

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



THE
HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD.

The right of Translation is reserved.





The 12th of Decr 1841

176
H O M E S
OF
THE NEW WORLD,

BY
Frederika Bremer.

VOL. II.



The Capitol, Washington.

LONDON,
ARTHUR HALL VIRTUE, & CO
PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE
HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD;

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY

FREDRIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

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

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & CO.
25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1853.

add'l

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

E 166
B8
1853
v. 2

THE
HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD.

LETTER XVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, *June 23rd.*

AT length, my sweet little Agatha, I have a moment's calm in which to converse with you; but it has been hard to find in this friendly city of the Friends.

I left Charleston the fifteenth of this month, overwhelmed, as in all other places, with presents, and an infinity of kindness and attentions. But ah! how weary and worn out I was during the last days there with the labour of incessant society. Sea-bathing kept me alive, as well as a few hours of rest in the kind house of my friend Mrs. W. H.

My last evening at Charleston was spent in company with a lively little astronomer, Mr. Gibbs, brother of the natural historian at Columbia, and in contemplating from the piazza the starry heavens. The three great constellations, Scorpio, with its fiery-red heart, Antares, Sagittarius, and Capricornus, as well as the Southern Crown (insignificant), shone brightly in the southern heavens, and the zodiacal light cast its white splendour up towards the milky way. We directed the telescope upon a nebulous spot in the latter, and then to that place where—we found ourselves, ah! lost in immensity, like the

animalculæ in the ocean. But I can now look upon this relative condition without being depressed, without its producing uneasy thoughts. Oersted's treatise on the "Entirety of Reason in the whole Universe," and the data upon which he founds his argument, have given me the feeling of home in this universe, and made me a citizen of the world. The whole universe is to me now merely the world and home of man. The night was very dark, and the stars, therefore, all the brighter; yet they were not as bright as with us, nor yet did they appear so large. The atmosphere was full of fragrance, and was so calm that the strokes of the oars, and the songs from the negroes' boats on the river, were plainly heard. It was not till half-past twelve that I went to rest.

The following day I took leave of my excellent and beloved home in South Carolina. My good Mrs. W. H. took a sisterly, nay, a motherly, care of me to the last. My little hand-basket was filled with beautiful fruit, oranges and bananas, by her "fruit-woman," a handsome mulatto, who always wore a handkerchief tied picturesquely on her head, and a sketch of whom I made in my album. Old Romeo gave me flowers. At half-past three in the afternoon I went on board the steamboat, the "Osprey;" the steam company of Philadelphia and Charleston, the proprietors of this vessel, having sent me a free ticket, so that I went to Philadelphia free of cost; it was thus a gift to me of twenty dollars, and could not have been made in a more polite manner.

The first four-and-twenty hours on board were extremely hot. Both the air and the sea were still, as if the wind was dead. And I felt how people might die of heat. A number of Spaniards from Cuba were on board; and it was amusing to watch them from their peculiar physiognomy and demeanour, so unlike that of Americans. The vivacity of their action, their strongly accentuated, melodious language, the peculiarity of feature, seemed to

indicate a more important race than that of the Anglo-Saxon; and yet it is not so, at least not at the present time. The Spaniards, particularly in this hemisphere, stand far behind the Americans in moral and scientific cultivation. One portion of these Spaniards was said to be escaping from the investigations, which the unsuccessful expedition of Lopez had occasioned in the island; others were going to New York to consult physicians, or to avoid the summer in the tropics. A young couple of a high family, and near relations, were going to be married, as the Spanish law is said to place impediments in the way of marriage between near relatives, and that with reason, as the children or grandchildren of such frequently become idiotic, or unfortunate beings in some other way. The young bridegroom was handsome, but looked ill-tempered, with a good deal of hauteur. The bride and her sister were young and pretty, but too stout. An old count, who was evidently suffering from asthma, was waited upon with the greatest tenderness by a negro. Little children were amusing by their lively antics and talk. The voyage was calm, and, upon the whole, good. Mr. Linton, from the city of the Friends, took charge of me with chivalric politeness. The sea sent us flocks of flying-fish as entertainment on the voyage. Pelicans, with immense beaks, floated like our gulls through the air, on search for prey, whilst a large whale stopped on his journey through the ocean, as if to let us witness various beautiful waterspouts.

The sailing up the river Delaware on Tuesday morning was very agreeable to me, although the weather was misty. But the mist lifted up again and again its heavy draperies, and revealed bright green shores of idyllic beauty, with lofty hills, wooden country houses, grazing cattle, and a character of landscape wholly unlike that, which had been lately familiar to me in the South.

I was met at Philadelphia by the polite Professor Hart,

who took me to his house. And there have I been ever since, and there am I still, occupied, both soul and body, by social life and company, and by a great deal which is interesting, although laborious.

The Quakers, the Friends, as they are commonly called, are especially kind to me, take me by the hand, call me Fredrika, and address me with *thou* or rather *thee*, and convey me, in easy carriages, to see all that is remarkable and beautiful, as well in the city as out of it. And what large and excellent institutions there are here for the public good! The heart is enlarged by the contemplation of them, and by the manner in which they are maintained. One cannot help being struck here, in a high degree, by the contrast between the slave states and the free states; between the state whose principle is selfishness, and the state whose principle is human love; between the state where labour is slavery, and the state where labour is free, and the free are honoured. And here, where one sees white women sweeping before the doors, how well-kept is everything, how ornamental, how flourishing within the city, as well as in the country! And these public institutions, these flowers of human love,—ah! the magnolia blossoms of the primeval forests are devoid of fragrance in comparison with them; they stand as far behind these dwellings, these asylums for the unfortunate and for the old, as the outer court of the Sanctuary did to the holy of holies.

I could not help weeping tears of joy when I visited, the other day, the great Philadelphia Lunatic Asylum; so grand, so noble appeared the human heart to me here, the work and the tenderness of which seemed to present itself in everything. The Asylum is situated in large and beautiful grounds, in which are shady alleys, seats and flower-gardens. The whole demesne is surrounded by a wall, so managed as to be concealed by the rising ground, both from the park and the house, so that the

poor captives may fancy themselves in perfect freedom. There is also a beautiful museum of stuffed birds and other animals, with collections of shells and minerals, where the diseased mind may divert itself and derive instruction; occupation and amusement being the principal means employed for the improvement of these unfortunates. For this reason lectures are delivered two or three times a week in a large hall. They frequently meet for general amusement, as for concerts, dances, and so on, and the appliances for various kinds of games, such as billiards, chess, &c., are provided. I heard on all hands music in the house. Music is especially an effective means of cure. Many of the patients played on the piano remarkably well. They showed me an elderly lady, who had been brought hither in a state of perfect fatuity. They gave her a piano, and encouraged her to play some little simple pieces, such as she had played in her youth. By degrees, the memory of many of these early pieces re-awoke, until the whole of her childhood's music revived within her, and with it, as it seemed, the world of her childhood. She played to me, and went with visible delight from one little piece to another, whilst her countenance became as bright, and as innocently gay, as that of a happy child. She will probably never become perfectly well and strong in mind; but she spends here a happy, harmless life in the music of her early years. Many of the ladies, and in particular the younger ones, occupy themselves in making artificial flowers, some of which they gave me, and very well done they were. The men are much employed in field labour and gardening. A niece of the great Washington's was here: a handsome old lady, with features greatly resembling those of the President, and well-bred manners. She was very pale, and was said to be rather weak, than diseased, in mind. The number of beautiful flowers here, particularly of roses, was extraordinary; and even the incurables, if they

have a moment of sane consciousness, find themselves surrounded by roses.

Whilst my conductor hither, an agreeable and humourous quaker, and one of the directors of the asylum, was listening with much attention and apparent interest to an old lady's communication to him respecting her affairs in Jerusalem, another whispered to me ironically, "A magnificent place this is; yes, quite a paradise! Don't you think so?"—and added, with some reserve, and in a lower voice, "It is a hell! dreadful things are done here!"

Alas! the poor unfortunates cannot always occupy themselves with music and flowers. Some compulsion must, at times, be made use of; but it is enough that the former means preponderate, and the fact of so many patients being cured, proves it; and that the latter are made use of as seldom, and in as mild a form as possible.

A young, good-looking officer said to me, "Ah! I see that you are come to liberate me, and that we shall go out together, arm in arm!" Then added he, "Tell me now, if you had a sister whom you loved better than anything else in the world, and you were kept shut up to prevent your getting to her, how should you like it?" I said that, if I were not well, and it was right for me to take care of my health for a time, I would be patient. "Yes, but I am well," said he, "I have been a little unwell, a little *tête montée*, as they say, but I am altogether right again, and these people are certainly gone mad who cannot see it, who obstinately keep me here."

The insane have commonly this resemblance to wise people, that they consider themselves to be wiser than others. My young colonel was evidently *tête montée* still, and accompanied us with warm expressions in favour of ladies.

Gerard College is a large school in which three hundred boys, otherwise unprovided for, are instructed in every kind of handicraft trade. A naturalised Frenchman, a

Mr. Gerard, left the whole of his large property for the establishment of this school. The building itself, which is not yet completed, is of white marble, and in imitation of the Grecian temple of Minerva; it has cost an unheard-of sum of money, and many persons disapprove of expending so much on mere outward show, by which means the real benefits of the institution are deferred. As yet there are scarcely one hundred boys in the school.

The fancy which the Americans have for the temple-style in their buildings is very striking. For my part, I have nothing to say against it, even though the use of the colonnade and other ornaments is sometimes carried to an excess, not in accordance with the idea of the building, particularly as regards private houses; nevertheless this magnificent style proves that the popular feeling has advanced beyond the stage when the dwelling was merely a shelter for the body, without any further intention. The desire is now that the habitation should be symbolic of the soul within; and when one sees any grand and magnificent building, like a Grecian temple or Pantheon, or a Gothic castle, one may then be sure that it is not a private dwelling but a public institution,—either an academy, a school, a senate-house, a church, or an—hotel.

Mr. Gerard, in his will, expressly ordered that no religious instruction should be given in his institution to the young; and that no teacher of religion should have a place, either among the teachers or the directors of his establishment. Yet so decided is the view which these people take of the necessary relationship of religious instruction both with the man and the school, and so strong their attachment to it, that they always find some expedient for evading such prohibitions; and although they have adhered to the testator's wishes, with regard to the exclusion of religious teachers and instruction, yet every morning in

Gerard College, as in all other American schools, a chapter of the New Testament is read aloud, to the assembled youths of the college, before they begin their daily work.

The statue of Mr. Gerard, in white marble, stands in one of the magnificent galleries of this scholastic temple. It is an excellent work, as the faithful portraiture of a simple townsman in his everyday attire; yet an extremely prosaic figure, presented without any idealisation, but which pleases by its powerful reality, although it stands almost like a something which is out of place in that beautiful temple.

I must also say a few words about the Philadelphia Penitentiary. In the centre of the large rotunda, into which run all the various passages with their prison-cells, like radii to one common centre, sate, in an arm-chair, comfortable and precise, in his drab coat with large buttons and broad-brimmed hat, the Quaker, Mr. S., like a great spider watching the flies which had been caught in the net. But no! this simile does not at all accord with the thing and the man,—that kind, elderly gentleman, with a remarkably sensible and somewhat humorous exterior. A more excellent guide no one can imagine. He accompanied us to the cells of the prisoners. The prisoners live here quite solitary, without intercourse with their fellow prisoners; they work however, and they read. The library is considerable, and contains, besides religious books, works of natural history, travels, and even a good selection of polite literature. It is with no niggard hand that the nobler seed of cultivation is scattered among the children of imprisonment, "those who sit in darkness." The spirit of the New World is neither timid nor niggardly, and fears not to do too much where it would do good. It is careful merely, to select the right seed, and gives of such with a liberal heart and a liberal hand. I have often thought that beautiful stories, sketches of human life, biographies, in particular of the guilty who

have become reformed, of prisoners who after being liberated have become virtuous members of society, might do more towards the improvement of the prisoner's state of mind and heart, than sermons and religious books, except always the books of the New Testament, and I have therefore wished much to do something of this kind myself. And I now found my belief strengthened by what "Friend S." told me of the effect of good stories upon the minds of the prisoners. He had lately visited one of the male prisoners, a man noted for his hard and impenetrable disposition during the whole time that he had been in prison, upwards of twelve months. This morning however he appeared much changed, very mild, and almost tender.

"How is this?" asked the quaker; "you are not like yourself? What is the meaning of it?"

"Hem!—I hardly know myself," said the prisoner, "but that there book,"—and he pointed to a little book with the title of "Little Jane,"—"has made me feel quite queer! It is many a year since I shed a tear; but—that there story!"—and he turned away annoyed because the stupid tears would again come into his eyes at the recollection of "that there story."

Thus had the history of the beautiful soul of a little child softened the stony heart of the sinner,—the man had committed murder.

A young prisoner, who had now been in prison for two years, and who when he came in could neither read nor write, and had not the slightest religious knowledge; now wrote an excellent hand, and reading was his great delight. He was now shortly to leave the prison, and would go thence a much more intelligent and better human being than he entered it. His countenance, in the first instance, had indicated a coarse nature, but it now had a good expression, and his voice and language showed considerable cultivation.

Another prisoner had, with some artistic feeling, painted his cell, and planted a bower in the passage where he went once a-day for fresh air. All the prisoners have this refreshment once a-day in one of the passages which strike out like rays from the prison, and separated from the other passages by a high wall. The sight of Friend S. was evidently a sight of gladness to all the prisoners. It was plain that they saw their friend in the Friend, and his good-tempered, sensible countenance put them in good humour. One young woman, who was soon to leave the prison, declared that she should do so unwillingly, because she should then no longer see good Mr. S.

In the cells of the female prisoners, among whom were two negro women, I saw fresh flowers in glasses. Their female keeper had given them these. They all praised her.

I left this prison more edified than I had often been on leaving a church. Friend S. told me that the number of the prisoners had not increased since the commencement of the prison, but continued very much about the same, which is a pleasing fact, as the population of the city has considerably increased during this time, and increases every year. Less pleasing and satisfactory is it, as regards the effect of the system, that the same prisoners not unfrequently return and for the same kind of crime. But this is natural enough. It is not easy to amend a fault which has become habitual through many years, nor easy to amend old criminals. Hence the hope of the New World is not to reform so much through prisons as through schools, and still more through the homes;—when all homes become that which they ought to be, and that which many already are, the great reformatory work will be done.

Two houses of refuge, asylums for neglected boys, which I have visited, seem to be well-conceived and

well-managed institutions. The boys here as well as in the great establishment at Westboro', in Massachusetts, which I visited with the S.s, last autumn, are treated according to the same plan. They are kept in these establishments but a few months, receive instruction and are well disciplined, and then are placed out in good families in the country, principally in the West, where there is plenty of room for all kinds of working people.

The Sailors' Home is an institution set on foot by private individuals, and intended to furnish a good home, at a low price, to seamen of all nations, during the time that they remain in the city and their vessels in harbour; I visited it in company with Mrs. Hale, the author of "Miriam," a lady with a practical, intellectual brow, and frank, and most agreeable manners. She is now occupied in the publication of a work on the position of women in society, a work not sufficiently liberal in its tendency, according to my opinion.

Of all the public institutions which I visited I was least satisfied with the great Philadelphia Poor House, an immense establishment for about three thousand persons, which costs the city an immense sum, and yet which cannot possibly answer its purpose. Everything is done too much in a massive, manufacturing way; the individual becomes lost in the mass, and cannot receive his proper degree of attention. The lazy mendicant receives as much as the unfortunate, the lame and the blind, and they cannot have that individual care which they require. At least, so it appeared to me. Neither did it seem to me that the guardian spirit of the place was so generous and so full of tenderness as in the other institutions, and I failed to find places of repose under the open sky, with trees and green space and flowers for the aged. The little court with a few trees was nothing to speak of. For the rest, the institution was remarkable for its order and cleanliness, which are distinguishing

features of all the public institutions of the New World. Large, light halls, in the walls of which were formed small, dark rooms, like niches or cells, the sleeping-rooms of the aged, and which thus gave to every person his own little apartment, with a door opening into the common hall, in which an iron stove diffused warmth to all, seemed to me the prevailing arrangement for the poor. And it is certainly a good arrangement, as the old people can thus, when they will, be alone, and also can, when they will, enjoy society and books in a large, light, warm room, furnished with tables, chairs or benches.

I have also heard of various other benevolent institutions in the city, which I yet hope to visit. And in every one of these the Quakers take part, either as founders or directors, and in every case the same spirit of human love is observable as animated the first law-giver of Pennsylvania, the founder of Philadelphia, William Penn; and the more I see of the Quakers the better I like them. The men have something sly and humourous about them, a sort of dry humour which is very capital; they are fond of telling a good story, commonly illustrative of the peace-principle, and which is to prove how well this and worldly wisdom may go together, and how triumphantly they are doing battle in the world. Christian-love shows itself in them, seasoned with a little innocent, worldly cunning in manner, and a delicate sharpness of temper. The women please me particularly, from that quiet refinement of demeanour, both inward and outward, which I have already observed; their expression is *sensible*; nobody ever hears them ask senseless questions; one meets with many striking countenances among them, with remarkably lovely eyes, purely cut features, and clear complexions. The interest which the Quaker women take in the affairs of their native land, and especially in those which have a great human purpose, is also a feature which distinguishes them from the ordinary class of ladies.

The Quakers have always been the best friends of the negro-slave, and the fugitive slaves from the slave states find, at the present time, their most powerful protectors and advocates among the Friends. Many of the Quaker women are distinguished by their gifts as public speakers, and have often come forward in public assemblies as forcible advocates of some question of humanity. At the present time they take the lead in the anti-slavery party, and a celebrated speaker on this subject, Lucretia Mott, was among one of my late visitors here. She is a handsome lady, of about fifty, with fine features, splendid eyes, and a very clear, quiet, but decided manner—crystal-like, I might say.

June 25th.—Yesterday, midsummer-day, I visited the old Swedish church here. For the Swedes were the first settlers on the river Delaware, and were possessed of land from Trenton Falls to the sea, and it was from them that William Penn bought the ground on which Philadelphia now stands. It was the great Gustavus Adolphus who, together with Oxenstjerna, sketched out a plan for a Swedish colony in the new world, and the king himself became surety to the royal treasury for the sum of 400,000 rix-dollars for the carrying it out. Persons of all conditions were invited to co-operate in the undertaking. The colony was to exist by free labour. "Slaves," said they, "cost a great deal, work unwillingly, and soon perish from hard usage. The Swedish people are laborious and intelligent, and we shall certainly gain more by a free people with wives and children." The Swedes found a new paradise in the new world, and believed that the proposed colony would become a secure asylum for the wives and daughters of those who had become fugitives by religious persecution, or war; would be a blessing at once for individual man and the whole Protestant world. "It may prove an advantage to the whole of oppressed Christendom," said

features of all the public institutions of the New World. Large, light halls, in the walls of which were formed small, dark rooms, like niches or cells, the sleeping-rooms of the aged, and which thus gave to every person his own little apartment, with a door opening into the common hall, in which an iron stove diffused warmth to all, seemed to me the prevailing arrangement for the poor. And it is certainly a good arrangement, as the old people can thus, when they will, be alone, and also can, when they will, enjoy society and books in a large, light, warm room, furnished with tables, chairs or benches.

I have also heard of various other benevolent institutions in the city, which I yet hope to visit. And in every one of these the Quakers take part, either as founders or directors, and in every case the same spirit of human love is observable as animated the first law-giver of Pennsylvania, the founder of Philadelphia, William Penn; and the more I see of the Quakers the better I like them. The men have something sly and humourous about them, a sort of dry humour which is very capital; they are fond of telling a good story, commonly illustrative of the peace-principle, and which is to prove how well this and worldly wisdom may go together, and how triumphantly they are doing battle in the world. Christian-love shows itself in them, seasoned with a little innocent, worldly cunning in manner, and a delicate sharpness of temper. The women please me particularly, from that quiet refinement of demeanour, both inward and outward, which I have already observed; their expression is *sensible*; nobody ever hears them ask senseless questions; one meets with many striking countenances among them, with remarkably lovely eyes, purely cut features, and clear complexions. The interest which the Quaker women take in the affairs of their native land, and especially in those which have a great human purpose, is also a feature which distinguishes them from the ordinary class of ladies.

The Quakers have always been the best friends of the negro-slave, and the fugitive slaves from the slave states find, at the present time, their most powerful protectors and advocates among the Friends. Many of the Quaker women are distinguished by their gifts as public speakers, and have often come forward in public assemblies as forcible advocates of some question of humanity. At the present time they take the lead in the anti-slavery party, and a celebrated speaker on this subject, Lucretia Mott, was among one of my late visitors here. She is a handsome lady, of about fifty, with fine features, splendid eyes, and a very clear, quiet, but decided manner—crystal-like, I might say.

June 25th.—Yesterday, midsummer-day, I visited the old Swedish church here. For the Swedes were the first settlers on the river Delaware, and were possessed of land from Trenton Falls to the sea, and it was from them that William Penn bought the ground on which Philadelphia now stands. It was the great Gustavus Adolphus who, together with Oxenstjerna, sketched out a plan for a Swedish colony in the new world, and the king himself became surety to the royal treasury for the sum of 400,000 rix-dollars for the carrying it out. Persons of all conditions were invited to co-operate in the undertaking. The colony was to exist by free labour. "Slaves," said they, "cost a great deal, work unwillingly, and soon perish from hard usage. The Swedish people are laborious and intelligent, and we shall certainly gain more by a free people with wives and children." The Swedes found a new paradise in the new world, and believed that the proposed colony would become a secure asylum for the wives and daughters of those who had become fugitives by religious persecution, or war; would be a blessing at once for individual man and the whole Protestant world. "It may prove an advantage to the whole of oppressed Christendom," said

abundance or to carry on trade. I cannot but commend them for their hearty good-will towards the English. They have not degenerated from the old friendship which existed between the two kingdoms. As they are a moral, strong, and healthy people, they have handsome children, and every house seems full of them. It is seldom that you find any family without three or four lads, and as many girls too; some have six, seven, or eight sons. And I must do them the justice to say that I have seen few young men more useful or more industrious."

Thus spoke the earliest witness of the old Swedish colony. They and the old Swedish church stand there still. A new Swedish church is now rising in the valley of the Mississippi in the West. I must see it.

I visited also yesterday Franklin's grave, and bound clover and other field-flowers into a garland for it. Franklin belongs to the group of fortunate men who are the heroes of peace, and the quiet benefactors of the human race. He was the third man in that great triumvirate (Fox, Penn, Franklin), and the first man in the battle of the press, for freedom of thought in America, and for American independence.

Franklin, with his quiet demeanour, his simple habits, his free, searching glance directed always upon the simplest and the most common laws as regarded everything, who "played with the lightning as with a brother," and without noise or tumult drew the lightning down from the sky"—Franklin, with his practical philosophy of life, which however was broad rather than deep; his great activity and his excellent temper; seems to me a fine representative of one phase of American character.

But I must tell you a little more about the Quakers, who not only founded Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, and gave to the State and the city their peculiar character, but who exercised a deep and lasting influence upon the spiritual life of the people, both of England and New

England. In Sweden we know the Quakers merely as a strange sect which says *thou* to everybody; will not take an oath; and wear their broad-brimmed hats in the presence of every one. We know them only from little outward peculiarities. I have here become acquainted with their inward significance for the whole of humanity.

It is about two hundred years since George Fox was born in England. His father, who was called "Righteous Christopher," was a weaver of Leicestershire, and his mother was descended from the stock of the martyrs. As a boy Fox was early distinguished by deep religious feeling, and an inflexible and upright disposition. He was put apprentice to a shoemaker in Nottingham, who also owned some land, and by him was employed to keep his sheep. Reading the Bible, prayer and fasting, occupied him while so engaged. His young soul thirsted after perfection, and was excited by a vague longing for the supreme good, for the stedfast true light. His youth was passed during one of the most stormy periods, when Church and State were alike shaken by hostile parties, and the different religious sects were divided among themselves, and opposed the one to the other. The youth, who longed for the immovable truth, for a foundation which would sustain him, a clearness which would guide him and all men to the truth, to the supreme good, heard around him merely the strife of opinion and war. These darkened his soul still more.

Driven as it were by inexpressible anguish, he forsook his business and his flock, and burying himself in the solitudes of woods, he yearned after a revelation of God. He went to many priests for consolation, but obtained none.

He went to London to seek for the light; but there contending sects and the great professors encompassed him only with a deeper darkness. He returned to the country,

where some advised him to get married; others, to go into Cromwell's army. But his restless spirit drove him into solitude and out into the fields, where he wandered about for many nights in anguish of mind "too great to be described." Yet, nevertheless, now and then, a ray of heavenly joy beamed in his soul, and he seemed to rest in peace in Abraham's bosom.

He had been brought up in the Church of England. But he now saw that a man might be educated in Oxford and in Cambridge, and yet be in no condition to solve the great problem of existence. He thought also that God did not live in temples made of stone, but in the living human heart. From the Church he went over to the Dissenters. But neither with them did he find "the fixed truth," the firm foundation for that moral conviction which he sought.

He gave up, therefore, all religious sects, and the seeking for the truth among them, and, although shaken by tempests of opinion, he confided his heart to a Power superior to the storm, and found the anchorage of the spirit.

One morning, as Fox sat silently musing by the fire, and glancing into his own soul, a cloud came over his mind, and he thought he heard a voice, which said—"All things come by nature!" And a pantheistic vision darkened and troubled his soul. But as he continued musing another voice arose from the depths of his soul, which said—"There is a living God!" All at once, it became light in his inmost being; all clouds, all doubts fled; he felt himself irradiated, and raised upward by an infinite conviction of truth, and an unspeakable joy.

And the light and the conviction of truth which had enlightened his soul, which had arisen in him without the help of any man, spake thus: "There is in every man an inner light, which is God's revelation to man; an inner voice which witnesses of the truth, and which is

God's voice, in the soul of man, and which guides it to all truth. In order to come at the truth, it is only needful for man to turn attentively towards that inner light—to listen to that inner voice."

That *inner light!*—that inner voice bade him go forth and proclaim that message to the human race. It commanded him to go into the churches, and in the midst of divine service to cry aloud against the priests—"The Scriptures are not the rule, but the Spirit, which is above the Scriptures!" It bade him stand against the hired ministers of religion, as against wolves in sheep's clothing.

I shall not tell you of all the persecution which raged against this man, who thus opposed himself to old belief and custom, of the stones which were flung at him, who in the power of the Spirit made the walls of the church to quake, although nothing is more interesting than to follow this divinely possessed man, and to see him after ill-usage, imprisonment, danger of death, again stand forth always the same, only stronger and more resolute, and with a more fervent zeal; to see the crowd of disciples increasing around him, drunken with that flood of inner light, whilst the servants of the State Church feared and trembled, when it was said, "The man in the leathern breeches is come!"

And nothing is more interesting than to see these unlearned disciples of that revelation of the inner light and the inner voice stand forth in the power of that incorruptible seed which lives in every human soul, and deliver the oracles of conscience. Ploughmen and milkmaids became preachers, and sent forth their voices through the world, calling upon the Pope and the Sultan, upon Puritans and Cavaliers, Negroes and Hindoos, all to listen to the solemn judgment of the inner voice.

That light which had enlightened the noblest of the heathens, which had enlightened Socrates and Seneca as the surest foundation of moral determination, as the

clearest spring of life in heathenism, this had, by means of the shepherd George Fox, been diffused among the people, and had become their possession;—even the meanest might be participant thereof. For the teacher said—“Sit down, whoever thou art, sit down on thy own hearth, and read the divine word in thy heart. Some seek for the truth in books, others from learned men. But that which they are seeking for is within themselves. For man is an epitome of the whole world; and for us to understand it, we need only to read ourselves aright.”

The bursting forth of these opinions at a time when old ascendancies were tottering to their fall, and old oracles gave only confused answers, will explain the enthusiasm, bordering upon insane fanaticism, with which many of George Fox's adherents promulgated his doctrines. They believed themselves designed to be the founders of a world's religion, and went forth to preach the revelation of the inner light “in Rome and Jerusalem, in America and Egypt, in China and Japan.”

Fox, led and guided by the inner light, still proceeded onward with innovation on the usages of the world. That inner voice, which commanded him to set the spirit above the Scriptures, bade him say *thee* and *thou* to all men, commanded him to swear no oath, and not to approve of any form of government which was not in accordance with the dictates of the inner voice. On the contrary, it commanded him to enclose all mankind in an embrace of brotherly love, and to treat even animals with tenderness. He voyaged to the New World, and said to the Indian—“Thou art my brother!”

Wherever he went preaching his doctrines, the inner beauty of his soul, and his love for eternal goodness and truth, were felt by all; and everywhere crowds accompanied him, and he made innumerable converts to a way which seemed so clear and so easy. For George Fox taught that the human soul was by nature good, and a

pure child of God. William Penn, a young man of extraordinary powers, handsome person, and high and wealthy family, became one of George Fox's most zealous disciples. He also suffered for his opinions, and strengthened them by becoming one of his most powerful apostles.

The weapons of persecution and ridicule had long been directed against the increasing multitude of Quakers; human reason, too, directed her arguments to oppose them. They were charged with self-deception. "How can you know that you are not mistaking the fancies of a heated brain for the manifestation of the Spirit of God?" said the caviller.

"By the same spirit," replied Penn. "The Spirit witnesseth with our spirit."

"The Bible was the guide and rule of the Protestants. Had the Quakers a better guide?"

The Quakers answered that truth was one. God's revealed word cannot be opposed to God's voice in the conscience. But the Spirit is the criterion, and the Spirit dwells in the spirit of man. The letter is not the spirit. "The Bible is not religion, but the history of religion. The Scriptures are a declaration of the fountain, but not the fountain itself." "God's light in our souls bears witness to the truth of God in the Scriptures and in Christianity."

The Christian Quaker maintained his relationship to all the children of light in all ages, and received the revelation of the light of Christianity only because it became strengthened by the inner light in his soul. His faith was founded upon the universal testimony of the conscience. This assisted him through all knotty controversy. When they propounded to him the doctrines of predestination, the questions of free will and necessity, the Quaker laid his hand upon his breast. The inner voice there, testified of free will and responsibility; and it

said more than that ; it said, "All men are equal, because the inner light enlightens all. And all government is to be rejected which is not based upon the laws of universal reason. There is no difference between priest and layman, between man and woman. The inner light enlightens all, and knows no distinction of class or of sex."

But I must not go to greater length in these doctrines of the Quakers, or I should extend my letter too far. I must instead, pass over to the establishment of this Quaker State.

In proportion as the sect protested more and more vehemently against Church and State, persecution and hatred increased, and thousands of the Quakers died in prison from cold and ill-usage.

Amid these sufferings the oppressed people cast their eyes towards the New World, as a place of refuge. Fox returned from his missionary journey through the Eastern States, from Rhode Island to Carolina, where he had sown the seed of his doctrines in thousands of willing souls.

Several Quaker families in England united to prepare for themselves and their friends an asylum on the other side of the Atlantic ; in that land which had given a home to George Fox. They purchased, therefore, land along the banks of the Delaware, and set out with a large number of adherents to establish there a community whose one law and rule should be the inner law of the heart, enlightened by the inner light. To this party William Penn soon attached himself, and took the lead in the colony as its natural head and governor.

In the fundamental principles of their legislation the Friends adhered to that of the Puritan colony of New Hampshire ; "their concessions were such as Friends could approve of," because, said they, *the power is vested in the people.*

But the Quakers went further than the Pilgrim Fathers

in their understanding of and application of this principle. The Puritans had made the Scriptures their guide and rule. The Friends made the Spirit the interpreter of the Scriptures. The Puritans had given the congregation a right to select their own ministers. The Friends would not have any priests at all. Every human being, man or woman, was a priest, and had the right to preach to others if the Spirit moved them, and the inner voice admonished them to give utterance to any truths. For the inner light was sent to all.

The Puritans had given the right of vote to every man in the community, and all questions of law or judgment were to be decided by a majority of voices. The Friends, believing in the power of the inner light, and the final unanimity of the inner light in all, allowed in their councils any questions under discussion to be dealt with again and again, until all became voluntarily and unanimously agreed.

The Puritans had built their churches without ornaments or pictures.

The Friends built no churches. They assembled in halls or houses, called meeting-rooms, and sate there together in silence, listening to the revelation of the inner voice, and speaking merely when this admonished them to say anything.

The Puritans regarded woman as the helper of man, and his companion in the house and on the private path of life.

The Friends regarded woman as man's helper also in his life as a citizen, as his helper in the business of his public as well as his private life, and acknowledged the right of woman to speak, as well in the senate, as the church. The Female Assemblies of Council were of as much weight as those of the men, and the inspiration of woman was listened to with reverence when she stood forth, at the call of the Spirit, in their meeting-houses.

The Puritans had simplified the marriage ceremony. The Friends rejected marriage by a priest, and it became a civil rite. If a man and woman declared themselves willing to live together as a married pair, that sufficed to constitute the marriage. The inner voice was enough to sanctify the union and to make it firm; the inner voice alone could point out the way and keep the heart pure.

Thus pure, thus sublime were the principles which guided this little people who went over to the New World to make that "holy experiment," as William Penn terms it; to found a community, wholly and entirely, based upon that which is most inward and most spiritual in human life.

Thus began the colony which, under the guidance of William Penn, extended itself into the most flourishing condition and received the name of Pennsylvania. Penn desired in it to found a free colony for all mankind.

The fame of that holy experiment resounded afar. The sons of the forest, the chiefs of the Indian tribes, came to meet the Quaker King. Penn met them beneath the open sky, in the depths of the forest, now leafless by the frosts of autumn, and proclaimed to them the same message of the nobility of man, and of the unity and truth of the inner light, which Fox had announced to Cromwell, and Mary Fisher to the Grand Sultan. The Englishmen and the Indians must regard the same moral law, and every quarrel between them be adjusted by a peaceful tribunal composed of an equal number of men of each race.

"We meet," said Penn, "upon the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no one shall seek to take advantage of the other; but all shall be done with candour and with love."

"We are all one flesh and blood."

The Indians were affected by these noble words. "We

will live," said they, "in love with William Penn and his children as long as sun and moon shall endure."

And the sun, and the forest, and the river witnessed the treaty of peace and friendship which was made on the shores of the Delaware; the first treaty, says an historian, which was not ratified by an oath, and the only one which never was broken.

The Quakers said, "We have done a better work than if we, like the proud Spaniards, had gained the mines of Potosi. We have taught to the darkened souls around us *their rights as men.*"

Upon a stretch of land between the rivers Schuylkill and Delaware, purchased from the Swedes and blessed with pure springs of water and a healthful atmosphere, Penn laid the foundation of the city of Philadelphia, an asylum for the persecuted, a habitation for freedom, a home for all mankind. "Here," said the Friends, "we will worship God according to His pure law and light; here will we lead an innocent life upon an elysian, virgin soil."

That Philadelphia was later to become the birth-place of American independence, and of that declaration which proclaimed it to all the world, and united all the individual States of the Union in the great name of humanity,—of this the Friends thought not.

My dear heart, I have written out the above for you, partly from books, partly from myself, from my own observation and thoughts. For I have been greatly fascinated by this episode in the history of man, and I see traces of its life still quite fresh around me.

Looking now at the principles of Quakerism in and for themselves, I see clearly that they are the same doctrines for which Socrates died and Luther lived, and for which the great Gustavus Adolphus fought and conquered, and died the death of the hero—the right of freedom of thought, of faith in the light and voice of God in the soul of man; this principle, arising in George Fox from the very heart

of the people, and thence becoming the vital principle of people, Church and State, constitutes the peculiarity of Quakerism, thoroughly permeating social life.

New it is not; neither is it sufficient in the one-sided view in which Quakers comprehend it. What, if that inner light illumines a dark desire in the human soul? if the inward voice finds itself opposed by a debased or evil impulse of the heart? The Quakers have forgotten, or have not regarded the old saying, that "there is a drop of black blood in every man's heart." And in order to make this pure, neither light nor admonishing voice avails anything, but only another drop of blood of divine power and purity. The Quakers may, in the mysteries of Quaker life, find proofs enough of the existence of this black drop, even among the children of the inner light; perhaps no bloody proofs, no burning spot, but dark histories of gloomy, silent, bitter quarrels among "the Friends;" secret oppression, secret, long misery, irreconcilable misunderstandings, and all those dark fiends which, when I see them embittering family or social life, remind me of the old northern hell with its dark poisonous rivers, cruel witchcraft, rainy clouds, venomous serpents, and so on. But Quakerism, in its first arisings, saw nothing of this, and perhaps possessed nothing of it. Enthusiasm for a beautiful idea changes the soul to a spring morning, with a clear heaven, and the purest air, full of the song of birds, amid flowery meadows. Later in the day the clouds arise. Quakerism in its earliest morning-freshness was itself a pure unfathomed river, derived from pure fountains, and which baptised the world anew with the purifying waters of truth, and faith in the voice and power of truth. That was and that is its good work in mankind. And its awakening cry has penetrated with purifying power into millions of souls. Waldo Emerson, in his belief, in the power of this inner light and truth, is a Quaker.

It was a mistake in the Quakers to believe that man has sufficient of this inner light in himself, nay of his own strength, to attain to perfection, and it still remains a mistake to this day. For this reason they make too little use of prayer, too little of the Lord's Supper, too little of all those means which the All-good Father has afforded to His children, in order to bring them into connection with Him, and Him with them, that He might impart to them His life and His strength, and which therefore are so properly called *means of grace*. Therefore is it also, that they are deficient in that reliance and freedom with which a child of God moves through the whole circle of his creation, regarding nothing as unclean, and nothing as hurtful, which is enjoyed with a pure mind. They look with suspicious glances upon all free beauty and art, and are afraid of joy; nay, they mistrust even the beauty of nature, and are deficient in that universal sense which belongs to the Scandinavians—though it sometimes a little oversteps itself with them—and which made your somewhat eccentric acquaintance, L., say, “one should eat in God; one should play and sing in God; nay, one should *dance* in God.”

But peace be with Quakerism! It has accomplished its mission, and borne the torch of light before mankind for a season, during its passage “out of darkness, and through the shadows to the light.” It has had its time. There is an end of the earlier power of the sect. But its influence still exists, and is in force in the New World, especially as the principle of stern uprightiness and public benevolence, and it will yet, by this, open new paths for the people of the New World. The doctrine of the inner light died not, but seeks a union with another higher light. It has, especially in its declared equality of man and woman, a rich seed which must germinate through a wider sphere. How little danger there is in this avowed equality, and how little outward change is produced by it

in society, the Quaker community has practically shown. Men and women have there the same privileges and exercise them alike. But in all this they have remained true to their nature; she turns rather into the home, he more outward to the community. The women have remained equally feminine, but have become more marked in character. The different characteristics of the two have, in that which was the best, remained unchanged, but have been improved, elevated where they were worst. That "holy experiment" proves itself to have been in this respect wholly successful, and ought to have led to a yet more grand experiment.

The present younger generation of Quakers unites itself more to the world by poetry and music, and begins to light up the old grey and drab attire by a still more cheerful hue. The change is prepared in the mind. The world has become purified through the purity of the Quakers, and its innocent joy and beauty now begin to find their way to them. A young girl, of Quaker family, of my acquaintance here, wore pale pink ribbon, and had her bonnet made in a prettier form than that in use among the Quakers, and when reproached by her mother for seeking to please man rather than God, she replied—

"Oh, my mother! *He* made the flowers and the rainbow!"

The exclusiveness of Quakerism is at an end. And yet it is so peculiar and so beautiful in its simple, gentle, outward forms, that I am afraid for it, and would not lose it for a great deal. I am fond of its "*thee and thou*;" its silent meetings; its dress, in particular the woman's dress, with its chaste, dew-like purity and delicacy. And under this attire there dwells still many a noble soul, in the brightness of that inner light, illumined by the sun of Christian revelation, deriving thence, for themselves and others, oracles which the distracted eye and ear of the world cannot perceive. And poets such as WHITTIER,

and speakers such as LUCRETIA MOTT, show that the Spirit with its rich gifts still rests upon the assembly of Friends.

The Quakers of the United States are at this time split into two parties, and have separated, with not exactly the most friendly feelings, into two bodies. The so-called "Hicksite Quakers" have separated themselves from the Orthodox class. These latter are allied as formerly rather to the Puritan creed; the former to the Unitarian.

July 27th.—I yesterday was present at a meeting of the Orthodox Quakers. About two hundred persons were assembled in a large, light hall without the slightest ornament, the men on one side, the women on the other, and with these a number of children. The people sat on benches quite silent, and looking straight before them, all except myself, who looked a little about me, but very quietly. It was a very hot day, and the silence and the immovability of the assembly was oppressive to me. And I kept thinking the whole time, "will not the Spirit move some of the assembly?" But no! the Spirit moved not one. An old gentleman coughed, and I sneezed, and the leaves of the trees moved softly outside the window. This was the only movement I perceived. There sat the women, with their drab bonnets all of one colour and form, like up-turned, flat-bottomed boats, and appearing less agreeable to me than common. Nevertheless, I saw in many countenances and eyes an expression which evidently testified of the depth of the Spirit, although in this depth I failed to find—light. And the children, the poor little children, who were obliged to sit still and keep awake, without occupation and without any object for their childish attention—what could they think of? thought I, who cannot think deeply on a subject unless when I am walking. Thus sat we, in heat and silence, certainly for an hour, until two of the elders

who sat in the gallery rose up and extended to each other their hands, which was the signal for the general breaking-up, and I was glad to get out into the open air. On Sunday I shall visit the meeting of the Unitarian Quakers, and see whether the Spirit is more alive among them. Here it was deep, perhaps, but it did not come out of the depth into the day. As discipline, these silent meetings may, in any case, be excellent. Of the undisciplined, who talk at random, without purpose or effect, one has enough in the world.

Sunday.—Yes, of a truth, the Spirit was alive there, and moved first a man and then a woman, and I heard the Spirit speak from the heart of Quakerism itself. The preacher, whose name I have forgotten, an elderly gentleman with an animated, yet serious countenance, admonished his hearers to keep the will and the mind in a state of integrity and purity. From this pure light, he said, light went forth through the whole life, directing all its actions. The discourse was good, animated, clear, true. But I thought of the words, "Man must be regenerated by water and the Spirit." Here was the water, but—nothing more. It was the human purification. The spirit of heaven, love, the inspiration of life, had nothing to do with it. After this preacher sat down, and all had been silent again for a time, there arose from her seat a short, handsome lady, with fine features and beautiful, clear eyes. It was Lucretia Mott. With a low, but very sweet voice, and an eloquence of expression which made me not lose a single word, she spoke for certainly an hour, without interruption, without repetition, and in a manner which made one wish her to continue, so lucid and powerful was her delineation of the principles of nonconformity (the Quaker principles), so logical and excellent was the application of these to the practical questions of life, now so much contested, and which the speaker represented as being peace, slavery, and the rights of woman. I listened

with the greatest pleasure to this excellent discourse, which was permeated by the inner life of the speaker, as by a strong, though somewhat imprisoned fire. There was talent, power, clearness, light. Yet for all that, the warmth of inspiration was wanting. I am in the meantime glad to have heard a female speaker, perfect in her way. The room was quite full, and she was listened to with evident admiration.

I have heard speak of two young ladies who, in this assembly, utter sometimes inspired words. But I did not hear them. This meeting closed as the former had done, by two of the elders rising and shaking hands with each other.

Monday.—I have to-day, my little heart, read for the first time in its entirety the American Declaration of Independence, about which the world has heard so much, and I with them. I read it in the very same hall where it was subscribed; and you must also hear it, that is to say, its first principles, because they contain the rights and privileges of the new humanity in the New World. It says:—

“When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature’s God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

“We hold these truths to be self-evident that *all men are created equal*; that they are endowed by their Creator with *inalienable rights*; that among these are *life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that wherever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends,

it is the right of the people to alter it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organising its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

After this are enumerated all the grievances which the American colonies had to complain of against the English government, and which had led to their taking the reins of government into their own hands. The colonies which at that time united themselves into one States-alliance were thirteen in number. Jefferson, assisted, as I have heard, by Thomas Paine, drew up the memorial, and the hand of the worshipper of nature may be seen, but even in the work of the worshipper of nature, the guidance of a higher Providence is evident. It was on the fourth of July, 1776, that the Declaration of Independence received the votes, and passed the American Congress. It was the dawn of a new epoch which then arose; an epoch of great thoughts and struggles which then was proclaimed to the world. It was whilst war was raging with England, and whilst the result of that war was uncertain, that this declaration was drawn up and signed; and on the day before a battle it was read to the whole republican army by the desire of its great commander, General Washington.

Everything in the hall, where it was subscribed by the leading men, is preserved as it was then, to this day. The green table still stands, around which the members of the government sat, and upon which the Declaration of Independence was signed.

I was told an amusing expression of Franklin's on this occasion. When the document was to be signed, some of those present appeared dubious and ready to draw back. One voice said, "Now, gentlemen, let us all hang together!" "Yes," said Franklin, in his quiet way, "or else we shall all have to hang separately!"

They laughed, and signed.

This splendid declaration of the inalienable freedom and rights of humanity is now, however, opposed to many things in this country;—how long will it be so?

I must now tell you a little about some of my friends and acquaintance here. First, my entertainers, in whose good home I live as a member of the family. Professor Hart and his wife are quiet, god-fearing people, very kind, and of an excellent class for me to be with. They two, and their sweet, little ten years old son, Morgan, constitute the whole family. Hart is an interesting and estimable man; it would certainly be difficult to find any one of a more gentle and mild disposition and manner, combined with greater energy and more capacity for work. To this is added a fine humour, and a mild, but singularly penetrative glance. He is unusually systematic in all that he undertakes, and is distinguished as the teacher and superintendant of a high school in Philadelphia for five hundred boys. He is also the editor of an extensively-read literary magazine, "Sartain's Union Magazine;" he is able to accomplish so much by an exact distribution of his time, and by doing everything at the moment when it should be done; hence he does so much, seems never to be in a hurry, or to have much to do.

My most agreeable acquaintance are the family of the Danish *Chargé d'affaires* here. The daughters are inexpressibly charming, lively, and full of intellect. It is very delightful to me to converse with them in my native tongue, to talk about Denmark and good friends there. The death of Öhlenschläger was astonishing news to me. He was so strong and well a year ago when I saw him at his country house, and he was more amiable than usual, and drank to the success of my journey to the New World, which was just then decided upon. One of the young ladies read that piece, which he desired to be read aloud to him as a preparation for death, a monologue of Socrates in his hour of death, written by Öhlenschläger

himself. That was in the true stoic spirit. But how extraordinary at such an hour to have his own verses read to him! Far better was the feeling of our Bishop Wallin, when at his deathbed they began to sing one of his own beautiful hymns, he interrupted them and said "No, no! not that now!" and took pleasure only in hearing read the Gospel of St. John.

But I was going to tell of my acquaintance.

Among my good friends here I reckon also a Quaker couple—but of the somewhat worldly class of Quakers—Mr. and Mrs. E. T., agreeable and wealthy people, who have shown me much kindness, and who have driven me about to places both in and out of the city. Mrs. T.'s paternal home, a strict Quaker-home, interests me especially from a young girl there who wrote to me some time since a charming little letter. I knew that she was very delicate from a spinal complaint, which had confined her to her bed for some years. When I was taken into her chamber I saw laid upon a bed in white garments arranged artistically in broad full folds, a being—never had I seen anything so like an angel! That beautiful, pure countenance, was lighted by a pair of large eyes which beamed with really supernatural brightness. She made no movement to raise her head when I bent over her to speak, but laid her arms quietly around my neck. That fascinating countenance bore not a trace of the disease and nervous weakness of which she is the prey, and which she bears like a patient lamb; neither do they enfeeble her spiritual life. God has given wings to her spirit, and the physically-bound young girl has sent forth from her sick bed instructive teachings to the world from her observations of the wonderful mechanism of life in nature. Her little book for youth, "Life in the Insect World," is to me a welcome gift, because it shows me a young girl who has made nice investigation into one of the natural sciences, which I have often endeavoured to excite young

ladies to do, but as far as I know without success, that is to say, biographical observations with regard to animals and plants. The turn for minute detail, acute perception of the lesser world, which is peculiar to woman, together with a poetic feeling which allies it to the spiritual—the universal, and which can discern in all things symbols of purpose rich in thought; these are all natural endowments which seem singularly to befit woman for that portion of science, and should in their pursuit and their application tend to make the searching soul richer in its daily life. Mary Townsend has treated her subject in this biographic and poetic manner, and given in her work the history of the insect metamorphoses. The little book is ornamented with copper plates, in which various kinds of insects are shown in various stages of their existence, especially in that in which they burst from their pupa state, and unfold their wings in space. It is not wonderful that the beautiful human spirit sternly imprisoned in its earthly pupa, should feel especially enamoured of this movement of transformation.

Mary Townsend, and a young sister of hers, also richly gifted, and delicate also in health—yet not in the same way as Mary—are now occupied in preparing a rhymed chronicle of the History of England for children's easy committal to memory. And thus that meagre Quaker-home encloses a rich poetical life, and in that a being which is almost an angel already, and which waits only for its transformation to become fully so. The parents are an old, classical Quaker couple. The old man's principal object and delight seems to be to take care of his daughters.

I have dined with Lucretia Mott, in company with all her children and grand-children, a handsome, flourishing multitude. She interests, rather than attaches me. Her husband, Mr. Mott, is a strong old gentleman, who seems to maintain his place, though he is obscured somewhat by

the publicity of his wife's glory. It is said that he is pleased by it, and it does him honour.

At a public lecture, lately delivered by a distinguished litterateur, Mr. Dana, on Shakspeare, he instanced Desdemona as the ideal of woman in all ages, beyond which none higher could be found. When, however, the lecture was ended, Lucretia Mott rose, and said:—

“Friend Dana, I consider that thou art wrong in thy representation of what woman ought to be, and I will endeavour to prove it.”

She, therefore, proposed to the assembly, to meet her on a certain day, in that same room. The assembly did not fail to be present, and Lucretia M. delivered an excellent lecture, permeated by that love of truth and integrity which is the very foundation of Quakerism. Lucretia is a splendid woman and speaker, and would be still more splendid if she listened a little more attentively to other people's observations and thoughts, especially on the slave question. But that she does not.

Among others who have invited me to their houses, is the wife of the British Consul. I called on her to thank her, and found her a warm-hearted, lively lady, particularly zealous on the subject of the development of her sex to a more independent life, both as regards body and soul. She had established a drawing-school for her young girls, where they could learn drawing, the making of designs, wood-engraving, &c., and she showed me various beautiful works of these young people. She had also endeavoured to establish other good institutions for women, but was annoyed by the want of sympathy which she met with, especially among women themselves. She said, “They do not stand by their sex!”

She thought that as the world now went on, the best service one could do to any new-born female child was to—drown it. I laughed at this extraordinary proof of love, but could not agree with this warm-hearted lady, that

is to say, unless the world should not become more just and enlightened on these subjects than it now is. But in America it seems to me that there is no reason to doubt about this, and no reason at all to drown little girls.

I have here received visits merely in the evenings, but have then seen a great many people, among whom, many that interested me. I received yesterday a present from some agreeable young girls of a gigantic cactus, just in bloom, one of that species which merely flowers once in thirty years. No one can imagine a more glorious creation of sunshine :—the sun has wished to reflect himself in this flower.

I have received, my little Agatha, your letter of May : it is charming that you have at length vernal weather at Stockholm, and that mamma and you are well. When you spoke of how we should meet at Marstrand, I was not a little tempted to pack up my things and set off ; but it would have been folly in me, my little heart, to have left my work only half-finished, after having dared so much, and even suffered so much, to advance it thus far. I feel that my life and experience here are of great importance to me, and believe that I can so evidently see the hand of a guiding Providence in this my journey, that I should both grieve and be angry with myself, if, without absolute necessity, I were to interrupt or cut it short. I greatly desire to remain on this side the ocean through the next winter. In June I could then return home, and then could I go with my little heart—and we could climb together the Maypole at Marstrand !

Spite of the great heat which now prevails here, I feel myself becoming more acclimated, and more capable than hitherto of reflecting upon and profiting by my experience in this country.

You ask me about the position of women with regard to schools. Yes, my child, I have much to say to you on that subject—and have already told you a little. Their

position in that respect is indubitably one of the most beautiful aspects of the New World. They are acknowledged, still more and more unreservedly, to be the best instructors of childhood and youth, and they are employed for this purpose in public schools for boys, even of thirteen or fourteen, or even more. I have spoken with young ladies who were teachers of youths of seventeen or eighteen, and they told me that they never experienced anything from them but attention and esteem. True is it that these young girls were remarkably noble, and had great self-possession of manner. Female teachers are not nearly so well remunerated as male; but every one acknowledges the injustice of this, as the health of women suffers more from that laborious employment than that of men, and prevents their being able to continue it so long. It is hoped, however, that this unequal division may be remedied, as new paths of industry are opened to women. And this is beginning more and more to be the case. A remarkable young woman in this city, Elizabeth Blackwell, has opened as a physician, a career to her sex; she has done this so resolutely, amid opposition and infinite difficulty and prejudice (which exist even in this country), and so triumphantly by her talent, that a medical college is now about to be established here, solely for women, in which they may study and graduate as physicians. This has pleased me greatly. How useful will these female physicians be in the treatment of their own sex and of children; yes, there are divers diseases for the treatment of which they seem to be peculiarly calculated.

The education of women for the industrial employments is, I think, greatly neglected even here; and they ought, much more than they do, to learn book-keeping. In France, women have in this respect greatly the advantage of those in this country; and here, where two-thirds of the people follow trade, it would be of great importance

if the women could keep books. Still their principal office is in the home, as the instructors of youth. I saw lately a young girl of about twenty give a lesson in elocution to a class of young men, some of whom were above twenty. Her talent was remarkable in this branch of art, and the youths obeyed her directions like good children. They had voluntarily formed this class that they might be taught by her.

I shall now shortly leave this friendly City of the Friends, to go to Washington, where Congress is now sitting, and where a furious war is going forward about California and slavery. You know already from description that Philadelphia is remarkable for its regularity and order. It has in this respect the character of the Quakers, and is a quiet city in comparison with New York, has no palaces or remarkable buildings, but is everywhere well built, has beautiful broad streets planted with trees, and behind these, broad causeways and many magnificent private houses, with marble steps and doorways, and particularly so in the fashionable streets. In each of the great quarters there is a large, green market, planted with trees like a park, where it is delightful to walk or sit.

Behind this exterior of order, cleanliness, and regularity, there is, I understand, a considerable proportion of irregularity; and quarrels and affrays not unfrequently take place between the less civilised portion of the population, in particular between the lower class of workpeople and the free negroes, who are mostly fugitive slaves, and often very disorderly.

A portion of the male youth in the Quaker city, seem like certain fermenting drinks in bottles which make the cork fly out of the bottle when it becomes too small for them; I tell that which has been told to me; and the thing seems natural enough. If my spirit had been bottled up in the strict Quaker formula, I should have

become either a St. Theresa, or have gone mad, or—I dare not say what.

In company with the amiable B. family I visited the beautiful Philadelphia churchyard, Laurel Hill, on the banks of the Schuylkill, which last people say is a name descended from the times of the Scandinavians here, from the Danish *Skjulto Kilder*, Hidden Fountains. I also visited in company with the T's. some of the beautiful environs of the town, and amongst these the rocky and picturesque banks of the Schuylkill. The land is fertile on all sides, one sees fields of Indian corn (maize) and wheat, and beautiful meadows; everything testifies of care and industry. Chesnut and walnut trees, the ash, the oak of many kinds, the elm, the maple, and the lime, are very general. One sees commonly the beautiful little Virginian pine, a pyramidal, dark little tree with pine-tree leaves, besides a great variety of shrubs; plantations of fruit-trees, mostly peach-trees ornament the fields. The country round Philadelphia is a pleasing alternation of hill and dale, and iyllian landscape; the trees are large and branching. No tree, however, equals the magnolia and the live-oak of the South. I have also seen the tulip-tree here. Pennsylvania is called the Keystone State, I suppose from its central position among the first States of the Union. Pennsylvania takes the second place among the States of the Union as regards population and wealth. It has immense beds of coal in its soil, and great natural beauty in the interior of the country; Susquehanna River, and the Valley of the Wyoming are celebrated for their romantic beauty. Philadelphia is second to New York in size and population, the population of Philadelphia being about 300,000. The disorders in the city may, in great measure, arise from the vastly increasing population upon which no educational influences have yet operated. Latterly, however, the Quaker State, has aroused itself to a sense of this neglect, and, following

the example of the Pilgrim State, has organised a system of schools, similar to those of Massachusetts, and now flatters itself with having excelled them; but if with justice I cannot say.

And now adieu to Philadelphia! Bergfalk has returned to Sweden. He was to sail from Boston on the 26th of June. He has been extremely ill in Philadelphia of inflammation of the lungs, but was cured by homœopathic treatment. During his illness and convalescence he has experienced something of the abundant kindness of this people, who did all they could for the sufferer, and knew no bounds to their good will.—Of this I am glad. Bergfalk has lived in America as a good Swede, labouring and investigating the state of the laws and questions connected therewith; never losing sight of the important inquiry, what can be good and advantageous to Sweden? He has inquired into everything. He longed very much for his home. It grieved me greatly not to be able to see him before he set off, and that strangers, and not his countrywoman, sat by his sick bed: but his letter tells me that in these strangers he found affectionate brothers and sisters.

WASHINGTON, *July 1st.*

I felt a little thrill of joy when in the evening of yesterday I beheld from the top of the Capitol of the United States, the glorious panorama of the country around, through which wound the Potomac River, the whole lighted up by the golden light of evening:—it was a magnificent sight. The situation of this Senate House, its environs, and the views from it are certainly the most beautiful which can be met with. And the Representatives, who here make speeches for the country and the people, cannot avoid being inspired by the view which is presented to their gaze; they must feel joy and pride that this is their country, and that it is in their power to work for its well-being.

I spent the evening in company with the American Consul in Canada, a pleasant young man, Mr. Andrews, and with Miss Lynch. This agreeable young poetess is now in Washington, endeavouring to obtain from Congress a pension for her mother, the widow of a naval officer. The following day I visited with her and Dr. Hebbe, a Swede who has resided several years in America, the Senate House, and the House of Representatives. The day was beautiful; the United States banner with its thirty-three stars, a star for each state, waved from the top of the Capitol, as is customary while Congress is sitting. It looked quite festal. The Senators sat in a large rotunda, well lighted by lofty windows, occupying one-half of the room, and produced altogether a good and honest effect. The greater number of these gentlemen were of noble form, with a somewhat peculiar physiognomy and bearing, which on the whole was calm and dignified—but which nevertheless does not prevent occurrence of scenes which are considerably disturbing and unworthy of Senatorial dignity. During the present session even, on one occasion, a strange and rather comic scene occurred between the senator from Missouri, Mr. Benton, and the senator from Mississippi, Mr. Foote, in which the former, a strong-built man, with an expression and beak-like countenance resembling a bird of prey, presented himself before the latter with a look and gesture that made the other, a little man of nervous excitability, draw forth a pistol, which he placed against Benton's breast. With this, the senator of Alabama said, quite coolly, "Give me that instrument," and forthwith disarmed Foote, when behold the pistol was—unloaded! The hawk and the dove were now both of them in their places in the Senate, and the quarrel between them seemed to be at an end; but I should not depend upon the hawk.

The two great statesmen, Clay and Webster, were both

in the Senate, but neither of them spoke. I have already described to you the appearance of Clay; Daniel Webster bears a remarkable likeness to our deceased Archbishop Wallin, especially in the large deep-set eyes, and the strong, magnificent, arched forehead; but he is a handsomer man, and looks more massive.—His head is really magnificent. Webster represents Massachusetts, and Clay, Kentucky, in the Senate. As regards the great questions of contention between the North and the South in this country, Webster appears to be the representative of the moderate party in the North, and Clay of the moderate party in the South. The Senate is divided in the house into two portions. Each senator has a little desk before him, upon which paper and books are placed. The Vice-President, who is speaker, and who sits upon a somewhat elevated platform in front of both parties, with the American eagle displayed above him, is a handsome, powerful figure, with an open, manly countenance. In the gallery appropriated to the public, and which runs round the house above the heads of the senators, the front seat, according to American politeness, is left for ladies, and one hears remarkably well from this gallery.

The House of Representatives produces a less striking effect. The space is much larger and not so well lighted as that of the senators; the throng of people is much greater also, and they talk and behave in a much less dignified manner. The whole produced a chaotic impression on my mind; nor could I hear one single word from the gallery. The sound does not ascend clearly, and the worthy members talked with the rapidity of a torrent. I shook hands with many, both of the senators and the representatives. They were all particularly polite and merry.

In the afternoon, the senator from New Hampshire took Miss Lynch and myself to White House, the residence of the President, General Taylor, just out of

the city, and where, in the park, every Saturday afternoon, there is military music, and the people walk about at pleasure. The President was out among the crowd. I was introduced to him, and we shook hands. He is kind and agreeable, both in appearance and manner, and was simply, almost negligently, dressed. He is not considered to possess any great talent as a statesman, but is universally esteemed for the spotless purity of his character and for his ability and humanity as a general. It was the Mexican war which made him President. His demeanour struck me as civil rather than military; Vice-President Fillmore, with whom also I became acquainted this evening, looks more of a president than Taylor.

The presidential residence is a handsome palace-like house, yet of too simple a style to be called a palace, near the Potomac River. The situation and views are beautiful. The band played the "The Star-spangled Banner," and other national airs. From three to four hundred persons, ladies, gentlemen, and children, strolled about on the grass and amid the trees; the evening was beautiful, the scene gay and delightful, and one of a true republican character: I enjoyed it, wandering arm in arm, now with one, now with another member of Congress, and shaking hands right and left. When people knew that I was fond of little children, many mothers and fathers brought their little ones to shake hands with me; this pleased me. The President was delighted with the children who leapt about so joyously and so free from care, or seated themselves on the green sward. He seems to be between fifty and sixty, and is said to be tired of, and distressed by the state of things and the contentions in the Union at this moment.

Later.—I have just returned from the Capitol where I have passed the forenoon, but where we walked about arm in arm with the Senators and talked with them much more than we listened to the speeches in the Senate;

but I will do that before long. The entrance of California into the Union, with or without slavery, is the great contested question of the day, and which splits the North and the South into two hostile parties. No one knows as yet how the contest will end, and it is reported that the President said lately, that all was dark. Henry Clay, who is endeavouring to bring about a compromise, and who has long laboured for this purpose, has latterly set the whole Senate against him, it is said, by his despotic and overbearing behaviour, and he is now quite worn out by the opposition he meets with from his colleagues. He complained bitterly of this to-day, when Anne Lynch and I called upon him before Congress.—I had seen him the day before at White House.

He now inquired from me about King Oscar, his character, his standing with the people, &c. So many trivial and insignificant questions are asked me, that it was now really refreshing to reply to inquiries which were earnest and had some purpose in them, and which were made with an earnest intention. And it was very pleasant to me to be able to tell Mr. Clay that we had in King Oscar a good and noble-minded monarch whom we loved. By what the American statesman knew respecting him and our Swedish political affairs, I could see the glance of genius which requires but little knowledge to enable it to perceive and comprehend much.

Whilst we were in the midst of this subject, the servant introduced an extraordinary little man with an extraordinary stick in his hand, which looked like a something between a knob-stick and an enchanter's wand—some sort of a curiosity out of the Great West! thought I.—N. B. we sate before the open door.

“Is this Henry Clay?” said the little man, planting himself with his great knob-stick just before the great statesman.

“Yes, sir; that is my name,” said Clay impatiently; “sit down. What do you wish with me?”

The little man seated himself without any hesitation in an arm-chair, and I rose, saying that I feared to take up Mr. Clay's time.

"Oh, no, no!" said he, politely; "it is so refreshing to see ladies! But these fellows—I hate them!" and made a gesture towards the little man which would have sent him out of the room or have knocked him down if he could rightly have felt it. But he sate there fast-rooted to the ground with his knob-stick in his hand, determined not to move, and I felt it necessary to leave the weary statesman to the witchcraft.

Clay, who is extremely popular, allows every one who comes, to see him, and is thus overwhelmed by people who take up his time and make demands upon his services. He is at the present moment more irritable and impatient than he has ever been known before. The opposition he meets with may very well be the cause of it. What a life! And yet this it is for which men strive!

I visited the library of the Capitol to-day with the senator of Georgia, Judge Berrion, a witty and acute-minded man; a man who holds extreme pro-slavery views, but belonging to the class of Patriarchs I believe. The library is a large, handsome hall, with a glorious view; it is a public place of meeting during the sitting of Congress, where people may rest themselves from the affairs of state, talk with their acquaintances, &c. Here may be seen, every day, sitting in the recess of a window, at a table covered with books and papers, a lady, of about middle age, an elegant figure, refined countenance, and agreeable expression. She seems to be always occupied, and to be in connection with several of the influential members of Congress, and there she sits watching the progress of her own affairs. What does she desire—what does she wish?

She wishes to have ten millions of dollars, from the lands in the West—as an annual fund, to be appropriated

for Lunatic Asylums and Poor Houses in all the States of the Union.

It is Mrs. Dorothea Dix, who during the last ten or twelve years has travelled through most of the States, visited mad-houses and other asylums for the unfortunate, and done a great deal for their improvement, and in particular as regards the better treatment of the insane, through her influence, and the excellent memorials which she has drawn up and presented to the governors of the various States. Many asylums have been established where they formerly did not exist, and where the unfortunate were left to private care or in the most miserable neglect. The activity and influence of this lady is one of the most beautiful traits of female citizenship in the New World: but I shall tell you about her another time, perhaps, when we meet.

July 2nd.—Again home from the Capitol where I have heard Clay and Webster, as well as several of the most distinguished senators. Clay speaks in an animated manner and with strong feeling. I was not very much struck with his voice, of which I had heard so much praise. It seems to me that he often speaks too rapidly, so that the words are lost in the shrill sound of the voice. Webster speaks with great calmness both in tone and demeanour, but there is an intensity of power in his manner. He has also this peculiarity as a speaker, and in this he also resembles Wallin, that he drops his voice and speaks all the lower, the deeper is the impression which he seeks to make. This is the very opposite of the general manner of American speakers, but it produces great effect. Other speakers interested me also; but I could hardly have any quietness to listen for introductions to, and conversation with, members of Congress. They were extremely polite, but I shall in future apply my ears to business, and leave to Anne Lynch that light conversation in which she is a mistress and I a bungler.

From the Capitol we drove to the house of the President, whose reception-day it was. We arrived late so that we were alone with the old gentleman, who was very kind and affable, and related to us various things about the Southern Indians, calculated to dissipate the somewhat too romantic idea of them entertained by Anne Lynch and myself. I fancied that I could see behind his polite affability, a cloud of secret anxiety which he wished to suppress. His daughter, married to Colonel Blix, appeared in her white dress, unspeakably agreeable and lovely, with a quiet and refined manner.

I spent yesterday morning with Professor Henry, one of the most celebrated chemists in this country, and found in him a great admirer of Berzelius and Oersted, as well as an uncommonly amiable man. Vice-President Fillmore came in the evening; he is a very gentlemanly person and shines greatly in conversation.

July 3rd.—I spent last evening with Daniel Webster at Mr. and Mrs. L.'s, the parents of Mrs. Schröder, a handsome old couple, together with various other persons. Webster does not look well, he has a sallow complexion, keeps himself much apart from others, is silent, and has a heavy and absent look. His charming and amiable wife placed herself beside me, wishing that I might have the pleasure of hearing him speak. He has extraordinary eyes, when they open and fix their gaze upon you, you seem to look into a catacomb full of ancient wisdom: but not much of this comes out into every-day conversation and social life, and that depth lies deep enough in that magnificently-formed head. The man himself seems to be perfectly simple and without regard to the world's fashions—a very decided character; one which looks like what it is. He seems to me, however, to be one of those whose powers show themselves most beautifully on great and momentous occasions.

Anne Lynch said to-day that some one at the *Table*

d'Hôte remarked, speaking of Daniel Webster, "That nobody was as wise as Webster looked." To which Judge Berrion immediately replied, "Not even Webster himself!" on which all laughed and applauded.

Anne Lynch and I sit at one corner of the *Table d'Hôte*, with Henry Clay between us, and on either hand various Southerners, so that I am through my little friend, Anne, brought into the midst of the Pro-Slavery party. Yet Henry Clay cannot be reckoned as belonging to that party.

I am living at present at the National Hotel, but shall soon remove to a private family, from which I received an invitation some time since. It is a horrible life of visiting here, and intolerably hot. But one has an opportunity of seeing and hearing various interesting people.

The senator of California, a man of giant stature, a magnificent specimen of the inhabitants of the Great West, has given me a breast-pin of Californian gold, the head of which is a *nugget* of gold in its native state, and in which, with a little help of the imagination, one can see an eagle about to raise its wings and fly from its eyrie.

And now, my little heart, I must close this long letter. I shall still remain fourteen days in Washington, after which I shall betake myself to the sea-side for a couple of weeks, and thus endeavour, by sea-bathing, to invigorate myself before I proceed farther.

Instead of going hence westward, which would be dangerous and fatiguing in the great heats of summer, I now intend to go northward, to Maine and New Hampshire, perhaps also visit Canada, which young Mr. A. strongly advises, and then advance westward, by the great inland lakes to Chicago, and so on to the Scandinavian settlement, still farther in the west; for I must ultimately visit them. Some riotous scenes have lately occurred in the Peasant Colony, and Erik

Janssen, the prophet, has been killed by a Swede named Rooth. He might have maintained the respect of his people, but had a sad reputation around the colony.

Anne Lynch and I intend to spend to-morrow, the 4th of July, at Mount Vernon, the former country-seat of Washington, and the place of his burial, and there quietly to celebrate the great day of the United States, the day on which the Declaration of Independence was made, and which is kept in all the States and cities with speechifying, drinking of toasts, and firing of guns.

In a week I shall leave the hotel, which is too hot and too populous for me, and where it is almost impossible to escape from company and company-life. My little friend Miss Lynch lives in it as in the breath of her life, and without the slightest coquetry always attracts around her, by liveliness and good-humoured wit, a crowd of people, mostly gentlemen. To these she often says many a little caustic truth, but so gaily that it seems to please them more than flattery. She has an especial facility for puns and sallies of wit, which always produce a lively effect, and infuse fresh air into the occasionally heavy or thunderous intellectual atmosphere. As for instance, on one occasion, when Clay, having excited himself against those who believed that, under his proposal of compromise, he concealed selfish views and designs for the presidency, he added the protestation, "It is not in the power of mankind to offer any reward which would be a temptation to me!" On this Anne Lynch asked if he asserted the same as regarded "the power of woman-kind?" Clay smiled, and said that he would think about it; and his ill-humour was gone.

Farewell, my child! I salute you and mamma.

I shall tell you in my next more about Congress and the gentlemen of Congress here.

LETTER XIX.

WASHINGTON, *July 10th.*

I LAST wrote to you, my sweet Agatha, from the National Hotel, a kind of hot oven full of senators and representatives, of travelling gentlemen and ladies, where one was baked soul and body by heat and this high-pressure life; and where I lingered so long merely to remain in company with Miss Lynch, but where we, with our different natures, got on very differently; she in the vortex of social life, of which she is the ornament, I seeking for solitude—the hardest thing to find in such an hotel-world, but of which I nevertheless enjoyed a few moments, partly in my own room, partly walking in the gallery of the court, where I listened to the plashing of the water as it fell into the fountain-basin in the middle of the court, and reposing my soul upon a few words or tones which always return in my moments of solitude, always the same, always sufficient to fill soul and sense, so that, like the water of the fountain, they leap up in clear streams, saluting heaven, fructifying earth! I cannot tell, but you can understand that which I experience at such moments, and that which then lives in my soul: but such moments were not many in the National Hotel, where I lived in daily association with from three to four hundred persons.

To-day I write from a tranquil home where the acanthus and sycamore whisper outside my window, and the lady of the house and I spring around each other as we take a cold bath three or four times a-day.

But a truce now to myself, for great, and nationally important events have occurred since I last wrote, events which have caused a strong vibration through the whole social and political system of every State of the Union,

and have produced an overturning in many things; and it is of these events that I must first speak.

For some few days (5th and 6th of July) it has been mentioned here and there in Washington, that the President (General Taylor) was indisposed. He was perfectly well on the 4th (it was on the 3rd when I last saw him), but having eaten something which had disagreed with him—oyster-patty, I should imagine—he had an attack of illness; on the 7th he was said again to be better, and would soon be quite restored.

As I sate, however, yesterday (the 9th) in the Senate-house listening patiently, or more correctly, impatiently, to a long and tedious pro-slavery speech by the senator of South Carolina, Judge Butler, an estimable man and a good friend of mine (always excepting as regards this question), I perceived a thrill, as if from a noiseless electric shock, had passed through the assembly; a number of fresh persons entered by the principal doors, and at once Daniel Webster was seen to stand beside the speaking senator, indicating with a deprecatory gesture that he must interrupt him on account of some important business. The orator bowed and was silent; a stillness as of death reigned in the house, and all eyes were fixed upon Webster, who himself stood silent for a few seconds, as if to prepare the assembly for tidings of serious import. He then spoke, slowly, and with that deep and impressive voice which is peculiar to him.

“ I have a sorrowful message to deliver to the Senate. A great misfortune threatens the nation. The President of the United States, General Taylor, is dying, and probably may not survive the day.”

Again was that silent electrical shock perceptible. I saw many persons turn pale, and I felt myself grow pale also from the unexpected announcement, and from seeing the effect which it had produced. One senator bowed his head upon his hands, as if he heard the thunder of

judgment. This movement of astonishment was however transient. Mind soon regained its usual tension: the Senate adjourned immediately, and to a man they all poured forth into the city to tell this news or to hear anything fresh. At the present moment of party-strife, and during the contention which is now going forward in Congress, and upon the adjustment of which it is said that the personal character of General Taylor exercised an important influence, the news of his condition has made an immense impression.

At half-past ten in the evening the President died, after having taken a beautiful and affecting leave of his family.

“Weep not, my dear wife,” he is related to have said to her who loved him with infinite affection, “I have endeavoured to do my duty; and I trust in the mercy of God!”

The day following (the 10th of July), the new President, Vice-President Fillmore, entered upon his office, according to the law of the country, which decrees that in case of the decease of the President, the Vice-President shall hold his office during the time which yet remains of the full term of government, when a new President shall be elected. The term of presidentship is for four years; and Taylor, I believe, had occupied the seat of President about two years; two therefore remain for Fillmore.

It is believed that this hasty elevation is not welcome to him. It is said, that when he was told of Taylor's death, he bowed his head and said, “This is my first misfortune!” and it is said also, that when, conducted by two of the members of Congress, the one from Massachusetts, the other from Louisiana, he entered the House of Representatives in order to take the oath, his appearance did not belie this impression. He was very pale, and looked unhappy. That fine manly figure, which hitherto had borne itself so nobly, now, supported or rather dragged in

by two unequal figures, who held each one an arm, did not look either well or at his ease. After this trial, the members of the Senate, two and two, or one and one, entered the House of Representatives. Nothing can be simpler than the form by which the new President was inducted into his office. Placing his hand upon the Bible he promised to defend the constitution of the United States, called upon God to witness his promise, kissed the book and—that was all.

The President and senators went out as they had entered. Most of the senators went out in pairs, some arm-in-arm; Clay went alone, indifferent, weary, very much alone seemed to me both his expression and bearing; Corvin, the senator from Ohio, of whom I shall presently have more to say, a stout little man, resolute and good-tempered, he also walked alone.

The sitting of Congress is now prorogued for three days, until after the interment of President Taylor. But the contending parties, who now prepare themselves for a new turn in affairs, have not prorogued their operations. They labour incessantly, and have no other feeling or thought than their own interests.

Yesterday, as I returned from the Capitol, I heard one young man say to another, “if he dies, then our party will triumph, and, by God, I know that he *will* die.”

And now, while these mighty affairs both rest and are agitated, I will tell you a little about my own concerns.

I spent the 4th of July—that great day in the United States—at Mount Vernon, the estate of Washington, with Miss Lynch, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Corvin, the senator from Ohio. Mr. Corvin is one of this country’s “self-made men:” his father was a poor farmer; and the son enjoyed merely a common school education, but has, through his own means, educated and trained himself till he is one of the most celebrated popular orators; and, what is still more, a universally esteemed politician, against whom

nobody has anything to say, excepting that sometimes he is too good.

He was a charming and inestimable companion for us; and his conversation, in particular his vivacious and life-like descriptions—though sometimes a little caricatured—of his brethren in the Senate, and his imitations of their manner and their tone; his happy humour, which like a living fountain, for ever swelling forth from fresh springs, converted the tedious drive along a wretched road in a shaking carriage, and in the oppressive heat of the day, into a journey of pleasure.

We were received at Mount Vernon by a handsome young couple, the nephew of the great President and his wife. They invited us to cool and rest ourselves, and entertained us with milk and fruit, which were delicious. Henry Clay had given us a letter of introduction to them. The situation of the house, on the banks of the Potomac, is unspeakably beautiful; the park, laid out in the English style, appeared to me extensive, but, like the buildings, to be somewhat out of order. A beautiful mausoleum, containing the bodies of Washington and his wife, stands in the park; and through the grated iron door of the mausoleum the coffins may be seen. I threw in between the iron bars my green branch.

Washington has always appeared to me in life and character to have a resemblance to Gustavus Wasa; although his life was less romantic, and his character more phlegmatic, less impulsive, than the Swedish liberator.—Wasa is a more dramatic, Washington a more epic figure; Wasa more of the hero, Washington more of the statesman; Wasa king, Washington president. Large, powerful, kingly souls were they, both worthy to be the governors of free people. Washington, perhaps, stands higher than Wasa, in his pure unselfishness, as the supreme head of the people. In self-government he was almost without an equal; and it is said that only on one

single occasion in a momentary outbreak, did he allow the volcanic workings of his soul to be observed.

The American ideal of a man, "a well-balanced mind," must have its type in the great President. Noble he was, and, when he had done an injustice, would candidly acknowledge it. That which I most admire in his character and life, is his perseverance. He was not without pride in his manner and temper towards others. He had a glance which could strike the insolent dumb; and I have heard it said, that his very presence, even if he were silent, always could be felt like a dominant power: but this is the case with all strong characters.

The mother of Washington was a quiet, noble lady, whose "well-balanced mind" seemed to exceed that of her son, and who thought too highly of duty and fatherland to be proud of his achievements, however tenderly she loved him.

"I hope that George will fulfil his duty to his country!" said she, modestly, on one occasion, when his merits were exalted in her presence. The understanding between Washington and his mother seems to have been perfect. Of the understanding between him and his wife I have merely heard this anecdote;—

A guest at Mount Vernon happened to sleep in a room adjoining that occupied by the President and his lady. Late in the evening, when people had retired to their various chambers, he heard the lady delivering a very animated lecture to her lord and master upon something which he had done, that she thought should have been done differently; to all this he listened in the profoundest silence, and when she too was silent, he opened his lips and spoke, "Now, good sleep to you, my dear."

Portraits and descriptions of her show her to have been a pretty, agreeable, kind, little woman, from whom it really could not have been so disagreeable to have a curtain-lecture.

Washington was the native of a slave state, Virginia, and was himself a slaveholder until just before his death, when he gave his slaves their freedom. It is really remarkable to see in his will, which I have lately read, how nothing appeared to have weighed so much upon his heart as solicitude for the well-being of his slaves. Several pages are occupied by directions for the treatment of those who were to receive their freedom, as well as of those who were old, or infirm, and who therefore were to be well cared for until their death. This precision with regard to the kind treatment of the old slaves after his death, places the republican hero of the New World much higher than those of old Rome! The pure humanity of Washington in this respect shines forth with the purest splendour; and it is this pure humanity, still more than his talent as a governor,—still more than his glowing patriotism, which makes Washington the great man of the New World—I will not say the greatest, because I am still looking for him. It is also this which calls forth that fervent and unanimous homage which is befitting to him from the people of the New World, and which he obtains also from the people of Europe, and which to this day calls forth encomiums on his memory from the States of America and the Czar of Russia. Washington endeavoured in everything, and above everything, to be just and true, therefore he stood so firmly, and therefore he stood so purely, during a stormy and unsettled period, a Memnon's statue in the midst of the whirling sands of the desert, unmoved by them, influenced only by the light, and ever giving forth the same pure harmonious tone.

Mount Vernon was the home of Washington's youth; hither he brought his bride, here he lived happily through the whole of his life, whenever he had an interval of rest from the charge of public affairs. Mount Vernon was his favourite residence. Here in old age, he died in peace,

after a well completed and honourable career, able to say, "I am not afraid to die!"

We were alone at Washington's grave on this day, which we spent amid quiet conversation in the park, walking about or sitting on the grass under the shadowy trees; and Mr. Corvin, who during the drive thither had shot right and left, like a master, the arrows of satire and jest, now showed during a serious conversation that profoundly religious mind, that desire to rest in spiritual and eternal truth, which distinguishes the man of the New World, whether he be descended from Cavalier or Puritan; and which is shown in his outward life, however much he may be occupied by the business and the battle of the day. Corvin is a determined anti-slavery man, and will not hear of any compromise with slavery, and is therefore opposed to Clay and his scheme of adjustment. From his description of Clay and his manner of treating persons of different talents and different political views, although the description was somewhat caricatured, I yet obtained a definite idea of Clay's ability as a political leader during a war of opinions.

We returned towards evening, and part of the journey which we made on the Potomac was beautiful; the banks of the river are not here of a great character, but they are nevertheless romantic, and present extensive views over a richly-wooded country, broken into hills and valleys. At Alexandria, a small town on our way, we took a little supper with a kind lady, who seemed to consider her Alexandria as remarkable as we should have considered the old classical city of the same name.

I have visited every day the Senate and the Assembly of Representatives, though generally the former, because I hear well there, and because as a parliamentary assembly it seems, in every case, to stand above the other.

In the House of Representatives no speaker may occupy more than an hour of time. As soon as the

hour is at an end, and a little bell rings, another speaker has a right to interrupt him, even should it be in the very midst of his most profound argument, or in the highest flight of his genius, and demand general attention for *his* speech, which may occupy another hour, after which he again must give place to some one else. And as the speakers in a general way speak with great ease, and have a deal to say, they are anxious to make good use of their power, and that I suppose is the reason for the headlong speed with which the speech is hurled forth, like an avalanche, into the house, at least, it has been so every time I have been there. A certain kind of hurry-scurry seems to prevail in this house, which contrasts strongly with the decorum of the Senate. There, each senator may speak as long as he will, nay even, through the whole of the session if he chose, without any one having a right to interrupt him, except to make an observation or with his consent.

During this talking however, whether in the Senate or in the House of the Representatives, I am often enough reminded of Mr. Poinsett's words, when I praised the American talent for talking, "It is a great misfortune!" But is it better as regards this misfortune in other countries in assemblies where people make speeches? And if I do sigh now and then as I listen to a speech, yet I am interested by many on account of their straightforwardness, on account of the subjects upon which they touch, or on account of the speakers themselves. I like both to see and to hear parliamentary assemblies. Human nature seems to me great, when it stands forth and does battle for some high purpose or principle, and if it be possessed of power or of genius, it wins great victories; and I love to see human nature great and important, to see it from its private little world, its isolated point, labour for—the whole World. And even without genius, human nature here presents, as a moral power, an interesting sight

merely by its "yes" or "no." Such an assembly is in its operation a grand dramatic scene, and there sometimes occur in it scenes and episodes of much more vital effect, than many a one which we witness on the stage.

Some such, at which I have been present here, I will mention to you. But first a word about the scene itself, that is to say, the Senate, because it has an especial interest for me, inasmuch as all the senators represent States, and the characteristic and poetic features of these present themselves to my imagination, in picturesque groups, in the men who represent them. Each State in the Union sends two senators to Congress. These stand up in the Senate and are addressed not as Mr. this or that, but as the Senator of Kentucky, or Massachusetts, or Mississippi, or Louisiana, and so on; and I then immediately see before me an image of Kentucky, or Massachusetts, or Mississippi, or Louisiana, according to what I know of the life and temperament of the States, as well in spirit as in natural scenery, even though the human representative may not answer to it; and the whole fashion and form of this hemisphere stands before me like a great drama, in which Massachusetts and Louisiana, Carolina and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Alabama, and many others, are acting powers with definite individuality. Individuality is again supplied by the surname, which chance, or the humour of the people, have given to some of the States, and according to which it would be easy to christen all. Thus I behold here the Emperor-State (New York), the Granite State (New Hampshire); the Key-stone State (Pennsylvania); the Wolverines (Michigan); and many other tilt and combat with the Giant State (Kentucky); with the Palmetto State (Carolina); the French State (Louisiana), and so on. And the warfare that goes on about the Gold State called also the Pacific State (California), calls forth all those marked features and circumstances which distinguish and

separate the Northern and the Southern States, and which set them in opposition one to the other.

I will now tell you what the great apple of contention looks like, which has been here fought for during the last seven months. Behold!—

THE COMPROMISE BILL.

The admission of California as a State into the Union, the arrangement of Territorial Administration for Utah (the Mormon State) and New Mexico, as well the project for determining the western and north-western boundary of Texas.

And now a word in explanation: in order that a State can have a right to be admitted as such into the Union it is necessary for it to have a population of, at least, 55,000 souls. Until then every separate portion of the United States' land is called territory and is governed, during the period of its development and minority, more immediately by the Federal Administration which appoints a governor and other officials, and furnishes troops to defend the inhabitants against the Indians or other enemies whatever they may be, of whom the population of the Territory may complain. Every State in the Union has a right to form its own laws, on condition that they do not encroach upon the enactments of the other Federal States, as well as that the form of government be republican. The Territory again has not the privileges of the State, and people are not yet agreed as to how far its privileges of self-government ought to extend. Well now; California, the population of which became suddenly augmented to above 150,000 souls, principally by emigration from the free North-Eastern States, desires to be admitted into the Union as a Free State. New Mexico, which in consequence of the Mexican law, is free from slavery, and Utah which calls its young population,

“Latter-Day Saints,” desire also, as Territory, resolutely to oppose the introduction of slavery.

But as these three States,—that which has attained its majority as well as those which yet remain in their minority—are situated below a geographical line, called the Missouri line, which accordingly to ancient agreement is to constitute the line of separation between the Free States and the Slave States, so that all the States north of this line shall have a right to be free from slaves, and all States lying to the south of it have a right to slaves and slave-labour; and as three new States would disturb the balance of political power between the North and the South and give the preponderance to the North and the Free States, therefore do all the men of the South—yet not all!—cry “No! No!” to this; and the ultras amongst them add, “rather will we break with the North and form ourselves into a separate Union—the Southern States’ Union! We will declare war against the North!”

The Southerners insist upon it that both California and New Mexico shall be open to receive their slave-institutions, and beyond this they insist that Congress shall pass a law forbidding the Free States to give harbourage and protection to fugitive slaves, and that it shall give to them, the Southerners, the right to demand and obtain the aid of the legislative power in the Free States, for the recovery of their human property.

To this the men of the North shout “No! No!” with all their might. And the ultras of their party, add, “Rather, bloody war! We will never consent to Slavery! Away with Slavery! We will remain a free people! Congress shall pass a law to forbid slavery in every new State.”

Many of the Southerners admit in the meantime the right of California to enter the Union as a free State, but deny to the Territories any right to legislate

for themselves on the question of Slavery. The Southerners in general maintain that they do not contend for the cause of slavery, but for States'-right and the cause of the Constitution. Many are right in this assertion, but with many others, it is easy to see that the interests of slavery colour their opposition.

Other questions of contention belong to the same category, as for instance, whether Columbia, the district in which Washington stands, shall continue to hold slaves or not. There is at the present time, within sight of the Capitol, a gloomy, grey building, half-buried in trees, as if ashamed of itself, that is a Slave-pen, where slaves are brought up or kept for sale. Washington is situated in the Slave State of Maryland. One portion of the Southerners are anxious to maintain, even here, their beloved domestic institutions, as the phrase is. Another point of contention is the question about the boundaries between Texas and Mexico, and about a strip of land between the Slave-State and the yet free territory, or which shall have, and which shall give up, this piece; and Freedom and Slavery get to fighting anew on this ground about this piece of land.

Such is the aspect which this great apple of discord presents, an actual gordian knot which seems to demand the sword of an Alexander to sever.

Henry Clay's scheme of compromise says, California shall be introduced into the Union as a free state, according to her wishes; because her population of nearly 200,000 have a right to determine their measures. New Mexico shall wait for the determination of the law, until she is possessed of a population large enough to constitute a state. She shall, in the meantime, continue to be a territory without slaves. And the same with regard to Utah.

On the contrary, the Slave States shall possess the right to demand the restoration of their fugitive slaves, and, if

it be necessary, to regain them by the aid of law, as the constitution has decreed.

Columbia shall be a free district, from which slavery shall be banished.

These, I believe, are the principal points of Clay's scheme to bring about peace between the North and South. Both North and South, however, demand greater concession, each on his own side, and exclaim "No! No!" to the Compromise Bill.

This bill, which has many clauses introduced under the same head, all of which Clay wishes to have carried at the same time, has thence obtained the name of "the Omnibus Bill," and is contested under this appellation. Many Senators, who go with Clay on certain points, have separated from him on others; and it seems as if the Omnibus Bill, as such, had nearly the whole Senate against it, although some special questions seem likely to be decided according to Clay's views, among which is the principal one of California's admission into the Union as a free state: but even they who are agreed on important points may fall out with each other about trifles; and the other day I heard Mississippi sharply taken to task by Mississippi for his "dis-union tendency," on which the other half of Mississippi cried "Shame on dis-unionists!"

But now for a little about the *dramatis personæ*, or such of them as appear to me most remarkable.

Henry Clay has his seat against the wall, to the right of the entrance, is always there, attentive, lively, following the discussion, throwing in now and then a word, and not unfrequently taking himself the lead in it. His cheek and eye have a feverish glow, his voice and words are always energetic, urged on by the impulsiveness of the soul, and compel attention; his arguments are to the purpose, striking, and seeming to me to bear the stamp of strong conviction, ought to produce conviction in others; and when his strong resounding voice thunders the

battle-cry "*California*" (the last syllable of which he sounds in a peculiar manner) through the Senate, amid the fight for the freedom of California, then they feel that the old warrior leads them forth to victory. Although born in a slave state, Kentucky, and its representative, and though a slave-holder himself, Clay's sympathies are evidently wholly and entirely in favour of the system of freedom; and at the opening of this session he frankly declared that he never would allow the introduction of slavery into any new state. And herein I recognise the great statesman and the free son of the New World. On a former occasion also, he proposed a plan by which to free his native land from slavery, and which does not seem to be an impracticable one. It is this: that all children born of slaves, after a certain year, I believe that it was this present year of 1850, should be declared free, and should be brought up in a humane manner in schools, and should be taught mechanical arts and handicraft trades. This project so noble in its intention, so practical, and which in so rational a manner opens the way for a twofold emancipation, has nevertheless been rejected. The ultras, on both sides, in the Anti-Slavery and Pro-Slavery camps will not hear of it. I believe that the concession which Clay, whilst he is combating for the freedom of California and the neutrality of Mexico, makes to the Southern States, in yielding to their demands with regard to the restoration of their fugitive slaves, is a measure rendered imperative by the necessity of the moment. Since I have been in the Slave States, and seen and heard the bitterness which exists there, in particular in South Carolina, against the conduct and interference of the Northerners in the question of slavery,—since I have often heard the wish expressed for separation from the North, which ferments there, and which even makes itself seen in the Senate, I consider this concession to be necessary for the

prevention of civil war at the present moment; whilst the feelings of the South are afresh irritated by the probable accession to the North, of California, and even of New Mexico, and Utah into its group of States. The concession has its legal ground, inasmuch as conformably with the constitution of the United States, the States are bound to respect each others' laws, and according to the laws of the Slave States, the slaves constitute a portion of the slave-holder's lawful property.

I perfectly understand the bitterness which the supporters of Anti-Slavery principles must feel at the thought, that their free soil may not be an asylum for the unfortunate slave, and that the slave-catcher may there have a free career, and demand the assistance of the officials of the free states. I know that I myself would rather suffer death than give up an unfortunate slave who had taken refuge with me; but is there, at this moment, an alternative between this concession and civil war? Clay seems to consider that there is not, and Daniel Webster seems to coincide with him, though he has not, as yet, expressed himself openly on Clay's Compromise Bill.

I believe that Clay makes this concession reluctantly, and that he would not have proposed it, if he had regarded it as anything more than temporary, if his own large heart and his statesman's eye had not convinced him that the time is not far distant when the noble hearts' impulse of the South will impel them voluntarily to a nobler, humaner legislation as regards the slave-question; and that urged on necessarily by the liberal movement of humanity, as well in Europe, as in America, the New World will rid itself of this its greatest lie.

And this I also believe, thanks to the noble minds with which I became acquainted in the South,—thanks to the free South, which grows and extends itself in the bosom of the Slave States; and who can feel the movement of the spirit over the whole of this vast world's formation

without feeling that the spirit of God floats over the deep, and will divide light from darkness by his almighty—"Be thou light!" The crimson of dawn is already on the hills, and tinging the tops of the forest-trees. He who will see it, may! I do not dread the darkness conquering here.

Near Clay, and before him in the row of seats, you see the representative of the Granite State, Mr. Hale, from New Hampshire, with a head not unlike that of Napoleon, and a body and bearing like a great fat boy; a healthy strong Highland character, immovable in his principles as the granite mountains, and with a mind as fresh as the wind which blows around them. A strong anti-slavery supporter, and inflexible towards any concession on this question, he frequently puts the whole house into the best of tempers by his humour and his witty and sarcastic sallies. I like the man very much. Near to him I see the senator from Texas (the first president of that republican Texas), General Houston, who required a month to travel from his State to Washington. People listen willingly to the magnificent old general, for the sake of the picturesque and fresh descriptions which he introduces in his speeches. His expression is good-tempered and manly, with a touch of military chivalry. He has the peculiarity of cutting little bits of wood with his penknife during all the discussions in the Senate. I also see the senator from Pennsylvania, a man of Quaker-like simplicity, and with a pure and handsome countenance, among the Anti-Slavery leaders. The two senators from Ohio, Corvin and Chase, are here; the former you are already acquainted with. I see him in the Senate, sitting silent and tranquil; he has already delivered his sentiments on the important subject, and now merely makes occasionally a short observation on some speech of a Southerner. Chase has a remarkably noble and handsome exterior; I have seldom seen a

more noble or prouder figure. Such a man in private life must be a dominant spirit, and awaken love or hate. In public he expresses himself firmly, but in few words, for the principle of freedom.

The senator from New York, Mr. Seward, is a little man, not at all handsome, and with that nasal twang which not unfrequently belongs to the sons of Boston. Seward is from that city. Yet, nevertheless, that voice has uttered, during the present session, some of the greatest and noblest thoughts. He is a stout Anti-Slavery man, and is against any compromise.

"I will labour," said he, lately, at the close of a speech, "for the support of the Union, not by concessions to slavery, but by the advancement of those laws and institutions which make her a benefactor to the whole human race." Good and great!

If I now advance from the point where I began, and on the side of the principal entrance, I find, not far from Clay, a Southerner and a champion of slavery, the senator from Georgia, Judge Berrion, a man of talent and wit, and also a kind and god-fearing man, a man of refinement and high breeding, whom it grieved me to see advocating the dark side of the South, on the plea that he must maintain its rights. He stands now in opposition to Clay on the question of California's right to freedom, and the personal hostility between them has gone so far, that Clay gave up his place at our *table d'hôte*. (Clay has resumed his seat, and Berrion sits at the table.)

In the middle of this camp sits the colossus Daniel Webster, in his arm-chair, with his sallow cheek and brow, and seems to be oppressed with thought, or with the heat, perhaps with both. I call him a colossus, not because I see in him an overpowering intellectual greatness, but on account of his magnificent head and massive appearance, although he is not a large figure,

and because his influence is felt as something colossal. He has been extremely handsome, possessed of a natural, kingly, dignity, and is described as having, by his mere presence, exercised an almost magical power over human masses. He is now above sixty, and is still a handsome, powerful man, although years and thought seem to weigh upon him. Clay, though more than seventy, is in appearance a youth in comparison with Webster. Clay is always ready to fire off; Webster seems to deliberate carefully as to the charging of his piece before he applies the match.

The senators of Illinois, General Shield and Judge Douglas, are both small men, but men of talent and even of genius. In the deep, beautiful eyes of Douglas, glows a dark fire which it is said burns with ambitious desires for the office of President; but the same desires influence Clay, Webster, Seward, and many others. He speaks but little, at least in company, but his presence is felt. He looks like an ardent, clever, and determined, little man. General Shield, fair, blue-eyed, and with an honest glance, is of a more frank character. He distinguished himself, and was severely wounded, in the war with Mexico. I love to talk with him and to hear him talk. He is an active-minded and warm American, and seems to me to understand the peculiar aspect and vocation of his country.

Let us now cast a glance into the other camp. The hawk from Missouri, Colonel Benton, sits there in the midst of his own people, as well as the lion from Kentucky in the other camp, and just opposite to him. He is one of the oldest senators in Congress, and highly esteemed for his learning, his firmness, and his courage. He has fought a duel, and in cold blood slowly taken aim, and in cold blood shot his man, and he looks as if he could shoot his man in cold blood still. This duel, or more correctly speaking, his behaviour in it, has cast a shadow upon

his character in the eyes of many. He belongs to the population of "the Borderers," in America, to that class which springs up on the outskirts of the wilderness, and among a half-savage people, he has evidently accustomed himself to club-law; has accustomed himself to go with pistol and bowie-knife (a kind of crooked knife universal as a weapon in the Slave States, and called after its inventor), and which is carried, as our gentlemen carry a penknife and pencil, in the breast pocket. And Colonel Benton is a suitable representative of a Slave State, where the wild Missouri pours its turbid waters along its perilous course, forming the western boundaries of the savage mountain-land of the Indian tribes, and extending eastward to the gigantic Mississippi, where heathenism still contends for dominion with Christian law,—of that yet only half-civilised Missouri may a cold-blooded duellist like Colonel Benton very well be regarded as a worthy representative, where he can, by his resolute will and his determined behaviour, make himself both esteemed and feared as a political character. In exterior he is a strong-built, powerful, broad-shouldered, broad-chested man; the forehead is lofty, and the somewhat grey hair rises thin and slightly curled above it; below gleam out a pair of lively, but cold, grey eyes, and between them shoots forth an aquiline nose; the lower part of the countenance is strong, and shows a strong will and strong animal propensities. The figure and expression are powerful, but somewhat heavy, and are deficient in nobility. He has advocated in the Senate the freedom of California, but has opposed Mr. Clay's "Omnibus Bill." In society I have found him candid, extremely polite, and kind; nevertheless there was a something within me which felt a repulsion to that cool, blood-stained hand. If it were not for this, I should like to see more of the man. His unreserved acknowledgment in the Senate that, although the repre-

representative of a Slave State, a native of a Slave State, and himself a slave-holder, *he yet regarded slavery as an evil*, and should regard it as a *crime* to aid in the extension of the *curse* to territory which had hitherto been free; this manly, candid declaration, from a man in his position, deserves all esteem, and his vivid description of nature and the circumstances of life in the Western lands, shows both knowledge and talent.

Near to the senator from Missouri, and most striking in the camp of the Southerners, stands forth Soulé, the senator of Louisiana, and forming a strong contrast to the former. The hawk of Missouri is a proper representative of the State, with the wild river and the richly metallic mountains, the boundary of the Indians. The land where the orange glows, where the sugar-cane flourishes, and where French civilisation and French manners have been naturalised ever since they fled thither from France at the period of its extremest refinement; that flowery, beautiful Louisiana could not have sent to Congress a more worthy representative than the French Consul Soulé. Possessed of that beauty peculiar to the South, with its delicate features, eyes and hair of that rich dark colour which distinguish the Spaniards, and also the handsomest portion of the French population, Soulé has that grace of manner and expression which is found among the men of these nations, and which is not met with among the Anglo-Saxons and Northmen, however good and handsome they may be. Soulé has come forward in the Senate on the Californian question, to advocate "the rights of the South," but always as a man of genius and tact; and on the occasion of a resolution which was opposed to the interests of Louisiana as a Slave State; he also declared himself for the preservation of the Union. His great speech produced a great effect, and I have heard it praised by many. I have read it, and find nothing in it to admire as of a

superior character. The rights of the South are the highest object for which he contends, and his highest impulse is a chivalric sense of honour as regards—his own honour. “The South must not yield because the South is the weaker combatant. If the South shall be conquered, no blush of shame must tinge her cheek.”

Soulé is a French knight, but not of the highest order, not a Bayard nor a Turenne.

Mr. Dickinson, a cold-blooded senator from Alabama, a man of an acute and stern aspect, highly esteemed for integrity of character in the camp of the Southerners, sits near the inflammable Mississippi, that is to say, the younger of the senators from that State, a young man of handsome person and inflammable temperament, who talks violently for “Southern rights.” The other, and elder senator of Mississippi, Mr. Foote, is a little, thin, and also fiery man, whom I believe to be a really warm patriot. He stands for the Union, and his most brilliant moments are when he hurls himself into a violent dithyrambic against all and each who threaten it. The explosions of his indignant feelings almost lift him up from the earth, as the whole of his slender but sinewy frame responds in vehement agitation to the apostrophes of the spirit. These are sometimes so keen and full of rebuke that I wonder at the coolness with which the Senate, and certain senators in particular, listen to them: but it seems to me as if they listened with that sort of feeling with which a connoisseur regards the clever work of an artist. For the rest, Mr. Foote is always on the alert, quick to interrupt, to make observations, and sometimes calls forth by his mercurial temperament a universal smile, but of a good-natured kind, as at the bottom is Mr. Foote himself.

Near the combustible Mississippi I see a young man, also handsome, and with features bearing a remarkable resemblance to those of the Indian. That is the senator

from Virginia—his name has escaped my memory—and he is said to be a descendant of Pocahontas, the Indian heroine of Virginia. For my part, this is the most remarkable thing about him.

But now, my child, you must have had enough for to-day of politics and political gentlemen. I shall write more when I have seen more.

Two deputies from the Mormonites may also be seen in the Senate, (yet not within the Senate, but in the outer court) who present to Congress the request from the Mormon people—now rapidly increased to the number of 12,000 souls—to be admitted into the Union, and the protection of its troops against the Indians. This remarkable sect, has, since it was expelled from its first settlement on the Mississippi by the people of Illinois, wandered far out into the West beyond the Indian wilderness, Nebraska; and have founded a flourishing community, in a fertile valley bordering on a vast inland lake, called the great Salt Lake, in Upper California. I have not yet heard anything very creditable about the government or the customs of the people. Their bible, however, the Mormon Bible, I have been able to borrow here. It contains first the whole Christian Bible, after that an addition of some later pretended prophets, of whom Meroni and Mormon are the last. In the prophecies of these men is given a closer and more definite prophecy of Christ, nay indeed, almost the whole of his history, and many of his words, but nothing new in religious doctrine, as far as I can discover. The peculiarity of the sect seems to be based upon the assertion, that their prophet Joe Smith is descended directly from these later Christian prophets, and has obtained, by miraculous communication, portions of their books as well also as of their spiritual gifts and power to communicate these gifts to others, by which means they are all brought into a closer communication with Christ than any other Christians.

How a man, who evidently in many cases was a deceiver, could obtain so great an influence over thousands of people in the present Christian state of society, and was able to form them into a vast organised body, according to his law, seems scarcely comprehensible, unless it be by supposing that this man was really possessed of some extraordinary powers, partly of a prophetic kind, (and we hear of many such, similar to the oldest prophetic skill, even in the present day, as, for instance, the second-sight of the Scotch Highlanders,) and partly of worldly prudence. He was shot during the war with Illinois, and he is said to have distinctly foretold the time, and the manner of his death—but the Mormon people continue to be led by men who adhere to his laws, and who pretend to be guided by his spirit. The habits and organisation of the community is said to be according to the Christian moral code, and extremely severe.

I must now tell you something about my new home. It is at the house of Mr. Johnson, the Professor of Geology. He is now from home on a scientific journey, but is shortly expected back. His wife, her sister, and two adopted children, a handsome girl of fifteen, and a boy of thirteen, compose the whole family. Mrs. Johnson zealously denounces slavery, and as zealously advocates hydropathy. She sees the root of all evil in the former, and a cure for all evil in the latter; hers is a thoroughly good, sincere, open-hearted, excellent character, with a great deal of fresh originality. Her sister, who is several years younger, is a Quakeress, and has one of those pure, lovely countenances, so general among the women of this sect, with a quiet, intelligent manner. She always wears white, and every morning the breakfast table is ornamented with fresh roses, which she gathers in her morning walk in the Park of the Capitol; one or two roses are laid for each person, just as we used to have them at Årsta. Miss D. is the ideal of a

poetical Quakeress, and now and then she introduces a line or two of beautiful poetry into her conversation, but always appropriately, and agreeably. I feel refreshment and repose from her very presence. Mrs. J. makes me experience the same with her cold baths, the fresh originality of her character, and those disputes which, to my great amusement, I almost always hear between her and Dr. Hebbe—and above all by the delicious peace and freedom which she affords me in her excellent home.

WASHINGTON, *July 14th.*

It is Sunday, and I have remained at home from church to rest and converse with you. It is very hot, but the sycamore-tree outside my window casts a shadow, and all is kept cool by the green Venetian shutters.

And now you are indeed with mamma at Årsta, my little Agatha, and are living out in the summer air and among the flowers. May everything else at home afford you summer benefit also, and enable you to enjoy your rural life!

Here everything is again in perfect warfare. President Taylor reposes in his quiet grave, sincerely lamented by his nearest friends, and by his comrades on the field of battle. His funeral was performed with some pomp, but much less than that of Colhoun in Charleston, and attracted much fewer spectators. Political parties seemed to prepare themselves for renewed combat over his grave, and those impulses which his death seemed to have called forth in Congress towards the consideration of subjects higher than selfish and worldly interests, appear now buried with him. Mr. King, the senator from Alabama, is now the Speaker in place of Mr. Fillmore, and occupies the post with somewhat more acerbity of manner and considerably less grace. Newspaper articles are now showered down on Fillmore, who has all at once become the greatest man of the United States, scrutinising

him, his life, his conduct, his talents, character, &c., on all sides. A statesman in this country stands like a helmsman on his ship, exposed alike to all winds and weather, so that he soon becomes so weather-proof as not to trouble himself, let it blow as it may. This character of helmsman is one, however, which suits every public man, statesman, official, or author. Let the wind blow how it may, there is but one thing to attend to, one thing to ask about, namely, whether he steer according to the compass, which, in this case, is the conscience or conscientious conviction.

The biography of Fillmore shows that he also is one of the New World's "self-made men:" that his father was a poor farmer, and that the boy enjoyed only a common school education; that as a boy he learnt the tailoring trade, then was a schoolmaster, and after that a writer with a lawyer, who having observed the promising endowments of the youth, took him into his employment. His talents are not considered of the highest order; but he is praised for his character and good sense. A deal has been said about the fact of his only daughter having been at the time of his elevation, and being still, a teacher in a ladies' school. Yet not as a common teacher, but occupying for one year the situation of teacher in a school, where all the pupils must hold this office for one year before they are considered as perfectly taught.

I have, my little Agatha, nothing to say about myself excepting what is good. I live in a world full of interest, and almost every day furnishes acquaintance and conversation, which call forth more thought than I shall be able to work out for many a day, and all of which is exciting in this great heat. But let me be as weary and as much exhausted as I may, yet with the first word of real, vital interest, my heart beats afresh, my nerves are braced, and I feel myself again as strong and as full of life as ever. And I have nowhere had conversations so full of

universal interest as since I have been here ; but this must be taken into consideration, that a great deal of the wisdom of the United States is now concentrated here, in and around Congress. For they who desire to carry out any generally beneficial reforms or plans come hither to present their petitions to Congress, to talk with the members, or to watch the progress of their affairs. Among these gentlemen is a Mr. Tomsens, who is working for post-office reform, reduction of the rate of postage throughout the whole Union, similar to the reform in England in this respect ; and there is reason to believe that the thing will be carried. Mr. T., besides this, interests me by the interest he takes in the higher development of woman, and his correct views as regards its influence on the whole race. If the choice should be given me of affording education to the men or to the women of a nation, I should begin with the women, said he. But this view is tolerably general among the thinking men of the New World. T. is struck, as I have been, by the marked character of the Quaker women, and considers that it has its origin in their being early accustomed to self-government, and from their early participation in the business of civil life.

Professor Henry is one of the most amiable scientific men whom I ever met with, and his conversation affords me great pleasure. We one day talked about the supreme and universal laws ; Henry remarked that the closer we advanced toward these the simpler they appeared, and added, "In order to comprehend them in their highest truth, an angel's mind and an angel's glance are requisite."

For the rest, Henry is like Oersted, a worshipper of the laws of nature, yet without wishing to receive the natural phenomena as having reference to a spiritual world of nature, far richer than that portion which is alone considered real. And on this point I stand at issue with Henry as I did with Oersted : but, no matter what men are, what

they do is the important thing, not what they are not, or what they cannot do. One and all have to turn their own talent to good account:—We all know that; but we so often forget it,—while we blame and criticise.

Mr. Carey, the political economist, talked with me yesterday for certainly more than an hour about the true States' formation. According to him, the true and permanent States' erection must not resemble the pillar, but the pyramid. The pillar corresponds with the European monarchical form of government. But it cannot support any large additional weight without falling to pieces under it. Some years ago, when Carey saw Louis Philippe in France, concentrating the power and dominion upon himself and his dynasty, he remarked, "That can never last long! That will go to pieces!"

And so it did in very short time. The true form of government, that which will defy time and tempests, must have a broad basis, and from this build upwards; such is the form of the pyramid; such is the form of the United States government—from which, raised on the basis of public education and equal civil rights, the national weal ascends firmly and immovably on its foundation, like the Andes and the Alps of the earth. This comparison is good, and the argument is just. Less striking appears to me his theory of national economy, which would make the productions of the earth equal to its population, and render death, at least as far as his great agents, war and pestilence, go, unnecessary there,—unnecessary especially as the means of making breathing-room for the survivors. I rejoice in all theories, and all efforts which tend in this direction, because they always admit light and breathing-room and hope upon earth. But, nevertheless, it seems to me clear that an *island* which will very well support ten persons, never can support equally well ten hundred.

Yes, but say they, *an island*, a little circumscribed

space, with circumscribed resources and means, and the whole earth! but what indeed is the whole earth more than a small, a very small island floating in the ocean of the universe? Has it anything more than circumscribed resources? Can it, even if the whole of its surface were ploughed up, be anything else than a nursery, where the trees would soon choke one another if they were not thinned out; a colony for pilgrims who must emigrate to new worlds?

Ah! next to being nourished by this our earth I know no more joyful privilege than the hope of being able to leave it, to be able to emigrate from it to a larger, freer, better world. But if national economy and science did no more than render death a peaceful member of society, who came merely to the aged, and came like their best friend, sleep, that would be glorious!

Horace Mann, the great promoter of education, is a man of strong, immeasurable hope. I was depressed in mind when I talked with him, but he inspired me with a feeling of new courage. On his forehead (one of those vernal foreheads which are arched upwards with aspiring ideas) one sees the man who, merely through the influence of his brain, has erected large airy halls of learning throughout the Northern States, and who has elevated the whole social system. His views are summarily these—

We inherit capacity of mind, and good and bad qualities from our parents; one generation inherits from another. The sins and the virtues of the parent, according to the words of the Scriptures, are visited, punished, or rewarded in the person of his children, and children's children. By diffusing the influence of good education through the whole people, will the whole people be elevated, and the next generation similarly treated, and having inherited a higher nature, will be elevated still more, and so on infinitely.

Horace Mann talks on this subject with a faith which might remove mountains. He is, like Carey, a heroic nature, and is not sparing of those who oppose him, and not much liked by those who desire to live in an inactive state of mind. I, who merely opposed him to hear more of his views, have merely learned from them that which I was glad to learn.

Both these men are in the prime of life, are slender in person, youthful and lively in manner, with that beam of genius, which lighting up the countenance is its highest beauty.

I meet with many persons here whose peculiar talent or sound reason is illumined by this ray from above, which, wherever we find it, produces such an enlivening effect. And here, where every political question bears publicly or privately a close relation to the highest interests of humanity, to the highest well-being and object of humanity, and which may be dealt with accordingly; here where the social circles are at this moment and in this city, merely a drawing-room to Congress, every conversation seems naturally to turn upon questions of the most vital importance, and to receive vitality therefrom.

Never since the time, when yet quite young, I met with Montesquieu's "*Essai sur l'esprit des Lois*," and in profound solitude at Årsta lived in this book, or rather in the thoughts which it awoke on the relationship between mankind and Government, have I until now, so much lived in, and occupied myself with, such thoughts.

July 16th.—But if a stranger came to Washington at this time, and gazed out from the Capitol over that glorious country, and let his thoughts extend themselves farther yet over the territory of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; if he here took his stand during the sitting of Congress, and saw the star-

spangled banner of the United States floating from the Capitol, and thought—

“How great, how glorious must it be for the men within to glance forth, and think that over this grand, this affluent land, over this hemisphere of the world a life of liberty extends!”

Would he not be startled and amazed when he heard the answer from within the Capitol—

“No, of slavery!”

Would he not be startled and believe that he heard incorrectly; would he not believe anything rather than such a monstrous assertion, such a frightful lie in a land, the fundamental law of which says, “We regard this truth as self-evident, that *all mankind are created equal*; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain *inalienable rights*, that among these are *life, liberty, and the endeavour after happiness*,” &c.

And yet, if a stranger were now to come to Washington and listen to the voices of the Capitol, he would hear nothing but the abnegation of liberty.

I acknowledge that I felt extreme indignation to hear day after day in the Senate Pro-Slavery speeches from the men of the South, without hearing a single word in reply from the side of the Anti-Slavery party. I asked in astonishment what was the cause of this? And for reply was told that the Anti-Slavery party had already fired off all their guns and that now the other side must have their turn to talk, after which they would proceed to voting, when the protest against slavery would be availing without talking. From some speeches which I heard in the beginning, and from the printed speeches of George Seward and other members of Congress which I have read, I see that their declarations are correct, and I can only deplore that I arrived here during this period of the discussion.

It is however an important step forward in political life

that the discussion of the question of slavery is perfectly open; a few years since it was forbidden on pain of death in Congress. Courageous men, friends of humanity and public feeling, have broken down this barrier; and the combat about freedom and slavery has at this time more forcibly concentrated itself upon the inner bearing of the question, during which the instincts of humanity and noble thoughts have been called forth, even as in a landscape alps shoot upward, upon whose lofty brows the ascending sun casts his earliest beams. Among these noble thoughts is this, that God's law is higher than the laws of the State, and that, empowered by this, the community has a right to oppose the latter if they are contradictory to the former.

This is in fact merely an application of the first principle of the American Declaration of Independence to the question now under contention. But the Idealists of the North gave it utterance at this time, with a force and beauty which makes it clear to me that sooner or later it will become the standard of freedom in the strife. The opposite party in return say that they do not understand this talk about a law which is higher than the Constitution and fidelity to it. And this is even said by Daniel Webster, the Representative of the Pilgrim State; his watchwords are "The Constitution and the Union." These are his gods, and there is no God superior to them in his eyes.

July 18th.—Yesterday I heard a very remarkable speech from Webster in the Senate, which impressed me greatly in his favour. I have hitherto lived much with the enemies and political opponents of Webster, and have heard him attacked and keenly criticised in many ways. I am now convinced that he may be perfectly honest in his convictions, and I will believe that he is so. He spoke for Clay's *Compromise Bill*, gave in his full adherence to it, declaring that he considered it, at the

present moment, as furnishing the necessary terms of reconciliation between the contending States, and that he considered this reconciliation necessary to the stability and the future welfare of the Union.

He said, "I have faith in a wise mediatrix, in a healing vitality in the nation as well as in private individuals, and that whatever may be the faults and short-comings with which we are now chargeable, yet that we shall all the sooner rid ourselves of these, if we only hold together in a high-minded spirit of forbearance instead of rending asunder our band in blind over-haste."

"As to Utah," said Webster, "let her sit upon her salt plain, on the shores of her salt lake, for yet a few years if it is necessary," which called forth a general smile. He then summed up in strong, short sentences, each sentence a picture, the record of what each different State, the Pilgrim as well as the Palmetto State, had been to each other during their war of Independence; what they had suffered, how they had striven together for the general good, and ended by admonishing them to turn their regards from private interests to the common weal, to maintain the Constitution which their fathers had founded, and to practise more than ordinary virtue! "As far as myself am concerned," said he, "I will stand by the Union and all who stand by it. I propose to stand firmly by the Constitution, and need no other platform. I will do justice to the whole nation; I will recognise only *our country*; let the consequences to myself be whatever they may, I trouble not myself about that. No man can suffer too much, or fall too soon, if he suffer and if he fall in defence of his country's freedom and Constitution!"

Webster had begun his speech calmly, heavily and without apparent life. Towards the end of the speech his cheek had acquired the glow of youth, his figure became more erect, he seemed slender and full of vivacity;

and as he spoke the last concluding words he stood in full manly, almost Apollo-like beauty, in the midst of that fascinated, listening assembly, stood, still calm, without any apparent design, but as if reposing himself happy and free in the quiet grandeur of the song which he had sung. Ah! that he had but sung one still more beautiful—a yet nobler song, all then had been perfect—a victory for the light as for himself! But while he spoke for the freedom of California, he spoke also for the recapturing of the fugitive slave, even upon that formerly free soil, and no spot of American soil may ever again be said to be the home of freedom. The unhappy circumstances of the time, political necessity compelled him to this step; he could not do otherwise—so I believe; and I believe also in his confession of faith, “I believe in a healing vitality in the people,” &c.; and believe that it will show itself prophetically true.

I will however now tell you the impression produced by this speech. I never witnessed anything which more took hold upon the attention, or had a more electrifying effect. Amid the profound silence with which he was listened to, nay, as if the whole assembly held its breath, burst forth again and again thunders of applause; again and again was the speaker, the senator from Alabama, obliged to remind, and finally very severely to remind, the audience in the galleries that it was forbidden thus to give expression to their applause. With every new lightning-flash of Webster's eloquence burst forth anew the thunder of applause, which was only silenced by the desire to listen yet again to the speaker. From this fairly enchanted audience I turned my glance to one countenance which beamed with a joy so warm, so pure, that I could not do otherwise than sympathise in the liveliest manner, for this countenance was that of Webster's wife. I have heard it said that when she first heard her husband speak in public she fainted;

yet she looks like a strong, and by no means a nervous woman.

No one can, even in the effect which it produces, form too high an idea of Webster's power as a speaker; of the classical beauty and strength of his language, or the power and deep intensity of voice with which he utters that to which he desires to give strong effect. If this is not an unusually great natural power—for it has the appearance of being altogether simple and natural, then it is very great art. Our Archbishop Wallin is the only speaker whom I have heard, who, in this respect resembles Webster, and who was possessed of an equal power over his hearers.

In general, the speakers in this country scream too much; they are too violent, and shout and roar out their words as if they would be very powerful. Henry Clay is free from this fault, but he is evidently more impulsive and has less control over himself than Webster. Although the Compromise Bill has now both these great statesmen on its side, yet it is the general opinion that it will not be carried, at least in its present omnibus character—nay, that it is lost already. Henry Clay, who has battled for it these seven months, fights for it still, almost like a dying gladiator, and it really quite distresses me to see him, excited and violent, almost like a youth, with trembling, death-like hands, so thin and pallid are the fingers—push back the white locks from the lofty brow over which they are continually thrown by the violent movements of his head, whilst he is speaking or replying to attacks made upon him in the Senate. Webster is more beautiful and calmer in his whole demeanour. Nevertheless I see in Clay the patriotic hero who will conduct his native land and his countrymen onward along the path of freedom, while Webster, with all his beauty and his power as an orator, is to me merely like a great national watchman who keeps watch that the Constitution

does not take fire in any of her old corners. Webster is a mediator; a man of the Union. He is a pacificator but not a regenerator.

July 20th.—I am never able to write to you when I wish. My time is so much occupied. The great question yet remains undecided in Congress, and Statesmen fight for it to the death. Since I have seen the personal contests here, nothing appears to me more natural than the enthusiasm of the Americans for their statesmen, because heroic virtue and heroic courage is required in this intellectual combat, and that of a much higher quality than is called forth in bloody war. Yet neither is this war bloodless, although blood may not be seen to flow; the best blood of the human heart wells up and is consumed here amid the keen conflict of words.

I was yesterday witness of a single combat between the lion of Kentucky and the hawk of Missouri which made my blood boil with indignation. Colonel Benton had, the day before, made a violent attack on Clay's Compromise Bill, during which he said "The bill is caught in the fact—*flagranti delicto*—I have caught it by the neck, and here hold it up to shame and opprobrium before the public gaze," (and with this Mr. Benton held the Bill rolled up aloft in his hand) "caught it just as it was about to perpetrate its crime, just as it was about to"—&c., &c. Of a truth for three whole hours did Benton labour with a real lust of murder to crush and annihilate this "monster," as he called Clay's Bill,—to attack even Clay himself with all kinds of weapons, endeavouring to hold him up also to public disapprobation and public derision in a manner which betrayed hatred and low malice. This attack occupied nearly the whole of the day.

Yesterday Clay rose to reply, and called upon the Senate to disapprove of expressions such as those that I have given; but by this he only irritated the wild beast of Missouri to a still more personal attack, and I felt

an abhorrence of that evidently cold-blooded delight with which he, when he had discovered a weak place in Clay's position, seemed to gripe him in his claws and regularly dig into his flesh and blood. Pardon me, my child, for using so coarse an expression, but I only paint, and that in water-colours, the character of the transaction. Among other things, I remember the following.

Benton mentioned some points in the bill regarding which, he said, he had noticed Clay to be sensitive. "I see," said he, "that the senator of Kentucky is particularly impatient about that passage. I shall therefore at once dissect it, I shall at once apply the knife to its quivering nerves!" and with this he turned up his coat-sleeves—perhaps unconsciously—as if preparing himself for an operation which he should perform with gusto. I saw before me the cold-blooded duellist, perhaps turning up thus his sleeves, that he might have his wrists at liberty, slowly to take aim and finally to shoot his adversary. How I abhorred that man and his ignoble mode of combat! A strong noble anger is a refreshing sight to witness; but this beast of prey's lust of torture—shame!

That the lion of Kentucky felt the claws and the beak of the hawk I could see by the glow on his cheek, and by his hasty, feverish movements when he rose once or twice in self-defence. Yet all the more did I admire his not allowing himself to go into any personality, nor yet to retort in any other way than by remaining silent during a great part of his adversary's tedious operation, and by his continuing to be a gentleman *vis-à-vis* a beast of prey, who gave himself up to the coarse instincts of his nature. But I could not help being surprised that, during the long time that this quarrel lasted, no high-minded sentiment was excited in the Senate against this mode of bearing arms. I longed that it might. The Scandinavian pagans combated in a more chivalric

manner. I was also astonished in the evening, when in company, not to find that my feeling with regard to Senator B.'s conduct was general.

"I am much mistaken, Miss ——," said Senator H. to a young lady, a literary lioness now in Washington "if you were not cordially delighted by Benton's treatment of Clay."

"Yes," replied she, "I enjoyed it heart and soul; it was a regular treat to me!"

What taste!

Clay has not, however, always shown in the Senate the same moderation and superiority in political quarrels, and not very long since, in a contest with Benton, he indulged in a coarseness something like his own; but that was merely for a moment. That violence which with Clay is paroxysm, is natural to Benton; the former is excited, the latter falls into it from an almost incredible arrogance. Clay is surprised into it; Benton has it always at hand.

To-day, when, later than usual, I entered the Senate Clay was speaking; he was not expected to speak to-day but something which had occurred during the discussion had excited him, and I now saw him in one of those moments, when his impassioned ardour carried along with it, or controlled, the surrounding multitude. He stood with his hands closed, and his upturned countenance directed to heaven, and with a voice, the pathos and melody of which I now for the first time properly estimated, declared the purity of his intentions, and that he desired nothing but the well-being of his country. "What is there to tempt me?" asked he. "At my age a man stands nearer to heaven than earth, and is too near leaving the latter for him to be seeking reward there. The approval of my conscience is the only thing which can sustain me through the conflict."

Every one listened in silence. I felt a deep sympathy with the solitary champion, who stood here so alone among enemies, addressing a prejudiced audience, and without a friend. But the isolated state is the highest grandeur on earth, if a man knows that the Supreme Judge is his friend, or at least his one confidant.

On Monday, Clay is expected to make his last great, perhaps his dying speech, on the Californian question, after which it will probably be soon decided, and Clay, in any case, will leave Congress and go to the sea-side. I shall yet remain here a few days on purpose to hear him.

I shall now tell you of some other persons and occurrences here which have interested me. Among the former is a scientific man, Mr. Schoolcraft, who has discovered the springs of the Mississippi, far up in the Northern province, Minnesota. He has been very much among the North American Indian tribes, and has a deal to tell about them which is very interesting. He is now busy occupied in bringing out a work on them, and the country around the Upper Mississippi. He walks on crutches, in consequence of lameness, but the soul moves itself unimpeded. He is an interesting and very good-natured man.

He, and two other persons here, have excited in me the greatest inclination to visit the Upper Mississippi, the character of which is described to me as being very magnificent; to go among the Indians and see something of their wild life, and to make a journey down the Valley of the Mississippi, in its whole extent, from the North to New Orleans in the South. I must see this great future home of a population vaster, it is said, than that which the whole of Europe now contains. Since I have seen the Southern parts of North America I have obtained an idea of the life of the West, and see the truth of Waldo Emerson's words, "The poet of America has not yet appeared." And if I cannot see the poet yet, I must see

his muse, the goddess of song which shall inspire him; have at least a glimpse into the grandeur of her kingdom, and of the powers which she commands in nature; be able to form an idea of the life and development of those future generations which she will bring forth.

I saw in Mr. Schoolcraft's Collection of Indian Curiosities, among other things, small flutes, which the enamoured Indians make use of when they would declare their passion to the object of their affections. They paint and adorn themselves in their best manner, and go out in the quiet evening or night, and blow upon the flute in the neighbourhood of the tent or wigwam of their beloved. If the fair one be propitious to the lover, she shows herself outside the tent, and sometimes comes forth to him, and allows herself to be carried away. This flute is a very imperfect instrument, and the Indians, who are possessed of but very small musical powers, produce from it only a low note, almost without melody, resembling the whistling or twittering of a bird. Mr. S. has had the kindness to give me some paintings of Indian life and manners; one of them represents such a nocturnal wooing. It is not far removed from the life of the animal; one seems to see a fine bird whistling to his little mate.

I have had a view of the moon from the Observatory, through a very good telescope; have seen its sleeping "Mare Vaporum," its mountains and valleys, and the chasm in one of its mountains, better than I had hitherto done. It is a pity that this beautiful Observatory has so unhealthy a site on the banks of the Potomac, so that no astronomer can live here without endangering his health.

I went one day with a handsome, young, new-married pair, and Miss Dix, to the "Little Falls" on the Potomac, in a wild and picturesque district. There dwells here, in great solitude, a kind of savage, with seven fingers on each hand, and seven toes on each foot. He is a giant in

his bodily proportions, and lives here on fish; he is said to be inoffensive when he is left at peace, but dangerous if excited. I can believe it. He looked to me like one of those Starkodder-natures, half human and half enchanter, which the old Scandinavian ages produced at the wild falls of Trollhätta, and which the wildernesses of America seem to produce still.

Another curiosity, but of smaller dimensions, I saw also, not however in the wilderness, but in the Capitol. I was in the House of Representatives. There were not many people in the gallery, and I went forward towards the railing, so that I might hear more distinctly what was said in the hall below. Here stood beside me a little lady, meanly attired, and about middle age, but so short that she scarcely reached my shoulder. Several persons came up into the gallery to speak to me, and by this means my name was mentioned. When they were gone, my little lady turned to me, wishing also to shake hands with me and bid me welcome, which she did in quite a friendly manner, but added in a tone of vexation, "I am very much disappointed in you!"

"Indeed!" said I; "and why?"

"Well," said she, eyeing me with a grave and displeased glance, "I expected that you would have been a tall lady."

"Oh!" said I, smiling, "did you wish then to find me tall?"

"No, not precisely!—But I am very much disappointed in you!"

And with that she laid her hand upon her breast, and turning herself to me, she continued with great emphasis, "In me you see a descendant of the old Pilgrims; a lineal descendant of the great and celebrated Miles Standish!"

The little descendant evidently expected that I should fall down from sheer astonishment, but I merely said, "Oh!" If I had had spirit enough I should have added,

“I am very much disappointed in you! for the great grand-daughter of the great Miles Standish ought at least to have been six feet high!”

But like a little descendant of the great Vikings, I did not think that it became me to do battle with a great grand-daughter of the Pilgrims about our respective heights, and therefore I merely indicated my satisfaction both by glance and lips, which she could explain as she pleased. She explained it probably to her advantage, because she went on to communicate to me in a weighty manner the business which now had brought her to Congress. The little lady was grave and important, Puritanic to the last crumb; but not, I should imagine, very like the old Puritan her ancestor.

I must now give you a little domestic news. Professor Johnson is come back. When his wife read his letter, which announced his speedy return, she jumped for joy, and I jumped too in sympathy, and from the pleasure which I felt in again seeing one of those happy marriage connections which it is my delight to witness, and so many of which I have already seen in the New World. The expected husband came the next day, a strong, kind-hearted, excellent, and good-tempered man, who adds considerably by his presence to the richness and well-being of home, even as far as I am concerned, inasmuch as he reads aloud to me in the afternoons and any evenings when I am disengaged, or when the weather—which has now been wet for a couple of days—prevents my going out. In this way he has read to me Governor Seward’s excellent Biography of the late President Adams, which has struck me particularly from the heroic character of the noble statesman in his struggle against slavery. A great statesman in this country must be, at the same time a sage and a hero, if he is to be adequate to his post.

I spend most of my forenoons at the Capitol and

generally in the Senate. In the afternoons some of my friends among the senators frequently drive me out to various places in the neighbourhood; and in the evenings I receive visitors. During such a drive to-day with Governor Seward, he related to me the circumstance in his life which aroused his inextinguishable abhorrence of slavery, and his unwavering opposition to it.

Yesterday afternoon I drove with the senators from Illinois, and Miss Lynch, to an old battle-field, now a churchyard, on the banks of the Potomac. When I stood with General Shield, and beheld from this spot the extensive view of the river-banks, scattered with hamlets and churches, and villas and cottages, amid their garden-grounds, he exclaimed as he pointed it out, "See! This is America!" And so it is. The true life of the New World is not to be seen in great cities, with great palaces and dirty alleys, but in the abundance of its small communities, of its beautiful private dwellings, with their encircling fields and groves, in the bosom of grand scenery, by the sides of vigorous rivers, with mountains and forests, and all appliances for a vigorous and affluent life. One of the peculiar appliances for this vigour and affluence of life are the magnificent rivers, the many streams of water with which North America abounds, and which promote the circulation of life, both physically and spiritually, and which bring into connection all points of the Union one with another. The circulation of life and population is already very great in the United States, and it becomes greater every day by means of new steam-boat communication and new rail-roads. The North travels to the South, and the South to the North, to and fro, like shuttles in the weaver's loom, partly for business, partly on account of the climate. The Northerners love, during the winter months, to warm themselves in summer air, and to gather flowers in Carolina and Florida (as well as in Cuba, which indeed lies out of the political, but not out

of the natural Union); and the Southerners escape their always-enervating summer, during the months of May, June, July, August, and September, and seek to invigorate themselves on the cool lakes of Massachusetts and New York, or among the White Mountains of the Granite State.

The North and the South could not dispense with one another; could not break up the Union without the life's-blood of the body-politic becoming stagnant and the life itself being endangered. And the great statesmen here know that, and endeavour in the present contest, by means of a compromise, to keep the circulation unimpeded. The ultras of the Anti-Slavery party maintain that it will go on of itself nevertheless, that for twenty years has this cry of danger to the Union been heard, and that in reality there is no danger at all. But——

I have many acquaintance of more than ordinary interest among the men of Washington; but I will tell you about them when we meet. I have not become acquainted with any ladies who interest me, excepting those of this family, with the exception of Miss Dix. A young and really gifted poetess, Miss C., is too much of an Amazon for my taste, and with too little that is noble as such. She has both heart and genius, but of an unpruned kind. If I saw more of her, we might perhaps approximate more. As it is, our approximation is somewhat like that of a pair of rebounding billiard-balls. The sketches of the members of Congress and of the transactions in the Capitol, which she has published during the present sitting of Congress in one of the papers of the city, are brilliant, bold, and often striking; but they are sometimes likewise deficient in that which—I find deficient in herself. They have excited here the attention which they merit. Another gifted authoress also, who has begun to excite attention by her novels, is too much wrapped up in herself. Mrs. W., and Mrs. P., I like; but then I have so little time to see those whom I do like. I see every day

in the gallery of the Senate many elegant toilettes, and very lovely faces, which seem to show themselves there—only to be seen. Again and again, as I gaze on those lovely faces, I am obliged to say silently, regarding their expression, “How unmeaning!” And involuntarily, but invariably, I am impressed more and more with the conviction, that the women of America do not *in general* equal that good report which some European travellers have given of them. I would that it were otherwise. And the beautiful examples which I have seen of womanly dignity and grace do not contradict my opinion. But it is not the fault of the women. It is the fault of their education, which, even when it is best, merely gives scholastic training; but no higher training for the world and social life. I cannot help it. The men of America appear to me *in general* to surpass the women in real development and good breeding. And it is not to be wondered at. The American man, if he have received only a defective school education, enters early into that great school of public and civil life, which in such manifold ways calls forth every faculty, every power, and whatever capacity for business nature has endowed him with. Thus he becomes early familiar with the various spheres of life, and even if he should not fathom any of them, still there are no cardinal points in them which are foreign to him, so far as they have reference to the human weal, and the well-being of social life. Besides, he acquires, through his practical life, local and peculiar knowledge, so that when one converses with a man in this country, one is always sure of learning something; and should he have received from Mother Nature a seed of a higher humanity, then shoot up, as if of themselves, those beautiful examples of mankind and man, which adorn the earth with an almost perfected humanity, some of which I have become acquainted with under the denomination of “self-made men.”

July 21st.—I have been to-day to a Methodist Church of free negroes. The preacher, also a negro, and whom I had seen in a shop in the city, had a countenance which bore a remarkable resemblance to an ape; he had, however, that talent of improvisation, and of strikingly applying theoretical truths to the occurrences of daily life, which I have often admired among the negroes. This man possesses, in a high degree, the power of electrifying his audience; and as it is the custom in the Methodist Churches to give utterance to the feelings and thoughts, it caused an extraordinary scene on this occasion—so vehement were the cries and expressions of emotion.

The theme of the preacher was a common one—conversion and amendment, or death and damnation. But when he spoke of different failings and sins, his descriptions were as graphic as his gestures. When he spoke about the sins of the tongue, he dragged this “unruly member” out of his mouth, and shook it between his fingers very energetically. On his admonishing his audience to bid farewell to the devil, and turn away from him (after he had vehemently proclaimed the damnation which the Evil One would drag them into), his expressions took such a strong and powerful hold of his hearers, that the whole assembly was like a tempestuous sea. One heard only the cry, “Yes, yes!” “Farewell! for ever!” “Yes, Amen!” “Never mind!” “Go along!” “Oh, God!” “Farewell!” “Amen, amen!” &c. And, besides these, convulsive groans, cries, and howls, the assembly was ready for any extravagance, whatever it might have been, if the preacher had willed it. The swell of excitement, however, soon abated, when the sermon was ended.

After that, a noble instance of social feeling occurred. The preacher announced that a slave, a member of the congregation, was about to be sold “down South,” and thus to be far separated from his wife and child, if

sufficient money could not be raised in Washington to furnish the sum which the master of the slave demanded for him. And the negro congregation offered to make a voluntary collection for purchasing the freedom of the slave-brother. A pewter plate was set upon a stool in the church, and one silver piece after another rang joyfully upon it.

The whole congregation was remarkable for its respectable and even wealthy appearance. All were well-dressed, and had the expression of thinking, earnest people. I missed among the women the picturesque head-gear of the South, which had here been replaced by the unbecoming, ordinary female bonnet: but those black eyes and countenances, how full they are of ardent feeling and life! And there is always life in the congregations of this people; and though the expression of it may sometimes approach the comic, still, one never gets sleepy there, as one often does in the very proper congregations and churches of the whites.

From this negro assembly, which honourably testifies of America's behaviour to Africa, I must conduct you to a dwelling which testifies also, but in an opposite way. I went thither one morning with Dr. Hebbe and my good hostess, before we went to the Capitol, because the "Slave-pen" of Washington is situated near to the Capitol of Washington, and may be seen from it, although that grey house, the prison-house of the innocent, hides itself behind leafy trees. We encountered no one within the inclosure, where little negro-children were sitting or leaping about on the green sward. At the little grated door, however, we were met by the slave-keeper, a good-tempered, talkative, but evidently a coarse man, who seemed pleased to show us his power and authority. Mrs. J. wished to have a negro-boy as a servant, and inquired if she could have such an one from this place; "No! children were not allowed to go out from here.

They were kept here for a short time to fatten, and after that were sent to the slave-market, down South, to be sold; no slave was allowed to be sold here for the present. There were now some very splendid articles for sale, which were to be sent down South. Among these there was a young girl who had been brought up in all respects 'like a lady;' she could embroider and play on the piano, and dress like a lady, and read, and write, and dance, and all this she had learned in the family which had brought her up, and who had treated her in her childhood as if she had been their own. But however her mind had grown too high for her; she had become proud, and now to humble her they had brought her here to be sold."

All this the talkative slave-keeper told us. I inquired something about the temper and the state of mind of those who were confined here.

"Oh!" said the man smiling, "they would be unruly enough if they were not afraid of a flogging."

My honest, open-hearted hostess could not contain her indignation at this treatment of people who were not guilty of any crime. The man laughed and maintained that the negro-people, both men and women, must be ruled by the whip, and took leave of us as much satisfied with himself and his world as we were the contrary.

In Washington, near the United States' Senate House—this slave-pen! Could one not be tempted to enter and read aloud there the American Declaration of Independence! Yet there are sufficient there to read it aloud. The freedom and honour of America will not die or become paralysed in American hands.*

Have I told you about a baptism by immersion, which I have witnessed in one of the churches here? I believe not. In the South, on the banks of the Red River, in

* This slave-pen has, I believe, been removed since Miss Bremer's visit.
—*Trans.*

Maçon, and in Savannah, I had seen processions of people returning from baptisms in the river, but I had missed seeing the ceremony itself. I saw it here however in the Baptist Church; after the sermon the pulpit was removed, and we saw in the choir, before which the pulpit had stood, six young girls, each in a light grey woollen blouse, bound round the waist with a scarf, standing all in a row at the lower end of the choir. A young minister, drest in black, descended into an opening in the floor, within which was a font. Here he addressed the assembly and the young girls who were about to be baptised, on the signification of baptism; relating his own feelings when he, for the first time, was bowed into the purifying element, with the full sense of the intention and power of the rite. He invited therefore the young sisters to come to the baptism of regeneration. They now advanced forward, one at a time, led by the hand by an elderly male relative, to the edge of the font; here the minister received the hand of the young girl and conducted her down the steps. He stood facing her in the font for a moment, holding her hands; probably he then received a promise from her, but I could not hear it; after which, with her head resting on the hand of the minister, she was hastily dipped backwards under the water. It was the work of a moment, and as soon as she was raised again a song of praise burst forth, the first words of which rang in my ears, as "Rejoice, rejoice!" When the baptised reascended the steps she was received by one of her relatives, who wrapped around her a large shawl or cloak, and led her hastily out of the choir. Thus did five young girls, and one young man, pass through the ceremony of baptism; but there yet remained one of the girls, the youngest, the loveliest, who stood immovable in a corner during the long baptism of the others, like a church-angel, and might have been taken for a statue had not the lovely rose-tint on her cheek testified that

the figure was living. But I was astonished at that delicate girl's ability to stand in expectation so long and so immovably.

And now the young minister ascended from the font, and all seemed to be over. Was it possible that they had forgotten that lovely young girl, or was she really, after all, not a living creature but a statue, a church-angel? An old man came forward and addressed the congregation. He was the young girl's father; he had been her teacher, had initiated her into the life and doctrines of religion, and prepared her for baptism. He wished to have permission himself to administer the sacrament of baptism to his beloved child. He descended into the font. The statue now moved from the church wall; the young girl came forward alone with a light step, and full of trust, as a child to its beloved father, and gave herself up into his hands. It was beautiful and really affecting to see the aged and the young standing here before the eye of heaven, the father dedicating the daughter, the daughter giving herself up to her father's guidance and, through it, to a holy life; and it would have been yet more beautiful if it had taken place with the blue heavens above, and green trees around them instead of a white-arched roof and walls.

"Rejoice! rejoice!" again sang the choir in a glad song of praise, over the young girl now consecrated by baptism; and father and daughter reascended from the font.

The greater portion of the assembly, among which were a great number of children, beheld the whole affair as a spectacle, and made a dreadful noise when they went out of the church, notwithstanding the admonitions of the ministers to silence. And even by the rivers and in the silence of the woods, the rite of baptism would be disturbed by curious and self-elected spectators.

I shall now go out and refresh myself by a quiet ramble into the country with my Quaker friend, the

agreeable Miss D. Next week I shall leave Washington and return to Philadelphia to go with Professor Hart and his family to Cape May. Then after I have refreshed and invigorated myself by sea-bathing for a couple of weeks, I shall go to New York, to consult with my friends the Springs about my further journeying, whether it shall be first to the North or to the West. The young Lowells will go with me to Niagara, and if I could induce the Springs to accompany us, that would be charming. They are such agreeable people to be with, and they enjoy everything which is good and beautiful so delightfully. From Niagara I shall travel alone perhaps westward to the Mississippi—and for how long I know not. The Giants plan, but the Gods decide.

I had here last evening a great gathering of “my friends,” acquaintance, and non-acquaintance, and received flowers and distributed flowers. The Americans have a great deal of fresh cordiality and youthful ardour about them; there is no denying that.

I heard both glad and sorrowful tidings last evening—namely: that Denmark has obtained peace on the condition which she desired, and that—Sir Robert Peel is killed by a fall from his horse. The death of this great statesman is universally deplored here, but *en passant*, for people here have not time just now to occupy themselves with other people’s misfortunes. Their own affairs engage their time and their intellects, and—the heat is overpowering. The members of Congress are tired out with Congress; the speakers are tired out with hearing each other talk.

“Neither the eloquence of Demosthenes nor of Cicero, would be able to give us any pleasure!” said a wearied senator to me to-day. Yet, nevertheless, people listened willingly to the lively and witty sallies of Mr. Hale the representative of the Granite State. He, to-day, personified all the States, and spoke in character for all

their representatives, during a general attack on the Compromise Bill, in a manner which caused universal merriment.

Everybody longs in the meantime that Congress should come to a close, and that everybody may be able to set off, the one to his home, another to the seaside, every one to get away, away, away, away—from speeches and contention in the Capitol, and all the hot, high-pressure life of Washington! The last great speech of this session is expected to-morrow.

Monday, July 22nd.—Clay has made his great speech, and the question stands as it stood before, and the world goes on as it did before, but it is said that Congress will soon be at an end.

Clay spoke from three to four hours, but his speech, which was in fact a summing up of the whole state and development of the question during the session, as well as a statement of Clay's own part in the affair, did not seem to make any great impression upon the Senate. A sentimental address to the Members of Congress, bidding them to reflect upon what they, on their return home, should have to tell their wives and children about the position of their country, did not succeed at all, and called forth laughter, so likewise his warning to them to put aside all little-mindedness, all selfish impulses, &c., and for the sake of the welfare of the whole land to vote for the Compromise Bill; and this last deserved to fail, inasmuch as it represented that all opposition to the bill was alone the effect of base motives, which is not the case. I cannot, nevertheless, but admire the athletic soul of this man, and his power as a speaker.

After having spoken for more than three hours with fervour and power, sometimes with emotion, disentangling clearly and logically the progress and state of this contested question, which had occupied Congress for seven months, he stood vigorous still, and ready for a little

fencing match, although with very keen weapons—those of sarcasm and joke—with Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, who, as usual, set the whole house in a roar of laughter. Clay showed himself, however, a master in this art of fencing as well as Hale, but somewhat more bitter. Some of his attacks were so vehemently applauded from the galleries, that the Vice-President, after repeated reminders of silence, angrily said that he should be obliged to clear the galleries if the audience would not attend to his words.

Clay will now leave Washington. The rejection of his Compromise question will cost him dearly. Opposition against him and his bill is strong at this moment; and he stands with his bill just as obstinately against opposition.

I set off in the morning with Miss Dix to Baltimore, where I remain a couple of days on my way to Philadelphia.

I leave Washington; and this phasis of the life of the New World will close itself for ever to me. What have I seen? Anything nobler, anything more beautiful than in the national assemblies of the Old World? No! Have I seen anything new? No! Not at least among the gentleman senators. The *new* has our Lord given in the world which he created, and upon the new soil of which contests arise, and in the prospects which are opened by the questions between Freedom and Slavery, into regions and amid scenes hitherto unknown, and which are, even now, frequently but indistinctly seen through mists. That which is refreshing and new is in the various characters of the States represented, especially in those of the vast and half-unknown land of the West, over whose wildernesses and paradises many different races of mankind wander, seeking for or establishing homes; in the prospects unfolded by the immense Texas, out of which five States might now be formed, where Rio Grande and Rio Colorado, and innumerable rivers flow through fertile prairies; by New Mexico, with its stony deserts, “el Slano Estuccado,”

where water is not to be found for twenty, thirty or forty miles, but in whose "Valle de los Angeles," the heat of the tropics ripens tropical fruits; finally, by California, with its gold-bearing rivers, its Rocky Mountains full of gold, its many extraordinary natural productions, its Sierra Nevada with eternal snows, its great Salt-Lake, on the borders of which the Latter-day Saints, the Mormons, have established themselves in an extensive valley, the fertility of which, and the delicious climate of which, are said to rival those of Caucasus and Peru—and where equally, within these regions, exist all the natural requisites for the development of a perfected humanity. California, the greatest of all the States of the New World, a new world yet to be discovered, full of beautiful sights and pictures of horror; where the people from the East and the West pour in, seeking for the Gold of Ophir! California, which for its eastern boundary has the wild steppe-land of Nebraska, the hunting-ground of the wild Indian tribes, and on the other side the Pacific Ocean—that great Pacific Ocean, whose waves are said to strike with such regular pulsation against the shore, and with such mighty power, that its thundering sound is heard to a great distance, and the air and the leaves of the trees tremble far inland. Behold,—all this and still more such—as the prospects opened by Panama and the regions of Central America, where the people of the United States are now digging canals and laying down railroads to unite the oceans,—all this is a new and invigorating spectacle, and it is presented in the Congress of the United States. In the discussions, on the contrary, I see nothing new. I see in them the same bitterness and injustice between political parties as in the kingdoms of Europe; the same distrust of each other's honesty of purpose; the same passions, great and small; and in debate the same determination to carry their point, to have their rights, cost what it will; the same misunderstanding and personality,

the same continual deviation from the thing itself to the person; the same irritability and impatience about the beloved I, which cause incessant provocations, outbreaks of temper, explanations and fresh explanations, and an infinite number of little quarrels in the infinitely prolonged progress of the great quarrel; and which make the great men, the representatives of great States, frequently like childishly brawling children. And if it happen in addition, that the State's representative is very touchy on the subject of the honour of his State, and is ready to boil up on the slightest allusion which seems to touch its credit, and especially as the States are not just now on the best terms with each other, it will easily be seen that occasion of quarrel will exist in double measure.

So much for the dark side of the Assembly. But neither is there light wanted on the other side, and it is I believe, equally strong with that which the old world can show. There is no lack of great-minded protests against darkness and selfishness; no lack either of great-minded appeals to the highest objects of the Union, or to the highest weal of humanity. The eagle sits upon the rock of the sea, and lifts his pinions, glancing now and then towards the sun, but he has not yet taken his flight towards it. Henry Clay resembles this eagle. Daniel Webster is the eagle which wheels round in the clouds, resting upon his pinions, but flying merely in circles around an imaginary sun—the Constitution. Neither of them possess that greatness which I admire in the greatest statesman of the Old World—Moses. The greatest statesman of the New world has not yet come.

But what might not this representation be if it answered its condition and its purpose; if the representative of each individual State, permeated by the peculiar individuality of his State, its natural scenery and popular life, and by the bond of its connexion with the highest object of the Union, stood forth to speak thus for it in the

Congress! Of a truth then would the Congress of the United States become a magnificent drama, a spectacle worthy of Gods and men!

July 25th.—A cordial good-morning to you, my sweet Agatha, from a wonderfully lovely country-seat, with a view commanding the outlet of the river Patapskos into Chesapeak Bay near Baltimore. I am here with Miss Dix, a guest at General S.'s, on my way to Philadelphia. My host is a lively, cordial, clever, loquacious officer, whose wife is a beautiful quiet woman, the happy mother of ten young children; they are evidently a happy married pair, with a good and happy home. I feel such immediately on entering the house.

Having taken the kindest leave of my hearty, good and kind entertainers at Washington, and of my beloved Quakeress friend, I set off with Miss Dix, and an agreeable friend of the Downings, Mr. William R.: but it was a difficult and fatiguing day's journey, in the great heat and from many delays, in consequence of the road being broken up by the floods. I was enabled, however, to see some beautiful views of the Susquehanna river.

Late in the evening I sate in the most beautiful moonlight alone with Miss Dix, on the balcony of General S.'s Villa, looking out upon the gleaming river, the broad Chesapeak Bay, and listening to the story of her simple but extraordinary life's destiny. Among all the varying scenes of my life in this country, this was not one of the least interesting. I asked Miss Dix to tell me what it was which had directed her into the path which she now pursues, as the public protector and advocate of the unfortunate. I will tell you more of her narrative by word of mouth; now merely the words with which she replied to my question regarding the circumstances which had decided her career.

"It was," said she, "no remarkable occurrence, nor change in my inner or outer life, it was merely an act

of simple obedience to the voice of God. I had returned from England, whither I went on account of my health, which had obliged me to give up the school which I had kept for several years, and I now lived in a boarding-house, without any determined occupation, employing myself in the study of various branches of natural history, to which I had always been attached, but yet some way depressed by the inactivity of my life. I longed for some nobler purpose for which to labour, something which would fill the vacuum which I felt in my soul.

“One day when returning from church I saw two gentlemen talking together, and heard one of them say, ‘I wish that somebody would see to the gaol, for the state of things there is dreadful!’ In a moment it flashed upon me, ‘there was a something for me to do!’ And I did it. I found many unfortunate lunatics confined in the prison, together with criminals, and treated in the same manner, besides a deal of mismanagement, and many faults in the institution which I need not now mention. I wrote an account of this, and drew up a plan for its amendment, which I transmitted to the States’ government. This drew attention to the subject, and a measure was passed by Government for the improvement of the prison, and the erection of an asylum for the reception of lunatics, where they could receive such attention as they required. That was the beginning. Thus I saw the path marked out for me and it, and that which I have done in it have, as it were, been done of themselves.”

Washington lay behind me, with its political quarrels, its bitter strife of State against State, man with man, its intricate relationships and unsatisfactory prospects, its excited, chaotic state. And here was a small human life, which by an act of simple obedience, had gone forth from its privacy, from its darkness, extending itself into a great active principle, fraught with blessing for neglected beings throughout every State of the Union, like that little

river before us, which, supplied by unseen springs, had poured forth itself into that glorious creek, and in that united itself with the world's ocean! The contrast was striking; the resemblance between that human life, and the scene before me was striking also; and the peace and beauty of the night, and that pure moonlight, were like the blessing of Heaven upon them both.

Miss Dix has during her twelve years' labour, as the good angel of the prisoner and the lunatic, travelled through most of the States of the Union;—has forced her way into regions and places which had hitherto been hidden from a gleam of light, and has conveyed the message of light and hope to those who sate in darkness; she has, through her excellent memorials to the States' Governments, and her influence with private individuals, been the means of the erection of thirteen hospitals for the insane, and of an improved mode of treatment for these unfortunates, as well as of prisoners generally, particularly in the prisons of the Southern States.

She is one of the most beautiful proofs of that which a woman, without any other aid than her own free-will and character, without any other power than that of her purpose, and its uprightness, and her ability to bring these forward, can effect in society.

I admire her—admire in particular her courage and her perseverance. In other respects we hardly sympathise; but I love the place she occupies in humanity—love her figure sitting in the recess of the window in the Capitol, where amid the fiery feuds, she silently spins her web for the asylums of the unfortunate, a quiet centre for the threads of Christian love, which she draws across and across the ceaseless contests, undisturbed by them,—a divine spinner is she for the house of God. Should I not kiss her hand? I did; and do it again in spirit, with thanks for that which she is, and that which she does.

I will tell you when we meet some extraordinary

anecdotes, which she related to me from her life—so rich in adventure; they are of the most romantic kind in the history of real life.

I shall now tell you a little about Baltimore. Baltimore is the capital of the State of Maryland. Maryland is the earliest residence of Catholicism in the United States. Lord Calvert Baltimore, who went over from the Protestant to the Catholic faith, and who resigned his post in the English Government in consequence, was the founder of the colony in Maryland, which was intended, in the first place, to afford an asylum for persecuted and suffering Catholics; and not alone for them, but for people of every sect, who merely acknowledged themselves as Christians—and there are mentioned as among the earliest planters here, also Swedes and Finns. The noble and large-minded Lord Baltimore wished to erect the Catholic Church on the soil of the New World upon a broader basis than it occupied in the Old World.

The city of Baltimore became the seat of the archbishop, and the Convent of the Visitation was established there, as the mother institution of any of a similar kind which might extend themselves on the soil of the New World. Maryland had tobacco-plantations and slaves, and lived, it is said, in a patriarchal manner. It lives yet by tobacco and slaves;—less patriarchally, however, as various transactions and narratives from the chronicles of the Slave-State prove; and Baltimore is still the home of Catholicism, the seat of the Catholic Archbishop, and the Convent of the order of the Visitation. Some of Lord Baltimore's liberal spirit seems also to continue here. I visited the Convent during my stay in Washington, and liked very much what I saw, in particular the appearance and manners of the Abbess, and the young Sisters. They take the vows for their whole life, but have laid aside much of the old Catholic ceremonial, and have no peculiar habit. They principally occupy themselves in

education, as well as in the guardianship of poor orphans. Many of the best Protestant families in the United States send their children hither to be educated, because they are better instructed, and at a less expense than in most other educational institutions. Catholicism in the United States seems to have left behind it all that which made it feared and hated on the other side of the ocean, and to have taken with it merely that which was best; and here it is justly commended for its zeal in good works. The Catholic congregations here are also distinguished by their excellent institutions for children, and for the sick. That great boarding-school for young girls is the principal source of revenue for the Convent. The public examination there will shortly take place. I heard also, in a large concert-hall, some of the young girls play both on the harp and the piano, besides singing in chorus, which they did very well, and with fine effect.

I have visited both the prison and the lunatic asylum of Baltimore, but found nothing greatly to admire. Maryland is a small state, and a Slave-State. Baltimore is a large city, but is less beautiful, and has fewer trees and gardens than most of the American cities which I have hitherto seen. Baltimore is renowned for its cheerful society and beautiful women; "The Belle of Baltimore" is a gay negro song, which is sung both by the blacks and the whites, both servants and masters. But that which makes Baltimore remarkable, to my feelings, is something quite different. It is the story of a scene in a public-house, and about a little girl. Will you hear the former for the sake of the latter? You must, for they cannot be separated.

A few years ago, there lived in Baltimore a family of the name of Hawkins. They had been in better circumstances, but were reduced through the drunkenness of the father. There was a public-house in one of the lanes in Baltimore, where every day five or six drunken

companions used to assemble to guzzle all day long. Hawkins was one of this set; and although he cursed it, and cursed himself for his weakness in going there, yet it clung to him like a curse, and every day he went there, and only came thence when he was no longer able to stand; and late in the evening, or in the night, staggered home, often falling on the steps, where he must have remained lying and have perished of cold and wretchedness had it not been for his daughter, little Hannah. She sate up till she heard him coming home, and then went out to meet him and helped him up the steps; and when he fell down and she was not able to raise him, she carried down pillows and a bed-cover and made him a bed where he lay, doing all in her power to make him comfortable, and then lay down beside him. The wife, who in her despair had grown weary of striving with him, endeavoured by her own labour to maintain herself and the other younger children. Little Hannah, however, only ten years old, did not grow weary, but still watched over her father and devoted to him her childish affection. When he in the morning awoke out of his drunkenness, he used immediately to send the little girl out to get him some brandy, and she did as she was bid when her prayers could not prevail with him to abstain. She succeeded only in awakening in him a yet stronger sense of his misery and the need there was for him to forget it. He cursed himself for being so unworthy a father to such a child, and he compelled the child to give him the drink which would drown his misery. And when he by means of the fresh, fiery liquor, was revived and invigorated so that he could stand and walk, he again went to the ale-house.

Such was his life for a long time; a lengthened chain of misery and self-accusation, interrupted merely by fresh debauch. The family had sunk into the depth of poverty, and each succeeding day only added to their

distress. One morning, when Hawkins, ill both in body and mind, after the carouse of the foregoing day, awoke in his bed, he desired Hannah, as usual, to go out and get him some brandy. But the girl would not go. She besought him earnestly; "Dear father," she said, "not to-day—not to-day, dear father!" and she wept bitterly. The father in extreme anger bade her leave the room.

He got up, and with staggering steps crawled down to the usual place. Here, in the meantime, an extraordinary scene had occurred, one which is difficult to explain excepting by a mysterious and higher intervention.

The drunken companions were already there with their filled glasses in their hands, when one of them said, "It is very foolish of us though, to sit here and ruin ourselves merely for the good of ——!" meaning the master of the public-house. The others agreed.

Some one of them said, "Suppose that from this day forth we were not to drink another drop!"

One word led to another. The men hastily made an agreement and drew up a paper, in which they bound themselves, by oath, to a total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

When Hawkins therefore entered the public-house, he was met by his companions with the temperance pledge in their hands, and by the cry from all, "Sign it! sign it!"

Astonished, overpowered, almost beside himself, he added his name to that of the others. Without having asked for a drop of brandy he now hastened home, as if from a new sort of carouse. He found his wife and his daughter together. He threw himself upon a chair, and could only ejaculate,

"It is done!"

His paleness and his bewildered aspect terrified them; they asked him what he had done.

"I have signed the pledge!" exclaimed he at length.

Hannah and his wife threw themselves upon his neck. They all wept—tears of a new delight.

It was from this point, from this scene in the public-house that the movement commenced which has since spread itself with lightning speed through the United States, carrying hundreds of thousands of human beings along with it, until it has grown into a mighty wall, a bulwark against drunkenness, which had for some years begun to spread itself over the land like a swelling tide, bearing along with it to destruction persons of all classes.

These formerly drunken companions of the public-house in Baltimore became Temperance lecturers, and, under the name of "the Washingtonians," went forth, many with them, to hold meetings in cities and in the country in which they addressed large multitudes, their own life's experience giving colour and vitality to their pictures of the curse of drunkenness and the bliss of an amended and pure life.

They came to Boston, and Hawkins with them. People wished him to speak, but Nature had not formed him for an orator, and he was scarcely able to stand up before an assembly. He did it, however, at the request of many persons: Marcus Spring was present on this occasion, and he gave me the account. Hawkins, when he stood up, began with these words, "I have been a drunkard!" and then stopped short, as if overcome by the memory of that time and the solemnity of the present moment. The numerous assembly clapped and encouraged him, and inspired him with new courage.

He began again, but merely to relate the history of his former misery, and of little Hannah's conduct towards him. The simplicity of the narrative, its intrinsic beauty, the sincere emotion of the man as he related it, made a deep impression.

After this, one and another rose, and spoke the inner-

most truth out of their heart's or their life's experience. One voice out of many exclaimed, "Is there then hope even for me?" "Yes! yes!" cried another; "come, brother, come and sign! We will stand by you!"

Thousands of people this evening signed the pledge. The good M. said that he himself became so excited and was so affected by the scene, that he too rose up to express to the meeting the pleasure which it had afforded him; but scarcely had he said two words when he lost himself, forgot what he meant to say, and sat down again with the firm resolve never again to stand up as an orator.

The history of this conversion is in reality very extraordinary, because the operating cause proceeded not from that little heroine alone. I believe she stood in secret relationship with a good angel, and that it had found its way to the public-house that very morning, and whispered in the men's ears that they should outwit the landlord. A cunning little female-angel it was, I am pretty certain!

Hawkins still continues to travel about the country as a Temperance lecturer. He has, as such, accumulated a little property, and acquired a position; and little Hannah is at the present time with him in the West, no longer little Hannah, but a nice young girl of sixteen. The history of Hannah Hawkins is my "Belle of Baltimore."

Among other guests last evening at General Stuart's was a Miss ——, I have forgotten her name—an elderly and very agreeable lady she was, and a splendid human being, with a warm heart and a fresh spirit. She was the daughter of a wealthy slave-holding family, and on coming of age emancipated her slaves; and, as she was rich, gave to every one of them—somewhat above twenty in number—a small gratuity wherewith to begin an independent career. She told me that one of these slaves, a negro who had always distinguished himself by his good conduct, had as a free man acquired considerable property by trade, so

that he was able to live in comfort and independence. But his son, who was a spendthrift, so much reduced his father that, in his old age, he was obliged to maintain himself by hard labour—I believe as a “cart-driver”—that is, one who carries materials to the roads and for building. At length the old man fell sick, and knew that his end was near. He sent, therefore, a message to his former owner, Miss ——, begging that she would come to him, otherwise he could not die in peace. She went to his house, and found the old man in a mean room, lying in bed, and very weak.

“Missis!” said he, “you have always been good to me, and I have thought I must tell you that which lies on my mind, and beg you to help me, if you can!”

Miss —— told the old man to speak freely.

He continued. “You know, missis, how I lost my property. I have now for several years maintained myself by my labour, always paying my way. Latterly, however, I have not been able to avoid getting into debt, and I shall not die easy if I do not know certainly that these debts will be paid. Missis! I beg of you to pay my debts!”

“And how large are your debts?” asked Miss ——.

“Fifteen dollars!”

“Make your mind easy, dear Jacob,” said Miss ——; “I can and I will pay them.”

“God bless you for it, missis!”

“Now, answer me, Jacob,” said she, “one question which I will put to you, and tell me, on your conscience, have you, as a free man, felt yourself happier than when you were a slave in my father’s house?”

“Missis,” said the old man, solemnly, raising himself up in his bed, “your parents, my master and missis, were always good to me, and in their house I never knew what want was. As a free man, and especially in my latter years, I have suffered very much; I have suffered

hunger and cold; I have had to work in rain, and snow, and storm; but yet, missis, I have borne that suffering unrepiningly, because I was free, and would willingly suffer it again, merely to have my freedom and the right to control my own actions, for that has been my greatest treasure."

In the combat of freedom against slavery this testimony is of no small value.

Nevertheless, it would not be difficult to produce testimony on the opposite side, of fugitive slaves who, in the Northern States, have been asked by old friends from the South what they thought about freedom, and they have answered, that they "were sick of it; that they wished massa would take them back again!" So I have been told, and I feel certain of the truth of it. That dispositions naturally lazy, and not accustomed to independence, should prefer "the fleshpots of Egypt" and the bondage of Egypt to freedom, with hard labour and scanty food, is quite intelligible; and that the servants of good masters in the South should, when they find themselves free among people who care nothing about them, or are not kindly disposed, and that in a severe climate, far from their former warm homes, warm hearts, and warm parlours, is very natural also. For my part, it only seems extraordinary that so few instances occur of fugitive slaves returning to their former connexions, and begging "massa" and "missis" to take them back again. But by no means is it allowable to judge on either side of this question between freedom and slavery by isolated facts and anecdotes; judgment must be based upon principle, must be based upon that truth which is immutable and of universal application.

When Bernsdorf, the great statesman of Denmark, emancipated the peasant serfs on his estate, these assembled to a man and besought of him, with tears, that

he would not give them up, but still continue to be their paternal lord and master ; that he would annul the declaration which made them free.

“ You do not understand what I have done for you,” replied Bernsdorf ; “ but you will understand it at some future time, and your children will understand it and thank me.”

And he maintained that which he had done. And he did more, inasmuch as he established schools and other institutions for the improvement of his dependents, and prepared them, by these means, properly to avail themselves of their freedom.

PHILADELPHIA, *Saturday Morning.*

Once more, my little Agatha, am I in the “ Friends ” city, after a beautiful day’s sail on Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware, disturbed only by strange ladies who asked and asked again the usual senseless questions. Ah, if they only knew how they tormented me, how much I required silence and rest, they would leave me at peace. I am so worn out by the life of excitement, and by the heat in Washington. I must endeavour to regain my strength by the sea. The gentlemen were much better ; I met with some sensible kind people amongst them.

Professor Hart came on board to meet me at Philadelphia, and took me to his house, where I now am, as a member of the family.

In company with Lucretia Mott I visited several families of free negroes in this city, among the rest the negro minister of an Episcopal Church here ; he was a tall, good-tempered, and most respectable man, a daguerreotypist, and spoke French and some other languages very well. These free negroes strike me in the same way as the slaves ; they are good-natured and full of feeling, with a deal of imitative power and great originality, but their excellent qualities are of quite a

different kind to those of the whites, and no schools or institutions of learning will ever bring them to the same point; nor do I know why they should be so brought. The merits of the whites are accompanied by the faults of the whites.

Among the few coloured people, as they like to be called, whom I saw here, I was most interested by a young mulatto woman, Sarah Douglas, a charming girl, with a remarkably intelligent countenance. She was the teacher in a school of about sixty children, negroes and mulattoes, and she praised them for their facility in learning, but said that they forgot equally fast, and that it was difficult to bring them beyond a certain point. She herself was one of the most beautiful examples of true cultivation among the coloured people.

I have also again paid a visit to dear Mary Townsend, that beautiful child of the Inner Light, with those supernaturally beaming eyes. I now knew for the first time that these beaming eyes could scarcely bear the light of day, that she was not able to read nor to write a page without extreme suffering, and that her work on "Insect Life" was dictated with bandaged eyes. Thus lay she immovable and blind, as she prepared the winged life of the children of nature, "thankful," writes she in her preface, "if my little book may be a means of preventing the cruelty to insects which children are so prone to." "It has enabled me at times to forget," says she further, "that I was confined within the four walls of my chamber. It has taken me out into the fields and into the roads, and renewed my admiration of the wonderful works of the Creator."

Thus lies she, as it were, fettered and blind till the day when the deliverer Death shall release the angel's wings. Fettered and blind, and yet nevertheless how keen eyed and winged in comparison with many! The effect of that inner light! She is called in the family

“the Innermost!” and I will convey her image across the sea to my “Innermost.”

That inner light! That life of the inner light! I thank the city of the Friends for a new revelation of this.

The next time I write to you will be from the sea-side in New Jersey. On Thursday we go to Cape May. But before that I shall make an excursion into the country, to the house of a lady, a friend of Mr. Downing, an American Madame de Sevigné.

LETTER XX.

CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY, *Aug. 2.*

I SPENT last Saturday and Sunday at a beautiful country-seat near Philadelphia, among beautiful, rare flowers, principally Mexican, with their splendid fiery colouring, and flocks of humming-birds, which fluttered amongst them, dipping their delicate, long bills into the flower-cups. A real feast it was, of lovely natural objects out of doors; and within doors, everything ornamented, rich, beautiful, aristocratic, but too exclusive, at least for my taste, and with too little in it of really “high life.”

I write to you to-day from the sea-side, with the great free ocean heaving up towards the sands opposite my window, and just before me, in the midst of the waves, a scene of the most democratic-republican character.

But I must, however, tell you something about my visit to the beautiful villa, because I was there present at the marriage-feast of the maize, and saw the wedding-dress, and I must tell you something about it.

The maize is of the class *diœcia*. The male flower develops itself in a spiked head which is placed aloft on the top of the strong green plant, somewhat like the sea-reed with us, only much thicker in stem and in leaf. This

head of male-flowers waves merrily in the wind, quite like a *bon vivant*, and scatters abroad his pollen like a cloud. Lower down, and enclosed in the stem, is placed the ear of maize-corn, enveloped in pale-green sheaths, which at the season of the blossoming open themselves a little at the top, in order to give room for a tuft of brilliant silky thread, varying in all the colours of the rainbow, but principally of violet and gold. It does not come very far out, and withdraws itself again after the ear, by means of it, has saluted the air and the light, like some of those small white plumes upon the pistils of the rye and wheat with us. These grand silky tufts were just now out, and I broke off one of these heads, and carefully unwrapped the one green garment after another. Seven green coverings did I thus remove, each inner one becoming of a still softer tint and still finer texture than the preceding, the nearer they approached the ear. Most cautiously did I remove the last pale green covering, and a spirally enwrapped veil of brilliant, white, silky thread streamed softly down from the rich, pearly ear; most lovely, most inexpressibly rich and pure! Each corn-pearl had its silken-thread, all were turned to one side, and wound round the ear, and united themselves at the top, where they pressed towards the light, and received colouring from its rays.

A spirit of worship arose in my soul at the sight of that hidden but now revealed glory, and I could not but recall the words of the Saviour; "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these!" It was infinitely beautiful, and I wished that you could have seen it with me.

I must mention among the flowers the tiger-lily, on account of its unusual splendour. In the evening I saw a moth fluttering over the flowers, which was so like a humming-bird in its manner of flying and sipping from the flowers, with a short beak-like proboscis, as it fluttered

on the wing, that I was for a moment uncertain whether it belonged to the class of birds or of butterflies till I came near, and saw the four legs. I cannot learn its name. Some maintain that it is called "Lady's-bird."

In a general way, gentlemen and ladies in this country know but very little about natural objects, except simply as regards use and pleasure. This ignorance, especially in the South, and in the midst of this affluent animal and vegetable world, seems to me really lamentable. Human beings ought, indeed, to enjoy Nature in another way than oxen and butterflies; they should, as the lords of creation, reverence themselves and their Creator, by contemplating His works with intelligent minds, learning their meaning, and, as priests and priestesses of Nature, explaining her wisdom and interpreting her song of praise. It would be a worthy occupation for people of "high life;" and "high life" in the New World becomes an empty idea, if it does not teach itself to sing a new "high song," higher than Solomon's, higher than Odin's and Wala's, but in the same spirit.

I went from Philadelphia with Professor Hart and his wife, on a beautiful July day, to Cape May; and beautiful was our journey upon the mirror-like Delaware, with its green, idyllian, beautiful shores. During the day I read Mr. Clay's "Annals" of the Swedish Colony upon these shores, and experienced heartfelt delight in glancing from the historical idyll to those scenes, where it had existed in peace and in piety. The temerity and the war-like dispositions of two of the leaders, Printz and Rising, were the cause of disturbances which ultimately led to the overthrow of the colony; but the people themselves were peaceful and contented. The names which they gave to different places, New Götheborg, Elfsborg, &c., prove the affection which they bore to the mother country. And how enchanted they were with the New World, is shown by the name of Paradise Point, which they bestowed upon a

point where they landed on the shore of the Delaware ; and by many anecdotes preserved by their Swedish annalist, Campanius. Here in the Vineland of the old Sagas did the Swedes find again the wild vine, and many glorious fruits which they mention. Here, amid these beautiful, sunbright hills and fields, they lived happily, even though under a foreign sway ; “ for,” says the chronicle, “ the new government was mild and just towards them ; but it caused them to forget their mother country.” The memory of that first colony upon these shores is, however, like the fresh verdure which covers them. I contemplated them with affection. Peace and freedom had been planted here by the people of Sweden.

In the evening we reached Cape May and the sea.

And now for the republic among the billows ; not at all “ high life,” excepting as regards certain feelings. It is now about ten o'clock in the morning ; a very parti-coloured scene presents itself on the shore at an early hour ; many hundreds, in fact more than a thousand people, men, women, and children, in red, blue, and yellow dresses ; dresses of all colours and shapes—but the blouse-shape being the basis of every costume, however varied,—pantaloons and yellow straw hats with broad brims and adorned with bright red ribbon, go out into the sea in crowds, and leap up and down in the heaving waves, or let them dash over their heads, amid great laughter and merriment. Carriages and horses drive out into the waves, gentlemen ride into them, dogs swim about ; white and black people, horses and carriages, and dogs—all are there, one amongst another, and just before them great fishes, porpoises lift up their heads, and sometimes take a huge leap, very likely because they are so amused at seeing human beings leaping about in their own element.

It is, as I have said, a republic among the billows, more equal and more fraternised than any upon dry land ; because the sea, the great, mighty sea, treats all alike,

roars around all and over all with such a superiority of power, that it is not worth any one's while to set themselves up in opposition to it, or to be as anything beside it; the sea dashes over them all, dashes them all about, enlivens them all, caresses them all, purifies them all, unites them all.

Among the citizens in the billows you must particularly notice one couple, a citizen in grand flame-coloured attire, and a citizeness in a brown, cabbage-butterfly-striped woollen gown. The citizeness distinguishes herself by her propensity to withdraw from the crowd to some solitary place, by her wish to be independent, and her inability to keep her footing against the waves; and these waves hurl her pitilessly enough upon a sandbank, where she is left alone to her own powers and a trident (a three-grained fork), with which she endeavours to keep herself firm on the ground, but in vain; while the citizen goes back to take out his wife. This couple are Professor Hart and the undersigned. Presently you might see me rise up out of the water, tired of struggling with the waves and being dashed on the bank—now sitting upon it like a sea-mew, surrounded by white-crested, tumultuous billows—now contemplating the ocean and infinite space, and now that parti-coloured company among the waves by the shore,—very unlike that in the Capitol of Washington! Here human beings do not appear great, nor remarkable in any way, and more like ungraceful, clumsy beasts than the lords and ladies of creation, because the garments in which they are attired are not designed to set off beauty.

I was at first almost frightened at the undertaking and the company, and at the unlovely, apparent rudeness of this kind of republic; but I longed for the strength of the sea, and thought, "We are all as nothing before our Lord, all of us sinners, poor wretches all of us!" And I went out among the rest. And though I am not yet as much at home among the waves as I see many others are, yet I

am already enchanted with this wild bath, and hope to derive much good from it. It gives me a peculiar impression of a something at once grand and delightful; the waves come on like a giant, strong, but at the same time kind, gentle and mighty, almost like a god, at least, like the power of a god, full of health-giving life, so that when I feel them sweeping over me, I involuntarily seem to think that it would not be hard to die amid them. But be not afraid, my child; you may depend upon it that I will take care of myself; and here there are others who would also take care of me, for even here I have kind friends, although, in order to be at peace, I do not by any means court their civilities, but keep at a distance from them. This is not quite in accordance with my disposition, and it really is painful to me to turn this unfriendly side to those who make advances towards me in kindness, but I must endeavour to gain a little strength for the coming campaign,—I must have silence and repose,—I must rest a little.

With Professor Hart and his wife I get on excellently; they are quiet, kind, earnest people; they let me do as I like. I have a nice little room near theirs, with a fine view over the ocean, which here, without islands or rocks, rolls up unimpeded upon the low sandy shore; I hear its roar day and night from my open window, for I have, for several months, slept with my window open and the Venetian shutters closed, as people do here generally. I rest and enjoy myself, as I have not hitherto done in this country. The restless mind however labours still, writes romances and dramas, the scenes of which are all laid in Sweden, although the scenes here have given life to them; but I live for Sweden in all that I do and all that I imagine.

Now are you also, my Agatha, by the sea, and bathing in the salt waves. Oh! may the quiet bathing at Marstrand revive and invigorate you as much as I feel

these wild ocean-bathings invigorate me! These would not however suit you; they are too powerful.

August 10th.—How beautiful it is to be here; how pleasant to pause from going out to see things, from the excitement of hearing, and learning, and from social life and conversation! How good it is to be alone, to be silent and quiet! And the sea! the sea! that grand, glorious sea, how soothing and refreshing it is to contemplate it, to listen to it, to bathe in it! I sit every morning, after my breakfast of coffee, Carolina rice, and an egg, by the sea-side, under a leafy alcove, with a book in my hand, and gaze out over the sea, and into the vast expanse of sky; see the porpoises in flocks following the line of the coast, and hear the great waves breaking and roaring at my feet. The porpoises amuse me particularly; they go for the most part in couples, and pop their heads up out of the sea as if to say “good morning,” making a curve of their bodies, so that the upper part is visible above the surface of the water; after this curved movement, made slowly and with a certain method in it, they plunge their heads down again and vanish in the waves, but are soon seen up again doing the same as before. They are large fishes, I should imagine about two ells long, and seem in form not to be unlike our largest salmon, and they have a something very grave in their movements, as they thus offer us their salutations from the deep; sometimes however they give great leaps.

Do you know why I sit with a book in my hand while I am looking out on all this? It is that people may think I am reading, and thus be prevented from interrupting me; excepting for this, I should have no peace. And I am become nervous to that degree by the incessant talk of strangers, and the repetition of ever-recurring questions, that my heart begins to beat if any one only sits down on the same bench with me, lest they should begin to talk to me; therefore, whenever this occurs

I fix my eyes immediately on my book. In the mornings however my leafy drawing-room is tolerably free from people, and interesting porpoises are sometimes the only living creatures that I see.

I have had some rich hours here nevertheless, by the actual reading of a book lately published, the fourth part of Örsted's "*Aanden i Naturen*," in which he still further develops, as I besought of him to do in Copenhagen, those germs of thought which lie hidden in his glorious little work, "*Ofver förnuftlagarnas enhet uti hela universum*." Never shall I forget the delight which thrilled through me the morning on which I first read this little work, which Örsted had given to me, and when the consciousness that it was equally applicable to the whole higher human intelligence, flashed through my soul like lightning! It was early in the morning, but I could not resist going to Örsted and telling him my delight and my presage. That morning, and the conversations which thence ensued between the amiable old man and myself during the winter which I spent in Copenhagen, and the rich hours which they afforded me, I lived over again here whilst I have been reading this new work of Örsted's, and during the glorious prospects which have opened to me even beyond the horizon, which has been indicated by this noble, scientific man. But Örsted has done his work in a large manner; and whilst he has determined that which is known certainly, and that which, in all probability, may be taken for granted, he has left the field open for still further research and deduction, by the guidance of those laws and analogies which he has pointed out. How I rejoice in the thoughts of being able, on my return to Denmark, to see again this estimable old, but youthful-minded, man.

But I must now tell you about my life at Cape May. I pass my mornings in company with the sea and the porpoises. When the tide comes in—as for instance this

morning at half-past ten—and the waves advance farther and farther on the sands, I attire myself in bathing costume, and thus go out into the sea, but before the great crowd assembles there, and let myself be washed over by the waves, most frequently having hold of Professor Hart's hand, sometimes in company with a lively Quaker lady, a niece of Lucretia Mott; sometimes also alone, for I have now become quite expert in wrestling with the waves, and in keeping my balance in them. One remains in the water about a quarter of an hour, and it feels so pleasant that one is quite sorry to come out. After this bathing, I go to my chamber, write a little whilst my hair dries, drink a glass of good ice-cold milk, with a piece of excellent wheaten bread, and then lie down on my bed for an hour, where, hushed by the great cradle-song of the sea, I fall asleep directly as lightly and pleasantly as, I imagine, little children slumber to their mother's lullaby.

When I wake, I dress myself quickly for dinner. The dinner hour is two, and a noisy scene it is! There sit, in a large light hall, at two tables, about three hundred persons, whilst a thundering band is playing, waited upon by a regiment of somewhat above forty negroes, who march in and manœuvre to the sound of a bell, and make as much noise as they possibly can make with dishes and plates and such-like things, and that is not a little. They come marching in two and two, each one carrying a dish or bowl in his hands. Ring! says a little bell held aloft by the steward, and the dish-bearers halt. Ring! says the little bell again, and they turn themselves to the table, each one standing immoveably in his place. Ring! And they scrape their feet forward on the floor with a shrill sound, which would make me ready to jump up, if the whole of their serving were not a succession of scraping and shrill sounds and clamour, so that it would be impossible to escape from their noisy sphere. The dinners

are, for the most part, very good, and the dishes less highly seasoned than I have been accustomed to find them at American tables, and especially at the hotels. Although I here always find a deficiency of vegetables, yet I am fond of one which is called *squash*, and which is the flesh of a species of very common gourd here, boiled and served up much in the style of our cabbage, and which is eaten with meat. It is white, somewhat insipid, but soft and agreeable, rather like spinach; it is here universally eaten; so also are tomatoes, a very savoury and delicately acid fruit, which is eaten as salad. Of the second course I dare not venture to eat anything but sago pudding or custard, a kind of egg-cream in cups, and am glad that these are always to be had here.

One standing dish at American tables at this season is the so-called "sweet corn." It is the entire corn ear of a peculiar kind of maize, which ripens early. It is boiled in water and served whole; it is eaten with butter, and tastes like French *petit pois*—they scrape off the grains with a knife, or cut them out from the stem. Some people take the whole stem and gnaw them out with their teeth: two gentlemen do so who sit opposite Professor Hart and myself at table, and whom we call "the sharks," because of their remarkable ability in gobbling up large and often double portions of everything which comes to table, and it really troubles me to see how their wide mouths, furnished with able teeth, ravenously grind up the beautiful white pearly maize ears, which I saw so lately in their wedding attire, and which are now massacred, and disappear down the ravenous throats of the sharks. When I see that, I am convinced that if eating is not a regularly consecrated act, and is it not so in the intention of the grace before meat?—then it is a low and animal transaction, unworthy of man and unworthy of nature.

After dinner I again sit with my book in my hand, and contemplate the sea, and enjoy the life-giving sea-breeze.

Some bathing again takes place towards half-past five, when the tide again rises, and occasionally I also take a second bath, but in a general way I find that once a day is sufficient, because the wrestling with the waves makes bathing fatiguing. I mostly about that time take a walk, and sometimes call on people who have visited me, either in this great hotel where we are, or in some of the small cottages scattered about. When it gets dark, and it gets dark early here, I walk backwards and forwards in the upper piazza, which runs round our hotel—the Columbia House—and contemplate the glorious spectacle produced by the lightning, and the unusual eruptions of light with which the heavens have favoured us every evening since I have been here, without thunder being audible. The one half of the vault of heaven during these wonderful lightning-exhibitions will be perfectly clear and starlight; over the other half rests a dense cloud, and from its extremities, and from various parts of it, flash forth eruptions of light such as I never saw before; fountains of fire seem to spring forth at various points, at others they flash and sparkle as from the burning of some highly inflammable substance; gulfs open full of brilliant and coloured flames, which leap hither and thither; and from the edges of the cloud where it appears thin and grey, spears and wedge-like flashes are sent forth incessantly, while towards the horizon, where the cloud seems to melt into the sea, it is illumined by far-extended and mild gleams of lightning. In short it is an exhibition of celestial fire-works, which are always new, astonishing, and, to me, enchanting. We have had two magnificent thunder-storms, when the lightnings flashed and crossed each other over the ocean, so that it was a really grand spectacle. The weather just now is perfectly calm, and the days and nights are uninterruptedly delicious and beautiful. We have frequently music and earthly fire-works on the beach opposite our hotel, so that we do not

experience any want of cheerful amusement. To the same category belong the cavalcades of gentlemen and ladies on the beach, driving about in light, little carriages, the crowds of pedestrians wandering along the shore, seeking and finding Cape May diamonds, small, clear crystals, which, when cut, present a remarkably clear and beautiful water. Later in the evening, when the moon rises, Professor Hart and myself may often be seen among the pedestrians; for I like to hear him develope his thoughts on the subject of education; I like to hear his method of awakening, and from year to year anew awakening and keeping alive the attention of the boys, and calling forth their peculiar faculties into full self-consciousness and activity. His theory and his practice in this respect seem to me excellent; and the progress of his school, and the ability and the cleverness of the boys in their various ways when they leave the school, testify to the correctness of the principle and the excellence of the method.

The roar of the sea is generally lower in the evening than in the day, the slumbrous light of the moon seems to lull the restless billows, and their song is one of repose. Sometimes I go to a little distance inland, and listen to the whispering of the maize in the evening breeze—a quiet, soothing sound! Thus approach night and sleep to the great cradle-song of the sea. Thus pass the days with little variation, and I only wish that I could prolong each twofold. It is said that the number of bathers here is from two to three thousand persons.

“Miss ——, may I have the pleasure of taking a bath with you, or of bathing you?” is an invitation which one often hears at this place from a gentleman to a lady, just as at a ball the invitation is to a quadrille or a waltz, and I have never heard the invitation refused, neither do I see anything particularly unbecoming in these bathing-dances, although they look neither beautiful nor charming, in particular that tour in the dance in which the gentleman

teaches the lady to float, which, however, is not a thing to be despised in case of shipwreck.

Very various are the scenes which on all sides present themselves in the bathing-republic. Here a young, handsome couple, in elegant bathing attire, go dancing out into the wild waves holding each other by the hand, and full of the joy and the courage of life, ready to meet anything, the great world's sea and all its billows! There again is an elderly couple in grey garments holding each other steadily by the two hands, and popping up and down in the waves, just as people dip candles, with solemn aspects and merely observant to keep their footing, and doing all for the benefit of health. Here is a young, smiling mother, bearing before her her little, beautiful boy, a naked Cupid, not yet a year old, who laughs and claps his little hands for joy as the wild waves dash over him. Just by is a fat grandmother with a life-preserver round her body, and half sitting on the sands in evident fear of being drowned for all that, and when the waves come rolling onward catching hold of some of her leaping and laughing great children and grandchildren who dance around her. Here a graceful young girl who now, for the first time, bathes in the sea, flies before the waves into the arms of father or mother, in whose embrace it may dash over her; there is a groupe of wild young women holding each other by the hand, dancing around and screaming aloud every time a wave dashes over their heads, and there in front of them is a yet wilder swarm of young men, who dive and plunge about like fishes, much to the amazement of the porpoises (as I presume) who, here and there, pop their huge heads out of the billows, but which again disappear as a couple of large dogs rush forward through the water towards them in the hope of a good prize. Sometimes when one expects a wave to come dashing over one, it brings with it a great force of ladies and gentlemen, whom it has borne along with it, and one has then to take care

of one's life. Three life-boats are continually rowing about outside this scene during the bathing season in order to be at hand in case of accident. Nevertheless, scarcely a year passes without some misfortune occurring during the bathing season, principally from the want of circumspection in the bathers themselves who venture out too far when they are not expert swimmers. The impulse of the waves in the ebb is stronger than in the flowing tide, and it literally sucks them out into the great deep ; and I cannot in such case but think upon the legend of our mythology, about "the false Ran" which hungers for human life, and drags his prey down into his bosom. There is no other danger on this coast ; porpoises are not dangerous, and of sharks there are none excepting at the dinner-table.

A shipwreck has lately occurred not far from Cape May, which has crushed the hope of many a heart, and has made a deep impression upon thousands of minds in the North-Eastern States.

One stormy night during July, a brig was stranded upon a rock on the coast of New Jersey. This brig conveyed to her native land the Marchioness Ossoli (Margaret Fuller), the object of so much conversation and so much blame, of so much admiration, of so much attention in the New England States, and with her came her husband, the Marchese Ossoli, and their little boy. They all perished, after having seen death approach for four hours ; whilst the waves dashed to pieces the vessel which had borne them hither. As I recollect I mentioned to you Margaret Fuller's letter to the Spring's from Gibraltar, in which she spoke of her presentiment of evil, of the captain's death, &c.

After the death of the captain, the first-mate took the command of the vessel. He seems to have been an expert seaman, and so certainly calculated on bringing his ship safe into port, that the evening before the disaster occurred

he assured the passengers that on the morrow they should be in New York. All, therefore, went to rest, and were woken in the early dawn by the vessel being aground. The helmsman had mistaken one beacon in these roads for another. They were not far from land, and the waves were running towards the land, so that several of the passengers had themselves lashed to planks, and thus came to shore although half dead. This mode of saving her life was offered to Margaret Fuller, but she refused it; she would not be saved without her husband and her child.

Before her embarkation from Italy, she wrote to one of her friends in America, "I have a presentiment that some great change in my fate is at hand. I feel the approach of a crisis. Ossoli was warned by a fortune-teller in his youth to beware of the sea, and this is his first great voyage; but if a misfortune should happen, I shall perish with my husband and my child." And now the moment which had been foreshadowed to her was come, and she would perish with her beloved ones!

A sailor took the little boy, and bound him to a plank together with a little Italian girl, and threw himself into the sea with them, in the hope of saving them. They told Margaret Fuller that they had safely neared the shore. They told her that Ossoli also was saved. And then it was that she consented also to be lashed to a plank. She never reached the shore. A wave had washed Ossoli from the deck into the deep; the corpse of neither has ever been found; but the little boy was found upon a reef of sand still lashed with the little Italian girl to the plank, but both were dead.

"A quick death and a short death-struggle!" had always been Margaret Fuller's prayer. It had been fulfilled, and she was, and she is, with her beloved ones.

But her mother and her sisters who came to meet her at New York,—their sorrow almost approaches to

despair; they had anticipated this meeting with so much anxiety and much joy; they wished to make her so happy! And that little boy,—everything was ready for him, his little bed, his chair, his table! Rebecca S., who saw Margaret Fuller's mother, writes to me that she looks like one who will never smile again; she seems crushed. Among those who perished in the wreck was also the brother of Charles Sumner, that young man who went to Petersburg and presented an acorn to the Emperor Nicholas.

I do not find in such works of Margaret Fuller's as I have read, any remarkable genius, nothing of which betrays that extraordinary power which distinguished her in conversation. Her talent as an author seems to me no way striking; nevertheless a large-minded, noble spirit shows itself in her writings and this caused her often to deplore, and filled her with indignation against that which she knew was not noble in her countrymen and her native land. She is rather the critic than the enthusiast. I have inscribed on my memory, from her volume called, "A Summer on the Lakes," these words—

"He who courageously determines to accomplish a noble undertaking, whatever opposition he may experience, cannot fail in the end of winning thereby something valuable."

That rich life with all its sufferings, yearnings, presentiments and hopes, is now at an end, has passed from the earth.

"But she won what earth of best could give her,
Love, the mother's name, and—last, a grave!"—TEGNÉR.

From Margaret Fuller's letters I could believe that the highest object of her life was gained in her happiness as a mother; all her soul seemed to have centered in that. She had been described to me as not sufficiently feminine; she seems to me almost too much so; too

much concentrated in that one phasis of her being. Well for her, in the meantime, who went hence with her heart's fulness of love, and went with those whom she loved most.

August 12th.—All continues to be delicious and good! The sea, the heavens and their grand show, the warlike games of Valhalla which take place every evening, in which heroes and heroic maidens hurl their flaming spears; the embraces of the sea during the day; the song of the sea at night; freedom, peace in the open air—ah! how glorious is all this!

Professor Hart enjoys the bathing and the life here as much as I do, and little Morgan flits about like a seagull, now on the shore and now in the water, bare-legged and brown, and as happy as a free lad can possibly be on the sea-shore. But poor Mrs. Hart derives benefit neither from bathing nor yet from the sea air, and becomes every day paler and paler, and can hardly eat anything but a little boiled rice; I believe that she lives principally, and is sustained by her husband's and her son's enjoyment of life, and will not leave this place for their sakes.

I have derived pleasure from my acquaintance with an amiable family, or rather two brother-families from Philadelphia, who live in a cottage near here, for the benefit of sea-bathing. Mr. F., the elder, is the minister of an Unitarian congregation in Philadelphia, one of the noblest, purest human beings whom God ever created, true, fervent, and full of love, but so absorbed by his Anti-slavery feelings that his life and his mind suffer in consequence, and I believe that he would, with the greatest pleasure, suffer death if, by that means, slavery could be abolished. And his lovely daughter would gladly suffer with him, a Valkyria in soul and bearing, a glorious young girl who is her father's happiness as he is hers. This grief for slavery would have made an end of the noble minister's life had not his daughter enlivened him every

day with new joy and fascination. She is blonde and blue, like the Scandinavian "maiden" of our songs; and considerably resembles a Swede. The wife of the second brother is a brunette, delicate, beautiful, witty, charming as a Frenchwoman, a great contrast to the fair "Sköldmö," but most delightful. She is the happy mother of three clever lads. The Valkyria has three brothers. The two families live together in beautiful family love. That which I see in this country of most beautiful and best is family-life and nature, as well as the public institutions which are the work of Christian love.

Among the novelties here, at the present moment, are some Indians who have pitched their tent in the neighbourhood of the hotels on the shore, and there weave baskets and fans according to Indian taste, with other small wares which they sell to——anybody who will buy them. The men are half-blood Indians, but the women true squaws, with black, wild eif-locks, and strong features. They are ugly, but the children are pretty, with splendid eyes and as wild as little wild beasts.

There is a "hop" every week in one of the hotels, that is, a kind of ball, which I suppose, differs only from other balls by people hopping about with less ceremony. I have not had the heart to leave the companionship of the sea and the moonlight to go to a ball and see human beings hopping about; neither have we here been without scenes of a less lively character. We have had a great battle in one hotel between the black servants and the white gentlemen, which has caused some bloody heads. The greatest share of blame falls upon a gentleman who owns slaves. He will be obliged to leave. There have been two attempts at murder in another hotel, but which were prevented in time. The blame of these is laid upon a negro, but still more upon the landlady's treatment of her domestics in this hotel. N.B.—All the waiters here are negroes or mulattoes.

A sail which I have had to-day in a pleasure-yacht, belonging to an agreeable young man, a Mr. B., who invited me and some other of the company on board his vessel, has given me the greatest desire to return home in a sailing vessel, if I could only spare the time for it. Sailing vessels are so infinitely more beautiful and more poetical than steam vessels. On board the latter one never hears the song of the wind or the billows, because of the noise caused by the machinery, and one can enjoy no sea-air which is free from the fumes of the chimney or the kitchen. Steam-boats are excellent in the rivers, but on the sea—the sailing-ship for ever!

I have lately had a visit from some most charming young Quakeresses. No one can imagine anything more lovely than these young girls in their light, delicate, modest attire.

I must introduce to you a contrast to these. I was sitting one morning beneath my leafy alcove, on the sea-shore, with my book in my hand, but my eyes on the sea and the porpoises, when a fat lady, with a countenance like one of our jolliest Stockholm huckster-women, came and seated herself on the same bench at a little distance from me. I had a presentiment of evil, and I fixed my eyes on Wordsworth's Excursion. My neighbour crept towards me, and at length she said,—

“Do you know where Miss Bremer lives?”

“I believe,” said I, “that she lives in Columbia House!”

“Hum!—should be glad to see her!”

A silence. I am silent and look in my book. My neighbour begins again.

“I sent her the other day a packet,—some verses, with the signature, ‘The American Harp,’ and a volume,—and I have not heard a word from her.”

“Ah,” said I, now pushed very closely, “you are

perhaps 'The American Harp,' and it is you that I have to thank for the present!" For here be it known, I had wished not to meet the authoress of a book written in the style of "The Sorrowful Certainties," because the authoress had mentioned in her epistle, that it had been much praised in the Cape May newspapers, and I could not say anything of it but—possessed!

The good intention of the verses, however, deserved my thanks, and I now gave them quite properly.

"But," asked the Harp, "have you read the book?"

"No, not yet; I have merely looked into it."

"Indeed! but read it through; because it is a book which the more it is read the better it is liked; and I have written it all, both prose and verse; it is altogether mine. I have written a deal of verse; and think of bringing out a collection of my poetical works; but it is very expensive to bring out such!"

I said that I supposed it must be so.

"Yes," said she, "but I write verses very easily, in particular where there is water; and I like to write about water. I am so very fond of water. Is there much water in Sweden?"

"Yes, a great deal," replied I, "both of sea, and rivers, and lakes."

"I should like to write there, I should be able to write there very well!" said she. "I should like to write in Sweden!"

I said that the voyage thither was dreadfully difficult and long—it was a thing hardly thought of!

"Ah, but I should not trouble myself about that," she said; "I am so fond of the water!—and could write a deal in Sweden—See there! now my parasol has fallen! and the handle is broken; yes, that is what I expected. Yesterday I broke my spectacles with the gold frame, and now I must use my silver ones! I am always breaking something!—however I have not yet broken my neck!"

“Then everything is not lost yet!” said I, laughing; and as I saw Professor Hart coming up the steps to my airy saloon, I hastened to make him acquainted with the ‘American Harp,’ and leaving her to him I vacated the field.

Such harps are to be met with in all countries, but in none do they sound forth with such *naïveté* as here.

A young poet from the city of the Friends, with a beautiful, dramatic talent, and a head like Byron, and a family of refinement and amiability belong to my agreeable acquaintance here, of whom I would see more, but who all come and go like the waves of the ocean.

August 16th.—There is now an end to my good time! To-day I set off to New York. To-morrow, my friends, the Harts, return to Philadelphia. My companion to New York is a lawyer, an elderly gentleman, very estimable and good-hearted, I believe, but who has the fault of having too good a memory for—verses, and a fancy for repeating, long and often, very prosaic pieces from the German, French, and English authors, which are less amusing to prosaic listeners.

At dinner I exchanged my place, and the sharks who now saw empty seats opposite them, looked about for me with a hungry mien; it seemed to me, as if they felt the want of a living foreground to their feast.

I regret leaving Cape May which is to me so quiet and invigorating; but I must not linger any longer, I have so much yet to see and to learn in this country.

I shall now go and take my last bathe in the sea, and think the while, that you also are bathing in the health-giving waves of the ocean. The waves of the Atlantic Sea and the North Sea flow into the same great bath; and in it thou bathest with me and I with thee!

“Miss Agatha, may I have the pleasure of taking a bathe with you?”

And thus I embrace you heartily, all through the sea!

LETTER XXI.

TO THE CONFERENCE-COUNCILLOR H. C. ÖRSTED, COPENHAGEN.

SEA SIDE, NEW JERSEY, *August 10th.*

How often, my valued friend, have I thought of you in this hemisphere, so distant from your country and your home; how often have I wished it was in my power to tell you something about this great, steadily-progressing portion of the world, upon which your eye also rests with the interest of an inquirer. Of all my friends in Copenhagen you were the only one who understood that longing which impelled me to the New World; and when I put the question to you, "Does it appear to you extraordinary and irrational that I desire to see America?" you replied, "No! It is a great and remarkable formation of that creative mind which cannot but be in the highest degree interesting to study more nearly!"

Oh, yes; and so it is, and far more so than I had any idea of, and it is far richer than I can yet understand; and I have been more willing to wait before I wrote to you until this New World with all its various phenomena and their living unity had become more intelligible to myself. And for this purpose I might have waited yet much longer, because there is much here which I have not yet seen, which I have not yet well considered, and so to say, have not yet digested!

But I cannot, any longer, defer writing to you. The necessity to thank you compels me to write. I must—I will thank you for that great, unexpected pleasure which your spirit has afforded me here upon this foreign coast, many thousand miles distant from you. For here, on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean, here where constellations ascend which we do not behold in our horizon, here, have I read the last-published portion of your work,

Aanden i Naturen; and that treatise which you gave me in Copenhagen, "*Öfver Väsens enheten af Förnuftet i hela Verlds Altet*," that little work, which made me so infinitely happy, through the new, joyful light which it caused to arise before me, which brought the whole starry firmament nearer to my heart, and made each star burn with a light kindred to the light of my own spirit; that glorious, little, but large work, which accompanied me across the great sea from the Old World to the New, as one of my dearest treasures, I recognised in this your book, but amplified and rendered more perfect, as I had pre-conceived it capable of being. And I have been unspeakably delighted to recognise here as mature fruit the blossom of our conversation in Copenhagen; to see here my own earnest pre-vision of the subject, rendered yet more clearly and forcibly by your lucid and logical mind.

For what can be clearer, what more rational or more certain, than that when all the stars are governed by the same laws of revolution, when all of them are subject to the same light and the same shadow, and when we, in consequence of this, are able to study them, to discover their courses, &c., to calculate the place of the star and afterwards to find the star (*le Verrier*), then it is evident that the resemblance between the reason of man and the reason in the universe must go still farther, must embrace all spheres and in a similar manner. If we are necessarily to understand the terms, lines, circles, parabolas, &c., as applied to all those worlds, which we discern in space, as we understand their application to our earth, if their mathematical and physical laws are the same as those which are in force upon this earth, then is it clear that the sense of beauty cannot be essentially dissimilar, and that the moral reason must be fundamentally the same, must recognise the same principles, the same radical idea. You have clearly

proved these ; you have shown that if these distant spheres obey laws similar to those laws which operate upon our terrestrial globe, then it is probable, nay, almost certain, that reflecting beings, endowed with reason and with minds similar to our own, exist in these remote worlds, as their highest product, as the flowers of their life and laws, yes, that it is improbable that the great Creator there should have left his work more incomplete than upon this earth.

The same light, the same shadow ! and I add, the same joy, the same tears, the same yearnings, the same hope, the same wants, the same faith, the same God, *Creator, Mediator, Perfecter*, yes, although under different circumstances and in different degrees of development, still individually the same for all, because the same normal process of life must avail for all. I do not know whether you go with me so far ; but in one thing I believe that you will agree with me, because the thought is suggested by your work—namely—that there is not, in the whole universe, any place, not even the most remote star, which is altogether alien to this world, this earth upon which we live, and that reason which exists in us. From the wintry stillness of Urania to the glowing fervent life of Mercury, from the Nebula which slowly developes itself beneath the eye of the Creator in accordance with laws and powers similar to those of our earth, to the star which having attained the highest material perfectibility, producing harmonious communities of beautiful human beings and animal life, all conditions, all changes and scenes, all degrees of development and dissimilar associations of being in nature and spirit which the human life and human imagination can conceive—and far, far more still—for where is the human imagination that can extend to the peopling of the starry firmament, to the conception of all its forms ?—all this is nevertheless, in reality, human,—is the world of man ;

is *our* world. Everywhere the same laws, the same governing reason; therefore—everywhere in reality, the same soul, the same heart.

Oh my friend! This human heart which loves so much, and which suffers so much; this spirit which anticipates and yearns after so much, which can attain to so little, perfect so little; this poor, combating, little, large, enigmatic being—Man, is not then after all so mean, so isolated in mind, in existence! That truth which he here acknowledges is truth in all worlds in the whole universe; that existence,—that inquiry,—that life which he has here begun may be developed in infinity, and attain its object; and released from earth we may find new light, yes the Eternal light, with adoration, indeed, but without being astonished by it—without being confounded by it; because he was at home in the region of light when here, and was acquainted with its nature long since.

The same light, the same shadows! Beloved stars, kindred worlds! in the same light, in the same father's house, how near, how dear you become to me. For though darkness and discord may prevail in you, as upon the earth, yet I know that the Master lives, who will separate the darkness from the light, and dissolve the discord into perfect harmony.

I saw one day, my dear friend, at your house, a quantity of sand-grains strewn upon a glass-plate arrange themselves under the influence of a musical note into the most exquisite, starlike, and symmetrically harmonious figure. A human hand made the stroke which produced the note. But when the stroke is made by the hand of the Almighty will not the note then produced bring into exquisitely harmonious form those sand-grains which are human beings, communities, nations? It will arrange the world in beauty and harmony, and there shall be no discord, and no lamentation any more; thus say the most reasonable anticipations of all people, as you your-

self have told us with scientific certainty in your "Parity of Reason throughout the Universe;" and thus has *He himself* told us in his revelation, as Eternal goodness. And hence it is that I see, during life's changing phenomena, amid everything dark and chaotic, amid all stars, and in all stars, amid all tears—as well as in my own—everywhere the harmonious figure, the eternal star, the child of harmony, the future world of God, the kingdom of man; and hence it is that I weep and am joyful nevertheless.

You see, my estimable friend, what a pure, divine joy your book has awoken within me. It has been your desire, your pleasure, to impart such joy; and I cannot describe to you how my soul was enriched those mornings when I sat by the sea-shore with your book in my hand, and before me boundless space, as infinite as the views which it presented to my glance; or in the evenings when in thought with you I visited those brilliant worlds above and around me, and, according to the doctrine of the metamorphosis of things, I let my fancy freely sport with the powers of matter and of mind, whilst a magnificent spectacle of electric fire was displayed in the firmament above. Festal hours and moments!

Your book which was sent to me by the Danish Chargé d'Affaires in Philadelphia, Mr. Bille, was all the more welcome to me, as I had lately parted with that little work on the "Parity of Reason," &c., which you gave me in Copenhagen; I had left it with Professor Henry of Washington, an amiable and distinguished scientific man, who, on hearing of its subject and nature from me wished to translate it. I have often heard your name mentioned with honour in the *New World*, together with those of Linnæus and Berzelius. Professor Henry was the first who made your scientific works known in this country. And it would delight you to know the rapidity and the skill with

which every discovery in natural philosophy is here converted and applied to the public advantage. Your discovery of electro-magnetic power, which led to the invention of the electric telegraph, cannot be made more use of anywhere than in this country. Everywhere along the lines of railroad, from city to city and from state to state, is carried the electric telegraph. Distant cities, persons living in New York and New Orleans converse with each other by means of the electric wire, transact affairs of business—even affairs of marriage, I have heard—and every day are attempted new developments, new applications of those powers, the relationship between which were made known by you. The Americans seem to be particularly attracted by motive powers—by any method of expediting movement and accelerating communication. Anything which can give life and action goes most rapidly “a-head,” as the phrase is, that is to say, finds most favour with them. In the Patent Office, at Washington, where models are preserved of every machine made in the United States, which has been patented, and which amount, if I am not mistaken, to twelve or fifteen thousand—I remarked that the greater number of them were for the acceleration of speed, and for the saving of time and labour. There were also some for the perpetual movement which——now stand still. Even children seem to feel this passion for moving-machines. I saw on one occasion, a school of boys, during the time they were allowed to rest and to amuse themselves by drawing on their slates. I walked between the benches that I might see the work of the bright-eyed children and the inspiration of the moment. I saw on most of the slates smoking steam-engines, or steam-boats all in movement. But this interest in locomotive machinery has a profound connection with the movement of life itself in this country. Innumerable rivers and streams flow through this country in all directions, and give a greater facility

to the circulation of life than in most other countries. Locomotives are here like pulses which impel the blood through the veins and arteries of the body to every part of the system. Nothing is so invariably a characteristic of life here as its incessant change from place to place. People, goods, thoughts and things, are in a perpetual state of movement and interchange between State and State, between the North and the South, between the East and the West; nothing stands still; nothing stagnates, unless exceptionally. The impulse and the necessity to obtain possession of all the natural resources to this country are, besides this, in full activity; and there is, in consequence, a great deal done, both by government and by individuals, to promote the extension of practical science. Geology and the physical sciences flourish; the different States send out scientific men to examine new districts within the States, and institutions are established for the advancement of useful knowledge, especially in natural history and mechanics. One such is the Franklin Institution at Philadelphia, another the Smith Institution at Washington, the ornamental gothic building for which is now erected on the banks of the Potomac. This institution, endowed by a wealthy gentleman of the name of Smith, is intended to form a central national institution, where all the scientific labourers of the United States may have a point of union. Professor Henry, who is the Secretary of the institution, was glad to have an opportunity of sending you the first printed transactions of this very important institute, and I shall have the pleasure of being the bearer of them to you.

Yes, how delightful it will be to me, on my return home, to see you and good Mrs. Örsted and Matilda, and to tell you by word of mouth what I have seen and experienced here. I can now only passingly touch upon that great theme, the life of the United States. I am

like a gleaner, wandering here and there over the fields, gathering up ears and flowers to bind into sheaves and garlands, but in order to do that, I must have more than a handful; and, as yet, I have not more.

The commencement of my wanderings in this hemisphere was in the north-eastern States of the Union. I found there earnestness and labour, restless onward-striving, power both manual and spiritual; large educational establishments, manufactories, asylums for the suffering and institutions for the restoration of fallen humanity, were all admirable there, and above all, the upward-progressive movement of society. I saw before the winter set in the glorious Hudson, with its magnificent scenery, its shores covered with wood, which at that season presented the most wonderful splendour and variety of colour; I saw the rivers of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and hills and valleys which often reminded me of Sweden, for the scenery of Sweden and that of these two States resemble each other greatly, inasmuch as they have the strong characteristics of winter, snow and ice, and the dramatic scenes which these afford both of suffering and pleasure. After that I saw in the south the Palmetto States, Carolina and Georgia, and here I was enchanted by a luxuriance in the outward life of Nature, to which I had hitherto been a stranger! Would that I were able to describe to you those red rivers, the shores of which are covered with woods as yet untouched by human hand, and where no human habitation is to be found; woods which seem to swim upon the water, and where a hundred different kinds of trees were engarlanded by hundreds of different beautiful flowering creepers—a chaotic vegetable life, but full of beauty, and the most wonderful groupings, in which one discerns all those various architectural forms which we admire in temples and churches built by human hands. The primeval forest here presents them in fantastic sport, inspired by its morning dream. The morning dream of

Nature! Is not Nature human, or at least full of the human element in the bad and the good, the beautiful and hideous? She must have human dreams. The primeval forest exhibits on a colossal scale porticoes and vaulted temples, pyramids, grottoes, sphinxes and dragons, flower-crowned columns, temples of joy, triumphal arches, and profound, quiet tombs. The primeval feast presents a dream of the world of man; and with what a richness of detail, what a depth of poetry! I dreamed myself back as I beheld this sight to the third day of creation, when, in obedience to the creative "Let there be!" the earth opened her maternal bosom, and brought forth the vegetable world in its morning pomp, still prophetically warm from the dream of night. You, my friend, who have so much of the poet in your soul, will not be offended that I, in this case, see rather through the eye of the biblical Genesis, than through that of science. The former beholds in one moment that which the latter beholds in a succession of periods; yet they both behold the same reality.

It was an especial delight to me to recognise among the common productions of these woods many which I had seen as rare species when I walked with you through the botanic garden at Copenhagen; of these I remember particularly the tulip-tree, and the fan-palm or palmetto, which is one of the most common indigenous trees of the Southern States.

If life in the Northern States is a grand epic, a poem full of great teaching, then is that of the Southern States a romance of infinitely-picturesque beauty—yes, even though slavery and sandy deserts exist there. As belonging to the romantic life of these States must be mentioned the negroes, with their enigmatical character, their songs and religious festivals; the cities full of orange-groves, and their many kinds of beautiful flowering trees; their piazzas, covered with honeysuckle and roses,

which no winter destroys, amid which flutter sun-bright humming-birds, and which screen from the heat of the sun beautiful but pale women; their fire-flies shining forth like points of light in the night; their pine-woods, where blossoming azaleas stand like angels of light among the dark trees, in which sing thrushes, and the "hundred-tongued birds;" and for the rest, those peculiar vegetable growths which are the natural productions of these States,—cotton (particularly in the beautiful islands along the coasts), rice, and so on, the cultivation of these, as well as the mixed population. But I must stop. It is presumption to attempt a description of the life and peculiar characteristics of the States, when I know that every single State in the Union is like a perfect realm, with almost all the various circumstances and resources of a European kingdom in fertile fields, metallic mountains, navigable rivers, forests, and besides these many natural gifts and beauties which as yet are unknown, and not turned to account. Yes, it excites at the same time both joy and despair, to know that there is on all hands so much that is new, and so much which is yet unknown, and so much which I never shall know. Fortunately, however, for this country, it possesses, in its very subdivision and form of government, a great and effective means of becoming acquainted with itself. Each separate State is like an independent individual existence, and feels itself excited to emulate its sister-states (with which it sometimes wrangles and quarrels, as sisters will sometimes do in their younger years), and to become a full-grown human being on its own account. And for this purpose all its powers are called into action, and all its peculiar ways and means are examined into. Hence it is that in this land of liberty there is no limitation to experimental attempts. Everything, even the very maddest of all, may be attempted, and proved whether there is anything available in it or not. Everything, even

the most absurd, is sure of having some adherents, and an opportunity afforded for trial; and I have heard Americans say jestingly, that if anybody came forth with the assertion that it was better to walk upon the head than the feet, he would be quite sure of pupils who would, in most good earnest, make the attempt whether it were possible to walk on the head. Other men would perhaps laugh at them, still would allow them to make the trial, quite certain that if by experiment it was found that walking on the head were not practicable, they would soon get on their legs again, and in the meantime they would have gained something by experience. And certain it is that several attempts, which in the beginning have appeared as absurd as that of making use of the head instead of the feet, and which were treated accordingly, have after a time succeeded, and been crowned with the most fortunate results. One such attempt may be mentioned as that of exporting ice to the tropical countries. The first person who tried this experiment, and who now lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was regarded for several years by certain people as a fool. Now, however, the exportation of ice to hot countries forms one of the principal sources of revenue to North America. Great numbers of ships transport blocks of ice from the mountains of Massachusetts and New Hampshire to the cities of the Southern States, to the West Indian Islands, to Mexico, &c.

Yes, North America, by means of the speculative disposition of her people, by means of her political subdivision, her institutions which afford free play to individual peculiarity and will, in evil as well as in good; America is the land of experiment, and its commencement, in the field of experimental humanity, reveals a boundless prospect as to what it may yet bring forth. One of its sons drew the lightning from the clouds; another created wings out of steam for all the people of the earth, so that

they might fly round the world ; a third has, oh the happy man ! discovered the means of mitigating life's bitter enemy, bodily suffering, and of extending the wings of the angel of sleep over the unfortunate one in the hour of his agony ! And all this has been done in the early morning of the country's life, for in computing the age of a world's cultivation which has a thousand years for its future, two centuries' existence is merely as the morning hour ; the day lies before it as its future. What will not this people accomplish during the day ? Of a verity greater things than these ! That will I venture to predict from its eye ; for that eye is vigilant and bright ; it is early accustomed keenly to observe the object which *is*, without asking about that which *was*, and without being checked by the warning cry of antiquity ; it has a watchful eye, undaunted courage, and unwearied perseverance. And if this observant eye, when the working days are over, and the sabbath recurs, were directed more exclusively upon spiritual things, would it not even then make discoveries and introduce science and certainty into regions where now humanity is merely at home, by means of hope and faith. I believe so, because the purpose of this people's gaze as well as of their social arrangements, is, above everything else, to compass those ends which are of importance to the whole of humanity ; I believe it, because the Germanic element, the character of which is profoundly intellectual and transcendental, is, in this country, mingled with the Anglo-Norman, and from the union of these two races a third national character may be expected, which shall combine the highest speculative thought with the clearest practical intuition.

But I will not any longer occupy your time, and perhaps your patience, with my endeavour to show the harmonious figure in the star of the American Union. Regard this then as an ear of corn, plucked from a rich harvest field. When I have completed my wanderings, when I have

returned to you, I shall bring more with me. By that time I shall have visited the most Northern States of the Union, the land of the White Mountains and the Indians, and that great West, "that great wonderful West," as the people of the West call it; where, in the vast valley of the Mississippi, there is said to be room for more than two hundred and fifty millions of people to live comfortably; where rich American corn grows in unexampled luxuriance, and where one first begins fully to comprehend the phenomenon of the United States' progress, or as it is called "growth." As regards this growth, this progress, and in what it properly consists, I hope at some future time to converse with you.

When I may see you again—whether this autumn, or not until next spring—I do not know. If my mother and sister consent I shall remain over the winter. The great kindness and hospitality with which I am received, makes it easy for me to visit very distant States and places. This is a blessing for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful. This hospitality, however, which would make my life a perpetual festival, is too much for the powers of my mind and body. The nation has a warm, youthful heart, and that one must confess with pleasure and gratitude, even if one is one's self too old or too stupid properly to receive what they wish to give.

The very reception, both outwardly and spiritually, which they give you is a part of this youthfulness of life. America is a hospitable land for strangers, not alone as they may come outwardly in flesh and blood, but as regards thoughts and ideas. And this is shown by the veneration which is felt for many of the scientific names of Europe. And I expect to see much seed of future development germinating here, in consequence of the increasing and more inward approximation of the American and Scandinavian mind. You are here generally known, and are becoming more and more so every day. When H.

Martensen's theological writings are known here he will produce an epoch in the religious knowledge of the New World; for the state of this presses onward to that harmonious figure in which every separate particle forms a portion of the great universal harmony. And of this kind is Martensen's Philosophical Theology.

I am at this moment greatly distressed by the intelligence of the war, which has again broken out between Denmark and Holstein. And we hoped for peace!

But that brave little people cannot lose the victory. There must be, I predict it, a good ending to the war; and Denmark will arise therefrom stronger and greater than before! May it be so; and when I again see you and my Danish friends, may we drink a skål to Denmark's honourable peace!

I inclose in your letter a few lines to Andersen. His "Fairy Tales" are universally read and loved in this country, both by great and small, as they are with us.

Let me be retained in your remembrance, and regard as your

Sincerely devoted, and grateful friend

FREDRIKA BREMER.

LETTER XXII.

ROSE COTTAGE, BROOKLYN, *August 20th.*

DELIGHTFUL as it was, my dear little Agatha, to receive your letter of the 12th of July, warm as it made my heart to read of your tender regard for me, yet I was deeply grieved to find you so weak and suffering; and I feel almost a reproach of conscience that I am not with you, that I am not helping you by all means in my power, at all events as regards the sick people in the country,

because that must be almost too much for you. Your own indisposition must prevent your bearing that of others calmly. I endeavour to console myself with the reflection that you are now at Marstrand, away from the sorrows and anxieties of the day, and that you are gaining new strength by bathing, which is always so beneficial to you. Ah! if that sea-bathing could but be to you what those seventeen or eighteen days at Cape May have been to me! I have now only remaining of my former indisposition a slight tendency to palpitation of the heart, and some degree of sleeplessness; but my little homœopathic globules never fail to relieve me in these respects.

As regards my remaining here for some months yet, that has become almost an indispensable thing. I should be unable to go so far, or to see that which I must see before winter sets in. My journey to the West lies before me yet unaccomplished. This could not be done properly in less than ten or twelve weeks, and that would take me far into November, and to return home from North America without having seen the great West and its growing life, would be to me like seeing the opera of "Gustavus Wasa" played without the part of the hero. In the month of December I might return home, but I acknowledge that I am a little timid at the thoughts of that long sea-voyage at that season of the year (although I would not say anything about it), yet even then I should leave unseen a great deal which would be of infinite advantage to me to have seen, and to have become acquainted with, and which I may never again have an opportunity of being within reach of. In about four or five months, on the other side of December, I should hope to have accomplished all which I think I *ought* to do here, and then, my darling, I could return and be with you at Marstrand, in Stockholm, at Årsta, or wherever you might be, and then we could talk, and think, and read, and write, and, please God, enjoy life together with our good,

beloved mother; and do the best we could with what was wrong if we could not make it all right. And as for me, do not be uneasy; my little travelling fairy goes with me on the journey, and with the help of God, helps me on all occasions; and since that good sea-bathing I feel again that I have courage to encounter the Giants of the West, and I think that the very sight of them will cause my strength to become as that of a giant, if I were but easy about you!

August 23rd.—Your letter from Marstrand! Ah, thank God for it! It made me really happy; for your former letter had made me deeply anxious. Ah, how glad I am that you feel yourself improving again, and that you are again able to enjoy life; I bless that sea-bathing, and thank God, and hope that all will be well with you for the future. Next year we must all four labour for the establishing of your health, I, you, sea-bathing, and homœopathy. And what a pleasure, and how amusing it was, to hear you speak so charmingly and cheerfully of one thing and another: about the entrance of the crown-princess into Stockholm; yes, how delightful it was that she was so beautifully received, and that she is so good, and looks so agreeable! I wanted to hear something about her; I should have liked to have been among the people who scattered flowers over her, and have joined my shout of “Welcome!” to theirs.

And Jenny Lind is actually on her way to America! A terrific welcome awaits her; she will be lucky if she escapes with life! The fame of her beneficence, and her fine disposition, still more than that of her powers as a singer, have opened all hearts and all arms to her, and an angel from Heaven is not as perfect as people imagine Jenny Lind to be, and would not be half so welcome. The Americans are born enthusiasts, and I would be the last to reproach them with it. No human being, and no nation either, can ever become anything great, if they are

not possessed of that overflowing power which finds its vent in enthusiasm. That critical disposition belongs to old people, or to little people.

The letter from home, which I waited for here before I decided farther upon my journeyings, made me so unspeakably happy that I could not help hastening down to Rebecca, that I might talk to her about its beloved contents, and we embraced each other in the joy that it afforded, and because we could still remain together for awhile.

I shall now accompany the S.'s to Cony Island, an island in the neighbourhood of New York, where there is a bathing establishment, and of which I shall again avail myself. After that they will accompany me a short distance on my way to the West, up the Hudson, to the community of the Shakers at New Lebanon, where the young Lowells will meet me, and with them I shall go to Niagara. The S.'s are not able to go so far, although they would have liked it much. I shall not see my friends, the Downings, this time, for which I am sorry; but the last week of my stay in this country shall be reserved for them.

In Rose Cottage, in that good and almost perfect home, everything is good, peaceful, affectionate, as is its wont. Ripe fruits surround Rose Cottage—peaches, apricots, plums, grapes. All Brooklyn, and even New York, is at this moment like a fruiterer's shop, full of peaches and apricots: and such peaches!—the fruit of Hesperia. Every little lad and lass in the Union can eat their full of them. Eddy is happy with a whole swarm of little rabbits, and baby stands with its golden locks in the garden, and rejoices when the butterflies come and seat themselves on their thrones, that is to say, on the flowers. The sweet little fellow is, however, still delicate, and the parents go to the sea-side principally for his sake.

I have found Marcus and Rebecca, and many of my

friends, greatly distressed by the new law respecting fugitive slaves, which has annihilated all security for these unfortunates in the United States. Already are slave-catchers from the South in active operation, and thousands of slaves have now left their homes in these Northern States, and have fled to Canada or across the sea to England. Just lately an escaped slave was seized in Boston, and carried back into slavery. The people were in a great ferment, but they made no open opposition. The law commanded it, and they obeyed. But the bells of the city tolled as for a funeral. How I sympathised with my friends in this their country's great sorrow—that now there should not be a single spot of earth within the Union, which can be said to be an asylum for freedom! They are exasperated, not against the South, but against that portion of the people of the North who, for the interests of mammon, or the cotton interest, as the phrase is, have given up this noblest right. The South has fought for an ancient half-won right; the North has no such excuse. I understand and I know their willingness to sacrifice much, and to suffer much, in order to alter these unfortunate circumstances, the result of slavery. But I cannot, in all cases, participate in their views of the question. I am more hopeful than they. I have more faith in the victory of the nobler South and the nobler North. In the great combat between God and mammon this slave-law is indeed a lost battle; but all is not lost with it. I believe with Clay and Webster, that it is one step backward which has been demanded by the necessity of the moment, but only preparatory to a greater advance on the path of freedom. But of all this I have spoken with you in Washington.

Shortly after Clay left Congress for the sea-side, nearly all the measures were carried which he had proposed in his Compromise Bill (the Omnibus Bill)—the omnibus, so to speak, was unhorsed, and left empty, and the votes

were taken on each separate measure, independently of the rest, and were carried with only some small alterations. That great statesman had probably hit upon the only possible means of reconciliation between the North and the South. Some of the Southern States are, however, still dissatisfied; and South Carolina, as well as Mississippi, demands a secession from the Union, and Carolina, it is said, is seriously preparing for war! But this is foolish, and can only be injurious to the Palmetto State, who will find no coadjutors, and one among the many signifies nothing, and can accomplish nothing.

Among the many subjects which here interest the public mind at the present moment is the ultimate confession of the murderer, Professor Webster, and his execution. But where throughout the United States has not his criminal history been the subject of conversation? In Charleston and Savannah, as well as in Boston and New York the public has universally given the closest attention to the trial—old gentlemen, young girls, all, in short, were either for or against Professor Webster, and a most charming young girl of fifteen, in Savannah, had taken it into her head that a Mr. Littlefield, Webster's principal accuser, was the murderer of Parkman, and not Webster; and she argued for her view of the subject both earnestly and spiritedly. In the meantime, Webster, after innumerable lies and prevarications, confessed himself to be the murderer,—confessed, it is said, in the belief that he should receive mercy, as he maintained that the murder was done in self-defence. Many circumstances, however, seemed to contradict this, and Webster throughout the whole affair had shown himself to be such an unconscionable prevaricator, that this part of his confession obtained no credence, and he was condemned to execution by the judge of Massachusetts. The Unitarian minister, Mr. Peabody, prepared him for death, which he met with resignation. His wife and children who, to the very last,

believed him innocent, have behaved most admirably. They work for their maintenance, and have declined the pecuniary assistance which the widow of the murdered man had most nobly offered to them. One of the daughters is married, and resides in Madeira, another is engaged to be married, and it is said that the whole family will leave America for Madeira. I rejoice that they are able to leave the country.

Spite of this murder having been clearly proved, and of the low tone of morality in Webster, yet is the feeling in these Northern States so strongly opposed to capital punishment, that it has expressed itself even in this case by various protests. One family, residing in a house just opposite the prison, within the inner court of which the criminal suffered, removed during that time from their house, and left a placard on the door, with these words—

“Opposed to Capital Punishment.”

CONY ISLAND, *August 26th.*

Again by the sea! Again I inhale the fresh breezes of the great sea in company with my excellent friends. Marcus is well, and enjoys life here. Baby improves every day. The place is solitary, and has a wild charm. The moon shines magnificently over the sea, which roars loudly, agitated by the wind. I walk on the shore in the evening with Marcus, and indoors, Rebecca tells me in the clear moonlight occurrences in the history of the inner light, which prove the wonderful life and guiding of that inner light, where the soul truly waits for it with quiet introverted attention.

Small fires in rows and circles shine out on the sands by the sea, or among the trees on the shore. There are brushwood fires in which the “clams,” a kind of large mussel, are roasted for suppers on the sands. They are delicate in flavour, and to my taste superior to oysters.

The weather is cool, and bathing refreshing. We all enjoy ourselves, are all happy.

Before I left Brooklyn, we heard, one Sunday, a sermon from young Mr. Beecher. He had lately expressed his feelings very strongly on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law in an evangelical newspaper, of which he is a co-editor. Several of his congregation had taken great offence at this, and Beecher now delivered from the pulpit his confession of faith as regarded the duty of a minister with reference to his congregation and his conscience. It was in few, but powerful words, as follows:—"If the law of God and my own conscience bid me to do one thing, and you, the people of the congregation, say that I must not obey it, but you if I would remain quiet among you—in that case, then, I must—go! And I will go, if I cannot remain quiet among you, with a good conscience." The chapel was full to overflowing; the congregation as profoundly serious as the minister. It was reality, and no make-believe, with them all. But there is no danger that Beecher will have to go. He is too much esteemed, and beloved, for them not to concede to him, when they know that he is in reality right, at least in intention, if not always in manner.

August 27th.—I now, my beloved child, am preparing to set off to the great West, which stands before me in a kind of mythological nebulosity, half mist, half splendour, and about which I know nothing rightly, excepting that it is great, great, great! How? Why? In what way? Whether it is peopled by gods or giants, giants of frost and hobgoblins, or by all those old mythological gentry together—I have yet to discover. That Thor and Loke yet wrestle vigorously in that fairy-tale-like Utgård, is however, what I quite anticipate, and that the goblins are at home there also, that I know, because of certain "spiritual rappings or knockings," as they are called, of which I have heard and read some very queer things,

since I have been in this country. These are a standing subject in the newspapers at this time, and are treated partly in jest and partly in earnest. But I shall certainly find Iduna with the apple of the Hesperides, in that Eden of the setting sun. Do not the Alleghany Mountains and Niagara stand as giant watchers at its entrance, to open the portals of that new garden of Paradise, the latest home of the human race? Those glorious cherubim forbid not the entrance, they invite it, because they are great and beautiful.

The people of Europe pour in through the cities of the eastern coast. Those are the portals of the outer court; but the West is the garden where the rivers carry along with them gold, and where stands the tree of life and of death. There the tongue of the serpent and the voice of God are again heard by a new humanity.

That great, enigmatical land of the West, with its giant rivers and giant falls and giant lakes; with its valley of the Mississippi and its Rocky Mountains, and its land of gold and the Pacific Ocean; with its buffaloes and its golden humming-birds; the land which nourishes States as the children of men, and where cities grow great in a human life; where the watchword of existence—is growth, progress! This enigmatic, promised land, this land of the future I shall now behold!

I long for it as for the oracle which shall give a response to many of my spirit's questions. My little basket is filled with bananas and peaches, my travelling-fairy is with me, and the last letter of my beloved. God bless my precious sister, her sea-bathing and her friends, and for her sake also, her sister and her friend,

FREDRIKA.

P.S. How fervently with my whole heart do I thank my beloved mamma for that permission, so kindly given, for me to remain over the winter in America. Those

kind, dear words will accompany me on my pilgrimage like my mother's blessing. And be not uneasy for me, my sweet mamma. Human beings continue to be infinitely kind to my mother's daughter. And I meet with good friends and good homes everywhere. Excepting in my own country I could not find better homes, nor experience kinder care, than here. I cannot describe how thankful I am for this journey, and the effect which it has on me. May I only be able some time to develop its garnered treasure in my Swedish home, and with my beloved ones!

LETTER XXIII.

ALBANY ON THE HUDSON, *Sept 2nd.*

HERE, my little heart, amid a regular deluge of rain, which prevents me from seeing anything of the Capital of the Emperor State and its Senate House, I continue my conversation with you, that is to say, in writing, for the silent communion went on all the same.

In my last letter from Brooklyn, I told you, I think, how that my friends, the S.'s, would go with me as far as the Shaker Community at New Lebanon. And on an unspeakably fine day I again ascended that beautiful Hudson, again saw its wild romantic highlands, its rich populated shores; saw the turrets of the Downings' house glancing forth from amid its wooded grounds, cast towards it a look of love, and—enjoyed the life with nature and Marcus, Rebecca and Eddy, as we progressed in that magnificent, comfortable steamboat. Towards evening we reached the little city of Hudson, where we landed, and then took the stage, which in about two hours' time brought us to the Springs of New Lebanon, a celebrated watering-place, half an English mile from the Shaker village, and Marcus and I walked in the beautiful evening

to look at it. We saw some pale yellow, two-storied wooden houses, built in good proportion, and with tiled roofs, standing on green slopes, surrounded at some distance by yet higher hills, all covered with wood. It was a very lovely and romantically Idyllian scene. The views from the houses were extensive, and the glass panes in the windows were large. Life at New Lebanon did not look to me so gloomy or so contracted as I had imagined. We saw some of the Shaker brothers out in the fields making hay, and others again reaping, as I supposed.

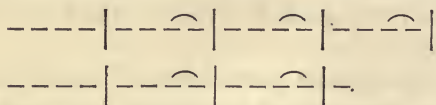
Yesterday, Sunday, we were present at divine service in the Shaker church together with many other strangers. The church is a large hall which would easily accommodate from two to three thousand persons; it has very large windows, but not the slightest ornament; it is very lofty and light. I was, on entering it, astonished by the sight of a number of corpse-like female figures, attired almost like shrouded-corpses, sitting on benches placed along the wall, rigid and immovable as mummies; they were the Shaker women. The sight of them was really sad, and would have been much more so had not there been a certain refreshment in the very novelty of the scene. Where all ladies are dressed according to the same mode, any who may vary from it become interesting from that very cause.

The Shaker sisters were however all dressed alike, in white or grey striped petticoats, high-heeled shoes, white handkerchiefs so pinned over the bosom as to conceal its natural form, and indeed the style of the attire seemed intended to make the whole body look like a tree-stem, without any curved outlines. They wore on their heads a little cap like that of the Quaker women, the plain border of which sat close to the face. I observed that these caps were very much blued, which still more increased the death-like hue of the countenance. The costume, at least the head-gear, was not unlike that of the

peasant women and girls of our Stockholm district. From the other side of the hall marched in the Shaker brothers, all in knee-breeches, stockings and high-heeled shoes, in waistcoats and shirt-sleeves, and with uncovered heads, their hair cut straight across their foreheads, and hanging down behind; the whole costume very like that of the Swedish peasant in his everyday dress.

The congregation, consisting of about one hundred persons of each sex, sat upon benches which they carried forward, the men for themselves, the women for themselves, but opposite to each other. Two Shaker sisters came kindly and silently forward, carrying one bench after another to the spectators, who occupied the whole of one long side of the hall, and considerably exceeded in number the Shakers themselves.

All at once the Shakers rose up quickly, the benches were put out of the way; brother and sister stood for a moment opposite each other, after which an elderly man came forward and spoke for awhile, but I could not hear what he said. After that the congregation began to sing and dance, tripping forward and backward each one by himself, but in symmetrical lines and figures, to a measure, the principle of which seemed to me to be—



Amid all variations of the air constantly recurred the figure $-\ - \cap$, almost always marked by very energetic stamping of the heels, and during the whole the hands were moved in time, somewhat as a child is lulled to sleep. All at once the dancing and singing ceased. The congregation stood immovable for a moment, and then another preacher stepped forth, after which singing and dancing began afresh. Thus it went on for an hour in an uninspired and mechanical way, as it seemed to me. And these pale

women, all attired alike, tripping, and see-sawing up and down, and swinging about with downcast eyes, and without any sign of joy or natural life, appeared to me in a high degree unnatural. They had gentle but unmeaning countenances; I did not see one among them which was beautiful. The men looked better and more natural, both body and soul, and danced with more life, although the effect was often ludicrous. Again all was still in the assembly, and all resumed their seats on the benches. And now a Shaker brother of about forty stood up; he was a man with a narrow forehead, and deep-set, dark, glimmering eyes, whose whole exterior indicated the dominance of one idea, fanatically held. He placed himself before the spectators, and addressed them somewhat in this style—

“You behold us here assembled in a room which we have built by our own labour, in which we may worship God according to the law of our own conscience. If you are come here to see us, and you desire to feel esteem for our community and our mode of worship, and to behave in accordance with it, then you are welcome; if *not*, then you are *not* welcome here. But I hope the former. And let us now talk one with another, and let us see what it is which lies between you and us, what it is which separates us. Let us understand one another.”

He then proceeded to describe the Shaker community in opposition to the worldly community; the former as renouncing the world and living only for heaven, the latter as living merely for selfish enjoyment and earthly advantage. We had, every one of us, a very severely condemnatory sermon from Brother Evans (for such was the name of the Shaker brother), on account of our sins and our frailties, interrupted merely by such admonitions as, “Come, let us consider the matter together! Answer me!” and so on. It would have been extremely easy to have answered the good brother and to have

retorted a great many of his accusations, and in particular his Shaker-self-commendation, and I wondered that no voice was raised to do so from the so-much censured audience. But they took it all in good part and were silent. After this chiding sermon the dancing recommenced with new vigour; a circle was formed which constituted the quire, and around it moved in a dancing ring, which seemed continually to extend itself (and evidently did so with method and art), the whole Shaker congregation, two and two, and finally three and three in a line, amid an incessant measured stamping and striking with the feet, and waving with the hands, and singing to a livelier tune than hitherto:—

Oh, how I love this living way,
 Where peace doth spread its cheering ray,
 And like the brilliant orb of day
 The truth of heaven is shining;
 Where souls in union daily meet,
 Their vows and offerings to repeat,
 Pure love makes their communion sweet,
 'Tis like the dew of Hermon.

The dancing and the movements became more and more animated the longer they continued, although it never exceeded a jog-trot measure, and I saw sweat-drops stand on many a countenance. The eyes of the women, however, still continued cast down, and their expression inanimate. The men appeared more lively, and their dancing, especially the action of the hands, which in their increasing zeal, resembled that of a harp-player, seemed easy and becoming, or at all events, not unbecoming their costume, and not at all unnatural. It was not difficult to understand that this circular dance might be intended as a symbolic representation of the path of life, and I have since been told that it represented the progress of the soul on its journey through life. The quire in the middle of the hall sang during the whole time, making a fanning movement with their hands.

I, for my part, do not see why dancing might not constitute divine worship as well as singing and other modes of action, and why it might not be a natural expression for certain phases of the religious life. When King David danced for joy before the ark, and played upon his harp as he sang songs of praise unto the Lord, he followed a true inspiration, nor have I anything against this dancing of the Shaker congregation, excepting that this is precisely the inspiration which it lacks. It is now merely a work of tradition, of custom, and calculation. A few years since it was different, and then, as I have heard from Miss Sedgewick, extraordinary phenomena were exhibited, as for instance, people spinning round like the Fakirs of the East, till they fell down from sheer fatigue, or in convulsive extacies. Such exhibitions are of rare occurrence now, or care is taken that they do not occur in public. The element of practical economy which, as well as religious enthusiasm, distinguishes the Shaker sect, seems latterly to have taken the lead.

This religious service concluded as silently as it had begun. The brothers and sisters carried away their benches in the same way that they had brought them forward, and then left the hall, each by their own entrance. I was determined, however, to know more of this sect and of its intention. I sought out therefore two leaders of the congregation, told them my wishes, and requested to see them again and to converse with them. They kindly consented, and invited me at once to dine with them and to remain over the next day. I could not do that, as I expected my young friends the Lowells; but in the afternoon, after I and the S.'s had dined at Lebanon Wells, we returned alone to the Shaker village. A deep silence now prevailed there. All the congregation were away, and those cheerful yellow houses lay solitary upon their green, sunlit hills.

We were received by two of the sisters, who conducted

us into a room where two elderly men and two elderly women, as well as a few young girls, were present. The cheeks of the latter bloomed like roses beneath blue-white linen caps, and I now saw that the Shaker community did not send its handsomest members into the dance. These elderly men and women were elders, as they are here called, and superintendents of the family in which we found ourselves. The community of New Lebanon is divided into two families, the "North Family" and the "South Family." Each family has its separate house, overseers, and household management. I propounded my questions to the elders, but it was soon clear to me that they could hardly answer them. One of the men was a wealthy man who had left his wife and his family to unite himself to the Shakers, to whom he had given a part of his property. Afterwards one of his daughters followed his example, and she was one of the pretty young girls now present. He was an elderly, strong-built man, with a good exterior and a countenance which indicated feeling to be stronger than intellect. The other elder had a noble, ascetic, and patriarchal appearance. Neither of them had much to say. The women seemed gentle but of circumscribed minds. They had sought for, and had found a haven amid the storms of life. More they did not desire.

But now Brother Evans entered, with the narrow, high forehead, the dark, fanatically gleaming eyes, and with him the conversation became animated. I was astonished to find in that fanatical preacher a very intelligent, and, upon the whole, a man of a liberal, although not of a profound mind, who understood the foundation and the vital intention of the sect, and could render a reason for all. The conversation with him became really interesting to me, and we both grew very earnest.

Of the questions and replies that passed between us I shall merely give the following :—

Question.—What is the meaning of your dancing? Is it symbolical or is it for discipline?

Answer.—Both one and the other. We dance because we cannot help it; because we cannot otherwise give expression to the feelings of our hearts. Our dance is so arranged that it may represent to us our duty and our faith, and thus become to us a vitalising sermon both to soul and body.

Question.—You say you represent something quite new in the world; nevertheless, I must observe, that sects which separated themselves from the world, forsaking all its pleasures, in order to lead a holy life, may be found in all ages. How do you distinguish your community from those orders of monks and nuns which were formed immediately after the introduction of Christianity, and which are yet to be met with in many countries?

Answer.—There is the greatest difference in the world. These orders will that the human being shall attain perfection by the separation of man and woman, whom God created for a spiritual oneness. We, on the contrary, maintain that it is only through this spiritual union between man and woman, that the perfected human being can be produced.

Question.—The fundamental idea of your community is then that of spiritual marriage?

Answer.—We do not call it marriage. We merely say that men and women cannot become good and perfected human beings, excepting by means of reciprocal spiritual union and daily intercourse, conformably with the intention of God, whereby they aid each other in the attainment of a perfect life.

Question.—But if all the world were to be of your way of thinking; and all the world, that is to say, our world, were to become a community such as yours,

without marriage and without children, there would soon be an end of the world—it would then die out.

Elder Evans bethought himself for a little while and then said, that if the world came to an end in a good way, if it made a good and a holy end, then it might just as well happen soon as late, for that we, every one of us, looked towards our transformation, and hoped that it might be for the better.

On this I too bethought me for awhile, and then found nothing to reply, excepting that it seemed to me that the brother was not so far wrong. I had indeed, and still have, my suspicion that we human beings have a greater work to perform on this earth, than we should have time for if we all of us devoted ourselves to the life and death of the Shaker community; but I would not now agitate the ocean, in which neither Brother Evans nor I could very well swim, but would content myself with endeavouring to acquire a better knowledge of the organisation of the life and institution of the Shaker sect.

Its object is, the spiritual development of the human being by means of a spiritual, holy, social life; the main springs of this are Christian and kindly intercourse in spirit and action, of men and women, in prayer and in labour, for and with each other. The subjection of worldly pleasures, and a physically ascetic life being the means which are to remove all impediments from the former.

“Are you really very fond of one another here?” I inquired from one of the young girls.

“Oh yes, indeed, that we are!” replied she, and her beautiful, large, dark blue eyes beamed with a confirmation of her words.

The feeling which seemed to exist between these young girls and those elderly men, as I observed on two occasions, seemed to me to be especially beautiful and affectionate, such as that between good daughters and their fathers.

In the midst of our conversation young Lowell came bounding up the stairs and into the room where I sate with the Shaker company, and his handsome, fresh, and animated countenance, beaming with life and cordiality, shone like a May sun in upon that pale, although kind assembly. He and Maria were just arrived, and we had a cordial meeting in the midst of the Shaker sisters, who smiled gently and watched us, not without sympathy. They now invited us all to come and take supper with them, but the Lowells were going to the Lebanon Wells, because Maria required rest. The S.'s and I, therefore, went down with our Shaker friends into a hall, where a table was spread for us, with tea, milk, bread and butter, cakes, and preserves, and of all a great abundance. We were waited upon by the sisters; two of the brothers sate down to table with us, but without partaking of anything. Rebecca S. said to one of the sisters who waited upon us, as she bent down to offer her something, "You look so good that I must kiss you!" Many sisters came in to see us. I observed some middle-aged women with remarkably good and noble countenances. A calm and mild gravity distinguished them all. They made me feel as during a mild but dull September day in Sweden. The air is then pure, the fields still green, it is agreeable, and it is calm, but a certain air of melancholy rests upon the landscape; it is wanting in sun, flowers, and the song of the birds; nothing grows, all stands still, and if by chance a bird utters a little twittering song, it is soon at an end. That mild, calm, September atmosphere suits me very well nevertheless, and the Shaker sisters seemed to see with satisfaction the evident interest which we felt for them and their society. They were heartily kind and agreeable, much more so than I could have believed as I saw them during the occurrences of the forenoon.

When we took leave of them I said, "I salute you all

with a spiritual kiss, because, I presume, that you will not allow any other."

"Oh, we are not so particular as that," said a young girl, who smiling and bending forward her pretty head, kissed me, and with that came forward the rest, and we had a hearty kissing all round, Rebecca and I and the Shaker sisters, and as they laughed at this, I said to them :

"I fancied that you could not laugh." And that made them all laugh again, and one of the elder women said, "Oh, I would not, for a great deal, be without my good laugh !"

They were regularly charming and delightful, a thousand times more so than some worldly and thoughtless ladies at the hotel at Lebanon Wells, who set themselves very high above "the poor Shakers."

Their society left a very good impression upon me ; and I have heard from persons who have had intercourse with the Shakers for many years, a great deal of good respecting them, in particular of their mutual life of Christian love, as well as of their kindness to the poor ; their tender care of such children as are entrusted to them, sometimes those of poor people who do not belong to their society, sometimes of the families of members, but who live without acknowledging more than the spiritual connection with the society. The care which is taken also of the old and the sick of the community is said to be excellent. I heard the same from my little lady-doctor in Boston, Miss H., who is the physician of two or three Shaker establishments. She also told me of many an unhappy human life in the world which has found a peaceful asylum among the Shakers, of miserably married people, of lonely women, of men who have been severely tried by affliction, who have here found a haven from the tempests of the day, who have found friends, protection, the comforts of life, and the peace of life which they never could have found in the world. These

societies are conventual associations in a milder form, and upon the whole, as it appears to me, the most rational institutions, and the best adapted for their purpose of any of this class, in everything, excepting the dancing, which might be made considerably more rational, and much more accordant with its object.

The Elder Richard Bushrell gave me, at parting, a book containing the history of the origin and organisation of the Millennium Church, or United Society of Believers called Shakers. I see by it that the sect originated in France, where, during a religious revival in Dauphiné, about the close of the fifteenth century, a number of men and women were attacked by religious extacies, both of soul and body, which they regarded as the operations of the Holy Spirit, they being accompanied by visions and powerful inward admonitions to a holy, God-dedicated, ascetic life. Disquieted and persecuted in France, some of them fled to England. Anne Lee, the daughter of a smith, who seems, from her earliest years, to have had visions and inspirations like those which are related in the history of the Swedish saint, St. Brigitta, became known to these pious French exiles; though she could neither read nor write, yet she soon distinguished herself by her Biblical and other sacred knowledge. After long spiritual sufferings which had emaciated her body, she fell into a state of religious extacy, by which both soul and body regained new life, and during which she became the centre, the teacher and leader, of that little flock of scattered believers who had faith in the higher inspiration of this extatic condition. Strong faith and natural genius enabled this woman, devoid of all ordinary education, to reduce to a system that which had hitherto been merely isolated phenomena, and mere conjecture. Through her, and under her influence, the doctrines took a definite form, as thus. That as the world fell by the first Eve, so would it reinstate itself by the second Eve. Christ's second

appearance should be through the influence of the Holy Spirit in this second Eve, *in the woman*, who would lead to life in God that race, which she had formerly led to its fall from him. Perfect chastity is the principal condition of this state, together with the devotion of the whole life to God during labour for the brethren. The Shakers saw in Anne Lee, this second Eve, this new revelation of God upon earth. They called her Mother Anne Lee, and guided themselves by her inspirations. They danced to the service of God as she ordained, and when their extatic excitement became vehement—as is always the case in the youthful life of religious excitement—they were attacked by the mob, and Mother Lee and many of her adherents were thrown into prison; but in vain. Again they met together to sing and to utter praise, and the song became the dance, and the songs of praise lifted them in jumps and bounds from the earth. Disquieted and threatened in England, the Shakers, like all the other persecuted enthusiasts of Europe, cast their eyes across the sea to the New World. Mother Anne Lee became inspired to found there the association of New Lebanon. Accordingly, in the year 1774, Anne Lee, with a small company of her adherents, commenced their voyage; and as they were swayed by the motion of the sea, they sang and danced in their extatic worship of God. The captain of the vessel, who could not understand such an extraordinary mode of worship, threatened them that, if they would not desist, he would have them thrown overboard. A storm arose; a plank was torn loose from the ship's side, and the water poured in. The captain, now desperate against the Shaker company, and regarding their ungodly proceedings as the cause of this misfortune, was just about to execute his threat when Mother Anne Lee exclaimed, "Be of good courage, captain, for not a hair of your head shall suffer: I see two angels by the mast of your vessel!"

“And at that very moment,” continues the narrative, “came a wave and struck the plank again into the ship’s side, so that the water flowed in no longer, and the people at the pumps could make head against it.”

The storm also soon abated, and the captain from this time left the Shakers at peace. They continued to sing and dance. Singing praises and dancing upon the wild waves of the sea, they arrived at the New World.

Mother Anne Lee and her disciples purchased land not far from the banks of the Hudson, cultivated the wilderness, built a house, and founded there in September of the year 1776 their first evangelical community, under the name of New Lebanon. Mother Anne Lee’s wedded husband, poor man, whom she had married before the time of her religious awakening, and who, in the beginning, also belonged to her believers, became unfaithful, separated himself from her, and fell into drunkenness and other vices. The Shaker establishment at New Lebanon, however, flourished and prospered under the guidance of Mother Anne Lee, and gave birth to new Shaker communities in other States, which Anne Lee visited, in order to diffuse there her doctrines. She died in extreme old age, universally esteemed and beloved.

Such of her expressions and teachings as are preserved in the book, show a God-fearing and gentle disposition—not without some little arrogance in the belief that she was another Christ;—as well as of a very prudent, managing, and practical turn of mind. In the meantime she referred all rules of labour and frugality to God, as the giver of all good. “It is,” said she, “through the blessing of God that every article of food is given, and therefore we must not be careless even of the smallest things.”

Of her exterior it is said, “Mother Anne Lee was somewhat below the middle height of woman; she was tolerably stout, but upright and well formed, both in

person and in features. Her complexion was fair and clear; her eyes blue and penetrating; the expression of her countenance mild and full of soul, but at the same time solemn and grave. Many persons in the world called her beautiful, and in the eyes of her faithful children she seemed to be possessed of a high degree of beauty and celestial amiability, such as they had never before seen in any mortal being. And when she was under the influence of the Holy Spirit, her countenance beamed with the glory of God, and her form and her actions seemed divinely beautiful and angelic. The power and influence of her spirit at such times surpassed all description; no one then could contradict her, or oppose the power through which she spoke."

At the present time there are in the United States eighteen Shaker communities, scattered over several States, from New Hampshire to Ohio and Indiana. The sect is said however not to exceed four thousand members in number. The society of New Lebanon consists of from seven to eight hundred persons. Each community has its separate two or three families, and among these its Church family or "Ministry," of elected, spiritually-gifted men and women, who conduct the spiritual affairs of the society; the temporal affairs are under the government of deacons and elders elected for that purpose. All the various communities stand in a certain subordinate relationship to that of New Lebanon, which is called the mother-community. All property is in common; no one in the community possesses anything for himself. All division of property is objected to. Any person who, on entering the community, brings in with him property may, after a time, draw it out again if he wishes to leave the community. But if it is given to the community after calm reflection and with full consciousness of the act, it cannot again be resumed. Most of the Shaker associations are in good circumstances,

and that at New Lebanon is said to be wealthy, and to be still more and more extending its possessions. It is maintained by agriculture and the rearing of cattle. Everything which is made by the Shakers is substantial, but has something odd and devoid of taste in form and colour. The Shakers live well and work leisurely, because they have neither pleasures nor superfluity, and they work equally, and they work all. The sect increases slowly; you hear no scandalous stories told of these communities. Yet will it now and then happen that a young couple there, a brother and sister, will elope in order to unite themselves as man and wife, beyond the pale of the society. Nobody pursues them; they are merely considered as lost.

On one occasion, I have heard that a new-born child was laid at the door of a Shaker house. It caused a great excitement when it was found there the next morning, and all the Shakers, men and women, young and old, went forth to see that wonderful little thing, a baby! "The baby" became the object of curiosity and interest to the whole Shaker community; and "the baby's" well-being, its growth and progress, the subject of general conversation and general attention. "The baby" was for a long time the chief personage in the Shaker community.

And now you must indeed have had enough of the Shakers. I wish, however, to see more of them and of their commonwealth, and hope yet to have an opportunity of doing so. Mother Anne Lee, how many of Eve's daughters, and sons too, are there who might very well go to school—if not exactly into the dancing-school—with thee!

I passed the evening at Lebanon Wells with my friends the S.'s and L.'s, and bathed also in its crystalline, sulphur-impregnated bath. Finally, I contended with the S.'s, because, we had the old story over again, I wished

to pay my share of the expenses both of the journey and our stay at the hotel, to which they would not consent. They have a thousand amiable ways and expressions by which to silence me and to compel me to let them defray travelling expenses. They are of a thoroughly kind and liberal nature, and the sense of their pleasure in giving caused me in the end to be silent, but with tears in my eyes; and they carried their point without my being able to thank them. But I know that they understand my feelings. I cannot describe to you how amiable they are, how careful they are of me, and how kindly anxious! And all is done in such a simple and natural manner, as though they were my brother and sister. I am sincerely attached to them, and am happy in having become acquainted with such people.

They returned to New York, and I continued my journey with the Lowells, part of the way by the Hudson, and the rest by railway; but it rained terrifically, and in our transit from one mode of conveyance to the other we, as well as our carpet-bags, got wet through. Drenched, and amid pouring rain which rushed in torrents through the streets of Albany, we arrived at our hotel, where they refused to receive us. The agricultural fair was to be held in two days in the city, and every room was engaged by people coming to the fair. On our promising, however, merely to remain there for one night, they gave us accommodation; and how charming it was to be able to dry ourselves before good fires, and to have warm and refreshing tea!

I am now in the centre of the most powerful State of North America, with its population equal to that of the whole of Sweden, and much richer; but Sweden has a wealth which the Emperor State can never obtain, let it be as rich as it may; and yet it is not nearly so powerful as it might and certainly will become.

New York State has no old memories, no origin of an interest equal to that of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Georgia. It was trade which first populated this country. Its earliest founders proceeded thence from Holland; and the country was called by them New Netherlands, and the peninsula upon which New York stands was then called Manhattan, a grand Indian name, by which I could wish that New York might be rebaptised. It was at the expense of the Dutch Company that Hudson went to America and discovered the glorious river which bears his name, and the country around it he described as "*Het schoonste land det men met voeten betreden kon.*" Even to this day the State is full of the Dutch, who live in a clan-like manner, and will not avail themselves of schools or other great institutions which have been established by the present law-giving and dominant people. The State of New York does not appear to have contributed to the spiritual treasury of great ideas in the New World. Nevertheless, the idea of a federal republic seems to have been carried over to New York from the general States of Holland.

And now, good-bye, my sweet sister! I am tired and sleepy.

NIAGARA, Sept. 7th.

I now write to you with the rivers from this grand, renowned New World's wonderful waterfall, roaring and murmuring around me. And it *is* grand, and worthy to be renowned and wonderfully beautiful, and yet, at the same time, so simple and comprehensible in its grandeur, that one at once receives the impression both into soul and sense, and retains its indelibly. It astonished me less than I expected, but it has become more to me. It has grown with me, and — but I shall talk to you about it another time.

It is now evening, and dark without. And now, by lamplight, with the music of the rivers' roar beneath my

window, nay, almost beneath my feet, for we have our rooms in the hotel, "Cataract House," above the rapids, which with the speed of lightning shoot foaming past on their way to the great fall,—now then will I have a little chat with you and give you an account of the events of the last few days.

I wrote last to you from Albany. The rain kept us prisoners the whole afternoon and evening. The morning rose grey and cloudy. I looked like a turkey-hen, up to the sky in fear of rain; but when I saw the grey clouds breaking, the blue peeping through them, I knew that all was right, and the day became glorious, and the journey was glorious through the beautiful fertile Mohawk valley, along the river of that name, a lively, roaring little river, with bright red-tinged waters, which went speeding along through verdant and rich meadows. The clouds had taken to themselves wings, and flown far aloft into that blue vault, and there vanished like the small wings of the cherubim, leaving the firmament brilliant in its deep blue. The fields were brilliant with sunflowers, partly wild and partly planted around the small farm-houses. I never saw such an abundance of them, nor of such a size. Many of them had heads of flower, and were as tall as young trees. At one place I saw a little house quite surrounded by tall sunflowers as by a wood; they were higher than the house: but that, certainly, was not very tall for a house. On all hands the land appeared well laid out and cultivated. The sun shone brilliantly over that beautiful rich landscape, and the landscape shone brilliantly back again after the rain; everything looked fresh and rejoicing. And we flew along that excellent railroad, reposing in excellent arm-chairs, flew towards the West, that rich land of promise, the evening land of the sun! Thus sped we along through many infant cities, such as Syracuse, Rome, Oswego, Auburn, Vienna, Amsterdam, Schenectady, Oneida, Seneca

Falls, Genoa, and so on; all pretty, all increasing, all abounding in lovely houses and gardens, with many churches, built in a decorative style, and town-houses lord-
ing it over the cities, both in situation and character,—all testifying to good order and prosperity, and each one very much like another, spite of the dissimilar character which is suggested by their appellations. I, for my part, like this appropriation of all the celebrated names of the Old World by the New, because I perceive in it an unconscious prophecy to the people of that higher metamorphosis which is to be produced by this country and this people, through which the life of the Old World shall again come forth anew, but with a higher or more spiritual significance. In these names from all lands and all peoples, I hear the prediction of that great popular assembly of all the nations of the earth, which is to take place in this country.

We sped on, and past many lakes with their romantic shores, Cayuga, Seneca, Canandaigun, Oneida, and many others. The scenery was not of a grand character, but was infinitely pleasing and fertile. The orchards, which surrounded the well-built country houses and farms, were brilliant with their splendid apples and peaches. I had heard it said that the journey through the western valley of New York was interesting by the spectacle which it presented of luxuriant and flourishing vegetable life. And it is so. It is a rural festival from one end to the other. My young friends, James and Maria, enjoyed it as much as I did. And as the day declined, the sun descended to the western horizon towards which we were directing our course, and the lower it sunk the more glowing became its colour, the more warm and the deeper at the same time, and we sped on directly towards the sun. I gazed towards it as one of the daughters of Peru might have done; I gazed towards it like the sunflowers on our way, and felt myself inwardly to stand in kinship to it.

In the evening we arrived at Utica, where we were to remain one night. And whilst Maria rested, and James made arrangements for our next day's journey to Trenton Falls, I went out on an exploratory journey into the little city with the old republican name. "I will go and look after Cato," thought I to myself; "perhaps he walks here once more."

And that he does, although in the metamorphosis; that is to say, I saw upon the corners of two houses a printed placard, upon which I read—"The tailoresses of the city of Utica call a meeting at —, next Wednesday, to consider what means can be taken to remove the oppressions under which *we* labour, and also how we can best obtain our rights."

Stern old advocate of the rights of the people, who wouldst not live where thou sawst them destroyed by the hands of Cæsar! old magnanimous Cato, who didst die for republican freedom—thou art the victor after all! That which thou desiredst, that for which thou foughtest, is here, in this new republic, a living reality two thousand years afterwards. I see and read it here; even the lowest of the people may stand up for their rights, may make their speeches in the state's forum, equally with the most powerful, and obtain justice. Old Republican, thou hast conquered! and thy spirit lives here mightier than in that ancient Rome. "The tailoresses of the city of Utica" prove this in the city which bears the name of thy birthplace. Pity only that they had not drawn up their advertisement better! But that is of less consequence, as its purport is clear.

Thus I returned home, glad to have met the spirit of Cato, and to have seen in Utica many pretty and tastefully-built houses surrounded by plantations. The streets in the lesser cities of America are a succession of small detached villas, with their grass plots, elegant iron palisading, and fine trees in front of the houses. It is

only in those portions of the towns in which shops are to be found that the houses are built close together, and rather with an eye to the advantage of business than for beauty. Still a handsome appearance and good proportion are never lost sight of, and everywhere prevail order and neatness.

“Do you live happily and contentedly here in this city?” inquired I from a young shopman, who looked particularly agreeable.

“Oh, yes, indeed!” replied he, frankly and cordially, “we have good friends, good neighbours, and everything good! We could not wish it better!”

An unusual state of happiness and contentment!

The next day we went with a carriage and horses—a mode of travelling which is beginning to be uncommon here—to Trenton, in order to see the waterfall, which is cousin to Niagara in reputation. It is a wild and violent fall, hurling itself through an immense chasm of rock, directly down a height of certainly a quarter of an English mile. The water, which has the colour of clear sherry, leaps from between the lofty dark walls of rock, like a Berserk, from ledge to ledge in the wildest tumult, gleaming in the sun, tumbling into abysses, leaping up over masses of rock and trunks of trees, rending down and overwhelming everything in its career, flinging forth cascades of spray right and left into the wood, which stands as if dumb and trembling while the mighty giant-hero passes by. It is magnificent; but too violent, too headlong. One is deafened by the thundering roar, and almost blinded by the impetuosity with which the masses of water are hurled forward. One becomes wearied by it, as one does by anything extravagant, let it be as grand as it may; one cannot hear one's own thoughts, much less those of others, even if they are shouted into one's ear. One is out-talked, out-done, out-maddened by the giant's Berserker-madness. Alone in its clear and glowing

colour could I see the divine fire, and when standing on a rocky terrace by the side of the fall, I took off my bonnet, and let the spray rain over me, as it was flung down from the water like a mist; I then felt that the Mighty One could be even gentle and refreshing.

The scenery at Trenton is wild and picturesquely beautiful, but circumscribed. It is of a Berserker character. We spent the whole day at Trenton, in company with the giant and the scenery around. The inn was a good and comfortable one, as are nearly all the inns in this country, and was situated in a romantic stretch of dale scenery. We ate well and we slept well, and the next day we returned to Utica and thence pursued our way still farther West. The sun was still with us, and the country rich and fertile as before. During our rapid journey, however, something took fire in the train in consequence of the friction of wood and iron, and we were obliged to wait that it might be extinguished. We took it all very coolly, enjoyed ourselves sitting in our luxurious arm-chairs, with the sense of something like adventure, and watched how expertly and with how much calmness they set about to avert the danger. The train had stopped just beside a large and beautiful orchard, which was separated from the rail-road by a rather low wooden fence. I had just called Maria Lowell's attention to the really paradisaic beauty and perfection of some young apple-trees, the fruit of which was brilliant with the most vivid red and golden yellow-colour, when, to my astonishment—and I must confess to my grief also—I saw a number of young men, passengers of the train, from twenty to thirty years of age, well-dressed and well-looking in all respects, leap over the fence into the orchard, and in the most merciless manner, fall upon and despoil those beautiful fruit-trees. Precisely those young, beautiful trees which I had remarked, became the prey of this robber-greed, were dragged down, their

branches broken, plucked off amid the laughter and talk of the company, and then came many others from the train and leapt over the fence and into the orchard. But now a voice was heard in the distance, and that voice must have sounded to those apple-covetous sons of Adam, something like the voice of the Lord when it was heard in the Garden of Eden by the first Adam, after that first eating of the forbidden fruit, although not perhaps quite so awfully. Certain however it is that they took to their heels, and threw over the fence, on to the road, all the apples they could snatch from the tree, and sprang laughing, and still throwing apples before them over the fence and into the carriages, leaving the owner of the orchard to contemplate his despoiled and injured trees. I confess that this apple-scene and the spirit in which it was done very much astonished me.

“Is it possible,” said I to James Lowell, “that gentlemen can act in this manner?”

He shook his head silently; “And yet,” said I, “these young men looked like gentlemen. Many of them were handsome besides being well-dressed.”

I had many times heard of garden-robberies of fruit and flowers by young fellows, in the neighbourhood of great cities, especially around Philadelphia, and I had even asked my friends how this might be prevented. They confessed that it was so, but excused it by saying, that fruit was so plentiful and so cheap in this country, that nobody considered the taking of it as anything very important. And yet these young men, on this occasion, had ran away at the sound of the proprietor's voice, like any ordinary fruit-thieves. The only difference between the fruit-thieves of Europe and those of the New World seemed to be that the latter were not ashamed. Stealing fruit and destroying trees, as well as fleeing away from the owner of the orchard, all were equally signs of a low state of feeling.

About noon we arrived at Rochester, one of those great arteries through which the trade and traffic of the West flows into the Eastern States, and from these into the West. The city is situated between Lake Ontario and the River Genesee, the many falls of which turn its celebrated flour-mills. By means of the great lakes Rochester has communication with all the States which are situated round them as well as with Canada, and by means of the Genesee and Hudson, the Erie canal and innumerable railroads, it is connected with the Eastern States. Rochester is one of the children of the Great West in respect to growth. It was founded in 1812, by Nathaniel Rochester, and some other emigrants from Maryland, and in the year 1820, it contained 1500 inhabitants; now, in the year 1850, it contains 40,000. That may well be called progress. Its staple trade is the grinding of flour: its mills are said to grind daily five thousand barrels of flour, which is said to be of a magnificent quality.

We were received at Rochester by some friends of the Lowells, kind and agreeable people, who drove us in their carriage to see the lions of the place. First, we went to the factories which are situated upon the high banks of the Genesee river. The water which turns these wheels of labour is brought from the higher part of the river, and again flows into it from the mills after it has perfectly accomplished its labour. It rushes merrily along, in foaming cascades over the flat rocks, like wild schoolboys who, now that school is over, bound forth full of the joy of life into the open air; but if they had not done their work they could not have played. The opposite banks, equally lofty with that upon which the mills stood, were laid out in pleasure grounds, by some Germans, as we were told; there were swings, a shooting ground, and other means of amusement, and as a festival for eye and mind, a landscape of prairie-like extent and

character. On the verdant, open meadows, which were undivided by fences, grazed peaceful flocks and herds. The descending sun shone brilliantly over that cheerful scene. How good was the thought, or how fortunate was the accident, which introduced pleasure in the midst of labour, and furnished for both this glorious open space. Maria Lowell and I walked by the river side for an hour alone, she as much affected as I was by the peculiar beauty and significant life of the place, and I listening with delight to her intelligent remarks on the honour of labour, and the happiness which is attendant upon it. Farther down we came to yet wilder falls, too wild and too beautiful to turn mills. They were neither very large nor powerful, but of great picturesque beauty, and leafy trees and shrubs grow around them. Thus we proceeded till we came to a flour mill, which I saw from top to bottom; and shook hands with the men of the mill, and became very dusty with flour.

The streets of Rochester were animated with buyers and sellers; with those who were driving, and those who were walking, and amid the crowd of the European race Indians might be seen in their white blankets, and with their uncovered long, black, shaggy hair, passing in and out of the shops.

The following day I made acquaintance with the so-called "Rochester knockings," or that species of witchcraft which has so long revealed itself here and there in the West, the goblin of the West, as I call it, and which has now for some time been heard in Rochester, or wherever the young women of the name of Fish may chance to be. It is given out that these knockings are the operation of spirits who attend these sisters, and who are in communication with them. A number of persons in the city had visited the sisters, heard the knockings, seen tables walk off by themselves over the floor, and many other wonderful things performed by these spirits.

Some believed in them, but the greater number did not, considering the young women to be cunning impostors who themselves produced these noises and strange occurrences.

As these sisters, the Misses Fish, received payment for letting the public see and hear them, it appears all the more probable that this may be the case. Nevertheless they had themselves solicited investigation, had consented to be bound hand and foot in the presence of a committee, consisting of some of the most respectable people of the city; and during the whole time the noises and knockings were heard around them, and the committee published in the newspaper a declaration, signed by their names, stating that nothing had been discovered which gave reason to suspect these young women of imposture. Since then they have been left at peace; but the better class of townspeople seem to regard it as a proof of bad taste and want of judgment to visit these ghostly ladies. I have, from my earliest youth, heard so much about spectral affairs, and have myself heard such things as I cannot explain by the ordinary, well-known powers of nature,—and I had so frequently, during my travels in America, heard and read in the newspapers of “The Western Knockings and Rappings,” that I was very curious to hear them with my own ears. The young Lowells partook of my curiosity, and our friends in Rochester conducted us therefore to the place where, for the present, they were to be heard. The first glance however of the two sisters convinced me that whatever spirits they might be in communication with, they were not of a spiritually respectable class. Very different must be the appearance of such persons as have communion with the higher spiritual beings. For the rest, I came to the conclusion, from what occurred during this visit, and which in certain respects was extraordinary enough,

that the spirits did not understand Swedish, for they ought not in any case to have permitted themselves to be defied and threatened in Swedish as they were by me; that these wonderful knockings and tricks were either effected by these young sisters themselves, and they looked to me quite capable of it, however incomprehensible it might seem that they could manage to perform some of the tricks, or that they were the work of spirits of a similar disposition to these sisters, and *in rapport* with them. I may call these spirits, the little Barnums of the spiritual world who, like the great Barnum of America, amuse themselves with leading by the nose any persons who will be so led, and who receive their pranks in serious earnest. I do not doubt but that the spiritual world has its "humbugs," even as our world has, and it does not seem to me extraordinary that they endeavour to make fools of us. I am however surprised that intelligent people can be willing to seek for intercourse with their beloved departed through the medium of these knocking spirits, as is often the case. The sorrow of my heart and doubt of my mind might do a great deal; but it seems to me that rather would I never hear upon earth any tidings of my beloved dead, than hear them through these miserable knockings. The intercourse of spirits, angelic communion, is of a higher and holier kind.

From this scene, which produced a disquieting uncomfortable impression (the young Lowells were extremely angry with it), we drove to call on Frederick Douglass, a fugitive slave from Maryland, who has become celebrated by his natural genius, his talent as a public speaker, and the eloquence with which he pleads the cause of his black brethren. He is the editor of a paper called the "North Star,"* which is published at Rochester: he was now here,

* Now called "Frederick Douglass's Paper."

but confined to the house by bronchitis, which prevented his calling on me.

I had great interest in him, principally from his autobiography, which I had read, and which bears evidence of a strong and profoundly sensitive spirit, as well as of truth. And this is not always the case with some other autobiographies of fugitive slaves, which are a mixture of truth and fiction, and greatly overdrawn.

There is one part of this narrative which deeply affected me by its beauty, and I will translate it for you. It will give you some idea of the man and his condition as a slave, during the severest period of his slave-life. He was then a youth of seventeen.

“I was somewhat intractable when I came first to Mr. Covey. But a few months of this discipline quite subdued me. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me in. I was broken both body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity of mind was crushed; my intelligence was dulled; the desire to read died within me; the cheerful sparkle of my eye was gone; the dark night of slavery lay heavy upon me, and—behold a human being changed into a mere chattel!

“Sunday was my only free time. I spent it in a sort of animal stupidity, between sleeping and waking, under a large tree. Sometimes I rose up; a flash of energetic life—the life of freedom, passed through my soul, accompanied by a gleam of hope, which lit it up for a moment, and then again vanished. And again I sank down, sorrowing over my condition. Sometimes I was tempted to put an end to my life and to Covey’s at the same time, but I was withheld by a feeling both of hope and fear.

“Our house stood merely a few steps from Chesapeake Bay, upon whose broad bosom always shone white sails from all the countries of the habitable world. These beautiful vessels, in their shining white garments, so

enchancing to the eye of the freeman, seemed to me like shrouded spectres, who came to terrify and torment me with the thought of my wretched state.

“Often in the profound silence of a summer Sunday have I stood alone upon the lofty shores of this magnificent bay, and with a heavy heart and tearful eyes followed the innumerable crowd of sail floating out towards the great ocean. The sight of these affected me powerfully. My thoughts sought for expression, and there in the ear of the one Almighty Auditor did my soul pour forth her lament, though in a rude and untaught manner, as if addressing the sailing ships: ‘You are released from your bonds, and are free. I am enchained by my fetters, and am a slave! You speed on joyfully before the wind. I am driven on painfully by the bloody whip. You are the swift-winged angels of freedom, who fly around the world. I am fettered by an iron chain. Oh, that I were but free! Oh, that I were but standing on one of your stately decks, beneath the shadow of your protecting wings. Ah! between you and me rolls the pitiless sea! Go! go! Oh, that I also could go! If I could only swim. If I could but fly! Oh, why was I born a man to become a chattel! That glad ship is gone; it is losing itself in the dim distance. I am left in the burning hell of endless slavery. Oh God, save me! God release me! Let me become free! Is there a God? Why am I a slave? I will fly. I will not endure it! Free or in bondage—I will attempt it—I have only life to lose. I may as well die running as standing. Only think—one hundred miles directly north, and I am free. Attempt it? *Yes!* so help me God! I will do it. It cannot be intended that I should die a slave. I will trust myself to the sea. This very creek shall bear me to liberty! A better day is in the future!’”

And he became free, although several years later. Thank God, he succeeded in saving himself, in becoming

free! His autobiography is one of the most interesting books which any one can read. Douglas has entirely maintained himself for some years as a literary man, always working for his great object—the emancipation of the slaves and the improvement of the free coloured people.

I found him to be a light Mulatto of about thirty, with an unusually handsome exterior, such as I imagine should belong to an Arab chief. Those beautiful eyes were full of a dark fire. He suffered much from that affection of the throat, and could speak only with difficulty. Some bitter words were vehemently expressed against the custom prevalent under the system of slavery, of robbing the labourer of the wages which he earns. The case is this; slaves are hired out by their owners to work for certain wages, perhaps for a dollar a day, or seven or nine dollars a week, and this wage they must, at the end of the week or the month, whichever it may be, take to their masters. Many slaveholders maintain themselves by money thus acquired by their slaves. On the other side, the master generally provides clothes for the slaves, and is bound to take care of them in sickness and old age. Many slaves, however, earn so much by their labour that they could very well do more than maintain themselves, if they might but have that which they earn.

The wife of Douglas is very dark, stout and plain, but with a good expression; his little daughter, Rosetta, takes after her mother. The governess is a white lady, who lives in the family. I cannot but admire that force of character which enables her to bear those trials which, in such circumstances, she must have to bear from the prejudiced white people; and they are legion even in the free states. But possibly has that former slave, now the apostle-militant of freedom, that greatness of character which makes such a sacrifice easy to an ardent soul. I saw too little of him, and under circumstances too

unpropitious for me to obtain a clear impression. And if, in his case, bitterness of spirit were more conspicuous than magnanimity, who can wonder ?

I must now say a few words about some knockings in Rochester, which entertained me more than the so-called spiritual ;—these I heard in the Telegraph Office of the city. I wished to know whether the former American minister in Stockholm, Mr. Lay, who now lived in Batavia, a little city in Western New York, was at home, in which case I wished to pay a visit to him and his wife on my way back to Niagara. Mr. Lay, who is still in a very suffering state after an apoplectic attack, had immediately on my arrival in America written to me very kindly, and sent a confidential person to take me to his house ; but as I was then with the Downings, I was not able to avail myself of his kindness. Now, however, I was come into the neighbourhood of the Lays, and should be glad to see these amiable people, my former friends in Sweden, if it were merely to thank them. I wished therefore to send a message and make inquiries at Batavia, about sixty miles distant from Rochester.

I was taken to the Telegraph Office, a handsome, well-lighted room in a large covered arcade, in which were ornamental shops like those arched bazaar-arcades in Paris and London. I gave my message to one of the gentleman officials. He immediately caused some mystical knockings to take place, by means of which my message was sent to Batavia. In a few seconds it knocked again. This was the answer from Batavia, which said, "There is no person here of that name." I requested it to knock back again, "Yes, there certainly is. Mr. George W. Lay was two years ago American envoy in Sweden, and now lives in Batavia." In a few seconds more it was knocked back from Batavia, "Wait a little; we will inquire." I waited now about five minutes, when again it knocked from Batavia, and said, "Quite right.

Mr. George Lay lives here ; but is at the present time with his wife in New York. Miss Bremer will be gladly welcomed by such of the family as are now at home."

As my friends saw how much I was entertained by this telegraphic conversation, a gentleman seated himself at a small harpsichord and played for a few seconds silently upon its keys. He told me that he now sent to a city a hundred miles off, the intelligence, "Miss Bremer is in the office." The next moment I saw, upon a sort of music-desk, a strip of paper unroll itself, upon which an invisible hand had impressed these words in printed letters, "The operator at Buffalo sends his compliments to Miss Bremer, and hopes she is pleased with the experiment." Miss Bremer replied through the harpsichord keys that she was greatly pleased.

But I was now obliged to hasten to Ontario, where we were next evening to take the steam-boat. Those amiable friends who had made our visit in Rochester so agreeable, accompanied us to the shore, after having presented us with a great number of flowers and the most beautiful fruits, really Hesperian in beauty and excellence. Rochester, with its varied scenes of mills and knockings of life and lies, its good people and beautiful fruit, left upon us an impression of vigorous life.

In a calm, dark night, with stars glimmering between the clouds above us, we sped along Lake Ontario in a splendid steam-boat, and in the dawn ascended the River Niagara, a little, but romantically lovely daughter of the great fall ; and just as the sun rose we stepped on land and into a carriage to proceed thither. It was a glorious morning, somewhat cool, but bright and cheerful. Two hours later we were at the place ; heard the mighty thundering voice of the monster long before we saw it, and as there were now but few visitors at this advanced season, we had the best room we could desire in "Cataract House," and then hastened out to see——the object.

It makes a grand and joyful impression, but has nothing in it which astonishes or strikes the beholder. As you go toward the great fall, which is on the Canada side, you see a broad mass of water which falls perpendicularly from a plane in a horse-shoe or crescent form. One might say that the water comes from an open embrace. The water calm and clear, and of the most beautiful smaragdus-green colour, arches itself over the precipice that breaks it, and it is then that the fury and wild power of the fall first break forth, but even here rather majestically than furiously. Trenton is a young hero, drunken with youthful life and old sherry, which, in blind audacity, rushes forth on its career, violent and terrible. Niagara is a goddess, calm and majestic even in the exercise of her highest power. She is mighty, but not violent. She is calm, and leaves the spectators so. She has grand, quiet thoughts, and calls forth such in those who are able to understand her. She does not strike with astonishment, but she commands and fascinates by her clear, sublime beauty. One sits by her knee and still can hear one's own thoughts and the words of others, yes, even the falling water-drops from the green trees which her waters have besprinkled. She is too great to wish to silence, to wish to rule, excepting by her spiritual power. She is—ah, she is what human beings are not, and which, if they were, would make them god-like.

But those many thousand people who come hither every year—it is said that the place is visited by 60,000 persons annually—must they not grow a little greater and better by seeing this greatness, and reflecting themselves in it?—I rejoice that so many people see Niagara in the year.

From the unknown fountains of the St. Lawrence, and from the four great inland lakes, Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, which together are said to hold a fourth

part of all the fresh-water on the earth—flow the waters of the Niagara fall. The river on its way from Lake Erie encounters, near the fall, an island called Iris, or Goat Island, which divides it into two branches; by the one is formed the Canada fall, by the other, which hurries broad and thundering past our windows, is formed the American fall. Between them are somewhat above twenty feet of flat rock, overgrown with brush-wood. The fall on the Canada side is the richest and the most beautiful. Its breadth is 1500 feet, its height 154 feet. The fall on the New York side is 600 feet wide and 167 feet high. The Canada fall, with its beautiful half-circle, lies just in the middle of the stream. A lofty pyramid of spray-mist ascends from the foaming abyss at its feet, and rises toward heaven high above the level of the fall, like the spirit of Niagara, whose cloudy brow moves itself hither and thither in the wind. The stream from the Canada fall soon joins that of the American side. United they form below what is called “the whirlpool.” The stream there makes a bend and the agitated water is swung round. After that it flows on more calmly as the Niagara river or sound, twenty-five miles, pours itself through Lake Ontario into the magnificent St. Lawrence—the river of a thousand islands—and by it into the Atlantic Ocean. Trollhätten in Sweden has neither the mass of waters of Niagara nor its majesty, but it has more history, more romantic life. Niagara is a grand scene, a sublime action. Trollhätten is a series of scenes and actions. Niagara is a hymn. Trollhätten is a Vala-song.

That which most surprised me in Niagara, because I had not expected it, and that which charmed me every day was, besides the smaragdus-green colour of the water, the play of the rainbows over and around the fall, according as the sunbeams fell, or as the wind bore the water-spirit's movable pyramid. This formed a succession

of brilliant scenes, continually varying and enchantingly beautiful. There is something about it which charms and depresses me at the same time, because there is something in it which I wish to understand better. I feel that Niagara has more to say to me than it has yet said, or more than I have yet comprehended; and nothing can perfectly delight me until it has told me its innermost thought. Even when young, dancing gave me no pleasure, until I understood the meaning of dancing; before then it had been to me an irrational hopping about.

We have been here for three days, and shall remain yet two or three days longer. In the mornings I see the fall from the American shore, that is to say from the New York side, when the sun, in its ascent, throws hundreds of beautiful bridges over the cloud of spray; in the afternoon and evening it ought to be contemplated from the Canadian shore when the sun descends on the British side. In the forenoon I bathe in the stream, in the so-called "Mammoth" stream-bath, where the river rushes with such impetuosity into the bath-house, that one can with difficulty stand against it. It is very refreshing. In the afternoon, directly after dinner, I sit with my young friends in the piazza outside our room, and see the stream rushing by, and listen to its music. I often stand for a long time upon some one of the little bridges over the stream, merely to inhale the fragrance of the water; for the water here has the most delightful freshness, that I can compare to nothing with which I am acquainted. But it feels like the spirit of a delicious, immortal youth. Yes, here it seems to me as if one might become young again in body and in soul.

My young friends however do not enjoy the life here as fully as I do. James is not very lively, and Maria, who expects shortly to become a mother, dreams at night that she sees little Mabel playing with her departed

sisters Blanche and Rose; and a telegraphic message regarding her health which was expected yesterday, but which did not arrive, has added to the uneasiness of the affectionate parents on account of their only child, and drawn away their regards from the great Niagara.

September.—My friends are in better heart. Yesterday came the telegraphic intelligence, “Mabel is well.” And after that a long letter from the amiable old father, Dr. Lowell, full of anecdotes of home, and the warm affectionate home-life. Yes, *that* is more than Niagara. But Niagara is now my best beloved.

Last evening, James and I—Maria had a cold, and could not venture out in the night air—went across to the Canadian side, and walked backwards and forwards as the sun descended. At every new bend or movement of that misty water-spirit it presented new forms of light. Still were the rainbows arched, like the airy bridge of Bifrost in the old Scandinavian mythology, the one over the other; still glowed the light like kisses of fire, brilliant with prismatic colours, upon the green waters in the abyss; it was an unceasing festival of light, perpetually changing and astonishingly beautiful. What life, what variations between earth and heaven! And as the sun sank, those splendid bridges arched themselves higher and higher aloft in the ascending mist. The pyramidal light red cloud floated in the pale blue heaven above the green Niagara, and around it; on the lofty shores stood the forest in its brilliant autumnal pomp, such as is only seen in the forests of America, and all was silent and still excepting the thunder of the water-fall, to the voice of which all things seemed to be listening.

September 9th.—In the morning of time, before man was yet created, Nature was alone with her Creator. The warmth of His love, the light of His eye awoke her to the consciousness of life; her heart throbbed with

love for Him of whose life of love she had partaken, and she longed to present Him with an offering, to pour out her feeling, her life, for Him who gave it. She was young and warm with the fulness of primeval life; but she felt nevertheless her weakness in comparison with His power. What could she give to Him from whom she received everything? Her heart swelled with love and pain, with infinite longing, with the fulness of infinite life, swelled and swelled till it overflowed in—Niagara. And the spirit of thanksgiving arose as the smoke of an eternal sacrifice from the depth of the water towards heaven. The Lord of heaven saw it, and His spirit embraced the spirit of Nature with rainbows of light, with kisses of brilliant fire in an eternal betrothal.

Thus was it in the morning of the earth's life. Thus we behold it to this day. Still we behold to-day the spirit of nature ascend from Niagara towards heaven with the offering of its life, as an unspoken yearning and song of praise; and still to-day it is embraced by the light and the flames of heaven, as by divine love.

Niagara is the betrothal of earth's life
 With the heavenly life.
 That has Niagara told me to-day.
 And now can I leave Niagara. She has
 Told me her word of primeval being.

September 10th. In the Morning.—To day we shall proceed on our journey. I am satisfied that it should be so, for I have a little headache, and the unceasing thunder of the fall, the continual restless rushing of the torrent past my window is fatiguing to the nerves. Besides, one gets accustomed to everything, even to the great; and when by the side of this great fall we begin to hear and to be occupied merely with our own little thoughts about everyday things, then we may go away.

I have not told you about the different scenes of life

at Niagara, of the steamboat, the "Maid of the Mist," which advances up to the very fall till it is wetted with its spray, and then only turns back; nor of my botanical rambles around Iris island; nor of the Indians, whom one yet meets roaming about here; nor of the great iron bridge which, strong and light at the same time, has been thrown across the stream a little below the fall; nor of many other remarkable things here;—but all these are petty in comparison with that great water-fall, and that has been to me the essential thing. The Indians who live around Niagara belong to the Seneca tribe. As this is the season when the men are all out on their hunting-grounds, I saw merely some squaws, who offered their work for sale. This consists of embroidery done by hand, of flowers and animals, drawn and finished in a childish manner, but yet well done with dyed fibre of porcupine quills, small mats, baskets, mocassins, and children's rattles, made of a fragrant kind of grass. There are many shops around here full of their work, which is sold at a high price.

Two years ago Marcus and Rebecca S. were present at a great solemnity which took place among an Indian tribe here—the election of a new chief. They assembled in the depths of the forest. The finest incident, however, on this remarkable occasion was, that the young chief knelt down before his old mother, who laid her hands, with a benediction, upon his head. Woman, who is treated in a general way so horribly by the Indians, obtains, nevertheless, respect from them when she is the mother of a distinguished warrior; sometimes also, as among all savage people, from her mystical witch-like attributes, when she is possessed of a powerful character. This, however, can only very seldom be the case, considering the heavy yoke, which, from her very childhood, is laid upon her both spiritually and physically.

I long to see and hear more of these, the New World's

aborigines, and hope to have opportunity of doing so during my journey in the West.

It has now become clear and certain to my mind, though I do not know myself rightly how or when, that I shall proceed up the Mississippi as far as St. Anthony's Fall, that is to say, as far as the river is navigable, into Minnesota, a young territory, not yet a state, which, for the most part, is a wilderness, and the home of the wild Indian tribes, and afterwards down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Why I should go to New Orleans I do not know; but one thing I know—*I must go there*. Something within me tells me so, something which I must call the inward light, the inward voice, and which guides me here like a mysterious but absolute power. I do not hesitate a moment in following its guidance, for it speaks so decidedly and clearly, that I feel glad to obey. I know that to me it is a Star of Bethlehem. From this place I go to Chicago, and thence to the Swedish and Norwegian settlements in the States of Illinois and Wisconsin.

Among the memories of Niagara are some of a most sorrowful character. One of these occurred this last summer, when a young man and his sweetheart, and her sister, a little girl, visited the fall. As they stood beside it the young man took the little girl in his arms, and threatened playfully to throw her into it. The child gave a sudden start of terror, which threw her out of his arms and into that foaming abyss. He sprang in after her. Both vanished, and were only again seen as corpses.

“Oniaagaràh,” or “Ochniagaràh,” was the original name of Niagara, and it is still called so by the Indians. The word signifies “the thunder of the waters.” It has been shortened by the Europeans into Niagara.

I have now taken my farewell look of the great scene and sight. The green colour of the water, its inexpressibly delightful, living odour, charms me as much as

ever. I shall always, in recalling it, think of the fountains of eternal youth. I am satisfied to leave it, but would wish to come once more to see the fall in its winter magnificence, when it crowns itself with flowers and fruits and a thousand fantastic adornments of ice; when the full moon shines and spans it with the lunar-bow. We shall see! But I am nevertheless infinitely thankful to have seen Niagara. Its quiet grandeur and power, its colour, its spray, the rainbow's sport in that white cloudy figure—all this is and will remain a clear, living image in my soul. And that eternal fulness of nature's heart here—ah! that the human heart might resemble it, perpetually filled anew, perpetually flowing, never weary, never scanty, never dried up!

My young friends, James and Maria,—it grieved me to part from them; my amiable, lovely, charming Maria, looked at me with mournful glances, and —— but now we must be off! My young friends accompany me to Buffalo. A kiss, my beloved, from Niagara; the next letter from Chicago.

LETTER XXIV.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, *Sept. 15th.*

HERE, upon the south-western shore of Lake Michigan, sits your sister, my little Agatha, not, however, upon the sandy shore, but in a pretty villa, built in the Italian style, with Corinthian pillars, surrounded by beautiful trees and flowers.

It was in the market of Buffalo, amid horses and carriages, and throngs of people buying and selling, passing hither and thither, amid chests and all sorts of baggage, amid crowds and bustle, that I parted from my young friends, who had become dear to me almost as

brother and sister. There was neither time nor space to say many words in, the smoking iron-horse which was to speed them away along the iron-road stood ready; iron-road, iron-horse, iron-necessity, all were there; the warm heart had neither time nor language; thus we kissed in silence from our inmost hearts, and parted—perhaps, for ever! The Lowells intend to make a journey to Italy next year. I saw them no longer, and was conducted out of the throng in the market to an hotel by a respectable old gentleman, Judge B., under whose care I am to continue my journey. He had presented himself to me at Niagara with a letter of introduction from Mr. E.

This excellent, vigorous, old gentleman, yet quite youthful in spirit, one of the oldest pioneers of the West, and who had taken part in the founding or laying out of many of its most flourishing cities, as Rochester, Lockport, and many others, was quite at home in all the districts through which we were to travel, as far even as Lake Michigan, and for that reason, and also because he was evidently a good and cordial man, I was well satisfied to have him for my companion.

At the hotel at Buffalo I was again tormented by some new acquaintance with the old, tiresome questions, "How do you like America?" "How do you like the States?" "Does Buffalo look according to your expectations?" To which latter question I replied, that I had not expected anything from Buffalo; but yet, that I must say it struck me as being one of the least excellent cities which I had seen in America. Business! business! appeared to me to be the principal life and character there. But the truth is, that I did not see much of Buffalo.

Towards evening I went on board "The Ocean," a magnificent three-decked steam-boat, which conveyed me across Lake Erie, frequently a very stormy and dangerous

lake ; its billows, however, now resembled naiads sporting in the sunshine.

“ Erie,” says M. Bouchette, a French writer, describing this part of the country, “ may be regarded as the great central reservoir from which canals extend on all sides, so that vessels from this point may go to every part of the country inland, from the Atlantic Ocean on the east and north, to the countries and the sea of the south, and bring together the productions of every land and climate.” Emigrants of all nations cross Lake Erie on their way to the colonies west of those great inland seas. But to too many of them has Erie proved a grave. Not long since a vessel of emigrants, mostly Germans, was destroyed by fire on Lake Erie, and hundreds of these poor people found a grave in its waters. Among those who were taken up were seven or eight couples, locked in each other’s arms. Death could not divide them. Love is stronger than death. The helmsman stood at the helm steering the vessel towards land till the flames burned his hands. The negligence of the captain is said to have been the cause of this misfortune. He too perished. Only between thirty and forty passengers were saved.

For me, however, the sail across Lake Erie was like a sunbright festival, in that magnificent steamer where even a piano was heard in the crowded saloon, and where a polite and most agreeable captain took charge of me in the kindest manner. My good old pioneer related to me various incidents of his life, his religious conversion, his first love and his last, which was quite recent ; the old gentleman declaring himself to be half in love with “ that Yankee-woman, Mrs. L. ;” and I do not wonder at it. It convinced me that he had good taste. He declared himself to be “ first and foremost a great ladies-man.”

At four o’clock in the afternoon—that is to say, of the day after we went on board, we reached Detroit, a

city first founded by the French upon that narrow strait between the Lakes Erie and St. Clair, which separates Michigan from Canada. The shores as seen from the vessel appeared to be laid out in small farms consisting of regular allotments, surrounded by plantations. The land seemed to me low but fertile, undulating hill and valley. Detroit is, like Buffalo, a city where business-life preponderates, yet still it looked to me pleasanter and more friendly than Buffalo. I saw at the hotel some tiresome catechisers, and also some very agreeable people, people whom one could talk well and frankly with, and whom one could like in all respects. Among these I remember in particular the Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, a frank, excellent, and intellectual man; and a mother and her daughters. I was able to exchange a few cordial words with them, words out of the earnest depths of life, and such always do me good. The people of Detroit were for the rest pleased with their city and their way of life there, pleased with themselves, and with each other. And this seems to me to be the case in most of the places that I have been to here in the West.

The following evening we were at Anne Arbour, a pretty little rural city. Here also I received visitors, and was examined as usual. My good old pioneer did not approve of travelling *incognito*, but insisted upon it that people should be known by people, and could not comprehend how any one could be tired, and need a cessation of introductions and questions. In Anne Arbour also the people were much pleased with themselves, their city, its situation, and way of life. The city derived its name from the circumstance that when the first settlers came to the place they consisted principally of one family, and whilst the woods were felled and the land ploughed, the labourers had no other dwelling than a tent-like shed of boughs and canvas, where the mother of the family, "Anne," prepared the

food, and cared for the comfort of all. That was the domestic hearth; that was the calm haven where all the labourers found rest and refreshment under the protection of Mother Anne. Hence they called the tent Anne's Arbour or Bower, and the city, which by degrees sprung up around it, retained the name. And with its neat houses and gardens upon the green hills and slopes the little city looked indeed like a peaceful retreat from the unquiet life of the world.

We remained over night at Anne Arbour. The following morning we set off by railroad and travelled directly across the State of Michigan. Through the whole distance I saw small farms, with their well-built houses, surrounded by well-cultivated land; fields of wheat and maize, and orchards full of apple and peach trees. In the wilder districts the fields were brilliant with some beautiful kind of violet and blue flowers, which the rapidity of our journey prevented me from examining more closely, and with tall sunflowers, the heads of which were as large as young trees. It was splendid and beautiful. My old pioneer told me that he never had seen anywhere such an affluence of magnificent flowers as in Michigan, especially in the olden times before the wilderness was broken up into fields. Michigan is one of the youngest States of the Union, but has a rich soil, particularly calculated for the growth of wheat, and is greatly on the increase. The legislation is of the most liberal description, and it has abolished capital punishment in its penal code. Nevertheless I heard of crime having been committed in this State, which deserved death, or at least imprisonment for life, if any crime does deserve it. A young man of a respectable family in Detroit, during a hunt, had shot clandestinely and repeatedly at another young man, his best friend, merely to rob him of his pocket-book. He had been condemned, for an attempt to murder, which he acknowledged, only to twenty years' imprisonment. And in

prison he was visited by young ladies, who went to teach him French and to play on the guitar! One of these travelled with me on the railroad. She spoke of the young prisoner's "agreeable demeanour!" There is a leniency towards crime and the criminal which is disgusting, and which proves a laxity of moral feeling.

The weather was glorious the whole day. The sun preceded us westward. We steered our course directly towards the sun; and the nearer it sank towards the earth, more brightly glowed the evening sky as with the most transcendent gold. The country, through the whole extent, was lowland, and monotonous. Here and there wound along a lovely little wooded stream. Here and there in the woods were small frame-houses, and beside one and another of them wooden sheds, upon which a board was fastened, whereon might be read in white letters, half a yard high, the word "Grocery." The cultivated districts were in all cases divided regularly, scattered over with farm-houses resembling those of our better class of peasant-farmers. The settlers in the West purchase allotments of from eighty to one hundred and sixty or two hundred acres, seldom less and seldom more. The land costs in the first instance what is called "government price," one dollar and a quarter per acre; and will, if well cultivated, produce abundant harvests within a few years. The farmers here work hard, live frugally, but well, and bring up strong able families. The children, however, seldom follow the occupation of their fathers. They are sent to schools, and after that endeavour to raise themselves by political or public life. These small farms are the nurseries from which the north-west States obtain their best officials, and teachers, both male and female. A vigorous, pious, laborious race grows up here. I received much enlightenment on this subject from my good old pioneer, who, with his piety, his restless activity, his humanity, his

great information, and his youthfully warm heart, even in advancing years, was a good type of the first cultivators of the wilderness in this country. He parted from me on the journey in order to reach his home in the little city of Niles.

In company with an agreeable gentleman, Mr. H., and his agreeable sister-in-law, I went on board the steamer which crosses Lake Michigan. The sun had now sunk ; but the evening sky glowed with the brightest crimson above the sea-like lake. We departed amid its splendour and in the light of the new moon. The water was calm as a mirror.

On the morning of the 13th of September I saw the sun shine over Chicago. I expected to have been met at Chicago by some friends, who were to take me to their house. But none came ; and on inquiring, I learned that they were not now there. Nor was this to be wondered at, as I was two months after the appointed time. I now therefore found myself quite alone in that great unknown West. And two little misadventures occurring just now with my luggage made it still less agreeable. But precisely at the moment when I stood quite alone on the deck, for my kind new acquaintance had left the steamer somewhat earlier, my gladness returned to me ; and I felt that I was not alone ; I felt vigorous, both body and mind. The sun was there, too ; and such a heartfelt rejoicing filled my whole being, in its Lord and in my Father, and the Father of all, that I esteemed myself fortunate that I could shut myself up in a little solitary room at an hotel in the city, and thus be still more alone with my joy.

But my solitude was not of long continuance. Handsome, kind people gathered round me, offered me house and home and friendship and every good thing ; and all in Chicago became sunshine to me.

In the evening I found myself in that pretty villa,

where I am now writing to you, and in the beautiful night a serenade was given in the moonlit gardens, in which was heard the familiar

Einsam bin ich nicht allein.

It was a salutation from the Germans of the city.

September 17th.—Prairies! A sight which I shall never forget.

Chicago is situated on the edge of the prairie-land; the whole State of Illinois is one vast rolling prairie (that is to say, a plain of low, wave-like hills); but the prairie proper does not commence until about eighteen miles from the city. My new friends wished me to pass a day of prairie-life. We drove out early in the morning, three families in four carriages. Our pioneer, a dark, handsome hunter, drove first with his dogs, and shot, when we halted by the way, now and then, a prairie hen (grouse) on the wing. The day was glorious; the sky of the brightest blue, the sun of the purest gold, and the air full of vitality, but calm; and there, in that brilliant light, stretched itself far, far out into the infinite, as far as the eye could discern, an ocean-like extent, the waves of which were sunflowers, asters, and gentians. The plain was splendid with them, especially with the sunflowers, which were frequently four yards high, and stood far above the head of our tallest gentleman.

We ate our dinner in a little wood, which lay like a green shrub upon that tree-less flowery plain. It was an elevation, and from this point the prairie stretched onward its softly waving extent to the horizon. Here and there, amid this vast stretch, arose small log-houses, which resembled little birds' nests floating upon the ocean. Here and there also were people making hay; it looked like some child's attempt, like child's play. The sun-bright soil remained here still in its primeval greatness and magnificence, unchecked by human hands,

covered with its flowers, protected and watched alone by the eye of the sun. And the bright sun-flowers nodded and beckoned in the wind, as if inviting millions of beings to the festival set out on the rich table of the earth. To me it was a festival of light. It was a really great and glorious sight; to my feeling less common and grander even than Niagara itself.

The dark hunter, a man of few words but evidently of strong feelings, leaned upon his gun and said softly, "Here I often stand for hours and gaze on creation!"

And well he might. That sight resembled an extacy in the life of nature. It was bathed in light; it reposed blissfully in the bosom of light. The sunflowers sang praises to the sun.

I wandered about in the wood and gathered flowers. The asters grew above my head. Nearly all the flowers which now cover the prairies are of the class syngenesia, and of these the *Solidago* and *Helianthus* predominate. The prairies are covered each different month with a different class of flowers; in spring white, then blue, then purple, and now mostly of a golden yellow.

In the course of the day we visited one of the log-houses on the plain. A nice old woman was at home. The men were out getting in the hay. The house was one year old, and tolerably open to the weather, but clean and orderly within, as are houses generally in which live American women. I asked the good woman how the solitude of this great prairie agreed with her. She was tired of it, "It was so monotonous," she said. Yes, yes, there is a difference between seeing this sight of heaven and earth for one day and for a whole year! Nevertheless I would try it for a year.

We did not see a cloud during the whole of this day, nor yet perceive a breath of air; yet still the atmosphere was as fresh as it was delicious. The Indian summer will soon begin. The whole of that little prairie-festival was

cloudless, excepting that the hunter's gun went off and shot one of our horses in the ear, and that a carriage broke down, but it was near the end of the journey and was taken all in good part, and thus was of no consequence.

CHICAGO, *Sept. 27th.*

I have heard a great deal about the Indians from Mr. and Mrs. K., in whose extremely agreeable family I have now my home. Mr. K. is the Government Agent in all transactions with the Indian tribes in these North Western States, and he and his family were among the earliest settlers in the Wilderness there. Mrs. K. who writes with facility and extremely well, has preserved in manuscript many incidents in the lives of the first colonists, and of their contests with the Indians, and among these many which occurred in her own family. The reading of these narratives is one of the greatest pleasures of the evenings; some are interesting in a high degree; some are full of cruel and horrible scenes, others also touchingly beautiful, and others again very comic.

There is material for the most beautiful drama in the history of the captivity of Mrs. K.'s mother and her free restoration. I know nothing more dramatic than the first terrible scene of the carrying off of the little girl; then the attachment of the Indian-chief to the child, the affection which grew up in his heart for her as she grew up in his tent, and was called by the savage tribe "the White Lily;" the episode of the attempt to murder her by the jealous wife of the Chief, and lastly the moment when the chief, after having for several years rejected all offers of negotiation and gifts, both on the part of the parents and the Government for the restoration of the child, yielded at length to prayers, and consented to a meeting of the mother and daughter, but on the express condition that she should not seek to retain her; and then, when arrived at the appointed place of meeting,

with all his warriors in their complete array, he rode alone—spite of all their remonstrances—across the little brook which separated the camp of the Whites from that of the Indians, and saw the young girl and her mother throw themselves into each other's arms with tears of joy, he stood overpowered by the sight and exclaimed, "The mother must have her child!" turned his horse, re-crossed the brook and rejoined his own people without a glance at the darling of his heart, "the White Lily," who now, in the fifteenth year of her age, returned to her family! What an excellent subject for dramatic treatment! I hope that Mrs. K. will some day publish this beautiful narrative, together with several others which I heard during these evenings.

The massacre of Chicago belongs to the unpleasing portion of the chronicle, and Chicago still retains fresh traces of this event. Yet even that is ennobled by beautiful human actions.

The wooing of my noble and gentlemanly host by the Indian Chief Fourlegs for his daughter, and the arrival of the fat Miss Fourlegs on her buffalo hides in the city, where she met with a refusal, belong to the comic portion of the chronicle, and very much amused me. For the rest, the gentle and refined Mr. K., like many others who have lived much among the Indians, has a real attachment to them, and seems to have an eye rather for the virtues than the failings which are peculiar to this remarkable people. The K.'s resided long in Minnesota, and only within the last few years at Chicago (Illinois), where they have a handsome house with a large garden.

Chicago is one of the most miserable and ugly cities which I have yet seen in America, and is very little deserving of its name, "Queen of the Lake." For sitting there on the shore of the Lake in wretched déshabille, she resembles rather a huckstress than a queen. Certainly, the city seems for the most part to

consist of shops. One sees scarcely any pretty country houses with their gardens either within or without the city—which is so generally the case in American towns—and in the streets the houses are principally of wood, the streets formed with wood, or if without, broad and sandy. And it seems as if, on all hands, people came here merely to trade, to make money and not to live. Nevertheless I have, here in Chicago, become acquainted with some of the most agreeable and delightful people, that I ever met with anywhere; good people, handsome and intellectual; people to live with, people to talk with, people to like and to grow fond of, both men and women; people who do not ask the stranger a hundred questions, but who give him an opportunity of seeing and learning in the most agreeable manner which he can desire; rare people! And besides that, people who are not horribly pleased with themselves and their world, and their city, and their country, as is so often the case in small towns, but who see deficiencies and can speak of them properly, and can bear to hear others speak of them also.

To-day and last evening also, a hot wind has been blowing here, which I imagine must be like the Italian sirocco. One becomes quite enervated by it; and the air of Chicago is a cloud of dust.

September 23rd.—But in the evening when the sun descends and the wind subsides, I go to some higher part of the city, to see the sun set over the prairie land, for it is very beautiful. And beholding this magnificent spectacle melancholy thoughts arise. I see in this sun-bright western land thousands of shops, and thousands of traders, but no temple of the sun, and only few worshippers of the sun and of eternal beauty. Were the Peruvians of a nobler intellectual culture than this people? Had they a loftier turn of mind? Were they the children of the light in a higher degree than the present race who colonise the western land of the New World?

September 24th.—I must now tell you of some agreeable Swedes who reside here. They are Captain Schneidan and his wife, and Mr. Uneonius, now the minister of the Swedish congregation of this district, and his wife. They were among the earliest Swedish emigrants who established themselves on the banks of the beautiful lake, Pine Lake, in Wisconsin, and where they hoped to lead an Arcadian, pastoral life. The country was beautiful, but the land, for the most part, was sterile.

These Swedish gentry, who thought of becoming here the cultivators and colonisers of the Wilderness, had miscalculated their fitness and their powers of labour. Beside this, they had taken with them the Swedish inclination for hospitality and a merry life, without sufficiently considering how long it could last. Each family built for itself a necessary abode, and then invited their neighbours to a feast. They had Christmas festivities and Midsummer dances. But the first year's harvest fell short. The poorly tilled soil could not produce rich harvests. Then succeeded a severe winter, with snow and tempests, and the ill-built houses afforded but inadequate shelter; on this followed sickness, misfortunes, want of labour, want of money, want of all kinds. It is almost incredible what an amount of suffering some of these colonists must have gone through. Nearly all were unsuccessful as farmers; some of them, however, supported themselves and their families by taking to handicraft trades, and as shoemakers or tailors earned those wages which they would have been unable to earn by agriculture. To their honour it must be told that they, amid severe want, laboured earnestly and endured a great deal with patient courage without complaining, and that they successfully raised themselves again by their labour. Neither were they left without aid from the people of the country when their condition became known.

Margaret Fuller (Marchioness Ossoli) made a journey into the Western States, in company with Mrs. Clarke (the mother of those tall sons). Providence led her to the colonists on Pine Lake. Captain Schneidan was then lying on his sick-bed with an injury of the leg, which had kept him there for some months. His handsome young wife had been obliged, during that severe winter, to do the most menial work; had seen her first-born little one frozen to death in its bed, in the room into which snow and rain found entrance. And they were in the midst of the wilderness alone. They had no means of obtaining help, which was extremely expensive in this district; the maid-servant whom they had for a short time had left them, and their neighbours were too far off, or were themselves also suffering under similar want. And now came the two ladies from Boston.

Margaret Fuller thus writes of her visit, in her "Summer on the Lakes:"

"In the inner-room the master of the house was seated; he had been sitting there long, for he had injured his foot on shipboard, and his farming had to be done by proxy. His beautiful young wife was his only attendant and nurse, as well as farm-house keeper; and how well she performed hard and unaccustomed duties, the objects of her care showed; everything belonging to the house was rude but neatly arranged; the invalid, confined to an uneasy wooden chair (they had not been able to induce anyone to bring them an easy chair from town), looked as neat and elegant as if he had been dressed by the valet of a duke. He was of noble blood, with clear, full blue eyes, calm features, a tempering of the soldier, scholar, and man of the world, in his aspect; he formed a great but pleasing contrast to his wife, whose glowing complexion and dark mellow eye bespoke an origin in some climate more familiar with the sun. He looked as if he could sit there a great while patiently, and live on his own

mind, biding his time ; she, as if she could bear anything for affection's sake, but would feel the weight of each moment as it passed.

“ Seeing the album full of drawings, and verses which bespoke the circle of elegant and affectionate intercourse they had left behind, we could not but see that the young wife sometimes must need a sister, the husband a companion, and both must often miss that electricity which sparkles from the chain of congenial minds.

“ I feel very differently about these foreigners from Americans ; American men and women are inexcusable if they do not bring up children so as to be fit for all necessities ; that is the meaning of our star, that here, all men being free and equal, all should be fitted for freedom, and an independence by his own resources, wherever the changeful wave of our mighty stream may take him. But the star of Europe brought a different horoscope.”

I must now add that which Margaret Fuller has not related, but which was told me ; namely, how nobly she exerted herself with her friend on behalf of the unfortunate Swedes, and how in time a complete change was wrought in their circumstances. They removed from that solitary farm in the forest, to Chicago. Schneidan obtained adequate surgical aid ; recovered, and is at this moment the most skilful daguerreotypist, probably, in the whole State, and as such has made considerable gains. He is just now returned from New York, where he has taken a large and excellent daguerreotype of Jenny Lind. He is universally liked here. His lively, pretty wife now relates, laughing and crying at the same time, the occurrences of their life in the wilderness in a kind of medley of Swedish and English, which is charming. Uneonius and his wife removed hither also, but in better circumstances than the former.

Uneonius is just now at New York ; he is gone to see

Mademoiselle Lind, and obtain from her money for the completion of the Lutheran church at Chicago. I spent an evening with his wife. That gay, high-spirited girl, of whom I heard when she was married at Upsala to accompany her husband to the New World, she had gone through severe trials of sickness, want, and sorrow. She had laid four children to rest in foreign soil. She had one boy remaining. She was still pretty, still young, but her cheerfulness—that was gone; and her fresh, courageous spirit was changed into quiet patience. She had now a small, new-built house, in a more healthy situation than where they had formerly lived, and very near to the little Lutheran church. The church is very ornamental, but as yet unfinished internally. Here I saw somewhat above thirty children, Swedish and Norwegian, assembled to hear a lecture; a little company of kindly-looking, fair-complexioned, blue-eyed children! They were for the most part children of persons in low circumstances, who lived about the neighbourhood on small farms. They learn in the school to read and write as well in English as in their mother-tongue. There are very few Swedes resident here. At Millewankee, and in that part of Wisconsin there are a great many.

I heard a good deal from Mr. Schneidan and his wife respecting Eric Jansen, and the circumstances which occasioned his death, but shall defer speaking of them till we meet. The man seems to have been of an enigmatical character, half a deceiver, and half deceived (either by himself or his demon).

I saw, one evening which I spent with Mrs. Schneidan at her house, my "Belle of Baltimore," Hannah Hawkins; she is a pretty, quiet young girl, of that class of women who are capable of the most beautiful actions, without having the least idea that they are doing anything beautiful. They are themselves moral beauty, and they follow the impulses of their nature as flowers follow theirs.

There is a great number of Germans in Chicago, especially among the tradespeople and handicraftsmen. The city is only twenty years old, and it has increased in that time to a population of twenty-five thousand souls. A genuine "baby" of the Great West! but as I have already said, somewhat unkempt as yet. There is, however, here a street, or more properly speaking a row of houses or small villas along the shore of the lake, standing on elevated ground, which has in its situation a character of high-life, and which will possess it in all respects some day; for there are already people here from different parts of the globe who will constitute the sound kernel of a healthy aristocracy.

Chicago bears on its arms the name of "the City in the Garden." And when the prairie-land around it becomes garden, there will be reason for its poetical appellation.

I have seen here, also, light and lofty school-rooms, and have heard the scholars in them, under the direction of an excellent master, sing quartetts in such a manner as affected me to tears. And the children, how eager, how glad to learn they were! Hurrah! The West builds light school-rooms where the young may learn joyfully, and sing correctly and sweetly! The West must progress nobly. The building of the Temple of the Sun has already commenced.

My friends here deplored the chaotic state, and the want of integrity which prevails in political affairs, and which may be principally attributed to the vast emigration of the rudest class of the European population, and the facility with which every civil right is obtained in the State. A year's residence in the State gives the immigrant the right of a citizen, and he has a vote in the election of the governors both of the city and the State. Unprincipled political agitators avail themselves of the ignorance of immigrants, and inveigle them by fine speeches to vote for the candidate whom they laud, and

who sometimes betrays them. The better and more noble-minded men of the State are unable to compete with these schemers, and therefore do not offer themselves; hence it most frequently happens that they are not the best men who govern the State. Bold and ambitious fortune-hunters most easily get into office, and once in office they endeavour to maintain their place by every kind of scheme and trick, as well as by flattering the masses of the people to preserve their popularity. The ignorant people of Europe, who believe that kings and great lords are the cause of *all* the evils in the world, vote for that man who speaks loudest against the powerful, and who declares himself to be a friend of the people.

I also heard it lamented that the Scandinavian immigrants not unfrequently come hither with the belief that the State-church and religion are one and the same thing, and when they have left behind them the former, they will have nothing to do with the latter. Long compulsion of mind has destroyed, to that degree, their powers of mind; and they come into the West very frequently in the first instance, as rejectors of all church communion and every higher law. And this is natural enough for people not accustomed to think greatly; but is a moment of transition which cannot last very long in any sound mind, and in a hemisphere where the glance is so clear and alive to everything which contributes to the higher life of man or of society.

Illinois is a youthful State, with a million inhabitants, but is able, with her rich soil, to support at least ten millions. The climate, however, is not favourable to immigrants from Europe, who, during the first few years suffer from fever and other climatic diseases.

In the morning I leave Chicago and cross Lake Michigan to Millewankee in Wisconsin. An agreeable young man came last evening to fetch me there.

I have been merely a few days in Chicago, and yet I

have seen people there with whom I should like to live all my days.

But these feelings for amiable people whom I meet with now and then during my pilgrimage, are to me as "a tent of one night," under which I repose thankfully; I would fain linger yet longer; but I must the next morning remove my tent and proceed still farther,—and I do so with a sigh.

Farewell, ye charming people in that ugly city! Receive my thanks, warm hearts of Chicago!

P.S.—Jenny Lind is in New York, and has been received with American furor—the maddest of all madness. The sale by auction of the tickets for her first concert is said to have made forty thousand dollars. She has presented the whole of her share of profit from that first concert to benevolent institutions of New York. Three hundred ladies are said to besiege her daily, and thousands of people of all classes follow her steps. Hundreds of letters are sent to her each day. Ah! poor girl! Hercules himself would not be equal to that.

LETTER XXV.

WATERTOWN, WISCONSIN, *Oct. 1st.*

THE most glorious morning! How I have enjoyed it and a solitary ramble on the banks of Rock River (a small tributary of the Mississippi), on which the little town stands. Many a thought also winged its way homeward, and said, "Good morning to my beloved, and I would that I could bear to them, and above all to you, my Agatha, this air, this sun of the New World's Indian summer!"

Watertown is a little, newly sprung-up, infant-town, of two thousand inhabitants. The small, neat houses, most of them of wood and painted white, and very smart and

clean, were scattered upon the green slopes between the wood and the river. Columns of smoke ascended from their chimneys in the quiet morning, and the sun shone over them and the mirror-like river. "Are you sunflowers?" asked I (of course *in petto*). "Are the people within you like the inner blossoms of the sunflower, each bearing seed in itself?" Thus, of a certainty, will it become sometime in this country, which raises itself like a giant-sunflower above the waves of the ocean; but the farther I advance into the West, the more clear it becomes to me that, *as yet it is not so generally*; and that people in the great West are as yet principally occupied in the acquisition of the material portion of life, in a word, by "Business!" People have not as yet time to turn themselves to the sun.

But the churches, the schools, and the asylums which are in progress of erection; and those small houses and homes which are beginning to adorn themselves with flowers, to surround themselves with gardens—they prove that the light-life is struggling into being. First were the Hrimthursar (the giants of frost)—then the giants and dwarfs, to these succeeded the gods and goddesses; thus say the Vala songs.

I wrote to you last from Chicago. From Chicago I went by steamer across Lake Michigan to Millewankee, escorted by a pleasant and warm-hearted young man, Mr. R. The proprietor of the steamer would not allow me to pay for my passage. The voyage was sun-bright and excellent. We lay to at small infant towns on the shore, such as Southbord, Elgin, Racine, all having sprung up within the last seven or eight years, and in a fair way of growing great under the influence of trade and the navigation of the Lake.

I was met at Millewankee by Herr L., a Swedish gentleman resident there as a merchant, who had invited me to his house, and who now conducted me thither,

where I was most kindly received by his wife, a little, good-tempered Irish lady. That was in the evening. The next morning was rainy, but afterwards cleared up, and became one of the most lovely days. The whole of the forenoon I was obliged to enact the lioness to an incessant stream of callers, ladies and gentlemen, received from them presents of flowers, books, verses, and through all was obliged to be polite, answer the same questions over and over again, and play over and over again on the piano the same ballads and polskas. Some of these people were evidently interesting people, from whose conversation I could have derived pleasure and profit; but ah! this stream carries all pearls along with it.

I was this forenoon in a large ladies' school, where I saw many handsome young girls, made them a speech, and congratulated them on being Americans; I also saw some agreeable teachers, and then again more gentlemen and ladies. An important reformation in female schools is taking place in these Western States at the present time under the guidance of a Miss Beecher, sister to the highly-gifted young minister at Brooklyn, and who is a kind of lady-abbess in educational matters. In the afternoon I was driven about to see all the lions of the place in a carriage, which a gentleman of the town had placed at my disposal. It was very agreeable, for the town is beautiful; has a charming situation on elevated ground, between Lake Michigan and Millewankee river, and increases with all its might. Four great school-houses, one in each quarter of the town, shone in the sunlight with their ascending cupolas. They are as yet in progress of erection, are all alike, and in a good style of architecture—ornamental without pomp. I saw some handsome, well-built streets, with handsome shops and houses, quite different to those of Chicago. Nearly all the houses in Millewankee are built of brick, a peculiar kind of brick, which is made here from the clay of the

neighbourhood, and which makes a brick of a pale yellow colour, which gives the city a very cheerful appearance, as if the sun were always shining there. I saw also lovely country-houses in the outskirts, with splendid and extensive prospects over lake and land. Milleswankee, not Chicago, deserves to be called "Queen of the Lake." She stands a splendid city on those sunny heights, and grows and extends herself every day. Nearly half of the inhabitants are Germans, and they occupy a portion of the city to themselves, which is called "German Town." This lies on the other side of the river Milleswankee. Here one sees German houses, German inscriptions over the doors or signs, German physiognomies. Here are published German newspapers; and many Germans live here who never learn English, and seldom go beyond the German town. The Germans in the Western States seem, for the most, to band together in a clan-like manner, to live together, and amuse themselves as in their fatherland. Their music and dances, and other popular pleasures, distinguish them from the Anglo-American people, who, particularly in the West, have no other pleasure than "business." This reminds me of a conversation I had on one occasion—I think it was at Augusta, in Georgia—in a shop where I went to purchase something. A middle-aged woman stood behind the counter, and I heard by her mode of speaking that she was a German. I asked her, therefore, in German how she liked this New World.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, with a sigh, "it is all very well for business, and for making money. But when I have worked all day and the evening is come I cannot here have any '*plaisir*.' In the old country, though one perhaps might not get so much by work, yet one could have some '*plaisir*' when it was done. But here nobody has any idea of any "*plaisir*," but just business, business, day out and day in; so that one's life is not very amusing."

That was in the south, where immigration exists to a much less extent. In the North-Western States the Germans come over in immense crowds, and band themselves together and have "*plaisir*" enough, and their music finds its way now and then with a bewitching tone to the ears of the Anglo-Americans, and those strong, blooming German girls sometimes attract them so irresistibly as to occasion an approximation in search for "*plaisir*," and whatever more there may be also in that German realm.

In the evening I supped at the house of the mayor of the city, where I saw many very agreeable people. One amiable young lady took a bracelet from her arm and clasped it around mine. I shall bear her memory in my heart.

The house of the mayor was upon a hill, extremely picturesque, looking down upon a deep valley, where also people lived and were building. That is one of the dangers of building a house upon a hill. You have, for instance, bought a piece of land upon a hill, a piece large enough for a house and a little garden; and you have built a beautiful house, and planted trees and flowers around it, rejoiced in your house and in your magnificent view which extends over the whole lake and great part of the country. This is to-day. To-morrow you hear that the ground adjoining your house is purchased by somebody, who intends to cut it down many fathoms, and to build a street directly below your house. You protest and declare that your house will fall down if the hill is undermined just below its walls! There is no help for it! The day after to-morrow you see that the digging and the delving have begun just outside your walls, and you have in a while the agreeable prospect of seeing the sand-hill tumble down, and your house tumbling down with it, make a summerset into the new street at its feet, and, if it has good luck, demolishing in its descent the

house which your grave-digger had built. But this is a gloomy picture! Nevertheless I beheld it with my own eyes in Millwankee. I would very willingly live for a time in Millwankee, upon its beautiful heights among its kind, lively people, but as to building a house there—No, I thank you!

A DAY AMONG THE SWEDES AT PINE LAKE.

On the morning of the 29th of September I arrived at this, the first Swedish Colony of the West. Herr Lange drove me there in a little carriage, along a road which was anything but good, through a solitary region, a distance of somewhat above twenty miles from Millwankee. It was on a Sunday morning, a beautiful sunshiny morning.

There remain still of the little Swedish colony of Pine Lake, about half-a-dozen families who live as farmers in the neighbourhood. It is lake-scenery, and as lovely and romantic as any may be imagined—regular Swedish lake-scenery; and one can understand how those first Swedish emigrants were enchanted, so that without first examining the quality of the soil, they determined to found here a New Sweden, and to build a New Upsala! I spent the forenoon in visiting the various Swedish families. Nearly all live in log-houses, and seem to be in somewhat low circumstances. The most prosperous seemed to be that of the smith; he, I fancy, had been a smith in Sweden, and had built himself a pretty frame house in the forest; he was a really good fellow, and had a nice young Norwegian for his wife: also a Mr. Bergman who had been a gentleman in Sweden, but who was here a clever, hard-working peasant-farmer; had some acres of good land which he cultivated ably, and was getting on well. He was of a remarkably cheerful, good-tempered, and vigorous Swedish temperament; he had fine cattle, which he himself attended to, and a good harvest of maize which now stood cut in the field to dry in the sun. He had

enlarged his log-house by a little frame-house which he had built up to it; and in the log-house he had the very prettiest, kindest, most charming young Swedish wife, with cheeks as fresh as red roses, such as one seldom sees in America, and that spite of her having a four-weeks old little boy, her first child, and having, with the assistance only of her young sister, to do all the work of the house herself. It was a joyous and happy home, a good Swedish home, in the midst of an American wilderness. And the dinner which I had there was, with all its simplicity, exquisitely good, better than many a one which I have eaten in the great and magnificent hotels of America. We were ten Swedes at dinner; most of the number young men, one of whom was betrothed to the handsome young sister of the mistress of the house. Good milk, excellent bread and butter, the most savoury water-fowl and delicious tarts, cordial hospitality, cheerfulness and good feeling, crowning the board; and, besides all the rest, that beautiful Swedish language spoken by every one,—these altogether made that meal a regular festival to me.

Our young and handsome hostess attended to the table, sometimes went out into the kitchen—the adjoining room—to look after the cooking, or to attend to her little baby in the cradle, which cried aloud for its dinner, then came back again to us, and still the roses bloomed freshly on her cheeks, and still the kind smile was on her lips, spite of an anxious look in those clear blue eyes. Both sisters were blonde, with round countenances, blue eyes, light hair, fair complexions, regular, white teeth, lovely and slender figures—true Swedes, especially the young wife, a lovely specimen of the young Swedish woman.

In the afternoon she took me by a little path through the wood, down to the wonderfully beautiful Pine Lake, on the banks of which, but deeper still in the woods, her home was situated, and near to which the other Swedish

houses also stood. On our way I asked her about her life, and thus came to hear, but without the least complaint on her part, of its many difficulties. The difficulty of obtaining the help of servants, male and female, is one of the inconveniences and difficulties which the colonists of the West have to encounter. They must either pay for labour at an enormously high rate—and often it is not to be had on any terms—or they must do without it; and if their own powers of labour fail, either through sickness or any other misfortune, then is want the inevitable consequence. There is need of much affection and firm reliance for any one, under such circumstances, to venture on settling down here: but these both lived in the heart of the young Swede, and her eyes sparkled as she spoke of her husband, his kind, good heart, and his vigour both of mind and body. Whilst we were standing beside that quiet lake, garlanded by thick branching trees and under-wood, splendid with the colouring of autumn, we heard the husband's voice as he drove the oxen down to water, and soon we saw their huge horns pushing a way through the thick foliage. Our cheerful, well-bred host was now a brisk ox-driver.

After this we betook ourselves to the oldest house of the colony on Pine Lake, where lived Mrs. Bergvall's mother, the Widow Petterson, and who expected us to coffee, and thither we drove, Mr. Lange and I, in our little open carriage, the other Swedish families driving there also, but with oxen. A young Swede, who had married a fat, elderly American widow, was of the company. I saw them going on through the wood, she sitting with her parasol on the carriage, while her young husband drove the oxen. One of Mrs. Petterson's sons, a young man of about twenty, rode before us as a guide through the labyrinths of the wood. Thus we arrived at a log-house, resembling one of the peasant cottages around Årsta, standing upon a green hill, commanding the most beautiful

view over the lake, which was here seen in nearly its whole extent.

Mrs. Petterson, a large woman, who in her youth must have been handsome, came out to receive me, bent double and supported on a crutch-stick, but her open countenance beaming with kindness. She is not yet fifty, but is aged and broken down before her time by severe labour and trouble. I saw in her a true type of the Swedish woman of the middle class, with that overflowing heart which finds vent in tears, in kind looks and words; and who does not measure by any niggard rule either what the hand gives or the tongue speaks; a regularly magnificent, warm-hearted gossip, who loves to entertain her friends with good cheer as much as she loves her life. She regaled us with the most delicious coffee, and flavoured that warm beverage with warm, kind looks and words.

Her husband began here as a farmer, but neither he nor his wife were accustomed to hard work; their land was poor (with the exception of Bergvall's farm, all the land around Pine Lake appears to be of a poor quality), they could not get help, and they were without the conveniences of life; they had a large family, which kept increasing; they endured incredible hardships; Mrs. Petterson while suckling her children was compelled to do the most laborious work; bent double with rheumatism she was often obliged to wash for the whole family on her knees. Her husband was at last obliged to give up farming; he then took to shoemaking, and at this trade succeeded in making a livelihood for himself and his family. He had now been dead a few years, and his widow was preparing to leave the little house and garden, which she could no longer look after, and remove to her son-in-law Bergvall's. She felt herself worn out, old and finished before her time, as she said; but still did not regret having come to America, because, as regarded her

children and their future, she saw a new world opened to them, richer and happier than that which the mother-country could have offered them, and she would have been glad to have purchased this future for them at the sacrifice of her own life; she would be well contented to go down to the grave, even before her time, and there to have done with her crutch. Their children, four sons and four daughters, the two youngest born here, and still children, were all of them agreeable, and some of them remarkably handsome, in particular the two youngest boys—Knut and Sten. Sten rowed me in a little boat along the shores of the charming lake; he was a beautiful slender youth of seventeen, and as he sat there in his white shirt-sleeves, with his blue silk waistcoat, with his clear dark-blue eyes, and a pure, good expression in that lovely, fresh youthful countenance, he was the perfect idea of a shepherd in some beautiful idyll. The sisters, when we were alone, praised Knut and Sten, as sincerely kind and good lads, who would do anything for their sisters and their home.

We rowed along the wooded shores, which, brilliant in their autumnal colouring, were reflected in the mirror-like waters. And here upon a lofty promontory, covered with splendid masses of wood was New Upsala to stand—such was the intention of Uneonius and his friends, when they first came to this wild region, and were enchanted with its beauty. Ah! that wild district will not maintain Upsala's sons. I saw the desolate houses where he, Uneonius, and Schneidan struggled in vain to live.

But the place itself was delightful and lovely; characterised by a Swedish beauty, for dark pines towered up among the trees, and the wood grew down to the very edge of the lake, as is the case in our Scandinavian lakes, where the Neck sits in the moonlight, and plays upon the harp, and sings beneath the overarching verdure. The sun set; but even here again all wore a northern aspect;

it was cold and without that splendid glow of colouring which is so general in American sunsets.

Returning to the log-house, we spent the evening, one and twenty Swedes altogether, in games, songs, and dancing, exactly as if in Sweden. I had during the whole time of my journey to the West, been conning over in my mind a speech which I would make to my countrymen in the West; I thought how I would bear to them a salutation from their mother country, and exhort them to create a new Sweden, in that new land! I thought that I would remind them of all that the old country had of great and beautiful, in memory, in thought, in manners and customs; I wished to awaken in their souls the inspiration of a New Scandinavia. I had often myself been deeply affected by the thoughts and the words which I intended to make use of. But now, when I was at the very place where I longed to be, and thought about my speech, I could not make it. Nor did I make it at all. I felt myself happy in being with my countrymen, happy to find them so agreeable and so Swedish still in the midst of a foreign land. But I felt more disposed for merriment than solemnity. I therefore, instead of making my speech, read to the company that little story by Hans Christian Andersen called "The Pine-Tree," and then incited my countrymen to sing Swedish songs. Neither were those beautiful Swedish voices lost here in the New world, and I was both affected and impressed with a deep solemnity when the men, led by Bergvall, sang with their fresh, clear voices—

"Up Swedes, for king and father-land,"

and after that many other old national songs. Swedish hospitality, cheerfulness, and song live here as vigorously as ever they did in the old country.

The old lady Petterson had got ready a capital entertainment; incomparably excellent coffee and tea especially;

good venison, fruit, tarts, and many good things, all as nicely and as delicately set out as if on a prince's table. The young sons of the house waited upon us. At home, in Sweden, it would have been the daughters. All were cordial and joyous. When the meal was over we had again songs, and after that dancing. Mrs. Petterson joined in every song with a strong and clear but somewhat shrill voice, which she said was "so not by art but by nature since the beginning of the world!" The good old lady would have joined us too in the dances and the polskas, if she had not been prevented by her rheumatic lameness. I asked the respectable smith to be my partner, and we two led the *Nigar Polska*, which carried along with it young and old, and electrified all, so that the young gentlemen sprang up aloft, and the fat American lady tumbled down upon a bench overpowered by laughter; we danced finally round the house.

After that we went in the beautiful evening down to the shore of the lake, and the star-song of Tegnér was sung beneath the bright starry heavens. Somewhat later, when we were about to separate, I asked Mrs. Petterson to sing a Swedish evening hymn, and we all joined in as she sang—

"Now all the earth repositeth."

We then parted with cordial shaking of hands and mutual good wishes; and all and each returned to their homes in the star-bright night.

I was to remain at Mrs. Petterson's, but not without some uneasiness on my part as to the prospect of rest, for however sumptuous had been the entertainment of the evening, yet still the state of the house testified of the greatest lack of the common conveniences of life; and I had to sleep in the sister's bed with Mrs. Petterson, and six children and grandchildren lay in the adjoining room, which was the kitchen. Among these was young Mrs. Bergvall with her little baby and her little stepson;

for when she was about to return home with Herr Lange, his horses became frightened by the pitch darkness of the night and would not go on, and she herself becoming frightened too would not venture with her little children. Bergvall, therefore, set off alone through the forest, and I heard his wife calling after him; "Dear Bergvall, mind and milk the white cow well again to-night." (N.B. It is the men in this country who milk the cows, as well as attend to all kinds of out-of-door business.) He replied to her with a cheerful "Yes." And Mrs. Bergvall and her mother prayed me to excuse there being so many of them in the house that night, &c.—me, the stranger, and who was the cause of this throng! It was I who ought to have asked for excuse. And I would rather have slept outside the house than not have appeared satisfied and pleased with everything within it. And when Mrs. Petterson had lain down she said—

"Ah, Miss Bremer, how much more people can bear than can be believed possible!" I sighed, and said, "Yes, indeed!" gave up the search for an extinguisher, which could not be found, put out the candle, therefore, with a piece of paper, and crept into my portion of the bed, where, though my sleep was nothing to speak of, I yet rested comfortably. I was glad the next morning to feel well, and to rise with the sun, which, however, shone somewhat dimly through the mist above the beautiful lake. It was a cool, moist morning; but these warm-hearted people, the warm and good coffee, and the hospitable entertainment, warmed both soul and body.

It was with heartfelt emotion and gratitude that I, after breakfast, took leave of my Swedish friends. Mrs. Petterson would have given me the only valuable which she now possessed—a great, big, gold ring; but I could not consent to it. How richly had she gifted me already! We parted, not without tears. That amiable, young mother, her cheeks blooming like wild roses,

accompanied me through the wood, walking beside the carriage silently and kindly, and silently we parted with a cordial pressure of the hand and a glance. That lovely young Swede was the most beautiful flower of that American wilderness. She will beautify and ennoble it.

Heartfelt kindness and hospitality, seriousness and mirth in pure family life; these characteristics of Swedish life, where it is good, should be transplanted into the Western wilderness by the Swedish colonists, as they are in this instance. That day among the Swedes by Pine Lake; that splendid old lady; those handsome, warm-hearted men; those lovely, modest, and kind young women; that affectionate domestic life; that rich hospitality in poor cottagers,—all are to me a pledge of it. The Swedes must continue to be Swedes, even in the New World; and their national life and temperament, their dances and games, their star-songs and hymns, must give to the western land a new element of life and beauty. They must continue to be such a people in this country that earnestness and mirth may prosper among them, and that they may be pious and joyful at the same time, as well on Sundays as on all other days. And they must learn from the American people that regularity and perseverance, that systematising in life, in which they are yet deficient. A new Scandinavia shall one day bloom in the Valley of the Mississippi, in the great assembly of peoples there, with men and women, games, and songs, and dances, with days as gay and as innocent as THIS DAY AMONG THE SWEDES AT PINE LAKE!

During this day I put some questions to all the Swedes whom I met regarding the circumstances and the prospects of the Swedes in this new country, as compared with those of the old, and their answers were very nearly similar, and might be comprised in the following:

“If we were to work as hard in Sweden as we do here, we should be as well off there, and often better.

“None who are not accustomed to hard, agricultural labour ought to become farmers in this country.

“No one, who is in any other way well off in his native land, ought to come hither, unless having a large family he may do so on account of his children; because children have a better prospect here for their future than at home. They are admitted into schools for nothing; receive good education, and easily have an opportunity of maintaining themselves.

“But the old who are not accustomed to hard labour, and the absence of all conveniences of life, cannot long resist the effects of the climate, sickness and other hardships.

“Young unmarried people may come hither advantageously, if they will begin by taking service with others. As servants in American families they will be well fed and clothed, and have good wages, so that they may soon lay by a good deal. For young and healthy people it is not difficult to get on well here; but they must be prepared to work really hard, and in the beginning to suffer from the climate and from the diseases prevalent in this country.

“The Norwegians get on better in a general way than the Swedes, because they apply themselves more to work and housewifery, and think less of amusement than we do. They also emigrate in larger companies, and thus can help one another in their work and settling down.”

The same evening that I spent at Mrs. Petterson's, I saw a peasant from Norrland, who had come with his son to look at her little farm, having some thought of purchasing it. He had lately come hither from Sweden, but merely, as he said, to look about him. He was, however, so well pleased with what he saw, that he was going back to fetch his wife, his children, and his moveables, and then return here to settle. The man was one of the most beautiful specimens of the Swedish peasant, tall, strong-limbed, with fine regular features, large dark

blue eyes, his hair parted above his forehead, and falling straight down both sides of his face,—a strong, honest, good, and noble countenance, such as it does one good to look upon. The son was quite young, but promised to resemble his father in manly beauty. It grieved me to think that such men should leave Sweden. Yet, the new Sweden will be all the better for them!

With that ascending September sun, Mr. Lange and I advanced along the winding paths of the wood till we reached the great high road, where we were to meet the diligence by which I was to proceed to Madison, while Mr. Lange returned to Millwankee. Many incomparably lovely lakes, with romantic shores, are scattered through this district, and human habitations are springing up along them daily. I heard the names of some of these lakes—Silver Lake, Nobbmaddin Lake, as well as Lake Naschota, a most beautiful lake, on the borders of which I awaited the diligence. Here stood a beautiful newly built country-house, the grounds of which were beginning to be laid out. Openings had been made here and there in the thick wild forest, to give fine views of that romantic lake.

The diligence came. It was full of gentlemen; but they made room; I squeezed myself in among the strangers and supported by both hands upon my umbrella, as by a stick, I was shaken or rather hurled unmercifully hither and thither upon the newborn roads of Wisconsin, which are no roads at all, but a succession of hills and holes, and water-pools, in which first one wheel sank and then the other, while the opposite one stood high up in the air. Sometimes the carriage came to a sudden stand-still, half-overturnd in a hole, and it was some time before it could be dragged out again, only to be thrown into the same position on the other side. To me, that mode of travelling seemed really incredible, nor could I comprehend how at that rate we should ever get along at all. Sometimes

we drove for a considerable distance in the water, so deep that I expected to see the whole equipage either swim or sink altogether. And when we reached dry land it was only to take the most extraordinary leaps over stocks and stones. They comforted me by telling me that the diligence was not in the habit of being upset very often! And to my astonishment I really did arrive at Watertown without being overturned, but was not able to proceed without a night's rest.

MADISON, *Oct. 5th.*

I proceed with my letter in the capital of Wisconsin, a pretty little town (mostly consisting of villas and gardens) most beautifully situated between four lakes, the shores of which are fringed with live-oaks. I am here in a good and handsome house on the shore of one of the lakes, surrounded by all the comforts of life, and among kind, cultivated people and friends. At Watertown I discovered that the Public Conveyance Company had given orders that I was to have free transit through all parts of the State, and the host of the hotel, where everything was very good and excellent, would not be paid for my entertainment there, but thanked me for "my call at his house." That, one may term politeness!

At Watertown I became acquainted with some Danes who resided there, and spent a pleasant evening with one of them just married to a young and charming Norwegian lady. They were comfortable and seemed to be doing well in the city where he was engaged in trade. An elderly Danish gentleman, however, who also was in trade in the city, did not seem to get on so well, but complained of the want of society and of some cheerful amusement in the long and solitary evenings. He was a widower, and widowers, or indeed, men without wives and domestic life in America, lead solitary lives, particularly in small towns and in the country.

I left that kind, little city with regret, in order

to be shook onward to Madison. My portmanteau had been sent on by mistake from Watertown, by some diligence, I knew not how or whither; but thanks to the electric telegraphs which sent telegraphic messages in three directions, I received again the next day my lost effects safe and sound. It is remarkable, that in all directions throughout this young country along these rough roads, which are no roads at all, run these electric wires from tree to tree, from post to post along the prairie land, and bring towns and villages into communication.

The road to Madison was difficult, but having a greater resemblance to a road than that between Millwankee and Watertown. There were but few passengers in the diligence, and I was able therefore to place myself a little more comfortably; a bright Aurora Borealis shone across the prairie land as we drove along in that starlight night, and the glow-worms glimmered in the grass which bordered the road. The journey was not unpleasant. The vast, solitary, verdant, billowy extent, embraced by the vast, star-lit firmament, had in it something grand and calm. I sat silent and quiet. At half-past eleven I reached Madison, where it was with difficulty that room could be found for me at the inn, or that anybody would take charge of me. The next day, however, I found both house and home, and friends, and everything excellent.

I am with a family of the name of F. The master of the house, who is a Judge of the State, is now from home; but his wife and their young married daughter, who resides with her parents, have given me the most agreeable reception. And it is hardly possible to imagine a more charming picture than that which is here presented by the three generations—mother, daughter, and grandchild. The elderly lady is delicate and graceful, and still handsome; the daughter, with a certain look of Jenny Lind about her, and an expression of unspeakable goodness

in her blonde countenance, is the most charming of young women, and her little girl is one of those loveable little creatures, which not merely mother and grandmother, but every stranger even, must regard as quite out of the common way, gifted even while in the cradle with unusual powers and more than earthly grace. When in the morning I saw the young mother standing with her little child in her arms, and embraced by her mother—that little groupe standing quietly thus in the sunlit room, all three reposing happily in each other's love—I could not but think, Why do I seek for the temple of the sun shining aloft over earth? Is not each sunflower a temple more beautiful than that of Peru or of Solomon? And these people who love and who worship in spirit and in truth, are not they true sunflowers—the temple of the sun upon earth?—

The male portion of the family consists for the present of the young son of the house, and this young lady's husband.

October.—I have just returned from church. The minister preached a sermon strongly condemnatory of the gentlemen of the West. All his hope was in the ladies, and he commended their activity in the Western country. To this not very reasonable and not very judicious sermon succeeded the Lord's Supper, silent, holy, sanctifying, pouring its gracious wine into the weak, faulty, male communicants with the Word—not the word of man; with power—not the power of man.

After divine service, the Sunday-scholars assembled, and young and handsome ladies instructed each her class of poor children. And how maternally they did it, and how well, especially my young hostess, Mrs. D., whom I could not but observe with the most heartfelt pleasure in the exercise of her maternal vocation.

The weather was bright and sunny, although cold, and I wished to avail myself of the afternoon for an excursion

on the beautiful lake, and the observation of its shores. "But—it is Sunday," was the answer which I received with a smile, and on Sundays people must not amuse themselves, not even in God's beautiful scenery. But sleep in church,—that they may do!

October 7th.—I had heard speak of a flourishing Norwegian settlement, in a district called Koskonong, about twenty miles from Madison, and having expressed a wish to visit it, a kind young lady, Mrs. C., offered to drive me there with her carriage and horses.

The next day we set off in a little open carriage, with a Norwegian lad as driver. The weather was mild and sunny, and the carriage rolled lightly along the country, which here is hilly, and having a solid surface, makes naturally good roads. The whole of the first part of the way lay through new, and mostly wild, uncultivated land, but which everywhere resembled an English park, with grassy hills and dales, the grass waving tall and yellow, and scattered with oak wood. The trees were not lofty, and the green sward under them as free from underwood as if it had been carefully uprooted. This is attributed to the practice of the Indians to kindle fires year after year upon these grass-grown fields, whereby the bushes and trees were destroyed; and it is not many years since the Indians were possessed of this tract of country.

As we proceeded, however, the land became a little more cultivated. One saw here and there a rudely-built log-house with its fields of maize around it, and also of new-sown wheat. We then reached a vast billowy prairie, Liberty Prairie, as it is called, which seemed interminable, for our horses were tired, and evening was coming on; nor was it till late and in darkness that we reached Koskonong, and our Norwegian driver, who came from that place, drove us to the house of the Norwegian pastor. This too was merely a small log-house.

The Norwegian pastor, Mr. P., had only left Norway

to come hither a few months before. His young and pretty wife was standing in the kitchen, where a fire was blazing, boiling groats as I entered; I accosted her in Swedish. She was amazed at first, and terrified by the late visit, as her husband was from home on an official journey, and she was here quite alone with her little brother and an old woman servant; but she received us with true Northern hospitality and good will, and she was ready to do everything in the world to entertain and accommodate us. As the house was small, and its resources not very ample, Mrs. C. and her sister drove to the house of an American farmer who lived at some little distance, I remaining over night with the little Norwegian lady. She was only nineteen, sick at heart for her mother, her home, and the mountains of her native land, nor was happy in this strange country, and in those new circumstances to which she was so little accustomed. She was pretty, refined, and graceful; her whole appearance, her dress, her guitar which hung on the wall, everything showed that she had lived in a sphere very different to that of a log-house in a wilderness, and among rude peasants. The house was not in good condition; it rained in through the roof. Her husband, to whom she had not long been married, and whom for love she had accompanied from Norway to the New World, had been now from home for several days; she had neither friend nor acquaintance near nor far in the new hemisphere. It was no wonder that she was unable to see anything beautiful or excellent in "this disagreeable America." But a young creature, good and lovely as she is, will not long remain lonely among the warm-hearted people of this country. Her little nine-years old brother was a beautiful boy, with magnificent blue eyes and healthy temperament (although at the present moment suffering from one of the slow, feverish diseases peculiar to the country), and he thought yet of becoming a bishop

“like his grandfather in Norway, Bishop Nordahl Brun,” for this young brother and sister were really the grandchildren of Norway’s celebrated poet and bishop, Nordahl Brun, whom Norway has to thank for her best national songs. They had come hither by the usual route of the Western emigrants, by the Erie canal from New York, and then by steamer down the lakes. They complained of uncleanness and the want of comfort in the canal boats, and that the people there were so severe with the little boy, whom they drove out of his bed, and often treated ill.

The young lady gave me a remarkably good tea, and a good bed in her room: but a terrific thunder-storm, which prevailed through the whole night, with torrents of rain, disturbed our rest, especially that of my little hostess, who was afraid, and sighed over the life in “this disagreeable country.”

Next morning the sun shone, the air was pleasant and mild; and after breakfast with the young lady, during which I did all in my power to inspire her with better feelings towards the country, and a better heart, I went out for a ramble. The parsonage, with all its homely thriftiness, was, nevertheless, beautifully situated upon a hill surrounded by young oaks. The place, with a little care, may be made pretty and excellent. I wandered along the road; the country, glowing with sunshine, opened before me like an immense English park, with a back-ground of the most beautiful arable land, fringed with leafy woods, now splendid with the colours of autumn. Here and there I saw little farmhouses, built on the skirts of the forest, mostly of log-houses; occasionally, however, might be seen a frame-house, as well as small grey stone-cottages. I saw the people out in the fields busied with their corn-harvest. I addressed them in Norwegian, and they joyfully fell into conversation.

I asked many, both men and women, whether they were contented; whether they were better off here than in old Norway? Nearly all of them replied "Yes. We are better off here; we do not work so hard, and it is easier to gain a livelihood." One old peasant only said, "There are difficulties here as well as there. The health is better in the old country than it is here!"

I visited also, with Mrs. P., some of the Norwegian peasant-houses. It may be that I did not happen to go into the best of them; but certainly the want of neatness and order I found contrasted strongly with the condition of the poor American cottages. But the Norwegians wisely built their houses generally beside some little river or brook, and understand how to select a good soil. They come hither as old and accustomed agriculturists, and know how to make use of the earth. They help one another in their labour, live frugally, and ask for no pleasures. The land seems to me, on all hands, to be rich, and has an idyllic beauty. Mountains there are none; only swelling hills, crowned with pine-wood. About seven hundred Norwegian colonists are settled in this neighbourhood, all upon small farms, often at a great distance one from another. There are two churches, or meeting-houses, at Koskonong.

The number of Norwegian immigrants resident at this time in Wisconsin is considered to be from thirty to forty thousand. No very accurate calculation has, however, been made. Every year brings new immigrants, and they often settle upon tracts of country very distant from the other colonists. They call a colony "a settlement," from the English word *settlement*. I have heard of one called "Luther's Dale," nearer to the limits of Illinois, which is said to be large and remarkably flourishing, and under the direction of an excellent and active pastor, Mr. Claussen. If I could have made the time, I would have gone there.

It is said to be difficult to give to one portion of these Norwegian people any sense of religious or civil order; they are spoken of as obstinate and unmanageable; but they are able tillers of the ground, and they prepare the way for a better race; and their children, when they have been taught in American schools, and after that become servants in the better American families, are praised as the best of servants—faithful, laborious, and attached; merely difficult to accustom to perfect cleanliness and order. The greater number of domestic servants in these young Mississippi States come from the Norwegian colonies scattered over the country. In a general way the Norwegians seem to succeed better here than the Swedes. A Norwegian newspaper is published at Madison, called "The Norwegian's Friend," some copies of which I have obtained.

After an excellent breakfast, at which our young hostess, at my request, regaled us also with the songs of her native land, sung to the guitar with a fresh, sweet voice, we took our leave of that amiable lady, who will now find a good friend in Mrs. C., and through her many other friends in Madison. We drove home in a shower of rain, stopping now and then by the way to talk with the Norwegian people in the fields, and reached Madison as the sun sank amid the most unimaginable splendour, over that beautiful lake district and the city. The prevalence of sunny weather in America, makes it easier and more agreeable to travel there than anywhere else. One may be sure of fine weather; and if a heavy shower does come, you may depend upon its soon being over, and that the sun will shortly be out again.

In Madison I have seen a good many people, and some tiresome interrogators (and these I place among the goats), with the usual questions, "How do you like the United States? How do you like Madison? Our roads? Do you know Jenny Lind personally?" and so on. Some

interesting and unusually agreeable people I also saw (and these I place among the sheep), who have enough to say without living by questions, and who afforded me some hours of very interesting conversation. Foremost among these must I mention the Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Lathrop, an agreeable and really intellectual man, full of life, and a clear and intelligent sense of the value of that youthful State in the group of the United States, and their common value in the history of the world. I derived much pleasure from his conversation, and from the perusal of a speech which he made a short time since in the Capitol here, on his installation as Chancellor of the University. This, together with another speech on the same occasion, by Mr. Hyatt Smith, one of the directors of the Educational Committee, shows a great understanding of the social relationship in general, and of that of the New World in particular; of the relationship of the past with the present, and of the present with the future, and both speeches breathe the noblest spirit. I have heard it remarked, that the characteristic of the speeches of the New World, which distinguishes them from those of Europe, is that they embrace a much larger extent of subject, and take much broader views, and generally aim at comprehending the whole past, present and future, and the whole of the human race. They take an immense range, place their subjects in large groups, and obtain large views of the relationship of these to the divine law of progressive advance. And to this I may add also, as characteristic, that they do it all by *railway*, or with railway speed, which brings together the near and the remote with incredible rapidity, and presents the greatest possible opposite to that German circumstantiality which never reaches its goal. I seem to find these characteristics in a high degree in these speeches delivered on the prairie land of the West, in the youngest state of the Union.

Chancellor Lathrop discovers that all material development on the earth which is derived from art and science, has ultimately the effect of throwing back the soul upon itself. The discipline of its powers during the labour which is requisite to obtain possession of the physical world for itself, strengthens and animates it for new conquests in the spiritual world. And a more perfect knowledge of the law of this, prepares us again for a more perfect dominion over the world without us.

“The history of philosophy testifies to this mutual and friendly relation between the sciences of matter and of mind; and in no period have the spiritual tendencies of the race been more observable than in this, stigmatised though it has been, as the mechanical, the material, the iron age of the world. The science of mind has ceased to be regarded as a subject of barren speculation. Its practical bearings are felt and acknowledged. The treasured results of metaphysical inquiry in past ages, since the injunction, ‘KNOW THYSELF,’ first opened to the pupil and the philosopher a region of mystery and doubt, will pass to coming generations, enriched by the contributions of the present, and distinguished by the sunlight which our own gifted intellects are shedding on the science of mind.

“But to tarry no longer in the vestibule, let us enter the inner temple. The prosecution of physical, metaphysical or mathematical truth derives, after all, its chief value from its bearing on, and connection with, the social principle in man. It is the social part of his constitution in which is centered mainly the value of an individual, either to himself as a sensitive being, or to the universe as one of its component parts.

“In all questions relative to human progress, therefore, the burden of the inquiry must respect the social advancement of man.

“This inquiry presents a two-fold aspect—the con-

sideration of man, first, as a portion of the universal empire of God; and, secondly, as a political or national society. The constitutions and laws which concern him under the former aspect, are moral constitutions and laws; those which concern him under the latter aspect, are political constitutions and laws.

“Ask we then the ages what historical report they have to bring in of the progress of those moral arrangements, by which God is inviting and enabling man to work out the *moral* regeneration of his species, to prepare himself for that spiritual life which is to follow his trial here, for the service, the society, and the felicity, of that glorious inner temple, to which this physical scene, with its thousands of revealed and still hidden mysteries, is but the court and the vestibule.

“They point us, in reply, to the schools of the philosophers, those earth-born laboratories of ethical truth, to the constitutions of the Hebrews, divine in their original, and to the more glorious and efficacious arrangements of the Christian dispensation, remedial in its nature, and adapted with a divine precision to the moral diseases of man. And under this latter dispensation, in further exemplification of the law of progress, they point us to the canons of the Fathers, to the reformations of Germany and England, to the dissent of the Puritans, to the rock of Plymouth, to the thousand clustering institutions and associations of this latter day, subsidiary to the instructions of the pulpit and the labours of the evangelist—all intended, and becoming more and more adapted, to render the prevalence of the Christian faith as universal, as its spirit is intelligent, and rational, and catholic, and benign. They exhibit, in strong contrast, the moral darkness which enveloped our pagan ancestry, with the sunlight which rests on the more favoured portions of the Christian world, enabling the believer with a brightening faith, and with a growing knowledge of his manifold duties

and high destiny, to discover and to pursue the pathway which leads to the companionship of angelic natures in his spiritual home.

“Ask we too the ages what they have done to develop the true theory of political organisation, to improve the mechanism of the social system, to impart practical wisdom to its ministrations, in order that the State may discharge its high duty to the citizen, for whose sake it exists, and whose allegiance it claims. They point us, in reply, to the council of the Amphictyons, to the laws of Lycurgus and of Solon, to the tables of the Roman lawgivers, to the body of the civil law, to Magna Charta, to the Bill of Rights, and to the American Constitution—those precious records of mind, which stand up as pillared inscriptions in the shadowy past, along the lengthened line of civil progress. They exhibit in contrast the wild war of anarchy, with the beneficent reign of social order—the unmitigated despotism of the earlier governments, with the checks and balances of the constitutional monarchies of the day—the wild, unformed democracies of the past, those first experiments of young freedom, with the written constitutions, the perfect action, of the the modern representative republics.

“How manifest it is then that our age is an age of ‘results,’ the causes of which lie far behind us in the stream of time.”

I have given so much of this speech, because I think that it affords a good specimen of the tendency and impulse of speeches in this country, and especially in the Western country, where society evidently feels itself to belong in a high degree to the citizenship of the world; to be universal, because it is composed of people of all nations flowing in hither by emigration; and perhaps also because the immense stretch of landscape in these States of the prairies, leads the soul to take an extensive flight. After his great railway tour round the world,

Lathrop finally comes, in his speech, to the duties which the government of the young state of Wisconsin has to fulfil, in order that it may accomplish its great vocation as a home for various nations,—Anglo-Saxons, Celts, Germans, Scandinavians, all directing its being by new elements of life.

“Free schools and public education have everywhere in the United States, shown themselves to be the great principle of the popular elevation and development. The American mind has caught the idea, and will not lose sight of it, that the whole of the States’ property, public or private, is holden subject to the sacred trust of providing the means of education for every child in the State.

“Unless we adopt this system, that political equality of which we boast is only a dream, a pleasing illusion. Knowledge is the true equaliser; it is the true democracy; it equalises by elevating, not by bringing down.”

The speaker, in recommending the class of education which the University ought to afford, observed, that the character and position of the teacher must be elevated; that the want of efficient teachers was a subject of universal complaint; and that, therefore, a normal school should be established for the preparation of efficient teachers for the University.

And that the aim of the library should be to contain every work which is worthy of being possessed, in every language and of every age; the whole amount of human thought, and of the experience of society.

“Wisconsin, the youngest state of the Union, established under the most favourable circumstances, able to avail itself of the experience of the older sister-states, rich in a new population composed of various races; rich in its fertile soil, and its advantageous position between the great lakes and the great river,—the arteries of the world’s commerce;—Wisconsin must, Minerva-like, advance in

existence, and take the initiative in popular progress and in social life!"

There is here, however, vigorous life, Agatha, and vigorous life must make itself felt, otherwise so young a state could not become a leader; nevertheless the leaders here have not gone farther than *to school*, and the education of schools, which, as the principal requirement for the people, is on the right system; and beyond that the American mind has in a general way not advanced.

But it must advance farther still if it would reach the fountain-heads—the springs of life, wherefrom peoples and states ought to drink the renewing life of youth!

The State of Wisconsin is merely *two years* old. A very hopeful "baby" of the West, is it not? Seventeen years since the State first became territory; and it is only three or four years since the last great battle was fought in the country with the Indians, and their brave chief, Black Hawk. He and his people were finally taken captive on these prairies, and carried as trophies to New York. There are now no longer Indians in Wisconsin: its white population is rapidly on the increase. Wisconsin has no hills, but on all sides uncultivated, and for the most part fertile land, abounding in lakes and rivers. It is a state for agriculture and the rearing of cattle; the land in many parts, however, and in particular around Madison, where it is appropriated by the Federal government to the supplying an income to the State's university, is already very dear. It has been purchased by speculators at the government-price, a dollar and quarter per acre, and resold by them for not less than ten or twelve dollars per acre.

"And who will give so much for it?" inquired I, of Chancellor Lathrop.

"Your countrymen," replied he, quickly. "Your countrymen, whose sons will be freely educated at our University."

I visited, in company with Chancellor Lathrop and his cheerful, intelligent wife, the University which is in progress of erection, and which will now be soon finished. It stands upon an elevation, "College Hill" as it is called, and which commands an open and extensive view; it is a large building without any unnecessary pomp of exterior, as in Gerard College at Philadelphia, but internally it has ample and spacious room. Many of the windows struck me, lighted up, as they were, by the setting sun. Such, after all, ought the Temple of the Sun to be on the Western prairies! And if it fulfils its expectation, a Temple of the Light in spirit and in truth, more glorious than that of Peru!

It is only a few years since the Indians dwelt around these beautiful lakes; and they still come hither annually in the autumn to visit the graves of their ancestors, and to lift up their cry of lamentation!

BLUE MOUND, *Oct.*

I now write to you from a little log-house, in the midst of prairie-land, between Madison and Galena. The log-house belongs to a farm, and is, at the same time, post-house, and a sort of country inn. Mr. D., the son-in-law of my good hostess in Madison, had the kindness to drive me hither himself, in a little open carriage, by which means I made the journey much more comfortably than by the stage, which comes here in the night.

Blue Mound is one of the highest hills in Wisconsin, and derives its name from its fine dark blue colour when seen from afar. It appears then as if enveloped in a clear purple veil, and is seen at many miles' distance, shining out thus against the soft blue sky. It resembles Kimkulle with us, but is more steep; like Kimkulle, it is covered with pasture-fields and wood.

When I arrived here I was so enchanted with the vast, glorious landscape, and with the view which it afforded

over the prairie on all sides, that I resolved to remain here for a couple of days, in order that I might, in peace and solitude, become acquainted with the prairie and the sunflowers.

The house possessed but one guest chamber, and that a little garret within a large garret, in which were lodged half-a-dozen labouring men. But I was assured that they were very silent and well-behaved, and I was furnished with a piece of wood, with which to fasten the hasp of my door inside, as there was no lock. The room was clean and light, although very low and badly arranged; and I was glad to take up my abode in it, spite of the break-neck steps by which it was reached.

I spent nearly the whole of yesterday out in the prairie, now wandering over it, and gazing out over its infinite extent, which seemed, as it were, to expand and give wings to body and soul; and now sitting among sunflowers and asters, beside a little hillock covered with bushes, reading Emerson, that extraordinary Ariel, refreshing, but evanescent, and evanescent in his philosophic flights as the fugitive wind which sweeps across the prairie, and brings forth from the strings of the electric telegraph melodious tones, which sound and die away at the same moment. His philosophy is like that wind; he himself is something much beyond it, and much better. It is his own individuality which gives that wonderfully bewitching expression to these imperfect concords.

How grand is the impression produced by this infinite expanse of plain, with its solitude and its silence! In truth, it enables the soul to expand and grow, to have a freer and deeper respiration. That great West! Yes, indeed, but what solitude! I saw no habitations, except the little house at which I was staying; no human beings, no animals; nothing except heaven and the flower-strewn earth. The day was beautiful and warm, and the sun

advanced brightly through heaven and over earth, until toward evening, when by degrees it hid itself in light clouds of sun-smoke, which, as it descended, formed belts, through which the fiery globe shone with softened splendour, so that it represented a vast pantheon, with a cupola of gold, standing on the horizon above that immeasurable plain. This Temple of the Sun was to me one which I shall never forget.

To-morrow, or the day following, I shall leave this place, and on Monday I hope to be on the Mississippi.

I shall now write a few words to young Mrs. D., my beloved sun-flower at Madison. I must tell you that the cook in her family, a respectable, clever Norwegian, would not on any terms receive money from me, for the trouble she had had on my account.

THE LOG-HOUSE, Oct. 9.

It was cloudy this morning, and I was afraid of rain: but for all that, I went out "*à la bonne aventure.*" And to set out thus by one's self is so delightful. I followed a little path which wound through low boscage over the prairie. I there met some little children, who, with their mat-baskets in their hands, were wandering along to school. I accompanied them, and came to a little house built also of logs, and extremely humble. This was the school-house. The school-room was merely a room in which were some benches; the children, about a dozen in number were ragged,—regular offspring of the wilderness. But they seemed willing enough to learn, and upon the log-walls of the room hung maps of the globe, upon which the young scholars readily pointed out to me the countries I mentioned; and there were also in that poor school-house such books as the "National Geography," by Goodrich, Smith's "Quarto Geography," which contains views of the whole world; whilst in the reading-book in common use I found gems from the literature of all countries, and particularly from that of England and

North America. The schoolmaster was an agreeable young man. His monthly stipend was fifteen dollars.

I went onward, the sun broke through the clouds; the day became glorious, and again I spent a lovely day alone on the prairie.

The host and hostess of my log-house are of Dutch origin, and not without education. The food is simple, but good; I can have as much excellent milk and potatoes as I desire (without spice or fat, and potatoes in this country are my best food), as well as capital butter and bread. Everything is clean in the house, but the furniture and the conveniences are not superior to such as are to be met with in common, Swedish peasant-houses. I sit at table with the men and maid-servants of the family, just as they come in from their work, and not over clean, as well as with thousands of flies.

The farther I advance into the West the earlier become the hours of meals. What do you say to breakfasting at six in the morning, dining at twelve, and having tea at half-past six in the evening? I do not dislike it. It is a thousand times better than the fashionable hours for meals in New York and Boston.

It is evening. It has begun to rain and blow, and it is no easy thing to keep the wind and rain out of the window which I am sometimes obliged to open, on account of the oppressive heat occasioned by an iron pipe, which goes through the room from an iron stove in the room below. I am beginning to feel not quite so comfortable, and shall be glad to go in the morning to Galena. As far as my neighbours are concerned I do not hear a sound of them, so silent are they. Log-houses are in general warm, but very dusty; so at least I have heard many people say, and I can myself believe it.

GALENA, Oct. 11th.

You now find me here, a few miles from the great Mississippi, in a little town, picturesquely situated among hills beside a little river, called Five-River, which with many sinuosities winds through the glens. The town is supported by its lead mines which are general in this highland district; by mining, smelting, and the export of this heavy dark metal. A leaden sky hung over the town as I entered it, and I see in the street old madams waddling about in dull grey-coloured cloaks, and old bonnets, very much like poor old madams in shabby bonnets and cloaks in the streets of Stockholm, in grey autumn weather; gentlemen too, or semi-gentlemen, in ragged coats—but less annoyed by them than they would be with us. Everything looks dolefully grey; and it is as cold as it is in November with us. Yesterday [it was quite otherwise. Yesterday was a most glorious summer day.

It rained when at dawn I left Blue Mound, but soon afterwards cleared up; the wind chased the clouds across the immense plain, and the play of light and shadow over it, and those glorious views—I cannot express how much I enjoyed that day's journey! The road along that high prairie-land was hard and level as the roads with us in summer. The diligence in which I sate, for the most part alone, rolled lightly across the plain, and seemed to fly over it, approaching every moment nearer to the giant-river, the western goal of my journey. The wind was as warm as with us in July; and these western views, which increased in grandeur the nearer we approached the great river—produced an unspeakable effect. I never experienced anything similar produced by a natural object.

As the day wore on the roads became worse, and late in the evening I arrived excessively weary, at the little town of Waterville, if I rightly remember the name. It

was very dark, although the sky was brilliant with stars. I was hungry and tired, and wished to remain all night at the hotel, partly that I might rest, and partly that I might perform the remainder of the journey by day-light, and thus see the great giant plain.

But the hotel was occupied by gentlemen who were now assembled here in convention on educational questions, and were just at this moment in session. There was no room for me; and when I spoke of my fatigue, and my reluctance to travel by night along roads which frequently were no roads at all, and upon which the diligence was overturned six times in the week, the landlord replied by telling me about the great and important Convention, which was sitting in the city, and of the remarkable men who were assembled here on that occasion, and who were lodged in his house. He was so important, and so full of the great Convention, and the members of which were lodged in his house, that he had neither ear nor heart for the poor, weary, travelling lady, who prayed for a little room, merely for one night. I talked of the home of yesterday; and he talked about the parsonage, and between the two there was no comparison. "This hotel," said he, "was properly no hotel for ladies, but merely for gentlemen." There was however another hotel in the town, and he offered me a guide to show me the way.

But this also was occupied by the distinguished members of the Convention, "And in any case, I must travel by night, as the diligence did not go to Galena at any other time. I might depend upon having, to-night, the most steady driver; the night was beautiful and—— I should get very safely and very well to Galena!" So said the landlord.

As this meeting of the distinguished men of the great Convention was likely to last till late at night, and as the diligence was going to set off immediately, I had no hope

of being able to speak with any of them, and to ask from them that politeness and hospitality which the landlord of the hotel was so wholly deficient in. I was compelled to set off.

“My good friend,” said I beseechingly to the driver of the diligence, “I am a stranger from a distant country and I am alone. Promise not to overturn me !”

“That I cannot promise you, ma’am,” replied he, “but I will promise to do my best to bring you safely to the end of your journey.”

It was a rational answer, and was spoken in a voice which inspired me with confidence. I took my seat in the diligence, and left the first inhospitable, unfriendly place which I had found in America. There were three or four gentlemen in the diligence, I was the only lady. It was so dark that I could not see their countenances ; but their voices and their inquiries told me that they were young and of an uneducated class.

“Are you scared, Miss Bremer ?”

“Are you afraid, ma’am ?” and so on, were the exclamations with which they immediately overwhelmed me in a good-tempered and cheerful, but somewhat rude style. I replied to their questions by the monosyllable “No !” and was then left in peace. I was not, however, without uneasiness as regarded the nocturnal journey. I had heard of the diligence being lately overturned, of one lady having broken an arm, of another receiving so severe an injury in the side that she still lay sick in consequence of it, at Galena ; of a gentleman who received a blow on the head that left him insensible for several hours, and various other such occurrences.

Several of the young men were unknown to each other, but they soon became acquainted. One of them was going to be the schoolmaster somewhere not far from the Mississippi. He stammered wofully, and his pronunciation was broad and like the bleating of a sheep. One of

the other gentlemen asked him whether he could solve a mathematical problem "in water." The schoolmaster seemed to be completely nonplused by this question and his new teacher began to describe the experiment to him circumstantially, in a way which certainly would very much have amused Fabian Wrede. The schoolmaster put various questions which showed that he was not at all familiar with this water art, and when soon after he left the diligence his teacher exclaimed—"Ar'nt he green for a schoolmaster?" and all burst out into laughter. They were evidently green altogether, though harmless and good-tempered. They began singing negro-songs, and sang "Oh Susanna," "Dandy Jem from Caroline," and others very well, and in character. After this they slept. The night was beautiful and clear, and the road not so very bad; the driver evidently good and careful. Once only did we stick fast, and then the young fellows were obliged to get out and help us along.

About half-past twelve we arrived at our journey's end without any disaster. All the world of Galena seemed to be fast asleep; even at the hotel all was silent and dark.

The porter of the "American House," an old man with a strongly-marked English countenance, bushy eyebrows, prominent nose and chin, with an expression of humour and something gentlemanlike in his aspect and demeanour, came out with a candle in his hand, and very soon took me and my effects in charge. He showed me into a nice little room; but when I looked to see if the door would lock I found that the key would not turn. On this discovery I called to my old gentleman and showed him my difficulty. He replied that I need only set my little portmanteau against the door to secure it. "That was all that I needed for my security," he said. But when I insisted upon it that this was not enough to satisfy me; he began working at the lock, till at length the double lock suddenly shot out, and the door was fast. That was

very good, so far ; but now, when he wished to unlock it to depart, it was just as immovable as before. He turned and turned, and could not move it the least in the world. The old gentleman and I were locked in the room, for there was no other means of egress but by this door. Very agreeable this !

At this discovery he made such a comical grimace that I could not help bursting out into a hearty peal of laughter ; and when he, during a few minutes, had exerted all his art and all his strength to no purpose, and the door remained as firmly closed as ever, I tried what I could do. And first, I examined the lock very minutely, and was not long in discovering a little spring, upon which I pressed my finger, and immediately the bolt sprang back, and opening the large door I allowed the old gentleman to escape, who did not look much less pleased than I did to have got so well out of this adventure.

Later.—I was here interrupted by a visit and the necessity to go out into “the ladies’ parlour.” A handsome young lady was sitting there, and singing so false, that it tortured me to the very soul to hear her ; nor did she seem as if she would ever come to an end. A young gentleman, who sate beside her and turned over the leaves of the music, must have been altogether without an ear or altogether over head and ears in love.

I heard an interesting account from a married couple whom I received in my room, and who are just now come from the Wilderness beyond the Mississippi, of the so-called Squatters, a kind of white people who constitute a portion of the first colonists of the Western country. They settle themselves down here and there in the Wilderness, cultivate the earth, and cultivate freedom, but will not become acquainted with any other kind of cultivation. They pay no taxes, and will not acknowledge either law or church. They live in families, have

no social life, but are extremely peaceable and no way guilty of any violation of law. All that they desire is, to be at peace and to have free elbow-room. They live very amicably with the Indians, not so well with the American whites. When these latter come with their schools, their churches, and their shops, then the Squatters withdraw themselves farther and still farther into the Wilderness, in order to be able, as they say, to live in innocence and freedom. The whole of the Western country beyond the Mississippi, and as far as the Pacific Ocean, is said to be inhabited by patches with these Squatters, or tillers of the land, the origin of whom is said to be as much unknown as that of the Clay-eaters of South Carolina and Georgia. Their way of life has also a resemblance. The Squatters, however, evince more power and impulse of labour; the Clay-eaters subject the life of nature. The Squatters are the representatives of the Wilderness, and stand as such in stiff opposition to cultivation.

GALENA, Oct. 12th.

Again up and again well, after two days of severe headache, during which I was waited upon, and cared for in the kindest manner by a kind-hearted little Irish girl belonging to the house. I could scarcely have been better attended to in my own home. And no one could possibly perform that uneasy journey through Wisconsin without having something to remember as long as he lived; but with it the severest part of my Western journey is accomplished. And I am sound in body and limb, have possession of reason and of all my senses, and everything has gone on so well, and I now feel myself so perfectly restored to my usual good state of health, that I can only be heartily contented and thankful.

I shall not leave Galena until Monday, because the good steam-boat *Menomonie*, so called from an Indian tribe, does not proceed up the Mississippi to St. Paul before

that day. I shall in the meantime enjoy my liberty at this excellent hotel, and my rambles among the picturesque hills of the neighbourhood. Good-night, beloved! I embrace mamma and you, and greet cordially all my good friends both in and out of the house.

LETTER XXVI.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI, *Oct. 15th.*

TOWARDS sunset on the most lovely and glorious evening, we came out of the narrow little winding Five-river, and entered the grand Mississippi, which flowed broad and clear as a mirror between hills which extended into the distance, and now looked blue beneath the mild, clear blue heavens, in which the new moon and the evening star ascended, becoming brighter as the sun sank lower behind the hills. The pure misty veil of the Indian summer was thrown over the landscape; one might have believed that it was the earth's smoke of sacrifice which arose in the evening towards the gentle heavens. Not a breath of air moved, everything was silent and still in that grand spectacle;—it was indescribably beautiful. Just then a shot was fired; a smoke issued from one of the small green islands, and flocks of ducks and wild-geese flew up, round about, escaping from the concealed sportsman, who I hope this evening returned without game. All was again silent and still, and Menomonie advanced with a quiet, steady course up the glorious river.

I stood on the upper deck with the captain, Mr. Smith, and the representative from Minnesota, Mr. Sibley, who, with his wife and child, were returning home from Washington.

Was this then, indeed, the Mississippi, that wild giant

of nature, which I had imagined would be so powerful, so divine, so terrible? Here, its waters were clear, of a fresh, light-green colour, and within their beautiful frame of distant violet-blue mountains, they lay like a heavenly mirror, bearing on their bosom verdant, vine-covered islands, like islands of the blessed. The Mississippi was here in its youth, in its state of innocence as yet. It has not as yet advanced very far from its fountains; no crowd of steamboats muddy its waters. Menomonie and one other, a still smaller boat, are the only ones which ascend the river above Galena; no cities cast into it their pollution; pure rivers only flow into its waters, and aborigines and primeval forests still surround it. Afterwards, far below and towards the world's sea, where the Mississippi comes into the life of the States, and become a statesman, he has his twelve hundred steamers, and I know not how many thousand sailing-boats, gives himself up to cities and the population of cities, and is married to Missouri: then it is quite different; then is it all over with the beauty and innocence of the Mississippi.

But now, now it was beautiful, and the whole of that evening on the Mississippi was to me like an enchantment.

The Mississippi, discovered by Europeans, has two epochs, and in each a romance: the one as different to the other as day and night, as the sunbright idyl to the gloomy tragedy, as the Mississippi here in its youth, and the Mississippi down at St. Louis, as Mississippi-Missouri. The first belongs to the northern district, the second to the southern; the former has its hero, the mild pastor, Father Marquette; the latter, the Spanish soldier, Ferdinand de Soto.

France and England, equally jealous competitors for territorial acquisitions, were the first possessors of the land of North America. The French Jesuits were the first who penetrated into the wildernesses of Canada and to the great lakes of the West. Religious enthusiasm

planted the Puritan colony on Plymouth Rock ; religious enthusiasm planted the cross, together with the lilies of France, on the shores of the St. Lawrence, beside Niagara, and as far as St. Marie, among the wild Indians by Lake Superior. The noble, chivalric Champlain, full of ardour and zeal, said, "the salvation of a soul is worth more than the conquest of a kingdom."

That was at the time when the disciples of Loyola went forth over the world to conquer it as a kingdom for the Prince of Peace, and inscribed the sign of the cross in Japan, in China, in India, in Ethiopia, among the Caffers, in California, in Paraguay. They invited the barbarian to the civilisation of Christianity. The priests who penetrated from Canada to the deserts of Western America were among the noblest of their class.

"They had the faults of ascetic superstition ; but the horrors of a Canadian life in the wilderness were resisted by an invincible passive courage, and a deep internal tranquillity. Away from the amenities of life, away from the opportunities of vain-glory, they became dead to the world, and possessed their souls in unutterable peace. The few who lived to grow old, though bowed by the toils of a long mission, still kindled with the fervour of apostolic zeal. The history of their labours is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the annals of French America : not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way."

The Jesuits, Bribeuf and Daniel, and the gentle Lallemand, accompanied a party of bare-footed Hurons to their country through dangerous forests. They won the regard and the love of the savages.

Bribeuf, who is said to have been the pattern of every religious virtue, lived fifteen years among the Hurons baptising them to the religion of Christ, and instructing them in the occupations of peace. Works of love, self-mortification, prayers deep into the night—such was his

life. Yet all the more increased his love for the Master whom he served; and his desire to suffer in His service. He thirsted after it as others thirst after the delights of life. He made a vow never to decline the opportunity of martyrdom, and never to receive the death-blow except with joy.

Such was a faith to remove mountains; and it did more, it implanted the vitalising love of Christ in the blood-thirsty heart of the savage. The great warrior Ahasistari said; "Before you came to this country, where I have incurred the greatest perils, and have alone escaped, have I said to myself, 'Some powerful spirit has the guardianship of my days!'" And he professed his belief in Jesus as the Good Genius and Protector, whom he had before unconsciously adored. After trials of his sincerity he was baptised; and enlisting a troop of converts, savages like himself, "Let us strive," he exclaimed, "to make the whole world embrace the faith in Jesus."*

Farther and farther still advanced the missionaries towards the West; they heard of powerful and warlike Indian races, such as the mighty Sioux who dwelt by the great river Mississippi, of the Erie, and Chippewas, and Pottowatomies, and others who dwelt by the great lakes. Dangers, fatigues, wildernesses, savages all stood in threatening array before them, but only the more to allure them.

Hostile tribes overcame the Indians who conducted them. The savage Mohawks took the Missionary Isaac Jogues, prisoner, and with him the noble chief Ahasistari. Ahasistari had succeeded in finding a hiding-place, but when he saw Jogues a captive, he stepped forth to him saying—

"My brother, I made a vow to thee that I would share thy fate, whether life or death. How am I to keep my vow."

* Bancroft.

The savages exercised their cruelty upon them for several days and nights. When Jogues ran the gauntlet he consoled himself with a vision of the glory of the Queen of Heaven. One evening, after a day of torture an ear of Indian corn was thrown to the good father, and see ! upon the broad leaf there were drops of water, or of dew, sufficient to baptise two captive Christian converts !

Ahasistari and two of his people were burned. He met death with the pride of an Indian and the calmness of a Christian.

Father Jogues had expected the same fate ; but his life was spared and his liberty granted to him. Roaming through the magnificent forests of the Mohawk Valley he wrote the name of Jesus on the bark of trees, graved the cross and took possession of these countries in the name of God. Often lifting up his voice in thanksgiving, consoling himself in his sorrow with the thought that he alone in that vast region, adored the true God, the God of Heaven and of Earth.

He returned safely to his own people in Canada ; but merely, two years afterwards, to set out once more to seek new perils in the same service. "I shall go, but shall never return," said he, on setting out ; and soon afterwards was taken prisoner by the Mohawks, who said that he, by his enchantments, had blighted their harvest. Timid by nature, yet courageous through his zeal, he received his death-blow with calmness.

Bribeuf, Anthony, Daniel, and the mild Lallemand, all suffered martyrdom amid such torments as only Indians can devise ; suffered it with that pious courage which only the love of Christ can inspire.

The villages and settlements founded by the good fathers were burned, and the Christian converts perished by fire and sword. All the many years labour of the Jesuits was destroyed and the Wilderness seemed once more to grow over their traces.

Such great adversities might be supposed sufficient to quench the ardour of the missionaries. Not at all! They pressed forward anew.

Whilst the savage nations were carrying on cruel wars one with another, and converting all the paths through the forest of the West into paths of death, the Bishop of Quebec, Francis de Laval, was animated by the desire of conveying the doctrines of peace to the shores of the great river. He desired to go himself; but the lot fell on René Mesnard. Every personal consideration seemed to retain him at Quebec, but powerful instincts urged him to risk his life in the enterprise. He was already old when he entered on the path still red with the blood of his predecessors. "In three or four months," wrote he to a friend, on his journey, "and you may add my name to those of the dead."

He went, never again to return. Afar off in the wilderness of the West, whilst his attendant was one day occupied in the transport of a boat, he entered a forest and was never more seen:—his cassock and breviary were long retained as amulets among the Sioux! Another missionary was killed by the arrows of the Indians during a fight between two hostile tribes.

It is a refreshment to turn from these bloody and cruel scenes, which marked the first introduction of Christianity by Europe into the West, to the idyllian and peaceful episode of the Jesuit missionary, Marquette, and his labours amid those savage, warlike Indian tribes; it is like a sunbeam between thunder-clouds.

Already had the indefatigable Father Aloüez visited most of the Indian tribes round Lake Superior, and during two residences among them had taught the Chippewas to chant the Paternoster and Ave Maria, had been invited by the Pottawatomies, the worshippers of the sun, to their huts; had smoked the pipe of peace with the Illinois tribes, who told him of their great fields overgrown with

tall grass, where troops of wild deer and buffaloes grazed; he had even met the quarrelsome and mighty Sioux, who lived on wild rice, covered their huts with skins of animals instead of bark, and dwelt upon the prairie near the great river, which they called Messipi.

Marquette determined to discover and sail down the great river.

He had gathered around him the remains of the Huron nation, and settled down with them on the shore of Lake Michigan, where there was abundance of fish. There they built themselves huts.

It was from this place that Marquette, accompanied by a Frenchman named Joliet, and a young Indian of the Illinois tribe, as guide, set forth on his journey of discovery. The French intendant of Canada, Talon, favoured Marquette's enterprise, wishing to ascertain whether the banner of France could be carried down the great river as far as the Pacific Ocean, or planted side by side with that of Spain on the gulf of Mexico.

Marquette sought by his journey the honour of a higher master than an earthly sovereign; "I shall gladly lay down my life for the salvation of souls," said he, in answer to a messenger of the Pottawatomies who warned him, "that these distant nations never spared strangers; that their mutual wars filled the shores with warriors; and that the great river abounded with monsters which devoured both men and canoes; and that the excessive heat was mortal." And on hearing his reply, the children of the Wilderness united with him in prayer for his preservation.

"At the last village on Fox river ever visited by the French," using the words of Bancroft the historian, for I cannot have a better guide, "where Kickapoos, Mascoutins, and Miamis dwelt together on a beautiful hill, in the centre of the prairies and magnificent groves that extended as far as the eye could reach, and where Aloitiez

had already raised the cross, which the savages ornamented with brilliant skins and crimson belts, a thanksgiving offering to the great Manitou,—the ancients assembled in council to receive the pilgrims.

“ ‘My companion,’ said Marquette, ‘is an envoy of France to discover new countries, and I am ambassador from God to enlighten them with the Gospel;’ and offering presents, he begged two guides for the morrow. The wild men answered courteously, and gave in return a mat, to serve as a couch during the long voyage.

“ Behold then, in 1673, on the tenth of June, the meek, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette, with Joliet for his associate, five Frenchmen as his companions, and two Algonquins as guides, lifting their canoes on their backs, and walking across the narrow portage that divides the Fox river from the Wisconsin. They reach the water-shed; uttering a special prayer to the immaculate Virgin, they leave the streams that, flowing onwards, could have borne their greetings to the castle of Quebec;—already they stand by the Wisconsin. ‘The guides returned,’ says the gentle Marquette, ‘leaving us alone, in this unknown land, in the hands of Providence.’

“ France and Christianity stood in the valley of the Mississippi.

“ Embarking on the broad Wisconsin, the discoverers as they sailed west went solitarily down the stream, between alternate prairies and hill sides, beholding neither man nor the wonted beasts of the forest; no sound broke the appalling silence, but the ripple of their canoe, and the lowing of the buffalo. In seven days ‘they entered happily the Great River with a joy that could not be expressed;’ and the two birch-bark canoes raising their happy sails under new skies and to unknown breezes, floated down the calm magnificence of the ocean stream over the broad, clear sand-bars, the resort of innumerable water-fowl; gliding past islets that swelled

from the bosom of the stream, with their tufts of massive thickets, and between the wide plains of Illinois and Iowa, all garlanded with majestic forests, or chequered by island-groves, and the open vastness of the prairie.

“About sixty leagues below the mouth of the Wisconsin, the western bank of the Mississippi bore on its sands the trail of men; a little footpath was discerned leading into a beautiful prairie, and, leaving the canoes, Joliet and Marquette resolved alone to brave a meeting with the savages. After walking six miles they beheld a village on the banks of a river, and two others on a slope at a distance of a mile and a half from the first. The river was the Mou-in-gou-e-na, or Moingona, of which we have corrupted the name into Des Moines. Marquette and Joliet were the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa. Commending themselves to God, they uttered a loud cry. The Indians hear; four old men advance slowly to meet them, bearing the peace-pipe, brilliant with many-coloured plumes.

“‘We are Illinois,’ said they; that is, when translated, ‘we are men;’ and they offered the calumet. An aged chief received them at his cabin with upraised hands, exclaiming, ‘How beautiful is the sun, Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! Our whole village awaits thee; thou shalt enter in peace into all our dwellings.’

“At the great council, Marquette published to them the one true God, their Creator. He spoke also of the great captain of the French, the governor of Canada, who had chastised the Five Nations and commanded peace; and he questioned them respecting the Mississippi, and the tribes that possessed its banks. For the messengers who announced the subjection of the Iroquois, a magnificent festival was prepared of hominy and fish, and the choicest viands from the prairies.

“After six days’ festivities among these wild people, the little band proceeded onward. ‘I did not fear death,’

said Marquette, 'I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God.'

"They passed the perpendicular rocks, which wore the appearance of monsters; they heard at a distance the noise of the waters of the Missouri, known to them by its Algonquin name of Pekitanoni; and when they came to the most beautiful confluence of rivers in the world, where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi, dragging it, as it were, hastily to the sea, the good Marquette resolved in his heart one day to ascend the mighty river to its source; to cross the ridge that divides the oceans, and, descending a westerly flowing stream, to publish the Gospel to all the people of this New World.

"In a little less than forty leagues, the canoes floated past the Ohio, which was then, and long afterwards, called the Wabash. Its banks were tenanted by numerous villages of the peaceful Shawnees, who quailed under the incursions of the Iroquois.

"The thick canes begin to appear so close and strong, that the buffalo could not break through them, and the insects became intolerable. The prairies vanished, and forests of white wood, admirable for their vastness and height, crowded even to the skirts of the pebbly shore. It was also observed that, in the land of the Chickasas, the Indians had guns.

"They reached the village of Mitchigamea, in a region which had not been visited by Europeans since the days of De Soto. 'Now,' thought Marquette, 'we must indeed ask the aid of the Virgin. Armed with bows and arrows, with clubs, axes and bucklers, amidst continual whoops, the natives, bent on war, embarked in vast canoes made out of the trunks of hollow trees; but at the sight of the mysterious peace-pipe held aloft, God touched the hearts of the old men, who checked the impetuosity of the young; and throwing their bows and

quivers into the canoes as a token of peace, they prepared a hospitable welcome.'

"Thus had the travellers descended below the entrance of the Arkansas to the genial climes which have scarcely any winter, but rains, to the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico, and to tribes of Indians who had obtained arms by traffic with the Spaniards or with Virginia.

"So, having spoken of God, and the mysteries of the Catholic faith—having become certain that the Father of Rivers went not to the ocean, east of Florida, nor yet to the Gulf of California, Marquette and Joliet left Arkansia and ascended the Mississippi.

"At the thirty-eighth degree of latitude they entered the river Illinois, and discovered a country without its equal for the fertility of its beautiful prairies, covered with buffaloes and stags,—for the loveliness of its rivulets, and the prodigal abundance of wild ducks and swans, and of a species of parrot and wild turkeys. The tribe of Indians that tenanted its banks entreated Marquette to come and reside among them. One of their chiefs, with their young men, conducted the party by way of Chicago to Lake Michigan; and before the end of September, all were safe in Green Bay.

"Joliet returned to Quebec to announce the discovery, the fame of which, through Talon, quickened the ambition of Colbert. The unambitious Marquette remained to preach the gospel to the Miamis who dwelt in the north of Illinois, round Chicago. Two years afterwards, sailing from Chicago to Mackinaw, he entered a little river in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said mass according to the ritual of the Catholic Church; and then desired the men who had conducted his canoe to leave him alone for half-an-hour.

"At the end of the time they went to seek him; but he was no more. The good missionary-discoverer of a world had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream that

bears his name. Near its mouth the canoe-men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest-rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument."

Thus much of Father Marquette : a short human life ; but how full, how beautiful, how complete and perfect ! Do you not see a ray of heavenly light shine through that misty, blood-stained valley of the Mississippi ? Lower down on the Mississippi I shall tell you of Ferdinand de Soto.

MISSISSIPPI, *Oct. 16th.*

Cold and chilly ; but those stately hills which rise higher and higher on each side the river, covered with forests of oak now brilliant in their golden-brown array beneath the autumnal heaven, and those prairies with their infinite stretches of view, afford a spectacle for ever changing and for ever beautiful. And then, all is so young, so new, all as yet virgin soil ! Here and there, at the foot of the hills, on the banks of the river, has the settler built his little log-house, ploughed up a little field in which he has now just reaped his maize. The air is grey but altogether calm. We proceed very leisurely, because the water is low at this time of the year, and has many shallows ; at times it is narrow, and then again it is of great width, dotted over with many islands, both large and small. These islands are full of wild vines, which have thrown themselves in festoons among the trees, now for the most part leafless, though the wild vines are yet green.

We are sailing between Wisconsin on the right, and Iowa on the left. We have just passed the mouth of the Wisconsin river, by which Father Marquette entered the Mississippi. How well I understand his feelings on the discovery of the great river ! I feel myself here two hundred years later, almost as happy as he was, because I too am alone, and am on a journey of discovery,

although of another kind. The Wisconsin flows into the Mississippi between shores overgrown with wood, and presents a beautiful idyllian scene.

We shall to-morrow enter upon a wilder region, and among the Indians. If the weather is only not too cold!

Evening.—It seems as if it would clear up; the sun has set and the moon risen, and the moon seems to dissipate the clouds. At sunset the Menomonie put to land to take in fuel. It was on the Iowa bank of the river. I went on shore with Mr. Sebley. A newly erected log-house stood at the foot of the hill, about fifty paces from the river; we went into the house, and were met by a handsome young wife, with a nice little plump lad, a baby, in her arms; her husband was out in the forest; they had been at the place merely a few months, but were satisfied, and hopeful of doing well there. Two fat cows with bells were grazing in the meadow, without any tether. Everything within the house was neat and in order, and indicated a degree of comfort; I saw some books on a shelf; these were the Bible, prayer-books, and American reading-books, containing selections from English and American literature, both verse and prose. The young wife talked sensibly and calmly about their life and condition as settlers in the West. When we left the house, and I saw her standing in the doorway with her beautiful child in her arms, she presented a picture in the soft glow of the Western heaven, a lovely picture of the new life of the West.

That young, strong earnest mother with her child on her arm, that little dwelling, protected by the husband, who cherished in himself the noblest treasures of thought and of love—behold in these the germ which, by degrees, will occupy the wilderness, and cause it to blossom as the rose.

16th.—A glorious morning, as warm as summer! It

rained in the night, but cleared up in the morning; those dense, dark masses of cloud were penetrated, rent asunder by the flashing sunbeams; and bold, abrupt shadows, and heavenly lights played among the yet bolder, more craggy, and more picturesque hills. What an animated scene it was! and I was once more alone with America, with my beloved, my great and beautiful sister, with the sybil at whose knee I sate listening and glancing up to her with looks full of love. Oh, what did she not communicate to me that day, that morning full of inspiration, as amid her tears she drank in the heavenly light, and flung those dark shadows, like a veil, back from her countenance, that it might be only the more fully illumined by the Divine light! Never shall I forget that morning!

They came again and again, during the morning those dark clouds, spreading night over those deep abysses, but again they yielded, again they gave place to the sun, which finally prevailed, alone, triumphant and shone over the Mississippi and its world in the most beautiful summer splendour; and the inner light in my soul conversed with the outward light. It was glorious!

The farther we advanced the more strangely and fantastically were the cliffs on the shore splintered and riven, representing the most astonishing imagery. Half way up, probably four or five hundred feet above the river, these hills were covered with wood now golden with the hue of autumn, and above that rising, as if directly out of it, naked, ruin-like crags of rich red-brown, representing fortifications, towers, half-demolished walls, as of ancient, magnificent strongholds and castles. The castle-ruins of the Rhine are small things in comparison with these gigantic remains of primeval ages; when men were not, but the Titans of primeval nature, Megatheriums, Mastodons, and Ichthyosaurians rose up from the waters, and wandered alone over the earth.

It was difficult to persuade one's self that many of these bold pyramids and broken temple-façades had not really been the work of human hands, so symmetrical, so architectural were these colossal erections. I saw in two places human dwellings, built upon a height; they looked like birds'-nests upon a lofty roof: but I was glad to see them, because they predicted that this magnificent region will soon have inhabitants, and this temple of nature, worshippers in thankful and intelligent human hearts. The country on the other side of these precipitous crags is highland, glorious country, bordering the prairie-land; land for many millions of human beings! Americans will build upon these hills beautiful, hospitable homes, and will here labour, pray, love and enjoy. An ennobled humanity will live upon these heights.

Below in the river, at the feet of the hill-giants, the little green islands become more and more numerous; all were of the same character; all were lovely islands, all one tangle of wild vine. The wild grapes are small and sour, but are said to become sweet after they have been frosted. It is extraordinary that the wild vine is everywhere indigenous to America. America is, of a truth, Vineland.

I have heard the prophecy of a time and a land where every man shall sit under his own vine, and none shall make him afraid; when the wolf and the lamb shall sport together, and the desert shall blossom as the rose, and all in the name of the Prince of Peace!

These hills spite of their varieties of form and of their ruin-like crags, have a general resemblance; they are nearly all of the same height, not exceeding eight or nine hundred feet.—Good republicans every one of them!

Last evening, just at sunset, I saw the first trace of the Indians in an Indian grave. It was a chest of bark laid upon a couple of planks supported by four posts, standing underneath a tree golden with autumnal tints.

It is thus that the Indians dispose of their dead, till the flesh is dried off the bones, when these are interred either in the earth or in caves, with funeral rites, dances, and songs. Thus, a coffin beneath an autumnal tree, in the light of the pale evening sun, was the first token which I perceived of this poor, decaying people.

Soon after we saw Indian huts on the banks of the river. They are called by themselves "tepees" (dwellings), and by the English, "lodges;" they resemble a tent in form, and are covered with buffalo-hides, which are wrapped round long stakes, planted in the ground in a circle, and united at the top, where the smoke passes out through an opening, something like our Laplander's huts, only on a larger scale. There is a low opening in the form of a door to each hut, and over which a piece of buffalo-hide can be let down at pleasure. I saw, through the open doors, the fire burning on the floor in many of the huts; it had a pleasant, kindly appearance. Little savage children were leaping about the shore. It was the most beautiful moon-light evening.

17th.—Sunshiny, but cold. We have Indian territory through the whole of our course on the right; it is the territory of Minnesota, and we now see Indians encamped on the banks in larger or smaller numbers. The men, standing or walking, wrapped in their red or yellow-grey blankets; the women, busied at the fires either within or without the tents, or carrying their children on their backs in the yellow blankets in which they themselves are wrapped. All are bare-headed, with their black locks hanging down, like horses' tails, or sometimes plaited. A great number of children, boys especially, leap about shouting on the shores. We proceeded very slowly, and stuck fast on the shallows continually, as we wound among the islands. In the meantime, little canoes of Indians glided quickly, and as it were, shyly hither and thither along the shores and the islands, the people

seeming to be looking for something among the bushes. They appeared, for the most part, to be women in the boats; but it is not easy to distinguish a man from a woman as they sit there wrapped in their blankets, with their bare, unkempt hair. They were seeking for wild berries and herbs, which they collect, among the bushes. How savage, and like wild beasts they looked! And yet it is very entertaining to see human beings so unlike the people one sees every day, so unlike our own selves!

The Indians we see here are of the Sioux or Dakotah nation, still one of the most powerful tribes in the country, and who, together with the Chippewas, inhabit the district around the springs of the Mississippi (Minnesota). Each nation is said to amount to twenty-five thousand souls. The two tribes live in hostility with each other; but have lately held, after some bloody encounters, a peace congress at Fort Snelling, where the American authorities compelled these vengeful people, although unwillingly, to offer each other the hand of reconciliation.

Mr. Sibley, who has lived many years among the Sioux, participating in their hunting and their daily life, has related to me many characteristic traits of this people's life and disposition. There is a certain grandeur about them, but it is founded on immense pride; and their passion for revenge is carried to a savage and cruel extreme. Mr. Sibley is also very fond of the Indians, and is said to be a very great favourite with them. Sometimes when we sail past Indian villages, he utters a kind of wild cry which receives an exulting response from the shore.

Sometimes we see a little log-house, with two or three Indian lodges beside it. Such houses belong to half-blood Indians, that is to say, one whose father was a white man and mother an Indian, and these are his relations by the mother's side, or the relatives of his

Indian wife, who have come to dwell near him. He is commonly engaged in trade, and is a link between the Indian and European.

We have now also some Indians on board, a family of the Winnebagoes, husband; wife, and daughter, a young girl of seventeen, and two young warriors of the Sioux tribe, adorned with fine feathers, and painted with red and yellow, and all colours I fancy, so that they are splendid. They remain on the upper deck, where I also remain, on account of the view being so much more extensive. The Winnebago man is also painted, and lies on deck generally on his stomach, propped on his elbows, and wrapped in his blanket. The wife looks old and worn out, but is cheerful and talkative. The girl is tall and good-looking, but has heavy features and broad round shoulders; she is very shy, and turns away, if any one looks at her. I saw the three have their dinner: they took a piece of dark-coloured meat, which I supposed to have been smoke-dried, out of a bag, and alternately tore a piece from it with their teeth. I offered them cakes and fruit, which I had with me; the wife laughed and almost snatched them from me. They were well pleased to receive them, but expressed no thanks. The young Sioux warriors look like some kind of great cock. They strut about now and then, and look proud, and then they squat themselves down on their hams, like apes, and chatter away as volubly as any two old gossips ever did. All the men have noses like a hawk's bill, and the corners of their mouths are drawn down, which gives a disagreeable, scornful expression to the countenance. Nothing, however, about them has struck me so much as their eyes, which have a certain hard, inhuman expression. They seem to me like those of wild beasts, cold, clear, with a steady, hard, and almost cruel, glance. One could fancy that they had caught sight of some object, some prey a long way off in the forest. The glance is not deficient in intel-

ligence or acuteness, but it is deficient in feeling. There is an immense difference between their eyes and those of the negroes. The former are a cold day, the latter a warm night.

Last night we passed through Lake Pepin in the moonlight. It is an extension of the Mississippi, large enough to constitute a lake, surrounded by magnificent hills which seem to enclose it with their almost perpendicular cliffs, one among which is particularly prominent, and is called Wenonas cliff, from a young Indian girl who here sang her death-song and then threw herself into the waters below, preferring death to marriage with a young man whom she did not love.

Late last evening I noticed a tall Indian who was standing with his arms crossed, wrapped in his blanket, under a large tree. He stood as immovable as if he had grown into the tree against the bole of which he leaned. He looked very stately. All at once he gave a leap forward and uttering a shrill cry bounded down to the shore; and then I saw, at no great distance, an encampment of about twenty huts in the forest near the river, where fires were burning, and there seemed to be a throng of people. Along the shore lay a considerable number of small canoes, and I imagined that the warning cry of the man had reference to these, for when our steamer swung past the place, for it was at a bend of the river where the camp stood, it occasioned a sort of earthquake to those little boats which were hurled like nut-shells one against another, and on toward the shore. The people who were seated in the boats, leapt upon the shore, others came running from the huts down to the boats; the whole encampment was in motion, there was a yelling and a barking both of men and dogs, and shrill cries which were heard long after Menomonie had shot past on her foaming career. The camp with its fires, its huts, and its people, was a most wild and animated scene.

At another place, during the day, we saw a large, pale

red stone standing on a plain near the river. I was told that this stone and all large stones of this kind, are regarded as sacred by the Indians, who swear by them, and around which they hold their councils, believing that they are the abiding-place of a divinity.

In the afternoon we shall reach St. Paul's, the goal of our journey and the most northern town on the Mississippi. I am sorry to reach it so soon; I should have liked this voyage up the Mississippi to have lasted eight days at least. It amuses and interests me indescribably. These new shores, so new in every way, with their perpetually varying scenes; that wild people with their camps, their fires, boats, their peculiar manners and cries—it is a continual refreshment to me. And to this must be added that I am able to enjoy it in peace and freedom, from the excellent arrangement of the American steamboats for their passengers. They are commonly three-decked; the middle-deck being principally occupied by the passengers who like to be comfortable. Round this deck runs a broad gallery or piazza roofed in by the upper deck, within which are ranged the passengers' cabins side by side all round the vessel. Each cabin has a door in which is a window opening into the gallery, so that one can either enter the gallery this way or enjoy the scenery of the shore from the cabin itself; it has also another door which opens into the saloon. The saloon aft, is always appropriated to the ladies, and around this are their cabins; the second great saloon also, used for meals, is the assembling-place of the gentlemen. Each little apartment, called a state-room, has commonly two berths in it, the one above the other: but if the steamer is not much crowded, one can easily obtain a cabin entirely to one's self. These apartments are always painted white, and are neat, light, and charming; one could remain in them for days with the utmost pleasure. The table is generally well and amply supplied; and the fares, comparatively speaking,

are low. Thus, for instance, I pay for the voyage from Galena to St. Paul's only six dollars, which seems to me quite too little, in comparison with all the good things that I enjoy. I have a charming little "state-room" to myself, and the few upper-class passengers are not of the catechising order. One of them, Mr. Sibley, is a clever, kind man, and extremely interesting to me from his knowledge of the people of this region, and their circumstances. There are also some emigrant-families who are on their way to settle on the banks of the river St. Croix and Stillwater, who do not belong to what are called the "better class," although they rank with such—a couple of ladies who smoke meerschaum-pipes now and then—and in particular, there are two half-grown girls who are considerably in my way sometimes—especially one of them, a tall, awkward girl in a fiery-red, brick-coloured dress, with fiery-red hair as rough as a besom, and eyes that squint, and who, when she comes out sets herself to stare at me with her arms crossed, her mouth and eyes wide open, as if I were some strange Scandinavian animal, and every now and then she rushes up to me with some unnecessary, witless question. I regard these girls as belonging to—the mythological monsters of the great West; as daughters of its giants, and did not scruple to cut them rather short! Ah! people may come to this hemisphere as democratic as they will, but when they have travelled about a little they will become aristocratic to a certain extent. To a certain extent, but beyond that I shall never go, even though the daughters of the giants become so numerous as to shut out my view. And this brick-coloured, fool-hardy girl would, of this I am certain, with a few kind and intelligent words assume a different mode of behaviour, and if I were to be any length of time with her she and I should become good friends. And there is, in one of these emigrant families, an old grandmother, and yet not

so very old after all, who is so full of anxiety, so quietly active, and so thoughtful for every one who belongs to her, and who is evidently so kind and motherly in disposition, that one must willingly take in good part all her questions and her ignorance of geography, if one has anything good in one's self. And that one has not when one gets out of temper with the manners of the giants' daughter, and wills to be at peace.

The captain of the steamer, Mr. Smith, is an extremely agreeable and polite man, who is my cavalier on board, and in whose vessel the utmost order prevails.

We see no longer any traces of European cultivation on shore, nothing but Indian huts and encampments. The shores have become flatter since we left Lake Pepin and the scenery tamer.

LETTER XXVII.

ST. PAUL'S, MINNESOTA, *Oct. 25th.*

AT about three miles from St. Paul's we saw a large Indian village, consisting of about twenty hide-covered wigwams, with their ascending columns of smoke. In the midst of these stood a neat log-house. This was the home which a Christian missionary had built for himself among the savages, and here he had established a school for the children. Upon a hill behind the village, a number of stages were placed in a half circle, upon which rested coffins of bark. Small white flags distinguished those among the departed who had been most recently brought there. The village, which is called Kaposia, and is one of the established Indian villages, looked animated from its women, children, and dogs. We sped rapidly past it, for the Mississippi was here as clear and deep as our own river Götha, and the next moment taking

an abrupt turn to the left, St. Paul's was before us standing upon a high bluff on the eastern bank of the Mississippi; behind it the blue arch of heaven, and far below it the great river, and before it, extending right and left, beautiful valleys with their verdant hill-sides scattered with wood—a really grand and commanding situation—affording the most beautiful views.

We lay-to at the lower part of the town, whence the upper is reached by successive flights of steps, exactly as with us on the South Hill by *Mose-backe* in Stockholm. Indians were sitting or walking along the street which runs by the shore. Wrapped in their long blankets they marched on with a proud step, and were some of them stately figures. Just opposite the steamer, and at the foot of the steps, sate some young Indians, splendidly adorned with feathers and ribbons, and smoking from a long pipe which they handed from one to the other, so that they merely smoked a few whiffs each.

Scarcely had we touched the shore when the governor of Minnesota, Mr. Alexander Ramsay, and his pretty young wife, came on board and invited me to take up my quarters at their house. And there I am now; happy with these kind people, and with them I make excursions into the neighbourhood. The town is one of the youngest infants of the great West, scarcely eighteen months old, and yet it has, in this short time, increased to a population of two thousand persons, and in a very few years it will certainly be possessed of twenty-two thousand, for its situation is as remarkable for beauty and healthiness as it is advantageous for trade. Here the Indians come with their furs from that immense country lying between the Mississippi and the Missouri, the western boundary of Minnesota, and the forests still undespoiled of their primeval wealth, and the rivers and lakes abounding in fish, offer their inexhaustible resources, whilst the great

Mississippi affords the means of their conveyance to the commercial markets of the world, flowing, as it does, through the whole of Central America down to New Orleans. Hence it is that several traders here have already acquired considerable wealth, whilst others are coming hither more and more, and they are building houses as fast as they can.

As yet, however, the town is but in its infancy, and people manage with such dwellings as they can get. The drawing-room at Governor Ramsay's house is also his office, and Indians and workpeople, and ladies and gentlemen, are all alike admitted. In the meantime, Mr. Ramsay is building himself a handsome, spacious house, upon a hill, a little out of the city, with beautiful trees around it, and commanding a grand view over the river. If I were to live on the Mississippi I would live here. It is a hilly region, and on all hands extend beautiful and varying landscapes; and all abounds with such youthful and fresh life.

The city is thronged with Indians. The men for the most part go about grandly ornamented, and with naked hatchets, the shafts of which serve them as pipes. They paint themselves so utterly without any taste that it is incredible. Sometimes one half of the countenance will be painted of a cinnamon-red, striped and in blotches, and the other half with yellow ditto, as well as all other sorts of fancies, in green, and blue, and black, without the slightest regard to beauty that I can discover. Here comes an Indian who has painted a great red spot in the middle of his nose; here another who has painted the whole of his forehead in small lines of yellow and black; there a third with coal-black rings round his eyes. All have eagles' or cocks' feathers in their hair, for the most part coloured, or with scarlet tassels of worsted at the ends. The hair is cut short on the forehead, and for the rest hangs in elflocks or in plaits on the shoulders, both of men and

women. The women are less painted, and with better taste than the men, generally with merely one deep red little spot in the middle of the cheeks, and the parting of the hair on the forehead is died purple. I like their appearance better than that of the men. They have a kind smile, and often a very kind expression; as well as a something in the glance which is much more human: but they are evidently merely their husbands' beasts of burden. There goes an Indian with his proud step, bearing aloft his plumed head. He carries only his pipe and when he is on a journey, perhaps a long staff in his hand. After him, with bowed head, and stooping shoulders, follows his wife, bending under the burden which she bears on her back, and which a band, passing over the forehead, enables her to support. Above the burden peeps forth a little round-faced child, with beautiful, dark eyes, it is her "papoose," as these children are called. Its little body is fastened by swaddling clothes upon its back on a board, which is to keep its body straight; and it lives, and is fed, and sleeps, and grows, always fastened to the board. When the child can walk it is still carried for a long time on the mother's back in the folds of her blanket. Nearly all the Indians which I have seen are of the Sioux tribe.

Governor Ramsay drove me yesterday to the Falls of St. Anthony. They are some miles from St. Paul's. These falls close the Mississippi to steam-boats and other vessels. From these falls to New Orleans the distance is two thousand two hundred miles. A little above the falls the river is again navigable for two hundred miles, but merely for small vessels, and that not without danger.

The Falls of St. Anthony have no considerable height, and strike me merely as the cascade of a great mill-dam. They fall abruptly over a stratum of a tufa rock, which they sometimes break and wash down in great masses. The country around is neither grand, nor particularly

picturesque; yet the river here is very broad, and probably from that cause the fall and the hills appear more inconsiderable. The shore is bordered by a rich luxuriance of trees and shrubs, springing up wildly from among pieces of rock and the craggy tufa-walls with their ruin-like forms, which however have nothing grand about them. River, falls, country, views, everything here has more breadth than grandeur.

It was Father Hennepin, the French Jesuit, who first came to these falls, brought hither captive by the Indians. The Indians called the falls, "Irrara," or the laughing water; he christened them St. Anthony's. I prefer the first name, as being characteristic of the fall, which has rather a cheerful than a dangerous appearance, and the roar of which has nothing terrific in it. The Mississippi is a river of a joyful temperament. I have a painting of its springs, a present from Mr. Schoolcraft, the little lake, Itaska, in the northern part of Minnesota. The little lake looks like a serene heavenly mirror set in a frame of primeval forest. Northern firs and pines, maples and elms, and other beautiful American trees surround the waters of this lake like a leafy tabernacle above the cradle of the infant river. Afar up in the distant background lies that elevated range of country, called by the French, "Hauteur des terres," resembling a lofty plateau, covered with dense forest, scattered over with blocks of granite, and interspersed with a hundred springs: five of these throw themselves from different heights into the little lake.

When the infant Mississippi springs forth from the bosom of Itaska it is a rapid and clear little stream, sixteen feet broad, and four inches deep. Leaping forward over stocks and stones, it expands itself ninety miles below its spring into Lake Pemideji; a lake, the waters of which are clear as crystal, and which is free from islands. Here it is met by the river La Place, from Assawa Lake. Forty-five miles lower down it pours

itself down into Lake Cass, the terminal point of Governor Cass's expedition in 1820. When the Mississippi emerges from this lake it is one hundred and seventy-two feet broad and eight feet deep. Thus continues it increasing in width and depth, receiving richer and richer tribute from springs and rivers, now reposing in clear lakes, abounding in innumerable species of fish, then speeding onward between banks covered with wild roses, elders, hawthorns, wild rice, wild plums and all kind of wood fruit, strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, through forests of white cedar, pine, birch and sugar-maple, abounding in game of many kinds, such as bears, elks, foxes, racoons, martens, beavers and such like; through the prairie country, the higher and lower full of bubbling fountains, the so-called Undine region, through tracts of country, the fertile soil of which would produce luxuriant harvests of corn, of wheat, potatoes, etc., through an extent of three or four hundred miles, during which it is navigable for a considerable distance, till it reaches St. Anthony. Just above this point, however, it has greatly extended itself, has embraced many greater and smaller islands, overgrown with trees and wild vines. Immediately above the falls it runs so shallow over a vast level surface of rock that people may cross it in carriages, as we did to my astonishment. At no great distance below the falls the river becomes again navigable, and steamers go up as far as Mendota, a village at the outlet of the St. Peter's river into the Mississippi, somewhat above St. Paul's. From St. Paul's there is a free course down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. The Falls of St. Anthony are the last youthful adventure of the Mississippi. For nine hundred miles the river flows along the territory of Minnesota, a great part of which is wild and almost unknown country.

But to return to the falls and to the day I spent there.

Immediately below the largest of the falls, and

enveloped in its spray, as if by shapes of mist, lies a little island of picturesque ruin-like masses of stone, crowned with rich wood—the most beautiful, and the most striking feature of the whole scene. It is called the Cataract Island of the laughing water-fall. It is also called “Spirit Island,” from an incident which occurred here some years since, and which I must relate to you because it is characteristic of the life of the Indian woman.

“Some years ago a young hunter of the Sioux tribe set up his wigwam on the bank of the Mississippi, a little above St. Anthony’s Fall. He had only *one* wife, which is an unusual thing with these gentlemen, who sometimes are possessed of as many as twenty; and she was called Ampato Sapa. They lived happily together for many years, and had two children, who played around their fire, and whom they were glad to call their children.

“The husband was a successful hunter, and many families by degrees assembled around him, and erected their wigwams near his. Wishing to become still more closely connected with him, they represented to him that he ought to have several wives, as by that means he would become of more importance, and might before long be elected chief of the tribe.

“He was well pleased with this council, and privately took a new wife; but in order to bring her into his wigwam without displeasing his first wife, the mother of his children, he said to her,—

“‘Thou knowest that I never can love any other woman so tenderly as I love thee; but I have seen that the labour of taking care of me and the children is too great for thee, and I have therefore determined to take another wife who shall be thy servant: but thou shalt be the principal one in the dwelling.’

“The wife was very much distressed when she heard these words. She prayed him to reflect on their former

affection,—their happiness during many years,—their children. She besought of him not to bring this second wife into their dwelling.

“In vain. The next evening the husband brought the new wife into his wigwam.

“In the early dawn of the following morning a death-song was heard on the Mississippi. A young Indian woman sate in a little canoe with her two small children, and rowed it out into the river in the direction of the falls. It was Ampato Sapa. She sang in lamenting tones the sorrow of her heart, of her husband’s infidelity, and her determination to die. Her friends heard the song, and saw her intention, but too late to prevent it.

“Her voice was soon silenced in the roar of the fall. The boat paused for a moment on the brink of the precipice, and the next was carried over it and vanished in the foaming deep. The mother and her children were seen no more.”

The Indians still believe, that in the early dawn may be heard the lamenting song, deploring the infidelity of the husband; and they fancy that at times may be seen the mother with her children clasped to her breast, in the misty shapes which arise from the fall around the Spirit Island.

This incident is only one among many of the same kind which occur every year among the Indians. Suicide is by no means rare among their women.

A gentleman who wished to contest this point with me, said, that during the two years which he had lived in this region he had only heard of eleven or twelve such occurrences. And quite enough too, I think! The occasion of suicide is, with the Indian woman generally, either that her father will marry her against her wishes and inclination; or, when she is married, that the husband takes a new wife. Suicide, a fact so opposed to the impulses of a living creature, seems to me to bear strong evidence in

favour of the pure feminine nature of these poor women, and shows that they are deserving of a better lot. As young girls, their choice is seldom consulted with regard to marriage. The wooer spreads out before the girl's father his buffalo and beaver skins, he carries to the mother some showy pieces of cloth and trinkets, and the girl is——sold. If she makes any opposition, the father threatens to cut off her ears and her nose; and she, equally obstinate with him, cuts the matter short by——hanging herself; for this is the mode of death which is generally selected. It is true that the desire for revenge may be the mainspring of suicide, and it is well known that the Indian women emulate the men in cruelty to their enemies and war-captives; still their hard lives, as women, are not the less to be deplored; and their strength to die rather than degrade themselves, proves that these children of nature are more high minded than many a woman in the higher ranks of civilisation. The beauties of the forest are prouder and nobler than are frequently they of the saloon. But true it is that their world is a weary one, and affords them nothing but the husband whom they must serve, and the circumscribed dwelling of which he is the master.

We drank tea on a considerable island in the Mississippi, above the falls, at a beautiful home, where I saw comforts and cultivation, where I heard music, saw books and pictures,—such life, in short, as might be met with on the banks of the Hudson; and how charming it was to me! Here, too, I found friends in its inhabitants, even as I had there. The dwelling had not been long on the island; and the island in its autumnal attire looked like a little paradise, although still in its half-wild state.

As to describing how we travelled about, how we walked over the river on broken trunks of trees which were jammed together by the stream in chaotic masses, how we climbed and clambered up and down, among, over

and upon stocks and stones and precipices and sheer descents; all this I shall not attempt to describe, because it is indescribable. I considered many a passage wholly and altogether impracticable, until my conductors, both gentlemen and ladies, convinced me that it was to them a simple and everyday path. Uh!

The day was cold and chilly, and for that reason the excursion was more fatiguing to me than pleasant.

I have had several rambles in the immediate neighbourhood, sometimes alone and sometimes in company, with the agreeable Governor Ramsay, or with a kind clergyman of this place. In this way I have visited several small farmers, most of them French, who have come hither from Canada. They all praise the excellence of the soil, and its fertility; they were capital people to talk with, seemed to be in a prosperous condition, had many children, but that neatness and general comfort which distinguish the homes of the Anglo-Americans, I did not find in their dwellings, but rather the contrary. On all sides the grass waved over hills and fields, tall and of an autumnal yellow. There are not hands enough here to mow it. The soil is a rich, black mould, which is superb for the growth of potatoes and grain, but not so agreeable for pedestrians in white stockings and petticoats. A fine black dust soils everything. The most lovely little lakes lie among the hills, like clear mirrors, in romantic peace and beauty. It is a perfectly Arcadian landscape; but there yet lack the shepherds and shepherdesses. The eastern shore of the Mississippi, within Minnesota only, belongs to the whites, and their number here does not as yet amount to more than seven thousand souls. The whole western portion of Minnesota is still Indian territory, inhabited principally by the two great nations, Sioux or Dacotahs, and Chippewas, who live in a continual state of hostility, as well as by some of the lesser Indian tribes. It is said that the Government is intending

shortly to purchase the whole of this country; and that the Indian tribes are willing to treat, and to withdraw themselves to the other side of the Missouri river, to the steppland of Nebraska and the Rocky Mountains. These Indian tribes have already become so degraded by their intercourse with the whites, that they value money and brandy higher than their native soil, and are ready, like Esau, to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. But that cruel race which scalps children and old people, and which degrades women to beasts of burthen, may as well move off into the wilderness, and leave room for a nobler race. There is in reality only a higher justice in it.

October 26th.—I went yesterday with my kind entertainers into the Indian territory, by Fort Snelling, a fortress built by the Americans here, and where military are stationed, both infantry and cavalry, to keep the Indians in check. The Indians are terribly afraid of the Americans, whom they call “the Long Knives,” and now the white settlers are no longer in danger. The Indian tribes, spite of the American intervention, continue their bloody and cruel hostilities among themselves. Not long since a number of Sioux warriors surprised a Chippewa village while the men were away on their hunting, and killed and scalped sixteen persons, principally women and children. Governor Ramsay ordered the ringleaders of this attack to be seized and taken to prison. They went with a proud step and the demeanour of martyrs for some noble cause.

I was extremely curious to see the inside of one of those tepees or wigwams, the smoke and fires of which I had so often seen already; and as we chanced to see, soon after entering the Indian territory, four very respectable Indian huts, I hastened to visit them. Governor Ramsay, and an interpreter whose house was just by, accompanied me. I directed my steps to the largest wigwam; to the *opening* of which two lean dogs

were fastened with cords. The Indians eat their dogs when other food fails. We opened the curtain of hide which represents a door, but instead of the dirt and poverty which I expected to find, I was greatly surprised to see a kind of rude Oriental luxury and splendour.

The fire burned in the middle of the hut, which was large and well covered with buffalo skins. Two men, whose faces were painted with red stripes and devices, sate by the fire carving pipes from a blood-red kind of stone. Round the walls of the hut sate the women and children, upon cushions very showily embroidered, and laid upon white blankets. Some of them were painted with a brilliant red spot in the middle of their cheeks, the parting of their hair being painted red also. They looked really handsome and full of animation, with their bright, black eyes, and dishevelled hair, thus seen in the light of the flickering fire. Besides this, they were friendly, and seemed amused by my visit. They made room for me to sit down beside them. The old women laughed and chattered, and seemed very much at their ease. The younger ones were more grave and bashful. The men did not look up after their first glance at our entrance, but continued silently to work away at their pipes. A great kettle, suspended by a rope from the poles at the top of the hut, hung over the fire. It was dinner time. A young woman who sate on my right fed her little papoose, which seemed to be about three years old, and which had also a grand red spot on each of its fat round cheeks.

“Hoxidan?” said I, pointing to the child, that word signifying *boy*.

“Winnona,” replied she in a low, melodious voice, that word signifying *girl*.

And with that my stock of Indian words was exhausted. I requested by signs to taste the soup of which she and the child were eating, and she cheerfully

handed to me her bowl and spoon. It was a kind of thin soup, in which beans were boiled, without salt and without the slightest flavour which I could perceive. She then offered me a cake which was just baked, of a golden brown, and which looked quite delicious. It was, I believe, made of wheaten flour, and without salt also, but very excellent nevertheless.

The interpreter was gone out. Governor Ramsay had also seated himself. The Indians filed on at their pipes; the flames flickered merrily; the kettle boiled; the women ate or looked at me, half reclining or sitting carelessly by the fire-light. And I—looked at them. With inward wonder I regarded these beings, women like myself, with the spirit and the feelings of women, yet so unlike myself in their purpose of life, in daily life, in the whole of their world!

I thought of hard, gray, domestic life, in the civilised world, a home without love, hedged in by conventional opinion, with social duties, the duty of seeking for the daughters of the family suitable husbands, otherwise they would never leave the family; and with every prospect of independence, liberty, activity, joy closed, more rigidly closed, by invisible barriers than these wigwams by their buffalo-hides; a northern domestic life—such a one as exists in a vast number of northern homes—and I thought that that Indian hut, and that Indian woman's life, was better, happier as *earthly life*.

Thus had I thought in the gas-lighted drawing-rooms of New York and Boston, in the heat and the labour of being polite or agreeable; of conversation and congratulation; of endeavouring to look well, to please and to be pleased, and—I thought that the wigwam of an Indian was a better and a happier world than that of the drawing-room. There they sate at their ease, without stays, or the anxiety to charm, without constraint or effort, those daughters of the forest! They knew not

the fret and the disquiet, the ennui and the fatigue, which is the consequence of a brief hour's social worry; they knew not the disgust and the bitterness which is produced by little things, little vexations, which one is ashamed to feel, but which one must feel nevertheless. Their world might be monotonous, but in comparison it was calm and fresh within the narrow wigwam, while without there was free space, and the rustling forest open to them with all its fresh winds and odours. Ah!

But again I bethought myself of the Indian women; bethought me of their life and condition; with no other purpose and no other prospect in life than to serve a husband whom they have seldom chosen themselves, who merely regards them as servants, or as a cock regards the hens around him. I saw the wife and the mother humiliated by the entrance of the new wife into the husband's dwelling, and his affection being turned to the stranger in her sight, and in the same home, and in the fire-light of that same hearth which had been kindled on her marriage day,—saw her despised or neglected by the man who constituted her whole world. Ah! The wigwam, the free space of the forest, had no longer peace or breathing room for the anguish of such a condition; alleviation of its agony or its misery is found merely in degradation or death. Winnona's death-song on the rock by Lake Pepin; Ampato Sapa's death-song on the waters of the Mississippi when she and her children sought for the peace of forgetfulness in their foaming depths; and many other of their sisters who yet to this day prefer death to life, all testify how deeply tragical is the fate of the Indian woman.

And again I bethought myself of love-warmed homes in the cultivated world, in the North as well as in the South; homes such as are frequent, and which become still more and more so among a free and Christian people, where the noble woman is the noble man's equal in

everything, in pleasure and in need ; where good parents prepare even the daughters of the house for a life of independent activity and happiness, for the possession of a world, an object which is beyond the circumscribed boundary of the dwelling-house, no longer a buffalo-hide-enveloped wigwam. I bethought me of her right, and the possibility of her acquiring a sphere of action in the intellectual world, which would make the torments of civilised life, whether small or great, seem like cloudlets in a heaven otherwise bright ; bethought me of my own Swedish home, of my good mother, my quiet room, my peace and freedom there, as on the maternal bosom, with space and view limitless as infinity. And I thanked God for my lot !

But these poor women here ! Three families resided in this wigwam ; there were only three husbands, but there were certainly twelve or thirteen women. How many bitter, jealous feelings must burn in many a bosom assembled here, day and night, around the same fire, partaking of the same meal, and with the same object in life !

I visited the other wigwams also. Each one presented the same scene with but little variation. Two or three men by the fire, several women sitting or lying upon blankets or embroidered cushions round the walls of the hut, and occupied with nothing for the moment. The men carved red-stone pipes which they sell to the whites at very high prices ; the work however in this hard stone is not easy ; this red stone is obtained from quarries situated far up the Missouri. I cannot but admire the hands of these men ; they are remarkably beautiful and well-formed, and are evidently, even as regards the nails, kept with great care ; they are delicate and slender, resembling rather the hands of women than men.

I saw in one wigwam a young woman, who, as she sate with her rich unbound hair falling over her shoulders,

seemed to me so unusually handsome that I wished to make a sketch of her. I also wished to take the portraits of a couple of Indians, and requested Governor Ramsay to prefer my request. He therefore, by means of the interpreter, Mr. Prescott, stated to an old chief named Mozah-hotah (Grey Iron), that I wished to take the likenesses of all great men in this country, to show to the people on the other side of the great water; and therefore that I requested him to sit to me a short time for that purpose.

The old chief, who is said to be a good and respectable man, looked very grave, listened to the proposal attentively, and gave a sort of grunting assent. He then accompanied us to the house of the interpreter, from the doors and windows of which peeped forth many little faces with their Indian features and complexion, for Mr. Prescott has an Indian wife, and many children by her.

I was soon seated in the house with the old chief before me, who expressed some annoyance because he was not in grand attire, having merely a couple of eagle's feathers in his hair, and not being so splendidly painted as he ought to have been. He wore under his white woollen blanket a blue European surtout which he appeared anxious to have also included in the portrait. He evidently considered this as something out of the common way. He seemed a little uneasy to sit, and not at all comfortable when the interpreter was out of the room. The Indians universally believe that a likeness on paper takes away from the life of the person represented, and on that account many Indians will not allow their portraits to be taken.

The young Indian woman followed the old chief; she came attired in her wedding dress of embroidered scarlet woollen stuff, and with actual cascades of silver rings, linked one within another, and hanging in clusters

from her ears, round which the whole cluster was fastened; down to her shoulders, her neck and breast were covered with masses of coral, pearls, and other ornaments. The head was bare and devoid of ornament. She was so brilliant and of such unusual beauty that she literally seemed to light up the whole room as she entered. Her shoulders were broad and round, and her carriage drooping, as is usual with Indian women, who are early accustomed to carry burdens on their backs; but the beauty of the countenance was so extraordinary that I cannot but think that if such a face were to be seen in one of the drawing-rooms of the fashionable world, it would there be regarded as the type of a beauty hitherto unknown. It was the wild beauty of the forest, at the same time melancholy and splendid. The bashful gloom in those large, magnificent eyes, shaded by unusually long, dark eye-lashes, cannot be described, nor yet the glance, nor the splendid light of the smile which at times lit up the countenance like a flash, showing the loveliest white teeth. She was remarkably light-complexioned for an Indian; the round of the chin was somewhat prominent, which gave rather too much breadth to her face, but her profile was perfect. She was quite young, and had been married two years to a brave young warrior who, I was told, was so fond of her that he would not take another wife, and that he would not allow her to carry heavy burdens, but always got a horse for her when she went to the town. She is called *Mochpedaga-Wen*, or Feather-cloud-woman. A young Indian girl who came with her was more painted but not so handsome, and had those heavy features and that heavy expression which characterise the Indian women, at least those of this tribe.

I made a sketch of *Mochpedaga-Wen* in her bridal attire. She was bashful, with downcast eyes. It was with a pleasure mingled with emotion that I penetrated

into the mysteries of this countenance. A whole nocturnal world lay in those eyes, the dark fringes of which cast a shadow upon the cheek. Those eyes glanced downwards into a depth, dreamy, calm, without gloom, but at the same time without joy and without a future. The sunlight of the smile was like a sunbeam on a cloudy day. The Feather-cloud had no light within itself. It was lit up from without and was splendidly tinted only for a moment.

After this gentle and beautiful but melancholy image, I must introduce to you the brave young warrior, and the great Sprude-bosse, or Dandy,—“Skonka Shaw,” or “White Dog,” the husband of the “Feather-cloud,” who entered duly painted and in great pomp of attire, with a huge tuft of feathers helmet-wise falling backwards from the head, and with three dark eagles’ feathers with tufts of scarlet wool stuck aloft in his hair, and with the marks of five green fingers on his cheeks, to indicate that he was a brave warrior and had killed many enemies. He was tall and flexible of form, and he entered with a gay, animated aspect, amid a torrent of words, equally fluent with what I had heard in the House of Representatives at Washington, and of which I understood——about as much. His countenance had the same characteristics that I had already observed among the Indians, the hawk nose, broad at the base, clear, acute but cold eyes, which opened square, with a wild-beast like glance; the mouth unpleasing, and for the rest, the features regular and keen. I made a sketch also of him; his countenance was much painted with red and yellow and green; there was nothing shy about it, and it looked very warlike. But that which won for him favour in my eyes was that he was a good husband and loved his beautiful Feather-cloud.

Mrs. Ramsay, in the meantime, had gone out with her, and put on her costume. And as she was very pretty—

of the pure, Quaker style of beauty—she appeared really splendidly handsome in that showy costume, and the Feather-cloud seemed to have great pleasure in seeing her in it. But the handsome, young white lady had not, after all, the wonderful, mystic beauty of Feather-cloud. There was between them the difference of the primeval forest and the drawing-room.

I observed in the conversations of these Indians many of those sounds and intonations which struck me as peculiar among the American people; in particular there were those nasal tones and that piping, singing or lamenting sound which has often annoyed me in the ladies. Probably these sounds may have been acquired by the earliest colonists during their intercourse with the Indians, and thus have been continued.

Whilst I am with the Indians I must tell you of a custom among them which appears to me singular; it refers to their peculiar names and their mode of acquiring them. When the Indians, either man or woman, arrive at maturity they go out into some solitary place and remain there fasting for several days. They believe that the Spirit which has especial guardianship over them will then reveal itself; and that which during these days strongly attracts their sight or affects their imagination is regarded as the image or token by means of which their guardian-angel reveals itself to them, and they adopt a name derived from that object or token. When they have obtained the wished-for revelation, they return to their family, but under a kind of higher guidance, and with a greater right of self-government.

From a list of Indian names I select the following:—

Horn-point; Round-wind; Stand-and-look-out; The Cloud-that-goes-aside; Iron-toe; Seek-the-sun; Iron-flash; Red-bottle; White-spindle; Black-dog; Two-feathers-of-honour; Grey-grass; Bushy-tail; Thunder-face; Go-on-the-burning-sod; Spirits-of-the-dead.

And among the female names, these:—

Keep-the-fire ; Spiritual-woman ; Second-daughter-of-the-house ; Blue-bird, and so on.

Feather-cloud must have looked especially towards heaven to find her guardian-angel. May it conduct her lightly along her earthly pilgrimage, and preserve her from the fate of Winnona and Ampota Sapa ! But—those deep eyes, full of the spirit of night, seem to me prophetic of the death-song.

The death-song consists of unmusical tones, almost devoid of melody, by which the Indians, male or female, relate the cause of their death, accuse their enemies or praise themselves.

They believe that the spirit after death still lingers for a time near those earthly precincts which they have just left, and that they continue to be still, in a certain manner akin to earth. Therefore are maize and other provisions placed at the foot of the corpse during the time that it lies on its elevated scaffold, exposed to the influence of light and air. The deceased has not, as yet, entered into the realm of spirits ; but when the flesh is withered from the bones, these are buried with songs and dances. Then has the departed spirit arrived in the land of spirits.

“ We believe,” said a celebrated Indian chief to one of my friends, “ that when the soul leaves the body, it lingers for some time before it can be separated from its former circumstances, during which it wanders over vast plains in the clear, cold moonlight. Finally it arrives at a great chasm in the earth, on the other side of which lies the land of the blessed, where there is eternal spring, and rich hunting-grounds abundantly supplied with game. There is, however, no other means of crossing this gulf excepting by a barked pine-tree which is smooth and slippery. Over this the spirits must pass, if they would reach the land of bliss. Such spirits as have lived purely and well in this world are able to

pass this narrow bridge safely, and safely to reach those regions of the blessed. Such, however, as have not done so, cannot pass over this smooth tree-stem, but lose their footing and fall into the abyss."

This, for savages, is not so very bad an idea of retribution after death. The Indians' estimate, however, of good and evil is, in other respects, very imperfect and circumscribed; and their idea of reward and punishment after death is merely the reflex of their earthly joys and misfortunes.

They believe, as we do, in a Spirit of spirits, a supreme God, who rules over everything and all things, and the Indians of the north-west call him the "Great Manitou." He appears to be a power without the peculiar moral attributes. They also believe in a number of lesser Manitous, or divinities, and it seems to me that, as regards their theology, they are rather Pantheists than Monotheists. They behold a transformed divinity in the forest, in stones, in animals, in everything which lives or which evinces an indwelling power. Manitou is in the bear and the beaver, in the stone which emits the spark of fire, but above all, in the forest which whispers and affords protection to man.

It seems to me worthy of observation that these Indians believe that every animal has a great original prototype or type from which it is descended; hence all beavers are descended from the *great beaver*, which lives somewhere for ever under the water; all blue-birds from the *great blue-bird*, which flies invisibly above the clouds in the immeasurable heights of space. The great beaver is the great brother of all beavers, the great blue-bird is the brother and protector of all blue birds.

They seek to propitiate Manitou by gifts and sacrifices, which are often bloody and cruel. The mediators between themselves and Manitou are their so-called medicine-men; men who by means of the knowledge of the mysteries of nature and the power of magic, are considered able

to invoke spirits, to avert misfortune, to heal sickness, and obtain the fulfilment of human wishes. These men are highly esteemed among the Indians, and are both their priests and physicians.

You behold at the fall of night fires flaming upon the prairie-hills on the banks of the Mississippi, and a crowd of Indians, men and women, assembled around them, making the most extraordinary gestures. Let us approach nearer. Copper-coloured men and women to the number of about one hundred, are dancing around, or rather hopping, with their feet close together and their arms hanging straight down, to the unmelodious music of a couple of small drums, and some dried gourds which, being filled with small stones, make a rattling noise when they are shaken. The musicians are seated upon the green sward. The dancing men are painted in their grandest but yet most hideous manner, tawdry and horrible; and several women, also, are plentifully covered with silver rings, and with little silver bells hanging to their ears and to their mocassins, and which they shake with all their might as they hop along.

Every one has a little medicine-bag made of skin. These are all medicine-men and women; and around them is a ring of spectators, men, women, and children.

After a couple of old men have seated themselves in the ring and talked for a little while, a march commences, in which the whole circle is included, during which first one and then another individual steps out of the procession, and takes his stand a little apart from the circle. A medicine-man then having blown into his medicine-bag springs forward with a shrill resounding cry, and holds it before the mouth of one of the patients standing in the outer circle, who on that falls down insensible, and lies on the ground for a time with quivering limbs. Thus falls one after another of the assembly. An old Indian stands smiling with a cunning expression, as if he would say,

“They’ll not so soon catch me!” At the first application of the medicine-bag, therefore, he merely staggers forward a few paces; after the second, bursts into an hysterical laugh, and it is not until the third mystical draught that he falls down with convulsed limbs. In a little while the fallen again rise and reunite themselves to the procession, which is continued until all its members have gone through the medicine-process, the unmelodious music sounding without intermission. The old men seem more amused by this scene than the young.

The medicine-dance is one of the chief festivities of the Indians of Minnesota, and lasts for several days. They have also other dances, among which the war-dance is most known. Men alone take part in this. They paint their faces and bodies in the most horrible manner, and their dance consists of the wild gestures and threatening demonstrations which they make against each other. I have seen a painting of the scalp-dance of the women, which is danced when the men return from war with the scalps of their enemies. These scalps being placed on tall poles are held by women, who with their female compeers dance, or rather hop round, very much in the manner of geese with their feet tied, and with about as much grace. The beating of drums, songs, and wild cries accompany the dance. The men stand round with eagle’s feathers in their hair contemplating this dance, which is a greater delight both to their eyes and their ears than probably any which the genius of Bournonville could create, or the skill of Taglioni or Ellsler perform.

But I must yet add a few facts regarding the past and present state of this savage people, which I obtained from trustworthy sources, partly from books, partly from oral communications, as well as from my own observations.

When the Europeans first penetrated that portion of America lying east of the Mississippi, a great deal was

said about vast stretches of desolate country; and since a more accurate knowledge has been obtained of the Indian tribes from Canada in the north, to Florida and Louisiana in the south, and their population has been estimated, it appears that the whole Indian race, east of the Great River, amounts to about 180,000 souls. The tribes or families into which they are divided all greatly resemble each other in physiognomy and manners, although some of them are more warlike and cruel, and others more peacefully disposed. The principal tribes have lived, for the most part, in a state of bloody hostility with each other from time immemorial.

Research into the languages of the various Indian tribes has proved that, however numerous the tribes may be, there exist but eight radically distinct languages; and of these five only are now spoken by tribes of eminence, the other three having died out, and the languages of the remainder of the tribes appear to be dialects of some one or other of the principal languages. These languages have a definite form and construction, they are affluent in definitions, and the definitions of individual beings, but are deficient in terms for the general idea. They indicate a popular mind which has not advanced beyond the realm of experience into that of reflection. Thus, for example, they have names for the various kinds of oak, but not for the genus oak; they speak of a *holy man*, but they have no word for *holiness*; they could say our father, mine or thy father, but they have no word for *father*. There is nothing in their language which indicates a higher degree of cultivation among them as a people than they are at present in possession of. They love to speak in a symbolical manner, all their symbols being derived from the realm of nature; and their writings and their art speak also by means of such. I have seen a buffalo-hide covered with figures, in the style of children's drawings, which

represented battles, treaties of peace, and other such events; the sun and the moon, trees and mountains, and rivers, fish and birds, and all kinds of animals, having their part in the delineations; men and horses, however, in the most distorted proportions, being the principal actors. I have also seen Indian songs inscribed upon trees and bark in similar hieroglyphics.

The religious culture of the Indian has adopted the same symbolic characters derived from natural objects. They constitute a living hieroglyphic writing. They have no sense of the worship of God in spirit and in truth, or in the influence of love. But they have many religious festivals; the Indians of Minnesota more than ten, at which they offer sacrifices to the sun and the moon, trees, rivers, stones, serpents; nay, indeed, to all things and all animals, to propitiate their spirits or their divinities. The festival of the sun is celebrated by day, that of the moon by night. One festival is for their weapons of war, which they regard as sacred, or as being possessed of an innate divine power. At all these festivals they have dancing and the beating of drums, as well as singing and many ceremonies. The principal transaction on these occasions, however, seems to be feasting; and as the Indians appear to consider it a duty to eat everything which is set before them, frequently more than they are able, they are sometimes obliged to take medicine, that it may be possible for them to pursue their eating. At the *Feast of the Spirits*, if the guest fails to eat all that is placed before him, he must redeem himself by the forfeit of a buffalo or beaver-skin. Great quantities of provisions, especially of venison, are collected for these festivities. In the meantime they are often famished with hunger.

Their medical knowledge, even if classed with superstitious usages, is not to be despised, and they have large acquaintance with healing herbs and the powers of nature. A lady of Philadelphia, who resided many years among

the Indians, in order to gain a knowledge of their various remedies, drew up on her return an Indian materia-medica, which became much celebrated, and many new curative means have thus enriched the American pharmacopœia. Women are also, among the Indians, esteemed as physicians and interpreters of dreams; and the Winnebago Indians who dwell by Lake Superior, in the north-eastern part of Minnesota, have now, singularly enough, two queens whom they obey; the one for her wisdom, the other for her courage and bravery. Otherwise women among the Indians are, as is well known, servants who do all the hard work as well without as within the house. They dig the fields (pieces of land without form or regularity), sow and reap, gather wild rice, berries, roots, and make sugar from the juice of the sugar-maple. When the man kills a deer, he throws it down for the woman, who must prepare it for household use.

“What estimate may be given of the morals and character of the Indian women in this neighbourhood?” inquired I from a lady of St. Paul, who had resided a considerable time at this place.

“Many are immoral, and cannot be much commended; but others, again, there are, who are as virtuous and blameless as any of us.”

I have also heard incidents cited which prove that the Indian woman will sometimes assume in the wigwam the privilege of the husband, bring him under the rule of the mocassin, and chastise him soundly if he offend her. He never strikes again, but patiently lets himself be beaten black and blue. He knows, however, that his turn will come, and he knows well enough that he can then have his revenge.

When an Indian dies, the women assemble round the corpse, make a howling lament, tear their hair, and cut themselves with sharp stones. A missionary in Minnesota saw a young Indian woman slash and cut her flesh

over her brother's corpse in the most terrific manner, whilst other women around her sung songs of vengeance against the murderer of the dead. The god of revenge is the ideal of the savage.

The virtues of the Indian man are universally known. His fidelity in keeping a promise, his hospitality, and his strength of mind under sorrow and suffering, have often been praised. It strikes me, however, that these his virtues have their principal root in an immense pride. The virtue of the Indian is selfish. That dignity of which we have heard so much, seems to me more like the conceit of a cock than the natural dignity of a noble, manly being. Now they raise themselves up, and stand or walk proudly. Now they squat all in a heap, sitting on their hams like dogs or baboons. Now they talk with proud words and gestures; now prate and jabber like a flock of magpies. There is a deal of parade in their pride and silence. Occasionally beautiful exceptions have been met with, and still exist, where the dignity is genuine, and the nobility genuine also. These exceptions are met with among the old chiefs in particular. But the principal features among the Indians are, after all, idolatry, pride, cruelty, thirst of vengeance, and the degradation of woman.

They have no other government nor governors but through their chiefs and medicine-men. The former have but little power and respect, excepting in their own individual character, and they seem greatly to fear the loss of their popularity in their tribe.

Such, with little variation, are the manners, the faith, and the condition of the North American Indians.

A great deal has been said, and conjectured, and written, and much inquiry has been made on the question of whence came these people? And it now seems to be an established idea that they are of the Mongolian race from the northern part of Asia, a resemblance having been discovered between them and this people, both in

their appearance and mode of life, and also because Asia and America approach each other so nearly at this point, that the passage from one hemisphere to the other does not appear an improbable undertaking for bold coasting voyagers.

The Peruvians of South America, and those noble Aztecs, who possessed a splendid, though short-lived power, and whose noblest ruler spake words as wise and poetry as rich as that of King Solomon; these Indians, and those whose devastated cities have lately been discovered in Central America, were evidently of a higher race than the people of North America, and their remains, as well as all that is known of their manners and customs, prove them to be kindred to the noblest Asiatic races.

The zealous upholders of the doctrine that all mankind have descended from one single human pair, and who placed them in Asia, are reduced to great straits to explain the emigration of these various people from the mother country. I cannot understand why each hemisphere should not be considered as the mother country of its own people. The same power of nature, and the same creative power are able to produce a human pair in more than one place. And when God is the father, and nature the mother, then must indeed, in any case, the whole human race be brethren. And the Adamite pair may very well consider themselves as the elected human pair, sent to instruct and emancipate those young kindred pairs which were still more in bondage than themselves to the life of earth. God forgive us for the manner in which we have most frequently fulfilled our mission.

But North America is not altogether to blame with regard to her Indians. If the Indian had been more susceptible of a higher culture, violence and arms would not have been used against him, as is now the case. And although the earlier missionaries, strong in faith and filled with zealous ardour, succeeded in gathering

around them small faithful companies of Indian proselytes, yet it was evidently rather through the effect of their individual character, than from any inherent power in the doctrines which they preached. When they died their flocks dispersed.

Sometimes white men of peculiar character have taken to themselves Indian wives, and have endeavoured to make cultivated women of them; but in vain. The squaw continued to be the squaw; uncleanly, with unkempt hair, loving the dimness of the kitchen more than the light of the drawing-room, the ample envelopment of the woollen blanket rather than tight-lacing and silken garments. The faithful wife and tender mother she may become, stedfast to home and the care of her family as long as her husband lives and the children are small; but when the children are grown up, and if the husband be dead, then will she vanish from her home. When the birds warble of spring and the forest and the streams murmur of renovated life, she will return to the wigwams of her people in the forest or by the river, to seek by their fires for freedom and peace. This wild life must assuredly have a great fascination.

Of all the tribes of North American Indians now existing, the Cherokees and Choctas are the only ones which have received Christianity and civilisation. When the Europeans first visited these tribes they were living in small villages in the highland district of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama; they were peaceful and pursued agriculture. They were drawn from their homes by fair means and foul, and obtained land west of the Mississippi, in the western part of the state of Missouri, and there it is said they have become a large and flourishing community, greatly augmenting in number and assimilating to the manners and customs of Europeans. They are employed in agriculture and the breeding of cattle, they build regular houses, and have of late years reduced

their language to writing, and have established a printing press. I have, among my American curiosities, a Cherokee newspaper, printed in the Cherokee language.

The wild Indians, who for the most part sustain themselves by fishing and hunting, are becoming more and more eradicated, in part by mutual wars, and in part by the small-pox, as well as by brandy, which, adulterated by pernicious inflammatory ingredients, is sold to them by the white traders. The American Government has strictly interdicted the sale of spirituous liquors to the Indians, but they are so covetous of intoxicating drinks, and mean souls are everywhere so covetous of gain, that the prohibition is of very little avail. Spirituous liquors are smuggled in with other merchandise among the Indians of this district. The American Government buys land from the Indians, and with the money, which is annually distributed among them as payment, they purchase "fire-water," as well as the means of life, for which they pay an exorbitant price. Thus they are impoverished by degrees, and fall into utter penury. Thus they become more and more degraded both morally and physically, nor have their medicine-men either remedy or magic-art against the poisoned contact of the whites.

Noble men among the Indians have spoken strong and bitter words against these whites, and against their own people falling under their influence.

"If the Great Spirit," said a Sioux chief to a Christian missionary, "had intended your religion for the red man, he would have given it to him. We do not understand what you tell us; and the light which you wish to give us darkens that clear, straight path upon which our fathers walked!"

As he lay dying he said to his people;—

"Dig my grave yourselves, and do not let the white man follow me there!"

Ah! over his grave the white man is advancing in the

name of light and civilisation, and the "people of the twilight" give way before him, dying away by degrees in the wilderness, and in the shadows of the Rocky Mountains. It cannot be otherwise.

And whatever interest I may feel in high-minded characters among the Indians, still I cannot possibly wish for a prolonged existence to that people, who reckon cruelty among their virtues, and who reduce the weak to beasts of burden.

The people who subject them, and who deprive them of their native land, are—whatever faults they may have—a nobler and more humane people. They have a higher consciousness of good and evil. They seek after perfection; they wish to cast aside the weapons of barbarism, and not to establish on the new earth any other abiding fortress than that of the Church of Christ, and not to bear any other banner than that of the Prince of Peace. And in latter times especially have they proved, even in their transactions with the Indians, that they are earnest in this desire.

The Indians, like the Greenlanders, look down upon the white race with a proud contempt, at the same time that they fear them; and their legend of what happened at the creation of the various races, proves naïvely how they view the relationship between them.

"The first man which Manitou baked," say they, "was not thoroughly done, and he came white out of the oven; the second was overdone, was burned in the baking, and he was black. Manitou now tried a third time, and with much better success; this third man was thoroughly baked, and came out of the oven of a fine red-brown,—this was the Indian."

The learned of Europe divide the three principal races of the earth into People of the Day—the Whites; People of the Night—the Negroes; and People of the Twilight—the Indians of the Eastern and Western hemispheres.

What the negroes say about themselves and the other races I know not; but this appears to me certain, that they stand in closer proximity to the people of the day than to the people of the twilight in their capacity for spiritual development; that they have a grander future before them than the latter, and less self-love than either.

Fort Snelling lies on the western bank of the Mississippi, where the St. Peter flows into that river; and at this point the view is glorious over the broad St. Peter river, called by the Indians the Minnesota, and of the beautiful and extensive valley through which it runs. Farther up it flows through a highland district, and amid magnificent scenery inland five hundred miles westward. "There is no doubt," writes a young American in his travels through Minnesota, "but that these banks of the St. Peter will some time become the residence of the aristocracy of the country."

This must be a far-sighted glance one would imagine; but things advance rapidly in this country.

We visited, on our way to Fort Snelling, a waterfall, called the Little Falls. It is small, but so infinitely beautiful that it deserves its own picture, song, and saga. The whitest of foam, the blackest of crags, the most graceful, and at the same time wild and gentle fall! Small things may become great through their perfection.

Later.—I have to-day visited, in company with a kind young clergyman, the so-called Fountain Cave, at a short distance from the city. It is a subterranean cavern with many passages and halls, similar probably to the celebrated Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Many such subterranean palaces are said to be found in Minnesota, although they have not yet been explored; neither has this grotto been thoroughly penetrated. I enjoyed myself sitting under its magnificent arched portico, drinking of its crystalline fountain, and listening to the song of its falling water in the far interior of the grotto.

The grotto is reached by an abrupt and deep descent, resembling a gigantic pit; within this one finds oneself surrounded by lofty walls of sandstone, one of which expands itself into a gigantic portal, and all beyond is dark. The whole circle of the inclosing walls is perforated with innumerable small round holes, in which small birds have their nests.

To reach the grotto we passed through extensive meadows lying along the Mississippi. The grass stood tall and yellow. The air was as warm as a summer's day. It was the Indian summer. The meadows looked most pleasant, most fertile and inviting. We met a milkmaid also coming with her milkpails; she was handsome, but had artificial curls, and did not look like a regular milkmaid, not as a true milkmaid in a pastoral ought to look.

But this Minnesota is a glorious country, and just the country for Northern emigrants; just the country for a new Scandinavia. It is four times as large as England; its soil is of the richest description, with extensive wooded tracts; great numbers of rivers and lakes abounding in fish, and a healthy, invigorating climate. The winters are cold and clear; the summers not so hot as in those states lying lower on the Mississippi. The frosts seldom commence before the middle of September.

Lake Itaski, the cradle of the Mississippi, lies one thousand five hundred and seventy-five feet above the Mexican gulf; and the highland district which surrounds Itaska in a half-circle on the north, that gigantic terrace, *Hauteur des terres*, where the springs of those mighty rivers, the Mississippi, St. Louis, St. Lawrence, the Red River, and many others have their source, lies still two hundred feet higher. The whole of Minnesota is hilly. Minnesota is bounded on the east by Lake Superior (the Mediterranean sea of America), and is brought by this into connection with the Eastern States, with St. Lawrence, and the Hudson, and the Atlantic Ocean. It has

Canada on the north, on the west the wild Missouri, navigable through almost the whole of its extent, and flowing at the feet of the Rocky Mountains, rich in metals and precious stones, and with prairies where graze wild herds of buffaloes, elks, and antelopes. On the other side of Missouri lies that mystical Indian Nebraska, where, beyond the Rocky Mountains and for the most part still unknown, lies Oregon, an immense territory with immense resources in natural productions, vast stretches of valley and vast rivers, the Columbus and the Oregon, which empty themselves into the Pacific ocean, and in whose cascades salmon leap in shoals, as in the rapid rivers of Norway and Sweden. On the south of Minnesota lies the fertile Iowa, a young state, with beautiful rivers, the Iowa, Ceder, and des Moines; extensive stretches of valley and rich pasture-lands; and through the very heart of Minnesota flows that great artery, the Mississippi, the birth of which it witnesses, and upon whose waters it can convey all the produce of the North to the South, and obtain all the produce of the South both for the North and for itself.

What a glorious new Scandinavia might not Minnesota become! Here would the Swede find again his clear, romantic lakes, the plains of Scania rich in corn, and the vallies of Norrland; here would the Norwegian find his rapid rivers, his lofty mountains, for I include the Rocky Mountains and Oregon in the new kingdom; and both nations, their hunting-fields and their fisheries. The Danes might here pasture their flocks and herds, and lay out their farms on richer and less misty coasts than those of Denmark. The Rocky Mountains are a new Seveberg with mythological monsters, giants and witches enough to feed the legendary mind and the walike temperament. The gods must yet combat here with the Hrimthursar and the giants; Balder must have a fresh warfare with Loke, in which Balder will be victorious, and the serpent of

Midgård be laid at rest in the Pacific ocean—at least till the great Ragnarok.

Neither would the joys of Valhalla be wanting in the New Vineland of the vine-crowned islands of the Mississippi, and the great divine hog Schrimmer has nowhere such multitudes of descendants as in the New World. But the Scandinavians must not rest satisfied with the heathenish life of festivity. They must seek after nobler enjoyments.

But seriously; Scandinavians who are well off in the old country ought not to leave it. But such as are too much contracted at home, and who desire to emigrate, should come to Minnesota. The climate, the situation, the character of the scenery agrees with our people better than that of any other of the American States, and none of them appear to me to have a greater or a more beautiful future before them than Minnesota.

Add to this that the rich soil of Minnesota is not yet bought up by speculators, but may everywhere be purchased at government prices, one dollar and a quarter per acre. I have been told that the Norwegian pastor in Luther's-dale, Mr. Clausen, is intending to remove hither with a number of Norwegians, in order to establish a settlement. Good. There are here, already, a considerable number both of Norwegians and Danes. I have become acquainted with a Danish merchant, resident here, who has made a considerable fortune in a few years in the fur trade with the Indians, and who has built himself a large and handsome country-house at some little distance from the city. His wife, who is the daughter of an Indian woman by a white man, has the dark Indian eye, and features not unlike those of the Feather-cloud woman, and in other respects, is as much like a gentlewoman as any agreeable white lady. I promised this kind Dane, who retains the perfect Danish characteristics in the midst of Americans, that I

would, on my return, in passing through Copenhagen, pay a visit to his old mother and convey to her his greeting.

And here I may as well remark, *en passant*, that the children of Indian women by white men commonly attach themselves to the white race. They are most frequently fine specimens of humanity, although not of a remarkably elevated kind. They are praised for their acuteness of eye, and the keenness of their perceptive faculties generally. I have heard that the greater number of the steersmen of the Mississippi boats belong to this half-blood race.

A young Norwegian woman lives as cook with Governor Ramsay; she is not above twenty, and is not remarkably clever as a cook, and yet she receives eleven dollars per month wage. This is an excellent country for young servants.

I shall, to-morrow, commence my voyage down the Mississippi as far as Galena; thence to St. Louis, at which place I shall proceed up the Ohio to Cincinnati, and thence to New Orleans, and advancing onward shall proceed from some one of the southern sea-port towns to Cuba, where I intend to winter.

I am not quite satisfied about leaving this part of the country. I wish to see more of the Indians and their way of life, and feel something like a hungry person who is obliged to leave a meal which he has just commenced. I wish to see more of the country and the aborigines, but do not exactly see how and in what manner. Neither roads nor means of conveyance are to be met with here, as in the more cultivated States. Besides which I must not any longer remain in this family, which has so hospitably provided me a chamber, by sending the only child of the family, a beautiful little infant, and its nurse into a cold room. The child must return into its warm chamber, for the nights are getting

cold. I long for the South, and dread these cold nights on the Mississippi; and it is too far, and the roads are too difficult for me to go to another family, residing at some distance, who have kindly invited me to their house, and—the inward light does not afford me any illumination, and the inward voice is silent. I shall therefore commence my journey, but somehow I have a presentiment that I shall have to repent it.

I shall part from my cheerful and kind hostess with regret. I shall take with me a pair of Indian moccasins for your little feet, and another pair for Charlotte's, and a bell-purse of Indian work for mamma. The work of the Indian women is ornamental and neat, although deficient in taste and knowledge of design. Scarlet and fine colours predominate in their embroidery as well as in the festal attire of their people. Scarlet seems to be a favourite colour with all children of nature.

I have gained some information from the young Presbyterian missionary here, regarding the effect of missionary labours among the Indians, which seems to promise a brighter future for them than I had hitherto imagined. Since the Gospels have been translated into the language of the principal tribes and have been studied by them, Christianity has made considerable advances among the savage people, and with each succeeding year have the results of missionary labours been more and more striking.

When, in 1828, "a revival" in the religious life occasioned a re-animation and a new organisation of missionary labour, there were only thirty-one missionaries among the Indians, with a revenue of only 2400 dollars for carrying out the work of instruction.

At this time, 1850, there are 570 missionaries—more than half of whom are women, among the Indians, with a revenue of 79,000 dollars yearly; to these missionaries must be added 2000 preachers and helpers,

among the natives themselves. A thousand churches of various Christian denominations have been erected, and the number of professing Christians of the Indian tribes amounts at this time to 40,537. A great number of schools have been established, and are increasing daily, where the Indian children may receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as in handicraft trades. The women easily acquire these latter. The boys learn to read and write with greater facility than the girls; but it is very difficult to accustom them to order and punctuality. It is not until after religious conversion that it is possible to impart moral and physical cultivation to them, before which they will have nothing to do with it. The number of schools has already increased to between four and five hundred, and the number of scholars, both boys and girls, is more than 30,000. Seminaries for boys and girls have also been established. Printing presses have been introduced, and printed works in thirty different languages have been produced. Mr. Williamson, the missionary of Kaposia, considers the ignorance of the Indians to be the greatest impediment to their cultivation. The women are the most accessible to religious impressions; the men, in particular those of the warlike tribes, as the Sioux, for instance, are more difficult to influence, and they will not listen to a doctrine which is diametrically opposed to that which constitutes their heathenish virtue and happiness. The missionaries, therefore, have as yet made but little way among the Sioux, nor indeed have they yet advanced among the savage tribes lying between Minnesota and the Rocky Mountains. It will not be long however, before they do so.

From the annual report of the American Board of Missions, for the year 1850, from which I have taken many of the above facts, I extract the following words:—

“How long will it be before we establish a synod on

the shores of the Pacific Ocean? Already are our missionaries scattered over the whole of the United States east of the Mississippi, with the exception of one little valley in the north-east. They have crossed that river, and are now beginning zealously to occupy that immense country which extends westward of it, from the Mexican Gulf to the British colonies of the North. Nay, more still; they have wandered over the whole continent, and in that new world of the West have begun to found a kingdom of God. What will our progress be ultimately? The spires of our churches along the shores of the Atlantic are illumined by the light of the morning sun. Advancing over the country it shines upon them through the whole day; and when it sets, its last rays still rest upon these as they rise upwards along the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Yes, we have done something, with God's aid; but we have yet infinitely more to do before we have fulfilled the measure of our duty."

That is a good little specimen of the labour and the eloquence of the West.

Thus a little flock even of the Red men have on earth entered the Kingdom of Christ. And if, out of those 40,000 who publicly acknowledge themselves of the Church of Christ, 10,000 only, nay, if only 1000 be really Christians, there is still enough for an infinite future. In those "happy lands" where the red children of God will one day be at home, beyond the dark abyss, will they labour for the liberation of their brethren, "the children of the twilight," who remain in the realm of shadows.

The kingdom of the Saviour and the work of salvation are not circumscribed to this little space and to this short time. Their space and their time are eternal as the heart of God. I know that the missionaries here promulgate another doctrine; and it is incomprehensible

how they by that means are able to make any progress, incomprehensible how they can have any satisfaction in so doing. But a light, stronger, mightier, than that of these circumscribed doctrines, must proceed from the Word of Christ, to the heart of the heathen, and attract it to His cross and His crown, from the hunting-grounds and the wild dances of earth to His heaven. I cannot believe otherwise.

It is evening, and the bright glow of fires lights up the western heaven, as it has done every evening since I came here. It is the glow of the Indian prairie fires which they kindle to compel the deer to assemble at certain points, as it is now their hunting season. In this manner they take a vast number of deer, but at the same time destroy the chase, and by that means occasion still greater want, or are compelled to go still farther westward into the wilderness.

But the West is brilliant, and all the saints—St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Charles, a settlement still higher up, St. Anthony, who is beginning to build a city—who have taken up their abode on the northern Mississippi, and who now are lit up by the fires of the Indians, will give a new dawn to the wilderness and a new light to life.

The West is brilliant from the burning prairies, from the wild chase. I love that glow, because it has a poetical splendour; it shines over the moon-dances, and the councils, and the feasts of the spirits. But it is, after all, rather brightness than light.

When homes such as those of Andrew Downing and Marcus S., and of my good friend Mrs. W. H., which is almost a Swedish home, stand upon the heights of the Mississippi and St. Peter; when church spires shine out and scalp-dances are no longer danced there; when voices such as those of Channing, and Emerson, and Beecher, and Bellows, lift themselves in the councils, and when Lucretia Motts speak there also for freedom, peace

and the rights of woman; when the Christian Indian States, Nebraska, &c., stand peacefully side by side of Minnesota, then—it may be in a hundred years—then will I return to Minnesota and celebrate a new feast of the spirits; and I will return thither in—the spirit!

LETTER XXVIII.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI, *Oct. 24th.*

FLOATING down the great river, “the Father of Rivers,” between Indian camps, fires, boats, Indians standing or leaping, and shouting, or rather yelling, upon the shores; funeral erections on the heights; between vine-clad islands, and Indian canoes paddling among them! I would yet retain these strange foreign scenes; but I proceed onward, passing them by. We leave this poetical wilderness, the region of the youthful Mississippi, and advance towards that of civilisation. The weather is mild, the sun and the shade sport among the mountains—a poetical, romantic life!

Oct. 25th.—Sunbright, but cold. The Indians have vanished. We have passed the “*Prairie du Chien*,” the idol-stone of the Red Indian; the Indian graves under the autumnally yellow trees. The hills shine out, of a splendid yellow-brown. The ruins and the pyramids of primeval ages stand forth gloomy and magnificent amid the brilliant forests. With every bend of the river new and astonishing prospects present themselves. I contemplate them, read Emerson’s Essays, and live as at a festival. We approach the commencement of two towns on the shore of Iowa, Gottenborg, a descendant, as I imagine, of our Götheborg, and Dubugue.

Oct. 27th.—Again at Galena, among the lead-mines for a couple of days. It is Sunday, and I am returned from

church, where I have heard a young Presbyterian minister, of the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Magoan. A true disciple of the great West! No narrow evangelical views. No, an evangelical consciousness as wide as the western prairies, as vast as the arch of heaven which spans them, and with breathing-room for the fresh winds of infinity.

The young minister's theme was the relationship which exists between a cultivated and a religious life.

The importance of a true philosophy in the doctrines of religion, in order the better to understand and to develop them.

The importance of the development of physical life in promoting the advance of spiritual life.

God's guiding hand in the awakening of all this, both in society and the Church, was shown by him in an animated and earnest manner.

Job said, "He says to the lightning, go! And it goeth!"

The electric telegraph is the lightning of God's finger, made subservient to man.

Philosophy is God's light in reason, illumining the darkness both of reason and of the Scriptures.

"It is thus that a metaphysical distinction may save a soul."

I could but think, on hearing this, of H. Martensen's dialectical gifts of God!

Lastly; the union of the highest life of the head and the heart, operating in and explanatory of all spheres of life, as they exist in the Church of the Millennium. These were the principal topics in the sermon of this young minister.

An earnest prayer, full of purport, on the prayer "Thy Kingdom Come," completed the whole service; one of the most liberal and comprehensive, one of the freshest and most refreshing which I have heard from the pulpit of any country.

A tirade against Catholicism was the only feature in it

to be regretted; because it does not become the Great West to exclude any form of the divine life. And what indeed, are all the various Christian communities other than various pews in the same church, dividing the whole into groups of families or relations?

The old pilgrim-church seems to me now to be the one which exhibits most indwelling life, which grows and expands itself to embrace the whole of human life, and to baptise it to the kingdom of God.

Oct. 29th.—I have established myself excellently at the American hotel, and I do not intend, during the few days that I shall remain here, to accept the kind invitation which I have received to a beautiful, private home. I have here my nice little Irish maid, Margaret, and have everything exactly as I wish—among the rest potatoes, morning, noon, and night, quite as good as our Årsta potatoes. I enjoy my freedom and my solitary rambles over the hills round the town during these fine days.

Yesterday, the agreeable, liberal-minded young minister, Mr. Magoan, drove me and a lady, a friend of his, to a height—Pilot Knob, I think, it is called—by the Mississippi, from which we were to see the sun set. Arrived there we clambered up among bushes, and long grass, and stones,—difficult enough; and obtained, when we had gained the summit, one of those ocean-like land views which the Great West only presents. And through that infinite billowy plain rolled the Mississippi, like a vein of silver, far, far away into the immeasurable distance; and over land and river reposed the misty veil of the Indian summer and its inexpressible, gentle peace. The sun had just set; but a roseate glow lay like a joyful benediction over that vast fertile region. It was indescribably grand and pleasant.

I thought how a year ago, at this season, my spirit had been depressed at New York; how, later, it darkened still more for me at Boston, and how I then thought “ Shall I

be able to endure it?" And now I stood serene and vigorous by the Mississippi, with the Great West open before me, with a rich future, and the whole world bright! I thanked God!

On our return to Galena, the carriage broke down. The young clergyman sprang out, pulled forth some rope and a knife, and began to work in good earnest, as he said, merrily—

"You must know, Miss Bremer, that coach-building belongs, here in the West, to our theology."

The emigrants to the West must, to a certain degree, experience the trouble and the renunciation of the early pilgrim-fathers. And in order to succeed, they require their courage and perseverance.

But people pass through these necessary stages much more quickly now than they did then. The beautiful, excellent American homes, with verandahs and trees and gardens, which begin to adorn the hills round Five-River prove this. The good home and the church, and the labours of Christian love, encroach daily more and more upon the fields and the life of heathenism. I do not now mean of the Indian, but of the white man.

I shall to-day go on board the good steam-boat Minnesota, to descend the Mississippi as far as St. Louis. Perhaps I may make a pause by the way at the town of Rock Island, to visit the Swedish settlement of Eric Jansen, at Bishop's Hill, a few miles from the town.

Among the agreeable memories of my stay at Galena, I shall long retain that of a banker, Mr. H., who showed me so much kindness, such brotherly or fatherly consideration and care for me, that I shall ever think of him and of his city with gratitude.

The newspapers of the West are making themselves merry over the rapturous reception which the people of New York have given Jenny Lind. In one newspaper article I read:

“Our correspondent has been fortunate enough to hear Jenny Lind——sneeze. The first sneezing was a mezzotinto soprano, &c., &c. ;” here follow many absurd musical and art-terms; “the second was, &c., &c.,” here follow the same; “the third he did not hear, as he fainted.”

I can promise the good Western people that they will become as insane with rapture as their brethren of the East, if Jenny Lind should come hither. They now talk like the Fox about the Grapes, but with better temper.

One of the inhabitants of St. Paul who had been at New York returned there before I left. He had some business with Governor Ramsay, but his first words to this gentleman were, “Governor! I have heard Jenny Lind!”

Jenny Lind, the new Slave Bill, and the protests against it in the North, Eastern and Western States, are, as well as the Spiritual rappings or knockings, the standing topics of the newspapers.

Whilst people in the Northern States hold meetings and agitate against this bill, which allows the recapture of fugitive slaves in the free States, various of the Southern States, especially the Palmetto State and Mississippi, raise an indignant cry against the infringement of the rights of the South, and threaten to dissolve the Union. And the States compliment each other in their newspapers in anything but a polite manner. A Kentucky journal writes thus of South Carolina:—

“Why has she not marched out of the Union before now? The Union would be glad to be rid of such a baggage!”

ON THE MISSISSIPPI, *Nov. 2nd.*

We are lying before Rock Island. Some kind and agreeable gentlemen have just been on board, with a proposal to convey me to the Swedish settlement. I cannot

be other than grateful to them for their kindness and good-will; but the nights are becoming cold; I am not quite well, and——what should I do there? We, my countrymen and myself, should not understand one another, although we might speak the same language. But I was well pleased to gain intelligence from these gentlemen, merchants of Rock Island, regarding the present condition of the Swedes in the colony.

Since the death of the bishop, as they called Eric Jansen, they have gone on more prosperously. He, however, by his bad management, left them burdened by a large debt of ten or eleven thousand dollars, and some of them are now gone to California, to get gold to endeavour by that means to liquidate it. Some of the Swedes at Bishop's Hill have unremittingly proved themselves to be honest, pious, and industrious people, and as such they have the confidence of the inhabitants of the town (Rock Island), and obtain on credit the goods for which they are at present unable to pay. They have built several handsome brick-houses for themselves, and manage their land well. They have begun to grow and to spin flax, and they derive an income from the linen-thread they have thus to sell. They continue stedfast in their religious usages, their prayers, and their faith in Eric Jansen, who seems to have had almost a demoniacal power over their minds. When they were ill and did not recover by the remedies and prayers of Eric Jansen, he told them that it was owing to their want of faith in him, and because they were reprobate sinners. Many died victims to the diseases of the climate, and for want of proper care.

The respectable and agreeable man, who was well acquainted with the Swedish colony, would not say anything decidedly against Eric Jansen, nevertheless he doubted him; on the contrary, he praised Eric Jansen's wife, as being very excellent and agreeable. She also had

died of one of those fevers which raged in the colony; and four days afterwards, Eric Jansen stood up during divine service in the church, and declared that "the Spirit had commanded him to take a new wife!" And a woman present stood up also and said, that "the Spirit had made known to her that she must become his wife!" This was four days after the death of the first excellent wife. Such a proceeding elucidates the spirit which guided Eric Jansen.

His murderer, the Swede Rooth, will be tried in the morning. It is believed that he will be acquitted, as the occasion of the deed was such as might well drive a man mad. Rooth had married a girl in the Swedish colony, contrary to the wishes of Eric Jansen. Persecuted by the enmity of Jansen it was Rooth's intention to leave the place, and accordingly he had privately sent off his wife and child, a little boy, in the night. They were pursued by order of Jansen, captured, and conveyed in a boat down the Mississippi, no one knew where, it is said to St. Louis. Captain Schneidan saw Rooth on the very morning when the intelligence of this reached him. He was pale and scarcely in his right senses. In this excited state of mind he hastened to Eric Jansen, whom he met just setting off to church in the midst of his followers. He thus addressed him,—

"You have had my wife and child carried off, I know not where. They are perhaps dead, and I may never see them more! I do not care to live any longer myself, but you shall die first!" And so saying he drew forth a pistol and shot him in the breast. Eric Jansen died almost in a moment. Rooth made no attempt to fly, but allowed himself to be seized by the exasperated people.

The little colony amounts to between seven and eight hundred persons, and is now under the government of two men whom they have selected, and they continue to hold the same religious faith in freedom from sin as

during the life of their first leader. Taken abstractedly their faith is not erroneous. The new man does not sin; but then they overlook the fact that sin is never perfectly eradicated from the human heart here on earth, and that, therefore, we must always remain sinful creatures till the time of our conversion arrives. The principal error of the Swedish emigrants consists in their faith in the sinner Eric Jansen, and in sinners such as themselves.

The weather is wet and chilly. The scenery of the banks is still of a highland character, but decreases in magnificence and beauty. The hills are broken up as it were, and lie scattered over the prairies, which terminate with the river. White towns and churches shine out here and there along the shores. We are here on the shore of Illinois. Rock Island is situated at the outlet of the Illinois into the Mississippi. On the opposite side lies the State of Iowa, and there shines out white and lovely the little city of Davenport, which derives its name from its founder, and its celebrity from a horrible murder committed there on the person of an old man, one Sunday morning, by four young men for his money. It is not long since. Bloody deeds have happened and still happen on the banks of the Mississippi.

November 3rd.—We steam down the Mississippi but slowly. The steamer drags along with her two huge barks or flat-boats, laden probably with lead from Galena, one on each side of the vessel. They say that these are a means of safety in case any accident should befall the steamer and her passengers thus be in danger; they might then save themselves in the flat-boats. But they make the voyage very slow, and in the night I hear such extraordinary noises, thunderings and grindings in the vessel, as if it were panting, bellowing, and groaning under its heavy labour, and were ready to give up the ghost. These are probably occasioned by its hard work with the flat-boats. But it is not agreeable, and the

sound is so dreadful at night that I always lie down dressed, ready to show myself in public in case of an explosion. Such misadventures are of everyday occurrence on the Mississippi, and one hears frequently of such also on other rivers and on the lakes of this country. Several of the passengers on board have with them life-preservers, belts or girdles of caoutchouc, to save them in case of danger. I have none; I have here either an intimate acquaintance or friend, who would put forth his hand to me in a moment of danger. But I know not how it is; I feel as if there were no need for fear. Only I am always prepared for a nocturnal "start."

The captain of the steamer is evidently a prudent general, and all goes on calmly and well. The table is abundant and excellent. The only thing that I feel the want of is milk for coffee and tea; cream is a thing not to be thought of, and is seldom met with anywhere in this country. One must learn to dispense with milk on one's river-voyages in the West and South. I can manage to swallow coffee without milk; but it is almost impossible for me to take tea without it. I made a little complaint about it at tea last evening.

"Well!" said a Colonel Baxter, an excellent man, opposite to me, "we frequently did not taste milk for many weeks together during the Mexican war!"

"Oh!" said I, "but then you had glory to console yourselves with. What cannot people dispense with when they have that! But here in a steam-boat, without glory and without milk! it is too much!"

They laughed, and this morning we had plenty of milk to breakfast.

The greater number of the attendants are negroes. The stewardess is a mulatto, neither agreeable nor good-tempered. There are not many passengers in the better part of the vessel, and by no means disagreeable. The gentlemen's side is rather full; two-thirds of these have

a somewhat common appearance ; they are "business-men" from head to foot.

I spend most of my time in my pleasant little state-room, or in walking backwards and forwards under the piazza in front of it, where I amuse myself by the spectacle of the river and its shores. The waters of the Mississippi still retain their bright, yellow-green colour, though they are beginning to be turbid. Three-decked steamers, large and small, with their pair of chimneys, puffing out vehemently under the influence of "high-pressure" as they advance up the stream, speed past us ; vast timber-floats, upon which people both build and cook, row down the stream with gigantic oars ; covered barks, vessels, and boats of every description and size are seen upon the river. It becomes more animated and broader ; but still continues to flow on with a majestic calmness.

On our right lies the State of Iowa, Illinois on the left. The views are grand and extensive ; broad stretches of valley expand ; the hills become lower ; the land, to a great distance, slopes gradually down to the river in gentle, billowy meadows, with a back-ground of wood. It has a beautiful and fertile appearance, but is not much cultivated. We are now in the corn regions of the Mississippi Valley ; rich in all kinds of grain, but principally in the rich golden-yellow maize.

Along the Mississippi, through its whole extent, from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico, lies a pearl-band of States. There are on the eastern side of the river, Wisconsin, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana ; and on the western side, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana, for, like Minnesota, Louisiana embraces both banks of the Mississippi ; Minnesota at its commencement among the hills, Louisiana at its outlet into the sea. Between these two States, Minnesota in the north, and Louisiana in the south, flows the Mississippi

through a variety of regions distinguished by dissimilar climates and natural productions. Minnesota is its north, with the pine-forests of the north, and northern winters, with bears and elks, with the wild roses and the berries of the north, with primeval forests and Indians. Wisconsin, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee in the east, Iowa and Missouri, and a part of Arkansas in the west, are situated within the temperate zone. Agriculture and civilisation are extending there. These States, like their neighbouring States in the east, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, constitute the great corn-magazine of America, and the central portion of the Mississippi Valley. Beyond these, to the east, extend the Alleghany Mountains, and the Eastern or Atlantic States. Beyond the Mississippi States, to the west, extends the Indian Wilderness, Nebraska, and the Rocky Mountains. With Tennessee on the east, and Arkansas on the west, we enter the region of cotton; with Louisiana, the region of sugar, the south, and summer life.

Illinois and Iowa are still free States; to the south of these lie the Slave States. In Illinois and Iowa there are Swedish and Norwegian settlements; but farther south they have not yet advanced. The central Mississippi States are occupied more by Germans and Irish; and more southern still, by French and Spaniards. All these are governed by the laws and manners of the Anglo-Norman race. It is the same with the Jews, who are very numerous in America, especially in the west. But they also enjoy all civil rights like natives of the country, and are much less distinguished from the European population here than they are in Europe. So little, indeed, that I have scarcely ever thought, "that is a Jew," it being hardly possible to distinguish a Jew in this country from a dark-complexioned American.

We are now within sight of Nauvoo, formerly the capital of the Mormon district, and the magnificent ruin

of their former temple is seen standing on its elevated site. One of my friends, who some years ago was travelling on the Mississippi, went on shore at Nauvoo a few days after the Mormon prophet, Joe Smith, was killed by the people of Illinois. He saw the people of the town and the district, a population of about twenty thousand, come forth from their dwellings, to the singing of psalms; saw them advance westward into the wilderness to seek there for that promised land which their prophet had foretold to them. After a wandering of three thousand miles through wildernesses, amid manifold dangers and difficulties, and the endurance of much suffering, they arrived at the Great Salt Lake, and its fertile shores. There, they have within a few years, so greatly increased and multiplied, that they are now in a fair way to become a powerful State. Faith can, even in these days, remove mountains—nay more, can remove great cities. Nauvoo is now purchased by the French communist, Cabet, who will there establish a society of "*Egalitairé*."

Yes, in this great West, on the shores of the Great River, exist very various scenes and peoples. There are Indians; there are squatters; there are Scandinavians, with gentle manners and cheerful songs; there are Mormons, Christian in manners, but fanatics in their faith in one man (and Eric Jansenists are in this respect similar to the Mormons); there are desperate adventurers, with neither faith nor law, excepting in Mammon and club-law; gamblers, murderers, and thieves, who are without conscience, and their number and their exploits increase along the banks of the Mississippi the farther we advance south. There are giants, who are neither good nor evil; but who perform great deeds through the force of their will, and their great physical powers, and their passion for enterprise. There are worshippers of freedom and communists; there are slave-owners and slaves.

There are communities who build, as bees and beavers do, from instinct and natural necessity. There are also, clear-headed, strong, and pious men, worthy to be leaders, who know what they are about, and who have laid their strong hand to the work of cultivation. There are great cities which develop the highest luxury of civilisation, and its highest crimes; who build altars to Mammon, and would make the whole world subservient. There are also small communities which possess themselves of land in the power of the peace principle, and in the name of the Prince of Peace. Lydia Maria Child tells us of such a one, either in Indiana or Illinois. It is a short story, and so beautiful that I must repeat it in her own living and earnest words:

“The highest gifts my soul has received, during its world-pilgrimage, have often been bestowed by those who were poor, both in money and intellectual cultivation. Among these donors, I particularly remember a hard-working uneducated mechanic, from Indiana or Illinois. He told me that he was one of the thirty or forty New Englanders, who twelve years before, had gone out to settle in the western wilderness. They were mostly neighbours; and had been drawn to unite together in emigration from a general unity of opinion on various subjects. For some years previous, they had been in the habit of meeting occasionally at each other's houses to talk over their duties to God and man, in all simplicity of heart. Their library was the gospel, their priesthood the inward light. There were then no anti-slavery societies: but thus taught, and reverently willing to learn, they had no need of such agency to discover that it was wicked to enslave. The efforts of peace societies had reached this secluded band only in broken echoes, and non-resistance societies had no existence. But with the volume of the Prince of Peace, and hearts open to his influence, what need had they of preambles and resolutions?

“ Rich in spiritual culture, this little band started for the far West. Their inward homes were blooming gardens; they made their outward in a wilderness. They were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went further—they openly announced, ‘You may do us what evil you choose, we will return nothing but good.’ Lawyers came into the neighbourhood, and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, ‘We have no need of you. As neighbours we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist.’ ‘What will you do if rascals burn your barns, and steal your harvests?’ ‘We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, therefore the best expediency.’

“When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvellous good joke, and said and did many provoking things, which seemed to them witty. Bars were taken down in the night, and cows let into cornfields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying, ‘Neighbour, your cows have been in my field. I have fed them well during the day, but I would not keep them all night, lest the children should suffer for their milk.’

“If this was fun, they who planned the joke had no heart to laugh at it. By degrees, a visible change came over these troublesome neighbours. They ceased to cut off horses’ tails, and break the legs of poultry. Brute boys would say to a younger brother, ‘Don’t throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn’t they send it to mother, because they thought chicken-broth

would be good for poor Mary? I should think you'd be ashamed to throw stones at *their* chickens.' Thus was evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury. Years passed on, and saw them thriving in worldly substance, beyond their neighbours, yet beloved by all. From them the lawyer and the constable obtained no fees. The sheriff stammered and apologised when he took their hard-earned goods in payment for the war-tax. They mildly replied, "'Tis a bad trade, friend. Examine it in the light of conscience, and see if it be not so.' But while they refused to pay such fees and taxes, they were liberal to a proverb in their contributions for all useful and benevolent purposes.

"At the end of ten years, the public lands, which they had chosen for their farms, were advertised for sale by auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil, were considered to have a right to bid it in at the government price: which at that time was 1.25 dollars per acre. But the fever of land speculation then chanced to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction; and capitalists in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, were sending agents to buy western lands. No one supposed that custom, or equity, would be regarded. The first day's sale showed that speculation ran to the verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in at seventeen, twenty-five, and thirty dollars an acre. The Christian colony had small hope of retaining their farms. As first settlers, they had chosen the best land, and persevering industry had brought it into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold at exorbitant prices. In view of these facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But the morning their lot was offered for sale, they observed with grateful surprise that their

neighbours were everywhere busy among the crowd begging and expostulating: 'Don't bid on *these* lands! these men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time, they never did harm to man or brute. They were always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighbourhood. It would be a sin and shame to bid on *their* lands. Let them go at the government price.' The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered 1.25 dollars, intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, *not one bid over them!* Without an opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them! I do not know a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good. 'The wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxims of Christ.'

"With delighted reverence I listened to this unlettered backwoodsman, as he explained his philosophy of universal love. 'What would you do,' said I, 'if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work?' 'We would give him food when hungry, shelter him when cold, and always treat him as a brother?' 'Would not this process attract such characters? How would you avoid being overrun by them?' 'Such characters would either reform or not remain with us. We should never speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities, but we should invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would a guilty, but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear than whips or prisons. They could not stand it; I am sure they could not. It would either melt them or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten I believe it would melt them.' "

Lydia Maria Child adds, "The wisest doctrine of political economy, is included in the doctrines of Christ." As for me, these words run in my mind, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall possess the earth." And

When I look around me in these regions for that which is the most triumphant and the most overpowering element in the Mississippi States, and among the freebooters of California at the present time, I see clearly that it is the power and dominion of the peace-maker.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI, NEAR THE RAPIDS, *Nov. 3rd.*

We have lain still for several hours. The river has here a dangerous, sharp, rocky bottom, and as the water is low the passage is dangerous. They wait for the wind becoming perfectly still, that they may discern the places where the stream is rippled by the rocks. It is already so calm that I can scarcely imagine how it can be calmer. The Mississippi glances like a mirror in the sunshine, merely here and there furrowed by the stream. It is now quite as warm as summer, and I am impatient at lying quiet in the heat and the strong sunshine. The bed of the Mississippi has not been cleared, and it is a sign that the government of the United States has its deficiencies and its shallows, when it can tolerate such impediments on a great river where there is such constant traffic. But it is not agreed as to whether the government or the people ought to do the work, and therefore it remains undone to the great detriment of the traffic of the river.

I have made two agreeable acquaintances on board, in two gentlemen from Connecticut, strong, downright Yankees; and the young daughter of one, a most charming girl of twenty,—a fresh flower, both body and soul,—a splendid specimen of the daughters of New England. We have also now a pair of giant-women on board, such as belong to the old mythological population of Utgård; and I have been particularly amused by the conflict between the wild and the cultivated races, in the persons of one these ladies and my lovely flower of New England. The former, in a steel-grey dress, with grey, fierce countenance, stiff and middle-aged, sate

smoking her pipe in the ladies' saloon when we entered it from the dining-hall in the afternoon. She sate in the middle of the room and puffed out the smoke vehemently, and looked as if she would set the whole world at defiance. The ladies looked at her, looked at each other, were silent and endured it for awhile; the smoke, however, became at length intolerable, and one whispered to another that something must be done to put a stop to this unallowable smoking.

Miss S. called the stewardess: "You must tell that lady that it is not permitted to smoke in this room."

"I have told her so, Missis, but she takes no notice. It is of no use talking to her."

Again they waited awhile to see whether the smoking lady would not pay attention to silent, but very evident, signs of displeasure. But no, she sate as unmoved as ever, and filled the room with smoke.

The lovely young Miss S. now summoned courage, advanced towards the smoker, and said in a very polite, but at the same time firm and dignified manner, "I don't know whether you have observed that your cabin has a door which opens on the piazza, and—it would be much more agreeable for you, and for all of us, if you would smoke your pipe there."

"No. I prefer smoking here in this room."

"But it is forbidden to smoke here."

"It is forbidden for gentlemen, but not for ladies."

"*It is forbidden to smoke here*, as well for you as for anyone else; and I must beg of you, in the name of all the ladies present, that you will desist from so doing."

This was said with so much earnestness, and so much grace at the same time, that the giant-woman seemed struck by it.

"No, well! wait a bit!" said she, angrily; and after she had vehemently blown out a great puff of tobacco-

smoke by way of a parting token, she rose up and went into her own apartment. The power of cultivation had gained the victory over rudeness ; the gods had conquered the giants.

We shall now proceed on our way, but by land, and not by water. Our heavily-laden vessel cannot pass the shallows. It must be unloaded here. The passengers must proceed by carriages about fifteen or sixteen miles along the Iowa shore to a little city where they may take a fresh steamer, and where there are no longer any impediments in the river. My new friends from Connecticut will take me under their wing.

St. Louis, Nov. 8th.

I am now at St. Louis, on the western bank of the river, deliberating whether or not to go to a bridal party to which I am invited, and where I should see a very lovely bride and "the cream of society" in this great Mississippi city, the second after New Orleans. I saw the bridegroom, this forenoon, as well as the bride's mother ; he is a very rich planter from Florida, and very much of a gentleman, an agreeable man ; the bride's mother is a young-elderly beauty, polite but artificial ; somewhat above fifty, with bare neck, bare arms, rouged cheeks, perfumed, and with a fan in her hand ; a lady of fashion and French politeness. They have invited me for the evening. An agreeable and kind acquaintance of Mr. Downing's, to whom I had a letter, would conduct me thither in company with his wife, but—but—I have a cold, and I feel myself too old for such festivals, at which I am besides half killed with questions ; so that the nearer it approaches the hour of dressing, the clearer becomes it to my own mind that I must remain quietly in my own room. I like to see handsome ladies and beautiful toilettes, but—I can have sufficient descriptions of these, and I have seen enough of the *beau monde* in

the eastern states to be able to imagine how it is in the west.

I am now at an hotel, but shall remove, either tomorrow or the day after, to the house of Senator A., a little way out of the city.

I came here yesterday with my friends from Connecticut. The journey across the Iowa prairie in a half-covered wagon was very pleasant. The weather was as warm as a summer's day, and the sun shone above a fertile, billowy plain, which extended far, far into the distance. Three-fourths of the land of Iowa are said to be of this billowy-prairie land. The country did not appear to be cultivated, but looked extremely beautiful and home-like; one immense pasture-meadow. The scenery of the Mississippi is of a bright, cheerful character.

In the afternoon we reached the little town of Keokuk, on a high bank by the river. We ate a good dinner at a good inn; tea was served for soup, which is a general practice at dinners in the western inns. It was not till late in the evening that the vessel came by which we were to continue our journey, and in the meantime I set off alone on an expedition of discovery. I left behind me the young city of the Mississippi, which has a good situation, and followed a path which led up the hill along the river-side. The sun was descending, and clouds of a pale crimson tint covered the western heavens. The air was mild and calm, the whole scene expansive, bright, and calm, an idyllian landscape on a large scale.

Small houses, at short distances from each other, studded this hill by the river-side; they were neatly built of wood, of good proportions, and with that appropriateness and cleverness which distinguishes the work of the Americans. They were each one like the other, and seemed to be the habitations of work-people. Most of the doors stood open, probably to admit the mild evening air. I availed myself of this circumstance to gain a sight

of the interior, and fell into discourse with two of the good women of the houses. They were, as I had imagined, the dwellings of artisans who had work in the town. There was no luxury in these small habitations, but everything was so neat and trim and ornamental, and there was such a holiday calm over everything, from the mistress of the family down to the smallest article of furniture, that it did one good to see it. It was also Sunday evening, and the peace of the Sabbath rested within the home as well as over the country.

When I returned to my herberg in the town it was quite dusk; but it had in the meantime been noised abroad that some sort of Scandinavian animal was to be seen at the inn; and it was now requested to come down and show itself.

I went down accordingly into the large saloon, and found a great number of people there, principally of the male sex, who increased more and more until there was a regular throng, and I had to shake hands with many most extraordinary figures. But one often sees such here in the west. The men work hard, and are careless regarding their toilette; they do not give themselves time to attend to it: but their unkempt outsides are no type of that which is within, as I frequently observed this evening. I also made a somewhat closer acquaintance, to my real pleasure, with a little company of more refined people; I say *refined* intentionally, not *better*, because those phrases, better and worse, are always indefinite and less suitable in this country than in any other; I mean well-bred and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, the aristocracy of Keokuk. Not being myself of a reserved disposition, I like the American open, frank, and friendly manner. It is easy to become acquainted, and it is very soon evident whether there is reciprocity of feeling or not.

We went on board between ten and eleven at night,

and the next morning were in the waters of the Missouri, which rush into those of the Mississippi, about eighteen miles north of St. Louis, with such vehemence, and with such a volume of water, that it altogether changes the character of the Mississippi. There is an end now to its calmness and its bright tint. It now flows onward restless and turbid, and stocks and trees, and every kind of lumber which can float, are whirled along upon its waves, all carried hither by the Missouri, which, during its impetuous career of more than three thousand miles through the wilderness of the west, bears along with it everything which it finds on its way. Missouri is a sort of Xantippe, but Mississippi is no Socrates, because he evidently allows himself to be disturbed by the influence of his ill-tempered spouse.

Opposite St. Louis boys were rowing about in little boats, endeavouring to fish up planks and branches of trees which were floating on the river.

The first view of St. Louis was very peculiar. The city looks as if it were besieged from the side of the river by a number of immense Mississippi beasts, resembling a sort of colossal white sea-bears. And so they were; they were those large three-decked, white-painted steamers, which lined the shore, lying closely side by side to the number of above a hundred; their streamers, with names from all the countries on the face of the earth fluttering in the wind above their chimneys, which seemed to me like immense nostrils; for every steam-boat on the Mississippi has two such apparatus, which send forth huge volumes of smoke under the influence of "high pressure."

When we reached St. Louis it was as warm as the middle of summer, and many of the trees in the streets yet bore verdant foliage. I recognise the tree of the south, the "pride of India," which bears clusters of flowers like lilacs during the time of flowering, and

afterwards clusters of red, poisonous berries; and the beautiful acacia, acanthus, and sycamore.

November 7th.—Scarcely had I reached St. Louis, when I was obliged to take to my bed in consequence of violent headache. My charming young friend from New England attended me as a young sister might have done. When she was obliged to leave me to proceed forward with her father, I found here an Irish servant-girl, who looked after me excellently during my short indisposition. I was soon better, and then went to pay a morning visit to the bridal pair, who are now residing at the hotel. It was in the forenoon; but the room in which the bride sate was darkened, and was only faintly lighted by the blaze of the fire. The bride was tall and delicately formed, but too thin; still she was lovely, and with a blooming complexion. She was quite young, and struck me like a rare hot-house plant scarcely able to endure the free winds of the open air. Her long taper fingers played with a number of little valuables fastened to a gold chain, which, hanging round her neck, reached to her waist. Her dress was costly and tasteful. She looked, however, more like an article of luxury than a young woman meant to be the mother of a family. The faint light of the room, the warmth of the fire, the soft, perfumed atmosphere, everything, in short, around this young bride seemed to speak of effeminacy. The bridegroom, however, was evidently no effeminate person, but a man and a gentleman. He was apparently very much enamoured of his young bride, whom he was now about to take, first to Cincinnati, and then to Florida and its perpetual summer. We were regaled with bride-cake and sweet wine.

When I left that perfumed apartment with its hot-house atmosphere and its half-daylight, in which was carefully tended a beautiful human flower, I was met by a heaven as blue as that of spring, and by a fresh, vernal

air, by sunshine and the song of birds among the whispering trees. The contrast was delightful. Ah, said I to myself, this is a different life! After all, that is not good; no, it is not good, it has not the freshness of nature, that life which so many ladies lead in this country; that life of twilight in comfortable rooms, rocking themselves by the fire-side from one year's end to another; that life of effeminate warmth and inactivity, by which means they exclude themselves from the fresh air, from fresh invigorating life! And the physical weakness of the ladies of this country must in great measure be ascribed to their effeminate education. It is a sort of harem-life, although with this difference, that they, unlike the Oriental women, are here in the Western country regarded as sultaneesses, and the men as their subjects. It has, nevertheless, the tendency to circumscribe their development and to divert them from their highest and noblest purpose. The harems of the West, no less than those of the East, degrade the life and the consciousness of woman.

After my visit to the bride, I visited various Catholic asylums and religious institutions, under the care of nuns. It was another aspect of female development which I beheld here. I saw, in two large asylums for poor orphan children, and in an institution for the restoration of fallen women (the Good Herder's Asylum), as well as at the hospital for the sick, the women who call themselves "sisters," living a true and great life as mothers of the orphan, as sisters and nurses of the fallen and the suffering. That was a refreshing, that was a strengthening sight!

I must observe, that Catholicism seems to me at this time to go beyond Protestantism, in the living imitation of Christ in good works. The Catholic Church of the New World has commenced a new life. It has cast off the old cloak of superstition and fanaticism, and it steps

orth rich in mercy. Convents are established in the New World in a renovated spirit. They are freed from their unmeaning existence, and are effectual in labours of love.

These convents here have large, light halls, instead of gloomy cells; they have nothing gloomy or mysterious about them; everything is calculated to give life and might free course. And how lovely they were, these conventual sisters in their noble, worthy, costume, with their quiet, fresh demeanour and activity. They seemed to me lovelier, fresher, happier, than the greater number of women living in the world whom I have seen. I must also remark, that their nuns' costume, in particular the head-dress, was, with all its simplicity, remarkably becoming and in good taste; and that gave me much pleasure. I do not know why beauty and piety should not thrive well together. Those horrible bonnets, or poke-caps, which are worn by the Sisters of Mercy in Savannah, would, if I were ill, frighten me from their hospital. On the contrary, the sight of the sisters here would assuredly make a sick person well.

During one of those prophetic visions, with which our Geijer closed his earthly career, he remarked, on a visit to me—"Convents must be re-established anew; not in the old form, but as free societies of women and men for the carrying out works of love!" I see them coming into operation in this country. And they must have yet a freer and milder form within the evangelical church. The deaconess institutions of Europe are their commencement.

The excess in the number of women in all countries on the face of the earth, shows that God has an intention in this which man would do well to attend to more and more. The human race needs spiritual mothers and sisters. Women acquire in these holy sisterhoods a power for the accomplishment of such duty which in their isolated state they could only obtain in exceptional

cases. As the brides and handmaidens of Christ, they attain to a higher life, a more expansive consciousness, a greater power. Whether similar religious societies of *men* are alike necessary and natural as those of women, I will not inquire into, but it seems to me that they are not. Men, it appears to me, are called to an activity of another kind, although for the same ultimate object—the extension of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

Last evening, and the evening before, I made my solitary journeys of discovery both within and without the city.

St. Louis is built on a series of wave-like terraces, considerably elevated above the Mississippi. It seems likely to become an immense city, and has begun to build its suburbs on the plain at great distances apart; but already roads are formed, and even a railroad and streets from one to another. These commencements of suburbs are generally on high ground, and command glorious views over the river and the country. Thick columns of coal-black smoke ascend, curling upwards in the calm air from various distances, betokening the existence of manufactories. It has a fine effect seen against the golden sky of evening, but those black columns send down showers of smuts and ashes over the city, and this has not a fine effect. They are building in the city lofty and vast warehouses, immense shops and houses of business. The position of the city near the junction of the Missouri and the Mississippi, its traffic on the former river, with the whole of the great West, and by the latter with the Northern, Southern and Eastern States, give to St. Louis the means of an almost unlimited increase. Probably a railroad will connect St. Louis with the Pacific Ocean. It is an undertaking which is warmly promoted by a number of active Western men, and this would give a still higher importance to the city. Emigration hither also

increases every year, and especially from Germany. How large this increase is may be shown by the fact that in 1845 its population amounted to thirty-five thousand souls, and that in 1849 it was nearly double that number. The State of Missouri has now about two millions of inhabitants, and is yet, as a State, not above thirty years old.

As I wandered through the streets in the twilight I saw various figures, both of men and animals, which gave me anything but pleasure. Such I had often seen and grieved over at New York; just such people, with the look half of savageness and half of misery, just such poor worn-out horses. Ah!—We need still to pray the Lord of all perfection, “Thy Kingdom come!” I returned to my hotel with a melancholy and heavy heart.

One of the peculiarities which I observed was the number of physicians, especially dentists, which seemed to abound. Every third or fourth house had its inscription of “Physician.” What could be the use of all their remedies here?

Among the persons who here visited me were some of the so-called “New-Church,” that is, Swedenborgians, who in consequence of my confession of Faith in “Morgon väkter,” had the opinion that I belonged to the “New Church.” I could not however acknowledge that I did belong to the New Church; for I find in the old, in its later development through the great thinkers of Germany and Scandinavia, a richer and a diviner life. Swedenborg’s doctrine of the Law of Correspondence has for its foundation, the belief and teaching of all profoundly-thinking people, from the Egyptians to the Scandinavians; but Swedenborg’s application of his doctrine appears to me not sufficiently grand and spiritual.

Everywhere in North America one meets with Swedenborgians. That which seems to be most generally accepted amongst them is the doctrines of Christ’s

divinity, and of the resemblance which the world of spirits bears to the earth, and its nearness to it.

In their church-yards, one often finds upon a white marble stone, beautiful inscriptions, such as,—

He (or she) entered the spiritual world, on such and such a day.

This is beautiful and true. For, I say with Tholuck, “Why say that our friend is *dead*. *Dead*, that word is so heavy, so lifeless, so gloomy, so unmeaning. Say that our friend has departed; that he has left us for a short time. That is better, and more true.”

CRYSTAL SPRINGS, Nov. 10th.

Since I last wrote I have removed to the beautiful home, and into the beautiful family, of Senator A. A pretty young girl, the sister of the master of the house, has given me her room, with its splendid view over the Mississippi and Missouri valley. But the beautiful weather has now changed into cold and autumnal fog, so that I can see nothing of all the glory. The air is very thick. But such days are of rare occurrence in this sunbright America, and the sun will soon make a way for itself again. Mr. A. has calculated the number of sunny days in a year, for three several years, and he has found them to be about three hundred and fifteen, the remainder were thunder-storms and rainy days, and of the latter the number was the smaller.

Mr. A. is an interesting and well-informed young man, well acquainted with every movement in the state of which he is a Senator as well as an active participator in its development. Thus, during the past summer, he has delivered no less than five hundred “stump-speeches,”—*

* Such is the name given to occasional speeches which are delivered with the intention of agitating for or advancing any object, by men who travel about for that purpose, and assemble an audience here and there, often in the fields or the woods, when they mount a tree-stump or any

I hope I have not made a mistake of a couple of hundred (in the number,) travelling about in Missouri advocating the laying down of a railway from St. Louis through Missouri to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and exhorting them to give in their adherence to the scheme. And he has been extremely successful; in St. Louis alone names are given in to the amount of two millions of dollars for the carrying out of the undertaking. It is true that they will have to tunnel through and to blast the solid walls of the Rocky Mountains, but what does that signify to an American?

The city of St. Louis was founded by rich traders. Dealers in furs and Catholic priests were the first who penetrated the wildernesses of the West, and ventured life to win, the former wealth, the latter souls.

Trade and religion are still at this moment the pioneers of civilisation in the Western country.

One of the most important branches of speculation and trade in and around St. Louis, is at the present time, the sale of land. The earlier emigrants hither who purchased land, now sell it by the foot at several thousand dollars a square foot. The exorbitant prices at which I have been told land sells here seem almost incredible to me. Certain it is that many people are now making great fortunes merely by the sale of their plots of ground. One German, formerly in low circumstances, has lately sold his plot, and has now returned to his native land with wealth to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. A., who is one of the "self-made men" of the great West, and who began his career at thirteen, by publishing a Penny Magazine, is now a land proprietor, and sells also

other improvised platform, and thence address the people, the more vehemently the better. Short but highly seasoned speeches, which go at once to the point in question, have the greatest success. Stump-speeches and stump-orators belong to the characteristic scenes of the great West.

plots or pieces of ground for large sums. He, like Mr. Downing, (with whom he has, also in appearance, a certain resemblance,) unites at the same time the practical man and the poetical temperament, in particular for natural objects.

There is a great number of Germans in St. Louis. They have music and dancing parties which are zealously attended. There are also here both French and Spaniards. At the hotels all is in the French style, with French names for dishes and wines. The Irish here, as everywhere else, throughout the United States, constitute the labouring population; excepting negro-slaves, the greater portion of servants are Irish.

Spite of the greatly increasing trade of the city, it is still extremely difficult, nay almost impossible for a young emigrant to obtain a situation in any place of business. If, on the contrary however, he will begin by doing coarse hand-labour, as a miller's man, for instance, or a worker in a manufactory, he can easily find employment and get good wages. And if he lives carefully he may soon gain sufficient to undertake higher employment. Better still are his prospects if he can superintend some handicraft trade, he is then in a fair way to become the artificer of his own fortune.

November 11th.—Again summer and sunshine, and a glorious view over the Mississippi and the expanse of country! The heavens are light blue, the earth is light green, everything is bathed in light. I have walked with my young friend over the hills around this place, and Mr. A. has driven me out to see the whole neighbourhood. That which always strikes me most in the great West, is the vastness and extensiveness of the landscape. It produces upon me a peculiarly cheerful and expansive feeling. I cannot but involuntarily smile, as I seem to long to stretch out my arms and fly over the earth. It feels to me very stupid and strange this not being able to do so.

Mr. A. drove me to part of the neighbourhood where the wealthy citizens of St. Louis built their villas. There are already upon the hills, (though they can hardly be called hills, but merely terraces or plateaux,) and in the valleys, whole streets and groups of pretty country-houses, many of them really splendid, surrounded by trees, and flowers, and vines, and other creepers. How life increases here, how rapidly and how joyously! But do no tares spring up with the wheat? I have still hope, although I have lost my faith in the Millennium of the great West.

The State of Missouri seems to be not only one of the largest States of the Union, but one of the richest also, as regards natural beauty and natural resources. They speak of its northern portion as of the natural garden of the West; it possesses westward, lofty mountains, rich in metals, interspersed with immense prairies and forest; southward, towards Arkansas, it becomes boggy, and abounds in morasses. To the west of the State lies the Indian Territory, the people of which have embraced Christianity and civilisation. The Cherokees are the principal, but many other tribes have united themselves to this in smaller associations, as the family of Choctaws, Chickasaws, Fox and Sacs Indians. Whether this Indian territory stands in the same relationship to the government of the United States as other territory during its period of gradation and preparation, and whether at some future time it will become an independent Indian State in the great Union, I do not know decidedly, though I regard it as probable.

Missouri is a Slave State. But it seems at this moment to maintain the institution of slavery rather out of bravado than from any belief in its necessity. It has no products which might not be cultivated by white labourers, as its climate does not belong to the hot south. Missouri also sells its slaves assiduously "down south."

"Are you a Christian?" inquired I from a young handsome Mulatto woman who waited on me here.

"No Missis, I am not."

"Have you not been baptised? Have you not been taught about Christ?"

"Yes, Missis, I have a god-mother, a negro-woman, who was very religious, and who instructed me."

"Do you not believe what she told you about Christ?"

"Yes, Missis; but I don't *feel* it here, Missis," and she laid her hand on her breast.

"Where were you brought up?"

"A long way from here, up the Missouri, Missis; a long way off!"

"Were your owners good to you?"

"Yes, Missis; they never gave me a bad word."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, Missis, but my husband is a long way off with his master."

"Have you any children?"

"I have had six, Missis; but have not a single one left. Three are dead, and they have sold the other three away from me. When they took from me the last little girl, Oh, I believed I never should have got over it! It almost broke my heart!"

And they were so-called Christians who did that! It was not wonderful that she, the negro slave, had a difficulty in *feeling* Christianity, that she could not feel herself a Christian. What a life! Bereaved of husband, children, of all that she had, without any prospect of an independent existence; possessed of nothing on the face of the earth; condemned to toil, toil, toil, without hope of reward or day of rest! Why should it be strange if she became stupid or indifferent, nay, even hostile, and bitter in her feelings towards those in whose power she is, they who call themselves her protectors, and yet who

robbed her of her all? Even of that last little girl, that youngest, dearest, only child!

This pagan institution of slavery, leads to transactions so inconsistent, so inhuman, that sometimes in this country, this Christian, liberal America, it is a difficult thing for me to believe them possible, difficult to comprehend how they can be reality and not a dream! It is so difficult for me to realise them.

The topic of interest at this moment in St. Louis is the return of Senator Benton from Washington, and his great speech in the State's house, to give an account of his conduct in Congress, as regards the great and momentous question between the Northern and the Southern States. Such speeches, explanatory or in justification of their line of conduct, are customary in all the States on the return of the senators to the State which they represent in Congress. I read Colonel Benton's speech last evening. The bold representative of the Slave State, who alike openly vindicated its rights as such, while he condemned slavery, is here also like himself, bold, candid, unabashed, half man and half beast of prey, rending to pieces with beak and claws, and full of enjoyment in so doing.

I remember the last words of his speech, which are really manly and excellent.

"I value a *good* popularity, that is to say, the applause of good men. That of all others I shall ever disregard; and I shall welcome censure which is hurled at me by the illiberal and the mean."

Missouri as well as Arkansas has a deal of heathenism, and a deal of wild, uncultivated land still. Civilisation is at yet at its commencement in these States. And slavery retards its progress as with strong fetters. Fights and bloody duels are of frequent occurrence among the white population. Bowie knives and pistols belong to the wardrobe of a man, especially when travelling in the State.

Besides he must be continually prepared to meet with those unprincipled fortune-hunters, who hasten from Europe and the Eastern States (the prodigal sons of those countries), into the West to find there a freer scope for their savage passions.

To-morrow, or the day after, I steer my course to Cincinnati; whence I shall write to you again.

CINCINNATI, *Nov. 30th.*

Only a kiss in spirit and a few lines to-day, because I have so many irons in the fire that I am, as it were, a little bewildered in my head, but that is with sweet wine!

I have been located since last Tuesday in the most agreeable and the most kind of homes, where those most agreeable of human beings and married people, Mr. and Mrs. S., middle-aged, that is to say, about fifty, wealthy and without children, find their happiness in gathering around them friends and relations, and in making them happy. I am occupying one of the many guest-chambers of their handsome and spacious house, and am treated with as much kindness as if I were a member of the family. A pale, gentle, and grave young clergyman (a mourning widower), and two unmarried ladies, relations of my entertainers, compose the family. My host, a giant in stature, and his little wife, have a good deal of humour, so that there is no lack of savoury salt for the every-day meal.

A word now about the journey hither from St. Louis. It was made in six days, by the *Asia*, safely and quietly, spite of the uneasy companionship of four-and-twenty little children, from ten years to a few months old. One thought oneself well off if only a third of the number were not crying at once. There were also some passengers of the second or third sort, ladies who smoked their pipes and blew their noses with their

fingers, and then came and asked how one liked America? Usch! There are no greater contrasts than exist between the cultivated and the uncultivated ladies of this country.

One mother with her daughter pleased me nevertheless by their appearance and their evident mutual affection. But just as I was about to make some advances to the mother, she began with the question whether the United States answered my expectations? And that operated upon me like a bomb.

I spent my time, for the most part, quietly in my own cabin, finding companionship in my books, and in the spectacle presented by the banks of the river. When evening came, and with it candles, I had the amusement of the children's going to bed in the saloon, for there were not berths for them all. There was among the passengers one young mother, not above thirty years old, with eight children, the youngest still at the breast. She had gone with her husband and children to settle in the far West in some one of the Mississippi states, but the husband had fallen ill of cholera on the way, and died within four-and-twenty hours. And now the young mother was returning with all her fatherless little ones to her paternal home. She was still very pretty, and her figure delicate. Although now and then a tear might be seen trickling down her cheek as she sate in the evening nursing her little baby, yet she did not seem overcome by her loss, or greatly cast down. Seven of the children, four boys and three girls, were laid each evening in one large bed, made upon a long mattress, exactly in front of my door, without any other bedding than this mattress and a coverlet thrown over them. I had a deal of amusement in a little lad of three years old, a regular Cupid, both in head and figure, whose little shirt scarcely reached to his middle. He could not manage to be comfortable in the general bed, and longed probably for the warm

mother's bosom ; and therefore continually crept out of the former, and stole softly and resolutely, in his Adamic innocence, into the circle of ladies, who were sitting round the room talking or sewing by lamp-light. Here he was snapped up by his mother in his short shirt (much in the same way as our dairy-maids may snap up by their wings a chicken which they will put into a pen, or into the pot), and thus carried through the room back to his bed, where he was thrust in, à la chicken, with a couple of slaps upon that portion of his body which his little shirt did not defend, and then covered in with the quilt. In vain. He was soon seen again, white and round, above the quilt, spite of the hands of brothers and sisters, which let fall upon him a shower of blows : higher and higher he rose, raised himself on hands and feet, and, the next minute, my curly-headed Cupid stood on his two bare feet, and walked in among the circle of ladies, lovely, determined, and untroubled by the plague of clothes, or by bashfulness, where he was received by a burst of laughter, to be snapped up again by his mother, and again thrust under the quilt with an extra whipping, but too gentle to make any very deep impression. Again the same scene was renewed, to my great amusement, certainly six or seven times during an hour or two each evening. A little crying, it is true, always accompanied it ; but the perseverance, and the calm good humour of the little Cupid were as remarkable as his beauty, worthy of an Albano's pencil. But pardon me ! such tableaux are not exactly of your kind. Nevertheless you should have seen this !

Now for the scenery by the way. A little below St. Louis, we saw on the Mississippi, the magnificent three-decked steamer, the St. Louis, run aground in the middle of the river. We steamed past without troubling ourselves about it. It was a beautiful and sunny day. The landscape on the banks presented, for

some time, nothing remarkable. Presently, however, on the Missouri bank rose up, close to the river, perpendicular cliffs, the walls of which presented the most remarkable imagery in bas-relief, sometimes, also, in high relief, of altars, urns, columns and pyramids, porticoes and statues, which it is difficult to persuade one's self are chiselled by the hand of nature, and not of art. These remarkable rocky walls occur at various places, but detached, and only along the Missouri shore.

Thus, still proceeding southward down the Mississippi, we arrived at the embouchure of the Ohio. The scenery here is expansive and flat. The clear blue Ohio, "the beautiful river," flows calmly and confidently into the turbid Mississippi-Missouri, as the serene soul of one friend into the disquieted mind of another. The banks of both rivers are overgrown with brushwood. The whole region has a mild and cheerful appearance. A little deserted and desolate settlement lay, with its ruinous houses, upon the point between the two rivers. It was called Cairo. It was intended for a great trading town; but had been found so unhealthy that, after several unsuccessful attempts, it had been finally abandoned.

The Asia turned her course majestically eastward, from the Mississippi up the Ohio, between the two States of Ohio and Kentucky. The Ohio river is considerably smaller than the Mississippi, the shores are higher, and more wood-covered. The river is clear and beautiful. One sees first along the banks trees being felled, and log-huts; then come farms, and lastly, beautiful country-houses upon the hills, which increase in height and in degree of cultivation. The trees become tall and beautiful on each side the river, and in their leafy branches may be observed green knots and clusters which, in the distance, look not unlike birds' nests. These are mistletoe, which here grows luxuriantly. The views now expand, the trees become more scattered, the hills retire backwards,

and upon the shore of the beautiful Ohio rises, with glittering church-spires, and surrounded by vineyards and ornamental villas, with a background of a semi-circle of two hills, a large city; it is Cincinnati, the Queen of the West.

Sixty years since this city was not in existence. Its first founder was living here only two years since. Now it has one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. That one may call *growth*.

Before I leave the Asia, I must cast a parting glance at Mehala, the good old negro woman, the stewardess of the vessel. She was one of those good-tempered, excellent creatures, of whom one cannot help growing fond, and endowed with a great deal of that tact and prudence which belong to the negro-race. She had had fourteen children, but had lost them all by death and slave-dealing. She knew, only for a certainty, where three of them were to be found, and that was at a great distance. She spoke sorrowfully, but without bitterness. She now belonged to a German family, who had, at her own desire, hired her out for service on the vessel, "Because," she said, "they did not understand how to treat their servants." All her aim and endeavour was to save sufficient to purchase her own freedom; then she could, she knew, go to her married daughter in Kentucky, and there maintain herself by washing. She had already saved a little sum. On taking leave, the excellent old woman embraced me so cordially that it did my very heart good. As a contrast to this woman was another the laundress on board, as cross and ill-tempered as the other was amiable.

The Asia had not long reached Cincinnati when a mild pale gentleman came on board and conveyed me in a carriage to the new home whither I had been invited. This was the clergyman, friend, and guest of the family, and of whom I have already spoken. When th

door of the house opened I was met by a young-middle-aged lady, whose charming countenance bore such a speaking impression of goodness and benevolence that I felt myself involuntarily attracted to her, and glad to be in her house; and the attraction and the pleasure have increased ever since.

I have heard Cincinnati variously called "The Queen of the West," "The City of Roses," and "The City of Hogs." It deserves all three names. It is a handsome, nay, a magnificent city, with the most beautiful situation among vineyard-hills, green heights adorned with beautiful villas, and that beautiful river, Ohio, with its rich life and its clear water. It has, in the time of roses, it is said, really an exuberant splendour from these flowers, and I see roses still shining forth pleasantly among the evergreen *arbor vitæ* on the terraces, before the beautiful houses. But the predominant character at this moment, is as "the city of hogs." This is, namely, the season when the great droves of these respectable four-footed citizens come from the western farms and villages to Cincinnati, there to be slaughtered in a large establishment solely appropriated to this purpose, after which they are salted and sent to the eastern and southern States. I have many times met in the streets whole regiments of swine, before which I made a hasty retreat, partly because they entirely fill up the whole street, partly because their stench fills the air and poisons it. I called them respectable (*aktningss-vård*), because I in every way guard (*akta*) myself against them. I have a salutary abhorrence of the whole of their race in this country, and if I could but impart the same to many others, then would there be many healthier and happier people than there are. I now see that Moses was a much wiser man and legislator than I imagined. If he could come back, be made President of the United States, and prohibit the eating of swine's-flesh, and enforce the

prohibition and drive all swine out of the country, then would the Union be saved from the greatest evil after civil war, from—*Dyspepsia!*

But among so much that is beautiful and so much that is good, I ought not any longer to detain myself with pigs!

I have had some beautiful rambles here and there in the neighbourhood, and have made many interesting acquaintance also out of the house. Foremost among these must I mention the Phrenologist, Dr. Buchanan, an intellectual, eccentric little man, full of life and human love, who greatly interests me by his personal character and by the large views which he takes in his Neurology and Analysis of the human brain, "of the immense possibilities of man," allowing at the same time wide scope to the freedom of the human will. Buchanan is, in a high degree, a spiritualist, and he regards spiritual powers too as the most potent agents of all formation; regards the immaterial life as the determiner of the material. Thus he considers the will in man as determining the inner being, as influencing the development of the ductile brain, for good or for evil, and the ductile brain as operating upon, elevating or depressing the skull.

Farther, I am cheered in a high degree by the views current here, on the subject of Slavery and its possible eradication, and as regards the future of the negroes, as well as of Africa, through its colonisation by Christian negroes from America, settled on the coast of Africa, and by the products of free labour in a wholly tropical climate being superior to that of slave-labour in a half-tropical climate.

I read, in the African Repository, a periodical which is published here by Mr. D. Christy, agent of the Colonisation Society in Ohio, some interesting papers on the subject of Liberia and Sierra Leone, and the

increase of the colonies on the coast of Africa. The State of Ohio has lately taken a decided step by the purchase of a large district of country on the African coast, called Gallinas, several hundred miles in extent, and where the slave-trade was hitherto greatly carried on. Some wealthy men in Cincinnati have appropriated several thousands of dollars to this purpose; and, in consequence of this circumstance, and the new country being colonised by free negroes from Ohio—it is called Ohio in Africa. An essential barrier has thus been placed against the continuance of the slave-trade on the African coast.

A States-Convention is at the present moment being held here, which consists of one hundred and eight citizens, for the alteration, or to speak more correctly, for the development of the Constitution of the State, which is now probably fifty years old. I was present yesterday at one of the sittings, and shook hands with a considerable number of the wise fathers, most of whom are handsome, middle-aged men, with open countenances, and broad, clever foreheads. A great portion of the members are lawyers; there are however several farmers, merchants, and men of different trades. Two only of the members were unmarried men. The object which the Convention has in view is to extend the power of the people, as for example, in the appointment of judges and other official persons.

There are besides other interesting objects which are a refreshment to my inmost being. There is really in Ohio a movement of central life as well in thought as in action, which I have not met with in any other State of America. And, however it may be, I seem to be living here in the very centre of the New World.

In short, my little heart, *I live*. I embrace in my spirit the present and the future, in various developments, in various parts of the earth, near and afar; and I feel

that much is developing itself within my own soul, which formerly lay bound, or merely lived with a half-existence ; and I thank God !

December.—I have now resided nearly three weeks in this good home, with these kind and good S.'s, and seen a good deal of the people and of the city, as well as of the beautiful region around this place. The country is of the most beautiful and of the most attractive character that any one can imagine ; lovely villas are scattered over the fertile hills, and commanding the most glorious views over the river and the whole country. The people, yes—they are even here of all sorts, the good and the bad, the agreeable and the disagreeable ; some most amiable, with whom one would wish to remain long, to remain always, and others whom one would wish—where the pepper grows. Yet the greater number whom I have seen, belong to the good and charming, and I have enjoyed much happiness with them.

I saw three young brides at a bridal party the other day, all of them very handsome, one remarkably so, for a beautiful soul beamed in her countenance. I said to her with my whole heart, " God bless you ! " I saw on this occasion many beautiful toilettes, and many beautiful faces. The American ladies dress well and with good taste. And here indeed one seems to meet nothing but handsome faces, scarcely a countenance which may be called ugly. Yet, nevertheless, I think it would be a refreshment to see such a one, if in it I found that beauty which seems to me generally, not always, to be deficient in these truly lovely human roses, and which I may compare to the dewy rose-bud in its morning hour. There is a deficiency of shadow, of repose, of the mystery of being, of that nameless, innermost depth, which attracts the mind with a silent power in the consciousness of hidden and noble treasure. There is a deficiency of that quiet grace of being, which in itself alone is

beauty. Am I unjust? Is it the glitter of the drawing-room and the chandelier which bewilders me?

One observation I considered as well founded. Artifice and vanity exercise no less power over our sex in this country than they do in the great cities of Europe, and far more than in our good Sweden. Some proofs of this fact have almost confounded me. The luxurious habits and passion for pleasure of young married ladies have not unfrequently driven their husbands to despair and to drunkenness. I once heard a young and handsome lady say, "I think that ladies, after they are married, are too little among gentlemen. When I go to a ball I always make it a duty to forget my children."

A scandalous law-suit is now pending here between a young couple who have been married a few years. It was a most magnificent wedding; the establishment, furniture, everything was as expensive and splendid as possible. It was all silk, and velvet, and jewels. Soon, however, discord arose between the married pair, in consequence, it is said, of the young wife's obstinacy in rousing against the wish of her husband. Her vain and foolish mother appears to have taken the side of the daughter against the husband, and now the two are parted, and a correspondence is published which redounds to the honour of none of the family.

On the other hand, the besetting sins of the men in the Great West, are gambling and drunkenness; all may be summed up in that style of living which is called recklessness.

"For what do people marry here in the West; for love or for money?" inquired I of an elderly, clever, and intellectual gentleman, one of my friends.

"For money," replied he, shortly.

His wife objected to that severe judgment; but he would not retract it, and she was obliged to concede

that money had a great influence, after all, in the decision of a match.

That marriages, in spite of this, should often turn out happy, must be attributed to our Lord's mercy, and to the firm, moral principles which are instilled into this generation by nature and education, and supported by the influence of general moral opinion. Nor is it other than natural, that under such circumstances many marriages are also unhappy, and that the number of divorces is large in a portion of the American States where the law does not lay any very momentous impediment in the way. The frequency of divorce here may also be caused by the circumstance of the Americans having less patience than other people with imperfection, and preferring to cut the Gordian knot asunder, rather than to labour through a course of years in unloosening it. "Life is short!" say they.

Yet in the meantime have I nowhere seen more perfectly happy marriages than in America; *but* these were not entered into for the sake of money.

"What is there better here in the Western States than in those of the East, that makes you prefer living here?" inquired I from my excellent hostess.

"More freedom and less prejudice," replied she; "more regard to the man than to his dress and his external circumstances; a freer scope for thought and enterprise, and more leisure for social life."

And yet, I seem to have remarked, that shortness of temper, impatience, misunderstandings, and envyings, all the petty feuds of social life, take up their quarters here no less than in other great cities of the New World. The good seed and the tares spring up together everywhere in the fields of the earth, whether in the West, or whether in the East.

The climate of Cincinnati is not good; the air is keen, and the rapid alternations in the weather, may have

some effect in producing that irritability of temperament which I seem to observe.

It has been a pleasure to me whilst here to attend various lectures, and foremost among them I must mention Dr. Buchanan's animated and really intellectual extempore address in the Medical College, on the activity of the brain and its relationship to human free-will. Another also on Lord Bacon of Verulam by the young Unitarian minister, Mr. Livermore, which was interesting from its impartiality and its profound psychological glance. A third was by a planter and quondam slaveholder, Mr. Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, who emancipated the slaves upon his plantation, and now, having come forward as the opponent of slavery, a hostile feeling has been excited against him in the Slave States. Hence it happened that during a public lecture given by him on the slavery question a year ago at a city of Kentucky (Louisville I believe), he was attacked by a ferocious man and his adherents, who beat and cut him dreadfully, whilst he, unprepared for such an onslaught, had no weapon wherewith to defend himself. Already severely wounded by many bowie-knives, he would probably have perished, had not his little son of thirteen bravely thrust his way through the crowd to his father, and given him a bowie-knife for his defence. Clay could now stand on the defensive, and he did that with so much effect that he gave his opponent his death-wound. He himself lay sick of the wounds which he had received for nearly twelve months, and this was now the first time after his recovery that he had given a public lecture, but not now in Kentucky, in Ohio.

The large hall in which he was to speak was full to overflowing. I had already become acquainted with him at the bridal party, and he had since then paid me a visit, and I was pleased with his manly, determined demeanour, and the deep glance in his dark blue eye, as well as by

the view he took of the necessarily rude and low condition of a State in which slavery is a "domestic institution;" of the corrupting influence of slavery on the morals and tone of mind, and as a consequence thereof the dominion of the pistol and the bowie-knife. His belief was that negro-slaves might and ought to be transformed into free-labourers. I inquired from him how his own slaves conducted themselves as free men.

"Excellently!" replied he. "But there were not many of them, and they had by degrees been prepared for freedom."

He inveighed boldly and earnestly in his speech this evening against an institution which loosened all family-bonds and degraded women, and he uttered a violent tirade against the new Fugitive Slave Bill, as well as against Daniel Webster, who had supported it. He recalled to his recollection a painting, which he had seen as a child, in which the fires of purgatory were represented. There might be seen various poor sinners who were endeavouring to come forth from the devouring flames, but a superintendant devil stood by with horns and claws, and a huge hay-fork in his hand, ever ready to seize each poor soul about to escape from the fire, to take him on the prongs of his fork and hurl him back again. This superintendant devil he recognised as Daniel Webster.

That was the brilliant point in the speech, which throughout was controversial, and which passed over from the Slave Bill and Webster, to the Bible and Christianity. The clever combatant was not successful on this ground, and proved himself to be a poor theologian, inasmuch as he mistook Christianity for that contracted church which adhered to dogmas, and measured the doctrines of the Bible according to their abuse or their irrational misapplication. But this abuse of Scripture is so common among the defenders of slavery, even

among the clergy, that I am not surprised at many persons being provoked by it, and being led to suspect the wells of truth, from which men will draw up lies.

The numerous assembly, however, had a keen sense, they perceived the error and preserved silence. The speaker, who had been received with demonstrations of great enthusiasm, found his audience much cooled at the close.

Ohio is, as you know, a free State, and exactly on the opposite side of the beautiful river which bears its name, lies the Slave State of Kentucky, and slaves flying across the river to reach a free shore were heard of formerly as an every-day occurrence. Now such a flight avails nothing to the poor slaves. They are pursued and recaptured as well in a free as in a Slave State.

I have heard histories of the flight of slaves which are full of the most intense interest, and I cannot conceive why these incidents do not become the subjects of romances and novels in the literature of this country. I know no subject which could furnish opportunities for more heart-rending or more picturesque descriptions and scenes. The slaves, for example, who fly "the way of the North Star," as it is called, who know no other road to liberty than the road towards the north, who wander on by night when it shines, and conceal themselves by day in the deep forests, where sometimes gentle Friends (Quakers) carry out food to them, without which they would probably perish; this journey with its dangers and its anticipations, its natural scenery, and its nocturnal guiding star;—what subjects are here for the pen of genius! Add to this the converse, the agony or the joy of warm, loving, suffering human hearts—in short, here are subjects of a higher romantic interest than are found in Chateaubriand's "Attala." I cannot understand how, in particular, noble-minded American women, American mothers who have hearts and genius, do not take up the

subject, and treat it with a power which should pierce through bone and marrow, should reduce all the prudential maxims of statesmen to dust and ashes, and create a revolution even in the old widely-praised constitution itself. It is the right of the woman; it is the right of the mother, which suffers most severely through slavery. And if the heart of the woman and the mother would throb warmly and strongly with maternal life's blood, I am convinced that the earth, the spiritual earth of the United States, must quake thereby and overthrow slavery!

Often when I have heard the adventures of fugitive slaves, their successful escape or their destruction, and have thought of the scenery of America, and of those occurrences which naturally suggest themselves on "the way of the North Star," I have had a wish and a longing desire to write the history of a fugitive pair, so as it seems to me, it ought to be written, and I have been inclined to collect materials for that purpose. And if I lived by this river, and amid these scenes, I know for what object I should then live. But as it is I am deficient in local knowledge. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the particular detail of circumstances which would be indispensable for such a delineation, which ought to be true, and take a strong hold upon the reader. That office belongs to others beside myself. I will hope for and expect—the *American mother*.

Ohio is called "the Buck-eye State," from the brown fruit of a kind of chesnut called the buck-eye, which is very general throughout the State. The State is said to possess a fertile soil, good for grain and the rearing of cattle, and pastorally beautiful scenery, although not of a magnificent character. Both this State and Kentucky are renowned for their fine trees. I regret that the season of the year does not permit of my seeing more of their beauty and of the country; of that rich country which

could maintain eight or ten millions of inhabitants beyond its present number.

All within doors is good, peaceful, and charming. A new guest, a friend of the family, has enlivened the social circle for the last few days. He is a Mr. D., from New England, but not at all a Yankee in disposition; on the contrary, he seems quite refined, very dapper, and highly perfumed, as if he had just stepped out of Madame de Sevigné's drawing-room circle into ours. He interests himself principally in social life and literature, in his friends and acquaintance, in agreeable objects and the pleasures of the hour; he is an amateur of handsome ladies, bon-mots, and *bonne chère*; is acquainted with the minutest niceties of Shakespeare; and is able to see great things in a little billet of four lines written by a lady's hand; for the rest, he is an honourable man, a devoted friend, a good companion, and one who talks well on every-day subjects.

He has given a new turn to our observations of the great West, regarding it from a mythological point of view, and as a new Jothunhem with Thor and Loke, the Hrimthursar and Giants. And the comparisons which he makes between the Scandinavian Jothunhem, its heroes and their adventures, which he reads from a translation of Sturleson's Edda, by the poet Longfellow, and that of the New World's now existing Jothunhem and its giants, furnish occasion for many amusing narratives and relations. Thus the extreme West becomes the new Utgård, full of monsters and witches; the mammoth grotto is the glove of Skirnin; the divine hog, Schrimmer, lives here a thousandfold, and the achievements of Thor and Starkodder are renewed in those of the giants of the giant-river and the states of the Mississippi. Of these we have a great number of anecdotes, which season our meals, and our host, Mr. S., (whom Mr. D. and I call "the good Jothun," and who

seems to like the title very well), contributes many a racy and amusing addition to this mythology of the West. See here two specimens.

“A man, one of the men of the West, was standing on the shore of the Mississippi, when a steamer blew up in the air, on which he exclaimed, ‘By G—! the Americans are a great people!’” A common exclamation in the great West on every occasion.

“Another man, a Viking on the Mississippi, struck his boat upon a snag in the river, and as he himself hung upon this, he exclaimed, while his boat was dashed to pieces—

‘Hail, Columbia, happy land!
If I’m not lost, I’ll be d——d!’”

“Another man, a passenger in one of the Mississippi steamers, lately got into a quarrel with another passenger. They went upon the upper deck and exchanged a few shots, and then came down again as if they had only been playing at ball. One of these gentlemen looked rather pale and went into his cabin, but came out morning, noon, and evening, regularly to his meals for two days; on the third, however, he was found dead in his bed, with five bullets in his body.”

One must confess that this was taking the matter coolly.

A certain humorous exaggeration seems to be characteristic of the inhabitants of the West, as well in their combatant disposition as in expression. Kentucky is particularly accused of this, and gives occasion for many amusing stories. Thus it is told of a Kentucky man, that he boasted of the fertility of the soil of Kentucky in the following words—“If we manure well, and sow corn (maize), we shall get about one hundred and fifty grains for each one; if we sow without manure, we get one hundred; and if we neither manure nor sow, we get about fifty.”

The Jothun histories belong now to our daily bread, and new ones come up every day. With Mr. S., the pale minister, I do not, however, talk about such things, but, on the contrary, of theology and Swedenborgology. We dispute a little, but I find so much to learn from the crystalline truth and beauty of his soul, that I have more pleasure in listening to its quiet expression than in maintaining my own arguments. He is one of the quiet in the land, whose lives are their best teaching. He still sorrows deeply for his departed wife.

“People do not know how sufficiently to value the blessings of matrimony,” said he to me on one occasion. “We do not live in marriage up to the height of that happiness and that life, which we nevertheless hold in our own hand.”

Miss Harriet, the eldest sister of Mrs. S., an excellent, stout, grave, elderly lady, near upon sixty, does not make her appearance till dinner, and but very seldom in the drawing-room. On the contrary, I often found that she had some employment in my room, in my chest of drawers, and about my wash-stand, and that it was done stealthily, which appeared to me a little extraordinary, until I put in connection with it another extraordinary thing, and thus by means of the latter was able to explain the former. I discovered, namely, in my drawers, that a collar or a pair of muslin sleeves which I had laid aside because they had become somewhat too grey for wear, had re-assumed, by some inexplicable means, their pure white colour, and lay there fresh washed and ironed as if of themselves. In the same way I found that the old collar had been mended, and still more, a new collar exhibited itself trimmed with real lace, and a new pair of muslin sleeves which had never been there before, but which were exactly of the kind that I wore,—and for all that, Miss Harriet, when I met her, looked as grave as ever, and just as if she would say that she never concerned herself with other people's

affairs, and wished that neither would others trouble themselves about hers. It was some time before I, in real earnest, began to suspect that Miss Harriet had taken upon herself the charge of the getting up and repairing of my fine linen, and supplying such new as I seemed to stand in need of. And when at length I charged her with it, she tried to look a little cross, but that good, roguish smile betrayed her; and the good, kind, sisterly soul has since then not been able to keep me at a distance by her somewhat harsh voice, and grave manner. But that this voice never spoke other than in truth, and that under that apparently cold demeanour there dwelt a good, honest heart, a clear and sound understanding, a somewhat jocose and excellent temper and powers of conversation—all this I discovered by degrees, although I had been assured by Mr. H.

And who is Mr. H.? Mr. Lerner H. is one of the gentleman friends of the house, a man whom I would very gladly have for a friend. More of him you will probably know hereafter, as we are to be fellow-travellers to New Orleans.

Miss V., the second and younger friend and inmate of the family, is so silent and quiet, and it is merely from the lofty, intellectual forehead, and the repose of the whole noble figure, that one is led to suppose her to be the possessor of more than ordinary talent. True, however it is, that now and then an observation is made, or some play of words is quietly and carelessly uttered, which makes one turn one's head, at once amused and surprised, towards the unpretending Miss V., because one seldom hears anywhere anything so good as what she has said.

Thus to-day, at dinner, when they were talking of the excitement which Jenny Lind had produced in the United States, somebody said that they had seen an announcement offering "Jenny-Lind herrings" for sale, and Miss V.

immediately remarked that it was a *selfish idea*. And when we began to laugh, and some one said—"Oh, Miss V., do you make such puns?" our good Jothun returned, à la Kentuckian, "Yes, certainly, yes, certainly, she does nothing else. She it is who furnishes all our newspapers with puns."

But she does other things also for the pleasure of the family, and among these is the manipulation of delicate sponge-cake, the best cake which is made in this country, and of which I have here an abundance, as a reminder of the giant-character of the great West.

You thus may see a little of our every-day life; but the pearl of all to me in social life and conversation is, my charming, sensible, and kind hostess.

I have also here the pleasure of frequently hearing pieces by Beethoven played by a young girl, Miss K. G., one of the most intimate friends of the family; and played with so much fidelity, with such an inward comprehension, that not a tone nor intention of the great master is lost. This is a source to me of the greatest enjoyment. This young lady has in her appearance a great deal of that inward, beaming beauty, which I value beyond the mere exterior beauty, which is more common in the youthful countenances of this country. At my request she has carefully studied Beethoven's second adagio in the fourth symphony which so much charmed me at Boston. Among the people who have given me pleasure here, I must mention a young poetess, Mrs. L., handsome, highly-gifted, and amiable. It is a real musical delight to hear her read poetry.

Many Swedes are resident at this place, and among them several who, after having been unsuccessful in the Old World, have succeeded in the New, and are now in comfortable circumstances. One of these has made his fortune by exhibiting "Hell," a youthful production of the American sculptor, Hiram Powers, who was born in

Cincinnati, worked here at a watchmaker's, and here commenced various works of art. Among these was a mechanical, moving representation of Hell. The Swede purchased it, set it up in a kind of museum, invited people to come and see how things went on in Hell, passed some violent electric shocks among them, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and is now a rich man, with wife, children, and country-house, all acquired by his representation of Hell!

There are some American homes in Cincinnati into which I will introduce you. First to the home where a young widowed mother lives for the education and development of her five beautiful little boys into good Christians and fellow citizens; then to the home where married couples without children make life rich to one another through kindness and intelligence, dispelling ennui from their fireside, and causing sickness to become a means of deeper union between heart and heart, between heaven and earth. This is in particular a home where I know you would feel as I did; for it is beautiful to see people live well, but still more beautiful, and still more rare to see them die so. And in this home there is one dying; quite a young girl, lovely as a rose-bud, and with such a fresh rose-tint on her cheek so that no stranger could believe that death was at her heart. But she must die, and her mother knows it too. She suffers from a fatal disease of the heart; and the heart, which is becoming too large for the narrow chest, will cease to beat in a few weeks. Both mother and daughter know this, and prepare themselves, during the days and nights of suffering which they spend together, for their approaching separation, and this with heavenly light and tranquillity. They speak of it to each other, as of something beautiful for the younger one, and she prepares herself for the companionship of angels, by becoming beneath the cross of suffering more patient, more affectionate to all; more like an angel still. There

is nothing gloomy in this sick room; friends come thither with presents and with love, still more to gladden the young girl whilst she lingers on the brink of the grave, and to obtain from her, a word or a glance from that heaven with which she is already in communion.

This serenity as regards death, and this preparation for its approach, are of more general occurrence among the people of England and North America than in any other country that I am acquainted with. People there regard it as one of their human privileges that, as it must occur to become acquainted with its state, and their own pilgrimage of death; to approach the hour of their change with an open glance and a vigilant mind, and, with a full consciousness of the importance of their transit, to prepare themselves for it.

December 16th.—A day of supreme life from a great number of living interests and thoughts. Thoughts regarding the human brain, and the central point of view in which man stands with regard to the whole universe; glimpses of pre-vision from this sun and point of sight through an infinite expanse into the realms of all life, are predominant in my soul. Shall I ever be in full possession of myself, ever fully possess the world of thought which flashes through my soul?

I cannot write much more to you to-day, because I must write many letters, and above all one to Böklin, which I shall inclose in this, and which you can read if you so incline. It will complete various things in my letter to you. Spite of all the interests which detain me here, and all the charms of my home, I long to proceed southward. I am afraid of the winter in the keen air of Cincinnati, and of the American mode of heating rooms, which is horrible. It is unquestionably the cause of much of that disease which seems more and more on the increase among the class of people who live most comfortably and most within doors. I long also to reach the south before

Christmas, that I may, if possible, have an opportunity of seeing those dances and festivities which I have heard are common among the negroes of the plantations at Christmas. I have heard much said about the happiness of the negroes in America, of their songs and dances, and I wish therefore for once to see this happiness and these festivals. In South Carolina and Georgia the preachers have done away with dancing and the singing of songs. In Louisiana there is no preaching to the slaves; perhaps they may there sing and dance.

17th.—A large and excellent steamer leaves this evening for New Orleans, and with it I shall proceed thither with my cavalier, Mr. Lerner H.

I must still say a few words to you about two very pleasant parties which have been given by my friends. My objection to small familiar evening parties in America is that they occupy themselves so little by reading aloud, or by any other means of drawing the small circle towards one common point of interest.

In large parties, however, many of the elements are met with which make social intercourse perfect, among which may be reckoned as foremost, that the two sexes are properly intermingled. One never sees the gentlemen here all crowding into one room, and the ladies into another, or the former in one corner of the drawing-room and the latter in another, just as if they were afraid of each other. The gentlemen who come into society—and they seem very fond of drawing-room society in an evening—consider it as a duty, and as it seems to me often also a pleasure, to entertain the ladies, and this evident good will on their part awakes in them, not a greater desire perhaps, but certainly a greater power of being agreeable and entertaining, gives them more ability to impart to men of good taste and noble mind, something much better than cigar smoke and punch. A gentleman will commonly occupy himself for a long time, frequently the whole

evening, with one lady. People sit on lounges or on small sofas of all sorts, in pairs conversing together; or the gentleman gives the lady his arm, and they take a promenade through the room. Sometimes two ladies will sit conversing together for a long time; but the rule is for the two who associate together to be man and woman. Nor is it always the handsomest nor the most elegant lady who wins the most attention. I have seen Mr. Lerner H., a young and very agreeable man, occupy himself for whole hours in animated conversation with Miss Harriet. True it is that he has a great esteem for her, and in this he shows his good taste. I do not know that I have ever seen card-playing in any parties, large or small, in this country.

I shall always remember with feelings of affection some young girls with whom I have lately become acquainted, one among whom has lately met with a bitter trial; but, instead of allowing it to embitter her own heart, it has only the more caused it to expand with sympathy towards all who suffer. God's peace rest upon that young girl! She would become very dear to me. Some sisters also there were, who in pleasure and in pain live together as sisters seldom do live. And that K. G., with her beaming soul and her music, she will always remain near my heart! But now I must proceed on my journey, and for this I must get ready.

"Belle Key," the steamer by which I shall travel, so called from the beautiful daughter of its proprietor, a belle of Louisville, is a sort of giant vessel, which, laded with every kind of product of the great West, goes as a Christmas-envoy to New Orleans.

It is now cold at Cincinnati: the Queen of the West rains down soot and ashes, so that one becomes quite grimy. I long to be with that great Christmas-beast once more on the Mississippi.

P.S.—It is said that there is especially fine wooing in

the great West; a young girl has at least three or four suitors to choose from. Certainly, the number of men considerably predominates over that of women. In the Eastern States it seems to me that the women are in excess. The men go out thence into the West on the search for occupation and wealth. The preponderance of men over women increases the farther you advance westward. It was said in Cincinnati, that at a ball at San Francisco there were fifty gentlemen for one lady. It is also said that in the gold district, where there are great numbers of men and no women, that they hung up in some kind of museum a lady's dress, which was contemplated as a sort of fabulous thing. But I suspect that this belongs to the mythological legends of the great West.

In the same category may be placed that of the Garden of Eden near Cincinnati, which I am invited to visit. It is said to be a large vineyard. The beauty of the views from the heights of the Ohio may justify the name.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE REV P. J. BÖKLIN.

CINCINNATI, *Nov. 27th.*

I HAVE now spent more than a year in the New World without having fulfilled my promise of writing to you, my friend and teacher; without having told you what I think of it, and what I hope from it. And yet, at the same time, I knew that you wished to know it.

My good friend, I have not hitherto been able to write to you. I wished not to give you my crude thoughts and descriptions, and it was long before I could give other than such. The effect produced upon me, and the daily occurrences of my life in this country, were in the first instance overpowering, as well for soul as for body; and,

to a certain degree, I was really borne down by them. The violent torrent of new, and for the most part, rapturous impressions, the incessant labour with new objects, new people, together with the effects of a hot climate, and food to which I was unaccustomed, reduced me to that state of feverish, nervous excitement, that for months I was unable to read, or even to think on any subject which required the slightest exertion of mind.

The mercy of God, however, the care of good people, and the healing powers of nature and art, raised me, by degrees, above this state of weakness. I was able once more to live and learn.

But during that daily labour to make myself master of those subjects which pressed upon me on all sides, during my wanderings, and the endeavour to arrange my thoughts, it became more and more clear to me, that in order to arrive at any just conclusion with regard to the moral, intellectual, and religious culture, as it existed in the States of North America, I must see more of its various forms and developments; I must become acquainted with life, not only in the North-Eastern, but in the Southern and the Western States of the Union also; I must see the life of America, both where it had established and perfected itself, and where it was yet endeavouring to break the clod of the earth's surface, to build new homes, to conquer new life and new lands.

“When I shall have seen the great West, the valley of the Mississippi, Cincinnati, the Queen of the West, I will write to Böklin. Then I shall better understand, shall be better able to speak of the New World, and of that future for humanity, which it bears in its bosom!” Thus said I to myself.

Now I am at Cincinnati. I have seen and I see before me the great West, the central region of North America. I have travelled through the valley of the Mississippi, the future home of more than two hundred and seventy-

five millions of population ; on the great river, the banks of which already swarm with multitudes of European people ; from Minnesota, still the wild abode of the Indian tribes ; from the Falls of St. Anthony, where commences the career of the river in the north, to its midmost region by the Missouri and the Ohio ; and am now about to follow its course to its outlet into the Mexican Gulf, the realm of the sugar-cane and perpetual summer.

And whilst I am resting here on the banks of the beautiful river, Ohio, like the wearied dove on the olive-branch, in one of those beautiful, peaceful homes, which everywhere on my journeyings through America, have opened themselves to me and afforded me the repose of a mother's home, repose, peace, love, cheerfulness, and renewed strength—I will converse with you, you my spirit's and my mind's best friend, found late but for eternity. Ah ! but even now I can merely speak a few words to you, give you a few fragments of that which I have experienced and learned, and which I still experience and learn in this New World. But you will understand what I can merely imperfectly indicate ; you will follow still farther through the labyrinth the thread which I lay in your hand.

You know that I did not come to America to seek for a new object, but to establish a new hope. Whilst one portion of the people of Europe, after a struggle for light and freedom, which, in part mistook its own purpose, and not clearly knowing that which it desired, seemed (perhaps merely seemed) to sink back again under a despotism which knew better what it aimed at, obtaining for a time the power of might ; in that gloomy season my soul raised itself in deep faith and love towards that distant land, where the people erected the banner of human freedom, declared the human right and ability to govern themselves, and on this right founded a monarchy of states—the commencement of the world's greatest governmental culture.

That which I sought for there was the *New Man* and his world; the new humanity and the sight of its future on the soil of the New World.

I will tell you what I have so far seen and found.

I spent the last autumn and winter in the north-eastern States of the Union, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut;—the mother States from which the swarm of people have gone forth, and still go forth to populate the American Continent, and to give it laws and manners. That which is most admirable in these mother-States is the number of great institutions for the education of youth and in aid of the unfortunate, schools and asylums. These are the offspring of a large heart, and they have a broad basis. It is a joy to see and hear the children taught in these public schools, which are all free-schools, in large and airy halls. One can see that they are all awake and full of life; one can hear that they understand that which they read and learn. The great reformation which has taken place in the conduct of schools, and the impulse which has been given towards an universal popular education in America, are the result, in great measure, of the enthusiasm, perseverance, and determined resolution of a single individual, Horace Mann; and this fact is, without question, one of the most beautiful and the most significant phenomena of this national cultivation, especially as it embraces woman as well as man, and places her side by side with him as the teacher of the rising generation.*

I have traced this from the East to the West, from those magnificent academies where five hundred students, boys or girls, study and take degrees preparatory to public life, as teachers and teacheresses, to the log huts

* Young girls learn, in the high schools, Latin, Greek, mathematics, algebra, the physical sciences, and it is said evince the greatest facility in acquiring a knowledge of these subjects, which are considered with us so difficult, if not incomprehensible, to the female intellect.

of the Western Wilderness, where school-books lie open before the ragged children, which convey the mind over the whole world, and where the noblest pearls of American and English literature are to be found. I have talked with Horace Mann—the man of immeasurable hope, and I have thence derived great hope for the intellectual and moral perfecting of the human race, and for its future in this portion of the world. For that which *is* in the north-eastern States, in the oldest homes of the Pilgrims, the same *will be* sooner or later in the South and the West. A great and living intelligence in the popular mind mixes itself up more and more in the great question of popular education, and goes onward conquering like a subtle power of nature, a stream of spiritual life forcing a way for itself through all impediment. Would you hear how it speaks through its most powerful representative in the New World?

Thus writes Horace Mann in his invitation to the National Convention of the friends of Education, in August, 1850.

“A few considerations will serve to show that there never has been a period in the history of man when universal education was so imperative a duty as at the present moment. I mean education in its most comprehensive and philosophic sense, as including the education of the body, the education of the mind, and the education of the heart.

“In regard to the first topic, it is well known that physical qualities are hereditary. Disease and weakness descend from parent to offspring by a law of nature, as names descend by a law of custom. God still ordains that the bodily iniquities of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. When we look backward and see how the numbers of our ancestors are doubled at each remove in the ascending scale, it affrights us to reflect how many confluent streams from vicious fountains may have been poured into the

physical system of a single individual. Where, for many generations, this horrid entailment of maladies has not been broken by a single obedient and virtuous life, who can conceive of the animal debasements and depravities that may centre in a single person? At every descent, the bad may become worse; and the possible series of deterioration is infinite. Before the human race, or any part of it, becomes more diseased, or physically more vile, is it not time to arrest and to restore? This can be done through education or through miracles, and it would require more than three hundred and sixty five miracles every year to preserve health and strength under our present vicious social habits. Those who do not expect the intervention of miracles, are false to their families, to the community, and to God, if they do not urge forward the work of physical education as the only means of rescuing the race from an infinity of sicknesses, weaknesses, and pains. Public schools are the only instrumentality for inculcating upon the community at large, a knowledge of the great laws of health and life.

“There never was such a necessity for imparting power to the human intellect, and of replenishing it with knowledge as at the present time; and in no country is this necessity so imperative as in our own. The common affairs of life require a hundred times more knowledge now than they did a century ago. New forms, and kinds of business too, are daily emerging into practice, which must be conducted with intelligence and skill, or they will ruin their conductors. How much more knowledge and art are requisite to make a cotton or woollen factory, with all its nice and numerous appendages, than to manage a spinning-wheel or a distaff; to manage a locomotive on a railroad, than to drive a team on a highway; to manage a telegraph, than to send a courier, &c. The profoundest sciences are working their way into the every-day business of life, and carrying power and beauty, and multiplication

of products wherever they go, and whosoever cannot rise upon the benefits they confer, will be left in poverty, misery and contempt.

“Not only in all the departments of business are there everywhere more life, energy and compass, but the masses of the people are investing themselves, or are becoming invested, with new social and political prerogatives. The free man who may go where he pleases, and select whatever occupation he pleases, needs vastly more judgment and intelligence than the subject of a despotism who is born in some niche of labour, and must stay where he is born. The citizen, who manages not only his own personal affairs, but those of his municipality; who governs himself in all his political relations, through representatives chosen by himself; whose vote may determine not only who shall be the rulers, but what measures of national or international policy shall be established or annulled, on whose will peace or war, national honour or national infamy, may depend—such a citizen in capacity, in knowledge, and in wisdom, should be as a god in comparison with a Russian serf or a Hindoo pariah. At this time I say, there is vastly more for the mind of man to do and to understand than there ever was before; and, therefore, that mind must be proportionably strengthened and illumined.

“There never was a time when the moral nature of man needed culture and purification more than it needs them at the present hour. What we call civilisation and progress have increased temptations a thousand fold—in this country ten thousand fold. The race for wealth, luxury, ambition, and pride, is open to all. With our multiplied privileges have come, not only multiplied obligations, which we may contemn, but multiplied dangers, into which we may fall. Where oppression and despotism reign, all the nobler faculties of man are dwarfed, stunted, and shorn of their power. But oppression

and despotism dwarf, and stunt, and despoil of their power all the evil passions of men, no less than their nobler impulses. In this country all that is base and depraved in the human heart has such full liberty and wide compass, and hot stimulus of action, as has never been known before. Wickedness no less than virtue: diabolism no less than utilitarianism, has its steam engines, and its power-presses and its lightning telegraphs. Those external restraints of blind reverence for authority, and superstitious dread of religious guides, and fiery penal codes, which once repressed the passions of man, and paralysed all energy, are now lifted off. If internal and moral restraints be not substituted for the external and arbitrary ones that are removed, the people instead of being conquerors and sovereigns over their passions, will be their victims and their slaves. Even the clearest revelations from heaven, and the sanctifying influences from God, unless vouchsafed to us so daily and momentarily as to supersede all volition and conscience of ours, would not preclude a virtuous training as an indispensable prerequisite to a happy and honourable life. He takes but a limited view of the influences and the efficacy of Christian Ethics, who does not strive to incorporate and mould them into the habits and sentiments of youth; who as fast as the juvenile mind opens to the perception of wonder and beauty, and of truth, has not exhaustless store of moral wonders and beauties, and truths, ready for transfusion into it."

Thus speaks the President of the National Convention of the Friends of Education, the man of Education *par excellence* in North America. He is a Massachusetts man, and is, at the present time, Representative of the Pilgrim State in Congress.

You see the ground that he takes. The enlightenment of the moral and intellectual being by means of a school education, common to all, such is the foundation upon

which the New World would erect its dominion, such the means by which the New Man is to be brought forth. Thus far has the popular consciousness advanced in the New World, *no farther*, at least, with a perfect consciousness.

The consciousness has arisen most clearly and with most strength in the States of New England, the oldest home of the Pilgrims. Unwearied and fearless endeavours for the development of the life of the State and the elevation of the more indigent classes of society, the endeavour to produce a perfectly harmonious human community, characterise the life of these States. The idea of a Christian State, a Christian community, evidently forms the basis of all this. The doctrines of Christ; the honour of labour; the right of all, and the well-being of all; everything for all! are the battle-cries which one hears. The harps of the poets have called forth the moral ideal of man and of society!

From these States I proceeded in the month of March, whilst frost and snow covered the ground, to the Southern States of North America, and spent about three months in the Palmetto States, South Carolina, and Georgia. There the sun was warm. And though I found slavery there, and saw its dark shadow on the sun-bright earth, saw its fetters contract the moral and political development of these States, I still enjoyed my life, as I had not done in those intellectual, upward-striving, restlessly-labouring Northern States. I had more repose, and I was better in health. The soft beauty of the air and the climate at this season, the luxuriance of the vegetation, the beautiful new flowers, the odours, the fruits, the magnificence of the primeval forest along the banks of the Red river; the glow of the fire-flies in the dusk, warm nights; my rambles beneath the gothic arcades of the live-oaks, hung with their long, swaying, masses of moss, a spectacle at once novel and

enchancing to an European eye; a certain romantic picturesqueness of life, caused by the contact of the black and the white races on this beautiful, fragrant soil; the peculiar life and temperament of the negroes, their songs, and religious festivals—will you forgive me for being enchanted with these, and for allowing myself to forget, or to see less strongly the darkness of slavery than these images of light, which the beauty of the South called forth in natural objects and individual man. No poet here has sung the moral ideal of society, but the hundred-tongued bird (*Turdus polyglottos*), the nightingale of North America, sings in those fragrant forests, and earth with its human beings and its flowers seem bathed in light. Yet, that I was not blinded to the night side, and to the great lie in the life of the South, is proved by my letters home.

The most beautiful moral phenomenon which I saw, however, was the inbreaking light of Christianity among the children of Africa, the endeavours which true Christians, especially in Georgia, are making for the religious instruction of the slaves, and their emancipation and colonisation in Liberia, on the African coast. A vessel goes annually from Savannah to Liberia, laden with emancipated slaves, together with the means for their establishment in that, the original mother-country. But this phenomenon is no more than a little point of light in the gloomy picture of slavery in these States. It is a work of private individuals. The laws of the States are deficient in light and justice, as regards the slave, and are unworthy of a free country and people!

In the month of May I hastened from the glowing South and travelled northward to Pennsylvania, and afterwards to Delaware.

Amid the greatest heats of summer I found myself in the hot cities of Philadelphia and Washington. I interested myself in Philadelphia by becoming acquainted

with the Quakers, and the life of the inward light, in good and benevolent institutions. I read the Declaration of Independence, the great charter of liberty of the American people, in the hall where it was signed, and proceeded onward to Washington, to watch the combat in Congress on the subject of the great contested question between the free and the slave States, between the North and the South, relative to the admission of California and New Mexico as free States into the Union. It was carried on with great violence, and the stability of the Union was threatened every day. You know already, through the newspapers, the compromise which was made, and which pacified the strife for a time; for the strife and the danger still exist, secretly or openly, so long as slavery and slaves are to be found within the American Union, and the stronger grows the human and the political consciousness of this country, the more keen will become the struggle to concentrate itself on this point, the fiercer will become the warfare.

I saw great statesmen and heard great speeches in Washington, and I believe that no country on earth can, at this time, present an assembly of greater talent or of more remarkable men than may be met with in the Senate of the United States. Political injustice and political bitterness I found here, as everywhere, on the political battle-field.

That which struck me most in the Congress of the United States, was the mode of representation. You know something of it from books and newspapers; each state, small or large in the Union, sends two senators to Congress. These constitute the Senate, or upper house. The representatives who constitute the second chamber, or lower house, are sent by each separate state, according to the number of its population; the larger the population the more representatives to Congress. Each individual state of the Union governs itself in the same manner by two chambers, a senate and house of

representatives, the numbers of which are elected in the state by the citizens of the state; and each state has its own capitol.

This mode of representation brings forth much nationality and much that is picturesque in the living, peculiar life of each State. The Granite State and the Palmetto State, "Old Virginny" and new Wisconsin, Minnesota and Louisiana, each so separate and so peculiar in situation, scenery, climate, products, population, stand forth in Congress as individuals, and take part in the treatment of public questions, which are interesting to the whole human race, according to characteristics which are peculiar to themselves and common to all.

I could not help thinking, during all this, of the representation of Sweden, and its much talked of construction. It occurred to me that there could not be any form more suitable or more calculated to awaken national life and consciousness than one resembling this of the United States. I saw Norrland and Scania, Dalecarlia and Bleking, East Göthland and West Göthland, and all our provinces, peculiar in people, scenery, products, stand forth in the Diet of Sweden, and by means of its senators cast new light upon the condition of the country, its wants, and its hitherto hidden or unavailing sources of prosperity. I saw the north, the south, and the central parts of Sweden, its east and its west, illumined by rays of light which till then had not penetrated them; and the popular consciousness and popular life guided by representatives, worthy through their knowledge and their personal character to represent each individual province in its peculiarities and its life, as a portion of a great whole, of a country, a people with an inheritance as large as the former history of Sweden; with a future which may emulate in human greatness that of the greatest people on the earth.

In the oldest times of Sweden, when the judge of each province appeared at the General Assembly and there, as the wisest and best of the land, conveyed the speech of the common people to the King of Sweden, the most ancient representation of our country, was in idea similar to that now existing in North America.

Such a representation of country and of people seems to me in a high degree conformable to nature and nationality. And what a field is hereby opened to talent and to the orator!

President Taylor died during my stay at Washington, and I was present at the installation of his legal successor, President Fillmore, into his office—the highest in the United States. Nothing could be simpler or more destitute of pomp and show, or more unlike our royal coronations. But—I have nothing to say against these. They present beautiful and picturesque spectacle; and without spectacle people cannot very well live, not even in this country, as is seen by the eagerness with which they everywhere rush to see anything new. What beautiful spectacle did we not behold in Sweden on the coronations of King Carl Johan and King Oscar! I remember in particular at the latter, those young princes, the three sons of Oscar, in their princely attire, when they came forward to take the oath of allegiance to their royal father—no one could have seen more beautiful forms, hardly a more lovely sight!

After having bathed in the foaming sea on the eastern coast, I betook myself into the West. I had seen the North and the South of the Union, now I would see the Great West. I longed for it greatly. I had heard much in the Eastern States, and in the North and in the South also, of that *Great West*, of its wonderful growth and progress. In what did these consist? I had a great desire to know.

On my journey westward I made acquaintance with the

giants of nature, Trenton and Niagara, sailed across the great lakes Ontario, Erie, Michigan, to visit the Swedish and Norwegian settlements on the Mississippi, partook of Swedish hospitality, and saw Swedish roses bloom freshly in the new soil, and beheld a new Scandinavia arising in the wilderness of the West. After that I advanced up the Mississippi, to the region where lie the sources of the Great River; saw glorious mountainous scenery, ruin-like crags, ascending above oak-crowded hills, ruins of the primeval ages when the first-born Titans of nature, the Megatherium, the Mastodon, the Ichthyosaurian, wandered alone over the earth, and man as yet did not exist. And he is still an unfrequent guest in these immense wildernesses, where it is yet silent and desolate. It is true that here and there a little log-hut is erected at the foot of the hills on the banks of the Mississippi, and that beside it is seen a little field of Indian corn; that is the first trace of civilisation in these regions. But it is like the print of the one human foot on Robinson Crusoe's uninhabited island. Close beside it are the primeval forests of the wilderness, where only the wild beasts, and Indians in perpetual warfare with each other, have their dwelling. Close beside it are those immense prairies, the flowery deserts of the Mississippi valley, where the grass waves like heavy billows, far, far away towards the distant horizon, untouched by human hands, because here there are no human hands to mow, not one thousandth part. And that which made a deeper impression upon me than Niagara, than anything which I have seen in this hemisphere, or in Europe, are these immeasurable prairie views which belong to the valley of the Mississippi, and which increase in extent the nearer they approach the Great River. It is glorious to behold these ocean-like views, with their waves of sunflowers and their lofty heaving billows of grass beneath the heaven of America, clear and resplendent with sunshine, or through bright

expanses of which float masses of cloud. The soul expands itself, and, as it were, opens itself to the gentle, free wind which sighs over the plain, sounding melodiously, as it passes by the wires of the electric telegraph which are stretched across it. Each day of my journey westward was a festival, as I sped along, on wings of steam over the plain, ever and ever towards the golden setting sun, as if speeding into his realms of light!

The Valley of the Mississippi, from Minnesota in the North to Louisiana in the South, between the Alleghany Mountains on the East and the Rocky Mountains on the West, is throughout an immense "Rolling Prairie," with ridgy heights and hollows of the most fertile soil, richly watered by rivers and lakes. This meadow-land, occupying a high level in the north, and producing northern pines and birches, gradually sinks lower and lower as it approaches the South, until in Louisiana it becomes a swampy morass, where the alligator paddles in the mud, but where also the sugar-cane and the palmetto spring up in the warm air, and orange-groves shed their perfume around. It embraces much variety in soil, climate, and production. But you shall hear what a resident in this great valley, and one well acquainted with it, says of—

"That great central valley of the continent of North America. A valley extending through twenty-one degrees of latitude, and fifteen degrees of longitude, a valley just beginning to smile under the hand of cultivation, and which already invites to its large bosom those masses of people who are pouring out from the overstocked communities of the Old World, and which promises to requite the hand of cultivation by a provision for yet uncounted millions of the human race.

"Nature has gifted the soil in a remarkable degree with vegetable and mineral wealth, has bestowed upon it an exterior suited to every taste, and to the requirements of

all, and has intersected it with rivers which are available to every species of industry, and for unlimited commercial transactions, embracing every production of the temperate zone within its northern and southern boundaries.

“This vast meadow, this rich and fertile valley, lying between the sources of the Mississippi on the North and the Gulf of Mexico on the South, the Rocky Mountains on the West, and the Alleghany chain on the east, although but a short time since a wilderness, embraces already eleven entire States, portions of two others, as well as two territories; it is full of the active spirit of labour, and is capable of sustaining half the population of the United States. Embracing within its limits 1,200,000 square miles, or 768,000,000 of acres, its importance and its power can as little be estimated as that of the Union itself. Its influence must become co-extensive with that of the habitable globe, the garden and corn-magazine of which it will become; it must extend its dominion beyond that of the United States, and become the kernel of its empire, the source of its vital power, the diadem of its pride, the basis of the pyramid of its greatness. The Creator of the world has no-where on the face of the earth diffused more affluent elements of human prosperity, nor more visibly made a beautiful and suitable provision for the requirements of humanity. Visit it not with the curse of a feeble government; do not throw impediments in the way of its improvement; keep not back the tide of emigration which is pouring into its bosom; let its broad arms receive the over-population which oppresses the fields of Europe, and the All-good Giver of every good gift will smile from his heaven upon a happy family of more than 275,000,000 of human beings.”

If you should be tempted to smile at this specimen of the great views of the great West, as regards this great Mississippi valley and its great future, still you will not fail to recognise in all a great mind,—a great heart; and

for the rest, that here the subject is not exactly a—small thing.

Mr. Allen, the Senator of Missouri, from whose writings on the Trade and Navigation of the Mississippi-valley in the year 1850, I have extracted the above, proceeds to give the statistics of the various Mississippi States, and the trade and increase of their cities, a perfectly practical and statistical treatise, but which produces a certain poetical impression, not only by the wealth of the products which he enumerates, but also by the almost fairy-tale-like increase of cultivation and population of cities, and traffic on the rivers, the wealth of the whole of this region.

The senator sent to Congress by Missouri, Colonel Benton, as well as Mr. Allen, who is eminently a practical man, becomes a poet when he glances at this subject, and exclaims,—“The river-navigation in the Great West is the most wonderful in the world, and possesses, by means of steam, all the properties of ocean-navigation—rapidity, immense distance, low prices, and large freightage, all is there. The steamboat is the ship of the river, and finds on the Mississippi and its tributaries the most perfect theatre for its application and its powers. Wonderful river! United to vast seas at its source, and at its mouth—extending its arms towards the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans—flowing through a stretch of valley which extends from the Mexican Gulf to Hudson’s Bay, deriving its earliest waters, not from sterile mountains, but from a plateau of lakes in the centre of the continent, and in connection with the sources of the St. Lawrence, and those rivers which take their course northward to Hudson’s Bay; flowing the greater part of its way through the richest meadow-land, conveying on its bosom the productions of every climate, even ice from the frigid zone, which it transports to the great market of the sunny south! Hither are brought the products of the whole

world. Such is the Mississippi! And who can calculate the total of its advantages, and the greatness of its future commercial engagements!" But enough of Mississippi eloquence.

And now I must tell you of the growth and progress of the Great West, as they have appeared to me. This growth is principally *material* as yet, but the spiritual growth follows in its footsteps. Wherever Americans establish themselves the first buildings that they erect, after their dwelling-houses and places of business, are schools and churches; then follow hotels and asylums. The West repeats the cities, the institutions, and the cultivation of the East, and their course is rapid and safe. First you see in the wilderness some loghouses, then neat frame and small stone houses, then elegant villas and cottages, and before many years are over, there stands, as if by magic, a city with its capitol or state's-house, its handsome churches, splendid hotels, academies, and institutions of all kinds; and lectures are delivered, large newspapers printed, government-men are elected, public meetings are convened and resolutions passed on the subject of popular education or intercourse with the whole world; their railroads are made, canals dug, ships built; rivers are traversed, forests are penetrated, mountains are levelled, and amid all this, husbands build beautiful homes for their wives, plant trees and flowers around them, and woman rules as a monarch in the sacred world of home;—thus does the country increase, thus is society arranged, and thus is a state prepared to take its place as an independent member of the great family-group of states. And although two-thirds of the population of the Mississippi-valley consists of Scandinavians, Germans, Irish, and French, yet are they governed by the legislative and formative spirit of the Anglo-Norman.

In certain respects the character of the Western States

is different to that of the Eastern. It has more breadth and cosmopolitanism; its people are a people of many nations, and it is asserted that this character betrays itself in a more liberal form of state's-government, as well as by more unprejudiced views, and an easier mode of social life. The various religious sects become more and more amalgamated; the clergy prophesy the advent of a Millennium church, which shall gather all sects into its embrace, and maintain the necessity of secular education, of science, and of polite literature, for the full development of the religious life.

The cities of the West are all of them pre-eminently cosmopolitan cities. The Germans have their quarters there, sometimes half the city, their newspapers and their clubs; the Irish have theirs; and the French theirs. The Mississippi river is the great cosmopolitan which unites all people, which gives a definite purpose to their activity, and determines their abode, and which enables the life of every zone, the inhabitants themselves and their products, to circulate from the one end to the other of this great central valley.

But here ends my admiration and my oration about greatness and growth, for the cities of the West appear to me in no respect larger or better than those of the East. St. Louis is only another New York placed on the western bank of the Mississippi; and San Francisco, on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, is merely a third repetition of the first city. The western state which glances forth beautifully in Wisconsin, sinks again in Missouri and Arkansas. The Western portion of the American continent is no better than the Eastern. Will it ever become so?

Will there be anything different in development, in character? will it become higher and nobler? will it approach somewhat nearer to perfection? That kingdom of the Millennium where the lion shall lie down with

the lamb, where every man shall sit in the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree, where all people shall meet together in peace, and heaven shall smile over a happy family of 275,000,000 of human beings? is that kingdom of peace, and love, and prosperity to have its place here?

Ah! it has been very painful to me to give up that beautiful dream which gladdened me as I travelled westward and saw the golden sun advance before me onward into that promised land of the West, into whose realms I seemed to be journeying. I no longer have any faith in it. It is gone!

The western land of the New World will not produce anything essentially different from the Eastern. The New Paradise is nowhere to be met with on earth. It will probably never be obtained in this world, and upon this earth!

There will, however, be no deficiency of enlightenment among the people of North America. But it will be merely obtained through the diffusion of general popular education, that great diffusion among all classes of cheap newspapers, in which all subjects are discussed, and which present every vital question of life fully investigated, and all human thoughts to the mind of every man. Life itself in this country, with its States' institutions, constitutes a great public educational establishment, demanding light and knowledge, and in the combat between light and darkness, between God and Mammon, which is going forward here, as well as in the great world's battle, the combat becomes more profound, and more inward than it ever has been before on the earth; it concentrates itself more than ever upon the innermost ground of the will and the conscience, for no one can here henceforth excuse himself by saying:—

“I did not know!”

Hence it becomes to me more and more evident that that which we have to expect from this world's cultivation

is not a Utopia, but—a judgment-day, that is to say, a more determined separation between the children of light and the children of darkness, between good and evil; a more rapid approach toward the last crisis.

The new man of the New World stands anew upon the line of separation between the powers of this world, but upon a higher platform, and with increased knowledge; and with a clearer consciousness he is again called upon to choose between them.

The wheel of life rolls with accelerated speed; all the powers of nature and of matter are made subservient to a mighty will. The roads to hell as well as those to heaven are now travelled with the speed of the rail-road and steam. The business of earthly life is hastening on to its close, and I seem to hear those prophetic words on the last page of the Book of Life;—

“The time is at hand.

“He who is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

“And behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.”

What can give preponderance to the scale of the good, and double the number of the righteous and the holy?

In the salutation of that New Year which the hosts of heaven conveyed to earth, upon that great New Year's day, from which the earth dates her centuries, it was sung:—

“Good-will to man!”

What is it that can give force to this good-will to man?

The statesman of America has answered:—

“The Constitution of the State; free political institutions.”

But the Constitution of the United States has received Slavery as a “domestic institution,” and defends it on the ground of the right of these free states.

The learned men and the teachers of America have replied,—

“Schools, and the education of the people in these schools.”

But the popular education of schools speaks merely to the understanding, and cannot do otherwise.

Both constitution and schools are alike perfect in their insufficiency.

They cannot give new life to this good-will. They cannot bring the kingdom of God into the innermost life of every human being.

The power to do this lies in an institution anterior on earth, and in human life, to constitutions or to schools.

Behold there on the banks of the river, amid that open field, or on that green hill, a small human habitation. It is neither large or splendid; but its style of architecture is ornamental, it speaks of taste and convenience; a verandah or piazza formed of lovely trellis-work, up which clamber vines and the fragrant clematis; roses and honeysuckle surround the house, beautiful trees, the natives of all zones are planted around; you see the maple, the elm, and the linden-tree, the oak and the chesnut, the walnut and the robinia, the ailanthus and the sycamore, the cedar and the magnolia, the cypress and the myrtle, and a great number of beautiful, odoriferous flowers; these are so grouped around the house as to give it a sheltered appearance, without impeding the views which are always kept open to allow the inhabitants to behold a beautiful or extensive landscape.

You see *the home* of North America; the home with its characteristic features, as it is found in all the States, as well on the heights of Massachusetts and Minnesota, as in the fragrant forest-meadows of South Carolina, and on the prairie-land of the far West. And that home frequently deserves the appellation which the home

obtained in our old north, the appellation of a *sacred room*. The fire of the domestic hearth burns in no country brighter, or is tended by purer hands than in the home of the United States. It is a pleasure to me to be able to say this with knowledge and conviction. Nor have I in any country seen the home so generally beautiful in its exterior, so guarded as the apple of the human eye. Neither have I ever seen people who know better how to follow the hint which the Creator gave, when he, having created Adam, placed him, not in a city, but in a garden. Even the American cities seem to have uneasy consciences when they begin to cluster themselves into closely-built masses of houses, and one might say that the houses there hastened to get apart from each other, and though they stand in rows forming streets and markets, they soon make open spaces, and surround themselves with a green sward, and trees and flowers. And the larger this verdant, shady, flowery plot, the more cheerful seems the American home. This is what it enjoys, but it likes to enjoy it in company, and wishes others to be as well off as itself. Order, comfort, embellishment, and an actual luxury of trees and flowers distinguish the home of the New World. And this home is the earliest world of the child, of the new man.

It is to the home, it is to the heart of the home, to the guardian of the sacred fire upon its hearth, that I look for the entrance of the new man upon the theatre of the world, for the obtaining of victory in the combat, which is going on between the two powers of the world. The important thing is to obtain many and brave champions for the good cause: to win the heart, and to give the will a right and strong bias towards the good, that is the chief thing.

I have set my hope upon the weak, upon them who in their weakness are strong. I am certain that it depends upon them. And if they hesitate, or if they are not equal

to the greatness of their vocation, then all is lost; for never was their influence of so much importance as in this land of free-will. See what Horace Mann says of the power of any impulse whatever on the unlimited development of the United States.

Can the home, can the American mother give the life, the power which is required?

I must answer the question with *No, they cannot do so* in their present state of cultivation. And whatever value we may give to exceptional cases, still it is certain that the Home in the New World, as well as in the Old, has not yet come up to its capabilities, and that woman still stands as hitherto, almost isolated in the home and in social life, with no place in the life of fellow-citizenship, without any higher consciousness of the connection which exists between this and the life of home, or of the connection between moral and religious (or the higher political) questions and social questions and political life; without consciousness of her own vocation, of her responsibility as a citizen of the great Christian Commonwealth. How then can she educate citizens; how can she kindle in the heart of the child a sacred zeal for the well-being of the native land; how so enlighten it that it may bring into exercise the same conscientious integrity, the same lofty piety for the conduct of worldly business and political questions, as within the sacred world of home?

The women of the community of Quakers are the only women who are more generally alive to the consciousness of citizenship; but they are merely a small number.

How the great mass may ascend, and by that means enlighten the whole rising generation; how the home may become the greatest and the most beautiful school of society—life's high-school; of all this I have my own thoughts, but I shall not now give them utterance.

It is a joy to me to hear and to see that a presentiment of this is beginning to find its way into the universal mind of this country, both among men and women; and I expect that this higher development will be accomplished on American soil; and I will now conclude this subject with the words of an American author, "The darkness of the mothers casts its shadow over their children; and cloud and darkness must rest upon their descendants until their day begins to dawn over the hills."

And now let me speak of the American people. The traveller who finds in the United States a great uniformity and resemblance among the people there, has looked merely on the exterior. There is really a great, a too great uniformity in speech, manners, and dress (for a little costume, delicately expressive of individuality belongs to a fully developed character); one travels from one end of the Union to the other and hears the same questions about Jenny Lind; the same phraseology at the commencement of conversation; the same "last thoughts of Weber" on the piano. After this, however, an attentive observer soon remarks that there is no lack of character and individuality; and I have nowhere felt, as here, the distance between one human being and another, nor have seen anywhere so great a difference between man and man, wholly irrespective of caste, rank, uniform, outward circumstances. Here is the Transcendentalist, who treads the earth as though he were a god, who calls upon men to become gods, and from the beauty of his demeanour and his character, we are induced to think more highly of human nature; and here is the Clay-eater, who lives in the forest, without school or church, sometimes without a home, and who impelled by a morbid appetite, eats clay until demoniacally dragged downward by its oppressive power, he finds in it his grave; here is the Spiritualist, who lives on bread and water and fruit, who is nourished by the light, that he may preserve

himself pure from the taint of anything earthly, and who not finding Christianity pure enough for his diluted moral atmosphere, adopts that noble socialism which exists merely to communicate benefits and blessings; and beside him is the worshipper of Mammon, who tramples everything spiritual under his feet, and who acknowledges nothing holy, nothing which he cannot and will not sacrifice to his idol—self. Every contrast of temperament, character, disposition, endeavour, which can be imagined to exist in human nature, may here be met with, and may here express itself with a more decided spiritual life.

I have frequently in the New World, and that in very various classes of society, heard it remarked of people, that they belonged to “the best men,” or “the best women;” and it has struck me how well people in general seem to understand the phrase, and how much they are agreed upon it. I have found also that these best men and women are commonly distinguished by intelligence, kindness, and active human-love; and I do not believe that so much is done in any country by private individuals for the public as in this, in particular in the Free States. The feeling for the public weal, for the improvement of the country and the people at large, for the elevation of humanity, can scarcely be more living and active anywhere than it is here. The people of the United States have a warm heart, and that which gives this people their eternal prerogative of progress is their imitation of Christ;—I say the *people of the United States*, and I maintain the assertion. Remove slavery from its Southern States (and it will be removed one of these days; already it is undermined by Christianity and by migration from the North), and you will find there the same heart and the same spirit.

The right of the people of North America to be considered as one people, and as a peculiar people among the

nations of the earth, is founded upon the character of its first emigrant-colonies, they who were peculiarly the creators of the society of the New World, and who infused their spirit into it. They were in part heroes of the faith, as Puritans, Huguenots, and Herrnhuters, in part warm-hearted souls, such as Fox, Penn, Oglethorpe, who had found their places in the Old World too circumscribed for them, and who passed over to the New World, there to establish their fraternal associations, and to create a more beautiful humanity. The first settlers of America belonged to the strongest and the best portions of the European population.

I will now tell you something about those best men and women of America with whom I have become acquainted during my pilgrimage through the land ; about those men so simple, so gentle, but yet so strong without any pretension, so manly in their activity as citizens, husbands, fathers, friends ; of those women, so kind, so motherly, so gentle in manner, so stedfast in principle, resting in the truth like flowers in the sunshine ; of those homes, those happy, beautiful homes, in which I have been a happy guest, for days, and weeks, and months. For my life in America has been, and is a journey of familiar visits, to homes which have opened themselves to me in every State throughout America, and where I have lived, not as a stranger, but as a sister with brothers and sisters, conversing openly with them on all subjects, as people may converse in heaven. I there met with more than I have words to tell, of true Christian life, of the love of truth, of kindness, of minds earnest for and receptive of everything which is great and good in humanity. And my acquaintance with some beautiful, peculiar characters will serve as a guide to my soul for ever. Nor have I anywhere met with more hospitality, or with a more abounding cordiality. And if I were to seek for one expression which would portray the peculiar character

of the people of the New World, I could not find any other than that of *beautiful human beings*.

When I imagine to myself a Millennium in the valley of the Mississippi, a resting point in the history of the earth, when Satan is bound, and love, beauty, and joy, and the fulness of love become the portion of all, I then behold there men and women, such as my friends; homes such as their homes; and see these mighty rivers bearing from these flowery prairies, with their ocean-like views, and from these golden fields of maize, all the treasures of earth to all mankind, and mild, fresh winds blow over it, and the clear sun shines! Such was the glorious home of the Hesperides!

It is not at all difficult to predict that the valley of the Mississippi, in consequence of the variety of nations by which it is populated, and from the variety in its scenery and climate, will at a future time produce a popular life of a totally new kind, with infinite varieties of life and temperament, a wholly new aspect of human society on earth. But what appearance will the apex of the pyramid present, the basis of which is now being formed? One thing appears to me certain; the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley must become citizens of the world—the universal mankind, *par excellence*.

Let me attempt to delineate some features of that common theatre of the great drama of which the performance has now commenced, (a drama which embraces a thousand years in one act) and of the dramatis personæ, the groups of which fill the stage: for they who in the life of the United States have seen merely uniformity or confusion have not looked into it, or have seen it merely with a dull vision. Nothing strikes me so much in this world's and these States' formation, as a broad, dramatic character.

First behold its theatre! You see two immense stretches of valley between three chains of mountains,

running from the snowy north to the glowing south, the Alleghany, the Rocky Mountains, and Sierra Nevada, or the Snowy Mountains, which last chain is continued into central America, and into the Cordilleras and Andes of South America; east and west of these the land descends towards the two great seas of the world.

The country lying between the mountains and towards the seas is everywhere remarkable for its fertility, and is intersected by navigable rivers and lakes. No country is so well watered as North America, or affords more available opportunity for the circulation of life; nor does any country afford such free access to the beauties, the climates, and productions of every zone.

I behold advancing on this great stage various distinct groups of States, of various temperaments and conditions of life, united by community of customs, language and States'-government, as well as by outward and inward vital circulation. Here are the States of New England, with their Puritan descendants, legislating, educating, restless Vikings and heroes of peace. The natural scenery of these States reminds me of our Scandinavian north. Massachusetts has the romantic lakes and broken landscape of Sweden. New Hampshire the rocky valleys and white mountains of Norway.

New York and Pensylvania, the Emperor and the Quaker States, with a milder climate, emulate each other in wealth of population and in beauties of nature. Rivers and valleys become wider; commercial life grows like a giant.

Virginia and the Carolinas, as well as Georgia and Florida, form in the South another group of States, peopled by the sons of the Cavaliers, with their planters and slaves, with a strong conservative life, and much peculiar beauty, but devoid of higher social aspiration. These Northern and Southern States lie between the Alleghany mountains, which are contained within

them, and the ocean on the east. On the other side of the mountains you find the Valley of the Mississippi and the Mississippi States; to the north the young and free, with free institutions, and an increasing population of Germans and Scandinavians, increasing still more in light and the life of freedom; to the south the Slave States, with two large cities, and in these a showy civilisation, but for the rest much wilderness and much rudeness still, which all their cotton and all their sugar are not able to conceal. West of the Mississippi the distinction between the Northern and Southern States is still continued. The labour of the cultivator has here just commenced. You still meet with the fires and the wigwams of the Indians, around the sources of the Mississippi in the North; and along the Red River in Arkansas and Louisiana, morasses and heathenism.

Westward of these Mississippi States is Texas, with Rio Grande or Rio Bravo as its boundary on the west, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, an immense territory, upon the fertile banks of whose rivers the flood of emigration is now beginning to settle. The upper portion of Texas elevates itself by degrees into a mountain-range, and unites itself on the north-east, to the latest conquest of the United States, New Mexico, which has beautiful terminal valleys on the east, but which extends itself westward into the Rocky Mountains, and becomes petrified in their arms.

Between these States and the Mississippi States lies the great hunting-ground of the Indians, that mystic Nebraska, a great portion of which, according to what I have heard, is a monotonous stepp-land, which extends northward as far as Canada. The wild Missouri whirls through it with a thousand angular windings; there are also great prairies and great rivers, herds of buffaloes, and tribes of warlike Indians. In one portion of this immense

region, between Missouri and Texas has sprung up a peaceful, flourishing, Indian community, which ought, at some future time, to be admitted into the Great Union as an independent Christian Indian State. This would be a more beautiful conquest for the people of North America than their acquisition of New Mexico !

We have now reached the Rocky Mountains, an irregular, bold rock-formation, more remarkable for their fantastic shapes and masses, than for their height. Westward of these extend the so-called Pacific States, Oregon, as yet merely an immense territory; and California, in the highest boundaries of which, or the Upper California, the Mormon State, Deseret or Utah, flourishes upon the fertile banks of the Great Salt Lake, Christian in faith and confession, hierarchical in their form of government, and in certain respects a mystery to their contemporaries.

These States, lying along the coast of the Pacific Ocean, and broken up by the Sierra Nevada Mountains, are possessed of every climate, and of every natural production which can be found from the region of snow to the heat of the tropics. Oregon, in particular, abounds in salmon and forests; California, as all the world knows, in gold.

And now we are on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and here let us rest awhile, for I confess to being weary with our long ramble. The North Americans will not rest till they have possessed themselves of the Southern portion of their hemisphere; already have they reached Panama with their railroads, canals, warehouses, homes, churches, and schools. And they say quite calmly, when speaking of the country between Panama and the Rio Grande, that is to say, the whole of Central Mexico, "When this is ours, then, &c."

I shall not tell you anything about the Constitution of these States, nor of their institutions as individual, independent States; nor of their relation to one Federal

government. You have long known much better than I can describe it, that wonderful States'-government, which affords such a boundless field and so strong an impulse to free competition and development, not merely for individuals, but for society and states. This constitutional form of government seems to me, more than anything else, to prove that the destiny of a people is pre-ordained by the hand of Providence before they themselves comprehend it. They must accomplish His plans, and the question as regards them is merely the doing it well or ill.

It is evident that the founders of the American republic, Washington and his men, did not take a philosophical review of the work which they had accomplished in it; that they had no presentiment of the future of which they had laid the foundation; they followed the beckoning hand of necessity; they did that which they must do; but they did not know what it was which they had done: and for a long time the States grew, as the lilies of the field in God's sunshine, without knowing how or for what purpose!

It was not until long afterwards that a portion of them awoke to a consciousness of the sublime mission which they are called upon to perform,—the emancipation of humanity socially and politically.

The violent movement and rotation in public life, the perpetual appointment of officers to every department of government, and their deposition again in a short time, at most in four years, has made all Europe shake its head; and I suppose that all Asia would, if it could, shrug its shoulders in such a way as to cause the wall of China to quake. And it is not without reason that many wise men in this country have shaken their heads thoughtfully, at some application of the rotation-principle which has occurred here and there: thus, for example, I heard serious complaints made in the young Mississippi States,

of the facility with which a right to vote was obtained by the emigrants who came there, even though they may be from the rudest and most ignorant population of Europe. A year's residence in a State gives a right to vote at the election of the officers of that State, which occurs annually, —hence the election of low, and truthless agitators, men every way unfit for their office; hence the difficulty for the best men to get into the government, because the best men scorn to avail themselves of the means which men of low principles will condescend to, in order to become the popular candidate, or to maintain themselves in a post which they have once obtained.

It is, however, difficult for me to regard this otherwise than as a transition-point in the great popular education which is now going on; and Wisconsin in particular, seems to have clearly and strongly comprehended the right mode of meeting the danger, and by means of large and excellent educational institutions, both for boys and girls, to be preparing a bright future for the State.

I was travelling in the North-Western Mississippi States, just at the time when the annual election of State's-officers was going on. These elections, and the scenes to which they gave rise, struck me as a sort of political game or race; and the spirit which impels these gamblers and wrestlers on this scene of action, is often little better than that of the ordinary gambling-houses. The gambling and rival parties, Whigs and Democrats, are very little ashamed of puffing their candidate, or depreciating that of the opposite party. Newspapers are full of abuse and lies; outcries of treachery and of danger to the father-land; flags are displayed, and great placards are posted in the streets with words of warning or exhortation, "Beware of the Whigs!" "The Democrats are Incendiaries!" "Vote for the Whigs, the true friends of our country!" "Vote for the Democrats the preservers of popular rights!" and so on. The nearer the day of

election approaches the stronger becomes the agitation, the more violent the cry, the personal abuse, and the threats. One might imagine that the torch of discord was about to be lighted in every city, that the Union was at the point of being torn to shreds, and that every citizen was in danger of being attacked by his neighbour. During all this I could not but think of two men whom I had seen on the banks of the Hudson, each enlisting passengers for his steam-boat, and abusing that of his rival, hurling angry words and threatening glances at each other, whilst their lips often seemed to curl into a smile when they had said anything magnificently bad of the other. I remember my asking Mr. Downing as I witnessed this scene, what was the meaning of it? and he replied with a smile, "It means nothing. Here is an opposition between two steamers, and these men act this part every day."

Much of the great political agitation here during the time of the elections has about the same degree of meaning; the candidates and their soldiers fix bayonets in their glances and their words; the ballot-box is put in motion; everything becomes silent; the votes are thrown in amid the utmost order; a pause ensues; the ballot-box is emptied, the votes are read aloud and counted; the election is declared. The men of office are elected for one year or for two; the Governor of some States is elected for four years, as is the case with the President of the United States; in others merely for two, in others again for one, and all is at an end; nobody makes any objection, and all go quietly to their own homes, ready to obey the new magistracy, and to console themselves as Jacob Faithful did, with "better luck another time!" Rockets ascend in the quiet evening in honour of the successful candidate, and the whole city goes to bed and sleeps soundly.

It has occurred to me that this electioneering agitation in which people exercise their minds and their oratorical powers—or at all events their ability to talk, and to write,

is like a safety-valve in the steamboat, by which any excess of steam may escape to fill the air with vapour; there is not a doubt in the meantime but that the steam-power within the States'-machine, might be applied to a better purpose; and it is difficult for me to believe that the people of the United States will not henceforth endeavour to obtain a little more stability in their mode of government, will not give their rulers a longer period, in which each can attend to his own business more thoroughly, and thus afford an ampler sphere for real talent and less for demagogues.

But even as it is, it will be seen that no talent or character of eminence runs any risk in the United States of not finding an opportunity for the exercise of all its powers. The best proof of this is indeed the number of distinguished statesmen, judges or clergymen, who year after year continue to adorn the Senate of the country, the judge's seat and the pulpit, and of whom the people are as proud as monarchical realms of their kings and heroes. It is generally mediocre, or talent of an imperfect kind, which rushes into this violent rotation, and which goes up and down, until it has acquired sufficient strength and completeness to remain stable at some one point.

There is one principle of movement in the United States which seems to me like a creative, or at all events a power of organisation; this is the movement of association. The association, founded already in the Federal Government of the States—an association of States, governed by a general principle or constitution—exists as a fundamental feature of popular life. This people associate as easily as they breathe.

Whenever any subject or question of interest arises in society which demands public sympathy or co-operation, a "convention" is immediately called to take it into consideration. And immediately, from all ends of the city

or the State, or from every State in the Union, all who feel an interest in the subject or question fly upon the wings of steam to the appointed place of meeting and at the appointed hour. The hotels and boarding-houses of the city are rapidly filled; they come together in the great hall of assembly, they shake hands, they become acquainted with one another, they make speeches, they vote, they carry their resolutions. And forth, upon the wings of a thousand daily papers, flies that which the meeting or the convention has resolved. These resolutions may, sometimes also, be merely the expression of opinion,—as, for example, they hold “Indignation meetings,” on occasions when they wish to express their strong disapprobation either of public men, or of public transactions. It is always admirable with what readiness, with what *savoir faire*, this people advances onward in self-government, and how determinedly and rapidly it proceeds from “*proposed*” to “*resolved*.”*

In the populous Free States, the meetings of the members of different trades and professions, as well as of agriculture, belong to the ordinary occurrences of the day. Thus one now hears of Industrial Congresses in New York State, where the trades-brethren of certain kindred occupations meet every month; and “agricultural fairs” are already held in the young States of Michigan and Illinois, where the agriculturists of the State exhibit the rich products of the country. Cincinnati as well as New York and the great trading towns which lie between them,

* A splendid proof of this *savoir faire* in self-government is given at this moment in the States’ organisation of California. During a couple of years have the wildest adventurers from all nations of the earth rushed thither in the delirium of the gold-fever. But the best of the people have banded together, organised, and maintained the observance of law and civil order, and California, rapidly advanced to a population of 200,000 souls, now takes its place as a fully competent State in the great circle of the Free States of the Union. Even the Chinese, who hastened to California by thousands, settle themselves down and live in peaceful communion, under the powerful hand of the Anglo-American.

Pittsburg, Harrisburg, and many others, have their mechanical and mercantile associations, their meeting-houses, libraries, assembly-rooms, and guilds on a large scale. And these kindred associations are all in connection with each other. As, for instance, an artisan who cannot get work in the Eastern States is passed on by means of these associations to their members in the Western States, where there is abundance of work for all hands.

Life in this country need never stand still nor stagnate. The dangers lie in another direction. But this free association is evidently an organising and conservative principle of life called forth to give law and centralisation to the floating atoms, to the disintegrated elements.

Among the various dramatic assemblies and scenes in which human-nature and popular life exhibit themselves on the soil of the New World, I may mention those small communities of socialists, who aim at producing a regenerated world (but who are all in a dwindling condition, excepting the Shaker-community, which has no children); those dancing Shakers; those silent Quaker meetings; those many-tongued anti-slavery meetings; those religious festivals, camp-meetings at night in the woods, and scenes of baptism by the rivers, beautiful and affecting, especially where they have reference to the children of Africa. At the Conventions for the Rights of Women, in which women as well as men stand forth and speak for the civil rights of woman, I have not as yet been present, but I intend to embrace the first opportunity of being so. These first originated in Ohio, but are just now being held in the States of New England—abused and calumniated by many, attended and supported by many also. These furnish and afford a striking scene in the great drama which is now being performed. For all that lives fettered in Europe is brought forward in America, acquires form, builds a church, combines in union, takes a name,

speaks out, and obtains a hearing, a time of trial, an examination, and—judgment is passed, that is to say, time and opportunity to rise or to fall, according to its measure and its power.

Scenes also of the life of the Indians and the negroes in this country belong to the dramatic and picturesque life of America. The wild dances of the former on the prairies of the West, the gentle songs of the latter in the fragrant forests, belong to the theatre of the New World.

The government of America has not a little to reproach herself with as regards her treatment of the Indians. Latterly, however, this treatment has become more just and mild. The land is purchased from the Indians; they are subjected by gentle means and by money; prohibitions are made against the introduction of intoxicating liquors among them, and the missionary is encouraged in his labour of introducing Christianity and civilisation. But this does not do much. The Red men, who consider themselves the most successful creation of the Great Spirit, retire backward into the desert and die. Merely a small number of them have passed over to the faith, the manners, and the mode of government of the whites.

The progress of Christianity is much more considerable among the negro race. The doctrine of the Saviour comes to the negro slaves as their most inward need, and as the accomplishment of the wishes of their souls. They themselves enunciate it with the purest joy. Their ardent, sensitive being, obtains from this its most beautiful transfiguration. The ability of these people for prayer is something peculiar and quite unusual. Their prayers burst forth into flame as they ascend to heaven. The children of the warm sun will yet teach us, by their prayers, the might of prayer.

During the conflict which is going forward in the Free States for the abolition of slavery, the friends of the slave

have divided themselves into two camps. The one demands immediate emancipation and their general education; the other, gradual emancipation and the colonisation of the Free Negroes on the coast of Africa. The State of Ohio has adopted this latter mode, and has lately made an important purchase of land on the coast of Africa, in order to colonise there an African Ohio of free negroes.

Not a little is done in the free states for the instruction and elevation of the negroes; but still I cannot convince myself that the Americans are doing this in the best way. They endeavour to form this human race so different to themselves, according to their own methods and institutions. When I see those frolicsome negro children set down in their schools like white children on benches and before desks, I am quite distressed. I am convinced that these children ought to learn their lessons standing, or dancing, and amid games and songs, and that their divine worship ought to be conducted with singing and dancing: and I will answer for it, that their songs and dances would have more life, beauty, and intelligence in them than those of the Shaker-community. But who shall teach them thus? None but a negro can teach the negroes, and only one of their own people can become the deliverer of the people in the highest sense.

But this captive Israel yet waits for its Moses.

That however which very much prevents the redemption of this people from captivity, is their own want of national spirit. Already split into tribes in Africa, where they were at war, and where they enslaved one another, it is difficult to take hold of any more widely extended interests than those of family and local society. I have spoken with many free men of this people in good circumstances here, also with some young mulattoes who have studied and taken degrees at the Oberlin Institution in this State, and I have found them particularly luke-

warm towards the interests of their captive brethren, and especially so as regards colonisation in Liberia. Frederick Douglas is as yet the only strong champion among them for their own people.

But if anything can awake within them a more comprehensive feeling for the whole people, it is assuredly that common slavery on the soil of America, and perhaps more than anything else at this moment, the bill which allows the recapture of fugitive slaves. I awoke to this thought to-day during a visit to a free negro church, where I had no occasion to lament any want of interest in the national affairs, either in the negro preacher or the congregation.

I had in the forenoon visited a negro Baptist church belonging to the Episcopal creed. There were but few present, and they of the negro aristocracy of the city. The mode of conducting the divine service was quiet, very proper, and a little tedious. The hymns were beautifully and exquisitely sung. The sermon, which treated of "Love without dissimulation; how hard to win, how impossible without the influence of God and the communication of his power," was excellent. The preacher was a fair Mulatto, with the features and demeanour of the white race, a man of very good intellect and conversational power, with whom I had become already acquainted in my Cincinnati home.

In the afternoon I went to the African Methodist Church in Cincinnati, which is situated in the African quarter. In this district live the greater number of the free-coloured people of the city; and the quarter bears the traces thereof. The streets and the houses have, it is true, the Anglo-American regularity, but broken windows and rags hanging from them, a certain neglected, disorderly aspect, both of houses and streets, testified of negro management. I found in the African church African ardour and African life. The church was full to

overflowing, and the congregation sang their own hymns. The singing ascended and poured forth like a melodious torrent; and the heads, feet, and elbows of the congregation moved all in unison with it, amid evident enchantment and delight in the singing, which was in itself exquisitely pure and full of melodious life.

The hymns and psalms which the negroes have themselves composed, have a peculiar, *naïve* character, child-like, full of imagery and life. Here is a specimen of one of their popular church hymns.

“What ship is this that’s landed at the shore?

Oh, glory hallelujah!

It’s the old ship of Zion, hallelujah,

It’s the old ship of Zion, hallelujah.

Is the mast all sure, and the timber all sound?

Oh, glory hallelujah!

She’s built of gospel timber, hallelujah,

She’s built, &c.

“What kind of men does she have on board?

Oh, glory hallelujah!

They’re all true-hearted soldiers, hallelujah.

They’re all, &c.

“What kind of Captain does she have on board?

Oh, glory hallelujah!

King Jesus is the Captain, hallelujah,

King Jesus, &c.

“Do you think she will be able to land us on the shore?

Oh, glory hallelujah!

I think she will be able, hallelujah!

I think, &c.

“She has landed over thousands, and can land as many more.

Oh, glory hallelujah! &c., &c.”

After the singing of the hymns, which was not led by any organ or musical instrument whatever, but which arose like burning melodious sighs from the breasts of the congregation, the preacher mounted the pulpit. He was a very black negro, young, with a very retreating forehead, and the lower portion of the countenance

protruding; upon the whole not at all good-looking. But when he began to speak, the congregation hung upon his words, and I could not but admire his flowing eloquence. He admonished the assembly to reflect on the present need of their brethren, to pray for the fugitive slaves who must now in great multitudes leave their acquired homes, and seek a shelter out of the country against legal violence and legal injustice. He exhorted them also to pray for that nation which, in its blindness, could pass such laws and thus oppress the innocent! This exhortation was received with deep groans and lamenting cries.

After this the preacher drew a picture of the death of "Sister Bryant," and related the history of her beautiful Christian devotion, and applied to her the words of the Book of Revelations, of those "who come out of great afflictions." The intention of suffering on earth, the glorious group of the children of suffering in their release and with a song of thanksgiving as represented in so divine and grand a manner in the pages of Scripture, were placed by the negro-preacher in the light as of noonday, and as I had never before heard from the lips of any ordinary minister. After this the preacher nearly lost himself in the prayer for the sorrowing widower and his children, and their "little blossoming souls." Then came the sermon proper.

The preacher proposed to the congregation the question, "Is God with us?"—"I speak of our nation, my brethren," said he, "I regard our nationality. Let us examine the matter." And with this he drew a very ingenious parallel between the captivity of the Israelites in Egypt, and the negroes in America, and those trials by which Providence evinced His especial solicitude about the chosen people. After having represented the fate of the Israelites under Pharaoh and Moses he went on to contemplate the fate of the negro-people.

“How shall we know that God is with us? Let us look at the question thus.”

He then boldly sketched out a picture of an enslaved people, as oppressed in every way, but not the less “increasing in numbers and improving themselves, purchasing their own freedom from slavery (cries of yes! yes! Oh, glory! throughout the church); purchasing land (shouts of joy); ever more and more land (increasing shouts); buying houses, large houses, larger and still larger houses (increasing jubilation and stamping of feet); building churches (still louder cries); still more and larger churches (louder and still louder cries, movement, stamping of feet and clapping of hands); the people increasing still in number, in property, in prosperity, and in understanding, so that the rulers of the land began to be terrified, and to say, ‘They are becoming too strong for us; let us send them over to Liberia!’ (Violent fermentation and excitement.) This then will show us, my brethren, that God is with us. Let us not forsake Him; for He will lead us out of captivity, and make of us a great people!” (extreme delight and joy with the cry of Amen! yes, yes! oh, glory! and so on.) The whole congregation was for several minutes like a stormy sea. The preacher’s address had been a rushing tempest of natural eloquence. I doubt, however, whether his patriotism extended much beyond the moment of inspiration and of his pulpit; he was not a new Moses. Old Moses was slow of speech; he was a man of action.

This preacher was, however, the first negro from whom I had heard any distinct sentiment of nationality. The bill against fugitive slaves must mind what it is about, and what it may lead to!

With regard to the negro-preacher’s last outbreak against Liberia, it may be remarked that the negroes of Ohio are in general opposed to colonisation in Africa, and look with suspicion upon the endeavours of the whites

in this direction. Unfortunately the climate of Liberia is said to be so unhealthy from the constant rains that there seems to be some ground for the suspicion. It is a real misfortune for the youthful colony, which otherwise is favoured by the unbounded fertility of the country around, and by its affluence in valuable tropical growth. The colony of Liberia however increases, although not rapidly, in population and trade, governed by rulers of its own election, and with churches, school-houses, printing-presses, warehouses, and shops. Three cities are already founded there.

Commodore Perry in his account of the condition of the American-African colony, describes the settlement at Monovia as especially promising for trade, and that at Cape Palms for agriculture. For the rest, he describes the negroes of the colony as devoted to small trade rather than to agriculture. And this seems to be the bias of the negroes in all the native colonies along the coast. "Some of the colonists," says he, "have become wealthy through this small trade, whilst others again obtain merely a sufficient maintenance."

"But," adds the Commodore, "it is pleasant to see the comforts with which a great number of these people have surrounded themselves; many of them enjoy conveniences of life which were unknown to the first settlers in North America. Want seems not to exist among them. If some of them suffer, it must be in consequence of their own laziness.

"I had at Cape Palms an opportunity of seeing the small farms or clearings of the colonists. These exhibited considerable labour, and were beginning by degrees to assume the appearance of well cultivated fields. The roads through the whole of this settlement were remarkably good when the youth of the colony and its small means were taken into consideration.

"At all the various settlements the laws were faithfully

observed; the morals of the people were good, and the community seemed to be animated by a strong religious sentiment.

“Governor Roberts of Liberia, a fair Mulatto, and Russwurm of Cape Palmas, are clever and estimable men; and we have in these two individuals unanswerable proofs of the capacity of the coloured people for self-government.

“The climate of Western Africa cannot be considered as unwholesome to coloured colonists. Every one must pass through the acclimating fever, but now that more convenient dwellings are erected, so that the sick may be properly attended to, the mortality has considerably decreased. Once well through this sickness the colonist finds the climate and the air suitable to his constitution; not so the white man. The residence of a few years on this coast is certain death to him.

“The experiment of the United States to found a colony upon this coast for the free coloured people has succeeded beyond expectation, and I venture to predict that the descendants of the present colonists are destined to become a wise and powerful people.”

A white American physician who spent six years in Liberia, states that the imports of the young Negro State amount to 120,000 dollars annually, and their exports to nearly the same sum. “The trade of our country with Africa,” writes an American this year (1850), is becoming daily of more importance.”

The Colony of Liberia is said to number at the present time upwards of 10,000 persons. The English colony at Sierra Leone, older and more important, upwards of 40,000.

It thus appears as if Liberia and Sierra Leone would become the nurseries from which the new civilisation and the more beautiful future of Africa would proceed: I cannot believe but that these plants from a foreign land

must before that time undergo a metamorphosis—must become more African.

If I had time and money enough, I would go over to Liberia for twelve months. But where would I not go to, and what would I not see, which is significant in nature or in popular life over the whole world? I would make the whole earth my own. Why is life so short!

CINCINNATI, Nov. 29th.

I yesterday celebrated here Thanksgiving Day, one of the few national festivals of the New World,—a festival which ought to be observed by all nations as one of the most worthy of a noble and clear-eyed humanity. The festival was celebrated on a week-day, and converted it into a sabbath. I attended in the forenoon in a Baptist Church. The minister, a man of talent, took as the subject of his discourse, after thanksgiving for both public and private benefits which were enumerated, the subject of slavery in the United States. He had been upbraided as timid in expressing himself on this subject, he now therefore wished to clear himself from suspicion, and to show that he had no fear. He condemned slavery and lamented its introduction into America, but he condemned also the proceedings of the abolitionists. They had involved the affair, they had rendered emancipation impossible *in* America. The preacher considered that slavery in America had never less prospect of abolition than at the present time. "Never had the Southern States grasped the chain of slavery with a firmer hand. Threats and defiance have been the offspring of threats and defiance." The hope of the speaker lay in the devotion of the African people to America, and in the colonisation of Christianised Negro Slaves on the coast of Africa, and these he considered to be the only available means for the gradual abolition of slavery. After some interesting statements regarding the

products of Africa and the advantage which free African labour must have over slave-labour, together with the increasing resources of Liberia, he presented a poetically beautiful view of the possible future of the Ethiopic race in its mother country, this hot, mystic, Africa.

I had followed the preacher with the deepest interest. His concluding remarks awoke a vision within my soul.

I beheld that "hot, mystic Africa," with its Mountains of the Moon, its Nile, its pyramids, and its tropical forests swarming with animal life and the luxuriance of the vegetable kingdom, awake to a new existence. I beheld Asia, with its old, primeval wisdom, its old, half-petrified kingdoms; Europe with its manifold kingdoms and people stamped with their living peculiarities of character; I beheld America, the youngest, but ere long the most powerful, of earth's grown up daughters, with her new men born from the morning dew of a new life; I beheld Australia, with its colonies of prodigal but forgiven sons again received into the father's house. I beheld them all raise themselves anew, in the name of the Prince of Peace, and all unite, as never before on the face of the earth, in songs of praise at the Divine Nativity, "Glory to God in the Highest; on earth peace and good-will to man!"

A stream of melodious sound burst through the church, bearing with it the words of the song of praise. I recognised that mighty, magnificent chorus. I had heard it before, but I knew not where. It seemed to me that it was the soul of every song of praise on earth.

It was that Swedish Mass, "Praise and thank the Lord," &c., which was sung by the choir of the church. I had to thank a countryman of mine, the director of the choir of this church, for this pleasure. When the congregation arose and sang Hallelujah in the song of my native land, sang it for my people, and for all people on earth, it was glorious!—But I then could not sing.

I can never celebrate a more beautiful thanksgiving festival. And never shall I forget this moment.

I must yet add a few words about the State and the city in which I am a happy guest. The wealthy, beautiful Ohio is placed like the heart in that great group of States between the Eastern Ocean and the Mississippi. And although this State is one of the youngest in the Union, I feel that a more central life stirs here than in any of the States which I have hitherto visited. It seems to me as if people here wished with unprejudiced minds to do justice to all powers and tendencies of humanity, and to allow every one his proper share of the heart's life and blood. Among the facts of this class I place the Medical College here, under the direction of an intellectual young man, Dr. J. Buchanan, and in which Allœopathy and Homœopathy, Hydropathy, and the so-called Botanical Medicine, are admitted and studied as natural methods in nature's sanitary-code, and all as serviceable in certain diseases and circumstances; all as necessary in a comprehensive system of study of health and disease. Buchanan makes man the measure of the universe and its centre. He sees the centre of man in the human brain, and from that point strikes out an infinite, glorious future, in which all those infinite possibilities now slumbering within it, will develop themselves into life and harmony on earth and in the universe. Amid severe daily labour and many anxieties he reposes in this view, as in the sabbath-festival of his spirit.

Among the facts of this class I place Oberlin College, where the youth of coloured as well as white people, both boys and girls, study, and take degrees in all those branches of knowledge which are taught in the American academies.

Among these I place the works and opinions of many distinguished men, who are occupied in organising a more

complete and comprehensive scheme of education for women as well as for men.

Cincinnati, the Queen of the West, which has her throne upon the banks of the beautiful river (Ohio), with a background of encircling hills, like a queen surrounded by her court ladies, is a cosmopolitan city, and embraces in her bosom people of all nations, and of all religious sects. Germans constitute a considerable portion of the population of the city, which now amounts to 120,000 souls. The Germans live here as in their old Germany. They are *gemüthlich*, drink beer, practise music, and still ponder here "*über die Weltgeschichte*." I have lately read a little book with this title by a Dr. Pulte, who resides here. The Queen of the West allows all her subjects to ponder, talk, and write as best pleases them. She is the most liberal queen in the world.

Schools, however, in Ohio are not equal to those of the North-Eastern States; but there is an earnest endeavour at work for their improvement. When I visited one of the district boys' schools of Cincinnati, it was said to me, as I entered one of the halls of the school, "this is our best-regulated room; here it is never necessary to use corporal punishment."

I entered, and found a pale young woman, of a mild aspect, standing in the teacher's seat, controlling with gentle power from thirty to forty wild young republicans. The elementary schools for boys, as well as for girls, are under the management of women. They are considered as more skilful than men in the training of early youth. They receive a salary of from three to five hundred dollars annually, according to the ability which they show for this employment. It was with great pleasure that I heard a lesson by which these lesser children were taught to treat animals with justice and kindness. They repeated from memory stories in which cruelty to animals had been punished in some striking manner. I am not aware

whether we have such lessons in our schools; but I know well enough that they are needed.

Among the scientific institutions of Cincinnati, I perceive that the observatory owes its existence to the genius and zeal of a private man, Professor O. M. Mitchell. The history of the origin of this beautiful observatory, which is one of the highest class, deserves to be known, in order to show in its true light what the determination and enthusiasm of an individual may achieve in the New World, and in what way he can interest the mass of the people for a science which he desires to make popular. It is the triumph of genius, and, at the same time, of patience and of persevering determination. It is a great commendation of the man, and of the masses also. But the history of all this would be too long.

The arts have also begun to reveal themselves in Cincinnati; but, as yet, it is only a beginning.—The city itself is hardly sixty years old. There is an Art-union here, the exhibition of which I visited twice. There were some good pictures. None, however, took so much hold on my memory as a humorous little painting representing three huge swine very naturally. They were sitting upon their hams, below a rock, on which was inscribed “lard-oil;” and they were gazing very attentively at one of their brethren, who was attacking a dead whale, which had been cast upon the shore hard by. Beyond lay the great ocean. This little humorously-conceived and well-painted piece hung between two pictures, the subjects of which were the “Loves of the Angels;”—etherial figures floating forth over clear lakes, and meeting each other on verdant flowery shores. A greater contrast than between those poetical pictures and the prose of the former could scarcely have been imagined. Pity only that the execution of these did not equal that of the other. Our Södermark would have given the prize to the latter. So should I; but yet I would not have had the picture in

my room, nor yet the angel-poems, with all their bright anticipations.

The fine arts have hitherto received but little attention in the United States; it may be that there is but little distinguished talent, or, which I suspect is the case, that the people in general are deficient in artistic feeling. I have heard a deal said of an American painter, named Alston, who is considered one of the greatest painters, and I have heard his works very highly praised and admired; yet, nevertheless, I read in one of the letters of the noble old Channing these words: "As long as I see such men as Alston in want of the necessaries of life, I feel that I have no right to possess its superfluities."

And I have heard my friends, the S.'s, of New York, speak of a young landscape painter of that city, a man of estimable character, and possessed of unmis-takeable talent, who not long since, consulting with his young wife as to the best mode of managing for themselves and their two little ones, came to the agreement that the best mode of all would be for them—to die! Good God! And that in this young, wealthy New World! And yet the pictures of this young artist are of the class which I would gladly see in every American home. And thus encouraged, he would soon become for America what our Fahlkranz is to us, a poet in colours of the peculiar natural scenery of his country!

Sculpture has, in the United States, a much greater hope of successful progress; and in Hiram Powers they have produced an artist of the highest class, not so much as a creative genius, as for feeling and execution. His Proserpine, his listening Fisher-Boy, his Greek Slave, have been admired in old Italy. The expression so refined, and so full of soul, is as admirable in his works as the perfected beauty of the form. His creations seem to live.

Hiram Powers was born in Cincinnati, and worked there as a poor boy in the shop of a watchmaker. Here

he even then showed his peculiar genius. Some of the affluent men of the city took charge of the promising boy, and furnished him with the means of studying and of travelling. Foremost among these was Mr. Longworth, and to him Powers sent, as a token of gratitude, his first original creation in marble. I say *creation*, because there is nothing in this work which speaks of labour. It is a figure so complete, so living and beautiful, that it is—not to be described. It is the bust of a woman the size of life. They have called it *Genevra*, but why I know not. It ought to be called *Galathea*, because Pygmalion Powers has infused into her a vitality which requires only a divine intimation to breathe; or rather it ought to be called the *American*, because the peculiar beauty of the features, the form and action of the head and neck, are those of the American woman. There is none of the Greek stiffness in it; there is a regularity of beauty full of life and grace, and the expression—yes, thus ought she to look, the woman of the New World, she who, sustained by a public spirit full of benevolence, may, without struggle and without protest, develop the fulness and the earnestness of her being: thus ought she to smile, to glance, to move, reposing in this as in a world of truth, goodness, and beauty; thus ought she to be firm, and yet pleasing; thus divinely wise; thus angelically harmonious and kind; thus ought she to work! And then, then, shall arise the new day of the New World.

Mr. Longworth had jocularly prepared me, before he conducted me into his cabinet of art, where his bust stands, “for the rudeness of the first work of a young artist,” and requested me to overlook this. I gazed at the figure, and contemplated it till my heart swelled with emotion, and my eyes overflowed with tears. I wept before the ideal of the new beauty, not because I was myself so far removed from it; no, but in admiration, in joy, in hope, in the consciousness that I here beheld that

woman of the New World, that Galathea, which now slumbers in marble, but who will one day receive life from the Divine touch. And have I not already seen her features, her life, among some of the young women of this beautiful country? I see them, and I mention beloved names!

From this time forth I shall look for these features, this expression in the countenance of every young woman; she will become dear or indifferent to me, according as she more or less resembles the image of the Galathea of the New World.

Casts of this bust ought to be in the possession of every American home, and every young girl should grow up under its observation, even as Hawthorn's youth grew up gazing upon that "great stone countenance," until his countenance acquired its beauty.

Have I told you that I here live in the vine-district of North America? The vine which grows luxuriantly wild throughout the whole of North America, has been cultivated on the heights which border the Ohio river, with great attention, principally by Mr. Longworth; and here is made American sherry and champagne. The Catharoba and Isabella grapes are the kinds generally cultivated in this country, but they do not ripen here as regularly as on the Rhine and the Seine; the inequality of the climate is the cause of this.

Farewell! I must make an end. When I shall next converse with you I know not; but have we not commenced an intercourse and formed a friendship, which esteems but lightly time and space, and the visible sign? Our place of communion is—Eternity. Yet, nevertheless, a visible sign is precious; and if you would give me one in this distant land, how welcome it would be!

Your words are ever with me like a silent communion; "I believe in a sun, an organising power, of which every

bright thought, all suggestive life, is an outpouring!"—That was one of the first observations you made to me.

This sun has become my sun. In this light I go forth seeking and reflecting; and that which I see in this light, you also shall see; for that which is mine is yours.

I embrace your wife, and kiss the little ones around her, and expect to be embraced and kissed by them again—in Sweden!

P. S.—My letter terrifies me; it has grown to such a length and breadth, that my friends in Cincinnati must regard it as one of the shapeless giant productions of the Great West, a sort of Rhimthurse from the Mississippi Utgård. It strikes me like some sort of witch with many feet, and many eyes peeping out on all sides. And now it shall run off to Sweden! Off with it!—and what the thing has of head and heart I will trust you for finding out.

In a few days I shall set off for New Orleans, and from thence to Cuba for the winter months. I wish to see the face of earth under a tropical sun, and under the dominion of the Spaniard. I wish to see the southern cross, and the great star Argo in the heavens. Then I will turn back towards the Pole-star and our silent North, my dear, quiet home!

LETTER XXX.

NOAH'S ARK, ON THE MISSISSIPPI, *Dec. 18th.*

THE day before yesterday, the 16th, I left Cincinnati; my kind, excellent host and hostess accompanied me on board the steamer, and overwhelmed me even at the last moment, with proofs of their good-will, all light and agreeable to bear away with me, because they were bestowed with a warm heart, and they were to accompany me to Sweden, and there remind me of the beautiful Ohio

and my Cincinnati home. The good Jothun, Mr. S., presented me with a collection of shells from the Ohio river, some of which are extremely beautiful.

It was a lovely sunny day, that on which I commenced my journey, and Cincinnati, its vine-covered hills, its lovely villas, and the river Ohio were brilliant in the sunshine. There was a sunny warmth in my soul likewise, and the proofs of kindness which I received from many friends in the city during the last few days, were to me like the soft summer wind; but I was very weary after a violent headache, and the excitement of departure. I longed for rest and silence.

The giant steamer, Belle Key, moved slowly along, thundering down the clear blue river, the lofty shores of which, with their ever-changing scenes glided past, cheerful and lovely. The river became broader, the hills sank lower, the villas disappeared, farm-houses and log-houses recurred at more and more distant intervals, the banks became more wooded and desolate. We approached the Mississippi.

What is going on? Why do the people rush out from the fields? A chase upon the water?

A stag with branching antlers swims across the river from the Kentucky to the Ohio shore. He is not far from the free shore. But two boats are after him from the slave shore. His proud antlers raise themselves high above the water. He swims rapidly; perhaps he may save himself! He is just at the shore. Ah! and now a boat puts out from the free shore towards him. Woe betide the poor fugitive! He turns round. The two boats from Kentucky meet him. Now he is surrounded. I see the oars lifted from all the three boats to give him his death-blow. That beautiful head is still seen above the water. Now fall the oars!—I turn away my eyes. The steamer rounds a point. We have lost sight of the wild chase. The defenceless fugitive is in the power of his pursuers.

I am weary and dejected. The air is pleasant, the water bright and blue; heaven also is bright. Does the deer find no peaceful meadows beyond the river of death, where he may rest after the wild chase?

The steamer, *Belle Key*, is of the family of river-giants. I call it Noah's Ark, because it has more than a thousand animals on board, on the deck below us and above us. Immense oxen, really mammoth oxen, so fat that they can scarcely walk,—cows, calves, horses, mules, sheep and pigs, whole herds of them send forth the sound of their gruntings from the lower deck, and send up to us between times, anything but agreeable odours; and on the deck above us turkeys gobble,—geese, ducks, hens and cocks, crow and fight, and little pigs go rushing wildly about, and among the poultry-pens.

On the middle deck, where we, the sons and daughters of Adam are bestowed, everything in the meantime is remarkably comfortable. The ladies' saloon is large and handsome, and the passengers few, and of an *excellent* class. I have my state-room to myself. I am like a princess in a fairy-tale. My cavalier for the journey, Mr. Lerner H., is one of the energetic and warm-hearted class of American men, and add to this a very agreeable fellow also, who in his behaviour to "a lady entrusted to his care," has that blending of brotherly cordiality and chivalric politeness, which makes the man of the New World the most agreeable companion that a lady can desire. No screaming children disturb the quietness on board; and we do not allow the grunting of the swine, and other animal sounds in our Noah's Ark to trouble us. All these animals are destined to the Christmas market of New Orleans.

December 17th.—The Mississippi-Missouri flows turbidly and broad with its increasing waters, full of drift-wood, trees, branches and stumps, which give us sometimes no inconsiderable shocks. The shores are low and swampy,

covered with the now leafless woods of a kind of poplar called cotton-wood. It is horribly monotonous. The weather is grey and cold, and everything looks grey around us. We have now Missouri on our right and Kentucky on our left. I am sorry not to have had time to see more of Kentucky and her people. They are peculiar in appearance and in disposition. They are tall and very limber in their joints, and are a dexterous, generous, freespoken, good-natured, cordial, droll people, whom I should have become very fond of. And then, "Skjernir's Glove," the mammoth cave, and the little green river which flows there.—I ought to have seen them! Lerner H. talks about that cave till I almost fancy I have seen it.

I must tell you of a pleasure which he prepared for me one evening on the Ohio. He asked me whether I should like to hear the negroes of the ship sing, and led me for this purpose to the lowest deck, where I beheld a strange scene. The immense engine-fires are all on this deck, eight or nine apertures all in a row; they are like yawning fiery throats, and beside each throat stood a negro naked to his middle, who flung in fire-wood. Pieces of wood were passed onwards to these feeders by other negroes, who stood up aloft on a large open place between them and yet another negro, who standing on a lofty stack of fire-wood, threw down with vigorous arms food for the monsters on deck. Lerner H. encouraged the negroes to sing; and the negro up aloft on the pile of fire-wood began immediately an improvised song in stanzas, and at the close of each, the negroes down below joined in vigorous chorus. It was a fantastic and grand sight to see these energetic, black athletes lit up by the wildly flashing flames from the fiery throats, whilst, amid their equally fantastic song, they kept time most exquisitely, and hurled one piece of firewood after another into the yawning, fiery gulf. Everything went on with so much life, and so methodically, and

the whole scene was so accordant and well arranged that it would have produced a fine effect upon any theatre whatever. The improvisation was brought finally to a close with a hint that the singers would become doubly merry, and would sing twice as well, if they could have a little brandy when they reached Louisville, and that they could buy brandy if they could have a little money, and so on.

Nor did Mr. H. allow them to be mistaken in their anticipations.

We are still in the grain-district of the Mississippi, but shall soon reach the region of cotton. We have now Arkansas on our right hand, and Tennessee on our left, both slave-states rich in natural beauty, but still rude in spiritual and material culture.

December 20th.—We are now in the region of cotton. The shores on both sides are low and swampy, covered by forests of cotton-wood trees, now leafless. Here and there however are interspersed cotton-plantations with the white slave-villages and the habitations of the planters; and one sees swarthy figures moving about on the grey soil gathering the cotton-pods that still remain upon the blackening shrubs. I went on shore to-day with Mr. Lerner H. at a cotton-plantation, and broke off some branches with tufts of cotton still hanging upon them, from shrubs which grew round a slave-hut. The tufts of cotton are extremely beautiful as they come forth from the opening capsules of the seed-pod. Every seed is embedded in a pillow of cotton. Cotton is the envelope of the seed. You shall see it when I return.

We have now Arkansas on our right, and the State of Mississippi on our left. Along the river lie the cane-brakes, thick reed-like canes, which stand up as impenetrable as a wall between the water and the land.

Thus far came Father Marquette upon his sun-bright Mississippi journey, from the North; thus far also from

the South advanced the first European discoverer, the Spaniard, Ferdinand de Soto.

The discovery of the Mississippi is two poems; the one beautiful and sun-bright as its Idyllian islands and its clear waters in the North, the other as melancholy, as tragically gloomy as the tint and the scenery of the river in its southern portion, through which I am now journeying. The hero of the former is the mild, unpretending Father Marquette. The hero of the latter is the proud warrior Ferdinand de Soto.

Soto had been the favourite companion of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru; he had distinguished himself at the storming of Cusco, and was favoured by Charles V. in Spain, and rewarded both with honour and wealth, and finally appointed by him Governor of Cuba. But his proud ambitious mind desired more. Fooled by false prophets, and most of all by his own heart, he desired to fit out an expedition at his own cost, which should advance from Florida into North America, and there conquer for the Spaniards richer treasure, and more beautiful lands than those of Mexico and Peru. And his own belief possessed so great a power of influencing the mind of the Spaniards, that vast numbers of young men of noble birth and good fortune enlisted under his command. They sold their vineyards, their houses, and valuables to purchase expensive arms, equipments and horses. Out of multitudes who offered themselves as volunteers on this new expedition of discovery he selected six hundred young men, all adventurous, wealthy and proud as himself.

A more magnificent spectacle was never beheld than that of the landing of these proud cavaliers on the shore of the New World; their banners and standards floating in the air, in the soft air of Florida, full, as it were, of youthful vitality, of the intoxicating elixir of life. Thus galloped they onward in burnished armour, "very

gallant, with silk upon silk," along the shore between the sea and the unknown land which they believed to be full of gold and great cities.

Ferdinand de Soto, who wished to prevent all possibility, either for himself or his troop, of retreat, which might be desired by fickleness or by fear, sent back all his vessels to Cuba, and advanced with his warriors into the wildernesses of the New World. They took with them weapons of all kinds, work-tools, as well as chains and bloodhounds for the subjection of the natives.

It was in the month of May, 1539.

And ever, as they advanced onward through the wilderness, mass was punctually performed by priests with all the pomp of Catholic observance, and ever as they advanced onward they practised cruelty against the natives, whilst in their own camp they occupied themselves with the excitement of desperate gaming.

The wanderings of the first year westward, thence into Georgia, which was then, like all the rest of the undetermined south-eastern continent, called Florida. Their journeyings were difficult and often dangerous from the hostility of the Indians. They found abundance of maize, but no gold and no cities, only small Indian villages. Nor could the natives inform them of any land in which gold was to be found. Some of the adventurers now desired that their leader should turn back, but he replied—

"I will not turn back till I have seen the poverty of the country with my own eyes."

And he ordered the Indians to be burned or mutilated, in the belief they had intentionally misled him. Other captive Indians, alarmed at this, assured him that gold might be found further towards the north-west. And De Soto and his men journeyed on still farther, plundering and desolating as they went.

The second year brought them into the highlands of

Georgia, where they fell in with the peaceful and gentle Cherokee Indians. A number of De Soto's people wished to settle themselves down here in the midst of this beautiful region, to till the soil and enjoy the good things of the earth. But De Soto had promised Spain gold and great cities, and the proud Spaniard would not rest until he had found them. He was an obstinate man of few words, and strong will, and all his attendants yielded themselves to him.

They wandered still farther; advanced into Alabama, where there was a large town called Mavilla (afterwards Mobile). Here the Indians rose up against him. A battle ensued, the Spanish cavalry overcame the enemy; a more bloody Indian battle was never fought on American soil; the town was set on fire; two thousand five hundred Indians are said to have been slain, suffocated or burned; the Spaniards lost a few of their number, and most of their baggage, which perished in the flames with the Indian town.

Spanish ships had, however, in the meantime arrived from Cuba at Pensacola Bay, near Mavilla. But De Soto had not yet found either silver or gold; the flames of Mavilla had destroyed the curious collections which he had made, and too proud to acknowledge his hopes defeated, he resolved to send no news of himself until he had obtained that for which he sought. He turned away from the sea-coast and proceeded north-westward, in the State of Mississippi. His little band was now diminished to five hundred men.

In the northern parts of Mississippi they were surprised by winter, with severe frost and snow. But maize was still standing in the fields, and the Spaniards were able to obtain a supply of food and shelter for the winter also, in the deserted huts of the Chickasaw Indians. But they had not yet found gold; neither had the Indians golden ornaments. They were poor,

but loved freedom. When spring came, and De Soto demanded from them an escort to carry the baggage of his soldiers, the Indians set fire to his camp, and their fierce war-whoop rang through the night and amid the flames.

The Spaniards lost here the clothing and the stores which had been saved from the fires of Mavilla. They were now as naked as their Indian enemies, and they suffered from cold and hunger; but with his difficulties increased the pride and obstinacy of de Soto. Was it for him who had promised to conquer the treasures of the world, to return with half-naked men despoiled of their all?

He ordered the chains to be taken from the limbs of the captives, and new weapons to be forged; he clothed his troops in garments of skin and mats of ivy-leaves, and advanced still farther west, in search of the land of gold.

For seven days they wandered through a wilderness of forests and morasses. They then reached the Indian settlements on the banks of the Mississippi.

Ferdinand de Soto was the first European who beheld the mighty river.

The lapse of three centuries has not changed its character. It was then described as broad and turbid, flowing on with a powerful current, and with a quantity of trees and timber always floating on its stream.

In May, 1541, the Spaniards crossed the river in large boats, which they themselves had built. De Soto proceeded into Arkansas. Here the Spaniards were saluted by the natives as children of the Sun, and the blind were brought to them that they might receive their sight from the children of the light.

“Pray only to God who dwells in heaven,” replied De Soto, “and He will give you what you need.”

Following his dark impulse, De Soto advanced still

farther towards the north-west, and finally reached the highlands of the White River, two hundred miles from the Mississippi. But neither did these mountains yield gold nor precious stones!

De Soto and his people took up their winter quarters in an Indian town on the banks of the White River, Washita, among a peaceful Indian tribe, who were employed in agriculture, and who had fixed towns. The young cavaliers practised upon the unoffending natives every cruelty which their unbridled caprice suggested. De Soto, it is said, had no pleasure in cruelty; but the lives and rights of the Indians were counted as nothing by him.

In the following spring De Soto determined to descend the Washita to its junction, and to obtain tidings of the sea. He bewildered himself among the morasses which border the Red River and its tributaries. In one province called Guachoya, he inquired from the chief how far it was thence to the sea? The chief could not tell. Were there settlements through the country from that point to the junction of the river? He was told that the whole country there was an uninhabitable swamp. De Soto, unwilling to credit such discouraging intelligence, sent men on horseback to examine the land southward along the Mississippi. In eight days they were not able to advance farther than thirty miles, they were so constantly impeded by morasses, by the denseness of the forests, and the impenetrable cane-brakes.

The governor heard their report in gloomy silence. Horses and men were dying around him, and the Indians were becoming more and more dangerous. He attempted to overawe a tribe of Indians near Natchez by saying that he was of supernatural descent, and therefore demanded of them obedience and tribute.

“You say that you are the child of the sun,” replied the chief, “dry up this river and I will believe you!”

Ferdinand de Soto could no longer overawe or punish. His arrogance and his stubborn pride were now subdued by a gloomy melancholy, and his health began to decline under the conflict, with adversity and suffering. He was attacked by a malignant fever, during which he was neither cared-for nor visited as his state required. His little company had now melted away to three hundred men.

When he felt his death approach he called around him the remnant of his faithful followers, who obeyed him to the last, and named his successor.

The following day he died. His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by sorrowing for his loss. The priests chaunted over his body the first requiem which was ever heard by the waters of the Mississippi. In order to conceal his death, they wrapped his body in a mantle, and, in the depth of night, bore him out upon the Mississippi and sank his body silently into the middle of the stream.

It was now again May, and the spring burst forth gloriously over the Mississippi, but De Soto rose up no more to meet it.

“The discoverer of the Mississippi,” adds the historian, to whom I am much indebted for the above, “slept beneath its waters. For four years he had wandered to and fro over a great portion of the continent in search of gold, but had found nothing so remarkable as the place of his burial.”

Father Marquette slumbered at the foot of the altar, without sickness and sorrow, after a life of peaceful conquest, and uninterrupted success; and Ferdinand de Soto, slowly dying amid morasses and adversities, his proud heart the prey of anxiety and of humiliation——what pictures they present! Has poetry anything brighter than the former, anything more gloomy than the latter?

December 21st.—The Mississippi flows grey, turbid, and

broad; still broader and still more turbid it seems to me under this grey, chilly, wintry sky. Its waters become more and more swollen every day, and the shores become still more flat and swampy, bordered with cotton-wood and cane-brake. Huge blocks of timber, trees, and all kind of things float along the Mississippi, all telling of wreck and desolation. This great river seems to me like the waters of the Deluge, and they bear along with them a vast register of sin. Our magnificent Noah's Ark, however, more cosmopolitan than its ancient predecessor, floats upon the great cosmopolitan waters with an easy conscience, and is such a capital place altogether, that though I sometimes think of the Deluge and the Mississippi register of sin, and of De Soto's fate in these regions, and see the impression of his spirit stamped upon the gloomy landscape, upon the grey earth and sky, yet even so musing, I cannot but feel cheerful of mood. I seem to see myself here, like a citizeness of the world, conveyed along by the great citizen of the world; and thus I know that I shall now become acquainted with its geographical history to its very close, and that I shall see that beautiful Cuba and the life of the tropics; and thus, I think—many thoughts.

Everything on board is quiet, and all goes on with order and propriety. I spend the forenoons by myself, read a little in the "History of America," and in Buchanan's "Journal of Man," and let my thoughts flow with the stream forth into the ocean. The afternoons and evenings are passed in company with some agreeable passengers on board. At meal-times Mr. Lerner H. always stands ready in the saloon to conduct me to table, and in the morning extends to me his hand, with a brotherly salutation. He sits beside me at table, mentions the various dishes to me, and tells me what I may eat, and always is right; is charming and agreeable in every way; reminds me often in his manner of our Captain G., and resembles him

also, inasmuch as he abuses his own head for being badly furnished, whilst he is possessed of a very excellent, acute, and sound intellect. How it may be with regard to his acquired knowledge I cannot say, but this I know, that these strong practical characters, when they are united to a warm heart and a noble disposition, are to me, at the same time both a repose and a refreshment. A man who from his own acquired property, purchases and furnishes a house for his father and sister, is one whom I should like to have for a brother; but not for the sake of the house.

The animals which are both below and above us, amuse me also, all except the pigs, which I would were all of them drowned together in the Mississippi, because they send such repulsive odours up to our piazza every now and then. Their various voices are not at all displeasing to hear at a distance, and they all look in such good condition, and are so well off, that I generally once a-day make a round of salutation among them. The oxen are so fat that they can hardly get up when they have laid themselves down; and they are obliged to be roused to that every morning, by the keen caresses of the whip.

I must now tell you about some new acquaintance whom I have made on board. First two young sisters from Vermont, real rose-buds in their exterior, and with souls of the purest crystal; genuine daughters of New England, even in this, that though they might live in ease in their own home, they prefer as teachers to earn their own bread, and thus obtain an independent life for themselves. You would be as much fascinated with them as I am. The eldest sister is twenty-five, and is now on her way to undertake the management of a ladies' seminary in the state of Mississippi. The younger is only seventeen, and is going as a pupil in the school where her sister is teacher. Both are most charming girls, and both have

each their favourite brother, of whom they cannot say enough in praise, and whose portraits they have shown me. Their parents are dead. They are here quite alone on the vessel. Sometimes they stand together on the piazza, and sing duets together very sweetly.

The eldest is the loveliest type of the young teacher of the New World, that young woman, who although delicate and slender in figure, and gifted with every feminine grace, stands more stedfastly upon her ground than the Alps or the pyramids of the earth; who understands Euclid and Algebra as well as any master of arts, and who understands better than they how to manage a school of unmanageable boys.

“I love to rule little boys,” said Miss G., with a smile, which had a good deal of conscious power mingled with its amiability. And with this power of goodness and beautiful womanliness, she goes calmly to assume her vocation of teacher; not merely however as the teacher, but with the feeling of being one of the young mothers of humanity.

And I do not know any image more beautiful. Such young women are the true heroines of romance of our day.

When I inquired whence that amiable young girl had derived both her strength and her gentle grace, her lofty view of the nobility of life, and the purpose of humanity, I was presented with a sweet and gravely beautiful image of her deceased mother.

“I remember,” said she, as we sate together one evening in the twilight, “I remember how she used to go out with me in the morning when I was a little girl, and wander over the green hills whilst the dew was yet on the grass; and how she would show me the little clover-flowers on the field-turf, which my foot trod, and let me see their perfect beauty, and taste how sweet they were with their honied juice!”

Bright tears shone in the beautiful eyes of the speaker.

The little clover-flower had raised its head. It had become human.

I here saw once more Hiram Powers' American, but not merely in marble, in living reality.

My other agreeable acquaintance on board, are a gentleman between forty and fifty, with one of those pure, handsome countenances, which one cannot do otherwise than put one's entire trust in, and which reminds me of that of our king, Gustavus Adolphus II., from its frankness and manliness, although it has less of the warlike in expression. My new friend is somewhat phlegmatic and contemplative. His conversation gives me especial pleasure. Do not be afraid if I tell you that he has lived long in the Southern States, as a planter and a slave-owner; you may see immediately by his beautiful deep blue eyes, that he was the best of masters in the world. Are you afraid that I am in love with him, and in spirit do you see me give him my hand, and settle down on a cotton plantation on the Mississippi, in the midst of negro slaves?

Yes, if I were younger, and if my life's purpose were less decided than it now is, I confess that there is here and there one of these American gentlemen, with their energy, their cordiality, and chivalric spirit, who might be dangerous to my heart. But as it now is, I receive every sentiment of cordial liking which is evinced toward me, by man or by woman, with calm gratitude, as a cream on the good food of life, as the sunbeam and the spring-breeze, which makes the day beautiful. I seek not for them, but when they come, I enjoy them as flowers given by the hand of the all-good Father.

But now as particularly regards this agreeable gentleman, he is already married, and is travelling with his family to Cuba where, on account of the health of his wife, they will spend the winter, and after that proceed to Europe. His wife is an invalid, but has the same character

of seriousness and gentleness as himself. Both husband and wife appear to be sincerely attached to each other. Why should such people be slave-owners? or rather, why could not all slave-owners be such people?

The planter's wife told me that her husband never was able to enjoy real peace of mind on the plantations, for that the thought of his slaves, and the wish to do them justice and to treat them well, disturbed him day and night; he was always afraid of not doing enough for them.

We are now near Wicksburg, a city of bad reputation on the Mississippi, but a city also which shows the ability of the North Americans for self-government. A few years since a band of desperate gamblers and adventurers settled themselves down there. They set up a gambling-club and decoyed young men thither; purposely excited quarrels, and fought with pistols in the streets, and even in houses, and committed every kind of outrage. The wise men of the city assembled and announced to the gamblers that they must either vacate the city within eight days or that they would be seized and hanged. The gamblers treated the announcement with scorn, and gambled and quarrelled, and had their pistol-fights as before. When the eight days of grace were past, the friends of order in the city assembled, seized them, and hanged the one who was the worst of the set, and then putting the rest in a boat, they turned them adrift on the Mississippi. Such summary treatment is called Lynch-law, and is the self-assumed administration of law, by a sense of justice, where there exists no ordinary executive power able to administer the law, according to its usual forms. After this execution, which I believe occurred last year, Wicksburg became a creditable place.

We shall soon leave the region of cotton for that of sugar. But when shall we arrive at the region of summer? It is constantly cold and cheerless.

December 22nd.—Now we are there ! Now we are there ! And summer breezes and sunshine surround us ! But— But I must tell you consecutively that which has formed a turning point in my whole state of feeling.

This is the seventh day of my journey down the Mississippi. When I came out on the piazza this morning, I felt as if I were in an enchanted world. The sweetest summer breezes caressed me, the softest blue heaven lay over the Mississippi and the open, cultivated fields on its banks, snowy masses of summer-cloud were chased by the warm breeze, and upon the verdant meadows which covered the shores shone out lovely habitations, standing in groves of orange-trees, shrubberies of roses, cypresses, and cedars. An indescribably mild and delicious life of beauty breathed in everything and over everything. Everything was changed. We had, below Memphis, entered the region of sugar, or the country in which the sugar-cane is cultivated, as well as cotton and maize. We had passed Natchez, where formerly a powerful Indian tribe had worshipped the sun, and maintained a perpetual fire ; a place with bloody memories. We had left the city of the bloody memories behind us ; we had left behind us the States of Mississippi and Arkansas. We were now in Louisiana, which embraced both shores of the river. We were speeding into the bosom of the south, and it received us with a warm heart. So I felt it, and my own heart expanded itself to every gentle power of life and of nature. I sate silently aft on the piazza the whole forenoon, in a sort of quiet intoxication of enjoyment, inhaling the delicious atmosphere and the southern landscape, thrilled with the enchanting aspect of heaven and earth, and the indescribable soft mild air which was diffused through infinite space between them.

It was noon. The air became more and more delicious, and more and more animated became the scenes on the

river-banks. Caravans of black men and women were seen driving out from the planter's-house to the fields. After them came one or two buggies, or cabriolets, in which were probably the overseers or the masters themselves. I gazed on the whole scene in that spirit of human love in which, to keep one's self in good-humour one believes the best of all men, and in which one endeavours to see every thing and all circumstances on the sunny side.

Two hours later I still sate aft on the piazza, and inhaled the same mild, delicious atmosphere; still beheld the same scene of southern beauty, but gazed upon it with a heart full of bitterness. Yes, for a dark picture had been unfolded before my gaze, a picture which I never shall forget, which perpetually, like a spectre of the abyss will step between me and the memory of that enchanting veil, which for a moment captivated and darkened my vision.

I sate and gazed upon that beautiful scene, as one looks at the scene of a theatre. I enjoyed with childish delight the decorations. Then came my new friend, the planter, and seated himself in an arm-chair on the piazza. We spoke a few words about the deliciousness of the air, which he enjoyed as much as I did. Then we sate silently contemplating the scenery of the shores. We saw the caravans of slaves and their overseers proceeding over the fields. I said to my neighbour, in that spirit of human-love which I have mentioned,—

“There is a great deal more happiness and comfort in this life (the slaves' life), than one commonly imagines.”

The planter turned to me his beautiful head, with a glance which I shall never forget; there was astonishment, almost reproach in it, and a profound melancholy.

“Oh!” said he in a low voice, “you know nothing of that which occurs on these shores; if you did, you would not think so. Here is much violence and much suffering! At this season in particular, and from the

time when the cotton is ready to pluck, a great deal of cruelty is practised on the plantations around here. There are plantations here where the whip never rests during all these months. You can have no idea of such flogging.”

I will not repeat those scenes which the planter related to me, scenes which he himself had witnessed of violence, cruelty and suffering, during more than fourteen years; abominations which finally drove him thence, which drove him to sell his plantation, and leave the Slave States for ever. I will merely introduce some of this excellent man's words.*

“I have known men and women who were actual devils towards their slaves; whose pleasure it was to torment them.

“People can flog a negro almost to death, and yet not let a drop of blood flow. The strip of cow-hide which is used in-doors, can cause the most horrible torture without any mark being left.

“Women are not unfrequently the most horrible tormentors of the house-slaves; and I would rather be one of the field-hands than the house-slave of a passionate woman. The institution of slavery seems to change the very nature of woman.

“Slavery is destructive of the white. I have known young men and women, amiable in all respects, of the most attractive manners and dispositions, but towards their slaves they were unjust and severe.

“There are naturally exceptions. There are good and tender masters and mistresses, but these are few. The rule is, that slavery blinds and hardens the mind of the slave-owner from childhood upwards.

“The state of things is considerably improved of late

* I should not, however, now publish them if I did not know that *he* is now safe from all the unpleasantness which his integrity possibly might have drawn upon him; did I not consider that by communicating them I am performing his *last* will and—a higher will also.

years, and still is improving. Light is beginning to enter this country; people are no longer afraid of speaking. A few years ago, if a person had published a seventh part of what I have now told you, he would have been shot without any further process. The slave-owner now acknowledges that the eye of the public is directed to him. It makes him more careful. Slaves, for the last ten or twelve years, have been better clothed and fed in this part of the country than they used to be; but sadly too much injustice, and sadly too much cruelty exists still, and must always exist so long as this institution lasts. And it is my conviction that it will soon become '*the question*'—the question of life and death within the American Union.

“Even now a man makes no demur about shooting down a negro whom he suspects of intending to run away, and the law is silent on all such acts of violence. I have seen many slaves severely wounded from having been shot at under such circumstances; but one only killed.

“Passion, and that of the most frantic description, is common in the treatment of slaves.

“The law is no protection to the slave. It is nominally so, but it is not any actual defence. The slave suffers from his master; the lawyers shut their eyes to the affair as long as they can; and the negro cannot be a witness in a court of justice.

“They talk of public opinion; but public opinion is here as yet, for the most part, the product of demagogues. And the cotton interest is its only conscience. Many people see all this as very wrong, and deplore it, but they are silent, from the fear of involving themselves in trouble.

“The festivals of the slaves are for the most part a fiction. On some plantations the slaves are allowed to dance at Christmas, if the cotton is picked and the sugar

is ground ; but when the harvest is late, as it is this year, the festival is put off to eternity ; and for the greater number it always remains there. If the harvest has been good and the work is done, then the negroes may sometimes dance.

“ Hitherto no religious instruction has been allowed to the slave on the plantations, nor is it even to this hour. But God knows how it has happened, some of these poor creatures have, notwithstanding, got hold of some of the truths of the Gospel, and you can scarcely imagine the eagerness with which they listen to every word. I know two plantations where the slaves have regular Christian instruction, and it is very probable that this may spread and produce a change in the relationship between slave and master.

“ The time is perhaps not far distant when public opinion will become a real defence to the slave, and more so than law can ever be.

“ People are becoming compelled to more justice and gentleness towards their slaves, for their own safety. I have known times here, when there was not a single planter who had a calm night’s rest ; they then never lay down to sleep without a brace of loaded pistols at their side.

“ If people would only attempt to treat the slave with justice and with reason, they would be astonished at the results of these methods. The negro is in a high degree susceptible of kindness and justice. He is disposed to subordination under any real superior, and if the whites would avail themselves of such means they would be able to govern the negro, or at all events, he would work for them without the whip.

“ I never allowed the whip to be used on my plantation to drive them to work ; there was no need of it. Justice, regularity, reason, sufficed with them ; and they worked well. I only allowed the whip to be used (and one cannot

in the present uncultivated condition of the negroes do without the whip on the plantations) as a punishment for theft and quarrels; but for driving them to their work it is not at all necessary.

“I am convinced that slaves might become free servants, and as such would work very well. All those dangers which are predicted in emancipation are, in my opinion, mere dreams. If emancipation were to take place gradually and wisely, it would then proceed without danger or difficulty. The experiments which some persons, and among these Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Henderson, have tried with their slaves, have proved this.

“Education, accompanied by a prospect of emancipation, would be the right means.

“But a great many things must be changed here before such an idea as this becomes general. I know men of high religious professions who have been the most cruel of slave-owners.

“And if I were to divulge all that I have seen, and that I know has taken place, and still takes place in these States, it would be enough to make the hair stand on end on the head of every right-minded person.

“The histories of fugitive slaves, some of which I have read, are not always to be relied upon. I often see that they fabulate, and there is no need of fabrication to make the condition of the slave horrible. The reality is worse than any fiction. And if I were a slave, I should—oh, I should certainly—leap into the river, and put an end to my life!”

These words, and the narratives with which they were interspersed of fearful things which have occurred, and are still of daily occurrence on these shores, mingled themselves like a poisoned wind with the summer breezes which still caressed me. I beheld the old slave hunted to death because he dared to visit his wife,—beheld him

mangled, beaten, recaptured, fling himself into the water of the Black River, over which he was retaken into the power of his hard master. And the law was silent!

I beheld a young woman struck, for a hasty word, upon the temples, so that she dropped down dead! And the law was silent!

I heard the law, through its jury, adjudicate between a white man and a black, and sentence the latter to be flogged, when the former only was guilty. And they who were honest among the jurymen in vain opposed the verdict!

I beheld here, on the shore of the Mississippi, only a few months since, a young negro girl fly from the maltreatment of her master, and he a professor of religion, and fling herself into the river.

I saw multitudes of captives, men and women, condemned to labour early and late, deprived of every ray of that light which could give hope to captivity, and prevented from hearing the voice of the Saviour, which says, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden;" debarred from all this by men who call themselves Christians. But forgive me, my Agatha! Why should your eyes be tormented with these gloomy pictures? I would that I could avoid seeing them. But the effect of them will never leave me. There was an end of all my enjoyment of the air and the beauty of the South. I seemed to hate my own kind who could perpetrate such cruelties and such injustice. I hated those who could gloss all this over for the interests of trade. I was indignant with myself for having wished to spare myself, to blind myself, to what I must have known would be the inevitable consequences of the institution of slavery. Yes, I ought to have known it; but I thought that it now no longer could be so!

Georgia and Carolina have, however, allowed the introduction of Christianity among the slaves. I had

heard in Georgia and Carolina, the children of Africa, burst forth into songs of praise of their Redeemer!

But here, in the beautiful southern land of the Mississippi Valley, it was worse than heathenism! Mississippi, thou great Noah's flood, now do I know thy history to the end!

But in the midst of its darkest career, I have seen the conscience of the South glance brightly upwards in a pure eye, directed towards heaven, in a warm and honest heart; and this is my consolation and my hope. The sunshine on the Mississippi is no mere lie. "Darkness was upon the face of the deep, but the spirit of God moved over the waters——."

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

We have passed Baton Rouge, as the political capital of Louisiana is called, situated upon a high bluff, upon the lofty shore of the Mississippi. A fine capitol commands the little city, and a magnificent State prison, just completed, stands with its foundations in the waters of the Noah's flood.

The Mississippi is at this point very broad. There are in the river sand-banks and verdant islands. Its waters are now clearer; the sun shines; the scenery of the shores is pleasing and quiet: plantations, orange groves, white slave-villages, amid the green fields; extensive views beneath the mild heavens of summer. The river is full of vessels, steamers, boats, and barges. We are approaching the gay city of New Orleans.

I had some conversation to-day with our stewardess, a pretty, well-disposed mulatto-girl. I found her in her little cabin busily studying a large alphabet. I had seen her twice before so employed. "The steward," she said, "had promised to teach her to read in secret. He could read, that he could!" She longed so much to be able to read. I found her one day in our saloon, standing before the open Bible, which always lies upon the table there. I

asked her what she was doing. "Oh, this book," said she; "I turn and I turn over its leaves, and wish that I understood what is on them. I try and try; I should be so happy if I could read, but I cannot."

We are approaching New Orleans, "that gay city." In a couple of hours we shall be there. All the animals in Noah's Ark make themselves heard.

NEW ORLEANS, LA FAYETTE SQUARE, *Dec. 25th.*

Far in the South, but without sun, at least for the present. It shone brightly, however, as we arrived at the Crescent city, which in the form of a half-moon stands upon a broad tongue of land between the Mississippi and Lake Pontchartrain, into which great inland-sea the waters of the Gulf of Mexico enter.

No less than three steamers had been blown up a short time before our arrival, one of them was quite new, and was out on an expedition of pleasure with several of the most wealthy people of New Orleans on board. Many of these were very severely hurt, and two killed.

Our Noah's Ark however has borne us and all the animals safely to land.

The harbour which we entered was beautiful and inviting in its crescent form; but the roadstead was bad, and the quay, which was of wood, ill-built.

On the arm of my faithful cavalier, Lerner H., I went on shore, and up to a magnificent building resembling the Pantheon at Rome, shining out white with its splendid columns, not of marble, but of stucco. This was the Hotel St. Charles, and here we at first took up our quarters.

But when I found that for a cold little room with an immense bed up three pair of stairs, with the privilege of the great saloon, where I would not go if I could help it, and the privilege of eating a variety of meals which I could not eat without making myself ill, and at hours that

did not suit me, when I found that for all this magnificence I must pay three dollars per day, without being able with it all, to enjoy one pleasant hour, I became anxious to find another home.

And another home I soon found, through the kind care of my kind countryman, Mr. Charles S., brother to the *Justitierråd*. And this morning Lerner H. brought me hither in a carriage amid rain and cold. I am now living in a private boarding-house, with a respectable widow. I have a large handsome room, carpeted and with a fire-place, and two large windows looking out into a market-place planted with young trees still green, and with a grass-plot in the centre, This is La Fayette Square. It is a beautiful and very quiet place. I esteem myself quite happy in my dwelling, for which I pay, together with my board, only ten dollars per week, which is low for New Orleans.

I became acquainted in St. Charles's Hotel with two persons who may hereafter become more to me than mere acquaintance; these are Mr. and Mrs. G. They are from Cincinnati, but are residing, like Mr. Lerner H., through the winter in New Orleans, where both gentlemen have business. Lerner H. had prepared me to like Mrs. G. very much.

When on the morning after my arrival, I went down to breakfast in the great eating-hall, no one was as yet there, and I set myself to guess my new friend's friend from among those who entered.

I beheld ladies enter one after another, all in dresses made high to the throat, with little collars and without caps; and all dressed as much alike, as if they had been modelled from one block. All were delicate, thin, or rather dried up, and looked, it seemed to me, dried up inwardly as well as outwardly. But in this I might be mistaken. Certain it is I thirsted for a little life, a little individuality in the exterior as well as the interior. The Quakeresses are

also all alike in costume. But what a clearly impressed individuality one reads in their countenances! Here again it was uniformity devoid of character; the simplicity was monotonous and tiresome. I had not discovered Mrs. G.

I said so to Lerner H. as he sate beside me at breakfast.

“Turn round,” said he, “she sits at the table behind you!” (N.B. We ate at long, narrow tables.)

I turned round and met a gentle, oval, somewhat pale countenance, and a pair of deep, beautiful eyes, a clear forehead, over which the dark-brown hair lay smooth on the temples in bands. That was Mrs. G. She was dressed like all the rest of the ladies, but in black silk; her hair was put up in the same style as the others, but still there was a great difference. She seemed to me a little stiff, but not dry; she was mild and noble.

I made a closer acquaintance with her on Christmas Eve, and on the afternoon of Christmas day, which I spent in company in the great saloon, with a portion of the population of St. Charles's Hotel, and she cordially pleased me. She has those refined, regular features, which belong to American female beauty, and beside this, there is that quiet demeanour, that modest dignified grace which one does not so often meet with among the beauties of the New World. Mr. G., who is a good deal older than his handsome wife, has an animated strongly marked countenance; he is a warm Swedenborgian, and I foresee that we shall have some little contentions on this subject; but all in good part, for he is evidently a good Swedenborgian.

There was dancing in the great saloon. A young, handsome, and evidently consumptive girl waltzed with as much zeal as if she would make an end of herself; and her partner and lover helped her most loyally. I could not feel gay. I thought of Christmas in Sweden and at

home. Here they did not understand how to celebrate Christmas. In Sweden however we do understand this festival.

I went to church on Christmas-day, to a grand church, the darkly painted windows of which deprived it of all light, and heard a dry, soul-less sermon. I was not edified, and felt as if New Orleans was a dry and wearisome place. I thought of the Christmas early-morning service in our country churches, of the sledgings thither in the morning-twilight through pine woods, along the fresh snow; I thought of the little cottages in the woods, shining out with their Christmas candles; of the train of small peasant sledges with their bells ringing merrily by the way; of the beautiful church with its dark back-ground of wood beaming with all its lighted windows; of the cheerful scene of light and people within it; those good country folk in their warm costume; I saw the representative of the Diet of Thyreste enter in his wolf-skin cloak at the church door; I saw the children with their beaming glances; I heard the animated, powerful hymn,

“Hail to thee, lovely morning hour!”

Yes that was Christmas life, and Christmas joy!

In New Orleans Christmas is no Christmas. I felt as if I were in a heathen country.

On the evening of Christmas-day I was amused by a free-spoken, original, elderly lady—a somewhat unusual personage among the women of the New World. Mrs. D. is worldly, but witty and peculiar with a vengeance; does not bend to the world, but has the courage to do what she likes, even in dress. And her red velvet blouse which, without a girdle, enwrapped her like a mantle, whether it is becoming or not in company, is very becoming to her tall, strong figure, which had quite a regal appearance, and was a refreshing sight to me. Thanks, Mrs. D.!

If it clears up in the afternoon or in the morning,

Mr. Lerner H. will take me to see the slave-market, which is one of the great sights of "the gay city." I begin now to have a presentiment of *why* I *must* go down the Mississippi, and why I must visit New Orleans.

December 27th.—Three days' rain and bad weather in New Orleans; each day worse than the preceding, with sleet and cold. But I am quite well, my little heart; amuse myself in my excellent, cheerful room, and have to-day again one of those inward spring days which sometimes, in the midst of winter, astonish me with overflowing life, when everything within my soul lives and grows in an infinite sunshine; when every thought bursts forth into blossom, and, as it were, produces abundant harvests, in a manner which astonishes and enchants me; when the head and breast feel too narrow for the emotions and the presentiments which are agitating within, and will, as it were, burst forth; when I feel myself to be a citizen of the world, and am ready to embrace the whole world; when I live, live, live! But enough of this. I cannot, nevertheless, describe the animating impulse within me.

I embrace you and mama in the fulness of my heart; and now close and send off this letter, for I believe it is long since I last wrote home.

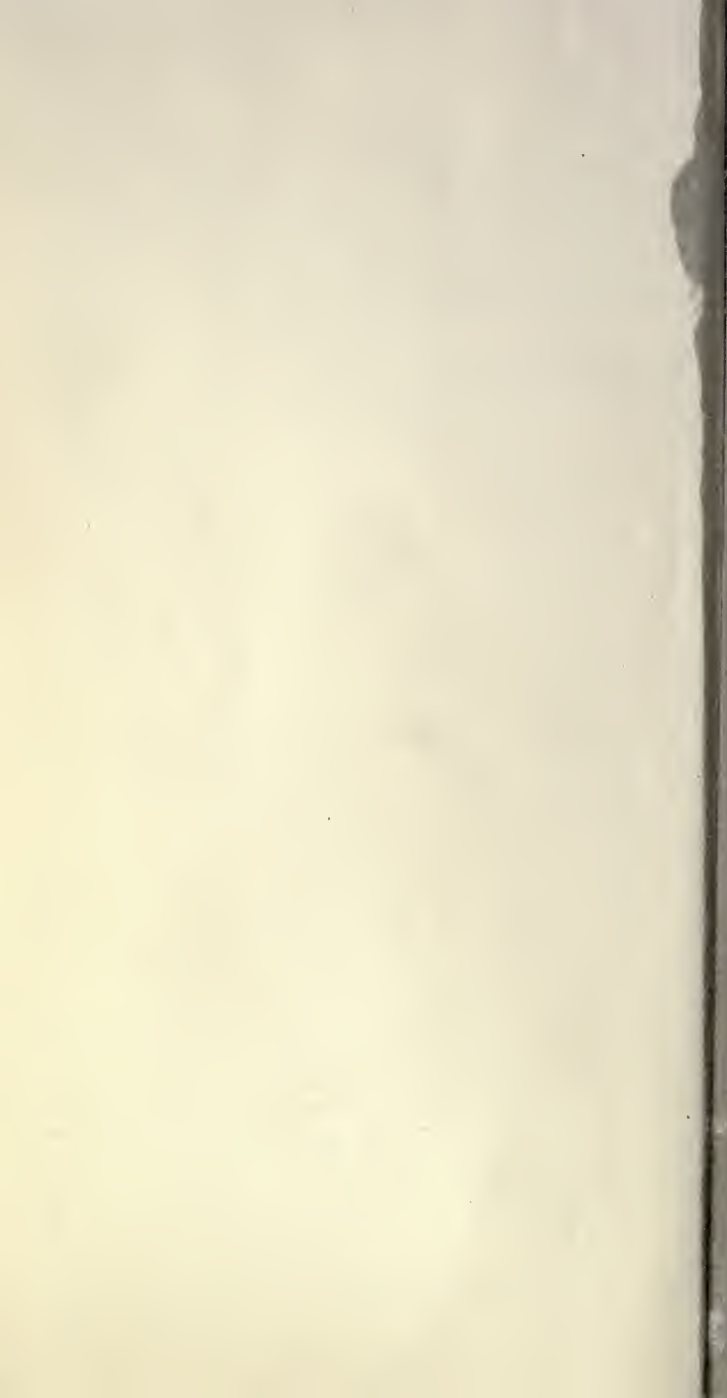
P.S. December 28th.—At length a bright and beautiful day after three days of incessant bad weather. And now one must be up and doing; visit asylums, schools, prisons, and drive out to plantations. I was yesterday, in the midst of the rain, surprised by a visit from unknown friends in New Orleans, warm, cordial people, so that it made me very happy. The heartfelt kindness of one young, amiable girl affected me to tears.

My new friends came with violets and invitations to go out with them to a plantation up the Mississippi, where they would show me "what slavery really is;" thus speak they who merely see it, or choose to see it,

as it is in one or two cases, under good masters. But I now know enough not to let myself be beguiled, even by good people, to believe what a young, handsome gentleman (either stupid or false) assured me last evening, that the slaves in America are "as happy as can be!" My new friends are evidently kind and warm-hearted people, and forget how often others are different.

When I write next I shall tell you more about the free people, and the slave people, and slavery in the gay city of New Orleans.

END OF VOL. II.





RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library

or to the

NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling
(510)642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing
books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made
4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

JUL 01 2004

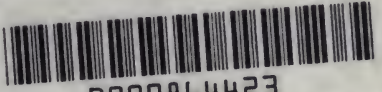
DD20 6M 9-03

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

YB 55386

GENERAL LIBRARY - U.C. BERKELEY



8000864423

