon, and all the neighbours had been invited; but either my host and hostess did not belong to their circle of acquaintance or the fame of my abolitionist views had prevented us being invited. Very good! for though I love to see brides and weddings, yet I love quietness now better than all.

My good host and hostess were glad to see me return from my river-excursion, and Mr. Poinsett told me the names of the flowers which I had gathered; one of these was the *Magnolia glauca*, a white flower something like our white water-lily; this grows on a smaller tree, with grey-green leaves; the celebrated, splendid flower of the South, the *Magnolia grandiflora*, does not blossom till the end of May.

I shall in a few days leave this place and return to

Charleston. My kind entertainers wish me to remain yet longer, but I greatly desire to reach Savannah before the heat becomes too great, and I must therefore hasten. I have received much kindness here and much benefit from Mr. Poinsett's conversation. The evenings spent alone with my good old friends are somewhat tedious. One cannot be always talking American politics, and the old statesman takes an interest in nothing else, nor can one always have stories and riddles at hand to amuse the old lady, who sits dozing by the fire, and sometimes persuades her husband to do the same, sitting opposite, whilst I amuse myself as well as I can, which is not very well as I am not able to read, and as there is no piano, and it is then too late to go out. It is time therefore to be going. I now know how life looks in the plantations, know how the negro slaves live, and how rice and Indian corn are planted.

Charleston, April 26th.—Again, my sweet child, am I in my good, excellent home with Mrs. W. H.

The sea voyage between Georgetown and Charleston was cheerless and cold, but now we have the full heat of the dog-days. I spent the last evening with my good old couple in mending their old gloves—of course by my own wish—whilst Philemon and Baucis sate, each in their arm-chair, by the fire and slept. They are aged and infirm, and have arrived at that period of life when the rest and life of the child are their highest happiness. The next morning I set off, accompanied by the courteous old statesman as far as Georgetown, and spite of good Mrs. Poinsett's troubled looks, who saw threatening clouds which would drown us. We however arrived quite safely, while the morning freshness, and the drive through that wild district, and through forests brilliant with the beautiful flowery azaleas was delightful and refreshing. At Georgetown, a little town where the number of geese seemed to me the most remarkable feature, I parted

from my kind companion with the promise of a second visit.

On my arrival at Charleston in the evening I was met by Mr. M. with the carriage. When we reached Mrs. W. H.'s house the young people were dancing to the piano in the brilliant drawing-room; Mr. M. and I danced in, arm in arm, among them amid great jubilation. And I found myself here almost as if in my own home. Certain it is that this home has more the impression of our Scandinavian homes, (N.B.—when they are good and happy) than any home I have yet seen or heard of in this country. The domestic life, the dancing, the music, and the evening games, are altogether in the Swedish style.

I was yesterday present at the funeral-procession of the statesman and senator of Carolina, Calhoun, whose body passed through Charleston. The procession was said to consist of above three thousand persons; and it seemed indeed to be interminable. The hearse was magnificent, and so lofty from a large catafalk that it seemed to threaten all gates made by human hands.

Many regiments paraded in splendid uniforms, and a great number of banners with symbolic figures and inscriptions were borne aloft; it was very splendid, and all went on well. All parties seems to have united with real devotion and admiration to celebrate the memory of the deceased, and his death is deplored in the Southern States as the greatest misfortune. He has sate many years in Congress as the most powerful advocate of slavery, not merely as a necessary evil, but as a good, both for the slave and the slave owner; and has been a great champion for the rights of the Southern States. Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, have long been celebrated as a triumvirate of great statesmen, the greatest in all the land. Calhoun was the great man of the Southern States, Clay of the Western and Middle States, Webster of the States

of New England, although there is great opposition in the New England States against Webster, particularly among the Anti-slavery party. Each of these, although old, has been a mighty champion; at the same time admired and feared, loved and hated. There yet remain two; the third fell on the scene of combat, fighting in death, and as it seemed, even against it.

His portrait and bust, of which I have seen many, give me the impression of a burning volcano. The hair stands on end, the deep-set eyes flash, deep furrows plough that keen, thin countenance. It is impossible from this exterior, which seems to have been ravaged by sickness and passion, to form any idea of the fascinating man in society, the excellent head of a family, with manners as pure as those of a woman, affectionate to all his relatives, a good master, almost adored by his servants and slaves—in a word, the amiable human being, which even his enemies acknowledge him to have been.

Political ambition and party-spirit seem to have been his demons, and to have hastened his death. Clay in his speech on Calhoun in the Senate, makes some gently warning allusions to this. His fight for slavery was “a political bravado,” said a clever lady, who was not one of the anti-slavery party. Pity that so good a man should live—and died for so wretched a thing!

In South Carolina, the idolatry with which he was regarded was carried to the extreme, and it has been said, in joke, that “when Calhoun took snuff the whole of Carolina sneezed.” Even now people talk and write about him as if he had been a divine person.

During the procession a whole crowd of negroes leapt about the streets, looking quite entertained, as they are by any pomp. Some one told me that he heard the negroes say, “Calhoun was indeed a wicked man, for he wished that we might remain slaves.”

On the evening of this day we had strangers at home,

and games, dancing and music, all merry and gay. After this we walked in the piazza in the warm moonlight-air till midnight. On the country side was heard the song of the negroes as they rowed their boats up the river on their return from the city, whither they had taken their small wares—eggs, fowls, and vegetables, for sale, as they do two or three times a week.

When this letter reaches you, you also will have summer and flowers, my sweet Agatha, and God be praised for it.

To-morrow I set off for Savannah, and thence to Maçon, the capital of Georgia, then to Montpellier, where I am invited by Elliott, the distinguished bishop of the Episcopal church in the Southern States, to be present at the annual examination of a ladies' seminary which is under his care.

From that place I shall write more.

LETTER XIV.

MAÇON VINEVILLE, *May 7th*, 1850.

NAY, I did not go to Savannah the day I thought of, but went—on an excursion, to which I invite you to accompany me, but without telling you whither we go. We drive to the rail-road, we enter one of the carriages: Mrs. W. H., an agreeable, young man—I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. R. to you—and myself—and now you will accompany us. Away we go, through forest and field, eighteen miles from Charleston. It is late in the afternoon and very warm. We stop; it is in the middle of a thick wood. There is wood on all sides, and not a house to be seen. We alight from the carriages and enter a fir-wood. After we have walked for an hour along unformed paths, the wood begins to be very

animated. It swarms with people, in particular with blacks, as far as we can see among the lofty tree-stems. In the middle of the wood is an open space, in the centre of which rises a great long roof, supported by pillars, and under which stand benches in rows, affording sufficient accommodation for four or five thousand people. In the middle of this tabernacle is a lofty, square elevation, and in the middle of this a sort of chair or pulpit. All round the tabernacle, for so I call the roofed-in space supported on pillars, hundreds of tents and booths of all imaginable forms and colours, are pitched and erected in a vast circle, and are seen, shining out white in the wood to a great distance, and everywhere, on all sides, near and afar off, may be seen groups of people, mostly black, busied at small fires, roasting and boiling. Children are running about, or sitting by the fires; horses stand and feed beside the carriages they have drawn thither. It is a perfect camp, with all the varied particoloured life of a camp, but without soldiers and arms. Here everything looks peaceful and festive, although not exactly joyful.

By degrees the people begin to assemble within the tabernacle, the white people on one side, the black on the other; the black being considerably more numerous than the white. The weather is sultry; thunder-clouds cover the heavens, and it begins to rain. Not a very agreeable prospect for the night, my little darling, but there is nothing for it, we must pass the night here in the wild wood. We have no other resource. But stop; we have another resource. That excellent young Mr. R. employs his eloquence, and a tent is opened for us, and we are received into it by a comfortable bookseller's family. The family are red-hot Methodists, and not to be objected to. Here we have coffee and supper.

After this meal I went out to look around me, and was astonished by a spectacle which I never shall forget. The night was dark with the thunder-cloud, as well as

with the natural darkness of night; but the rain had ceased, excepting for a few heavy drops, which fell here and there, and the whole wood stood in flames. Upon eight fire-altars, or fire-hills, as they are called, a sort of lofty table, raised on posts, standing around the tabernacle, burned, with a flickering brilliance of flame, large billets of fire-wood, which contains a great deal of resin, whilst on every side in the wood, far away in its most remote recesses, burned larger or smaller fires, before tents or in other places, and lit up the lofty fir-tree stems, which seemed like columns of an immense natural temple consecrated to fire. The vast dome above was dark, and the air was so still that the flames rose straight upwards, and cast a wild light, as of a strange dawn upon the fir-tree tops and the black clouds.

Beneath the tabernacle an immense crowd was assembled, certainly from three to four thousand persons. They sang hymns; a magnificent quire! Most likely the sound proceeded from the black portion of the assembly, as their number was three times that of the whites, and their voices are naturally beautiful and pure. In the tower-like pulpit, which stood in the middle of the tabernacle, were four preachers, who, during the intervals between the hymns, addressed the people with loud voices, calling sinners to conversion and amendment of life. During all this, the thunder pealed, and fierce lightning flashed through the wood like angry glances of some mighty invisible eye. We entered the tabernacle, and took our seats among the assembly on the side of the whites.

Round the elevation, in the middle of which rose the pulpit, ran a sort of low counter, forming a wide square. Within this, seated on benches below the pulpit, and on the side of the whites, sate the Methodist preachers, for the most part handsome tall figures, with broad grave foreheads; and on the side of the blacks their spiritual

leaders and exhorters, many among whom were Mulattoes, men of a lofty, noticeable and energetic exterior.

The later it grew in the night, the more earnest grew the appeals; the hymns short, but fervent, as the flames of the light wood ascended, like them, with a passionate ardour. Again and again they arose on high, like melodious, burning sighs from thousands of harmonious voices. The preachers increase in the fervour of their zeal; two stand with their faces turned towards the camp of the blacks, two towards that of the whites, extending their hands, and calling on the sinners to come, come, all of them, *now* at this time, at this moment, which is perhaps the last, the only one which remains to them in which to come to the Saviour, to escape eternal damnation! Midnight approaches, the fires burn dimmer, but the exaltation increases and becomes universal. The singing of hymns mingles with the invitations of the preachers, and the exhortations of the class-leaders with the groans and cries of the assembly. And now, from among the white people, rise up young girls and men, and go and throw themselves, as if overcome, upon the low counter. These are met on the other side by the ministers who bend down to them, receive their confessions, encourage and console them. In the camp of the blacks is heard a great tumult and a loud cry. Men roar and bawl out; women screech like pigs about to be killed; many having fallen into convulsions leap and strike about them, so that they are obliged to be held down. It looks here and there like a regular fight; some of the calmer participants laugh. Many a cry of anguish may be heard, but you distinguish no words excepting, "Oh, I am a sinner!" and "Jesus! Jesus!"

During all this tumult the singing continues loud and beautiful, and the thunder joins in with its pealing kettle-drum.

Whilst this spectacle is going forward in the black

camp we observe a quieter scene among the whites. Some of the forms which had thrown themselves on their knees at the counter have removed themselves, but others are still lying there, and the ministers seem in vain to talk or to sing to them. One of these, a young girl, is lifted up by her friends and found to be "in a trance." She now lies with her head in the lap of a woman dressed in black, with her pretty, young face turned upwards, rigid, and as it appears, totally unconscious. The woman dressed in black and another also in the same coloured attire, both with beautiful though sorrowful countenances, softly fan the young girl with their fans and watch her with serious looks, whilst ten or twelve women—most of them young—stand around her, singing softly and sweetly a hymn of the resurrection; all watching the young girl, in whom they believe that something great is now taking place. It is really a beautiful scene in that thunderous night, and by the light of the fire-altars.

After we had contemplated these scenes, certainly for an hour, and the state of exaltation began to abate, and the principal glory of the night seemed to be over, Mrs. W. H. and myself retired to the tent to rest. This lay at the outskirts of the white camp, and from a feeling of curiosity I walked some distance into the darker portion of the wood. Here horrible things were going on, not among human beings, but among frogs and other reptiles. They also seemed to be holding some sort of a great meeting, and croaked and croaked, and coughed and snorted, and made such wonderful noises and blurts of extraordinary sound, which were like nothing but a regular comedy. Never before did I hear such a concert. It was like a parody of the scenes we had just witnessed.

It was sultry and oppressive in the tent. Our kind hostess did all in her power to make it comfortable

for us; and Mrs. W. H. thought merely of making all comfortable for me, taking all the inconvenience to herself. I could not get any rest in the tent, and therefore wished, at least, yet once more, to take a look at the camp before I lay down for the night.

It was now past midnight; the weather had cleared and the air was so delicious, and the spectacle so beautiful, that I was compelled to return to the tent to tell Mrs. Howland, who at once resolved to come out with me. The altar-fires now burned low and the smoke hung within the wood. The transparently bright and blue heaven stretched above the camp. The moon rose above the wood, and the planet Jupiter stood brilliantly shining just over the tabernacle. The singing of hymns still ascended, though much lower; still the class-leaders exhorted; still the young girl slept her mysterious sleep; still the women watched and waited and fanned her, in their attire of mourning. Some oppressed souls still lay bowed upon the counter and still were the preachers giving consolation either by word or song. By degrees, the people assembled in the tabernacle dispersed, scattered themselves through the woods, or withdrew to their tents. Even the young sleeping girl awoke and was led by her friends away from the assembly. Mr. R. had now joined us, and accompanied by him we went the round of the camp, especially on the black side. And here all the tents were still full of religious exaltation, each separate tent presenting some new phasis. We saw in one, a zealous convert, male or female, as it might be, who with violent gesticulations gave vent to his or her newly-awakened feelings, surrounded by devout auditors; in another, we saw a whole crowd of black people on their knees, all dressed in white, striking themselves on the breast and crying out and talking with the greatest pathos; in a third, women were dancing "the holy dance" for one of the newly-converted. This

dancing, however, having been forbidden by the preachers, ceased immediately on our entering the tent. I saw merely a rocking movement of women who held each other by the hand in a circle, singing the while. In a fourth, a song of the spiritual Canaan was being sung excellently. In one tent we saw a fat negro-member walking about by himself and breathing hard; he was hoarse, and sighing he exclaimed to himself, "Oh! I wish I could hollo!" In some tents people were sitting around the fires, and here visits were received, greetings were made, and friendly, cheerful talk went on, whilst everywhere prevailed a quiet, earnest state of feeling, which we also experienced whenever we stopped to talk with the people. These black people have a something warm and kind about them which I like much. One can see that they are children of the warm sun. The state of feeling was considerably calmer in the camp of the whites. One saw families sitting at their covered tables eating and drinking.

At length we returned to our tent, where I lay upon the family bed with our good hostess and her thirteen-year old daughter, and slept indifferently; yet, thanks to some small white globules of my Downing-medicine, I rested nevertheless, and became calm in the hot feverish night.

At sunrise I heard something which resembled the humming of an enormous wasp caught in a spider's web. It was a larum which gave the sign for the general rising. At half-past five I was dressed and out. The hymns of the negroes, which had continued through the night, were still to be heard on all sides. The sun shone powerfully—the air was oppressive. People were cooking and having breakfast by the fires, and a crowd already began to assemble on the benches under the tabernacle. At seven o'clock the morning sermon and worship commenced. I had observed that the preachers

avoided exciting the people's feelings too much, and that they themselves appeared without emotion. This morning their discourses appeared to me feeble, and especially to be wanting in popular eloquence. They preached morality. But a mere moral sermon should not be preached when it is the heart that you wish to win; you should then tell, in the language of the heart, the miracle of spiritual life. It was, therefore, a real refreshment to me when the unimpassioned and well-fed preachers, who had spoken this morning, gave place to an elderly man with a lively and somewhat humorous expression of countenance, who from out the throng of hearers ascended the pulpit and began to speak to the people in quite another tone. It was familiar, fresh, cordial, and humorous; somewhat in the manner of Father Taylor. I should like to have heard him address these people, but then, I am afraid the negroes would have been quite beside themselves!

The new preacher said that he was a stranger,—he was evidently an Englishman—and that it was a mere chance which brought him to this meeting. But he felt compelled, he said, to address them as “my friends,” and to tell them how glad he had been to witness the scenes of the preceding night (he addressed himself especially to the blacks) and to give them his view of the Gospel of God as made known in the Bible, and of what the Bible teaches us of God. “Now, you see, my friends,”—this was the style of his discourse—“when a father has made his will, and his children are all assembled to open it and learn from it what are the latest wishes of their father; they do not know how their father has disposed of and arranged his property; and many of them think, ‘perhaps, there is nothing for me; perhaps he never thought of me!’ But now, when they open the will and find that there is something for John, and something for Mary, and something for Ben, and something for Betsy, and something for

every one, and something for all, and that altogether—every individual one has got a like share in the father's property, and that he thought alike tenderly of them all;—then they see that he loved them all equally; that he wished them all equally well:—and then, my friends,—if we were these children, and if we all of us had obtained this inheritance in the father's house, should we not, all of us, love this father and understand his love for us and obey his commands?"

"Yes! yes! Oh, yes! Glory! Glory! Amen!" shouted the assembly with beaming glances and evident delight.

The speaker continued in his good-tempered, naïve manner, and described to them the happy life and death of a pious Christian, a true child of God. He himself, the speaker, had been the witness of such a man's death, and although this man was a sailor, without superior education, and though he made use of the expressions which belonged to his calling, yet they testified of so clear a spiritual life, that even now, after his death, they might testify of it before this assembly. The man had been long ill of fever, which had deprived him of consciousness. He appeared to be dying, and his relations stood round his bed believing that they should never more hear his voice, and waiting merely for his last sigh, for he lay as if in a sleep of death. But all at once, he opened his eyes, raised his head, and cried, in a strong joyful voice, "Land a-head!" After that his head sank down, and they thought it was all over with him. But again he looked up and cried, "Turn, and let go the anchor!" Again he was silent, and they believed he would be so for ever. Yet once more however he looked up brightly and said, with calm assurance, "All's well!" And then he was at peace.

"Amen! Amen! Glory and glory!" cried the assembly, and never did I see such an expression of joy

and rapture as I then saw beaming from the countenances of these children of Africa: the class-leaders in particular were regularly beside themselves; they clapped their hands, laughed, and floods of light streamed from their eyes. Some of these countenances are impressed upon my memory as some of the most expressive and the most full of feeling that I ever saw. Why do not the painters of the New World avail themselves of such scenes and such countenances? The delight occasioned by the speaker's narrative would here and there have produced convulsions, had not Mr. Martin, the principal preacher of the assembly, indicated, by the movements of his hand from his pulpit, its discontinuance, and immediately the increasingly excited utterance ceased. Already during the night had he warned the people against these convulsive outbreaks, as being wrong, and disturbing both to themselves and others. The Wesleyan preacher left the pulpit amid continued expressions of delight from the people.

The principal sermon of the day was preached about eleven o'clock by a lawyer from one of the neighbouring States, a tall, thin gentleman, with strongly marked keen features, and deep-set brilliant eyes. He preached about the Last Judgment, and described in a most lively manner, "the fork-like, cloven flames, the thunder, the general destruction of all things," and described it as possibly near at hand. "As yet, indeed," exclaimed he, "I have not felt the earth tremble under my feet; it yet seems to stand firm," and he stamped vehemently on the pulpit floor; "and as yet I hear not the rolling of the thunder of doom; *but* it may nevertheless be at hand," and so on; and he admonished the people therefore immediately to repent and be converted.

Spite of the strength of the subject, and spite of the power in the delineation, there was a something dry and soulless in the manner in which it was presented, which caused it to fail of its effect with the congregation. People

seemed to feel that the preacher did not believe, or rather did not livingly feel, that which he described and preached. A few cries and groans were heard it is true, and some sinners came forth ; but the assembly upon the whole continued calm, and was not agitated by the thunders of the Last Judgment. The hymns were, as on the former occasion, fervent and beautiful on the side of the negroes' camp. This people seem to have a keen perception of the most beautiful doctrines of religion, and understand particularly well how to apply them. Their musical talents are remarkable. Most of the blacks have beautiful, pure voices, and sing as easily as we whites talk.

After this service came the hour of dinner, when I visited various tents in the black camp, and saw tables covered with dishes of all kind of meat, with puddings and tarts ; there seemed to be a regular superfluity of meat and drink. Several of the tents were even furnished like rooms, with capital beds, looking-glasses, and such like.

The people seemed gay, happy, and gentle. These religious camp-meetings—my little heart, thou hast now been at a camp meeting!—are the saturnalia of the negro-slaves. In these they luxuriate both soul and body, as is their natural inclination to do ; but on this occasion every thing was carried on with decency and befitting reverence. These meetings have of late years greatly improved in moral character, and masters allow their servants and slaves to be present at them, partly for pleasure, and partly because they are often productive of good results. I did not observe the slightest circumstance which was repugnant to my feelings or unbecoming, except, if people will, the convulsive excitement. I had some conversation on this subject with the leader of the meeting, the amiable and agreeable Mr. Martin, the Methodist preacher, and he disapproved of it, as I had already heard. These excited utterances however, said he, appear to belong to

the impulsive negro temperament, and these sudden conversions, the result of a moment of excitement, have this good result, that such converts commonly unite themselves to churches and ministers, become members of a so-called class, and thus obtain regular instruction in the doctrines of religion, learn hymns and prayers, and become generally from that time good Christians and orderly members of society.

In the great West, as well as here in the South, and in all places where society is as yet uncultivated, it is the Methodists and the Baptists who first break the religious ground, working upon the feelings and the senses of these children of nature. Afterwards come the Calvinists, Lutherans, and many others, who speak rather to the understanding. Missionaries who assemble the people and talk to them under God's free heaven, who know how to avail themselves of every circumstance presented by the time, the scenery around them, and their own free positions, are likely to produce the most powerful results; and I have heard extraordinary instances related of their influence over the masses, and of the contagious effect of that excitement of mind which frequently occurs on these occasions. These camp meetings continue from three to seven days. The one at which we were present was to break up on the following day, and it was expected that a great number of conversions would take place on the following night. Nevertheless this seemed to depend upon casual circumstances, and probably more than anything else, upon—a preacher whose sermon had that tendency.

We spent yet a few hours in observing the spiritual and physical occurrences of the camp, wandering in the wood and botanising. Mr. R. gathered for me many new flowers, among which was a small very pretty little yellow flower, called the saffron-flower.

At five in the afternoon we returned to Charleston by a

train which conveyed certainly two thousand persons, two-thirds of them blacks. They sang the whole way, and were in high spirits.

The next morning, with a little basket of bananas and sponge-cake, which my kind hostess and friend Mrs. W. H. provided for me, I was on my way to Savannah. She herself accompanied me on board the steam-boat, and would willingly have accompanied me the whole journey: and how willingly would I have had her with me! She is one of the persons with whom I can get on extremely well. But I set off alone, with her fruit and a bouquet of flowers from Mrs. Holbrook. Yet I was not alone, for my heart was full of many things. The day was glorious, and the vessel steamed up the Savannah, which, with a thousand windings, flows between verdant shores, which, though flat, are ornamented with charming woods and plantations, with their large mansions and pretty little slave villages, so that the whole was like a refreshing pleasure trip. True, the slave villages are not a gladdening sight, but I have hitherto seen far more happy than unhappy slaves, and therefore I have not as yet a gloomy impression of their condition here.

The crew of this little steamboat consisted merely of slaves, blacks, and mulattoes. The captain told me that they were very happy, as well as faithful and clever.

“That man,” said he, indicating with his glance an elderly man, a mulatto, with a remarkably handsome, but as it seemed to me, melancholy countenance, “is my favourite servant, and I need wish for no other as care-taker and friend by my death-bed.”

The crew appeared to be well fed and cared for. A handsome and fat mulatto woman said to me, in an under tone, when we were alone,—

“What do you say about the institution of slavery here in the South?”

“I think,” replied I, “that the slaves in general appear happy and well cared for.”

“Yes, yes,” said she, “it may seem, but—” and she gave a very significant glance, as if to say, “All is not gold that glitters.”

“You do not consider them to be well treated, then?” asked I.

“Some are, certainly,” said she, “but—” and again she gave a significant glance.

I could have wished that she had said more, but as she belonged to the vessel I could not ask any questions. I would not become a spy; that is against my nature, and anything which I could not become acquainted with by my own experience, or by my own direct ability, that—I would not know. Scarcely in any case could the mulatto woman have told me anything which I did not already know: there are good and there are bad masters; happy and unhappy slaves; and the institution is—a great lie in the life of human freedom, and especially in the New World.

There were on board the steamer, some persons with whom I was acquainted, among them Miss Mary P., a lively, intelligent young girl from the State of New York, who was spending the winter in Savannah on account of her health. She had a pulmonary affection, and suffered greatly from the winters of the Northern States; but with the southern air, especially the air of Savannah, and homœopathic treatment, she was recovering. I associated with people as little as possible; enjoyed the silence and the river-journey, the beautiful day, the quiet delicious scenery, so unlike the occurrences of the preceding day. When the sun went down, and the evening suddenly became dusk—as is always the case in these latitudes, I saw a clear white light ascend from the southern heavens to the zenith. They told me it was the zodiacal light. It was not flashing, coloured and brilliant, as our northern lights are most frequently, but calm, soft

and clear. A grave, elderly gentleman, in whose company I contemplated the starry heavens on the upper deck, told me that later on in the summer the southern cross might be perceived on the horizon, as well as the uppermost star in the ship *Argo*. Thus you see that new lights and new constellations now rise above my head! I bid them welcome!

In the deep twilight came a boat rowing up to the steamer. Several blacks and one white man were in the boat. The white man came on board after taking a friendly leave of the blacks, a voice from among whom cried after him, — “Don’t forget yourself long away, massa!” “No! no!” cried massa back to them.

At about half past eleven we reached Savannah. I accompanied Miss P., her sister, and a young agreeable physician, to the largest hotel in the city, the Palasky House: so called from the Polish hero of that name, who fought and fell in the American War of Independence, and whose monument, a handsome, white marble obelisk, stands upon a green spot of ground before the hotel, surrounded by splendid trees.

At seven o’clock the next morning I was in a railway carriage on my way to Maçon, a long and very wearisome day’s journey, especially in the great heat, and with the smoke and steam which filled the carriages. The road lay through a barren, sandy extent of country, overgrown with pine-forest, and almost entirely without human habitations, excepting on the railway stations, where small colonies began to form themselves, trades were followed, and the meagre soil cultivated. At a few of these I alighted, and botanised in the wood, where I found several yellow orchises.

The amusement of the journey was in the carriage in which I sate, from a fat, jolly-looking gentleman, in a cap and grey coat, in person not unlike a mealsack, upon which the head was set, round and moveable as a top, and

who talked politics, and poured out his vials of wrath against the late Tom Jefferson, President, and author of the "Declaration of Independence:" called him, in a loud voice, the worst of names, always turning himself as he did so to a tall, very thin military man, of a noble appearance, who sate on the other side of the carriage, and who seemed to be half amused by the fat man's ebullitions, although he endeavoured to appease them. But it was like pouring oil upon fire.

"Sir!" exclaimed our fat gentleman, with a stentorian voice, on one occasion, while the train stood still, "Sir, I say that if it had not been for Tom Jefferson, the whole union would be five hundred years farther advanced, and Carolina at least a thousand!"

"Oh! do you think so?" said the other, smiling.

"Yes, I say that Tom Jefferson was the worst man who has yet been placed at the head of a nation; he has done more mischief than all the Presidents after him can do good!"

"Yet he drew up our Act of Independence!" said the thin gentleman.

"He stole it, sir!" exclaimed the fat one; "he stole it, stole it! I can prove to you that he did. There is," &c. And here followed proofs and many observations and replies between the two gentlemen, which I could not exactly follow.

At length, up sprung the fat gentleman, and grasping with both hands at two seats, stood before the thin one exclaiming,—

"Sir! I regard Tom Jefferson as the compound of everything which is rascally, mean, wicked, dishonourable—&c. &c. &c. &c.—" the great flood of accusation continuing certainly for three minutes, and ending with, "yes, that is what I say, sir!"

"That is strong language, sir!" said the other, still calm, and half smiling.

“Sir!” again exclaimed the other, “Tom Jefferson was the cause of my father losing fifty thousand dollars, through the embargo!”

With these words he reseated himself, red in the face as a turkey-cock, and with an air as if to say, that after that nothing could be said. A smile was on almost every countenance in the railway carriage; and when Tom Jefferson’s enemy almost immediately after took his departure, the thin gentleman turned to me, saying in his good-tempered calm way,—

“That settles it! Jefferson was certainly a bad man. But in any case he was a patriot.”

A hundred young men, soldiers from Charleston, travelled by this train, on a visit to the Georgia militia in Maçon. They were handsome, pleasant-looking, merry young fellows, who got out at every station to refresh themselves, and then hurried in again.

A couple of so-called Indian mounds, that is ancient burial hills of the Indians, and which resemble our sepulchral mounds, excepting that they are larger and flatter at the top, and in which arms and weapons are found, were the only remarkable things we saw on the way.

At sunset we reached Maçon. The country had now assumed another character; we saw verdant hills and valleys, and beautiful white country houses shining out upon the hills amid their gardens.

On all hands lay lofty trees; we drove over a couple of small rivers, with chocolate-hued water, and wooded banks; the city lay, as it were, imbedded in wood. It looked young and romantic, half concealed in the valley, and half stretching itself out on the open hills. It took my fancy; I was glad to be there, and had besides a certain pleasure in finding myself here alone and unknown, and able to live at an inn. I engaged a room at the hotel, “Washington House,” where I found a remarkably

handsome and kind landlady; had the pleasure of washing off the dust, putting on fresh linen, and drinking a glass of excellent milk, and then to be still, and contemplate the life and movement in the market-place, the largest in the city, and near to which the hotel stood.

Five and twenty years ago the ground on which the city stood, and the whole region around, was Indian territory and Indian hunting-ground. Where those wild dances were danced, and their wigwams stood, now stands Maçon, with six thousand inhabitants, and shops and workshops, hotels and houses, and an annually increasing population; and in the middle of its great market stands Canova's Hebe in a fountain, dispensing water. The young militia of Carolina and Georgia paraded the streets and the market-place this evening by moonlight. All the windows were open, and the negro people poured out of the houses to see the young men march past with their music.

I was up early the next morning, because it was glorious; the world looked young and fresh as morning, and I myself felt as fresh as it. I went out on a voyage of discovery with merely a couple of bananas in my old man (you know that I give my travelling-bag that appellation). All was as yet still in the city; everything looked fresh and new. I had a foretaste of the young life of the west. The pale crescent moon sank slowly amid a violet-tinted mist, which wrapped the horizon in the west, but a heaven of the most beautiful blue was above me. Trees and grass glittered with dew in the rising sunlight. I walked along streets planted with trees, and, leaving the city, found myself upon a broad high road, on each side of which lay a dense, dark forest. I walked on; all was hushed and silent, but my heart sang. That which I had wished for, and longed for through the whole of my youth; that which I seemed to myself to be more excluded from than anything else, a

living acquaintance with the manifold forms of life, had now become mine, had become so in an unusual degree. Did I not now wander free—free as few could be, in the great, free, new world, free to see and to become acquainted with whatever I chose? Was I not free and unfettered as a bird? My soul had wings, and the whole world was mine! Precisely because I am so alone, that I go so solitarily, relying on God's providence, through the great wide world, and become associate with it,—precisely this it is which gives me such an unspeakable feeling of vigour and joy; and that I do not positively know whither I would go, or what I would do during my solitary wanderings; this makes me ever ready to set out on my journeys of discovery, and everything within me be so particularly new and invigorating.

I was not, however, on this occasion, wholly without an object; I knew that at some distance from Maçon there was a beautiful new cemetery, called Rose-hill Cemetery, and I was now bent upon finding it. In the meantime as the road which I had taken seemed to lead down to the quiet sea, I determined to make inquiries after Rose-hill at a dwelling which I saw upon a height not far from the road. It was one of those white, well-built, and comfortable frame-houses which one so often sees in the rural districts of America. I knocked at the door, and it was opened, but by a person who almost shocked me; it was a young lady, tolerably handsome, but with an appearance of such a horridly bad temper that—it quite troubled me. She looked thoroughly annoyed and worn out, and bade me, crossly enough, to go as far as the road went, or till it parted. I went, almost astonished on so beautiful a morning, amid such beautiful, youthfully fresh scenes, to meet with so perfectly inharmonious a human temper. Ah! human feelings, dispositions, and tempers are everywhere the same, and can everywhere embitter life; in every new paradise can close the gates of paradise. But

sad impressions could not long remain in my mind this morning. I advanced onward along the high road which now ascended a hill. On the top of this hill I could look around me I thought. Arrived here, I saw an iron gate on my right hand, which led into a beautiful, well-kept park. I opened the gate without any difficulty, and was soon in a very beautiful park, the ground of which was undulating, through which wound roads and foot-paths, with lofty trees and groves on all hands, and beds of flowering, fragrant shrubs and plants. It was some time before I could see a single monument, before I discovered that I really was in the place consecrated to death, and that my little travelling-fairy had faithfully conducted me to my goal, Rose Cemetery.

Wandering on through the silent solitary park I came to the banks of a river which ran in gentle windings between banks as beautiful, and as youthfully verdant as we, in our youth, imagine the Elysian fields. On my side of the river I beheld white marble monuments glancing forth from amid the trees, speaking of the city of the dead. Tall trees here and there, bent over the water. Large, splendid butterflies, the names of which I did not know, flew softly with fluttering wings backwards and forwards over the stream, from one bank to the other. I thought of the words:—

“And he showed me a clear river of living water,” &c.

And the whole scene was to me, at the same time, a living symbol of the most beautiful presentiments of the human race regarding the mystery of death. Here was the city of the dead, and here, beside it, living water pouring from invisible fountains, whispering in the fields of death, of life and the resurrection; here were trees, that glorious life of nature, bearing abundant fruit, and the leaves of which serve for the “healing of the heathen;” there, on the other shore, were the fields of the blessed,

where no weariness and no woe shall ever enter ; where none that are accursed shall come any more, where the light of God's countenance enlightens all ; and the butterflies represented the souls which, now released from earthly enthrallment, are borne by their wings from the one shore to the other, to sip all the flowers of the field !

I seated myself on a piece of rock which shot out into the river in a convenient ledge-like form, and beside which grew some beautiful wild flowers. And here I inhaled deep draughts of the elixir of life, which both nature and the spirit presented to me. More glorious refreshment could not have been offered to a wanderer. And much such have I received, and shall yet enjoy during my pilgrimage.

I have often thought that it would be well if running water could be included or introduced into large cemeteries, the resting-places of the dead, as a symbol at once beautiful and appropriate. Here, for the first time, have I seen my idea carried out. The river in this cemetery is Ocmulgee, an Indian word for the beautiful. It is of that warm red tinge, like English sepia, or chocolate mixed with milk, which is said to be peculiar to nearly all the rivers of the south, from the Rio Colorado, in New Mexico, to the Savannah, and the Pee-Dee, and others, in the east, and is said to be caused by the reddish sandy soil peculiar to the Southern States. This tint of water produces a remarkably beautiful effect in contrast with the rich, bright green vegetation of the banks. Ocmulgee is, besides, a rapid and abundant river, and is in all respects deserving of its name.

As my spirit had not by any means failed of its object, I began to think of my body and my bananas, on which I made a splendid breakfast. I have become very fond of this fruit, which is very beneficial to me. I can eat it at any time of the day, and always find that it agrees with me. I fancy that I could live on it and bread alone ;

(N.B. Swedish clap-bread, I miss that here.) A little lizard, which seemed to study me very profoundly, was my companion on the rock, and turned its little head this way and that, with its glimmering black eyes always riveted upon me. Neither man nor human dwelling were within sight. It was a scene of the profoundest solitude.

This beautiful morning was the 1st of May. I wonder what sort of morning it was in the park at Stockholm!

I would willingly have spent a day in Maçon and its beautiful neighbourhood; but when I returned to my hotel, I was met by an agreeable and respectable gentleman, who was going to the seminary at Montpellier, to fetch his daughter thence, and who invited me to accompany him. As I did not know whether Bishop Eliott was aware of the day on which I might be expected at Maçon, and as I wished, besides this, to spare him the trouble of sending for me, there being neither railroad nor public conveyance to Montpellier, and as the polite gentleman seemed to be very agreeable; I gratefully accepted his offer, begged the hostess of the hotel to take charge of my portmanteau, and soon was seated most excellently in a large, comfortable, and spacious covered carriage, beside my kind conductor. We had not, however, driven a couple of hours when we met a dusty travelling carriage, within which was Professor Sherbe, whom I had met at Mr. Emerson's, at Concord, and who was now a teacher at the seminary in Montpellier. It was the carriage to fetch me to the Eliotts'. I therefore returned with him to Maçon, where the horses rested, and Sherbe refreshed himself after the fatiguing morning's journey. The after part of the day we spent in great heat on the journey to Montpellier, along roads of which you would say, "*ça n'a pas de nom!*" and the description of which is wearisome—I continually believed we should be upset—and over bridges which looked like fabrics simply designed to help the carriage and the people down into

the rivers over which they were scrambled together—*built* I cannot say. We seemed to be in a wild and newly-inclosed country. At Bishop Elliott's lovely country seat all was again cultivated and beautiful—a continuation of the romantic and luxurious district around Maçon; and in the bishop himself I became acquainted with one of the most beautiful examples of that old cavalier race which gives tone and stamp to the nobler life of the Southern States. Personal beauty and dignity, and the most agreeable manners, were in this instance ennobled by great Christian earnestness.

Bishop E. is said to have been in his youth a great lover of social life, of dancing, and ladies' society, and to have been a great favourite in the gay world. His conversion to religious earnestness, is said to have been rapid and decided. He is now known as one of the most pre-eminently religious men in the country; and his kindness and amiability win all hearts. Mine he also won; but of that by and by.

On the evening of my arrival I sate with him and his family on the piazza in front of his house, and saw the fireflies shining in the air, among the trees and on the grass everywhere in the park. These little insects produce an effect which delights me during the dark evenings and nights here. They are small beetles, somewhat larger, and certainly longer, than our wood-louse, and they emit as they fly along a bright light, quickly shining out and then again extinguished, like a lightning-flash, but soon renewing itself again. It is a phosphoric light, and presents an incessant display of fireworks in the air and on the earth at this season. If these little creatures are injured, nay even trampled upon, as I have seen happen by accident, they still give out light, and shine beautifully as long as there is any life left in them. Their light is never utterly extinguished but with their life, and even outlives that a good hour.

The bishop's wife is an agreeable lady, lively and intellectual, and truly musical, playing on the piano as the bird sings, and who seems to have inherited from her Indian foster-mother an unusual degree of acuteness and perfection of organisation. Her husband often jokes her on this subject. The family consists of several pretty children, among which "the outlaw," the youngest son, a lovely, good, little lad, who leapt about unrestrained without shoes and stockings, was my especial favourite.

The family state of mind was not at this moment cheerful, from various causes, and the good bishop was evidently depressed. How agreeable he was, nevertheless, during the few hours which he was able to devote to social intercourse and conversation! In him I found much of the Emersonian truth and beauty of mind, both in expression and manner, without any of his critical severity, and permeated by the spirit of Christian love as by a delicious summer air. He is one of those rare men of the south who can see, with a clear and unprejudiced glance, the institution of slavery on its dark aspect. He believes in its ultimate eradication within the United States, and considers that this will be effected by Christianity.

"Already," said he, "is Christianity labouring to elevate the being of the negro population, and from year to year their condition improves, both spiritually and physically; they will soon be our equals as regards morals, and when they become our equals, they can no longer be our slaves. The next step will be for them to receive wages as servants; and I know several persons who are already treating their slaves as such."

This conversation delighted me, for I am convinced that Elliott's views on this subject are correct.

The school examination was already nearly over, and a great number of the young girls, the flowers of the Southern States, had left. Still I saw a part of them, and

heard their compositions in prose and verse. Nearly all the teachers were from the Northern States; mostly from New England, and mostly also young, pretty, and agreeable girls. All were assembled at the house of the bishop in the evening of the concluding day of the examination. I was not well that day, partly from the heat, and partly from the fear I have of company, and the duties which it imposes upon me; but in the midst of the heat and the company I was roused by my Scandinavian spirit, and proposed the game of "lend me your fire-stick," into which all the, hitherto stiff, young girls entered merrily, and there was a deal of laughter, and the good bishop himself became so amused that he laughed heartily; and when we rested from that game, he himself began another—a quiet and intellectual game, in which his clever little wife distinguished herself, as did he also. Thus passed the evening, amid games and merriment, and I forgot the heat and weariness and indisposition, and went lightly and cheerfully to rest, glad in particular that I had seen the good bishop cheerful.

The next morning I was to set off with Bishop Eliott, and two of the young girls. We assembled, the bishop's family and I, to morning prayers. But how deeply was I affected this morning, when after the customary prayers (the bishop and we all, as usual, kneeling), I heard him utter for the stranger who was now visiting in his family, a prayer as warm, as beautiful, as appropriate, as if he had read the depths of my heart and knew its secret combats, its strivings, its object,—my own soul's inmost infinite prayer. I could merely, with tears in my eyes, press his hand between mine.

Accompanied by him and the two young ladies, I found myself once more on the paths of the wilderness between Montpellier and Maçon, where I was received under the roof of his curate, young Mr. S., and his handsome young wife; for the bishop would not permit me to return to

the hotel, which I greatly wished to do. I have had, however, beneath the young oaks near the curate's house, a conversation with him on the trials which the Christian may experience under ordinary circumstances, in the everyday world, which I shall never forget, because much that had occurred in my own soul had occurred also in his; and I saw in him a cross-bearer—but one greater and more patient than most. On the following day, which was Sunday, he preached in the Episcopal church of Maçon, a small but handsome building, in which some youthful communicants were to receive the Lord's Supper for the first time. Elliott's sermon had reference to the occasion; he was about to consecrate them to the Christian faith, its duties, trials, and greatness; to the crown of thorns and the crown of glory; an excellent sermon, full of truth, in the admonition to the life both human and divine. Not brilliant and dazzling, not merely half true aphorisms; but the purest light, shining because it was pure and perfect, and because it contained the whole truth.

After divine service I took leave of the noble bishop, glad to have become acquainted with him, and in him a true Christian gentleman. I hope to see him again, probably in the west, whither he goes this autumn, to a great assembly of the clergy. He has now lately returned from an official journey to Florida, up the beautiful river St. John, and speaks of the exuberance of natural life on its shores, the beauty of its flowers and birds, so that I have a great desire to go there. I parted from Elliott, grieving that human sorrow should thus depress so good, so noble, and so amiable a man.

If you wish to see upon what spot of all the globe I am now to be found, you must look into the very middle of the American State of Georgia, where is a small town by the name of Maçon; and near to it a pretty village of country houses and gardens, called Vineville, in

one of the prettiest of which I may be found with the amiable and highly esteemed family of a banker, named M., who came up to me in the church, after divine service at Maçon, and invited me to his house.

Everywhere throughout this country, in the south as well as in the north of the United States, do I meet with the same cordiality, the same incomparable hospitality. And my little travelling fairy goes everywhere with me, and makes everything happen for the best; and should anything go contrary, I consider that is for the best also, and doubt not but it is so, or will be. The morning after to-morrow I intend returning to Savannah; I cannot now extend my journey farther west, into Alabama, as I wished to do, on account of the heat of the season. I must contrive to reach Washington before I am melted.

The 8th.—When do I think of going home, my Agatha? Whenever you and mamma wish it—next month, next week, in the morning! My own wishes, it is true, have been for some time a little expansive; but they can be restrained. I have, however, wished to remain in this hemisphere through another winter, that I might see certain portions of it and certain things which otherwise I cannot see, and thus obtain a glimpse of the tropical glory in Cuba. I wish to leave certain impressions time to mature; certain old ones time to fall off under the influence of the New World. The indisposition under which I suffered last winter has deprived me of at least three months, for during that time I was merely half alive, often merely in a state of suffering. But as I have said, my child, this is a floating wish ready to be done away with on the least call from home; and in that case we shall see each other next autumn. No feeling of *inward necessity* like that which bade me come hither, bids me now remain here over the winter. And my wish to stay here will, on the first earnest call of my beloved ones, dissolve into that of returning to them; and

I shall in that case consider it as for the best. Merely one word from you and mamma, and —— I hasten home to you!

LETTER XV.

MAÇON, VINEVILLE, *May 8th.*

MY BELOVED MAMMA,—It grieves me much to know that you and Agatha have had a more than usually trying winter. Thank God, however, that it is now past, and that the sunny side of the year is come with its more cheerful prospects. The baths of Marstand will do Agatha good; but we shall never see our poor little friend strong! With regard to the wish which I have now expressed to Agatha, I can merely here repeat that it will not be difficult; and that I am ready to yield it to another from my beloved ones at home.

How well and happy I am among the kind people in this hospitable country, which has become to me like a vast home, mamma has already seen in my letters. I go from home to home in America, and am everywhere received and treated like a child of the house. Besides the excellent effect of this, as regards the health both of soul and body, it affords me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the domestic life and the homes of the New World—with the innermost life of this hemisphere, in a manner which scarcely any other traveller ever enjoyed, and which is of the highest consequence to me, because it is precisely that which I wished to become familiar with here. But I had scarcely any idea of the degree in which the kindness and the hospitality of this people would respond to this wish. Each family, if it is in anything like easy circumstances, inhabits an entire house; and has besides, generally, a little garden, or at all events a grass plot. The house has one or two parlours

on the ground floor, besides eating-room, kitchen, &c. All the chambers are in the upper stories, and there are always one or two (sometimes more) guest-chambers. The guest-chamber, in an American house in the city, is the same thing as for us, in Sweden, to have a guest-chamber in our country-houses. Every house here, whether in town or country, must have its room in which to lodge the stranger. And now if a stranger comes hither from a foreign land, quite alone, and not very large either, it is not a very difficult thing to lodge her in the guest-chamber; and in this way the whole country is one great home, with guest-chambers for mamma's daughter. Finding there the comforts of my own home, finding there motherly mistresses of families; sisters and brothers with whom I have lived and conversed, and live and converse as openly and familiarly as with my own family—all this has made me feel that the kingdom of heaven is not after all so far from earth, at least not from the homes of earth; else otherwise how should one be able to keep up an intercourse with people altogether strangers, as unreservedly and as delightfully as one could with the angels of God?

I am thus now writing to you from a good, beautiful, and happy home, which comprises three generations, old Mr. M. and his wife, still handsome and active: their only son, a highly esteemed banker of Maçon, and his gentle and motherly wife and their children. The whole family is remarkably cordial, earnest and pious, as I often find families in this country to be, and in the practice of morning and evening devotion, which I like much, although I sometimes think that the prayers are too long. The two eldest daughters are handsome, sweet young girls, and sing better than ladies generally do in this country. A quiet sorrow broods over the family from the late decease of a dearly beloved daughter and sister, whose loss seems especially to weigh upon the mother's heart.

I am living here in the midst of a large garden, in which are many rare plants, and I hear the hundred-tongued American mocking bird every morning singing before my window. It is very agreeable to hear, but more singular than charming, and not to compare with our larks and nightingales, any more than the singing voices here are to be compared with those of Sweden. Every land has its own.

There are various features of family life here which I wish were more general with us. To these belong family worship morning and evening and the simple prayer with which the meal is generally sanctified by the father or mother of the family, "O God, bless these Thy gifts to our profit, and us to Thy service!"

With us it is usually the youngest child of the family that says grace before meals if it is said aloud; and this also is beautiful, excepting that in this way it seldom has, or can have the true spirit given to it. Most frequently, however, our form of grace is a silent inclination of the body, but the thought is of nothing but the meal before us. On the contrary, I like better our usages at table than in this country. With us people can enjoy the pleasures of conversation, and they need not think about the dishes, except in so far as enjoying them goes. Everything, with us, is done silently and in due order by the attendants. At a glance from the hostess you are offered a second supply, but this also silently; the dishes come round to the guests, each in his turn, and after that people are not troubled with them. Here it is not so. Here there is an incessant asking and inviting, so that what with asking and inviting, and selecting and answering, there is really no time for the enjoyment of the meal, much less of conversation. Neither is one able to help oneself; but the host or hostess, or aunt or uncle, or some other polite person, or it may be the servants, which here in the south are always negroes, help you, and you seldom

get just what you wish for, or as much or as little as you want, and not on that part of the plate where you wish to have it. You are asked, for example—

“Will you have butter?”

“Yes, I thank you.”

And with that comes a piece of butter on the edge of the plate, on which the annoying thought always suggests itself, that it is certainly exactly where the servant put his thumb. Then it goes on:—

“Will you take fish or meat? Chicken or turkey?”

“Chicken, if you please.”

“Have you any choice? The breast, or a wing?”

Then comes, “Will you have pickles?”

“No, I thank you.”

A pause and calm ensues for two minutes. But then somebody on your left discovers that you have no pickles; and pickles come to you from the left. “May I help you to pickles?”

“No, I thank you.”

After a few minutes more somebody on the right sees that you have no pickles, and hastens to offer you the bottle. “Will you not take pickles?”

“No, I thank you.”

You then begin an interesting conversation with your next neighbour; and, just as you are about to ask some question of importance, a person opposite you observes that you are not eating pickles, and the pickle-bottle comes to you across the table, and you are called upon to say once more in self-justification—

“No, I thank you; not any,”—and continue your conversation.

But again, at the moment you are waiting for some reply, interesting to you, comes the servant, perhaps the very best daddy in the whole black world, and shoots the pickle-bottle in between you and your conversable neighbour, and with horror you again behold pickles ready to

be put upon your plate, so that in the end you find yourself quite overcome by the pickle persecution.

Thus goes on the meal; one incessant bustle of serving, which takes from you all enjoyment of the food. I have at last a regular palpitation of the heart from disquiet and impatience; but that is in great measure my own fault—the fault of my weakness, though something must be allowed to the fault of the custom here, which is not quite in harmony with the higher pleasures of social intercourse. This custom however did not originate in this country. It belongs to England, and must be put down to the account of England. Our mode of taking our meals and our customs at table are more like those of France; and for this I commend us. In one particular, however, it seems to me that the homes of the new world excel those of all other countries, excepting of England, with which they have a close connection, and that is in cleanliness. Our very best homes in Sweden are in this respect seldom so admirable as is usually the case here. For all here is kept neat and clean, from the bed-rooms to the kitchen, and the servants have the same smartness and neatness of attire, the same suavity of manner as the lady and daughters of the house. An American house and home is in many respects the ideal of a home, if I except the apparatus for warming their houses in the Northern States. Everything is to be found there which can make existence fresh, and comfortable, and agreeable, from the bath-room to the little garden, in the town as well as in the country, with its trees, even if they be but few, its beautiful grass-plot and plants, which are frequently trained on trellises on the walls, whence their flowers, wafted by the wind, diffuse their fragrance through the windows. And if here the mistress of the house, especially in the south, has lighter domestic cares than our ladies, as regards housekeeping (for fresh meat and vegetables may be had every day at all seasons in

this country, where the year may be reckoned by summers, not by winters, as with us, and which compels us to dry and salt and lay in stores during the living portion of the year, in preparation for the dead), yet has she much to look after and to provide for, so that house and home may be supplied with, not merely the material things, but with those that shall beautify it, and this more especially in the Southern States where all the domestics are of the negro race, which is by nature careless and deficient in neatness. I admire what I saw of the southern ladies and mistresses of families. The young girls, on the contrary, I should like to see a little more active in the house, and more helpful to their mothers in various ways. But it is not the custom; and the parents, from mistaken kindness, seem not to wish their daughters to do anything except amuse themselves, and enjoy liberty and life as much as possible. I believe that they would be happier if they made themselves more useful. The family relationship between parents and children seems to me particularly beautiful, especially as regards the parents towards the children. The beautiful, maternal instinct is inborn in the American women, at least in all its fervent, heart-felt sentiment; and better, more affectionate, family-fathers than the men of America I have seen nowhere in the world. They have in particular a charming weakness for—daughters. And God bless them for it! I hope the daughters may know how to return it with interest.

Now must I bid mamma adieu, as I am going out with the family here to visit some ancient Indian graves; Indian mounds as they are called. They are a sort of barrows, now overgrown with trees, and are the sole memorials which remain here of the original inhabitants of the country, with the exception of the names which they gave to rivers and mountains, and which, for the most part, are still retained. These names are symbolic,

and are generally melodious in sound. It is not more than twenty years since the last Indian tribes in Georgia were driven thence by an armed force; and I have heard eye-witnesses relate the scene, how on the morning when they were compelled to leave their huts, their smoking hearths, their graves, and were driven away, men, women, and children, as a defenceless herd, the air was filled with their cry of lamentation! Now no Indians are to be met with in Georgia or Carolina, though in Alabama, the farthest state west, may still be found tribes of Choctas and Chickasas Indians. Lively pic-nics are now held on these ancient Indian mounds.

I have for two nights in succession dreamed most livingly that mamma was here—was come to America to see me. I was very glad of it, but at the same time much surprised, because Agatha was not with her, and I thought in my dream, it is impossible that mamma could leave Agatha alone; “it *must* be a dream!” And a dream, and a foolish dream it was, certainly, my sweet mamma, but I should be very glad that one part of it were true, namely, that I saw you looking so well and so happy. If I could only see that, then would I have the joy of embracing mamma, not in sleep and in a dream, but in wakeful reality!

To-morrow I set off for Savannah.

Savannah, May 11th.—And here I now am, sweet mamma, after an affectionate parting from the amiable family in Vineville, whom I was sorry to leave. I got rid of a head-ache, as soon as possible, last evening, after the fatiguing day’s journey by railway, in the heat of the sun, the smoke and the steam, during which my little basket of bananas was my only comfort and support. Long live the banana!

To-day I have received visits and flowers—among the latter a magnolia grandiflora, a magnificent flower, as noble as it is beautiful, a child of primeval light—and

among the former one from a piquant young lady, who was herself married at fourteen years of age—she is now only seventeen, but looks as if she were twenty—and who will carry me off this afternoon on a promenade to Bonaventura—some romantic spot. Her dark romantic eyes have something quite interesting in them.

Later.—I have had a visit from the greatest —— autograph collector in the world, Mr. T., who kindly invited me to his house and home at Savannah! and here comes now my Swiss professor, and will talk to me of poetry and religion, and the spirit of things; and now it is dinner-time and I must think about my body, and therefore I must make an end of all. But first a kiss—on the paper and in spirit to my beloved!

LETTER XVI.

SAVANNAH, *May 14th*, 1850.

“The greatest autograph-collector in the world” is also the most friendly, the best-hearted man in the world, and so kind to me that I shall always think of him with gratitude. His collection of autographs is the first which I have ever been able to examine with interest and respect. Not because it occupies many folios and has a whole room appropriated to it, and could not be fully examined in less than six or seven months, which certainly might inspire respect; but because a portrait is appended to the handwriting of each distinguished person, mostly an excellent copper-plate engraving, together with some letter or interesting document belonging to the history of that individual. All this gives to the autograph collection of Mr. T. a real historical or biographical interest.

His house is one of those excellent, agreeable ones

which I described in my former letter. His kind, little wife, two younger sons, and the young wife of the eldest son, constitute the family; a quiet, kind, hospitable family, over which death however has lately cast its shadow. Here too the mothers have sorrowed most; and here sorrow two mothers—the elder, her eldest, grown-up son; the younger, her little boy, both lately deceased!

Savannah is the most charming of cities, and reminds me of “the maiden in the greenwood.” It is, even more than Charleston, an assemblage of villas which have come together for company. In each quarter is a green market-place surrounded with magnificent, lofty trees; and in the centre of each verdant market-place leaps up a living fountain, a spring of fresh water gushing forth, shining in the sun and keeping the green sward moist and cool. Savannah might be called the city of the gushing springs; there cannot be, in the whole world, a more beautiful city than Savannah! Now, however, it is too warm; there is too much sand and too little water. But I like Savannah. I find here a more vigorous spiritual life, a more free and unprejudiced looking at things and circumstances, in particular at the great question of slavery, than in Charleston, and I have here become acquainted with some excellent, true people—people who will look the question directly and fairly in the face; who, themselves slaveholders from the more remote times, are yet labouring for the instruction of the slave, for emancipation and free colonisation. Ah, Agatha! I have felt on this occasion like a weary and thirsty wanderer of the desert, who has arrived, all at once, at a verdant oasis where palms wave and fresh waters spring forth, and I have watered with tears of joy the flowers of freedom on the soil of slavery. For I suffered greatly at first in society, from the endeavours of many people to thrust upon me their contracted views, and from a want of honesty, if not in the intention, yet in the point of view from which they

regarded slavery. One evening, however, when I was more than usually annoyed and quite disconcerted by the observations of the people who came to see me, I found my—deliverance.

But I must give the history in the form which it has assumed in my memory.

DIFFERENT IMPRESSIONS.

I was in company
 With men and women,
 And heard small talk
 Of little things,
 Of poor pursuits,
 And narrow feelings,
 And narrow views
 Of narrow minds.
 I rushed out
 To breathe more freely,
 To look on nature.

The evening star
 Rose pure and bright,
 The western sky
 Was flushed with light,
 The crescent moon
 Shone sweetly down
 Amid the shadows
 Of the town.
 Where whispering trees
 And fragrant flowers
 Stood hushed in silent
 Fragrant bowers.
 All was romance,
 All loveliness,
 Wrapped in a trance
 Of mystic bliss.
 I looked on
 In bitterness,
 And sighed and asked,
 Why the great Lord
 Made such rich beauty
 For such a race
 Of little men?

I was in company
 With men and women;

I heard noble talk
 Of noble things,
 Of manly doings,
 And manly suffering,
 And man's heart beating
 For all mankind.

The evening star
 Seemed now less bright ;
 The western sky
 Of paler light.
 All nature's beauty and romance—
 The realm of Pan—
 Retired at once,
 A shadow but to that of *Man!*

Since then my world here has changed, as well as my feelings, towards the southern life and people. My mental vision has become clear, so that I can perceive a noble South in the South, even as its own hills arise and enable me to breathe across its plain of sand, the invigorating atmosphere of the hills, and which will yet become to the people of the south that which Moses and Joseph were to the children of Israel. For when people speak of the slave race of the south, it is a mistake merely to imply the blacks. And it is also unjust to think of the people of the Southern States as a population of slaves and slave owners. Of a truth, there exists a free people even in the Southern slave states, who are silently labouring in the work of emancipation. And though they may be but a small number—"doubt not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom!"

It appears to me probable, from what I have seen and heard, that Georgia will become one of the leading powers in this advancing work of emancipation. Georgia, the youngest of the first thirteen states of the Union, was one of the most prominent in the work of American independence, and the spirit of freedom has been powerful here from the beginning.

All nations preserve traces of their origin, and receive

a certain stamp from the men and the circumstances which determine the character of their youthful minds. This is quite natural. And it is easy to see a cause for the more free and fresh spirit which prevails in Georgia if we reflect upon the character of the first founder of the State, James Oglethorpe, and the colony which grew up under his protection.

I must tell you something about this man, whose history I have lately read, and of his work, because among so much which is here incomplete, halting, imperfect, from which the eye turns away dissatisfied, it is a refreshment to fix it upon a human life which will stand the test, which pursued one great purpose from the commencement to the close of its working-day, laboured for it and brought it to a successful issue ; upon a man whose sole object in life was to liberate the captive, to make the unfortunate happy, and who, for this purpose, founded a state !

It is not much more than a hundred years since James Oglethorpe came to this country at the head of a little band of emigrants, and pitched his tent upon the high ground between the river Savannah and the sea, where now stands the city of Savannah. He was an Englishman, and had spent a richly diversified life at the University, in the army, and as a member of parliament. A man of heroic character, with a heart full of benevolence and energy, he was the first who sought to alleviate the sufferings of debtors, which at that time were extreme in England ; these unfortunate men being often immured in prison for life on account of the smallest debt. As a commissioner for the inspection of jails he obtained the liberation of great numbers, and then sought out for them, as well as for persecuted Protestants, an asylum, a home of freedom in the free lands of the New World, where poverty should not be opprobium ; where true piety might freely worship God in its own way.

It was not difficult for him to find in England men who could take an interest in a grand scheme for human happiness. A society was organised for the carrying out of Oglethorpe's plan, which became realised by a grant from George II. of the land which lay between the Savannah and Alatomaha, from the head-springs of those rivers due west of the Pacific, and which was placed for twenty one years under the guardianship of a corporation "in trust for the poor." The common seal of the corporation bore on one side a group of silk-worms at their labour, with the motto *non sibi sed aliis*—not for themselves, but for others—thereby expressive of the disinterested intention of the originators, who would not receive for their labours any temporal advantage or emolument whatever. On the reverse side was represented the genius of Georgia, with a cap of liberty on her head, a spear in the one hand, and a horn of plenty in the other. The reported wealth and beauty of this land of promise awoke the most brilliant hopes for the future.

Oglethorpe sailed from England in November, 1732, with his little band of liberated captives and oppressed Protestants, amounting in number to about one hundred and twenty persons, and after a voyage of fifty-seven days reached Charleston. Immediately after his arrival in the New World, he proceeded up the Savannah river, and landed on a high bluff, which he at once selected as the site of his capital, and where Savannah now stands. At the distance of half a mile dwelt the Yamacraw tribe of Indians, who with their chief Tomo-chichi at their head, sought alliance with the strangers.

"Here is a little present," said the red men, stretching out before him a buffalo-hide, painted on the inner side with an eagle's head and feathers. "The eagle's feathers are soft, and betoken love. The buffalo's hide is warm, and betokens protection. Therefore love and protect our little families!"

Oglethorpe received with kindness these friendly demonstrations.

It was on the first day of February when the little band of colonists pitched their tents on the banks of the river. Oglethorpe's tent stood beneath four tall pine trees, and for twelve months he had no other shelter. Here in this beautiful region was the town of Savannah laid out, according as it stands at the present day, with its regular streets and large square in each quarter of the town, whilst through the primeval woods a road was formed to the great garden by the river-side, which was soon to become a nursery-ground for European fruits and the wonderful natural products of America.

Such was the commencement of the commonwealth of Georgia. The province became already in its infancy an asylum for the oppressed and suffering, not only among the people of Great Britain, but of Europe itself. The fame of this asylum in the wilderness rang through Europe. The Moravian brethren, persecuted in their native land, received an invitation from England, of a free passage to Georgia for them and for their children, provisions for a whole season, a grant of land to be held free for ten years, with all the privileges and rights of native English citizens, and the freedom to worship God in their own way; this invitation they joyfully accepted.

On the last day of October, in the year 1733, with their Bibles and hymn books, with their covered wagons, in which were conveyed their aged and their little children, and one wagon containing their few worldly goods, the little Evangelical band set forth in the name of God, after prayers and benedictions, on their long pilgrimage. They sailed up the stately Rhine between its vineyards and ruined castles, and thence, forth upon the great sea in the depth of winter. When they lost sight of land, and the majesty of ocean was revealed to them, they burst forth into a hymn of praise. When the sea was calm and

the sun rose in its splendour, they sang "how beautiful is creation; how glorious the Creator!" When the wind was adverse they put up prayers,—when it changed, thanksgivings. When they sailed smoothly with a favouring gale, they made holy covenants like Jacob of old; when the storm raged so that not a sail could be set, they lifted up their voices in prayer and sang amid the storm, for "to love the Lord Jesus gave great consolation."

Thus arrived they at the shore of the New World. Oglethorpe met them at Charleston and bade them welcome; and five days afterwards the far wayfarers pitched their tents near Savannah. Their place of residence was to be yet farther up the country. Oglethorpe provided them with horses, and accompanied them through the wilderness, through forest and morass. By the aid of Indian guides and blazed trees, they proceeded onward till they had found a suitable spot for their settlement: it was on the banks of a little stream, and they called it Ebenezer. There they built their dwellings, and there they resolved to erect a column in token of the providence of God, which had brought them safely to the ends of the earth.

The same year was the town of Augusta founded, which became a favourite place of resort for the Indian traders. The fame of Oglethorpe extended through the wilderness, and in May came the chiefs of the eight tribes of the Muskogees to make an alliance with him. Long King, the tall, old chief of the Oconas, was the spokesman for the eight.

"The Great Spirit which dwells everywhere around us," said he, "and who gave breath to all men, has sent the Englishmen to instruct us." He then bade them welcome to the country south of the Savannah, as well as to the cultivation of such lands as their people had not used; and in token of the sincerity of his words, he laid eight bundles of buckskins at the feet of Oglethorpe.

The chief of the Coweta tribe arose and said, "We are come five-and-twenty days' journey to see you. I have never desired to go down to Charleston, lest I should die by the way: but when I heard that you were come, and that you are good men, I came down to you that I might hear good things." He then gave the European exiles leave to summon such of their kindred as loved them out of the Creek towns, so that they might live together. "Recal," added he, "the Yamassees, that they may be buried at peace among their forefathers, and that they may see their graves before they die."

A Cherokee appeared among the English; "Fear nothing," said Oglethorpe, "but speak freely."

"I always speak freely," replied the mountain-chief. "Wherefore should I be afraid? I am now among friends; I feared not when I was among enemies." And the settlers and the Cherokees became friends.

A Chocta-chief, "Red-Shoes," came the following year, and proposed to trade, "We come from a great distance," said he, "and we are a great nation. The French built forts amongst us. We have long traded with them, but they are poor in goods; we desire that a trade may be opened between you and us."

The good faith which Oglethorpe kept in his transactions with the Indians, his noble demeanour and bearing, the sweetness of his temper, won for him the confidence of the Red-men. He was pleased with their simple manners and customs, and endeavoured to enlighten their minds, and to instruct them in the knowledge of that God whom they ignorantly worshipped.

Oglethorpe framed laws for Georgia; one of which forbade the introduction of intoxicating liquors, another the introduction of slavery. "Slavery," said Oglethorpe, "is contrary to the gospel, as well as to the fundamental law of England. We will not permit a law which allows such horrid crime." And when, later, various of "the

better class" of people endeavoured to introduce negro slaves, Oglethorpe resolutely opposed it; declared that if slaves were introduced into Georgia, he would no longer concern himself with the colony. He continued steadfast, enforcing his determination by his almost arbitrary power, although many of the planters, in the belief that they could not successfully cultivate the land with white labourers, threatened to leave the colony.

Oglethorpe continued with unabated activity to labour for the well-being and prosperity of Georgia, extending and securing its boundaries, establishing towns, and regulating the commonwealth. He visited the Evangelical brethren at Ebenezer, laid out the streets for their new town, and praised their good management. Within a few years the product of raw silk within this little colony had increased to ten thousand pounds weight yearly, beside which indigo had become a staple article of traffic. In the most earnest manner these colonists opposed the use of negro-slaves, maintaining that the whites could, equally well, labour under the sun of Georgia. Their religion united them with each other; they settled their disputes among themselves. Every occurrence in life became significant of a divine providence, and the fervency of their worship disturbed not the calmness of their judgment. They had peace, and were happy.

From the Moravian towns, Oglethorpe journeyed southward, passing through the narrow inland channels where the shores were covered by woods of pine, evergreen oaks and cedars, which grew down to the water's edge, and which resounded with the melody of birds. On St. Simon's island, fire having cleared the grass from an old Indian field, the streets of Frederica were laid out, and, amid the carolling of hundreds of birds, a fort was constructed on a bluff commanding the river.

The highlands of Scotland had already sent a company of bold mountaineers, who sought for a home under

Oglethorpe's banner; and, now attired in the Highland costume, Oglethorpe sailed up the Alatamaha to visit them at Darien, where they had taken up their quarters. By the help of these brave men, Oglethorpe determined to extend the boundaries of Georgia as far as St. John's river in Florida; and the Indians of the Coweta-tribe hearing the rumour of war, sent forth their gaily-painted warriors, to wield the hatchet in aid of Oglethorpe. Long speeches and exchange of presents were followed by the wild war-dance; and the Muskhogees and the Cherokees gathered around him to renew their former friendly alliance.

A great council of the Muskhogee chiefs was held at Cusitas on the Chattahoochee; and Oglethorpe making his way by solitary paths, fearless of the noonday heat or the dews of night, or of the treachery of hireling Indians, came to this great assembly to talk to his red friends,—to distribute presents, to drink the sacred *safkey* with the Creek warriors, to smoke the pipe of peace, and to conclude a firm alliance with them in war or in peace.

In 1734, Oglethorpe made a voyage to England, and won universal favour for his young colony. In the year 1736 he returned, taking with him three hundred emigrants, whom he cared for like a father; and having reached land, he ascended with them a rising ground, not far by Tybee island, where they all fell on their knees and returned thanks to God, for having safely conducted them to Georgia. Among these was a second company of Moravians, men who had "a faith above fear," and who in the simplicity of their lives seemed to revive the primitive Christian communities where state and rank were unknown, but where Paul the tentmaker, and Peter the fisherman, presided with the demonstration of the Spirit.

With this company came John and Charles Wesley; Charles, the secretary of Oglethorpe, and both burning

with desire to become apostles of Christ among the Indians, and to live in the New World "a life wholly and entirely consecrate to the glory of God." They desired to make of Georgia a religious colony. "The age in which religious and political excitements were united was passed," adds Bancroft, from whose "History of the United States" I have taken the above narrative; "and with the period of commercial influence fanaticism had no sympathy. Mystic piety, more intense by its aversion to the theories of the eighteenth century, appeared as the rainbow; and Wesley was as the sower, who comes after the clouds have been lifted up, and the floods have subsided, and scatters his seed in the serene hour of peace."

After this we find Oglethorpe at the head of the English army in the war with the Spaniards in Florida, and here he was brave and victorious, foremost always in danger, sharing with the common soldier all the hardships of the camp, and even amid all the excitements of war regardful of the property of the peaceable inhabitants; and in victory humane and gentle towards his captives. In July, 1742, Oglethorpe ordered a general thanksgiving throughout Georgia, for the re-establishment of peace.

Thus was Georgia colonised and defended; and when its founder and preserver, James Oglethorpe, approached his ninetieth year, he was able to look back to a good work, to a flourishing state—the boundaries of which he extended and established, and the spiritual and material life of which he was the founder, so that it well merited the praise that was given to it in England—"never has a colony been founded on a more true or more humane plan."

He was spoken of, even in the last year of his life, as one of the finest figures that had ever been seen; a type of venerable old age. His faculties and his senses were as fresh as ever, and his eye as bright: on all occasions he

was heroic, romantic, and full of chivalric politeness—the most beautiful impersonation of all the virtues and endowments which distinguish our ideal of a true cavalier. And so warm was his heart, so active his zeal for the well-being of humanity, it mattered not of what race or nation, that long after his death his name became a watchword for vast benevolence of heart.

After his death, many of his high-minded laws were annulled ; intoxicating liquors were introduced into Georgia, and, by degrees, even negro slavery. But the spirit of freedom and hospitality which was the life of Oglethorpe's life, which was the animating influence of the earliest settlers of Georgia, lives still in Georgia. I see it, I hear it, I feel it. And the emigration hither from the Northern States, and in particular from the states of New England, and which increases more and more, and which has exercised an influence upon the people and the institutions, are to me a proof of this, and a pledge for the still further development of the life of freedom. I observe this also in the more free and happier life of the negroes in Savannah ; in the permission which is given them there to have their own churches, and where they themselves preach. Besides this, much is done in Georgia for the instruction of the negro-slaves in Christianity, for their emancipation, and their colonisation at Liberia, on the coast of Africa. And every year a vessel goes thence from Savannah, with coloured emigrants from among the emancipated slaves of the slave-states, provided with the necessaries of life, money, and furniture for their dwellings. I have seen various letters from this colony written by the emigrants themselves, which showed the good understanding which existed between them and the mother-states, and various individuals there, in particular, through their religious associations. For each religious denomination maintains its connection with its members in the African colony,

which is for the rest under the direction of its own coloured officials and ministers.

The more I see of these coloured people the more is my curiosity and my interest aroused, not that I see among the negroes anything great, anything which makes them superior to the whites. I cannot divest my mind of the idea that they are, and must remain, inferior as regards intellectual capacity. But they have peculiar and unusual gifts. Their moral sense is, it seems to me, as pure and delicate as their musical perception; their sensibility is acute and warm, and their good temper and cheerful disposition are evidently the peculiar gifts of nature, or more correctly gifts of God. And though they may not have shown themselves original in creative genius, yet there is in their way of comprehending and applying what they learn a really new and refreshing originality: that may be heard in their peculiar songs; the only original people's songs which the New World possesses, as soft, sweet, and joyous as our people's songs are melancholy. The same may be observed in their comprehension of the Christian doctrines, and their application of them to daily life.

Last Sunday I went to the church of the Baptist negroes here with Mr. F., one of the noble-minded and active descendants of the Pilgrim fathers, who resides in Savannah, and who has shown me much kindness. The name of the preacher was Bentley, I believe, and he was perfectly black. He spoke extempore with great animation and ease. The subject of his discourse was the appearance of the Saviour on earth, and the purpose for which he came. "I remember," said he, "on one occasion, when the President of the United States came to Georgia, and to our town of Savannah—I remember what an ado the people made, and how they went out in great carriages to meet him. The carriages were decorated very grandly, and the great cannon pealed forth one shot after another. And so the President came

into the town in a grand, beautiful carriage, and drove to the best house in the whole town, and that was Mrs. Scarborough's house! And when he came there he seated himself in the window. But a cord was drawn around the house, to keep us negroes and other poor folks from coming too near. We must stand outside, and only get a sight of the President as he sate at the window. But the great gentlemen and the rich folks, they went freely up the steps and in at the door, and shook hands with him. Now, did Christ come in this way? Did he come only to the rich; did he shake hands only with them? No! Blessed be the Lord! he came to the poor! He came to us, and for our sakes, my brothers and sisters!" "Yes, yes! Amen! He came to us! Blessed be His name! Amen! Hallelujah!" resounded through the chapel for a good minute or two; and the people stamped with their feet, and laughed and cried, with countenances beaming with joy. The preacher then continued to tell how Christ proved himself to be the messenger of the Highest. "Now imagine, my friends," said he, "that we here are a plantation of negro labourers. But the owner of the plantation is away; he is a long, long way off, over the sea in England, and the negroes on the plantation have never seen his face. They have never seen the face of any man higher than the overseer. But now they hear that the owner of the plantation, their lord and master, is coming there. And they are very curious to see him, and they inquire about him every day. One day they see the overseer coming and with him another gentleman, whom they have never seen before. But his dress is not so good, and much simpler than the overseer's; the overseer has a fine, buttoned coat on, a white cravat, a handsome hat on his head, and besides that, gloves on his hands. The strange gentleman, on the contrary, has no gloves on, and is dressed in quite a simple, careless way. And if the negroes had not known the overseer, they

never would have believed that this was the master. They see, however, that the strange gentleman gives orders to the overseer that he shall send one negro here and another there, that many shall be called to him and to the overseer, and the negroes must do all that he wishes and commands, and from this they can see that he is the master."

How living and excellent is this representation of negro-life to the negroes, drawn as it is fresh from their everyday experience!

In the afternoon of the same day I also accompanied Mr. F. to hear another negro preacher. This was an old mulatto, a powerful, handsome, old man, who had acquired some property, and who was greatly looked up to by his people as a preacher and baptizer. He resembled the whites both in appearance and manner. He mentioned, during his discourse, that he was ninety-five years old; and he related his religious experience; his spiritual afflictions, and agony, which were so extreme as to drive him almost to self-murder; and lastly, his feelings when the comprehension of Christ, and salvation through Him became clear to his understanding. "The whole world became changed to me," continued he; "everything seemed as if new-born, and beaming with new beauty. Even the companion of my life, my wife, seemed to me to be again young, and shone before me in new beauty, and I could not help saying to her, 'Of a truth, my wife, I love thee!'" A young woman on the bench where I sat bent down, almost choked with laughter. I bent down also, but to shed tears, which pleasure, sympathy, my own life's experience, and the living, child-like description, so faithful to nature, had called forth; after the sermon Mr. F. and I shook hands with the powerful old Andrew Marshall.

The choir in the gallery—negroes and negresses—sang quartets, as correctly and beautifully as can be

imagined. At the close of the service a woman came forth, and, kneeling before the altar, seemed to be under great distress of mind, and the old preacher prayed for her in her sorrows and secret grief, a beautiful and heart-felt prayer. Thus to pray in the chapel for the afflicted seems to be customary among the Baptists in this country.

May 15th.—It is now very warm here, and the heat is enervating. If it were not so I should enjoy myself in Savannah, in the family where I am staying; where the master and mistress as well as the domestics—negroes—seem all to be influenced by the same spirit of good temper and kindness, and where I have made some very agreeable acquaintance. Among those whom I love most are a family named M'L., one of those who labour for the instruction and colonisation of the slaves; the daughters themselves instruct the little negro children on their father's estate, and praised very much their facility of learning; in particular they seemed to have pleasure in pictures and stories, and easily understood them. This gave me great delight; and what a beautiful sphere of action is opened by this means for the young daughters of the south! But I fear they are yet few who embrace it. I have arranged, next year, to take a pleasure trip with this amiable family to Florida, where they have a son residing. But man proposes, and God disposes!

There are many beautiful places in the neighbourhood of Savannah, on the high banks of the river, and the number of beautiful trees and flowers is untold. It delighted me to hear Swedish family-names in many of the appellations of these, and thus to recognise tokens of Linnæus; as for instance, I here found *Kudbeckia*, *Lagerströmia*, a very pretty shrub with pale red flowers, resembling *Tellandsia*, and many others. The kind ladies here—and I have become acquainted with some extraordinary women among them—drove me about in their carriages

to see the places and forest parks in the neighbourhood. Bonaventura is a natural park, and is one of the remarkable features of the place and the south. The splendid live-oaks, growing in groupes and avenues, with their long hanging moss, form on all sides the most beautiful Gothic arcades, and when the evening sun casts his glowing beams through these deep, gloomy vistas, the most lovely effects are produced. The young artists of America ought to come here and study them.

A portion of this beautiful park is being converted into a burial ground, and white marble gravestones raise themselves below the hanging mosses of the live-oaks. This moss vegetation is now in blossom; the blossom is a small green button-like flower of the pentandria class, with a delicate scent. Other magnificent flowers of the south, the *magnolia grandiflora*, the Cape jasmin, and many others, are now beginning to be generally in bloom, but the scent of these is strong and too powerful for my taste. The scent of the woods is overpowering and not wholesome. Ladies of delicate complexions become flushed and suffer from riding through the woods at this season. The flowers operate upon them like poison. To me they appeared suffocating. What odour is there so pleasant and refreshing as that of our fir-woods, and our lilies of the valley?

To-day, when I went out alone to a little grove in the midst of the plain of sand near the town, I found an abundance of the most beautiful strawberries, and wondered how it could be that the negro children left them in peace. I gathered and tasted them, nay I did not taste them, for they had no sign of taste. They were a kind of spurious strawberry. Another spurious beauty in the green fields of the south is a little, low shrub, a kind of Cactus which is very common, called "the prickly pear," and which bears a beautiful pale yellow flower, like a single mallow, but which is full of an

invisible kind of minute hooked prickle, and after gathering a flower it is many days before you can free your fingers from the tiny spines.

One beautiful institution which I visited here is the asylum for the orphan children of all nations and all religious persuasions. It is under the direction of ladies, also of various nations and religious opinions. I visited it with one of the directresses, who was a Jewess, and much attached to her peculiar religious doctrines, which according to her representation, approached those of the Christian Unitarian. The asylum was under the care of Catholic Sisters of Mercy, women with good countenances, but horrible bonnets or hooded caps, which would require a person to be very far gone in world renunciation before they could endure. Both the children and the establishment were a gladdening sight. The children are allowed to make choice of the religious sect to which they will attach themselves, and I saw three young sisters, one of whom was a Methodist, the second a Baptist, and the third a member of the episcopalian church.

I must now prepare to leave Savannah and go to Augusta, higher up in the State. I think of ascending the river from Savannah, although I am told that the journey is wearisome, and the scenery monotonous. But I greatly prefer the steam-boat to the railway.

I shall write more from Augusta, my little Agatha!

P.S. When I come home I shall bring you lovely workbaskets, made from the scales of the fir-cone, and lined inside with red silk, which these kind ladies have given me, and which are their own work. They look queer, but very ornamental.

LETTER XVII.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, *May 25th.*

WHAT a long time it is, my sweet Agatha, since I last conversed with you ! but days and hours rush on like the river, and I have not many minutes to myself.

I wrote to you last at Savannah. Soon after that I left the city overwhelmed with kindness and presents from its friendly inhabitants up to the last moment. I shall always have to thank my host, Mr. T., for his heartfelt kindness and good-will towards me. At the last moment he compelled me to allow him to pay for my journey to Augusta. People talk about the Americans' spirit of acquisition, and with justice ; but with the same justice they ought to speak of their spirit of giving. They love to give, even as they love to acquire.

Just as I was about to go on board there came a Swedish sea-captain, who told some persons of my acquaintance in Savannah, that he wished to see me, because he was brought up at the same place as myself and Jenny Lind. There was not much that was agreeable for me to remember in the educational establishment where we three could have been all together. And when my sea-faring countryman presented himself before me, and we shook hands, he asked, "Was not mademoiselle brought up in Stockholm ?"

I assented. "Ay, ay !" said he, with a significant nod of the head, "it is so ; I was certain of it and in Stockholm I was also brought up !"

We shook hands again, and the good man—for he looked like a hearty, good fellow—gave me likewise a present which I shall bring home with me to Sweden. Almost sinking under presents, which to the last moment were laid in my arms, I set off.

This voyage up the Savannah river, which I had been warned against as slow and monotonous, was more agreeable than I can tell. The weather was charming, and as the stream was strong and the river swollen from the spring-floods, the voyage was slow; I had plenty of time to observe the banks between which the river wound, and though mile after mile and hour after hour presented me with only one scene, yet this scene was *primeval forest*. Masses of foliage from innumerable trees and shrubs, and beautiful climbing plants seemed resting upon the water on each side of the river, the shores of Georgia and Carolina. Lofty, deep, and impenetrable extended the primeval forest, as I was told, for many miles inland.

But here it existed in its original luxuriance and splendour. I seemed to myself to be present on the third day of creation, when God called forth the vegetable world, "every tree whose seed was in itself after its kind." On the day when the earth opened its maternal breast and produced all the various trees and flowers of the earth, Savannah, with its red-brown water, was a river newly sprung from chaos, and rich with its essence, nor yet had had time to settle itself and clear its water, when the green plants of earth sprang forth in wild luxuriance; it seemed to play with them, and they, newly upsprung from the water, seemed to have no wish to part from it, but half longed to fall back into it. Flower-laden, climbing plants flung themselves to the very tops of the trees, and then fell down to dip again in the waves of the river. From amid these masses of verdure, forming porticoes, pyramids, and the most fantastic and massive creations, glanced forth now and then, a Calatpa all flaming with its yellowish-white flowers; dark-green, solemn magnolias lifted up their snow-white blossoms towards the light, beautiful and pure as it. I noticed sycamores, amber-bearing poplars, tulip-trees with their splendid yellow and red flecked blossoms, mulberries, many kinds of oak,

elms and willows, as I went along, and high above all towered cypresses with their long, depending mosses, spreading their vast arms abroad, like patriarchs over the lower tribes of vegetation. Not a human dwelling was to be seen on these shores, not a trace of human activity. There was neither the sight nor sound of animal life, and although alligators are numerous in the Savannah river, I did not see one; not a bird sang, and all was silent and hushed, even the wind itself. It was a desolation full of fantastic beauty, and just now in the pride of its splendour. At length I saw, sitting on the naked boughs of a dead fir-tree, two large birds of prey, reminding the beholder that "death was come into the world."

Thus we sped on, in a high-pressure boat, the Oregon, with its two reeking chimneys, up the river, mile after mile, hour after hour, whilst the morning and the evening, the sun and the moon, seemed to contend which should most beautify the scene. And I sang in my soul, as the earliest colonists of Georgia had done before me, "how beautiful is creation, how glorious the Creator!" and then I thought, what a poem, what a glorious romance is this portion of the world in its natural life; what wealth, what beauty, what varied scenes it embraces in its bosom! I was now again alone with America; America revealed her mysteries to me, and made me aware of her wealth, the inheritance of future generations.

The Savannah forms the boundary between Carolina and Georgia. I had tenderly-beloved friends both in Carolina and Georgia. I loved Georgia the most, and turned towards its shore, as toward a more free, a more youthfully fresh land.

The voyage was an incessant feast for me, and I wished only to be silent and enjoy it. But in order to do that, I had to avoid, in the saloon, a throng of handsome, but

wild young girls, who had made, on their own account, a pleasure-party, and now ran about here and there, chattering, calling to one another, and laughing; and on deck, a few gentlemen, planters, who were polite and wished to talk, but talked only of "cotton, cotton, cotton," and how the world was beginning to busy itself about American cotton. I fled away from these worshippers of cotton, and endeavoured to be alone with the river and the primeval forest, and with the light and shadows within it. There was with the troop of young girls also a youth, a handsome young man, a brother or relative of some of them. Later on in the evening he had to leave the vessel, and then the wild young girls took hold of him, embraced and kissed him, the one after the other, in fun and amid laughter, whilst he, half annoyed and half amused, endeavoured to get loose from them. What impression would that young man carry away with him of that night's scene? Not esteem for woman. One of the elder gentlemen on deck, shook his head at the young girls' behaviour; "They make a fool of that young man!" said he to me. It was not till late in the night that I could get to sleep for the noise which these girls made.

The next day was Sunday, and life seemed to celebrate a holy-day, so still and so festively-adorned appeared all nature. The wild, young girls had become quiet, and assembled before the door of my cabin, which was open towards the river. They were evidently in a state of mind to hear something serious. The peace of the Sabbath rested upon them. Had now some sower, commissioned of Heaven, sown the seed of truth and the comprehension of the higher life in the souls of these young girls, the seed would assuredly have fallen in good ground. I have faith in the inborn, pure earnestness of woman's nature, and its kinship with the highest spiritual life, and it grieved me when I saw it running wild as in this case. Not that I think a moment of wildness is

of much consequence in a human life; all depends upon the main direction of the whole. But if nature is left to itself it becomes a wilderness, and wildernesses of human nature are very much less beautiful than those of the primeval forest—nor would even these be good to live in. The spirit of a superior nature must lay his hand upon the young heathen before he can become full of human dignity and beauty.

Fathers and mothers in the young, new world, do not seem rightly to know the good, old proverb, "*Use is second nature*;" nor the other equally excellent one, "*It is easier to stem a brook than a river.*"

Towards the evening of this day, the young girls were landed here and there at different plantations, from which boats were put out to fetch them; and from the banks of the river I heard words of affectionate welcome, and saw cheerful fires blazing through the thick darkness, for the young moon had already set, and the darkness of night is very dark here at this season, whilst the evening glow of our skies lights up earth and heaven till it is dimmed by the glow of morning.

On Saturday afternoon I went on board at Savannah. On Monday morning I arrived at Augusta, where I was met by the agreeable, excellent Mr. B., who took me in his carriage to his house, where I was received with great kindness by his wife, a handsome and agreeable Irish lady, with a handsome English countenance, remarkably like Frances von K., but with a softer expression, and by Hanna L., the pale girl from the South, whom I first met with on the voyage from England, and whom I liked so much. It was a pleasure to me to find her health now better after her European tour, and she seemed to me, here in her home and her own circle of friends, more amiable even than before.

I spent here some very agreeable days, receiving visitors only in the evening, and spending the mornings in driving

out to the plantations in the neighbourhood and elsewhere. Here also I often had to listen to and to answer the same multitude of trivial and wearisome questions, one of the worst and most frequent of which was, "Do the United States answer your expectations?"

Yet even here I also became acquainted with some excellent people, both men and women, real Christians and true citizens of the world, who are silently labouring at the work of emancipation, wisely and effectually; assisting the slaves into the path of self-emancipation,—that is to say, giving opportunity to those slaves to acquire money, helping them to keep it, and encouraging them to industry and good conduct, with a view to their liberation at a certain time; in a few years perhaps, or it may be less, and afterwards giving them that freedom for which they have worked. How beautiful it seemed to me when I saw them, in particular an elderly gentleman and lady, how good they seemed to me, and how amiable! How happy I felt myself in knowing them! One of these friends of humanity had advanced to a negro woman a little capital, which enabled her, by her own labour, not only to pay monthly interest to her owner for the money he had paid for her, but by which she had the means of purchasing the freedom of four of her children; the fifth had yet to be purchased, but even this one also would shortly be free, through the help of a benevolent man. And who does not admire this slave, who thinks nothing of continuing herself a slave, but merely of purchasing the freedom—of emancipating her children? Such a mother would, in the times of Athens and Sparta, have been proclaimed as "an honour to humanity." But this mother remains an unknown slave. It is true that she feels herself well off in her situation, and does not wish for a freedom which at her age could not be obtained but at the exchange of a life free from care, for one much harder—at least in Liberia. "When I am old," said she,

“and no longer able to work, master and mistress will take care of me !” So think many old slaves, and do not trouble themselves about a freedom in which they would have to take care of themselves. And this is good when the master and mistress are good, and do not die before the old slaves, in which case the fate of these is very uncertain, and becomes sometimes, under new owners, worse than that of the domestic animals.

During my visit to a few of the plantations, I could clearly see that the ladies looked on me with suspicious glances. I liked one of these ladies nevertheless. She seemed to me of a fresh, fine, motherly character. I requested her to accompany me to the slave-village at a short distance from the house. She agreed to do so. The hands, as the working negroes of the South are called, were now out in the fields reaping the corn, and their houses were mostly locked up ; I went into the few that remained open. In one of these an old negro, who had a bad foot, sat on the bed. Both himself and the whole dwelling bore the stamp of good care and attention. “He is well provided for in his old age, because he is one of our own people,” said Mrs. E., aloud to me, so that the negro might hear her ; “if he were free he would not be so well off.”

“And why not ?” said I, but silently to myself, for I would not say it aloud lest the negro should hear. “We too, on our estates in Sweden, have old and sick servants, and although they are free and enjoy freely the wages for which they serve, yet we consider it no less incumbent on us, in justice to them and as our own duty, to take all possible care of them in their sickness and old age ; and if they serve us faithfully, to make their old age as happy as we possibly can, consistently with our own means. The bad master with us, as well as the bad slave-holder goes where he belongs.”

This is what I wished to say to Mrs. E., and would have

said it if we had been alone together, because I could not help seeing in her a somewhat proud, but at the bottom a noble character, who, by the injustice of the Abolitionists against the position of the slave-holder, has been driven to injustice against that of the workers, but who could and who would look at the truth, if, without any polemical asperity, it were placed before her unbiassed judgment. But I did not find any opportunity for trying the experiment because we never were alone.

The slave-villages in Georgia have the same exterior as those in Carolina, and the condition of the slaves on the plantations seem to me similar also. The good and the bad masters make the only difference; but then in such circumstances this is immeasurable.

“Here lives the owner of a plantation who is universally known as cruel to his people,” was once said to me as I went past a beautiful country-house, almost concealed by thick trees and shrubs. People know this, and they do not willingly hold intercourse with such a man, that is all. Neither the angel of justice nor of love ventures into these mystical groves, where human beings are sacrificed. What paganism amid Christianity! But this avenges itself nevertheless on the white races, as is evident in many things.

One day I went to see, in the forest, some of the poor people called “clay-eaters;” these are a kind of wretched white people, found in considerable numbers both in Carolina and Georgia, who live in the woods, without churches, without schools, without hearths, and sometimes also without homes, but yet independent and proud in their own way, and who are induced by a diseased appetite to eat a sort of unctuous earth, which is found here, until this taste becomes a passion with them, equally strong with the love of intoxicating liquors; although, by slow degrees, it consumes its victim, causes the complexion to become grey, and the body soon to mingle with the

earth on which it has nourished itself. Clay-eaters is the name given to these miserable people. No one knows whence they come, and scarcely how they exist, but they and the people called "Sandhill people," poor whites who live in the barren, sandy tracts of the Southern States, are found in great numbers here. The Sandhill people are commonly as immoral as they are ignorant, for, as by the law of the States it is forbidden to teach the negro slaves to read and write, and in consequence there would be no support for schools, where half the population consists of slaves, and the country in consequence is thinly inhabited; therefore the indigent white people in the country villages are without schools, and very nearly without any instruction at all. Besides which these people have no feeling for the honour of labour and the power of activity. The first thing which a white man does when he has acquired a little money is to buy a slave, either male or female; and the slave must work for the whole family. The poor slave-holder prides himself on doing nothing, and letting the whole work be done by the slave. Slave-labour is generally careless labour, and all the more so under a lazy master. The family is not benefited by it. If the master and mistress are famished, the slaves are famished also, and all become miserable together. But again to the clay-eaters.

Mr. G. and his family were a good specimen of this class of people. They lived in the depths of a wood quite away from any road. It was a hot and sultry day, and it was sultry in the wood. The poison-oak (a kind of dwarf oak, said to be extremely poisonous), grew thickly on all sides in the sand. Deep in the wood we found a newly built shed, which had been roofed in for the poor family by some benevolent persons. Here lived the husband and wife, with five or six children. They had a roof over their heads, but that was all; I saw no kind of furniture whatever, not even a fire-place, and door

there was none. But Mr. G., an affable little man of about fifty, seemed delighted with his world, with himself, his children, and in particular with his wife, whom he described as the best wife in the world, and with whom he seemed to be enchanted. The wife, although grey as the earth, both in complexion and dress, and pitifully thin, was evidently still quite young and possessed real beauty of feature. She looked good but not gay, was silent, and kept her eyes very much fixed on her children, the handsomest, the most magnificent, unbaptised young creatures that any one can imagine, tumbling about with one another in perfect freedom, with natural grace, liveliness, and agility—very excellent human material thought I, and better than many a baptised, over-indulged drawing-room urchin. Mr. G. was talkative, and volunteered us various passages out of his life's history.

He had at one time been the overseer of a slave-holder and churchman; but the office was one of so much cruelty that he gave it up. He could not endure having to flog the slaves himself, nor yet to have them flogged. But his master would not permit him to abstain from it. And others were no better. He had tried them. This one, it seemed to him, ought to have been better as he was a religious man. "And in the beginning he was not bad," said he, "but after awhile he married a rich planter's daughter, which changed him greatly, and he grew worse and worse every year. But that was the fault of his marriage, for he was unhappy with his wife."

The clay-eater in the forest looked down with compassion upon the rich planter—religious professor though he was—unhappy with his wife and cruel to his people. He, the freeman in the wild forest, with his pretty, gentle wife, and his handsome children, was richer and happier than he! Mr. G. seemed proud as a king, in his free, innocent poverty.

"But cannot overseers be gentle to the slaves?"

inquired I. "No," replied he, "they must be severe, they must drive them with the whip, if they are to work as they ought; and the planters will have nothing else."

I leave this man's *must* to its own intrinsic value, and to the question, whether it may not have had its origin in a want of wise management and gentleness in himself. But true it is that the overseers which I have as yet met with, displease me by a certain severity, a certain savage expression in their countenance, particularly in their eye. And one of the heaviest grievances in the life of the planter, seems to me to be, that the slaves, after a long series of years, are left in the power of the overseers, whilst the master and his family are absent from the plantation for the sake of their health or their pleasure.

The day after my visit to the clay-eaters, I was present at a festival at Augusta, on occasion of the presentation of a sword of honour, on behalf of the State of Georgia, to a young officer of Augusta, who had distinguished himself, and had been severely wounded, in the war with Mexico. A stage was erected for the occasion in a little park within the city, and around it, in the form of an amphitheatre, a gallery with benches and seats, which were filled with spectators. The sword was presented to the young soldier on the elevated platform, which was covered with carpets and adorned with banners. It was a very beautiful scene, under the open sky and the beautiful trees, only there was rather too much talking. I was pleased that the young hero of the day in his speech mentioned, with affection and praise, many of his comrades in the war, who had, he said, deserved this distinction better than he; and he related their achievements. He seemed to have a heartfelt delight in speaking of the deeds of his companions-in-arms. The assembly applauded his speech rapturously. We had besides, several other speeches: I cannot help always being astonished at the Americans' great facility in talking.

When, however, the speeches are too numerous and too long, I cannot but recal the words of Mr. Poinsett, when on one occasion I spoke with admiration of this wonderful facility in making speeches, "It is a great misfortune!"

After the ceremony the cannon fired loud enough to split the drums of one's ears, if not the walls of the fortress.

The hero of the day descended from the platform amid a host of friends and acquaintances; his sword of honour, with its handsome silver hilt, its inscription and belt, was passed from hand to hand among the spectators. After this, music struck up, and the company proceeded in a promenade dance under the trees, which were illuminated with coloured lamps, the young hero at a given sign taking the lead. Dancing then became general. I noticed a number of little girls dancing; they looked pretty, though I am not fond of seeing children, so fine and such little women, in the dance. The ladies who did not dance sat in grand style on the galleried seats under the trees. Many were very handsome. It astonished me, when Mrs. E., the planter's lady who had looked suspiciously on me, and yet whom I took a liking to, introduced me to her husband, and when they both invited me very kindly and warmly to pay them a visit for as long a time as might be agreeable to me. I was sorry to be obliged to decline so polite an invitation, one which proved to me that I had not been mistaken in my liking for the lady. Her husband also appeared extremely agreeable.

A heavy shower of rain, which came on quite unexpectedly, put a sudden end to the fête, and sent everybody helter-skelter home.

When at home with Mr. B., I heard the negroes singing, it having been so arranged by Hanna L. I wished rather to have heard their own *naïve* songs, but was told that they "dwelt with the Lord," and sang only

hymns. I am sorry for this exclusiveness ; nevertheless, their hymns sung in quartette were glorious. It would be impossible to have more exquisite or better singing. They had note-books before them, and seemed to be singing from them ; but my friends laughed, doubting whether they were for actual use. In the midst of the singing a cock began to crow in the house, and kept on crowing incessantly. From the amusement this occasioned, I saw that there was more in it than appeared. Nor was it in reality a cock that crowed, but a young negro from a neighbouring court, who being possessed of the cock's ability to crow, chose to make one in the concert.

After this, another young negro, who was not so evangelical as the rest, came and sang with his banjo several of the negro songs, universally known and sung in the South by the negro people, whose product they are, and in the Northern States by persons of all classes, because they are extremely popular. The music of these songs is melodious, *naïve*, and full of rhythmical life, and the deepest tenderest sentiment. Many of these songs remind me of Haydn's and Mozart's simple, *naïve* melodies ; for example, " Rosa Lee," " Oh, Susannah," " Dearest May," " Carry me back to old Virginy," " Uncle Ned," and " Mary Blane," all of which are full of the most touching pathos, both in words and melody. The words, however, are frequently inferior to the music ; they are often childish, and contain many repetitions both of phrases and imagery ; but frequently amid all this, expressions and turns of thought which are in the highest degree poetical, and with bold and happy transitions, such as we find in the oldest songs of our northern people. These negro songs are also not uncommonly ballads, or more properly, little romances, which contain descriptions of their love affairs and their simple life's fate. There is no imagination, no gloomy back-ground,

rich with saga or legend, as in our songs; but, on the other hand, much sentiment, and a naïve, and often humorous seizing upon the moment and its circumstances. These songs have been made on the road; during the journeyings of the slaves; upon the rivers, as they paddled their canoes along, or steered the raft down the stream; and in particular at the corn-huskings, which are to the negroes what the harvest-home is to our peasants, and at which they sing impromptu, whatever is uppermost in their heart or in their brain. Yes, all these songs are peculiarly improvisations, which have taken root in the mind of the people, and are listened to and sung to the whites, who, possessed of a knowledge of music, have caught and noted them down. And this improvisation goes forward every day. People hear new songs continually; they are the offspring of nature and of accident, produced from the joys and the sorrows of a child-like race. The rhyme comes as it may, sometimes clumsily, sometimes no rhyme at all, sometimes most wonderfully fresh and perfect; the rhythm is excellent, and the descriptions have local colouring and distinctness. Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, Carolina, "Old Virginny," all the melodious names of the Southern States and places there, the abodes of the slaves, are introduced into their songs, as well as their love-histories, and give a local interest and colouring not only to the song, but to the State and to the place which they sing about. Thus these songs are like flowers and fragrance from the negro-life in those states—like flowers cast upon the waves of the river, and borne hither and thither by the wind—like fragrance from the flowers of the wilderness in their summer life, because there is no bitterness, no gloomy spirit in these songs. They are the offspring of life's summer-day, and bear witness to this. And if bitterness and the condition of slavery were to cease for ever in the free land of the United States, these songs would still

live, and bear witness to the light of life, even as the phosphorescent beam of the fire-fly shines, though the glow-worm may be crushed.

The young negro whom I heard sing this evening, sang among other songs one, of which I would that I could give you an idea, so fresh was the melody, and so peculiar the key. Of the words I only remember this first verse:—

I am going to the old Pee Dee !
And there on the old Pee Dee,
On a summer's night,
When the moon shines bright,
My Sally I shall see !

The last syllable of the first and last verse is long drawn out. The little romance describes how the lover and Sally will be married and settle themselves down, and live happily all on the banks of the old Pee Dee. A heart-felt, charming Southern idyll.

The banjo is an African instrument, made from the half of a fruit called the calabash, or gourd, which has a very hard rind. A thin skin or piece of bladder is stretched over the opening, and over this one or two strings are stretched, which are raised on a bridge. The banjo is the negroes' guitar, and certainly it is the first-born among stringed instruments.

The day following, when dining with a Mr. and Mrs. G., I also had the pleasure of hearing some negro songs which pleased me greatly. The young negro who sang, having weak lungs, was not able to do much work, and some kind people therefore had enabled him to cultivate his musical gifts by instruction and practice. He sang excellently. And in order to understand the peculiar fascination of their songs, they should be heard, sung by negroes, with their beaming glances and naïve *abandon*.

Augusta is a little city of the same style as Savannah, but less great, less beautiful, smaller in every way ; but very

pretty nevertheless, and situated in a broad bend of the Savannah. Around it are many charming country-houses with their gardens. I visited several such; saw beautiful and earnest family groups; and heard the hundred-tongued birds singing in the oak-woods. Of oaks, such as our Swedish oak, I find none; but many other kinds of oaks, of which the live-oak, with its delicately cut oval leaf, is the most splendid kind.

During my stay at Augusta, I have been for some time deliberating upon an excursion which I proposed to make northward. I wished greatly to visit the highlands of Georgia, and Tellulah Falls in that district, which had been described to me in Charleston as the most picturesque in America. I should like to have seen that original, who a few years since built the first inn at the falls, and who christened his eldest daughter Magnolia Grandiflora, his second Tellulah Falls, and his son some other curious name which I have forgotten. I had already half determined to undertake the journey, and a kind, young lady had given me letters to her friends in Athens and Rome, places on the road to Tellulah Falls, and which I presume are related in about the same degree to the great of these names, as we probably are to Adam and Eve; but the heat became great, and I felt myself so weak in consequence of it, and the journey would have been so fatiguing, that I——gave it up, and determined instead to go back to Charleston by way of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, and which I have been told has a remarkably beautiful site in the neighbourhood of the highlands.

Having promised to return, I parted from my kind entertainers, thankful for the residence in their house, and for that which the residence in Augusta had given me, of gold, better than that of California.

The excellent, agreeable Mr. B. accompanied me a short distance to the railroad, on the other side of the

river. On our way we passed through the slave-market. Forty or fifty young persons of both sexes were walking up and down before the house in expectation of purchasers. They were singing; they seemed cheerful and thoughtless. The young slaves who were here offered for sale were from twelve to twenty years of age; there was one little boy, however, who was only six; he belonged to no one there. He attached himself to the slave-keeper. Poor little fellow! Who was his mother? Who his sister or his brother? Many of these children were fair mulattoes, and some of them very pretty. One young girl of twelve was so white that I should have supposed her to belong to the white race; her features too were also those of the whites. The slave-keeper told us that the day before, another girl still fairer and handsomer, had been sold for fifteen hundred dollars. These white children of slavery become, for the most part, victims of crime, and sink into the deepest degradation. Yet again,—what heathenism in the midst of a Christian land!

The greater number of these young slaves were from Virginia, which not needing much slave-labour itself, sells its slaves down south. Some gentlemen were on the spot, and one or two of them called my attention to the cheerful looks of the young people.

“All the more sorrowful is their condition,” thought I, “the highest degradation is not to feel it!”

But from this shame-spot in the young and beautiful state of Georgia, I turn my glance with pleasure to another spot, one rich in honour and hope—that so-called “Liberty-County;” and it was a great loss to me not to have been able to visit this, the oldest home of liberty in the state of Georgia. Here began the first movement in the south for American freedom. “The Liberty-Boys” originated here; and here it was that, still later, commenced the first effectual movements for the instruction of the negroes in Christianity, for their

emancipation and colonisation, in their African fatherland.

A short time ago there died in Liberty-County a rich planter, Mr. Clay, universally known for his zeal on these subjects, and for his human kindness generally. His corpse was followed to the grave by a great number of persons, both whites and blacks. The whites, as soon as the grave was covered in, returned to their homes, but the negroes remained by the grave through the whole night, singing hymns. The sister of Mr. Clay participated with him in the work of elevating the slaves, and it is said continues it since his death. God bless all such noble and liberal-minded persons !

I found that in Georgia, the following view of slavery prevailed generally :

Slavery is an evil ; but under the wise direction of God it will become a blessing to the negroes. The whites who have enslaved them, will make them compensation for their sufferings through the gift of Christianity, and by instructing them in agriculture, and the handicraft arts,—thus they may be first instructed, and then gradually emancipated and colonised in Africa ; the heathen nations of Africa being finally Christianised and civilised through the Christianised and emancipated slaves of America.

I am convinced that this is the truth and the way. And by this view of the question in Georgia, and from what it has already begun, I see a proof of how much public opinion in this country goes a-head of legislation. For the law, as regards the treatment of slaves, takes a very low stand in Georgia, as well as in South Carolina.

Georgia may with more justice than Carolina be called the Palmetto State, as the palmetto is really very abundant there, besides many other plants, which indicate the neighbourhood of the tropics, and a new face of nature ; and how gladly would I contemplate this face

still more closely! One of those plants, called *Yucca gloriosa*, as well as the Spanish dagger, sends forth its pointed dagger-like leaves in all directions from the stem, and has a cluster of splendid white bell-shaped flowers.

And now adieu for the present, amid the beautiful flowers of Georgia, and its still more beautiful human beings.

Columbia is a pretty little city of handsome villas and gardens, and in the midst of these a fine senate-house, for Columbia is the capital of South Carolina. Every state in the union has its capital situated in the centre of the State, and commonly it is of small importance, excepting as a place of meeting for the two legislative bodies, the senate and representatives, who sit in the Senate House of the capital some months of each year. Besides which each state has its large trading towns situated by the sea, or upon some of the great rivers which pour in all directions through this abundantly watered portion of the earth. Columbia in Carolina—every state in the union has, I believe, a city which is called Columbia or Columbus—is beautifully situated on a height near the river Congoree.

I have derived great pleasure through the kindness of a Mr. Gibbs here, a natural historian, who has shown me much attention. In his collection I have seen the remains of those antediluvian creatures, the *Megatherium* and *Mastodon*, the bones of which have been dug up here. These remains belong to Titanic creatures. A single tooth is as large as my hand. Mr. Gibbs has had the kindness to give me drawings and descriptions of these animals which I shall be glad to send home to our Professor Sundevall. He has also given me a little hummingbird's nest, the prettiest thing in the world, built of small, delicate blades of grass and tiny pieces of paper.

I was one day invited by a Professor F. to the weddings

of two couple of his house-slaves. The bridal pairs were young people and looked very well, especially one of the bridegrooms, a negro, black as night, and whom his master commended for the excellence of his character and his general intelligence, and one of the brides—but not of *the* bridegroom *par excellence*, were regularly handsome. Both the brides were dressed very prettily in white, and wore garlands. The clergyman entered the negro-company, stepped up to the bridal couples and very soon dismissed the marriage ceremony, after which they began dancing in the same room. Negroes and negresses swung round in a lively waltz; ladies dressed and decked out in gauze and flowers, altogether like our ladies, the only difference being that these had more finery about them, and considerably less grace; and after all they looked very much better in this borrowed and imitated finery than I should have believed possible. Whilst the black company danced zealously, the white people went to see the wedding dinner-table, which was splendidly covered with flowers and fine cakes, and seemed really almost to bend under the abundance of meats.

I here became acquainted with a German, Professor Lieber, an author of talent and a worthy man. For the rest there was nothing very remarkable here, unless it were the great number of colonels. All gentlemen of wealth, planters or others, it matters not, are called Colonel, though they may not have been military. Such colonels abound in the Southern States. When I expressed my astonishment at this general promotion, I was told that when the President of the United States visited the various states, he nominated many of these gentlemen to be his adjutants for the occasion; and these adopted and have since retained the title of Colonel. But that sounding title for so small service, and the passion for titles which evidently distinguished a portion

of the republican people of America, especially in the South, is—a little possessed of the devil; and but little in harmony with the aim of this community. The old Adam in the old uniform is going about still!

Yesterday I went out alone on a ramble of discovery through wood and field. I came to a pretty little house in the midst of a wood, and there stood at its door, and apparently its owner, a fat Mulatto-woman. With the excuse of obtaining a glass of water I went into the house and fell into discourse with the old couple, a negro and his wife, to whom the house and a little garden belonged. The Mulatto-woman was talkative and showed me the whole house, which the master of herself and her husband had built for them and given them for their life-time. It showed throughout that the old couple had a love of order and excellence, not only in the house but the garden. Their children were all dead, and some dark words accompanied by dark glances escaped the old woman in the bitter feeling of the loss of her children through the fault of others, which made me aware of a dark background to this bright picture. But I would not seek to know more. The old negro, I thought, looked anxious when his wife talked gloomily.

At another place in the wood I saw, at a very little residence, two elderly white ladies, evidently sisters, and meanly clad, sitting enjoying the shade of a live-oak. I asked permission to sit down with them in the shade. They consented, and thus I fell into discourse with them, was shown their house, and made acquainted with their circumstances. These were narrow. The sisters had seen better days, but had, since the death of their father, fallen into need; they were now supported by the product of their place and by dressmaking. But they were contented, and piety and labour made life serene and the days short. If only the health of one of the sisters were a little better; and the summers and the sand a little

less hot!—How similar everywhere are human circumstances, how similar are the causes of suffering and of happiness, of joy and of sorrow! Here is it the summer and the sand which is in the way of happiness; elsewhere it is the winter and the granite—everywhere it is sickness!

Charleston, June 2nd.—This Charleston—this “owl’s nest,” is nevertheless right pleasant as it now stands, like an immense bouquet of fragrant trees and flowers, and with its kind, amiable people! It has affected me deeply to have been received here as I have been by old and new friends. I have come to love Charleston for the sake of its inhabitants, especially for my two ladies there, Mrs. W. Howland and Mrs. Holbrook. I am now once more in the excellent home of the former, where I have been received as a member of the family.

I arrived here the day before yesterday half suffocated by the heat of the atmosphere, sunshine, smoke and steam, but found here a real Swedish, fresh summer air, which still continues and has greatly refreshed me, to say nothing of all that is good, comfortable, and charming, with which this home abounds. God be thanked for *this* good home and for every good home on earth! “All good homes!” is my usual toast when I propose one at the American tables.

I found upon my writing-table a bouquet of beautiful flowers from Mrs. Holbrook, and a book which both surprised and pleased me. I little expected in the New World, and least of all in a great city, to meet with a profoundly penetrative, liberal spirit which, like Böklin in Sweden, and H. Martensen in Denmark, places the ground of Christian faith in the highest reason. It is, however, precisely this pure German spirit which I find in the *Philosophic Theology*, or the first principles of all Religious faith founded in Reason, by the young missionary, James W. Miles; a small book but of great

import, written with English clearness and precision, without any German prolixity. This little work comes very near Martensen's "Autonomi,"—that excellent treatise which Martensen has yet to develope; and it rejoices me all the more, as it proves that the laws of thought develope themselves in the human race, from an inner necessity, irrespective of accidental circumstances. Truths, discoveries, do not emigrate from one country to another. Among all people who have advanced to about the same degree of intellectual cultivation the same phenomena and the same views present themselves. Thus here, a young, solitary, retired, but profoundly thinking man arrived at the same train of thought as our greatest Scandinavian philosophical theologians, and that without knowing them or the fountains from which they have quaffed the new life of thought. One instance in the book, by which the young Miles elucidates the connection of the subjective reason with the objective—that is of man's with that of God, has struck me from the same cause—namely, how different minds in far distant countries and under different circumstances arrive at the same results of thought; because I myself have frequently made use of the same in conversation, as proof on this subject—and have always regarded it as my own discovery and have had my own little selfish pleasure in so doing. But how much greater is my pleasure in seeing that it also flashes forth before another seeking soul, and becomes for him a guiding star. The instance I alluded to is the well-known one of Le Verrier, who calculated that a star existed in a certain spot of the universe, and of the star being afterwards discovered there.

I must immediately write to Mrs. H., to express my pleasure in the book and its author. And now once more I hope to wander with her in the shades of the myrtle grove.

Justina, the eldest daughter of Mrs. W. H., is just

now returned, after about a year's residence in Baltimore, in Maryland. It was a delight to me to see her joyful reception at home. How alike are all good homes and relationships! The same sorrows, the same joys! But that I have long known even without seeing it.

There is here this evening a great *soirée* for my sake. I am very glad that I am not responsible for it. I have nothing to do but to go about, tolerably elegantly attired, *faire la belle conversation*, reply to the questions, of "How do you like this? and how do you like that?" And be amiable according to my ability.

June 10th.—Now, my sweet child, I must prepare this letter, which is even now too long, for its departure. I have enjoyed myself for several days in doing—nothing, watching the humming-birds, fluttering about the red flowers of the garden, or looking at the great turkey buzzards, sitting on the roof and chimneys, spreading out their large wings in the wind or the sun, which gives them a very strange appearance; and for the rest looking about me a little in the State and in the city.

South Carolina is a State of much more aristocratic character, as well in law as social life, than Georgia, and has not the element of freedom and humanity, as the fundamental principle of its life, like its younger sister State. Massachusetts and Virginia, the old dominions, the two oldest mother hives, from which swarms went forth to all the other States of the Union, sent also its earliest cultivators to South Carolina. Puritans and Cavaliers were united, but that merely through pecuniary interests. The Englishmen, Lord Shaftesbury, and John Locke, established here an aristocratic community, and negro slaves were declared to be the absolute property of their masters. Nevertheless, South Carolina lacks not in her earliest history the moment which made her a member of the new world, and which, according to my view, was when she offered a sanctuary and a new home to the

persecuted children of the old world; yes, when she gave to all persecuted, oppressed, or unhappy human beings, the opportunity and the means of beginning anew, a new life, a new hope, a new and more happy development.

The noble Coligny, in France, long ago cast his glance towards South Carolina as a place of refuge for the Huguenots. And when persecution broke forth in all its unbounded ferocity, they who could save themselves fled hither across the sea to the land which rumour had described as the pride and envy of North America, and where, throughout the year, every month had its own flowers—which last is perfectly true.

“We quitted home by night, leaving the soldiers in their beds, and abandoning the house with its furniture,” says Judith, the young wife of Pierre Manigault. “We contrived to hide ourselves for ten days at Romans, in Dauphigny, while a search was made for us; but our faithful hostess would not betray us. After our arrival in Carolina we suffered every kind of evil. In eighteen months my eldest brother, unaccustomed to the hard labour which we were obliged to undergo, died of a fever. Since leaving France we had experienced every kind of affliction, disease, pestilence, famine, poverty, hard labour. I have been for six months without tasting bread, working the ground like a slave; and I have passed three or four years without having it when I wanted it. And yet God has done great things for us, in enabling us to bear up under so many trials.”

The son of Judith Manigault, who became an affluent man, entrusted the whole of his large property, during the war of American Independence, “for the use of the country which had adopted his mother.” From Languedoc, from Rochelle, from Saintange, from Bourdeaux, and from many other French towns and provinces, fled the persecuted families who “had all the virtues of Puritans,

without their bigotry, to Carolina." Assignments of land were made to them on the flowery and peaceful banks of the river Cooper, beneath the shade of the glorious primeval forest, whence they could lift their voices in hymns of praise to their God. Thus became South Carolina the asylum of the French puritans, and thus it takes its place in that great asylum for all people which the new world offers at this day.

And still to this day is Carolina, and most of the southern provinces, full of families, descended from these oldest settlers, but who have little more in common with them than the name. Language, manners, memories have become obliterated under the influence of the legislative, amalgamating race of the new world. Yet, nevertheless, somewhat of the French mode, of the French tone of mind, exists still in the life and temperament of the southern people.

In South Carolina the spirit and the links of social life are aristocratic to a degree which I cannot approve of, however much I may like certain people there. And aristocracy there has this in common with aristocracies of the present time; that, while the aristocratic virtues and greatness have vanished, the pretension merely remains. The formerly rich, magnificent planters exist no longer. Wealth, power, munificent hospitality are all gone. And, bowed beneath the yoke of slavery, the Southern States are a long way behind those of the North, in their rapid development, in prosperity and population. The emigration of the present day is also beginning to bring in its manufactories and mechanical art, even into the Southern States, but much more into Georgia than Carolina. Yet even here has a man from New England, Mr. Gregg, lately established a cotton manufactory, similar to that of Lowell, laid out beautifully with garden-plots for the work-people. Far behind the Northern States stand the South in any case,

as regards moral and intellectual culture, and this in consequence of the unhappy slave-institution with all its consequences—both to the black and the white population. There are great individuals in the Southern States, but no great community, no united, aspiring people. The fetters of slavery bind, more or less, all and every one. Yet I love the South. I have found there many things to love; many things to esteem; many things to enjoy; many things to be grateful for; and as it is natural to me to enter into the life amid which I am living or observing, I have in the South felt myself to have a southern tendency, and having entered into the peculiar life of the South, its circumstances and position, having a living sense of the good which abundantly exists here; which here is in operation; I have perfectly understood that bitter feeling which ferments, even in noble minds, towards the despotic and unreasonable North, against that portion of the North which is so opposed to the South; against the ultra-abolitionists and their violence. It is merely when I oppose them to the ultra of the pro-slavery party—that I hold with the former. But what would I not give if the South, the true, the noble South, would itself take the subject of contention in hand, and silence the mouth of their opponents, silence their blame both just and unjust, in a great and noble way, by laws which would bring about a gradual emancipation, by *one law, at least*, which should allow the slaves to purchase their own freedom, and that of their families, at a reasonable price, a price which should be established by law. This, it seems to me, might be required from the Southern States, as an act of justice to themselves, to their native land—so far as they desire to have part in its proud charter of liberty, and that they do desire—as an act of justice to their posterity, to the people whom they have enslaved, and for whom they thereby would open a future, first by means of hope; by a noble object for which to

strive, and then a new existence in a life of freedom, either in Africa, or here in their adopted country as the free servants or labourers of the whites. For I confess, that, according to my opinion, the Southern States would lose a great part of their charm and their peculiar character in losing their black population. Bananas, negroes, and negro-songs are the greatest refreshments of the mind, according to my experience, which I found in the United States. And to every one, whether in Old or New England, who is troubled by spleen or dyspepsia, or over-excitement of brain or nerves, would I recommend as a radical cure, a journey to the South to eat bananas, to see the negroes, and hear their songs. It will do them good to go through the primeval forest, with its flowers, and its odours, and to sail upon the red rivers! But the negroes are preferable to everything else. They are the life and the good humour of the South. The more I see of this people, their manners, their disposition, way of talking, of acting, of moving, the more am I convinced that they are a distinct stock in the great human family, and are intended to present a distinct physiognomy, a distinct form of the old type, man, and this physiognomy is the result of temperament.

Last evening I went with Mrs. W. H. to a place in the city, where the negroes, who come during the day to Charleston from the plantations to sell their small wares, baskets, woven mats, and such-like, as well as garden produce, lie-to with their boats. It was now evening, and the negroes were returning to their boats to row back up the river; they came with bundles in their hands, jugs on their heads, and all sorts of vessels filled with things which they had purchased with the product of their wares, wheaten bread and molasses being apparently the principal articles. Already were two boats filled with people, and baskets, and jugs, amidst the merriest chatter and laughter; but still they waited for more, and I heard

Adam, and Aaron, and Sally, and Mehala, and Lucy, and Abraham, and Sarah, called for! We, in the meantime, fell into discourse with the negroes, who stood on the shore, asking them to whom they belonged; whether they were well off, and so on. Two of those with whom we spoke could not sufficiently praise their masters, and told all that they had given them; on the contrary, they spoke ill of a planter in the neighbourhood.

“I fancy you are talking against my master!” said a young negro, somewhat tartly, who came forward with a threatening gesture; on which the others immediately recalled their words. “No, heaven forbid! They had said nothing, only that their masters—” But again they were interrupted by the champion of the censured master, who maintained that his master was not worse than theirs, and so on. And now a great cry was sent forth for Sally, and Nelly, and Adam, and Abraham, and Aaron! And directly Nelly, and Sally, and Abraham, and Adam, and Aaron, and I do not know how many other of Adam’s captive sons and daughters, came running along with jugs, and baskets, and bottles towards the shore, and then down into the boats, amid loud shouting, and talking, and laughter; and how they all got into the boats, men and molasses, women and jugs, and baskets and bottles, helter-skelter, rolling and tumbling, without method or measure, rhyme or reason, which I could discover, is more than I can tell! I only could stare at it in astonishment. It was like a confused mass of arms and legs and heads in one black movement; but merry was it, and all went on good-humouredly; and good-humouredly they went off. And all the black mass was quiet, and then the boats put off from the shore with little zigzags, and talk and laughter was heard from one boat to the other, and white teeth shone out in the dark. When, however, they had got out in the river, and the oars kept time on the mirror-bright waters, they began to sing, and

the chaotic confusion dissolved itself in the most beautiful harmony.

One peculiarity in these so-called children of nature is their aristocratic tendency; but I have always regarded the children of nature as natural aristocrats. They pride themselves on belonging to rich masters, and consider a marriage with the servant of a poor master as a great misalliance. They look up to their rich masters, as an Oriental Grefac of the old race, upon his ancestors. That which beyond everything else is an impediment to the emancipation of this people, and in great masses, is their want of nationality, their want of popular spirit, and a general unity of feeling. They have merely a feeling for family or for kindred, and perhaps for the tribe, where the tribes still continue unbroken, as in Africa. They have no common memories, and no common object of lofty, popular aspiration. The tribes and small principalities of Africa prove this also. And to imagine that the emancipated slaves of America could, beyond the sea, in Liberia, in Africa, establish a community according to the American republic, is, I believe, a mistake. Small monarchical communities are, however, that which they appear to me formed for. They feel, in a high degree, the sentiment of piety and loyalty, and would always be easily governed, and would like to be governed by a naturally superior person. I see, therefore, the ideal of negro-life in small communities, ennobled by Christianity, arranging itself round a superior—their priest or king, or both in one person. And in America I see them thus by preference around a white man, either as his free servants or small tenants, convinced that as a means of leading the people to order and reasonable industry the slaves' fetters and the whip are not needed, but merely Christian, human instruction, which leads to industry and order; the preaching of Christianity, and that great influence which a man of the white race, by his natural intellectual

superiority, and systematic turn of mind, will always have over the black. And if he would add to this in the scale, a moral superiority also, he would become very powerful. To the white gentlemen of the South may be applied the words which Victor Hugo addressed to the monarchs of Europe—

“Oh rois ! soyez grands, car le peuple grandit !”

The slave population of the South is increasing every day in numbers, in intelligence; is becoming more intelligent through the influence of the free blacks and the mulattoes, who are daily increasing in the slave states, and who participate in the educational advantages of the whites. In a word, the black race is in a state of growth, in every way, in the Southern States. May the white race be wise enough to grow also, in spirit, in laws, in life! It has a great problem to solve. But I have hopes from the noble South, from the children of the light, from the truly emancipated in the slave states. They will bring the right thing about.

And that would not be difficult, if the women would but awake. But, ah! the greater number here sleep still—sleep still on soft couches, fanned by their slaves, not as free women. Man has so long talked to woman about her listening to the small voice, and that is good; but it is now time that she should listen to the great voice, to the voice of God's spirit in the human race, which sounds over the whole earth, and vibrates through all free nations. Of a truth, it is time!—time that she listened to it, that she became magnanimous in heart and in thought. “If the mothers became noble-minded, would not the sons be noble?” said one of America's noble women; and history replies “Yes!”

As regards the slave-owners, I may divide them into three classes: mammon-worshippers, patriarchs, and heroes, or men of progress. The first regard the slaves

merely from a pecuniary point of view, and use or misuse them at pleasure. The second consider themselves responsible for their office; consider that they cannot, and ought not to, surrender the property which they have inherited from their fathers, and which perhaps is all that they possess, for themselves and their children; and they regard it as an imperative duty to preserve these inherited servants, to provide for their old age, and to make their present life as happy as possible, by means of instruction and Christianity, and to allow them as much freedom and as much innocent pleasure as possible. The third, highest class, advances the well-being of the slave, with reference to their emancipation; and this is done by means of education, and such practical aids. They advance both people and country on the path of human cultivation. I have heard mention made of some persons even in Carolina as belonging to this latter class, and in particular of two wealthy ladies who have lately liberated their slaves. This is forbidden by the law; but here also has public opinion begun to go a-head of law; and the lawyers themselves aid by passing statutes to this end, and when they are reproached with this, they laugh, and seem untroubled by conscience.

I have heard some very beautiful traits of the patriarchs as well as of their slaves, and of the devotion on both sides. I believe them, because I have seen various instances of the kind, and they appear to me very natural. There is, upon the whole, no human being for whom I have a greater esteem and sympathy than the good and conscientious slaveholder, for his position is one of difficulty, and full of trouble.

By this assertion however I stand, that the institution of slavery degrades the white man still more than the black; it operates prejudicially on his development—on his justice—on his judgment; it operates prejudicially, in an especial manner, on the education of his children,

and that subjection of their naturally violent tempers, which is so important in their earlier years. Private as well as public morals suffer therefrom. But enough, however,—and perhaps for you, too much of this shadow-side of the State which is beloved by the sun.

I must now give you a short summary of my late doings.

I believe I last left off at the party which was going to be given in the house. It was very beautiful, and all went on well and very charmingly too. Mrs. Hammarsköld (Emilie Holmberg) sang very sweetly; I played Swedish dances; people talked, and walked about, and drank—*tout comme chez nous*. I saw Mr. Simms, one of the best poets and novelists of South Carolina, this evening. He is an enthusiast for the beautiful scenery of the south, and that pleased me, and therein we agreed very well,—not so on the great question; but that I did not expect. I could embrace a young man who is able to look at this question with an unprejudiced and truthfully pure glance—that is, if he would permit it. I saw also a brother of young Miles, who said, speaking on this subject to me, “the world is against us, and we shall be overpowered by voices and condemned without justice, for what we are, and for what we are doing on behalf of our servants.” I could not help sympathising with him in this respect. The excitement is great and the bitterness is strong at this moment between the Northern and Southern States of the Union. Many voices in Carolina are raised for separation and war.

I have besides been to a great entertainment given by the Governor of South Carolina, Mr. Akin, and his lovely wife. There was very beautiful music, and for the rest, conversation in the room, or out under the piazzas, in the shade of blossoming creepers, the clematis, the caprifolium, and roses, quite romantic in the soft night air. Five hundred persons, it is said, were invited, and the enter-

tainment was one of the most beautiful I have been present at in this country.

I saw many lovely young daughters of the south, but no great beauty; on the contrary, many were very pale. The ladies here universally use pearl-powder, which they afterwards wipe off, and hence the skin has a sort of velvety, soft colour, for the moment, but the complexion only becomes more sallow in consequence. I am told that the great heat renders the use of this powder necessary. I have nothing exactly against it, if the powder be only rubbed quite off again, but that is often only very imperfectly done. I fear that this white powdering is probably an heirloom of the old French ancestry.

Yet once more have I wandered with Mrs. Holbrook in the myrtle groves of Belmont, and enjoyed with her an intellectual feast. I have also seen the young intelligent missionary, Mr. Miles; he has a pale expressive countenance, a deeply penetrative eye—but ah! it has penetrated no more deeply to the heart of the great question than most other eyes here. On other subjects I have been delighted with the free, strong flight of his spirit.

I was invited one evening with Mrs. H. to meet various elderly members of her family. I met on this occasion a couple of old unmarried ladies, the owners of two beautiful islands on the coast of Carolina, where they live alone, among three hundred negroes, as their owners, their advisers, and physicians; and in all cases on the best understanding with them. One white man only is on the plantation as overseer.

I regret much not having been able to accept an invitation, at least at this time, and that was to a Mr. Spalding's, a rich old gentleman, who, upon the beautiful island where he lives, has allowed the palmettos to grow in freedom, and the negroes to live and work in freedom also, governed alone by the law of duty and love—

and where all succeeds excellently; and all this have I been invited to see by this noble man. May he live for ever!

The coasts, both of Georgia and Carolina, abound in islands, which I understand are beautiful as paradise, and rich in vegetation. The finest cotton grows on them. Cotton is cultivated on the hills and on the islands of Georgia and Carolina; rice upon the lowlands. Even Carolina has hills and mountains abounding in metals, and fresh, clear mountain streams, which do not assume their chocolate hue till they are far on their course.

I intended to have made my journey northwards through the highlands of Carolina, and thence through Tennessee and Virginia,—because I must of necessity see “the Old Dominion,” one of the oldest parent-states, and the native land of Washington; but to travel through Tennessee would have been too fatiguing where the roads are bad, and the inns are bad—for that portion of the State is yet in its infancy—so that I did not dare to undertake the journey in the great heat; but instead shall return by the sea, beautifully and quietly as I came. On the 15th inst. therefore, I shall go on board the steamer to Philadelphia, and thence to Washington. Until then I remain quietly here, and only make little excursions in the city and its neighbourhood.

I am quite well, my little Heart, thank God and homœopathy, and unremitting care as regards diet, and my beloved bananas! Besides this, I have availed myself of sea-bathing here, and though I bathe in a swamp and under cover, I feel that it is good for me. The Misses A., two wealthy unmarried sisters, of middle age, have had the kindness to lend me their carriage and horses to take me to the baths. The youngest of these ladies generally accompanies me. The coachman and the horses are faithful old servants of the family, and we are obliged to be driven as they will, and that is not

rapidly. The other morning the following conversation occurred between the slave and his mistress.

She.—"Dear Richard, don't drive us down —— street; it is so long and so sandy, we shall never get along. Do you hear, Richard?"

He.—"Yes, I will drive that way, missis."

She.—"Ah, dear Richard, can't you drive another; for instance, along —— street?"

He.—"No, missis. I have something to get in —— street."

She.—"Ah, dear Richard, cannot I avoid going there?"

He.—"No, missis. I want to go there, missis."

And spite of renewed prayers, his mistress was obliged to yield, and we were driven the way which the obstinate Richard chose. These faithful old servants are more obstinate than ours, but then their eyes beam with a something so kind, with such a cordial life that one cannot help letting them have their way sometimes. They desire all for the good of the family.

Among other persons here who have shown me much kindness, and in whose society I have had pleasure, is the minister of the Lutheran church, the clever, natural-historian, Mr. Bachman, a cheerful and agreeable man, and a universal favourite.

The master of the house where I am staying, Mr. William Howland, is now returned home. He is a man of refined, gentlemanly demeanour, and evidently a kind and beloved head of the family; one who seems particularly to enjoy being able to live, now for a time, quietly at home with his family. The children seem to dance in the evening more gaily than ever, since Justina is at home, and Justina is a noble young girl, well-grown and with a noble exterior, but too pale in complexion. She has a fine talent for the piano, and in the evening, when the dancing is over, she and her sister, Illione, sing to the piano negro-songs, which amuse their father as

much as they amuse me, and we sit under the piazza in the delicious night air often till midnight.

One evening which I spent at Mr. G.'s, I was present at the evening-worship of the negroes, in a hall which that good right-thinking minister had allowed them to use for that purpose. The first speaker, an old negro, was obliged to give place to another, who said he was so full of the power of the word, that he could not possibly keep silence, and he poured forth of his eloquence for a good hour, but said the same thing over and over again. These negro preachers were far inferior to those which I heard in Savannah.

Finally he admonished one of the sisters "to pray." On this, an elderly, sickly woman began immediately to pray aloud, and her evident fervour in thanksgiving for the consolation of the Gospel of Christ, and her testimony on behalf of its powers, in her own long and suffering life, was really affecting. But the prayer was too long; the same thing was repeated too often, with an incessant thumping on the bench with her fists, as an accompaniment to every groan of prayer. At the close of this, and when another sister was admonished to pray, the speaker added, "But make it short, if you please!"

This sister, however, did not make it short, but longer even than the first, with still more circumlocution and still more thumping on the bench.

A third sister, who was admonished to pray, received the short, definite injunction, "But *short*." And, when she lost herself in the long bewilderment of prayer, she was interrupted without ceremony by the wordy preacher, who could no longer keep silence, but must hear himself talk on for another good hour. Nor was it until the singing of one of the hymns composed by the negroes themselves, such as they sing in their canoes, and in which the name "Jerusalem" is often repeated, that the congregation became really alive. They sang so that it was

a pleasure to hear, with all their souls and with all their bodies in unison. For their bodies wagged, their heads nodded, their feet stamped, their knees shook, their elbows and their hands beat time to the tune and the words which they sang with evident delight. One must see these people singing, if one is rightly to understand their life. I have seen their imitators, the so-called "Sable Singers," who travel about the country painted up as negroes and singing negro songs in the negro manner, and with negro gestures, as it is said: but nothing can be more radically unlike; for the most essential part of the resemblance fails—namely, *the life*.

One of my pleasures here has been to talk with an old negro called Romeo, who lives in a little house in a garden near, and which said garden he takes care of, or rather neglects, according to his pleasure. He is the most good-tempered, merriest old man that anyone can imagine, and he has a good deal of natural wit. He was, in the prime of his life, stolen from Africa and brought hither, and he tells stories about that event in the most naïve manner. I asked him one day, what the people in his native land believed respecting life after death! He replied "that the good would go to the God of Heaven who made them." "And what of the bad?" asked I. "They go out into the wind," and he blew with his mouth around him on all sides.

I got him to sing me an Ethiopian death-song, which seemed to consist of a monotone vibrating upon three semi-tones; and after that an African love-song, which seemed to be tolerably rude, and which convulsed the old fellow with laughter. I have his portrait in my album, but he laughed and was so shame-faced while I made the sketch, that it was difficult for me to catch the likeness. He is dressed in his slave garments, grey clothes and knitted woollen cap.

The negro people and the primeval forest have made a

peculiarly living impression upon me, and have extended my vision as regards the richness of those forms in which the Creator expresses his life. The earth seems to me as a great symbolic writing, a grand epic, in which the various species of man, of vegetable productions and animals, water and land, form groups of separate songs and paragraphs which we have to read, and from which to learn the style of the Great Master, His design, and His system. My soul, in this view, spreads forth her wings and flies—alas! only in spirit—around the whole world; across the deserts and the paradise of Africa; across the icy tracts of Siberia; over the mountain land of the Himalayas—everywhere between the poles and the equator, where man lives, and animals breathe, and vegetation ascends towards the light; and I endeavour involuntarily, to group and arrange the dissimilar forms into harmonious constellations, around one central, all-illuminating Sun; but—all is yet only anticipation, glimpses, flashes of light into my soul—merely the dawn, the morning watch! Perhaps at length the perfect day may appear; perhaps in the native land of runes, in my own silent home, I may be enabled to expound these runes of the earth, and that runic song which has been given me to ponder upon.

Of the mysteries of Charleston I shall not tell you anything, because I know them not, excepting by rumour, and that which I know merely by rumour I leave untold. Dark mysteries, more indeed than rumour has told, cannot fail in a great city in which slavery abides. I have heard it said that there is a flogging institution in Charleston for slaves, which brings the city a yearly revenue of more than ten thousand dollars. Every person who wishes to have his slave punished by the whip sends him there with money for his chastisement. I have both heard and read of this many times, and I believe it to be true. But the position of things here makes it difficult,

may next to impossible, for me to search into such things. But I cannot and will not become a spy. I receive merely that which comes to me compulsively by my own experience, and which I therefore consider as a knowledge by higher design, as a something which I ought to know, and to receive. I have here properly to do with the ideal, and to seize and present it purely and faithfully. And it is in the feeling of that ideal South, as it already exists in some degree, and as it some time may wholly exist, in order to fulfil the design of the Creator, that I now bid farewell to the South, with both admiration and love—sorrowing for that which it now is not, and hoping again to return.

I shall write you no more from this place, but next from one of the Northern States. I long to go northward for cooler air and a freer people. Here one is often obliged to swallow down one's innermost thoughts and be silent, if one would avoid either wounding others or disputing with them. And this heat—if it continues without intermission, as it is likely to do from one month to another, till October—rather would I dwell at North Cape, and be lighted by fire-wood three parts of the year!

But, notwithstanding, farewell thou beautiful, flowery South, the garden of North America! Thou hast warmed and refreshed me deliciously! farewell to thy piazzas covered with blossoming creepers shading pale beauties; farewell fragrant forests, red-rivers where the songs of the negro resound; farewell, kind, beautiful, amiable people, friends of the slave, but not of slavery! When now in spirit I look back to the South I shall think upon you, and through you, on the future of Carolina and Georgia. I see you, then, beneath your palmettos or your magnolia and orange groves, the fruits of all the earth, and beyond all the tropical bananas, spread out before you upon your hospitable boards; see you distribute them,

as I have done many a time, to the stranger, to the needy; to the messengers of all nations! I see around you blacks as servants and friends. They are free and you have made them so. They sing hymns which you have taught them, joyful songs which they themselves have made. And for them, and for you, sing the hundred-tongued birds in the cool live-oaks, which wave their long pendent mosses, whilst above them and you beams the mild, blue southern heaven, and the blessing of heaven! May it be so!

P.S. Yes, I must tell you about one of the mysteries of Charleston, because I have often seen it steal hastily by like a shadow in the streets and alleys there. It appears to be a woman, meanly clad, in the hues of twilight. She is called Mrs. Doctor Susan, for she is the physician and helper of the poor. She belongs to one of the higher families of the city, but having made a false step in her youth, became an outcast from society, which in North America endures much secret immorality, but none which becomes public. It might, perhaps, in the course of years have forgiven, and again admitted the young delinquent to its circles, but she no longer sought for pardon from man. She turned her heart and her eye to one much higher. She became the servant of his poor and afflicted people. And since then she may only be met with among them, or on the way to them. That which is given to her, either of money or of clothing, is applied by her to the use of the poor, and she herself lives in voluntary poverty.

The negroes in my friend's family were, at one time, so ill of an infectious fever that every one fled from them. But Doctor Susan came and tended them, and restored them to health, and when she was rewarded for it she considered her reward too great. Known throughout the whole city, she goes everywhere in her poor, dark attire, like a messenger of consolation, but

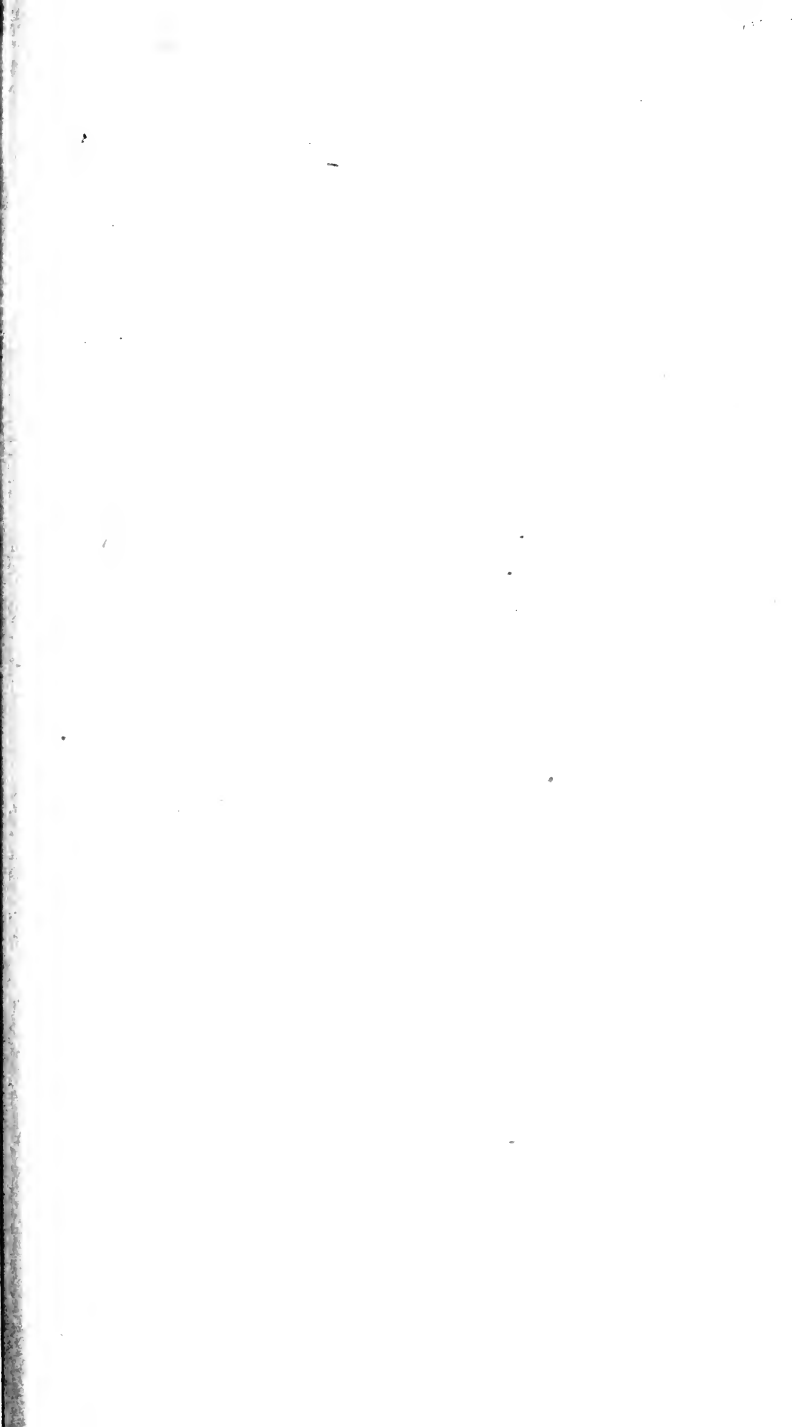
always rapidly, silently, and as if fearful of being seen. Like the fire-fly it is only in the dark that she sends forth her clear indwelling light; like it has she been trampled upon by mankind, and she yet gives forth light.

Farewell dear heart! Greet those you know and wish it from your

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