

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN AMERICA.





THE HAPPY BRIDEGROOM.

W. H. Hepworth Dixon

LIFE AND SOCIETY

IN

AMERICA

BY

SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY

Author of "Down South" "English America or Pictures of Canadian Places and People," etc., etc.

FIRST SERIES



"Manners may be no more than the small circulating coinage of Society ; but when these bits of silver have the true mint-mark upon them they will pass for all that they are worth in every place, at every hour of the day."

W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

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TO

MONSIEUR LE PRINCE CAMILLE DE POLIGNAC,

IN MEMORY OF

OLD FRIENDSHIP AND SOUTHERN ASSOCIATIONS,

I DEDICATE

THESE VOLUMES.

London, October, 1880.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. OVER THE SEA - - - - -	1
II. THE "EMPIRE CITY" - - - - -	15
III. "MARRIAGE MADE EASY" - - - - -	29
IV. HOTELS - - - - -	41
V. RESTAURANTS AND BOARDING-HOUSES - - - - -	55
VI. THE COST OF LIVING - - - - -	64
VII. POPULAR PREACHERS - - - - -	71
VIII. ASTROLOGERS AND CLAIRVOYANTS - - - - -	82
IX. TRANCE - MEDIUMSHIP, FREE - LOVE, AND HUMAN RIGHTS - - - - -	90
X. THE NEW YORK CLUBS - - - - -	102
XI. LOCOMOTION IN NEW YORK - - - - -	112
XII. A LITERARY BUREAU - - - - -	121
XIII. LECTURES AND LECTURERS - - - - -	142
XIV. PENN AND PENNSYLVANIA - - - - -	157
XV. THE "CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE" - - - - -	171
XVI. THE "PARADISE OF EDITORS" - - - - -	186

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVII. THE "GAY CAPITOL" - - - - -	194
XVIII. THE "HUB OF THE UNIVERSE" - - - - -	207
XIX. TIPLING - - - - -	220
XX. THE "CAMP OF ZION" - - - - -	235





LIFE AND SOCIETY IN AMERICA.



CHAPTER I.

OVER THE SEA.

ONE of my earliest boyhood recollections is the noticing, about the end of each recurrent January, large parti-coloured placards in the outskirts of Cork, announcing, in conspicuous capital letters, the sailing of "The First Spring Ship for Quebec." Then, as now, the superabundant industrial population, whom Dryden characterizes as

"The porcelain clay of human kind,"

were forced to take their labour to a market where it was more in demand, better remunerated, and likely to produce such independence, competence, and comfort, as it were vain to hope for in the "Old Country." Forty years since the exodus from Ireland had only commenced. Subsequently it assumed proportions which threatened to

reduce the population, until the country would be left without hands to till the soil.

What a wonderful revolution has been effected in the construction of steam-vessels since the *Great Western* and the *Sirius* sailed from English ports to New York in the Spring of 1838? At one time, crossing the Atlantic was attended with much discomfort and no little danger. Consequently, only the most venturesome and intrepid of the labouring classes undertook the experiment, however tempting the inducements which the New World offered. Even the ships employed were very unsuitable for carrying passengers. The accommodation was of the most wretched kind; rather there was no proper accommodation at all. The food supplied was stinted in quantity and bad in quality. The supply of water was insufficient. Vessels quitted our harbours without undergoing that careful inspection by Government officers which is now obligatory. Emigrants were crowded into the holds of ships in which they could not stand upright; "stowed away," in fact, like so much human ballast. One shrinks from the thought of the misery engendered by a five or six weeks'

voyage in one of those ill-contrived hulks, affectedly styled, by interested agents, "fine, fast-sailing ships." Not unfrequently the voyage across, what our American cousins disparagingly call "The Big Ferry," used to occupy from two to three months, owing to stress of weather and the inability of creaky and leaky old vessels to cope with the hostile elements.

But, as I have premised, a marvellous change for the better has long been effected. To private enterprise and commercial competition we are indebted for the magnificent fleets of steam-ships which cross and re-cross more than three thousand miles of ocean during all seasons of the year. The great Lines, such as the "Cunard," the "Inman," the "National," the "Anchor," the "White Star," the "American," the "North German Lloyd," and the "Allan," seem to vie with each other in the construction of stately vessels, remarkable not simply for their size, but for their swiftness. For some time past these several Corporations, finding their old screw and paddle steamers not quite up to the mark, have been building and launching ships of vaster

dimensions and more scientific construction. Hence the greatest safety and comfort are afforded both to saloon and steerage passengers. Perhaps one of the finest and noblest vessels is the *Egypt*, belonging to the "National" fleet, which made her first run from Queenstown to New York in nine and a half days. There are several sister ships, built (with the exception of the decorative portions) entirely of iron and steel, combining great strength, power, and beauty of model. These vessels are divided into water-tight and fire-proof compartments. They also possess other advantages which it is unnecessary to mention. Suffice it to say that they are the largest in the Atlantic Service.

Crossing the Atlantic at the present day is attended with scarcely any danger, and but little, if any, positive discomfort. Saloon passengers especially, must find it pleasant, exhilarating, and health-invigorating :

" O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free."

Time does not drag its slow length along as sluggishly as a landsman might suppose. The steam-

ship becomes a veritable floating hotel, wherein *voyageurs* can make themselves perfectly at home, and find facilities for reasonable enjoyment. They can "eat, drink, and be merry," after the temporary sea-sickness has relieved their livers, and restored or refreshed their animal spirits. They can while away their time in divers fashions. They can form little coteries, and, between the hours of meals, can recreate themselves in a variety of ways. They can read, talk, sing, lounge, play at special games, pace the quarter-deck, smoke, or enjoy their glass of wine, as they list. No more suitable place in the world can be found for indulging in a little innocent flirtation, or for tentative courtship, than a steam-vessel. Passengers are disposed to be sentimental; and I have noticed more than once in journeying across the Atlantic, the formation of very tender ties between young people; ties which I trust have resulted in honourable unions and prosperous results. In such case the fortunate couples may well look back with agreeable feelings upon their brief but blissful "life on the ocean wave."

The learned schoolmaster in Goldsmith's "De-

serted Village," made folks wonder "how one small head could carry all he knew." I have often wondered how the seemingly small capacity of a single store-room of an Atlantic-going steamer could contain wholesome provisions and luxurious viands sufficient not only to feed, but to feast one thousand persons, all told. Yet everything is done without bustle or confusion, and by comparatively few stewards. So much for system and experience. As a rule, the saloon daily *menu* is most liberal, no matter how high the wind or how rough the waves. One exceedingly stormy day, when the ship was pitching heavily, so much so that most of the saloon passengers had to betake themselves to their state-rooms, I observed to the Captain, who, as usual, presided at the dinner-table :

"What a pity that the cook should have prepared such an elaborate but unnecessary bill of fare as I see before me! A most *recherché* dinner, with none to eat it."

"Well," said he, with a smile, "it will be good for somebody; after a while it will be sent to the steerage. 'Tis a bad wind that blows nobody good,' you know."

Perhaps one of the most notable things on board Transatlantic steamers is the uniform order that prevails. I have occasionally crossed the Atlantic in vessels containing from six hundred to eight hundred individuals of the emigrant class, in addition to, perhaps, sixty saloon passengers, and never witnessed the slightest disorder or disturbance. This is saying a good deal for the character of the artisans or labourers who seek to better their fortune in a distant land. It holds out fair promise, too, that the emigrants who quit our shores will make worthy denizens of the country of their adoption, whether that country happen to be the Canadian Dominion or the United States. Now and again I have conversed freely with groups of emigrants, and I invariably found them anxious to receive information, and grateful for such being proffered to them. Once, indeed, the President of Washington University and myself essayed to hold nightly meetings of the steerage passengers, whom we would alternately address to some extent. But a few took alarm, foolishly considering that we had a design ultimately to proselytize, notwithstanding that

we sedulously guarded against touching upon theological topics. So, greatly to the grief of many, after one or two experiments, we had to abandon our project.

Crotchety and eccentric people will be encountered on board ship as well as on land. They are generally where they should not be, or doing what they should not do. They become "the observed of all observers;" still they neither heed nor care. Their fellow-passengers laugh at them, chaff them, possibly "cut" them as incorrigible bores. They remain provokingly imperturbable nevertheless, pursuing the peculiar tenor of their wayward way, impervious to the keen shafts of ridicule incessantly hurled against them. Inquisitiveness is most their besetting sin. They ask needless and senseless questions of the officers on duty, with whom it is specially forbidden to hold converse. To employ an inelegant but expressive rhetorical figure, they "poke their noses" everywhere, and unwittingly become the most intrepid of Paul Prys in their intrusiveness.

One of this class, while the steamer was

passing the Newfoundland Banks, once hastily approached the commander while he was particularly occupied, and impertinently interrogated him :

“Pray tell me, Captain, is it always thus foggy in these parts?”

The Captain (who was no other than the late respected Commodore of the Cunard Line), rendered suddenly irascible, sharply retorted :

“How the devil do I know, sir? I don't live here !”

The thirst for knowledge is all very well in its way ; but it may be carried too far at times, and manifest itself in strange forms and on unseasonable occasions. It is possible, I apprehend, for ignorance to be bliss, though folly never can be wise.

In all British steamers plying across the Atlantic a portion of the Church Service is regularly read each Sunday morning by a clergyman, should one happen to be on board ; if not, by the Captain. Sometimes, in addition to the ordinary Prayers and Lessons, a short and suitable discourse is delivered. To these services—which are held in the

saloon—the steerage passengers, and as many of the crew as can be spared, are invited; but attendance is quite optional on the part of all. On every occasion, I have found the congregation not only attentive, but reverent, which is more than I can say for congregations I have witnessed on land.

“Love the sea, but keep on land,” says George Herbert. Some people have an innate dread of the sea. In 1841, the witty Canon of St. Paul’s, writing to the Countess Grey, observes: “I hear Morpeth is going to America, a resolution which I should decidedly carry into execution myself if I were not going to heaven.” It is not long since I met an old friend—one of the Metropolitan Borough Members—who interrogated me respecting my opinion of America. Upon my suggesting that he should take a trip through the States during the long vacation, he replied, “I would gladly do so, only I so dread the ordeal of sea-sickness.”

The first sight of land has a magical effect. It is gratifying to the mind, no less pleasing to the eye, and brightens up the animal spirits, which, mayhap,

had grown sombre or dull from the monotony of sky and ocean—ocean and sky. What a rush there is to have the first peep at yonder coast, now but dimly seen, as though it were a dense elongated cloud! With what unflagging interest is it watched, until at length the cloud clears away, and the blue hill-tops in the background are illuminated by the sun's rays. It is satisfactory to think that the perils and dangers of the voyage are nearly passed, and that soon the battle of life will have to be again fought under new conditions and with fairer prospects.

It is time for the steerage passengers to attend a little to their personal appearance, now that the brave vessel is fairly entering the harbour. The top-masts and yards are scraped, the funnel is painted afresh, and the ship is trimmed and touched up, so as to present a smart appearance. The example is followed by its living freight, especially by the emigrants, who put on their Sunday clothes, and tidy themselves as best they are able.

We steam slowly up the river, and finally arrive in port. Now commence the shaking of

hands and demonstrative leave-taking ; for friendships are invariably formed on ship-board, albeit the voyage seldom exceeds ten or eleven days. The saloon passengers at length disembark and scatter, few of them ever to meet again. The immigrants are next conveyed with their baggage to Castle Garden, a large building, formerly an Opera House, wherein the illustrious Jenny Lind made her *débat* in America. Here every necessary preparation is made for their reception. Each person's name, with his or her destination, is duly registered. Food is supplied at moderate charges ; baths are ready for those who wish to use them ; while all needful advice and assistance are cheerfully afforded by the Superintendent of the establishment—a kind, good-natured, and zealous official, as I have observed. This is a suitable resting-place for somewhat weary immigrants until they can quietly prosecute their journey.

In this excellent asylum they are protected from those hideous, despicable land-sharks who prowl about the wharves of New York, eagerly seeking whom they may devour. Castle Garden

was formerly supported by a passenger tax of one dollar, and forms a bureau of the State, from which emanates an annual report on emigration. The tide of emigration again setting in is truly marvellous, and seems to swell as it rises. There is a stirring passage in the speech delivered in Birmingham during the cotton famine, by Mr. John Bright, M.P. :

“Are you aware,” he asked his audience, “of the great fact, that in fifteen years, which is but as yesterday, two million five hundred thousand of your countrymen have found a home in the United States; that a population equal to eight times the population of this great city—itsself equal to no mean kingdom—has emigrated from these shores? In the United States there has been, as you know, an open door for every man, and millions have entered into it and have found rest.”

The Irish emigrants are generally the poorest that leave our shores, and yet few succeed better in America. They may be indolent at home, which I doubt, but I am convinced they are industrious abroad. They work with a will, and

reap the reward of their labour. One noble trait in their character is that they do not forget the "old folk," nor even those relatives who have been forced to stay behind. Immense sums of money are annually forwarded from the States to Ireland, in order to bring out fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and others connected by family ties. What nationality is remarkable for a like sense of duty, or in whom natural affection is so strong? None, I unhesitatingly declare.

I have grown so familiar with the Atlantic as almost to "take to it" with the fervour a child clings to its mother. I love to be rocked on the vast ocean, and in proportion as it storms and rages, so does my fondness for it increase. Invariably have I felt intense sympathy with Byron, and have as often repeated his lines when fairly out at sea :

"Once more upon the ocean, yet once more,
And the sea bounds beneath me, like a steed
That knows its rider. Welcome be its roar."





CHAPTER II.

THE "EMPIRE CITY."

PERHAPS no place in the United States possesses more interest and attraction for a stranger than the "Empire City" of America. This is not owing to the various nationalities which form its population, so much as to the peculiar and ever-changing aspects under which it may profitably be seen and studied. New York is a combination of London, Berlin, and Paris; for notwithstanding the busy buzz of commerce that perpetually rings in one's ears, the Island of Manhattan does not lack the genius of gaiety. As there is little about it thoroughly American, its denizens take pride in being considered cosmopolitan. Here one, hailing from the "Old Country," feels quite at home. Albeit there are more than three thousand miles of ocean lying between him and his native land, yet he finds himself among an English-speaking people, a goodly proportion of

whom either belong to, or are descendants of, the old British stock.

The city of New York is laid out in parallelograms ; most of the streets having numerical names. It is ill-kept and worse governed. But one or two localities are used as fashionable promenades, namely, the upper or western end of the Broadway, and the Fifth Avenue in its immediate vicinity. The practice of drying clothes on the house-tops greatly detracts from the appearance of neighbourhoods otherwise respectable. Along the Broadway and in other places, are a number of demoralizing haunts. These, for the most part, are situated in cellars, where drinking and dancing are suffered to go on till an advanced hour in the morning, the attendants being gaudily-attired females of notoriously loose character. If immorality of one kind be encouraged by these detestable purlieus, that of another order is maintained by the multitude of dingy "bar-rooms" with which the commercial capital abounds. Every facility is afforded for tippling ; while even in stores that look above suspicion, nay, even bear the stern impress of staid respectability,

thirsty souls may find a supply of whatever beverage their appetites crave. Behind a screen to the rear of a first-class grocery or fruiterer's establishment, often lurks the fatal but favourite "bar," the haven of such appearance-studying toppers as do not wish their actions seen of men.

New York, in addition to a very select and rigidly exclusive class of citizens, among whom are the old Knickerbocker families, possesses a pretentious aristocracy—persons who have made money either by industry or speculation; possibly, if I said "peculation," it might not matter much—and those "shoddy" folk, and those who have "struck ile," are by no means deficient in "bounce." Their arrogance is generally on a par with their ignorance, while their assumption is provoking. With such the "almighty dollar" is the "be-all and the end-all" of existence; the golden, or rather "green-back" image which their souls so slavishly worship. King Shoddy goes in for display on a magnificent scale. If such conduct disgusts really respectable, sober-minded citizens, why should that interfere with

his proclivities? Money is good for nothing if it administers not to his grand master-passion—display. Hence palatial mansions, splendid equipages, extravagant habiliments, profuse entertainments, and inordinately luxurious living. Indeed, crested carriages and footmen in showy liveries may occasionally be observed. Many who cannot trace their pedigree a generation back, still contrive to uphold blazoned coats of arms. What has Brown, Jones, or Robinson to do if desirous of parading the ancient fame of his family patronymic and show the Conservative blood that runs in his veins, but to take up Burke's "Peerage and Baronetage," or "The Landed Gentry of Great Britain"? If he cannot do so himself he can readily find some one at hand who can do so for him, which amounts to the same thing. At the annual race held a few miles from New York, one may witness such gorgeous "turns-out" as are never, or at best but rarely, to be observed at Ascot. Occasionally, a course of reckless expenditure entails terrible punishment. Disaster, ruin and remorse ensue. A bitter, trying lesson is for once learnt that is often inefficacious for

good, inasmuch as, like experience, it comes too late to be profitable.

In his recent communication to the *Times* on "American Progress and Production," Mr. George M. Higginson, of Chicago, paints a fair picture of his countrymen. He observes: "The Americans, when times are reasonably prosperous, are the greatest consumers and the freest spenders in the world. It is even said to our reproach, that the entire French nation, with their commendable habit of economy, could actually live on the food which in this country is annually wasted. Hard times make all the difference in the world in this matter of expenditure. It is asserted by some, to which I fully assent, that the requirements of the mass of the American people in ordinary times are double those of the same number of any other civilized nation. They are never fully satisfied with what they have, and must be continually acquiring something in the way of conveniences and superfluities. When an 'economy craze' comes upon them, as it did during the five years following the panic, and they settle down more closely to the necessaries of life, the

shrinkage in the general volume of business in the country is simply enormous, every branch of trade is borne down and oppressed, and it is felt the world over." Now; however, that the tide of general prosperity has set in once more, the "economy craze" is being abandoned, and people are returning to their old habits and to the indulgence of a taste for vulgar ostentation.

The attempt of the fashionable New Yorkers to imitate the French in everything would be pitiable if it were not despicable. But this affectation is simply a rude burlesque of the reality. The slavish imitators cannot approach the ideal they set before themselves, for such ideal is too high, so that they cannot attain unto it. Nature has not gifted them with the grace, the genius, or the mobility of the admired foreigners. Accordingly they but caricature what they would fain resemble. One grand passion of the well-to-do Manhattanite consists in excessive love of dress; because all articles of apparel are high in price, some fabulously so. People "dress," not only for balls, parties, concerts, theatres, but likewise for the streets. The Broadway becomes brilliant

every fine afternoon. Ladies attired in rich and radiant costumes perambulate up and down a limited range of this great thoroughfare, sometimes accompanied by gentlemen, in their way as "loudly" attired as the sex whose natural weakness it is to show themselves off to the best advantage. These obviously dress for effect, and, so far, are but true to their womanly instincts. They know full well that they go forth with no other or higher object than to be seen and spoken of. They are conscious that not only will they be thoroughly surveyed, scrutinised, and criticised by a host of idlers, whose chief occupation lies in gambling, smoking, and drinking, but that at least one fashionable hebdomadal print will duly come out with an elaborate account of their principal garments, after the manner of the most consummate *costumier*; special correspondents, whose souls, maybe, soar no higher than a lady's headgear, being permanently engaged for this delicate and intricate delineation. I must needs surprise my lady-readers when I mention that no American woman of *ton*, desirous of keeping up the rules of street etiquette *de rigueur*, but will

hesitate before she appears abroad twice in the same costume.

An English person can scarcely form an idea of the cost attending this over-dressing. It is the expenditure it entails that renders the practice so immoral and condemnatory. A middle-class family in this country could live well upon the sum necessary to rig an American *belle* efficiently. I do not include digital ornaments, although no New York woman, be she dame or spinster, considers herself properly "adjusted," unless she has got half-a-dozen diamond rings sparkling on her tiny, tapering fingers. I am acquainted with a literary, childless lady, whose husband every year invariably presents her with a pledge of love, in the form of a diamond ring.

A propos of dress, the United States Treasury for some time past has been defrauded by the systematic undervaluations of silks and velvets at the several ports of entry. Hence it was found necessary by the Government to despatch Treasury Agents to foreign markets in order to discredit the sworn statements of respectable firms. This precautionary measure is considered

calculated to augment the valuation, and so render the duties more heavy.

Fashion reigns supreme in this Transatlantic miniature Paris. Some time since the number of prematurely grey fair ones excited special attention. Their hair is neither powdered nor frosted, but is actually grey. A chemical process, it appears, is resorted to, which effectually produces the unnatural change. Blonde, golden, and raven tresses have become unfashionable. Even young girls who possess dark and auburn hair are running crazy to have their heads "bleached." Surely Folly cannot much further go. So universal has the silly love of display become, that it is by no means an unusual occurrence for wives and daughters to entail embarrassment upon their husbands and fathers, in the effort to uphold a stylish appearance, solely in the matter of dress. A degrading rivalry with regard to their "get-up" appears to exist between the young men and women of the period. This emulation is hateful, and at once disgusts observant strangers. One sex is quite as self-asserting and as covetous of public admiration as the other.

“Tall talk” and bumptious mannerism go hand in hand with “loud” habiliments and affected gait. Neither maiden modesty nor gentlemanlike deportment are qualities congenial to the social atmosphere which pre-eminently distinguishes New York City.

The felicity of domestic life, as we in England understand it, is almost unknown in this “go-ahead” centre of commerce. The people live much out of doors, not relishing the tame monotony and dull stillness of home. There are special red-letter days, it is true, in their calendar, when social gatherings occur; but these are not so numerous as they have been a few years ago. The nominal heads of families, when their day’s work is done, betake themselves to their comfortable clubs, where they read the papers, “liquor,” and indulge in games of hazard. Materfamilias receives her special visitors at home. And so do the female “olive branches” when they have reached the age of womanhood. Each has her familiar male friend or suitor. Indeed, it is not uncommon for braces of courtships to be going on in adjoining “parlours,” one suitor being blissfully

unconscious of the other's contiguity. Of course, the sisters keep their own counsel, being only mindful of what concerns themselves individually.

Young ladies usurp an excessive licence—excessive, that is, measured by the rigorous standard of English *etiquette*. And such is readily accorded to them. I have heard of young and eligible gentlemen paying their addresses to the cherished objects of their affection regularly for months together, without having once encountered the venerable parents of their fair charmers. If you are even but slightly acquainted with a lady, she will esteem it a compliment by your taking her for a drive or to a theatre. American damsels know nothing of our Old-World demureness. If they did, they would hate it from their hearts. They will drink champagne with you, crack jokes with you, gossip with you, smoke cigarettes with you, nay, even flirt a bit with you; but they will not marry you, save upon the cold, careful consideration of how you stand with your banker. This may seem very horrid; and so it is. Yet it is possible to err the other way, and to "marry in haste" only to "repent at leisure."

The New York *belle* is not of a "gushing" temperament. Neither is she remarkable for an overflow of sentiment. If she be pert or "smart," she is practical to boot. She can "tell a hawk from a hand-saw." With the innate instinct of her sex, she naturally looks forward to the acquisition of a husband. This desire, however, she does not suffer to disconcert her frigid composure. When the right opportunity occurs, she courts calmly and coldly. She is seldom or never "demonstrative;" she is too wily for that. Her *beau* she regards somewhat with the like emotion that she does a piece of fancy furniture. She is divested of all romance; in fine, has no experimental idea of its meaning. She takes quite a business view of the marital relationship, talks glibly about "real estate," and discourses on the increased cost of housekeeping, with provoking *naïveté*. Perhaps, after all, there is not much risk to run in the choice of a partner—I will not say for life—such legal facilities abound in the States for untying the Gordian Knot—or what was once supposed to be equally as secure—thereby readily releasing from their vows, those who through

caprice, interest, or discretion, hastily entered into the same. Others, again, may not scruple to rush to Hymen's altar, inasmuch as they possess a consciousness of their ability to rule, if not subdue, their spouses. Each fair one of this class may exclaim, upon weighing the ordeal of matrimony, in the language of an old British poet :

"O welcome easy yoke, sweet bondage come,
I seek not from thy toils for to be shielded ;
But I am well content to be o'ercome,
Since that I must *command* when I have yielded."

The facilities in the United States for obtaining divorces are considerable. In New York, however, the like facilities do not obtain. It is considered a legal marriage should a man consort with a woman, live in the same house, or hotel, and pay her bills. Strange cases occasionally come before the Courts. Not long since a married lady brought a suit against a spinster for having estranged her husband's affections, claiming twenty thousand dollars damages. Again, a young lady who had been deceived by a married man, sued for a like sum in compensation for the injury sustained as regards her peace and prospects.

A stranger in New York or Brooklyn, is at once impressed with the great reverence manifested for the dead; a sentiment that prevails throughout the Union. The cemeteries, for the most part, are well kept, and are at a proper distance from dense centres of population. Unfortunately, however, the old pernicious system of burial in solid coffins or "caskets" still prevails, as in Europe. It is wonderful how no American Scientist had either conceived or adopted the natural and effective mode of sepulture expounded by Mr. Seymour Haden, in his letter to the *Times*, under the title of "Earth-to-earth."





CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE MADE EASY.

THE rules that govern, or misgovern, society in the United States generally, but in the "Empire City" particularly, are far more lax than they are with us. Formal introductions, for example, are less estimated, and, if presented, are productive of little or no advantage. Several years since, just before setting sail for the New World, I asked a well-known English novelist, who had crossed the Atlantic himself, for special letters to public men of his acquaintance in America. His curt reply was:

"A Yankee would almost as soon you held a revolver to his head as hand him an introduction!"

No doubt this statement is far-fetched; nor has it at all accorded with my personal experiences. Nevertheless, introductions do not possess the weight they should. Either people are too busy to attend to them, or they receive so many that letters and their bearers become "bores." It must

not be forgotten that New York is a great centre, to which travellers from all regions wend their way. To duly honour introductions, therefore, would necessarily impose a weighty tax in the shape of time, civility, and hospitality, that could scarcely be expected from industrious citizens who have little leisure, and to whom "time is money," in a sense we at home can scarcely appreciate.

Save with the upper class—which is an exceedingly narrow circle, and as scrupulously formal as narrow—there are few barriers between people of various social grades. One man thinks himself quite as good as another. And why should he not, considering that, in a constitutional sense, he forms a like unit in the integral "Sovereign People"? Young men and maidens are consequently allowed liberties, and privileges, and impertinences to boot, which we moral, staid, respectable-going "Britishers" would pronounce abominable. A stripling, or an individual of riper age, self-conceited as a matter of course, casually encounters a prepossessing lady—every woman, by the way, is a "lady" in America—in the streets, riding in a "car" or an omnibus, at a

railway station, or other public place. For the nonce he is smitten with her appearance. Whether attracted by her face, her grace, her "presence," or her dress, it is hard to say, but it is equally immaterial. He wishes to form that charming creature's acquaintance, with a view to marriage as a matter of course. Yes, I will do him that justice. He means well, but what is he to do? He does not for one moment reflect whether his position and that of his would-be *fiancée* are equal or unequal. He is not aware, nor does he care, how great may be the gulf between them, even educationally considered. His path is clear. He sits down, writes out an advertisement, and hurries off with it to the office (which is never closed) of the *New York Herald*. Next morning, among a batch of similar gushing effusions, under the head of "Personal," might be read something after this style :

WILL THE LADY with the bright eyes and raven ringlets, dressed in mauve silk with velvet jacket, who was accompanied by an aged friend in deep mourning, and who got out of the stage at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street precisely at 4 25 last evening, favour Y. Z. with her address, and permit correspondence with her admiring *vis-à-vis*? Address, Box 1672, General Post Office.

Of course, in this country one who dare act so stupidly would speedily be brought to his senses. The rough-and-ready application of a cane or a horsewhip to his back would teach him a lesson in the Art of Love which Ovid has not set down, while the sting thereof he would find keener than the shafts of Cupid. In New York, however, folk have their own independent ideas about what constitutes propriety. Consequently, young people often get known to each other through the medium of what we in England would call the "agony column" of a newspaper. I apprehend that few happy marital alliances are brought about by this unique usage, and, no doubt, many unhappy ones. Can it be that what we, in our crass ignorance, consider *impertinent* attentions to women is what Mr. N. P. F. Willis sets down as "chivalry"? In summing up the character of Brother Jonathan, he does so in a few crisp phrases, thus—"We are in dressing, dancing, congregating [whatever that may mean], in chivalry to women, facility of adaptation to new circumstances, elasticity of recuperation from trouble [a curious expression], in complexion and figure, very French."

The frequent and objectionable facilities afforded for forming acquaintances, and inducing social intercourse between the sexes, undeniably lead to grave results. Our cousins make too loud a boast, I fear, of their marked chivalry to women. It is little better than bounce and brag. We may not be quite so refined in our ideas, or so advanced in the shallow science of *etiquette*, as they are. Still, for all that, what they would be disposed to recognize as a warrantable act, we should unhesitatingly pronounce an unwarrantable insult. For a man to stare at a woman sternly, and perseveringly look her rudely in the face, gazing her, in fine, "out of countenance," is not, I conceive, either in harmony with the manners of a "Britisher" or of a gentleman. Still less so is it to fall in love while about our daily business, in the streets, walking, or in conveyances. That might be left to the supercilious members of the modern Crutch and Toothpick school. Let me now give further examples of the naïve way in which this delicate business is managed, the specimens being clipped from issues of the popular journal:

BROADWAY.—TUESDAY AFTERNOON.—Young lady, short, flowing hair, please grant an interview to young gentleman who crossed at Duane Street. Address, M. B., Box 4,678, Post Office.

Here follows another “personal”:

THE GENTLEMAN who unfortunately *dropped* the young lady while assisting her in crossing Grand Street on Sunday night, desires her acquaintance. Address, F., 32, Grand Street.

As the New Yorkers have a special mode of giving expression to their ideas and a peculiar vocabulary of their own, I cannot positively assert whether the phrase “dropped” means that the “lady” actually *fell* in the gutter, or that her gallant convoyer left her abruptly. I am, however, inclined to accept the latter rendering of the verb. Once more:

TWENTY-THIRD STREET STAGE, BROOKLYN FERRY.—Will the young lady dressed in black, with Alaska tippet and muff, who rode down town yesterday morning about half-past ten, accompanied by young lady also dressed in black, and who helped them to alight at South Ferry, to make her acquaintance. Address, J. M., 13, Post Office.

Then, as a final illustration, I reproduce the following:

THE LADY who recognised gentleman on the Jersey Central ferry boat, and afterwards met him on the Long Branch train, will please permit an interview, and address RECTOR, Herald Office.

Of course, the English is execrable, as is the case in most of the like announcements. But in some of the States of America the "Queen's English" is neither particularly studied nor regarded. Consequently, I must brook such contractions and contrariety, if I cannot give the writers great credit for good taste or modesty. Can such advertisements as the above be accounted for on the Shandyan theory that "there is a sweet era in the life of a man when the brain, being tender and fibrillous, is more like pap than anything else"?

Married ladies have equal, or even greater licence than the unmarried. They do as they like, and go where they like, having no base fear of their husbands before their eyes. Oh! dear no. A second Mrs. Piazzini might, with the like result, institute the same "delicate" inquiries in New York that the original gifted gentlewoman did in Milan. Cicisbeism would be found equally prevalent in both cities. A beautiful and apparently artless young creature—a wife to boot—was asked, by the author referred to, certain questions regarding singular social customs in Italy. "They

would only say,' rejoined the fair one, "See how jealous he is!" if Mr. Such-a-One sat much with me at home, or went with me to the Corso, and I *must* go with some gentleman, you know; I want money often, and this *cavaliere servente* pays the bills, and so the connection draws closer—*that's all.*'

"'And your husband!' continues the interlocutor.

"'Oh, why he likes to see me well-dressed; he is very good-natured and very charming.'

"'And your confessor!'

"'Oh! why he is *used to it—è assuefatto.*'"

The reader will have no difficulty in finding and applying the *moral*. The late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, considered his "beau-ideal of a devil, or rather imp-nature, a Parisian woman, thoroughly refined and thoroughly corrupted." Well, in New York one may find the corruption *minus* the refinement. As Shakespeare—in "All's Well that Ends Well," makes one remark to Parolles:

"If you could find out a country where but women were who have received so much shame, you might begin *an impudent nation.*"

Either the law of New York State is very lax, or the local authorities, who should be "a terror to evil-doers," are criminally indifferent. In no Christian community, nay, in no community whatever, be it Christian or Heathen, should such disgusting, corrupting, vice-inducing practices be permitted.

From what I have observed, it will be seen that marriages, apparently, are made easy in America—very easy indeed, even according to the laws of New York State. There are "bureaux" for everything, almost. Why, then, should marriage be omitted? One lady devotes herself to the onerous task of facilitating unions between marriageable persons; and if her candidates be but half as numerous as her advertisements, she must have a goodly gathering of connubial-craving constituents. Subjoined is the mode in which she modestly proclaims her interesting avocation :

MATRIMONIAL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

If you wish to marry, address the undersigned, who will send you, without money and without price, valuable information that will enable you to marry happily and speedily, irrespective of age, wealth, or beauty. This information will cost you

nothing, and if you wish to marry, I will cheerfully assist you. All letters strictly confidential. The desired information sent by return mail, and no questions asked. Address, Sarah —, — King's Co., N. Y.

I excuse the bad English, more especially as the Americans have, with that diffidence which is their wont, undertaken to improve our language and alter our orthography. The lady to whom reference is made publishes a semi-monthly print, entitled *The Matrimonial Advertiser*—a paper very incongruously devoted to “Literature, Poetry, Fine Arts, and the Interests of the Unmarried, and those who may favour me with their patronage;” whether married already, it does not apparently matter, from the wording of the sentence. Through her agency, parties seeking congenial partners may advertise their wants and establish, by means of correspondence, a thorough interchange of thought and feeling on the great subject of all subjects—MATRIMONY. She takes care, however, to acquaint aspirants to the enviable estate, that “the price” must accompany the “plain concise terms” in which their “wants” needs be couched. And yet she assures the public that “the matrimonial advertisement

published by me is done in no jesting or money-grasping mood—far from it.” This philanthropic person is, moreover, an author. She is a female Ovid, having produced a book on the art of love-making, “How to Woo, and How to be Wooed.” This, on her own showing, “can be perused with interest and profit by every lady and gentleman who feels desirous of obtaining and retaining the affections of a congenial partner and companion.” This rare work—“the only one of the kind ever published”—consists of twenty-seven chapters, the titles of some being very peculiar. For example, “Instructions in Courting,” “The Authoress’s Experience,” “An Old Maid,” “Effects of Celibacy,” “Various Ways of Courting,” “A Young Widow’s Experience,” “Sudden Love,” “How to Produce Love at First Sight,” “How to Court by Letter,” “Love Charms,” “Powders,” “Elixirs,” etc. And this gem of love literature the writer advertises as “sold by her only, at the low price of sixty cents per copy.” So low is the charge that she “can not afford to employ agents.”

The author of “How to Woo” also possesses a

love-talisman, which she names "Oriental Fragrantie." This "celebrated and world-renowned Turkish article" she "imports fresh by each steamer." Upon her authority this grand discovery has lately enamoured "the fashionable world abroad." She describes it as embodying the volatile essence of Turkish plants known in the seraglios and harems of the East; as having the power of creating love and influencing the affections, "producing a sentiment of oneness or unity in love, even in the most roving of minds;" and as efficacious in winning "the unchanging affection" of whoever one pleases, causing such to "marry happily and speedily if so desired." And this priceless boon is generously offered at the trifling outlay of "one dollar and fifty cents a bottle, including postage within the States."





CHAPTER IV.

HOTELS.

IF Brooklyn be, as it is somewhat affectedly termed, "the City of Churches," New York may not inappropriately be denominated "the City of Hotels." It possesses at least sixty rather pretentious places of public entertainment, some of which, if not the finest, are undeniably the largest edifices of the kind in the world. The leading establishments comprise the Clarendon, Breevort House, Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, Fifth Avenue, Astor House, La Farge, Everett House, New York, Prescott, and the St. James's. The Astor House, at the foot of Broadway, is the oldest, having been built in 1839 by John Jacob Astor, who had the reputation of being the richest man in the United States. It is a massive granite building, six stories high, the front of which occupies an entire block. Perhaps the most imposing and luxuriously fitted-up hotels are the

St. Nicholas and the Fifth Avenue. The former is built of white marble and brown freestone; the latter of white marble exclusively. Each building is six stories high, and affords accommodation to one thousand guests.

The hotels at which travellers put up, or at which individuals permanently sojourn, give a clue to their callings, social positions, and, sometimes, political proclivities. Thus, the Clarendon and the Breevort are aristocratic, being generally frequented by eminent Englishmen and foreigners of rank. The Astor is purely commercial. The Metropolitan and Everett are partially financial and partially Democratic. The New York, kept by the estimable Mr. Hiram Cranston, acquired the reputation of being a "Secesh" house during the internecine war. The Prescott is mostly the resort of Western men. The St. Nicholas is the *refugium* for Californians. And, lastly, the Fifth Avenue is the temporary abode of the "petroleum" and "shoddy" aristocracy—rough, illiterate, vulgar creatures for the most part, who claim pre-eminence on the score of their money-bags. This class take a peculiar

pride in living luxuriously, and in scattering "greenbacks" with no niggard hand. They are generous simply because they consider that prodigality is a virtue in them, that it adds to their importance, and obtains for them notoriety and deference. And, assuredly, I cannot well wonder thereat, considering that in America, with ordinary people, the sole standard of excellence consists in the amount of opulence one possesses. Character goes but a small way when measured by the "almighty dollar." With peculiar appropriateness, therefore, does Josh. Billings, the American humourist, remark :

"There is nothing about which the world makes so few blunders, and the individual so menny, as a man's actual importanse among hiz fellow-critters. The only pedigree worth transmitting iz virtew, and this iz the very thing that kant be transmitted."

With few exceptions the hotels of New York are anything but desirable residences. Notwithstanding their external show and garish magnificence, they are far more commodious than comfortable. For the most part they are huge, unsightly erec-

tions. Noise and tumult reign supreme. The sharp, sonorous sound of bells ever tingles in the ear. Guests and visitors move rapidly to and fro, elbowing each other, when the throng is dense, regardless of polite usages. Servants and porters rush about with a fleetness and a vehemence nowhere else to be encountered. Fortunately for the gentler sex, they are not necessitated to mix with the motley group, each establishment having a separate entrance for lady guests. Special drawing-rooms are likewise appropriated to their use, and to that of their friends. Into these sacred retreats gentlemen cannot, with propriety, intrude. Upon putting up at one of those Transatlantic caravanserais, you proceed directly to the "office," and duly enter your name and place of abode in a ledger-like book set apart for the purpose. It then remains for the clerk in attendance to assign to you the number of the dormitory you are to occupy, an entry being made therein in a column adjoining your signature. By this number you are chiefly known during your sojourn. Then the key of the chamber is given, when a lackey is summoned to conduct you to your apartment. As the stories

happen to be numerous, "elevators" or "lifts" are in constant requisition. These are cozy cages, furnished with cushioned seats and carpets, and affording accommodation for six or eight persons. They are worked by steam power, and move within a space assigned for them, from the summit to the basement of the building, stopping for a moment or two at each floor, so that guests may enter or depart at pleasure. Such contrivances are indispensable, as they obviate the prodigious labour of mounting hundreds of stairs, which would be simply intolerable in warm weather.

Each hotel possesses a public room, a news-room, a bar-room, a billiard-room, and a barber's shop, where the lords of creation can get "fixed up" previous to making their appearance in public. The sleeping apartments, for the most part, are exceedingly small and uncomfortable, and scantily furnished to boot. The bedstead may fairly be said to leave little space for aught else in the way of furniture—and the Americans have a *penchant* for big bedsteads. One will have no occasion to complain of the supply of bed linen or towels, however it may be with that of water.

Provided there be a lady or a family to accommodate, the best rooms are appropriated to them. But there is little consideration shown to a gentleman when unencumbered. Any place is considered good enough for him ; and he must needs take what he gets, and be thankful. A printed notice is affixed to the door of each dormitory, detailing the rules of the establishment, the hours for meals, and directing that valuables should be transferred to the iron chest of the " office " for safe custody, otherwise that the proprietor will not hold himself responsible for the same. Directions are likewise conveyed that the door should be both locked and bolted at night, and locked during the day as often as the room is vacated, when the key should be handed to one of the clerks. Such precautionary measures are deemed necessary, owing to the systematic robberies perpetrated of late years in hotels.

For my own part, albeit I have sojourned for months together in those places, nevertheless I have been systematically indifferent to the regulations so far. However, I had well-nigh cause for regretting my stupidity. A few days previous to

starting for England, I happened to tarry at a highly fashionable house in the neighbourhood of the Fifth Avenue—one “conducted on the European principle.” Just before embarking, and while in the act of packing up, I suddenly discovered that some sneaking thief had entered my chamber during the night, and appropriated some articles of jewellery and a travelling dressing-case. Had I not, fortunately, placed my money and watch under the bed-pillow, there is little doubt that these would have shared the like fate. Upon mentioning the occurrence to the heads of the establishment, they expressed regret that it should have happened, promising to institute a rigid inquiry, the result of which I have not yet learnt. Of course, no reduction, by way of compensation, was made in the bill. The chief steward of the ship in which I took my passage informed me that a gentleman passenger had been deprived of a valuable watch at the same hotel a short time previously.

At the St. Nicholas, and a few other hotels, negro waiters are exclusively employed. Although awkward, stupid, noisy, and slow, I confess they

are more bearable and amenable to counsel than their fair-skinned brothers. The former, at all events, are humble, docile, attentive, and do their best towards giving satisfaction. The latter are haughty, negligent, uncouth, disrespectful, unskilled in their calling, and fling your food to you as though you were a beast of prey. To procure anything approaching reasonable service from either black or white, it becomes indispensable to distribute "baksheesh." Repeated dollar tributes must be forthcoming, else it is possible to starve in the midst of plenty. Every one looks for a gratuity, even were it but to the extent of a "quarter," as often as any required office is performed. Irish waiters abound, and their character is by no means improved by being "citizens of a free country." They are well-paid and well-fed if their hours be long and their work heavy. During the prevalence of the Fenian frenzy in New York, those persons cheerfully and liberally subscribed out of their monthly wages in order to help the "bhoys" to emancipate Ireland, whose liberation and salvation they were deluded into believing were nigh at hand. Having been once "sold"

and cajoled in the cause of patriotism, it is not probable that they will be fooled again by a like chimera.

The hours appropriated to meals are generally as follows:—Breakfast, from seven to ten; lunch, from one to three; dinner, from six to eight; tea, from eight to ten; and supper, from ten to twelve. Separate hours are arranged for the convenience of children and servants. Bills of fare are printed daily, and placed on the tables during breakfast and dinner. These are very elaborate. The representative American, if sallow, gaunt, and lanky, has, notwithstanding, a sharp appetite. He gloats over the bill of fare; mentally devours the *menu* ere he appeases his appetite, which is almost as preternatural as that of Erisichon of old:

“Cibus omnia in illo

Causa cibi est; semperque locus inanis edendo.”

Nor does he study æstheticism. much less etiquette, at table. He eats with avidity, generally several things at a time, and eschews the preliminary process of mastication, regularly “bolting” his food, reckless of the result to

health and longevity. Hence it is that dyspepsia becomes so universal a malady amongst our "cousins." It is astonishing how prodigiously some guests eat. I have seen a lathy, raw-boned young American with six dishes arrayed before him at breakfast. Let the reader imagine, if he can, what gastronomic powers must be required to dispose of a couple of mutton chops, a small steak, boiled eggs, fried bacon, hot rolls, fried potatoes, oysters, toast and milk, tea, smoking-hot buckwheat bread saturated with black syrup, all being washed down with a glass of ice water—the whole within the space of twenty minutes! One would naturally fancy that such a ponderous meal sufficed for a week's rations. But in all probability the same individual would manifest as brisk an appetite on the other chief occasions when the tempting *carte* would feast his eye. I conclude, that if America be not the country for living in, undeniably it is the country for "feeding" in. On my first visit to New York, and while staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a free-and-easy Irish waiter naïvely remarked to me :

"Begorra! yer honour, an' you may set down

in that chair from morning till next morning come round agin, and *keep ateing all the time*, and there'll not be the divil of a red cint *extra* to pay !”

Behind this observation was a concealed joke, as what are called “extras” serve to swell the dimensions of a traveller’s bill immensely.

There is no exaggeration, as there can be no offence, in remarking that the bulk of Americans eat somewhat heartily. Nor are their manners at table the most refined. Showily dressed ladies, whose fingers are bedecked with jewels; do not disdain making the knife do duty for the fork. Even in the leading hotels one observes much that conflicts with good taste. But rude breaches of refinement and gentle breeding, for the most part, pass unobserved. Individuals are in too great haste to afford time for squeamishness on such a trifling matter as dining-room etiquette. Some, indeed, would appear to set aside what we conventionally term “gentility,” possibly considering it beneath the attention, much less the study, of “a sovereign people.” But it is a Billings’—not a Billingsgate—aphorism :

“A man who iz good company for himself iz alwus good company for others !”

On this score, however, there is much to be overlooked. The majority of New York hotels are unlike those of this or any other European city. They have not, nor yet can they have, exclusively select guests. They are open to all comers ; and the first come is first served. One man is quite as good as another.

Notwithstanding the ample supply of food served in hotels, it is still possible to fare meagrely, or even badly. To avoid this one needs to have his wits about him. When several hundred persons occupy a breakfast-room or dining-hall it is possible to get neglected by having one's orders unfulfilled. Generally, during the principal meal hours, much confusion prevails. Notwithstanding that one waiter may be appropriated to every seven guests, still it is not always that the traveller can readily get what he desires. A handsome largess to the waiter will obviate this difficulty. But, like medicine, the dose will have to be administered from time to time. The dole of a dollar or two will not avail much ; for the

serving class of humanity is mightily saucy and independent, and fixes its own price on its special services.

Numerous families in New York live permanently as "boarders" in hotels. This they mainly do with a view to convenience and economy, house-rent having risen immensely since the war. The estimable Mr. Archibald, C.B., Her Majesty's Consul-General, assured me that he was paying three times the annual rental he did when he first came on his official mission. The Fifth Avenue Hotel is considered the most desirable and fashionable resort. Here life may be witnessed under a new and somewhat startling phase. Doubtless, such life possesses its peculiar charms and attractions. But it is not free from serious drawbacks. The intercourse induced amongst the resident families is highly pleasing, and serves to remove the monotony of hotel existence. Nevertheless, it becomes the finishing school, so to speak, for the "smart" American maiden, while it does not morally improve the matron. What parents, guardians, teachers have omitted, this supplies—it completes the separate *curriculum* of

each. The desired goal is attained. Having matriculated at an hotel, the shrewd and aspiring mademoiselle becomes qualified to mix in "society," and go abroad in the world without the aid of a chaperon. If, by this course, she has gained "pluck," she has lost modesty. If *nonchalance*, it is at the sacrifice of grace. If manners more befitting the other sex, it is at the cost of womanly sentiment. Hotels may be rightly regarded as the conservatories wherein development is forced by an artificial process. Such growth may become, nay, does become, physically and morally injurious. But with some individuals more so than with others. All depends upon the character, temperament, and education of those subjected to the unenviable ordeal.





CHAPTER V.

RESTAURANTS AND BOARDING-HOUSES.

A CONSIDERABLE proportion of the New York population take their meals either at restaurants or in boarding-houses. This practice becomes a necessity with all but such prosperous citizens as can afford to uphold private establishments of their own. Those places of public and private entertainment vary much in kind no less than in degree. Some are extremely expensive—more so, even, than the leading hotels—whilst others are pretty moderate, and even low, in their charges. At certain hole-in-the-wall restaurants, one can procure the make-shift for a dinner at an outlay of fifty cents. But from the lowness of the charge, it is easy to judge of the nature of the viands supplied.

A story is recorded of a hungry visitor who ate so heartily as to have consumed the proprietor's profit, as well as the fifty cents' worth of

provisions. A demand was not unreasonably made for twenty-five cents in addition. Exception was taken to this on the ground that it was an extortion—

“I guess,” observed the indignant customer, “that there bill says half-a-dollar !”

“True enough,” retorted the enraged “boss”; “but when a critter goes on and eats as though there was no hereafter, I calculate we must put it on accordingly.”

The landlord having had the best of the argument, the money was reluctantly paid.

As most families residing in apartments have no facilities whatever for the preparation of their daily food, resort must necessarily be had to the nearest restaurant. This practice is attended with constant, unmitigated discomfort. It deranges the whole system of family life, disturbing its quiet, destroying its privacy, and in no slight measure interfering with its proverbial “sanctity.” People have to turn out of their homes twice or thrice a day in all weathers, and flock to eating-houses, compelled to mingle, more or less familiarly, with any company, however undesirable or

repulsive, that may happen to be present. In this way acquaintanceship is constantly formed between persons very dissimilar in their tastes, habits, and pursuits. Should some individuals manifest a reserved, taciturn disposition, albeit such a peculiarity be natural to them, they are readily, maybe unreasonably, "spotted," regarded as folk who give themselves "airs,"—which in a Republican country is a grievous violation of constitutional principles,—and entail upon themselves marked contempt. Furthermore, the frequenters of restaurants have to put up with any sort of edibles, served in any sort of way. They have no alternative, but must take what they get, thankful for the service. The food prepared at such places is of an inferior description, while the preparation thereof is often objectionable. As a rule, cleanliness is disregarded, so that the surroundings do not serve to whet one's appetite. During Winter what is brought to table becomes cold and unpalatable in a short time, while in Summer the swarm of flies that pertinaciously buzz around one's plate, become little short of absolute torture. All this were bad enough,

provided the prices charged tallied with the discomfort. Such, however, is not the case. Generally speaking the prices are high, being little short of those in vogue at inferior hotels.

As regards boarding-houses, for the most part they are equally objectionable. Except in first-class establishments, where exclusiveness is rigidly practised, they are open to all sorts and conditions of persons. The city abounds with these institutions, otherwise masses of the population would not know how to provide for the daily necessities of nature, the human system being analogous to a furnace whose fires must, willy nilly, be fed at regular intervals if healthful life is to be upheld. During certain hours of the day citizens rush into those stifling places, take a vacant chair, and eagerly devour whatever messes are thrown to them.

Having quickly "got through" their meals, they hurry off with the like alacrity with which they had entered; and this proceeding is punctually renewed day after day, month after month, and year after year. It is a mighty boon to be a favourite with the landlord or the landlady, as the

case may be. There is less danger of suffering from indigestion or semi-starvation. For such the choicest morsels, the best "helps," and the most dainty and delicate viands are scrupulously reserved.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, my esteemed and cherished friend, in his racy "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," tells us, naïvely enough, how, when a tender attachment sprang up between the learned *Professor* and the *Schoolmistress*, not only their fellow-boarders, but actually the hostess herself, exhibited tenderness towards the affianced pair, more especially the prospective bride. He remarks :

"Our landlady, for instance, when we had chickens, sent the *liver* instead of the *gizzard*, with the wing for the schoolmistress. This was not an accident ; the two are *never* mistaken, though some landladies *appear* as if they did not know the difference."

Boarding-houses, as in the case in point, do the work of the matrimonial agent. Young people of both sexes first become acquainted after a promiscuous fashion ; then they form an attachment

for each other, or affect so to do, and, finally, settle down as man and wife, either to the right or to the left of the Church. But as the marital, or quasi-marital, unions brought about by a sinister agency frequently prove most inauspicious and unhappy, I fear that those indirectly induced through the instrumentality of boarding-house association very often end in no better result. People are so eagerly bent upon improving their worldly positions, that whatever administers to this inordinate and abnormal craving, becomes paramount to all nobler considerations. The reader will unhesitatingly say, "This is a most unsatisfactory state of affairs. Natural affection and moral principle alike seem to become absorbed in the gratification of ambition and self-interest." Yet, lamentable as is the fact, it cannot be ignored. Circumvention is practised in love just as it is in barter—in the Court of Cupid as in the mart of trade.

My own boarding-house experiences have, certainly, not been extensive. Nevertheless, they are quite sufficient for my purpose. I have tried a few establishments of the better grade, but with

equal non-success. When I did essay to sit at table in such haunts, I but feigned to go through the ceremony of taking meals, right glad eventually to have the means of appeasing my appetite, surrounded by some show of order and decency, and where food was served such as could be partaken of without engendering feelings or sensations bordering on disgust or loathing. What Mr. George Augustus Sala observes with reference to New York hotels I regard as more fitly applicable to boarding-houses :

“ There never was such a setting forth of Dead Sea apples as an American bill of fare ; and unless the guests' tastes be as coarse as a collier's main-sail, they are profoundly miserable.”

The British traveller may well be excused if he appear more fastidious in his tastes than others. At home, he is accustomed to animal food, fish, and game, of the best quality. Not only so, but these articles are properly prepared in accordance with English usages, to please English palates, and to suit English stomachs. Now, in the States, food, animal food especially, is greatly inferior to the beef, mutton, veal, and lamb of

this country. The meat is disagreeably fibrous, difficult of mastication and assimilation, deficient in natural juices, and utterly flavourless. This, I apprehend, is mainly attributable to the climate, which necessitates the housing of cattle during the severe Winter months. When to this circumstance is added the universal practice of over-cooking, it is easy to understand why some eschew meat altogether, with the exception of game or poultry. It is possible to procure at certain restaurants what is called "porter-house steak." But if this be found tender, the price is considerable. Once I invited a friend to dine with me at a somewhat noted restaurant, kept by an Englishman. I well remember that the bill furnished a surprise, the charge for the small steak alone being equivalent to five shillings.

Yet, if restaurants and boarding-houses be inimical to family life, hospitality, and domesticity, if they be cheerless and involve discomfort, they nevertheless appear indispensable under the social arrangements that prevail. I shudder to think what would become of the numerous young men engaged in mercantile houses and public offices ;

the thousands of "sewing girls," and a host of others occupied in industrial pursuits, were the number of these establishments to be considerably curtailed. People of slender pecuniary resources, who, to use a trite proverb, have to "cut their coat according to their cloth," and live within their incomes, are necessitated to frequent inferior eating-houses, or reside in low boarding-places where the fare is both coarse and meagre. How they manage to support life upon the miserable diet provided for them is, to me, a mystery. When men and women are boarded and lodged at the moderate rate of from five to six dollars a week, what can be expected? Wholesome provisions of all kinds are expensive, so are rents, even in the meanest localities. How, then, is it possible that persons who have to live by their calling, can afford to feed their patrons properly? It cannot be done, as the cadaverous countenances of the "boarders" but too often and too painfully attest.





CHAPTER VI.

THE COST OF LIVING.

THE cost of living in New York (in common with every other large city in the United States) is excessive, though perhaps fabulous would be the phrase to employ if occasional indulgence in wines and spirits be taken into consideration. Before the War this was not so. But the exigencies to which that terrible event gave rise, enhanced the intrinsic value of every commodity, while high prices still obtain without exhibiting much indication of a change. A few years since America was about the cheapest country in the world to live in. Now it may fearlessly be pronounced the dearest. At one time the charges in the leading hotels of the "Empire City" were but two dollars and thirty cents *per diem*. For this very moderate tariff four substantial meals were provided, all seasonable edibles not being overlooked. Since 1862

the prices have been doubled, while the table-supply is more scant, and the food preparation less delicate. There exist a number of inferior establishments in which a much lower tariff is demanded; but these I regard as being highly objectionable, for cheapness and nastiness are sure to be combined. Then there are hotels which throw out a taking bait to travellers by the announcement that such are conducted on "the European system." This cabalistic puff simply signifies that there are no fixed charges for board. But should a guest live pretty generously in such places, he will find that ten dollars a day will scarcely cover his expenses. Of course, should he breakfast and dine out often, he will naturally derive much advantage, as in those caravanserais where a fixed tariff is adopted, one is charged precisely the same whether he takes his meals regularly or otherwise.

A self-styled "Victim" some time since complained in the *Times* of how he had been "taken in and done for" in London. He did his growling and grumbling in true American style. He looked upon his countrymen as the systematic victims of

designing metropolitan hotel-keepers, who had conspired to rob them outright. And how happens this? The causes alleged are that the Americans are known to part freely with their money, giving "half-a-crown, or even a sovereign, where the Londoner would only give sixpence or a shilling;" that being "out for a holiday," they have their hearts open, and do "not take a strict account of sixpences;" and, finally, that, as they have grown unfamiliar with specie (upon which they have come suddenly) and are unacquainted with English prices, they "do not know what is a proper and what an improper charge." Further, it was averred by this representative cynic that our hotels are ruinously extravagant, and yet that the accommodation afforded "is such that no decent hotel-keeper in New York, or Boston, or any other great city, would venture to offer to his guests." This, certainly, is going too far. But even more outrageous statements were made. The travelling public was indirectly informed that chamber-maids, waiters, and porters were "beggars;" that the food put upon one's table was "abominably cooked;" that the sole supplied

“was a wretched-looking object, done up in some kind of batter, designed probably to disguise its lean carcass and serve as an aid to digestion;” that the eggs were “stale,” the tea “weak,” the proprietors “extortionists,” and so on. From the “Victim’s” wail it would seem as though “travelling in company with some American trunks” was the innocent cause of all this mischief and suffering. These trunks have the reputation of affording “great joy” to hotel-keepers and their assistants, inasmuch as they are supposed to be full of money, and to indicate that their owner has no other object in life than to distribute the same among the surplus population of this “happy land!”

Then, as regards washing, it was complained that the laundress who “gets up” a shirt charges eightpence for her labour; so that persons of this class are set down as being among the most flourishing and important in the community. “I am half tempted,” wrote the “Victim,” “to wish that a kind Providence had made me a laundress, instead of the father of a family whose weekly ‘wash’ fills me with dismal forebodings.” All

these irremediable calamities follow upon the possession of American trunks. Hence we are not surprised that somebody should be asked to bid for them—"I wish some one would buy these trunks of me. They can be had cheap"—the principle of barter carried to its extreme limit. As Americans are so outrageously imposed upon while with us, we are not to be surprised that they should directly "turn their backs upon London, with a thorough dislike for it." I believe no person ever encountered a really contented citizen of the States, and I do not expect that anyone ever will. If John Bull be an accepted *grumbler*, Jonathan is an irrepressible *fault-finder*, and it requires no vast discrimination to pronounce which of the twain is the more bearable being. I remember, not very long since, visiting a leading American at the Langham. Upon retiring after dinner to his suite of apartments, which I considered rather richly and tastefully furnished and decorated, my friend remarked :

"You English have little taste, I guess. Now, just glance round these rooms. Observe the heavy ornamentation, the shockingly solid fur-

niture. Even the painting of the doors is dismal ; enough to give one the horrors. Assuredly, we know how to do things better in the States. We are a lively people, and we render everything as cheerful as possible. When we make a voyage to Europe, and put up at English hotels, we don't like to feel as though we were in a State prison."

Having travelled somewhat extensively and repeatedly in the United States, I know full well that a Britisher's "portmanteau" is regarded in America with as eager an interest as the "American trunk" is in England. It becomes an object of infinite joy to hotel-keepers and their minions, producing a like degree of lively and interesting speculation. Nevertheless, sober Jonathan is not such a dull dolt as to beguile himself into the fancy that an Englishman has nothing to do with his gold but to scatter it amongst the sparse population of the Great Republic; one reason being that the nation does not exactly need it, and that the denizens thereof have all that they crave in the matter of money. "In America," complained the "Victim,"

“there is a fixed tariff—you know exactly how much you are spending.” Now the latter proposition I wholly deny. The fact is just the reverse. Although the tariff be fixed—which is not invariably the case—you are very far indeed from correctly conjecturing the amount you will have to disburse at the end of the week, as all bills must be paid weekly, in accordance with the Transatlantic custom. The charge for mere board and lodging will often but trivially contrast with the cluster of “extras.” British travellers, as a rule, are not accustomed to live like eremites; nor do they evince the same petty meannesses so conspicuous in others, who make the vainglorious boast that they, of all peoples, are pre-eminently generous. I know an American judge who told me that he invariably made it a rule when on Circuit to leave his luggage at the railway-station, while searching for the cheapest hotel. Only let the reader imagine one of our English judges doing the like! If economy be a virtue, assuredly penuriousness is a vice. The liberality that leans towards extravagance is preferable to the churlish spirit that grudgingly parts with a penny.



CHAPTER VII.

POPULAR PREACHERS.

“ONE’S breeding shows itself nowhere more than in one’s religion: a man should be a gentleman in his hymns and prayers.” Such is the aphorism of the genial author of “The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.” On the like principle, a New York or Brooklyn congregation is nothing if it be not fashionable—a preacher nobody save he be popular. Piety personified struts into church in rich raiment, and with haughty mien. The odour of sanctity is attested by its pungent effect on the olfactory nerves; while the idea becomes forcibly impressed on one’s mind that certain religionists strive to “make the best of both worlds,” and that godliness—or, rather, its base presentment—is “great gain” in a sense not conveyed by the Sacred Writings.

Judging from some of the city churches on a Sunday, a stranger would be deluded into the

belief that New York contained the most devout and opulent population "on the face of the airth," to employ an American colloquialism. But as all is not gold that glitters, so a semblance of religion must not be taken for religion itself. To speak the truth, there is but little *veneration* perceptible in the character of our Cousins. Neither the political nor the moral atmosphere is favourable to such a generous growth. The idea of thorough-going independence and self-sufficiency takes too firm a hold of the popular mind for that. One proof of this is evidenced by the "base uses" to which places of worship are frequently converted. What, for instance, was once known as the Church of the Holy Trinity, in the Broadway, is now a coach-factory. Nor has even the spire of the consecrated edifice been removed. I have reckoned five or six churches similarly desecrated, some being within a stone's throw of each other. Possibly, to the Transatlantic mind, no incongruity or unseemliness appears in this irreverent, if not sacrilegious, transformation of a "house of prayer" into—well, a mart of commerce. Were the proposition sustainable that "One's breeding shows

itself nowhere more than in one's religion," the New Yorkers, more especially, would have little to boast of in that regard ; and "from a peck of apples you may judge of the barrel."

Popular preachers, as a rule, attract fashionable congregations : the more "pronounced" the one, the more *elite* the other. The affluent American likes to be "ministered unto in holy things." And he comes down handsomely for the physical pleasure or the spiritual profit—in whichever light he may view it—thus afforded him. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a popular parson to be presented with an elegant mansion, furnished from the top throughout. Sometimes, however, pet preachers must content themselves with little things, and, like one I recently read of, evince gratitude for a kindly present in the shape of "a full suit of broadcloth, boots, hat," etc. Nor are the clergy at all indifferent to "base lucre." On the contrary, you will find them, now and again, submitting the letting of seats to auction, so that the highest bidder will obtain the best. Certain coteries have their favourite ministers—Churchmen, no less than the members of

different denominations, all being on an equality in a Republic, so far, at least, as legislation can make them.

With few exceptions, the pulpit eloquence would not be agreeable to a "Britisher." It is frothy, fiery, and demonstrative, and savours too strongly of platform or "stump" oratory. Nevertheless, it must be telling, for it "pays." It might be uncharitable to suppose that certain preachers study and strive more to exhibit themselves than to inculcate Divine truth. But shall we heap censure upon them, if such be the special requirement most desired by their regular hearers? A sort of politico-economic law prevails in the religious as in the secular world—demand begets the supply. As Brother Jonathan gives himself little trouble respecting speculative theology, his primary want is a clergyman who will stir him up by queer and quaint sayings, talk commonplace notions on religion and duty, and rant and ramble *ad libitum* upon any topic or incident that may for the nonce be attracting public attention or eliciting gossip. Singular to remark, some of those clerical actors who "draw the best audiences"—pardon the

theatrical phrase—are neither learned theologians nor even tolerably ripe scholars. They have had but a very indifferent training, although they have got to the front by dint of sheer “pluck,” and the force of sturdy natural ability. Nevertheless, it is painful to observe in the most successful preachers unmistakable straining after effect: at times so inartistically, not to say clumsily contrived, that the awkward apeing is readily realised by a critical eye. As “fools rush in where angels fear to tread,” so stump-oratory becomes acceptable where plain, practical, didactic preaching—as Englishmen understand it—would prove dull, if not repellent. I once heard a distinguished Universalist—who has had a splendid church built for him in the Fifth Avenue—depart from his text so egregiously as to refer to Thomas Carlyle’s remarks on “Shooting Niagara,” when the idea was conveyed that both the writer and his flagitious sentiments should both be hurled over that precipice together, and left struggling in the appalling current! “If,” as Dr. Wendell Holmes shrewdly observes, “every person’s feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which

they may be entered," it is the end and aim of popular divines to assail both. As the prominent preachers of America are generally well paid, they naturally enough endeavour to give acceptable returns for the stipends they receive from their respective admirers.

Even in sacred things, Labour is not unshackled from the unholy domination of Capital. At Brooklyn, "the City of Churches," as it is affectedly styled in the local nomenclature, that of Mr. Ward Beecher is the most notorious—its congregation the most fastidious. One Sunday evening, I went to hear this Christian Apollos. Fully half-an-hour before the hour of service I reached the hallowed precincts. Owing, however, to the dense and eager throng seeking admission—many in vain—I was reluctantly induced to adopt a "dodge," or pious fraud, rather, in order to accomplish my ends and satisfy a pardonable curiosity. The stern, obdurate police would allow no one to pass, plead he ever so earnestly, who was not furnished with the necessary ticket. The precincts, around which the crowd pressed, were strongly guarded. What

was to be done? As American civic officers, like Moore's mythical Irishman, cannot "be tempted by woman or gold," so a Britisher's main stratagem—a "tip"—failed effectually. It was useless to try either intimidation or bribery. So a "happy thought" came to my assistance, which might not have occurred even to Mr. Burnand on the occasion. With an authoritative air, assumed for the nonce, I inquired the way to the vestry, simply insinuating that I wished to "interview" the marvellous preacher, although I did not quite express myself in this precise strain. My words were magnetic. A bundle of "greenbacks" would not have served my purpose so well. Hey, presto! in the twinkling of an eye a passage was effected, which caused the crowd to surge the more, but I was let pass on with an urbanity and suavity which it would be idle to look for in our blue-coated, helmeted fraternity.

At the door of the church I encountered a deacon. Having expressed my desire, as an English traveller about quitting America, to hear the eminent preacher, I was politely ushered into a pew, from which, owing to the number of people

in the adjacent aisle, it was impossible to get extricated until the conclusion of the service. Ere many minutes the place became perfectly filled. Then the organ pealed forth. During the voluntary, a tall, gaunt gentleman, in black morning costume, and black cravat, to boot, walked hurriedly upon the platform, there being no pulpit. His manner was ungainly, but his appearance was impressive. When a hymn had been sung, Mr. Beecher "engaged" in prayer. It had the merit of being extemporaneous and commonplace—very. Nothing could have been so cold or uninspiring. Then ensued Scriptural readings. Another hymn followed, during the singing of which the whole congregation remained comfortably ensconced in their cushioned seats. In due course came the sermon—and such a sermon! I was not ignorant that the preacher failed in his attempt to interest a large gathering in Exeter Hall during his visit to this country, and that the "Thunderer" did not notice his performance favourably. Still, I listened to his teaching without a taint of prejudice, as I would listen to that of Mr. Spurgeon, were I for the first time in

his Tabernacle. I was fairly brimfull of expectation. But, alas! for my disappointment, although suffering from no fit of indigestion. Dare I say it? The preaching was quite on a par with the prayer. Both in subject-matter and arrangement, it was beneath mediocrity; in delivery, shocking. I was struck by the coarseness of some sentences of the discourse, such as :

“Some say lawyers can't go to Heaven. It's a lie! Some say merchants and traders can't go to Heaven. It's a lie! Some say politicians can't go to Heaven. It's a lie! It's a lie! It's a lie!” stamping heavily with his right foot the while—raising a tremendous dust, in order to render his vapid oratory the more impressive.

And this is the apt apostle of the Brooklynites! cogitated I, whose name is not only “known in all the churches,” but the “sittings” in whose synagogue are periodically submitted to vulgar auction, for some of which “fancy” prices are offered by persons desirous of becoming followers of—Ward Beecher! Popular preachers, in more places than New York, or the city adjacent, take a good deal to verbal *veneering*. But sometimes the mahogany

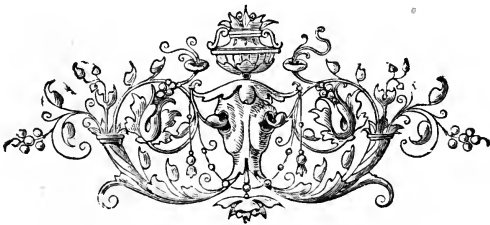
Many more of the same (various) men in various places before me

The stars are still by Beecher

or rosewood coating falls off, when the inferior stuff upon which it is glued shows in all its deformity. It is invidious to observe that a like tendency is evinced in this country to regard the shadow more than the substance, and for religious people to run after sham and sensation more eagerly than after Divine truth.

And yet there exists deep religious life even in a community so confessedly devoted to money-getting. The Ritualists of St. Alban's have succeeded in infusing new energy into the Episcopal Church, and the sixty congregations connected therewith. Of these, that of Trinity Church stands conspicuous for energy and good works. St. Augustine's Chapel, a gift contributed to the poor by Trinity Parish, is an institution deserving of all praise. Not only is it a beautiful and commodious place of worship, but it is supplemented by rooms for the Sunday School, a fine hall for the Industrial School, and an excellent apartment which forms the Parish School. Then other parts of the building are devoted to sewing-machine work, while any Saturday morning some five hundred children might be seen all busy at this

peculiar labour. As a purely missionary enterprise it augurs well for the amount of practical Christianity in the very midst of indifferentism, formalism, and irreligion. This practical mode of inculcating Christian truth seems to be more effectual than mere theoretical preaching when the masses have to be reached and brought under the civilizing and humanizing influence of religion. Teaching by precept is very well and very necessary, but teaching by example appeals more forcibly to men's understandings and hearts, and exercises a more powerful effect on their lives.





CHAPTER VIII.

ASTROLOGERS AND CLAIRVOYANTS.

“I THINK you will find it true,” writes Oliver Wendell Holmes, “that before any vice can fasten on a man, body, mind, or moral nature must be debilitated.” The like aphorism might pertinently be applied to a community of men, to a city, or to a country. So far as charlatanism, imposture, and impurity are concerned, the great towns of the New World differ but little from those of the Old. Nor possibly is London, morally viewed, a whit better than New York, save that in the latter vice runs riot, evil practices seem to be recognized, and cheats flourish, as though the whole social atmosphere were irremediably polluted. Without indulging in vain boasting, it may fearlessly be asserted that the fraud and villany openly carried on at one time in the “Empire City” would not only not be tolerated

in our British Capital, but in no part of the kingdom. The sentiment of the people would at once rise up against such flagitious knavery and downright scheming.

The traveller who for the first time sets foot in Manhattan Island will not take long to discover that there—

“Wisdom and wit are seldom seen,
But folly at full length.”

If he wants to procure a key to the moral calibre of the denizens thereof, he needs but to procure a copy of the *New York Herald*, a paper which is read almost by everybody. I have this talisman before me, and by its power I shall endeavour to lay bare disagreeable social sores, holding at the same time “the mirror up to Nature,” not setting down “aught in malice.” Some things, however, I am bound to suppress. To begin with, fortune-telling appears to be a lucrative calling, judging from the number of “professors” who adopt it, and thrive by their wiles. This seems to be exclusively a woman’s “line of business.” Some reveal the dark secrets of the Present and

the Past, and open up the vista of human destiny to such as consult these oracles. Take the following as an example of feminine impudence and imposture :

MADAME R—, Great Natural Clairvoyant, reveals your whole life from the cradle to the grave. — 472, — Street. Fee, 1 dollar.

As considerable and unseemly rivalry exists amongst this class of quasi “professionals,” they naturally endeavour to obtain notoriety. Hence they indulge in raillery and abuse, impugn each other’s gifts, and denounce each other’s spurious pretensions. The annexed announcement is quite unique in its way :

ASTROLOGY.—A FORTUNE FOR ALL WHO CONSULT MISS W—N.—Reclaims drunkards, or unfaithful husbands and wives, tells of thefts, business, good luck and lucky numbers ; brings together those long separated.—41, — Street.

The amount of public credulity in New York must be incalculable when female impostors, such as those whose slangy advertisements are here produced, can go on serenely, year after year, filling their pockets by grossly deluding silly

people who put faith in preposterous pretensions. The more gullible fools are cheated the greater desire, apparently, have they to be cheated still further, unlike the linnet in "Metastasio":

"When lim'd the poor bird thus with eagerness strains,
Nor regrets his torn wing while his freedom he gains ;
The loss of his plumage small time will restore,
And once tried the false twig—it shall cheat him no more."

The morbid mental appetite grows stimulated by what it feeds upon, however nasty and nauseating the pabulum.

Here follows the announcement of a daring, arrant pretender, whose practice would, at the first blush, appear somewhat "sharp":

DR. W. H—, PSYCHOMETRIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, will diagnose disease and give prescriptions from a lock of hair or photograph, the patient being required to give name, age, residence, &c. A better diagnosis will be given by *giving him the leading symptoms*, but sceptics are not required to do so. Watch the papers for his address, or direct —, and wait till the letters can be forwarded to him. Terms, 3 dollars. Money refunded when he fails to get *en rapport* with the patient.

"Give prescriptions from a lock of hair or photograph" is rather confusing the Queen's English. But the "Doctor" does not mean

that such petty things should form part of his elaborate pharmacopœia. What he intends to convey by his slovenly wording—the reader will at once perceive—is, that either article will serve in lieu of the patient's presence, which, probably, he would rather dispense with for reasons best known to himself. For my part, I would as lief swallow the lock of hair or the photograph, or both together, as accredit the fellow's pretensions.

As the supernatural possesses much attraction for the ignorant, clairvoyance is resorted to for the cure of what the Faculty consider incurable diseases. There is a "Magnetic Healing Institute" in West Twenty-third Street, which was started by some enterprising adventurers. It is advertised widely. It professes to be "organized upon the combined principles of Clairvoyance, Magnetism, and Medicine,"—a precious jumble, truly,—and that "the peculiar advantage which the practice at this institution possesses over all others is, that in addition to all the scientific knowledge of Medical Therapeutics and Remedial Agents which the *faculty* have, it also has the unerring means of

diagnosing diseases through Clairvoyance, as well as the scientific administration of Animal and Spiritual Magnetism in all their various forms." Moreover, the Institute boasts of keeping the best magnetic operators employed; professes to cure every disease, provided no vital internal organ be radically destroyed; and assures the afflicted that no matter how chronic their complaints, or how often they have failed in obtaining relief, they should not despair, but at once repair to a healing establishment, "where *all the various* methods of cure can be combined."

It requires but the merest tyro of the English tongue at once to perceive the crass ignorance displayed in the programme from which I have quoted. But the Institute is not devoted wholly to the work of "healing." With an ingenuity unparalleled it does not disdain lower aims, provided they be but profitable. "In addition to the cure of disease, Clairvoyant consultations *upon all kinds of business* can be obtained." Well, if this be not wearing "the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," I know not what is. And for the satisfaction of

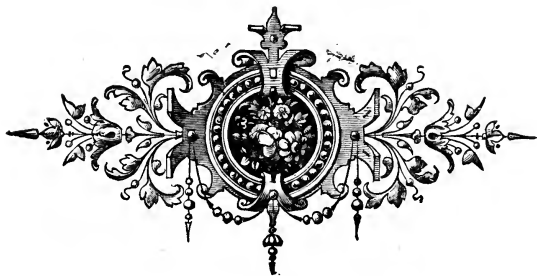
the public it is averred that "the very best of reference is given to all who desire it, both as to disease and consultations." It really must be a satisfaction to know that the alleged benefits conferred by this curious mart of health are not confined to the denizens of New York and its transpontine neighbourhood, nor even yet to the whole United States. It is not necessary for Mohammed to come to the mountain; the mountain will come to Mohammed:—"Invalids who cannot visit the Institute in person can apply by letter;" while it is notified that "Medicine can be sent to all parts of the world."

Medical charlatans in New York are "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa;" or, to employ a less poetic but more expressive phrase, "plentiful as blackberries." Any pretender so disposed can take rooms at an hotel or in a private lodging-house, and either fasten a plate, or stick a bill with his assumed or real name and title upon it. An ex-Senator once remarked to me as we were walking up a crowded part of the Broadway together:

"Now, I would bet a case of champagne that if

you or myself but called 'Doctor!' aloud, ten or a dozen persons at least would turn round, arrested by the designation."

I did not try the experiment, but, nevertheless, credited my friend thoroughly.





CHAPTER IX.

TRANCE-MEDIUMSHIP, FREE LOVE, AND HUMAN RIGHTS.

LIFE in New York is certainly replete with singular phenomena. It may not inappropriately be designated, Civilization run mad. Here rogues and impostors of all shades hold full carnival. The more preposterous the pretensions of a cheat, the greater certainty is there of his success. "Smartness" is sure not to thrive, except it goes "the whole hog." In proportion to the extent of a swindle consists the respectability of the swindler. If the thriving commercial capital of the State be a very "paradise of fools," it is also the hot-bed of harpies who prey upon them. There is sound philosophy in the remark of Josh Billings when he gives it as his opinion, that—

"Natur never makes enny blunders. When she makes a phool she means it. I hav finally cum

tew the konklusion that the majority ov mankind kan be edukated on the back better than in the brain, for good clothes will often make a phool respectable, while edukashun only serves tew shew his weak pints."

Trance-mediumship is alike extensively practised in New York, Brooklyn, and Newark. I have before me a newspaper in which are no less than twenty-one advertisements from arrant impostors of this class. Most of the practitioners are women—a fact remarkable in itself. The "terms" vary from one to five dollars, "and four three-cent stamps." Some profess to answer sealed letters; others will examine by lock of hair only, "until further notice." Some foretell the changes in life, examine the sick, and operate magnetically; others give "Psychometric delineations or reading of character" from writing, hand, or photograph. Then the *genus* branches off into *species*. For example, there are test mediums, writing mediums, inspirational mediums, rapping mediums, and business mediums, some of whom profess to be initiated in more than one of those occult arts. There is a

Miss Blanche Foley, who styles herself a medical and business clairvoyant, who, in addition to her respective fees from ladies and gentlemen, charges fifty cents admission to her "receptions" on the evenings of her *séances*. Several of the tricksters who make it their *spécialité* to reply to "sealed letters," for some reason not clearly perceptible, add this statement to their impudent notices:—"Money refunded when not answered."

I have heard that notorious Spiritualistic revival lecturer, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, assert, during her last visit to England, that Spiritualism was flourishing unprecedentedly in the United States. Judging from the scanty, scraggy, ill-conditioned, smock-faced congregations I have seen at Apollo Hall on Sunday evenings, I should affirm quite the contrary. It is no secret that in America Spiritualism has been elevated into a religion. But this is not a matter of surprise, considering what moral and religious fungi grow on that congenial soil. Those who are recognized as the propagandists of the new faith scruple not to lend a mock air of reverence to their proceed-

ings, by sacrilegiously reading passages from the Sacred Writings, previous to giving vent to their Babelistic, Bedlamitish utterings. Such services as these modern apostles hold are devoid of all attraction. They are as dull and lifeless as they are stupid and uninteresting. Possibly both preacher and people may look *grave*; but, as the Yankee humourist has it:

“Gravity iz no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar iz ov a shirt.”

If we have here in England a handful of soft-headed folk who pin their faith to the sleeve of Mr. Home—whose oscitant meanderings in mid-air have elicited surprise—thank heaven! they have not carried their psychological vagaries any further. The most daring British believer in so-called “Spiritual manifestations” has not reached such an extreme point of idiotcy or insanity, as to desire to see such phenomena usurp the place of religion.

The epidemic of Spiritualism has developed a new system—namely, *trance-speaking*. In sooth, there is a class who make a regular profession of it, maybe a comfortable living out of it.

The annexed announcement will serve as an example :

APOLLO HALL, corner Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street.—Mrs. NETTIE C. MAYNARD, Trance-speaker, lectures at 10½ a.m. and 7½ p.m. on Spiritualism. Children's Lyceum, 12 a.m. ; Conference 2½ p.m.

Now these people assert that the spirits of the departed speak through them ; they themselves being but involuntary agents made use of for this purpose. That such pretenders to supernatural power find dupes enough is certain. Otherwise they must necessarily be starved into silence. Without being in the least degree uncharitable, I should say even this was "a consummation devoutly to be wished," as the public weal is of higher importance than individual gain.

In addition to nostrum-mongers and miracle-mongers, there exist odd people who are devoured by odd fancies. Provided they but kept these fancies hidden in the intricacies and cobwebs of their brain, no one would mind, nor need any cynic complain, inasmuch as such idiosyncrasies have no interest whatever for others than those immediately concerned. When, however, they

obtrusively force themselves and their abortive theories together upon an "enlightened" public, it is full time to take up the cudgels against them. Here follows an announcement remarkable in its way :

ORIGIN OF LIFE !

NATURAL EVOLUTION !

ANTI-DARWINIAN THEORY !

An American Amateur of Natural History, having long made the question of the origin of life a speciality, has discovered a mode of proof establishing the doctrine of the natural evolution of specific organisms. The course of LECTURES, with demonstrations, illustrations, and some 240 natural organisms (not microscopic, but massive), will soon be presented.

Can it be conjectured that this pre-eminently modest "American Amateur of Natural History," as he somewhat dubiously advertises himself, might be "one of those half-dozen men, or so, who," according to Wendell Holmes's erratic *Professor*, "carry in their brains the *ovarian eggs* of the next generation's or century's civilization" ?

The "go-a-headativeness," equally with the strongmindedness, of certain American women—I cannot well appropriate the term *gentle sex* to them any longer—may be adumbrated, if not

illustrated, by the unblushing mode they employ in putting forward their unfounded pretensions.

I reproduce one pithy paragraph :

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON will speak to the question—*“What’s to hinder?”* at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Gettysburg Soldiers’ and Sailors’ National Orphan Homestead. Clergymen are requested to announce this lecture to-morrow.

Even in religious matters, which should be carried out “decently and in order,” after the Apostolic injunction, the like curtness and looseness of phraseology is painfully observable. The “dash” or “bounce” so lamely aped is very un-English and undignified. Now, New York City has its good as well as its bad features. But the good is sometimes a little too much marred; blurred over, in fine, so that it becomes half-concealed. The Americans, as a rule, are deficient in the faculty of humour. Nor have they a very keen appreciation of what does, and what does not, constitute the grotesque. We, for our part, reverence religion, and would grieve to see it travestied. The Societies which we in England call “Young Men’s Christian Associations” are in America ridiculously dubbed “Young Men’s

Praying Bands." Accordingly, we now and again come across such a strange announcement as the following :

ALLEN STREET M. E. CHURCH, between Rivington and Delancey Streets. Grand Re-union Services of the Young Men's Praying Band, attached to this church, will be held on SUNDAY (to-morrow). Rev. F. S. DE HASS, D.D., will preach at 10½ a.m. Sunday School, 9 a.m., 1½ p.m. The Young Men's Praying Band will conduct the services the entire afternoon and evening, commencing 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. Young People's Prayer Meeting at 6 o'clock. Seats free. A cordial invitation to all.

Lengthy public services of the nature noted, conducted by young men, are likely to run to an extreme of fervour bordering on indecorum; thus making of sweet religion "a rhapsody of words." The reader may be familiar with the anecdote told of an eccentric revivalist preacher in Ohio, whose zeal was neither according to knowledge nor propriety. Upon being summoned to attend a youth who was bitten by a rattlesnake, the over-pious parson improved the occasion to revenge himself upon the lad's father, who was wont to laugh his advice to scorn. So he framed his prayer in this wise :

"O Lord! we thank Thee for rattlesnakes—thank Thee in that a rattlesnake has bit him, and

we pray Thee to send a rattlesnake to bite John ; send one to bite Bill, and, O Lord ! send the biggest rattlesnake of all to bite the old man, as nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring this obdurate family to repentance."

Then New York is the head-quarters of Woman Suffrage, Free Love, and other "Conventions." These demand what they call "the most vital and radical reforms," social, political, and religious. By the Freelothers, the sacred institution of marriage is denounced as the accursed invention of men for the purpose of enslaving women ; and it is their conviction that in a few years the marital bond will be as odious as it is now popular. This is a condition of things we, surely, would not like to witness in England, however inclined we might be to regard marriage—apart from its religious aspect—in the light of a lottery. As the song says :

"Marriage is a hazardous thing—
'Tis something like that feat in the ring
(Which requires good nerve to do it),
When one of a 'grand equestrian troop'
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,
Not certain at all
Of what may befall
After his getting through it."

Both by lecturing and writing these hair-brained people have aroused the popular wrath, and disgusted all persons endowed with common sense and decency.

Furthermore, the Convention of the People to secure and maintain Human Rights was inaugurated in New York a few years ago. Its "platform" of principles is unscrupulously bold and recklessly daring. It charges the United States Government with being a failure, and a political, financial, and military despotism, "using usurped power to coerce the people;" with abusing millions of citizens by cunningly-devised legislation for the privileged classes, with gross and wicked neglect in permitting half-a-million of children to be reared in ignorance, vice, and crime; with having degenerated into a conspiracy of office-holders, money-lenders, land-grabbers, "rings," and "lobbies;" and, as a final indictment, with being a reproach to civilization, and unworthy of longer toleration. "This reformation," in the language of the programme, "properly begun, will expand into a political revolution which shall sweep over the country and purify

it of demagogism, official corruption, and party despotism; after which the reign of all the people may be possible, through a truly Republican Government, which shall not only recognize but guarantee equal political and social rights to all men and women, and which shall secure equal opportunities for education to all children." It would appear as though these principles were gaining ground throughout the Union, judging from the number of signatures attached to the curious document.

Perhaps the latest novelty is the formation of a self-styled "National Association," whose promoters require that the Republic should incorporate a theological formula into her Constitution. They seek to "secure such amendments to the Constitution as will suitably express our national recognition of Almighty God as the Author of National Existence, and the source of all power and authority in civil government, of Jesus Christ as the Ruler of Nations, and of the Bible as the fountain of law, and the supreme rule for the conduct of nations." With this end a public meeting was held in the large hall of the Cowper

Institute. The New York *Christian Union* solemnly denounced the project as anti-American; as calculated to wound America more than those can who hate her; and as antagonistic to the spirit of American civil liberty. "It is a measure," observed this journal, "in every way evil. Its success would be fatal at once to religion and to freedom."





CHAPTER X.

THE NEW YORK CLUBS.

A DESCRIPTION of social life in the "Empire City" of the United States would, necessarily, be imperfect were its leading Clubs left unnoticed. Although Club life in the Union does not enter, as it does with us "Britishers," into the social life of the people, nevertheless it is important enough in its way, and serves a variety of purposes, social, literary, and political. To a stranger the only wonder would be that such a busy, bustling, go-ahead city as New York should possess any Clubs at all. Its leading denizens seem so preternaturally eager to clutch the "almighty dollar," so intensely anxious and painfully restless, and so persistently bent on the pursuit of profit, when not engrossed by pleasure, that such resorts of ease and refinement might be considered unnecessary, if not absolutely out of place. When one takes into account the masses of well-

dressed people to be seen any evening—Sundays not accepted—elbowing each other in the spacious halls and corridors of the St. Nicholas and the Fifth Avenue Hotels, anxious to ascertain the latest “quotation” of gold, and secretly, maybe openly, doing a stroke of business when the chance presents itself, just as though they were on 'Change or in the Gold Room, the idea would naturally arise in one's mind that such a fidgety, money-grubbing population had no leisure to devote to Club life. Such, however, is not the case. Many plodding, well-to-do citizens, anxious to escape from the turmoil of trade, the wear and tear of professional life, or the dull monotony of home, betake themselves to their respective Clubs, and while away the evening hours according as their inclinations suggest.

Of the forty Clubs, the oldest and leading embrace the Union, the Union League, the 'Century, the Manhattan, the Knickerbocker, the New York, and the Jockey. Within the last four or five years a few others have arisen such as the Lotos, in which some English literary celebrities were recently entertained on their first visit

to the New World. The chief of these Clubs are particularly exclusive—almost as exclusive as our own Athenæum or the Traveller's. One is purely literary (the Century); while the others are either political, sporting, or social. The Lotos somewhat answers to the Savage Club at home, many of its members being connected with journalism. The exterior of the edifices, for the most part, are imposing; the interior well-appointed. The Union Club House, situated on the Fifth Avenue, is, unquestionably, a splendid structure. A few years back its committee incurred an outlay of some thirty thousand dollars, if my memory proves not treacherous, in "beautifying" and embellishing the walls of the leading saloons of their former residence. Whilst being entertained at this crack Club, I ventured to express my regret to a member—a fellow-countryman, by the way—that so large an expenditure should have been idly lavished, as it were, in daubing the walls with meretricious ornamentation, which, to a critical eye, appeared sheer blurring and disgusting disfigurement. "Infinitely better," remarked a connoisseur in my hearing,

“that a few good pictures had been procured from England than that the resources of the Club should have been dissipated in gaudy colouring and inartistic, florid, repellent display.” As both the officers and members of the Union belong to the “first position” in society, I cannot conceive how they could have exhibited such purblindness and wasteful extravagance as to have authorized a vast outlay to little purpose. The unpleasant truths force themselves upon my mind, that the American Republic possesses few artists, and that the denizens of New York more especially, are not remarkable for their appreciation of the Beautiful, leaving the Sublime altogether out of the question.

The Union Club is limited to one thousand members. Its government and management are confided to a committee of its body, who are balloted for periodically. The property of the Club is invested in trustees, appointed by the general committee, of whom Moses H. Grinnell is president. Two hundred dollars constitute the initiation fee, while the yearly “due” is fifty dollars. Some twenty-five distinguished officers

belonging to the United States Army and Navy are exempt from the annual fee, among whom is no less a man of mark than General Ulysses S. Grant.

As a rule, the New York Clubs are not distinguished for conviviality; albeit, for comfort and cosiness they manifestly are. To a well-bred Englishman there is nothing very congenial, with certain notable exceptions, about the Northern American character, a circumstance, perhaps, partially attributable to climatic influences. This absence of warmth renders social life, in its multifarious phases, extremely chilling, if not absolutely repulsive. There exists a manifest straining after politeness. But as all genuine politeness must have its seat in the heart and be the reflex of one's natural disposition, such efforts prove abortive. Club life partakes of this icy character. It becomes well-nigh impossible to thaw the frozen feelings of members, who appear so wrapt up in themselves and so self-absorbed as seldom to give their thoughts free utterance, save when on mart or 'Change. On special occasions—such, for example, as an anniversary dinner—one may

perceive some slight effervescence of feeling, if not flow of sentiment. But then it must be remembered that the choicest champagne brands—"Möet" and "Green Seal"—at seven dollars a bottle, have contributed pretty liberally in the creation of this change. The indifference existing in most of the higher class Clubs to special converse has a highly pernicious effect. It breaks up societies into small cliques and congenial coteries, inducing a taste for dissipation or even gambling, a vice most rampant and irrepressible in the States. That there exists a conspicuous tendency to fritter away time by indulging in games of hazard, is but too painfully apparent. Hence the annexed regulations with regard to "games," reproduced from the rules of the most eminent city Club :

"No game of mere hazard shall be played in the Club, nor shall any game be played for money, except billiards, whist, euchre, écarté, piquet, and all fours, either of which may be played for a wager not exceeding five dollars in currency, and any member infringing this rule will be expelled from the Club."

And again—

"Each player participating in any game of cards commencing after one o'clock a.m. shall pay, in addition to the usual charge,

the sum of five dollars, and for every game of billiards, commencing after that hour, the charge shall be one dollar."

Another rule, framed for the restriction of members, directs that the "bar," or place from which refreshments may be had, shall be closed at one o'clock each morning. Yet when members are bent upon play, nothing is more easy than to evade this stringent enactment and render it a dead letter to all intents and purposes, by simply ordering whatever potations may be considered desirable before the circumscribed hour. I know, upon unassailable authority, that the prominent national vice of gambling is frequently indulged in by those connected with various Clubs, notwithstanding the laws made and provided to the contrary. More than this, I am confident that committees of management have both trouble and difficulty in restraining this terrible tendency within ordinary and decent limits, special notices, and even threats, being alike unheeded. The passion for play, or, in plain words, avaricious craving, becomes with people on both sides of the Atlantic, their besetting sin—the "Old Adam" which, strive how they may, they have neither

the force of will nor the power of conscience to overcome. As the immortal author of "Hudibras" tersely and ironically puts it :

"Men venture necks to gain a fortune ;
The soldier does it every day,
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay :
Your petifoggers damn their souls,
To share with knaves in cheating fools :
And merchants, venturing through the main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns for gain."

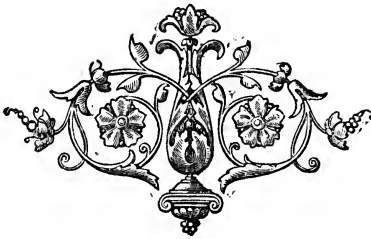
Nor am I oblivious of the fact that the Goddess of Chance has her temples in London as well as in New York, that the vice of gambling is spreading in fashionable society, and that certain West-end Clubs bear a reputation not exactly to their honour. Even in institutions of this kind wherein games of pure hazard are altogether interdicted or else restrained, the rules are violated with impunity. If the Legislature does not interfere, as it did with respect to the Club gaming-houses of the last generation, I apprehend that the Capital of England will even outvie, in this particular immorality of gambling, the Commercial Capital of New York State itself.

Several years since, a few New York ladies

resolved themselves into a Club, which they called by the euphonious name of The Sorosis. Whether this term be derived from the Latin *soror*, a sister, or from the Greek *soros*, a sort of fleshy fruit composed of numerous flowers, and forming a compound fruit, or anthocarpus, it is difficult to pronounce. Perhaps the sage originators of the title meant a unity of both. These go-ahead, crazy champions of Women's Rights first held their meetings at Delmonico's, a *restaurant* noted for its magnificence and its scale of charges. One cannot refrain from at least admiring the exquisiteness of their taste, no less than the delicacy of their appetites, while their total disregard of expense places them on the like pedestal with the more reckless of the rival sex. Being determined that their enemy—the MEN—should not usurp and retain all the privileges and fascinations of existence to themselves, they acted wisely in "putting up," to use a commercial phrase, at an establishment where the hungry stomach, no less than the craving mind, could be catered for efficiently. Here each assertor of her natural *status* could, in the words of an old bard—

“The beauties of her mind rehearse,
And talk of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence ;”

while she could procure whatever might be necessary to uphold her fragile strength or revive her drooping spirits. I am not aware whether there might not have been a “Temperance Corner” in the Sorosis, in imitation of that at the London Athenæum in its golden days.





CHAPTER XI.

LOCOMOTION IN NEW YORK.

I CANNOT conceive why Mr. Anthony Trollope should have spoken thus of the "Empire City" of America :

" I have two faults to find with it. In the first place there is nothing to see ; and, in the second place, there is no mode of getting about to see anything."

Certainly, there must be something to see in a city that has grown so extensively during the last quarter of a century, that it has become one of the biggest in the world, and the population of which has increased in seventy-five years from sixty thousand to fully one million souls. I do not know what would become of the bustling, go-ahead denizens of New York and its adjacent towns on the opposite side of the river, were they deprived of ample facilities for locomotion ; for it literally does seem as if all of them, as some one

observed, "had come a good half-hour late into the world, and are trying all their lives to make it up."

First, let us glance at the ferries. Twenty-four steamboats connect Manhattan Island with the mainland on the north, with Long Island, New Jersey, and Staten Island. In addition to the regular ferries, there are several boats running to forty or fifty different places in the vicinity. There are no fewer than four routes to Brooklyn. So constant is the intercourse between this fine city and New York, that as many as twenty boats are employed in the service, running at intervals of from six to twenty minutes, and making little short of sixty trips a day. It is calculated that nearly 70,000 foot-passengers, besides thousands of vehicles, cross and recross from one side to the other daily. Then, there are a number of Eastern ferries constantly plying between New York and Long Island, which carry some 120,000 passengers each day. In addition to these must be mentioned the Hoboken and Jersey City ferries, employing sixteen boats and carrying 40,000 persons. Some of the steam

ferry-boats are very capacious, and neatly, if not elegantly, fitted up. One portion of these vessels is specially appropriated to the use of lady passengers; a proper precaution, considering how freely the other sex smoke, chew, and expectorate, and indulge in other disagreeable Transatlantic eccentricities.

New York is more suitable for tramways than the old-fashioned capitals and great towns of Europe, which seem to have been constructed on no regular or even intelligent plan. But the internal travelling of New York is not principally confined to horse rail-cars. A number of omnibuses are likewise brought into requisition and liberally patronized by the better classes of the public. With reference to the former, it must be stated that there are six city railroads running through the entire nine avenues, with the exception of the fashionable Fifth Avenue; while several lines pass through the Bowery and other populous places.

Over three hundred and fifty cars run on these several routes, some of which carry a far larger passenger traffic than others, and, hence, are

multiplied in proportion. This mode of moving from place to place is painfully slow, not averaging more than five miles an hour, a circumstance in some measure due to inferior horses and repeated stoppages. But nothing can well be cheaper than such locomotion ; so that probably the popular proverb, "cheap and nasty," pertinently applies thereto. For the trifling sum of ten cents one can journey for several miles northward, that is from the Astor House or the City Hall, in the lower end of the Broadway, halfway up the Hudson. The general fare for ordinary distances is five cents. The street-cars are not particularly inviting in their appearance, being long and low, and singularly filthy. Each car carries an average load of sixty persons, although, of course, not licensed to carry half that number.

People, apparently, resent all stringent regulations that would interfere with their personal liberty. The classes who travel on tramways seem perfectly indifferent to comfort, each individual studying neither his own nor that of his neighbour. As cars pass along every two or three minutes the highways appropriated to them,

they soon get filled almost to suffocation, and when the inside becomes blocked, advantage is taken of the rails upon which the drivers and the conductors stand. This mode of travelling is exceedingly distressing, owing to the inconveniences that attend it. I sincerely trust that in our zeal to imitate the street locomotion of our American Cousins, we may avoid the excessive licence so commonly taken in the cities of the Great Republic.

Mr. Anthony Trollope affords a rather amusing description of how he was wont to travel in those street-cars.

“It became my practice,” he observes, “to sit down on the outside iron rail behind; and, as the conductor sat in my lap, I was in a measure protected. As for the inside of these vehicles, the women of New York were, I confess, too much for me. I would no sooner place myself on a seat than I would be called on by a mute, unexpressive, but still impressive stare into my face to surrender my place. From cowardice, if not from gallantry, I would always obey; and as this led to discomfort and an irritated spirit, I

preferred nursing the conductor on the hard bar in the rear."

But my irate fellow-countryman might have done much better than this, provided the "car" was not in motion or that the same was not jammed full inside. He might easily have either walked through to the front, or else have alighted and taken up a position with the accommodating Jehu, who is accustomed at times to have his "board" crowded with eager passengers, bent on getting to the end of a certain journey, and not caring a cent how they do it. The six lines of tramways are supposed to carry from thirty to thirty-five million passengers every year, at an expense of somewhat over one million dollars, the profits amounting to between six and seven hundred thousand dollars.

Omnibuses, just like those used in London, except that they are not quite so well constructed, are pretty freely patronized in New York City. There are twenty-four lines of omnibuses, comprising six hundred "stages." One half of these run through Broadway, and the other half through some portion of the same thoroughfare.

The fares range from six to ten cents, according to distance. As conductors are dispensed with, owing to the cost of labour I suppose, the drivers receive the fares through an aperture in the front of the vehicle. Should a passenger not be expeditious in passing up his money, a sharp, impatient touch or two of a spring-bell quickly serves to wake him up, and reprove him for his tardiness.

The better classes, and especially ladies, prefer omnibuses to "trams," and possibly their good taste is commendable. But folk crowd into the "stages" just as they do into the "cars," putting those persons who happen to be seated to manifest inconvenience. The hackney-coaches number close upon one thousand. These are comfortable vehicles enough, and look more like private carriages than ordinary hacks. Two horses are invariably attached to each. Owing to the extravagant charges for this mode of conveyance, comparatively few persons can afford to employ it. Hansom cabs would prove a mighty boon to the general public of New York, provided the trial were permitted by certain obstructives who,

in regarding their private interests, are apt to be indifferent to the public weal. Besides, in driving about on business or pleasure, what is the use of being buried in a great carriage as capacious and sombre-looking as a hearse? As fully one hundred thousand passengers are brought by rail and boat daily to New York, it must follow that, although in a city of but one million inhabitants, nevertheless, no slight danger attends locomotion. Sometimes the lower portion of the Broadway becomes highly perilous, owing to the number of vehicles that constantly pass and repass. In order the more effectually to provide against the possibility of accident, the authorities have erected a bridge right across the street in the worst part of the principal thoroughfare, so that the timid portion of the public especially may be enabled to cross from one side to the other without incurring risk to life or limb. Still, a good many persons object to use it, because of the toil and time it involves, preferring rather to take their chance and worm their tortuous way between horses' heads and the wheels of cumbrous vehicles. Street accidents, of course, inevitably

arise, in spite of the most wary precautions. And I must do the police the justice to say that but for their humane and persistent efforts, the number of casualties would be far greater than they are. In addition to the ordinary modes of locomotion, street railways have recently been erected, the rails being laid upon elevated iron piles—a much more satisfactory arrangement, I conceive, than having recourse to underground systems of transit.





CHAPTER XII.

A LITERARY BUREAU.

LECTURING is an established "institution" in the United States. As our "cousins" do all they undertake in a "big" way—unlike the half-dead-and-alive Old Country fashion—this phase of social life is represented by the American Literary Bureau, which has its chief office at the Cooper Institute, New York. The Bureau was established in 1866, and possesses a working capital of fifty thousand dollars. Its extensive and somewhat diversified business is conducted by a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and, "last, but not least," a General Manager. In the August of each year, the Bureau issues a *Literary Magazine*, which, in addition to short and pithy "papers" on suitable subjects, contains the names of Lecturers, Readers, Singers, and Musical Artists, together with the several programmes of entertainments, and the fees demanded. The Magazine is despatched to every literary lyceum

in the Union, so that the Committees may have ample time to select the persons most likely to "draw" during the lecturing season, which begins in November and terminates in April.

I have an issue of this curious literary production before me. In its opening article the Management refer, with a feeling of pride, to the list of names offered to the public; asserting that "such a galaxy never before shone for lecture committees." Croakers, who, for fifteen years past, have been idly predicting the fall of the lyceum system, are sternly silenced by the assurance that "there are two hundred more organizations in existence this year than last," and that "there will be two hundred more next year than this." Moreover, it is asserted that, through the agency of the Bureau, an impetus has been given to the lecture system that assures continued success. So long and varied is the list, as to enable societies to "secure a good hour's entertainment for their patrons at from twenty-five dollars upwards." This reduction in fees is given in proof of the Bureau being a "bear" in the literary market, and that its interests, and those of its patrons,

are in every way identical. "New faces," it is modestly suggested, must "commence at the bottom of the ladder," albeit that their ability to please and instruct be on a par with those who do not lack the *drawing* qualities of the novices or aspirants after fame and a fortune. Hence some will appear at twenty-five or fifty dollars, whilst the "big guns" demand from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars.

The Bureau naturally has "a rod in pickle" for such rash triflers as rush on the platform, demanding fees in inverse ratio to their merits. Nor does it sympathize with such "bogus" aspirants in their chagrin, "that committees do not avail themselves of the privilege of paying them more for an hour of their insipid vagaries than they could earn at their legitimate avocations in a fortnight." Surely then, it is no cause of surprise that such silly charlatans should regard the Bureau as their *causa doloris*, inasmuch as it will have nothing whatever to do with inflated idiots of that ilk. But, notwithstanding such hard pelting, "triflers" still manage to mount the rostrum. For does not the Magazine, in one of

its articles, openly avow the fact in the following sentences?—"The honour that has been shown to literary triflers upon the platform has had the worst effect upon the young. It has disseminated slang, vitiated the taste of the impressible, and excited unworthy ambition and emulation. When our lyceums, on which we have been wont to rely for good influences in literary matters, at last become agents of buffoonery and low literary entertainments, they dishonour their early record and the idea which gave them birth. Let them banish triflers from the platform, and go back to the plan which gave them their original prosperity and influence, and they will find no reason to complain of a lack of patronage, or of the loss of interest on the part of the public in their entertainments."

The "general list" comprises one hundred and twenty-five Lecturers, thirty-two Readers, and twenty-one Musical *Artistes*. Every profession and walk of literature, science, and art are drawn upon for platform speakers. We have historians, poets, journalists, travellers, men of science, generals, governors of States, senators, lawyers,

clergymen, actors, professors, elocutionists, and lady advocates of female suffrage.

Among the troupe of lecturers are men of special "proclivities." There is Dr. Holland (Timothy Titcomb) "who conducts the best popular magazine on either side of the sea," and who possesses "a *penchant* for tickling bureaux with his pen;" the notorious Theodore Tilton, of the *Golden Age*, which "paper, though given somewhat to literary pyrotechny, is the most readable original paper in the country;" poor Horace Greeley, who "for obvious reasons is out of the field," in a sense the writer never dreamt of; Paul B. Du Chaillu, who "has gone to Norway to gather 'points' for our instruction and entertainment;" Colonel T. W. Knot, who "spent six months in Siberia, banished there by the Czar of all the Russias because he indulged in 'Slices of Cannibal;'" Mrs. Leonowens, who "for a number of years taught the ideas of the young King of Siam how to shoot," and "recently perplexed the Librarian of the Siamese Court by presenting him a copy of Longfellow's 'Homer;'" Dr. Ogden Doremus, "whose illustrated lectures on Chemistry

are more brilliant than a 'Black Crook' transformation scene;" Professor E. L. Youmans, "who seems to be the only person who can make a Science Monthly popular;" Professor Alexander Winchell, "who frightens us by his theory that the world will be too cold to live in in two million years;" Professor W. H. Niles, "who is posted in black diamonds;" B. Waterhouse Hawkins, "who if you give him a bone can build the rest of the animal;" the late Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," who learns a new language every year;" and the Rev. Robert Collyer, "who sells his horseshoes at 2,000 dollars a piece." In addition to these celebrities there are what are expressively denominated "funny men" of the higher type, "not the coarse and indelicate kind that are mountebanks rather than lecturers." These embrace "the breezy De Cordova;" Hows, "the historical 'Fat Contributor;'" Eli Perkins, "the inquisitive;" Mark Twain, "the quaint humourist;" who, together with "Burleigh," makes one feel that "instruction can be sugar-coated." That "funny men" should be in marked demand by lyceums is not very clearly

definable on the hypothesis of Josh. Billings, namely :

“There iz this odds between a humorous lekter and a scientiffick one, yu have got to understand the homorous lekter to enjoy it, but yu kan enjoy the scientiffick one without understanding it.”

That there are “funny” women in the field, too, is implied, albeit they are not ticketed under that head. Such, for example, I take to be Elizabeth Cady, Kate Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Minnie Swayne, Laura Deforce Gordon, M. Adelle Hazlett, who advocate the *pro* of female suffrage, and Lillian Edgarton and Anna Livingston, who take up the *con* side of the hazy question :

“We rather guess
They are wonders, and nothing less.”

Further, there are the well-known, or even world-wide, representative men, George W. Curtis, Wendell Phillips, E. H. Chapin, R. Laird Collier, T. K. Beecher, Moses Coit Tyler, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, each the founder of a school of lecture, such as the polished, the invective, the eloquent, the descriptive, the quaint, the rhetorical, and the profound. Why an array

of the best thinkers and talkers is offered is explained, on the ground that "there is no greater pleasure to a great man than instructing his neighbour or diverting his mind, even but for an hour, from the sober realities of everyday life." I confess I do not clearly see the matter in the like light. The "almighty dollar" must not be overlooked in the estimate. It would be false without it. Even the eminent Universalist minister, Dr. Chapin, who has a large professional stipend from his church, will not disdain 150 dollars each for his lectures on "Columbus" or "The Orders of Nobility." My esteemed friend, Du Chaillu, much as he may like recounting his stirring African adventures, will yet have 150 dollars for a single discourse, 400 dollars for a series of three, and from 500 to 700 dollars for a "Young Folks'" series of seven lectures. The Hon. Daniel Doughty sets down his figure at 250 dollars; Professor Doremus's mark is 200 dollars; Wendell Phillips will take "250 dollars, with modifications;" while the lesser fry must bless their stars if they obtain the chance of either interesting or instructing the public for the



MR. SQUERCUM IN HIS OFFICE.

honorarium—not at all to be despised, by the way—of “Fifty and My Expenses.”

The various lyceums are naïvely informed that all lecturers are not stars of the first magnitude, while some aspirants resemble meteors that, after glimmering for a season, leave a darkness more intense than ever on the wondering audiences they came to illumine with their uncertain light. On the warrantable testimony of the Bureau, it rejects one-fourth of the applicants who seek its assistance. Why is this? Because it is indisposed to impose charlatans upon literary associations; with which motive it lays its hand heavily upon those impudent tricksters who, for a time, succeed in cajoling the public by means of carefully “cooked-up” Press notices. Still, lyceums are significantly reminded that “star” lecturers were once unknown; and that amongst this class are many “destined to become bright particular stars” in the literary firmament of the States.

Words of advice are frankly tendered by the Bureau to new associations, which hints may not altogether be thrown away upon our literary institutions at home. A satisfactory balance-sheet,

for instance, is not solely to be taken into account. There are other primary objects besides this, which, in their way, are by no means to be disregarded. Such societies can "afford to lose money" on a lecture course for the sake of ulterior advantages. Indeed, the influence of the platform possibly exceeds that of the pulpit: in certain ways, assuredly so. Hence the confident assertion—"The third House of our national Legislature could whitewash many of its 'tinted jobs' by lobbying through a subsidy for feeble lyceums; and we would suggest to some coming Peabody, who is casting about for a plan to do the greatest good to the greatest number, that he furnish the American Literary Bureau funds to pay the fees of the lecturers where the associations are unable to do so themselves."

What the American Literary Bureau recommends to lyceums, as being paramount to all other local arrangements, is the possession of a "live" committee. This is a *sine quâ non* of success. The said committee should consist simply of three members, namely, Jones, Smith, and Brown. Now, as to the respective functions

such a trio must exercise. Jones corresponds with the Bureau, secures the "talent"—that is a mighty big thing in itself—arranges subjects, terms, dates, and all the *minutiæ*, which might be great or little according to circumstances; so that Jones's work, I take it, is no sinecure after all. Next comes Smith. He attends to the advertising, and sees that the proper "noise" is made. Just like an actor, who, according to Shakespeare, must not "tear a passion to tatters," so Smith has to take heed lest he uproar the universal peace in his anxiety to create a stir:

"No cheerful breeze the sullen region knows;
The dreadful East is all the wind that blows."

Hence it appears that the getting up of a "sensation," as we term it in this country, is essential towards the achievement of success—a factor without which the problem cannot be worked out. Well, provided he, even with his own hands, affixes the public notices, Smith's work is by no means killing. On the contrary, it possesses an exhilarating influence. Then, as regards the coadjutor, Brown. His duties comprise seeing to the sale of tickets, attending to the hall, and all the

business therein included, which, however light, is decidedly onerous. Should there arise any difficulty in procuring either a Jones, a Smith, or a Brown, what then? The "dead-lock" is not irremediable. The solution of the difficulty is, "Employ a *live* manager!" As the next sagacious proceeding, comes the selection of speakers—not necessarily "veterans:" it being a fallacious idea to suppose that the high-priced are the only "drawing cards." Those that are known to be "good" are to be selected. But, in case a doubt should exist as regards the degrees of comparison to be applied to lecturers and other kinds of entertainers, why, then committees have only one alternative, that is, to "ask the Bureau."

Further, lyceum committees are recommended to "give variety." It is well to possess themselves of two readers, a scientific lecturer (not "too *heavy*"), at least one humourist, and not to omit a concert in the programme. A liberal, and withal judicious, mode of advertising is the next step to be taken, as "there is no reason why a lecture should have less publicity than a minstrel

show." I quite concur in the sentiment. Then, a neat pamphlet, giving full particulars of each evening's entertainment, should be "mailed" to every family in the district, while attractive window-bills ought not to be omitted. As a further movement in the right direction of affairs, the local pulpits must be tuned—no, not exactly *tuned*, but announcements read therefrom, which, it is asserted, "can be obtained usually, and are very valuable:"

"Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass."

Then follows a specimen of proverbial American 'cuteness worthy of that peculiar people. Jones, Smith, and Brown are gravely informed that "your most able allies are your local papers;" that "their earnest support is invaluable" (not omitting the declaration that such support "is more cheerfully given when you advertise extensively with them"); and, finally, that "you are not to let them imagine that you are giving them the baleful patronage of a charity that expects its announcements 'dead-headed.'" Hence :

“If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices.”

As the success of a course mainly depends upon the sale of “course tickets”—which should not be at too high a price, and ought to include a reserved seat without extra charge—canvassers had best be secured. This is the surest and readiest way of disposing of them. Now comes a sage suggestion: “A couple of ladies, with a gallant young man as pilot, can obtain enough subscribers in a few afternoons to fill your hall.” So much for woman's power and mission. Then it is well that each evening's proceedings should be opened with a half-hour's concert, by “home talent.” A two-fold advantage is thereby realized. While the audience has the opportunity of being cosily seated before the lecturer takes his place at the rostrum, the “patronage of your musical citizens” is secured. I quite admit “it is very annoying both to the speaker and the audience to have the creaking door open and a couple walk noisily up the aisle, at that part of an anecdote ‘where the point comes in’;” or to witness “a certain amount of ‘How-de-do's,’

‘Pleasant evenings;’ ‘What a horrid bonnet!’ etc., etc., that must be got through with before attention is given to the platform.” Thus is crisply sketched the plan of a lecturing campaign. Such, it is averred, has been the basis of hundreds of successful courses, embodying the practical wisdom of the heads of the American Literary Bureau, “whose bird’s-eye view of the lyceum field certainly makes them competent advisers.” Nevertheless, the “heads” aforesaid do not profess to be infallible. Nor do they conceive that their “plan” is exhaustive of all strategy. By no means. They most modestly admit there are many other “points” which will suggest themselves to “y^o committee men.” But, should such not be the case, there is one consolatory consideration left—namely, “there is no doubt that a profit will follow the carrying out of the hastily-sketched suggestions” generously afforded to the directors of lyceums.

I have, perhaps, too rashly concluded that the Bureau’s list of lecturers and entertainers was nothing short of a puzzle. My conscience smote me in that, either through sheer ignorance or

mere prejudice, I may have judged harshly or unjustly. But I feel amazingly relieved upon making the grand discovery that the Officers of the Institution themselves entertain a like opinion. It is averred (under the striking title of "Contract Courses") that the Bureau "will arrange a 'course' for committees who are in doubt as to whom to select from the hundreds of names in the field, so as to *guarantee satisfaction*." I can very clearly conceive how glancing over the long list of lecturers, and other entertainers, would addle the pates of bewildered committee men; and that as a *dernier ressort* they would take the hint and have a "course" arranged for them, at the same time exclaiming, in a delirium of delight, "Bully for you!" To "guarantee satisfaction" is no slight gain. The Bureau will supply the "talent." Notwithstanding "all will not be stars of the first magnitude," still "none will be proposed who are not capable of pleasing the most critical." Then the revelation is made, that the Bureau usually includes "one or more dramatic readers, a concert troupe, and at least one humorous lecturer." Although

no charge is usually made to committees, there is, naturally, an exception in this case, where the lecturers and singers are supplied.

Lyceum committees desirous of having "courses" arranged for them, are informed that the best plan for insuring success is "to canvass for Season Tickets;" that, "if you can sell one hundred and fifty, or even a hundred, you are on a solid foundation;" that, "every cultivated person would gladly buy a ticket;" while "every young man should buy two." The course tickets should range from 2 dollars 50 cents to 6 dollars, according to the "number" of the course. The Bureau estimates that the sale of tickets would more than cover all expenses, and that "the receipts at the door would give a handsome amount for some charitable purpose, or for your library fund, if you have one." Nevertheless, it is clear that the "heads" of the literary establishment are not sanguine that their assertions will be implicitly received. Indeed, they more than surmise that, in some places, lecture committees will prove "timorous, and fear to risk a course." In this unpleasant extremity wholesome advice

is freely, nay, cheerfully afforded. It is suggested that "round robins" should be circulated among such of the citizens as are known to be public-spirited, "the signers agreeing to make up the possible deficit." Perchance the speculation turned out a dead loss, why, then the disbursement would be trifling for each. But, if many "members of the firm" took an interest in the welfare of a course, "a loss is simply impossible." One matter I had nigh omitted. It is this, that the Bureau furnishes photographs of many of the lecturers, readers, and singers. This is done on the principle that "there is no means so effective as pictures hung in shop windows."


The American Literary Bureau is most honourably endorsed by leading authors in the United States, while the Press is loud in praise of its energy, spirit, and effectiveness. "Mark Twain" (Samuel L. Clemens), who has been recently in this country, writes to the management: "If any offer could tempt me to lecture, yours would; but, after thinking of the matter all over, I have decided to stay out of the lecture field entirely." Joaquin Miller, "the Poet of the Sierras," as-

serts: "I have perfect confidence in your Bureau, and your many friends speak in the highest terms respecting you. But it is very doubtful whether I lecture." Wilkie Collins writes to say: "All that rest and freedom from literary responsibility can do to fit me physically for a visit to America, under your auspices, they shall do." The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says, "Your offer is tempting, and I would accept it, had I not resolved that my time must be devoted to my work here." Mr. Spurgeon explained to his people the nature of the tempting offer made to him. It was no less a sum than 25,000 dollars for twenty-five lectures, or what would be equivalent to £200 for each discourse. "On these terms," remarked the popular minister of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, "the twenty-five nights would give me £5,000, and in a hundred nights I should have £20,000. Besides this, I should be allowed to lecture for as many more nights as I chose, so that I might in the course of a year be worth £40,000, and no doubt the persons who undertake this would earn ten times the amount. . . . I wrote, 'If you were to multiply that offer by one

hundred times, and again a hundred times, I should feel it as easy to decline as I do now, when I say that I cannot cross the ocean to lecture upon any subject whatever.'” Professor John Tyndall, during his scientific lecturing tour in the States, delivered in all thirty-five discourses. The aggregate receipts arising therefrom amounted to 23,100 dollars. After discharging all claims, the sum of 13,000 dollars remained, which the benevolent Professor directed should be placed in the hands of trustees, who are authorized to expend the interest in aid of students who devote themselves to original research. This circumstance is corroborative of a note in the Magazine previously noticed, namely, “Professor Tyndall, after spending the Summer in Switzerland, proposes visiting us. He says he may or may not lecture—that if he does he will not appear for the purpose of making money.” Even “the great *pièce de resistance*” of the Bureau—James Anthony Froude—devoted a goodly sum out of the proceeds of his lectures to relieve the sufferers by the late terrible conflagration in Boston. And I am glad that he is safe among us once more;

that no American citizen, or Wild Irishman of the Republic, did "break his head," as he prognosticated, the only injury he suffered being a "rap on the knuckles" by the clever Dominican, Father Burke, and some journalistic "flashes in-the-pan," which all went off in smoke.

Not long since we were honoured with the presence of a reverend Brooklyn Boanerges, who is renowned for the comical character of his pulpit discourses. He has also the reputation of being a popular lecturer. In the latter capacity he appeared in London and the Provinces. In marked contrast to Professor Tyndall and Mr. Froude, he evinced a rather mercenary spirit, which so ill comported with his clerical calling that even leading religious organs of public opinion either gravely attacked him or contemptuously passed over his lectures, disdaining to give them prominent notice.





CHAPTER XIII.

LECTURES AND LECTURERS.

“ I NEVER saw an author in my life,” observes the droll Oliver Wendell Holmes, “ saving, perhaps, one, that did not purr as audibly as a full-grown domestic cat on having his fur smoothed in the right way by a skilful hand.” To lecturers in America, the same remark will apply with even fuller force. Judging from the *Literary Magazine* issued by the New York Literary Bureau, all the lecturers, readers, and *artistes* of mark—the “ drawing cards,” in sooth—have their fur thus “ smoothed over ” by Press adulations. Indeed, the “ management ” of this flourishing institution seems to accredit the sententious aphorism of Corporal Trim that “ Some men rise by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires.” Hence it volunteers “ A word of warning to lyceums.” It announces that “ there are something less than a very large number of flatulent peripatetics calling on committees (or ‘ bringing

out themselves'), who have the most astounding credentials (prepared by themselves) and the most brilliant Press notices (which cost them thirty cents a line)." These people, it avers, "are loud in their denunciations of bureaux, and often warn committees of them, on the principle that quack medicine-vendors caution the public against counterfeits." I am assured, however, that there is no great harm done, inasmuch as the halls are never crowded to hear those "greatest orators of the age." Still, it is satisfactory to be told that the lecture system is not brought into disrepute thereby, "any more than brass affects gold, or paste diamonds;" while the gentle admonition is given, "We need not advise hall-owners and hotel-keepers to see that bills are paid in advance." Hence I should opine that "unknown peripatetics, rushing on the platform and warming over somebody else's literary hash, etc., etc.," would have anything but an agreeable time of it. Such, however, is not always the case. To my personal knowledge, there are lecturers who regularly gather dollars into their granaries, to whom the French proverb aptly applies :

“ Chacun n’a pas le cerveau
Gros comme celui d’un veau.”

“ All ha’n’t brains as large as those
Which a calf’s head doth inclose.”

Wendell Holmes trenchantly exposes the pretensions of this class of charlatans in that genial production, “The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table:”

“ I once read,” he remarks, “ an introductory lecture that looked to me too learned for its latitude. On examination, I found all its erudition was taken, ready-made, from D’Israeli. If I had been ill-natured, I should have shown up the little great man who had once belaboured me in his feeble way. But one can generally tell these wholesale thieves easily enough; and they are not worth the trouble of putting them in the pillory.”

Although the New York Literary Bureau strenuously denounces “flatulent peripatetics,” who manage to procure Press puffs at “twenty cents a line,” nevertheless, one of its avowed moral maxims is, “that, next to merit, nothing so assists a lecturer’s success as *printers’ ink*.” There is manifest inconsistency here. But even this

dereliction I would be inclined to gloze over, attributing it to an error of judgment simply, were it not that many of the lecturers and others who come out under the Bureau's auspices have their "fur smoothed" by potent newspaper adulation, I will not say expressly "cooked up" for the occasion. That the directors of the literary agency are not averse to laudatory articles and paragraphs, is clear. One glance at the Magazine issued by their authority, and bearing their *imprimatur*, will substantiate this charge beyond a doubt. No one can cavil at what is as demonstrative as any proposition in Euclid. Indeed, not only does the Bureau condone journalistic puffery, it procures special articles from the pens of popular writers, blazoning forth the claims of its clients. There is a *vim* and a vigour about such notices that are quite unprecedented. On this side of the Atlantic, newspaper scribblers fail to approach so high a pinnacle.

The irrepressible George Francis Train (an "Astonishing Man") has a whole page of the Magazine at his entire disposal. The puff is

written by Don Piatt. So quick and vivid is his wit, we are told, "that his brilliancy blinds like lightning, and the blackness which succeeds is needed to restore the sight." Moreover, it is averred that "Anna Dickinson, 'Injun Meal,' Susan B. Anthony, Sumner Parton, Taylor, Philips, Kate Field, Edgerton, and all the rest of them, put in one mortar and pestled together, could not make up the multifarious gifts" of this incomparable genius. Then, the description of Train's manner on the platform is a rare specimen of Transatlantic word-painting :

"He slaps his thighs till the noise resounds throughout the length and breadth of the hall. He drags himself almost on all fours from corner to corner ; then knuckles himself, so to speak, back to the reading-desk, which he falls upon as if he would shiver it in pieces and then eat them. He double-shuffles and stamps on the floor till the uprising dust obscures him ; he beats his breast, clenches his fist, clutches his hair, plays ball with the furniture, outhowls the roaring elements, steams with perspiration, foams at the mouth, paces up and down till he looks like a lion in a cage lashing his tail. . . . And such a mimic is he, that when he placed a chair in the centre of the platform, and kept trotting around it to show how certain old fogies revolve in the same everlasting orbit, he actually resembled a dog trying to make time against his disappearing tail."

But, to descend from the "Great George." Of Chaplain G. W. Pepper, of Ohio (who announces

thirteen lectures in his *répertoire*), one journal thus speaks :

“The gifted lecturer handled his lecture in superb style, and gave throughout the effort such evidences of exquisite culture, combined with much florid oratory, that the audience were literally held spell-bound to the last closing syllable.”

It is further asserted by another newspaper critic that, in Mr. Pepper's discourse, the “True Grandeur of the Nation,” he “tied together all our glorious memories and wove them into a brilliant diadem with which to crown the day.” Then, there comes Dr. J. G. Saxe, who has invented the system of rhyme-lectures. His poem, “Yankee-Land,” must have fascinated the *Boston Post*, as the reader will judge by the following rhetorical description :

“It was one continued scintillation of wit, good sense, felicitous imagery, and happy hits. Every word sparkled with wit, and fell like drops of diamonds into the ears of the audience. It was greeted with thunders of applause.”

Had the writer of the foregoing “puff direct” but half the “good sense” he attributes to the object of his overweening panegyric, he could hardly have been guilty of such blatant balderdash. It is to be hoped that no surgical operation

became necessary in order to extract the "drops of diamonds" from the listeners' ears. Respecting the same lecturer's humorous poem of "Love," the *New York Times* remarks, that it "kept the audience in an uproar from the commencement to the close," and that "laughter and applause strove long for the mastery; but the latter carried the day."

The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly must be a "drawing card" in the "lecture field," notwithstanding that his *répertoire* is limited to two subjects. But, as St. Augustine says: "Beware of the man of one book"; so it might also be predicated, "Beware of the man of two lectures." That entitled "Six Years in Washington" is described by the *Rochester Post* as "a splendid success pecuniarily [I lay emphasis on the suggestive adverb], paying the association a handsome profit." Indeed, according to the *dictum* of the *Wisconsin Free Press*, the ex-Governor of Minnesota has not his equal in the United States of America; so he need fear no rival. "The country just now," remarks that sapient print, "is cloyed on fine-spun, frigid phrases and thought. It certainly is

a relief to go into the lecture-room and find a speaker not a clown, nor a bundle of sickly poesy, [is this a gentle rap at Dr. Saxe?] but a gentleman of keen and rare discrimination, possessing a thorough knowledge of men and things, of the Past and Present, combined with a genuine humor which drives dull care from the brain, and gives an intellectual enjoyment not soon forgotten." Are we, then, to infer that the general run of lecturers are no better than mere clowns; dull, drivelling dolts, who trade on "bogus" reputations, paid for at "twenty cents a line"; ignorant, braying asses, arrayed in lions' skins? I will not be uncharitable, and hence will not suppose that such a corollary is fairly drawn from the premisses aforesaid.

Now, to introduce Moses Coit Tyler (what funny names those Americans possess?), who "has the reputation of being one of the most polished and graceful speakers on the platform," *vide* Magazine. He also announces but two topics of discourse, the first of which strikes me as original in its way — "A Night and a Day in Congress." One admiring quill-driver vouches that "the charm of

his speech would make an indifferent composition beautiful. At the same time, he knows how to put the best kind of sense into the best kind of English." Possibly, the major proposition is accounted for by the circumstance that the orator does not speak through his nasal organ; and, consequently, would be rather a remarkable man on that score. But this by the way. It is the scribe of the *Dubuque Times* who gets deliciously delirious in his advocacy of the marvellous Moses. I can scarcely conjecture the exalted mental condition, to employ a professional phrase, of the gifted individual who can pen such ecstatic rhapsody as the following:

"Without a written word, for more than an hour he piled up gems and gold, truth and beauty, in radiant tiers. We thought of it at times as a majestic crystal, brilliant in its noble bulk, and radiating from innumerable lines, facts, philosophy, poetry, ethics, and religion. Seldom does so good a mass of truth, so richly phrased and so luminously uttered, come within the reach of any audience."

Next in order is the extraordinary Dr. Quackenboss,—a suggestive patronymic!—who lectures on "Magic and Magicians," the synopsis of whose discourse is absolutely enchanting. It embraces "Spiritual Intercourse," "Diseases

Healed by Uncouth Words," "Sammonicus's Prescription for Chills and Fevers," "Cornelius Agrippa's Formula for Raising the Devil," "Recipe of Hermes Trismegistus for Raising Spirits," etc., etc. And all for "100 dollars with modifications." Then, there is Tod Ford, one of whose subjects is entitled "Hither and Yon," respecting whose elocutionary powers one critic remarks:—"From the moment he commenced speaking until he closed, a pin could at any time have been heard had it been dropped upon the floor, except when the audience gave vent to their feelings, as some rich and ludicrous joke burst from the speaker's lips."

But, even such a platform genius is outdone by William E. McMaster, artist and journalist, who is pronounced "a scholarly gentleman *in* the lecture-desk." This is the eulogium of the *Rock Island Argus*:—"He gave us gems of thought and sky-rockets of metaphor. . . . His description of St. Peter's fairly blazed upon the brain." Yet, where is the match for General J. Kilpatrick to be found? His prowess is equally striking on the platform as it had been in the

field during Sherman's march to the sea. "When he becomes excited by his story," I reproduce the language of the *Boston Advertiser*, "and is borne along on the fiery torrent of his own words, the air about him seems fairly to rock with gunpowder, and to resound with the din of battle; the dashing cavalry officer stands before us as plainly as if equipped from top to toe, and all complete with waving plume, and sabre, and jingling spurs." Great Britain especially had better be on the alert, as this gifted son of Mars has prepared a new lecture—"Shall our Flag Protect American Citizens Abroad?" Having been cast in the suit of the Alabama Claims, we ought to take heed how we next violate the comity of nations, as interpreted by keen-witted New England lawyers. Then, there follows the dexterous Washington Gladden, who discourses, among other topics, on "Jimfiskation" and "The Best Society." According to one critic, "he handles the pinchbeck aristocracy without gloves, and exposes mercilessly the shams and frauds of our stuck-up classes."

Next in the order of merit, comes James

Steel Mackaye, who lectures on the "Mysteries of Emotion and Expression," with a view to illustrate Duchesne's system of portraying passion. "He exhibits," says a Boston print, "the transitions from repose through jollity, silliness, and prostration, to utter drunkenness, making a most astonishing spectacle by passing through all the grades of mental disturbance to insanity, and *down all the stairs* of mental weakness to utter idiocy." On the testimony of the *New York Herald*, he changes from "a most modest and perfectly self-possessed and handsome man to the drunkest of drunkards, the most idiotic of idiots, and the most stupid of fools."

Again, there is the eclectic Eli Perkins, "the new sensationalist and humorist," who is described as "the agony of New York and the East." This satirist takes for his text "A Defence of the Heathen" in politics, religion and society. No man in America can outdo him in his particular line. "Can't we have him in Chicago," observes a New York paper, "where he is as well known as here?" Why should it not be, indeed? especially as the "*Cincinnati Times* and other newspapers

say about the same thing, which is very gratifying to Eli."

In the lecture field, the women fairly snatch the palm from their rivals—the men. There is quite a growing galaxy of the fair sex, one outshining the other. I can only point to the larger suns in this intellectual firmament: such as Margaretta B. Moore, noted for "youth, beauty, a fascinating presence, and a well-modulated voice"; Lilian S. Edgerton, "an inspired woman," possessing on the platform "the fascination and impressiveness of the Sybil"—one who "has brains as well as beauty"—is endowed with "a presence more eloquent than words," and is "a *flower of poesy*, the sweetest specimen of a Sixteenth Amendment that has ever graced the bald interior of a lecture hall"; Lilie Deveraux, of New York, "the readiest and most attractive lady speaker in the entire city," further remarkable as being "a fine looking lady, with expressive grey eyes and brown hair," who advocates the aphorism that "the crown of life is marriage"; Susanna Evans, "of attractive appearance and prepossessing manners and address," who takes for her theme

“Life in New York, its Fashions and Foibles,” making “startling disclosures of the mental, moral, social, political, and religious conditions of this most anomalous of all modern cities”; Louisa Woodworth Foss, “one of the best delineators of Shakespeare,” who possesses “the peculiar power of magnetizing her audience”; Vienna Demorest, “of rare beauty, and manners the most fascinating,” whose enunciation in singing “is so beautifully *chiseled* that, no matter how delicate the passage, the words, to the faintest whisper, are *audible wherever her voice is heard*”; the Rev. Mrs. Celia Burleigh, “one of the most beautiful women on the platform,” in fine, “a natural queen, set apart as præminent among the women of the lecture fraternity”; M. Adele Hazlitt, “the incarnation of Western smartness,” being, moreover, “a pleasant-looking, medium-sized lady, with short hair in curls, dressed in a beautiful black velvet dress, *en train*, with plain gold jewellery as ornaments”—one remarkable for “her keen satire,” “bright points,” and “rare power with an audience,” so that she “created a sensation at the New York Convention last Spring”; the

Vescelius Sisters, noted for a "beautiful blending of sweet voices," and who are described as having "bathed the audience in sweetness"; Kate Stanton, of Rhode Island, the "irresistible," who lectures on the "Loves of Great Men," and "Whom to Marry—" one of those "young and attractive champions of the rights of her sex"; and, though last, not least, Anna Livingston, who, "unlike many of her contemporaries, does not appear to be one of the ultra, strong-minded, masculine sort, but exhibits in her department on the rostrum that most charming and admirable of womanly qualities—modesty."





CHAPTER XIV.

PENN AND PENNSYLVANIA.

WILLIAM PENN, an English Quaker, was the founder of Pennsylvania. He was born in London, on the 10th of October, 1644. His father was a British admiral and his mother a Dutch lady. At the Grammar School of Chigwell, Essex, William received the first rudiments of education. Here, also, he imbibed strong religious impressions. At the age of twelve he was withdrawn from school to receive private tuition at home. Three years later he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he formed an intimacy with the famous John Locke. Subsequently he became a convert to Quakerism through the influence of one Thomas Loe. Refusing to conform to the worship of the Established Church, and being guilty of other acts of insubordination to college regulations, he was finally expelled. Arriving at home his father, greatly exasperated at his conduct, turned him

out of doors. In 1662, however, a reconciliation took place. The youth was then sent to France, in order that the gaiety of the Capital might counteract the sombre mode of thought he had developed. Having no inclination for a worldly life or dissipation, William did not tarry in Paris, but proceeded to Saumur, where he studied theology under the distinguished Calvinistic professor, Moses Amyrault. He next visited Turin, but, in 1664, was recalled home by his father, rather a worldly and ambitious man, who was aiming at a peerage.

Out of deference to his father's will, the son entered at Lincoln's Inn, and became a law student. At this time he had just reached his majority. Soon afterwards the Great Plague appeared, when he was driven from London. This terrible visitation served but to intensify his religious impressions; so that when Sir William Penn returned from sea in 1666, he found his son more demure in looks and formal in manner than before. With the view of checking these tendencies, the young man was sent to manage his father's estates in the County of Cork; a task

which, strange to say, he executed with marked ability. At Cork he again encountered Thomas Loe, when he commenced attending Quaker meetings. In September, 1667, he and others were apprehended on a charge of attending unlawful assemblies. Being unable to find bail for his future good behaviour, he was committed to prison, from which he was speedily released by the Lord President of the Council of Munster, to whom he was known.

Having returned to England, William became involved in disputes with his father, who again caused him to quit the paternal mansion. This persecution only made him more confirmed in his religious views. By-and-by, he became a prominent preacher at the Friends' meetings. In 1668, he published his first treatise, "Presented to Princes, Priests and People, that they may repent, believe and obey." It was entitled "Truth Exalted." This effort was followed by a considerable number of tracts on similar topics. His treatise, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," caused much excitement, and, in consequence of its supposed heterodoxy, he was imprisoned for

nine months in the Tower. While in confinement he wrote his most popular theological work, "No Cross, No Crown." The apparently wayward youth became finally reconciled to his father, who, at his death in September, 1670, left him an estate worth £1,500 a year, together with important claims against the Government. Now he had to combine the cares of business with the duties of his ministry, although his career was twice interrupted by short terms of imprisonment in Newgate, for having violated the Conventicle Act. While in prison, during the Spring of 1671, he wrote and published four treatises, one being entitled "The Great Case of Liberty of Conscience."

In 1674, William Penn's attention was directed to the Quaker colonies in New Jersey by a dispute that arose regarding proprietary right. The matter was submitted to Penn's arbitration, but eventually the property in question was made over to him and other trustees. From that time Penn eagerly engaged in the work of colonization. In 1681 he obtained from the Crown, in settlement of a debt of £16,000 due to his father, a patent

for the territory which now forms the State of Pennsylvania. The charter vested the perpetual proprietorship of this vast region in him and his heirs on the fealty of the annual payment of two beaver-skins. At first he designed to call his territory New Wales; but subsequently suggested Sylvania as most applicable to a land covered with forests. However, the Secretary who made out the patent insisted on prefixing "Penn" to Sylvania, although he was offered twenty guineas to omit it. Upon complaint being made to the King, he ordered that Pennsylvania should retain this designation "in honour of his late friend the Admiral."

In August, 1682, Penn embarked for the Delaware, which he reached after a voyage of six weeks. He was well received by the settlers, and, after several meetings with the Indians, he held his famous treaty-meeting under an elm tree at Shackamazon (now called Kensington) on the 30th of November, 1682—a treaty, to use the language of Voltaire, "never sworn to and never broken." Shortly afterwards, Penn laid out the plan of Philadelphia, in which city, nearly two

centuries having elapsed, the Great World's Fair was held.

In August, 1684, Penn terminated his first visit to America, and set sail for the "Old Country," leaving behind him a prosperous colony numbering seven thousand people. In 1686, partly through his influence, a proclamation was issued by James II., removing certain disabilities from the Quakers, and releasing a large number who had been imprisoned for conscience' sake. Soon after the Revolution of 1688, and the accession of King William III., Penn was summoned before the Council to answer a charge of treason. No evidence being forthcoming he was discharged. The like occurred on two subsequent occasions. Meanwhile Pennsylvania became so disturbed by civil and religious quarrels that in October, 1692, His Majesty deprived Penn of the governorship, and directed Governor Fletcher, of New York, to assume the administration. Two years later Penn's wife died, but, in 1696, he married a Quaker lady. Although his government was restored to him in August, 1694, he did not set out on his second visit to America until September, 1699.

Upon his arrival in Pennsylvania he found the colony in a prosperous condition. The troubles having subsided, he received a warm reception from the people. He immediately devoted his attention to various reforms, particularly to ameliorating the condition of the Indians and negroes. In 1701, special matters caused him to return once again to England. Previous to his departure, he succeeded in getting Philadelphia raised to the rank of a city, by virtue of a charter dated October 15, 1701.

During a period of several years Penn was involved in trouble owing to the affairs of Pennsylvania, where his son, who represented him, disgraced himself by vicious and riotous conduct ; in addition to which, a trusted agent in the colony proved dishonest, leaving to his executors false claims against the Governor, for which he was committed to the Fleet Prison. Wearied by the cares of government, in 1712 he entered into arrangements for transferring his territorial rights to the Crown for £12,000. At this time he sustained a paralytic shock, from which he never thoroughly recovered. He died six years after

this seizure, at Ruscombe, in Berkshire, on the 30th July, 1718, and was interred in Jordan's burial-ground, adjacent to the village of Chalfont, St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire. "The reputation of William Penn in his own day," observes one biographer, "did not escape suspicion and censure. The extraordinary mingling of Quaker simplicity and Court influence which marked his life, gave rise to many imputations upon his character, which were revived by Lord Macaulay in his 'History of England.'"

In the "Second Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Pennsylvania," reference is made to the grave of the illustrious William Penn. "It is not creditable," notices the writer, "to the intelligence of the English agriculturists living in the sight of the once famous graveyard which contains the remains of our great Founder, and more especially of an Englishman so renowned in his generation, that their own Government has for nearly a century been paying his descendant an annuity of nearly four thousand pounds sterling, that they should be unable to point out his last resting-place."

The author of the "Shrines of Bucks," writing of his visit to the grave of Penn, observes :

"Entering the graveyard, we found that a number of little mounds marked the resting-places of Penn and his family. Here no monumental marble, not even a simple headstone, marks the spot where the founder of Pennsylvania found at last that rest and freedom from the persecution he had experienced in his lifetime. The fifth mound from the doorway of the little Chapel (Jordan's Friends' Meeting House), was the one beneath which, and between his two wives, he was lowly laid. Jordan's has not been inaptly styled the 'Westminster Abbey of the Friends.'"

The hope is fondly entertained that the Quakers of Philadelphia will take the necessary steps to remove the remains of their greatest pioneer to the State that bears his name, and to the city that he founded.

Penn's treaty with the Indians for the land of his early settlement is the subject of a well-known picture by the Quaker painter, West. A copy of its leading characters has been woven, almost life-size, in linen for a table-cover. This fabric,

the finest ever made by the *power loom*, is the production of the Bessbrook Spinning Company, Ireland, the Quaker firm of Richardson, and was presented by them to the Ladies' Committee of the late Centennial Exhibition, as a fitting contribution from the "model town" of Ireland.

Pennsylvania is one of the thirteen original States of the American Union, comprised in what are denominated the "Middle States." It is now considered the second State as regards wealth and population. Its length is three hundred and ten miles, its width one hundred and sixty miles, and its area about forty six thousand square miles, equal to nearly thirty million acres. It is divided into sixty-six counties. The chief cities and towns are Harrisburgh, the seat of Government; Philadelphia, the commercial centre of the State; Pittsburgh, Reading, Lancaster, and Pottsville. Since 1790 the population of the State has wonderfully augmented. At that period it numbered little more than four hundred thousand; now it exceeds three millions. Of these nearly 13 per cent. are of foreign extraction. In 1850 there were

employed in agriculture, two hundred and seven thousand five hundred and thirty; in manufactures, one hundred and five thousand one hundred and eighty; in commerce and trade, twenty one thousand three hundred; and in the learned professions, one thousand persons.

The surface of the State, which is level and arable in the south-east, becomes hilly and even mountainous in the interior. The south-east counties are but little elevated above the sea; but northwards is a series of ridges rising higher and becoming more abrupt as they advance towards the Blue Ridge and the famous Alleghanies. The passes of the interior range are about two thousand feet above the sea. The interior valley through which the Susquehanna river flows is, on the contrary, but little elevated. It occupies a considerable area, dividing the mountain belt. The prominent acclivities of the State form part of the great Appalachian chain, the Blue Ridge being about one thousand feet high. The highest ridges of the Alleghany are named the Eagle, the Chestnut, and the Laurel ridges. These reach an altitude of two thousand five hundred feet on an

average. The valleys of the State correspond to the mountain ridges, and cross the lines of the chief rivers conformably to the mountain configuration. The river Delaware, which forms the east boundary, has tide water one hundred and thirty miles from the sea to Trenton, and great depth at Philadelphia, so that the river is navigable for the largest vessels. Although there is no considerable lake within Pennsylvania, yet it borders on Lake Erie for a distance of forty-five miles, affording access to its navigation and a superior harbour at Erie. The geological formations of the State are limited to a few only of the principal divisions of the rocks, comprising the metamorphic groups, the Palæozoic series, and the middle secondary red sandstone. In some places, to the north and north-west, mines of lead and copper abound. On the range of the gneiss, towards the south-west, is the Lancaster County Mine, which supplies nickel to the United States Mint at Philadelphia, as well as for exportation. In addition are deposits of magnetic iron ore, and chrome iron ore, used in the manufacture of paint at Baltimore, and shipped to England. The lower

Silurian formations contain vast deposits of hæmatite iron ore, which form the chief dependence of the blast furnaces on the Schuylkill and the Lehigh rivers. The Cornwall Mine in Lebanon County is one of the most important in the entire Union.

The summit of the Alleghanies is the east margin of the great bituminous coal-field. It is scarcely possible to estimate the amount of coal produced, owing to the mining operations not being concentrated at a few points, but carried on everywhere. From Westmoreland County, some hundred thousand tons are annually sent to Philadelphia for the manufacture of gas. Salt is obtained by boring through the coal formation of the western portion of the State; and this business is extensively carried on in the Kiskiminetas Valley, the annual product being calculated at one million bushels. Petroleum has likewise been obtained in considerable quantities.

As regards foreign commerce, Pennsylvania holds the fifth place, but it imports through the port of New York, for its merchants alone, large

quantities of valuable foreign goods not included in any official return. The annual value of imported goods may be set down at about three millions sterling, the value of the exports being about one-third of that amount. The internal trade of the State over its railroads and canals is very great. The Central Railroad conducts the largest trade to and from the Western States; the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road to and from the south; the Reading and North Pennsylvania roads carry the northward traffic; while the New Jersey roads serve New York. The extensive canal system, having been sold by the State Government, is now in the hands of private companies.





CHAPTER XV.

THE "CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE."

PHILADELPHIA is brought into increased prominence owing to the late Centennial Exhibition. It is considered the metropolis of Pennsylvania, and the second city of the United States as regards population. Geographically situated on the Delaware River, it is 136 miles distant from Washington, and 87 from New York City. At the commencement of the year 1681, the tract of ground upon which Philadelphia stands was almost entirely covered with pine forests and peopled only by savages. The place derives its name from a city in Asia Minor, celebrated in sacred history for having been the seat of an early Christian church, which city was the very last to surrender to the Turks after a prolonged siege of six years. The original design of the city was on a scale of very inconvenient extent; which, if carried into effect, would have covered an area of more than twelve

square miles. Happily, the plot was contracted, and, by virtue of the charter obtained in 1701, the city was declared to be bounded on the east by the two rivers, Delaware and Schuylkill, and on the north and south by Vine and Cedar Streets. It happened, however, that the population of the city rapidly extended beyond these boundaries. The suburbs subsequently became incorporated into districts, thus forming ten or twelve local governments for what was properly but one city. This inconvenient arrangement existed until the year 1854, at which period the various districts were consolidated into one municipal government.

The immediate front on the Delaware was originally a bluff bank of gravel, on the slope of which Penn forbade the settlers to build, intending it to afford an open prospect and free public *levée*. Although after Penn's death a few wharf erections only were permitted, still, with the march of time and the progress of society, it is now closely built up with lofty warehouses. Many efforts have been made to restore some portions of the original design, Mr. Stephen Girard

—whom I shall notice anon—having left a considerable sum of money for this purpose.

The original regularity of plan on which the streets were laid out has been preserved in all modern additions to the city. Broad Street is the central thoroughfare, running north and south, which is built upon for over three miles. The other prominent streets are from fifty to sixty or more feet in width. The various squares are subdivided by smaller streets laid out at a comparatively recent period. The wealthy inhabitants reside in Chestnut Street, which is the first street running east and west, and lying south of the Market. The banking and financial centre is in Third and Walnut Streets, while the dry goods, and other so-called jobbing trades, occupy a portion of Third and Market Streets. Again, the commission houses occupy Front and Chestnut Streets; the shipping and provision trade, Water Street; while produce business is principally carried on in Broad Street.

Philadelphia possesses about three hundred miles of paved streets, and nearly twelve thousand buildings. The resident population may be set

down at nine hundred thousand, almost double what it was in 1850, and quadruple what it numbered in the previous decennial period. Such is the wonderful manner in which communities increase in Transatlantic cities! The rapid augmentation of population can be realized by the reader when it is stated that the portion of Philadelphia north of Callowhill Street, and west of Ridge Avenue, was mostly a "public common" a quarter of a century since. The city contains more dwellings in proportion to the population than any other in the States; there are no houses let out in tenements; while the poorest classes are able to obtain separate quarters, and every mechanic can have a house to himself at a moderate rental. Philadelphia is emphatically the "City of Homes."

"Civilized nations," observes an American writer, "have ever been anxious to be made acquainted with their origin, and to record their progress from the stages of rude society to comfort, riches and refinement. The history of the founders of Philadelphia is short, and yet, when duly weighed, is not without interest; for the

hand of a particular Providence was more than once interposed in their behalf, a favour which the pious and grateful Quakers did not fail to encourage and record."

According to Prideaux, Penn had the celebrated City of Babylon in view when he planned his American town, and from the draft given by that learned divine, the idea, as far as regularity is concerned, appears to have been well founded. It would seem also that Penn wished, or thought it practicable, to emulate the size at least of the Chaldean capital, for he gave orders to his commissioners to lay out a town in the proportion of two hundred acres for every ten thousand sold in which the purchasers of five hundred acres were to have ten. The entire amount sold having been nearly four hundred thousand acres, the city would have covered an area of eight thousand acres. The gigantic scheme, however, was totally impracticable.

The branches of productive industry in Philadelphia are numerous, the chief embracing the iron, coal, and petroleum trades. The hydrographic basin of every river in Pennsylvania is a direct

source of iron supply. In the Schuylkill Valley, within fifteen miles from the city, blast furnaces are in constant action, making pig iron from contiguous ores. Owing to the facility for transit both by land and water, manufactured iron of every description can be delivered in Philadelphia at a moderate cost, while iron can be purchased in this locality at the lowest possible rate. Then, again, coal is brought from Philadelphia direct from the mines, over three railroads and the like number of canals. Of the large quantity of coal supplied from the neighbouring coal-fields to Philadelphia, over one million tons are forwarded annually to New York. Important shipments are likewise made to Boston and other eastern markets. It is in consequence of the unlimited supply of raw material that Philadelphia can boast of possessing some of the largest manufacturing establishments in the world. Twelve thousand persons are constantly employed in iron and steel manufactories alone, the value of the yearly production of which amounts to seventeen million dollars.

Further, Philadelphia possesses nearly one

hundred cotton mills; a like number of mills for the manufacture of mixed cotton and woollen fabrics; forty-seven for the production of exclusively woollen goods; thirty-two for cotton yarns, webbings, etc.; and one hundred and two for the manufacture of woollen and cotton hosiery. In addition, there are one hundred and twenty-four factories for carpets (mostly in-grain); three silk-spinning mills, and thirty-one appropriated to the production of silk ornamental goods, including trimmings, tassels, fringes, ribbons, etc. There are also twelve print and dye works; thirty-five establishments for dyeing yarns and twists; three for finishing and for the production of hair-cloth. Twenty-two thousand persons are employed in the various departments of the clothing manufactures of all kinds within the City and its suburb across the Delaware. The large proportion of hands employed is attributable to the general union of manufacture and sale in the same establishment, and to the fact that females and youths are engaged in considerable numbers.

The City of Philadelphia was the first in the Union that possessed water-works, water having

been supplied by steam power previous to the erection of the famous works at Fairmount. It has, hence, served as a model for almost all public improvements of this nature erected in the United States. A small quantity of ground adjacent to the works and reservoirs, possessing great natural attractions, has always been kept in reserve by the City for a public park. From time to time, principally within the last ten years, tracts of land adjoining and above Fairmount, on both sides of the Schuylkill River, were purchased by the City authorities, for the purposes of preventing the erection of manufactories, etc., on its banks, and for preserving the purity of the water. The result has been a magnificent park, under the charge of a special Park Commission, containing nearly three thousand acres, the largest and richest in natural beauties of any in the country, laid out with numerous drives and walks, and open to the free enjoyment of everyone.

Immediately opposite the Park, on the western shore, is a place known as "Solitude." At one period this was the country seat of the Penn family. North of this, on the opposite side of

Girard Avenue Bridge, is "Egglesfield." This was another country seat in the olden times. Both of these places are fast going to ruin. Further north still is "Sweet Briar," one of the most charming localities on the river. Adjoining "Sweet Briar" is Lansdowne Park, also a very beautiful spot. The old Manor House was erected by John Penn, but the estate subsequently fell into the possession of the Bingham family. It possesses more than ordinary interest from the circumstance that at this dwelling General Washington established his head-quarters.

The history of Stephen Girard, the founder of Girard College, an institution for male orphans, is remarkable. He was born near Bordeaux, in France, in 1750. The son of a seaman, he followed his father's calling, commencing his career as a cabin-boy in a vessel trading between New York and the West Indies, and rising by degrees to be master and part owner of an American coasting vessel. After a few years he succeeded in accumulating a sum sufficient to start in business as a small trader in Philadelphia. The Revolution having interfered with his maritime

exploits, he opened a grocery and liquor shop, and during the British occupation of Philadelphia drove a lucrative trade with the American soldiers at Mount Holly. In 1780, he resumed his dealings with the West Indies. The foundation of his subsequent wealth appears to have arisen from his leasing a range of stores at a period when rents were much depressed. These stores he let at a large profit. In 1812, having purchased the old United States Bank, stock and all, he commenced business as a private banker. At times of public embarrassment, Girard made heavy loans to the national Government. He contributed liberally to all public improvements, and adorned the city of his adoption with several handsome buildings. With all his apparent philanthropy, Stephen Girard was a remarkable compound of conflicting qualities. However profuse he may have been in his charity, he was exacting as regards debts due to him. Although rich, he was, nevertheless, parsimonious. Exceedingly kind to sick persons, whom he sometimes personally attended, he is said "never to have had a friend." His appearance was plain, like his education. At

the time of his death, in 1831, his personalty amounted to nine million dollars, most of which was bequeathed to public charities, and but little to relatives. His principal bequest consisted of the sum of two million dollars, together with a plot of ground, for the erection and support of a college for orphans, to which reference has already been made. It is recorded of Girard that, after banking hours, he would retire to his farm until the evening, when he again returned to his banking house, where the midnight hour found him examining and scrutinizing the accounts of his clerks with a keenness of inspection peculiar to himself.

The press of Philadelphia is particularly flourishing. The first news-sheet published was the *Weekly Mercury*, which appeared on December 22, 1719, a paper which, from its novelty, extended to various parts of the Union. The City can now boast of nine daily, three tri-weekly, and over forty weekly journals, in addition to the like number of periodicals. Perhaps the most magnificent structure devoted to a newspaper office in the United States is that of the *Public Ledger*.

The building was erected by Mr. George W. Childs — a man esteemed for his enterprise, opulence, and benevolence—and was opened with great ceremony on the 20th June, 1867. An elaborate account of the event is published in a handsome little volume, which Mr. Childs has largely and gratuitously distributed throughout America and Europe. The engine in the printing department is a duplicate of one sent by the Corliss Steam Engine Manufacturing Company, of Providence, Rhode Island, to the first Paris Exhibition, where it received the chief prize. One of the printing machines is named after the late Charles Dickens, who was a warm friend of Mr. Childs. When last in Philadelphia Mr. Childs did me the honour to have my portrait taken (large size) for his Portrait Gallery, which contains numerous photographs of distinguished foreigners and intimate friends.

Religious denominations of all kinds are numerous in Philadelphia, which City possesses four hundred churches, providing seats for three hundred and fifty thousand persons. Of these places of worship, sixty-three are Episcopal, fifty-

nine Methodist Episcopal, thirty-two Baptist, forty Presbyterian, thirty Roman Catholic, two Unitarian, three Universalist, fourteen Friends, fourteen Lutheran, and seven Jewish. Penn, himself a distinguished leader in the Society of Friends, solemnly declares that he came into the charge of founding the Province of Pennsylvania for "the Lord's sake." He desired to establish a people who should be a praise in the earth for conduct no less than for civil and religious liberty. Although some of the old churches cannot lay much claim to architectural beauty, this cannot be said of those erected during recent years. Indeed, it would appear as if the leading denominations endeavoured to rival each other in the elegance of the structures which they have erected for the worship of God.

It is not surprising that Penn, in 1683, speaking of the tract on which his City was to stand, should have remarked :

"It seems to have been appointed for a town, whether we regard the rivers, or the conveniency of the coves, docks, springs, or the loftiness and

soundness of the land and the air. Of all the places in the world, I remember not one better seated."

I may well express the hope that Philadelphia, "the City of Brotherly Love," will not remain content with its present prosperous condition. Her commercial destiny exacts something more than self-complacent reflections on what she has accomplished; for, surely, if there is a spot on the face of the habitable globe on which Nature, in the collocation and accumulation of her stores of mineral and agricultural wealth, has smiled benignantly, it is on this City.

The tone of society in Philadelphia is very superior to that of most American cities. There is an exclusive, aristocratic dash about it in harmony with the English idea of refinement. The leading families are proud of their "Old Country" origin, and, manifestly, exercise a powerful influence upon the mass of the population. The English language is spoken without the nasal twang which in many other places disfigures it. Here the orthodox Englishman feels

perfectly at home, as he finds little or nothing to jar against his susceptibilities or even his prejudices. The City itself is unique, and the denizens thereof bear the "hall-mark" of staid respectability.





CHAPTER XVI.

THE "PARADISE OF EDITORS."

It is morally certain that Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke has failed in appreciating the normal advantages attendant upon the profession of journalism in the United States. His mind is rather attracted by the difficulties and dangers to which, in certain localities, the presumed leaders of public opinion are, of necessity, exposed. In his "Greater Britain," referring to Western editors, the writer observes :

"Till I had seen the editors' rooms in Denver, Austin, and Salt Lake City, I had no conception of the point to which discomfort could be carried. For all these hardships payment is small and slow. It consists often of little but the satisfaction which it is to the editor's vanity to be 'liquored' by the best man of the place, treated to an occasional chat with the Governor of the Territory, to a chair in the Overland Mail Office

whenever he walks in, to the hand of the hotel proprietor whenever he comes near the bar, and to a pistol-shot once or twice a month."

Such a picture is anything but satisfactory. Nor do I suppose it is much over-coloured. Admitting that journalism and its representatives are far from flourishing in the Far West, that is no reason why the like rule should prevail in other sections of the American Union. Sir Charles Dilke notices merely exceptional cases. These serve to give a piquancy to his narrative—an object which authors of books of travel rarely, if ever, disdain.

My own experience, however, has been of a wholly different complexion. But, then, my sojourn was not protracted in those remoter regions where the recurrent exchange of pistol-shots is recognized as an amenity of social life. Having visited Philadelphia for the first time during the Civil War, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a talented fellow-countryman, who happened to have had the conduct of the principal journal in the "City of Brotherly Love." One day an invitation was sent to my pleasant

friend to dine with me at the prominent hotel of the place. The invitation was cordially accepted, although the unforeseen pressure of editorial duties prevented compliance therewith. Next day I was requested to dine with my friend in return. Among the topics of conversation discussed during the repast the invitation which had reluctantly to be declined was not omitted.

“Now,” remarked Dr. M——, “let me break to you a secret. Had I dined with you yesterday, it would make no difference whatever in your bill. Neither the meal nor the wine would be booked to you, so far, at least, as my share was concerned.”

So singular a statement, for the nonce, created some surprise. But this surprise, ere long, was to be increased almost to the degree of incredulity.

A propos of dinners, let me state, *en passant*, that when last in New York City I asked the Editor of a daily journal to dine with me and a party of friends at the Traveller's Club, of which I was a member. In response to my note of invitation I duly received the following :

"MY APOLOGY (IMPROMPTU).

"Alack-a-day, dear Day, your dinner
Were too much for so sick a sinner :
Sic transit gloria mundi.
Mais, mon Day, come on Sunday, do,
And share with me *un simple rayoût,*
And bottle of Burgundy.

"A *bon vivant* whose liver's bad
Would spoil your merriment, begad !
And that is just my plight.
Some other day, dear Day, I'll be
More fit for friends' festivity,
And so, good Day, good night !"

My next experience was that journalists were specially favoured in the great land of Liberty. Of this fact my Philadelphia friend afforded me convincing practical examples. "Come along with me," quoth the learned scribe one morning, "and I will initiate you into the freemasonry of journalism in this country. Each editorial representative of the 'Gay Science' not only has his town hotel, where he is free and welcome at all times, but his suburban retreat to boot, where, possibly, he fares still better." Forthwith my obliging Mentor guided me into an extensive hat store. Here the proprietor, who was most affable, fitted the editorial cranium to a nicety, proud apparently of his exploit. There was manifest

mutual satisfaction. One individual was pleased with the excellent "adjustment" he succeeded in procuring; the other, with the additional notoriety such an achievement was certain to obtain. After a goodly share of palaver on either side, the hat was ordered to be sent home, and kindly courtesies were exchanged.

"There!" ejaculated my friend, elated at his prowess, "that's the way we get our head-gear. I'll tell you how it's done, to the benefit of all concerned. The first time I don the hat you have seen me select I shall just, casually as it were, drop in to see the Editor of the Opposition journal—that is, of the Republican Party. Of course he'll be up to the dodge. The following morning a 'personal' will appear in big type. It will run somewhat in this style:

"Yesterday we had the pleasure of an interview at our office with the Editor of the *Democrat*. We were more than pleased to see him look so exceedingly hale and well, but could not readily account for the gratifying change. Subsequently, we discovered that his improved appearance was, in a marked measure, due to the circumstance of

his having worn a new hat procured at the stores of Messrs. Felt and Beaver.'

"As a matter of good nature," continued my friend, "I do a similar kindly office for him; so it's an all-round arrangement, equally satisfactory to each one concerned."

The next place visited was the neighbouring brewery of Messrs. Malt, Hops, and Co. Here the sundry samples of beer produced were of a particularly good quality; for Philadelphia is famed for this branch of industry. Some special bottled ale produced was scarcely distinguishable from that of Burton-upon-Trent. The principals not only received us with much politeness, but endeavoured to create an interest in the various processes of their manufacture. Upon leaving the premises my companion remarked:

"Can you believe it? I get all my supply of beer from this establishment, and am never charged a single cent!"

He then made mention of tailors, cordwainers, *et id genus omne*, where favours were obtainable on precisely similar terms, winding up with some display of emotion:

“I tell you, America is the Paradise of Editors!”

Afterwards the National Mint was visited. Here we met with the Master, by whom we were politely conducted through the sundry departments of the building, but I failed to learn that United States gold was obtainable as readily as other commodities which represent money. This, however, was not altogether surprising.

It is undeniable that American journalists, with rare exceptions, fare pretty comfortably. Proceed whither they will, exclusive advantages are extended to them. “Passes” by boat and “car” are theirs for the asking. When hotel proprietors do not altogether proffer them a *carte blanche*, at least the fixed tariff for bed and board is reduced one-half. This amounts to a substantial consideration. - Now, inasmuch as there are no fewer than six or seven hundred daily and about five thousand five hundred weekly papers scattered over the Great Republic, as a rule the “Knights of the Pen” must enjoy a really good time of it. Occasionally, it is true, Party politics run very high in the States, when journalists are not.

creditably free from undue bias, or commendably mindful of the strict code of etiquette generally observable by the conductors of Party organs in the "Old Country." Still, for all that, solid journalistic advantages are none the less, even taking for granted that the columns of newspapers are not made the restricted arenas of political antagonism or personal diatribe. "I have seen," avers Sir Charles Dilke, "the Democratic print of Chicago call its Republican opponent 'a Radical, disunion, disreputable, bankrupt, emasculated evening newspaper concern.'" But such language is comparatively mild when contrasted with the word-warfare so often exercised by a certain class of Transatlantic journalists.

In short, if America be not a Paradise for the many, it is obviously a Paradise for the elect who indite leading articles. Who would not, for such a consummation, weigh the advantages against the disadvantages, put up cheerfully with some discomforts, even hazarding, if need be, a pistol-shot once or twice a month?



CHAPTER XVII.

THE "GAY CAPITOL."

THE Seat of the United States Government is, to use a commercial phrase, "looking up" once again. A protracted internecine struggle had depressed it considerably, and rendered a Capital once renowned for its "high jinks" more than ordinarily tame, and even depressed. Naturally, one would expect to find Republican simplicity obtain in a Republic, especially in that established by our Transatlantic Cousins, who, close upon a century since, instituted what they considered a model system of political life which was destined to renovate all civilized countries, advance humanity, and transform social helots into sovereign citizens. But, unfortunately, human nature is the same all the world over, and certain forms of society will be sure to predominate under given conditions.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes makes his interest-

ing "Autocrat" talk most lightly of the peculiar "chryso-aristocracy" that, for some time past, has been forming in America. This the learned philosopher characterizes, not as a *gratiâ Dei*, nor yet a *jure divino*, but a *de facto* upper stratum of beings floated over the turbid waters of common life like the iridescent film observed over the water about wharfs—"very splendid, though its origin may have been tar, tallow, train oil, or other such unctuous commodities." Of this aristocracy, money is the corner-stone. Hence, as is naïvely asserted, "its thorough manhood and its high-caste gallantry are not so manifest as the plate-glass of its windows, and the more or less legitimate heraldry of its coach-panels." Society in Washington differs considerably from what is denominated "Society" in all other important cities of the Union. First and foremost, a courtly air pervades it; inasmuch as foreign Ambassadors and Diplomats bring with them those refined and elegant manners that specially appertain to European Courts. Such manners are not simply contagious in themselves, but are imitated by persons who have the good fortune, owing to office or position,

to be brought into contact with them. As a great many Americans disdain what we characterize as refinement, considering it a prominent manifestation of intellectual weakness, they can the more readily follow the mere externals of fashionable life. And this Cabinet Ministers especially do, with a "vim" and a flourish that is truly astonishing.

A New York paper once published a communication from an intelligent Correspondent, describing the daily life of such officials, showing the ruinous cost entailed by the customary "receptions," and the weary routine of "calls," which draw so persistently on one's time and patience. The "leaders" of *ton* are pre-eminently the President and his Council. It is true that Senators and Representatives occasionally entertain a number of guests; but, while this is quite optional with them, it becomes obligatory on Cabinet officers. From New Year's Day to the beginning of Lent is the grand season in Washington. During this period the doors of Ministerial residences must be constantly open, and the tables richly spread, while no person of ordinary note

can remain uninvited. The knowledge of what they have to do during each Session of Congress must press hardly upon State officials whose incomes are necessarily restricted, that is, provided they do not possess considerable private resources. Imposing furnished residences, in fashionable quarters, have to be engaged at extravagantly high rents, which, after all, must be considered moderate, taking into account the wear and tear that both houses and furniture will, necessarily, have to undergo. Each Minister is expected to give seven receptions during the "season," the first being on New Year's Day, and the others on alternate Wednesdays. The hours fixed for those friendly visits are from 2 p.m. to 5.30 p.m., when the ladies of the family must be ready to receive all who feel desirous of presenting themselves. Sometimes six hundred guests, or even more, congregate on such social occasions. But the two evening receptions that follow far eclipse the others, as perhaps two or three thousand invitations might possibly be honoured.

The various entertainments involve a large

outlay for flowers, wines, chocolate, tea, cakes, and extra service, the mere distribution of invitation cards alone costing on some occasions little short of one hundred dollars. To enjoy a thorough "crush," and get a glimpse of American high life, it is indispensable to be present at an evening reception, and partake of the claret-cup, sherry, champagne, and chicken salad, which invariably go the round at such festive times. One "Cabinet lady," in sooth, found it impossible to provide sufficient salad for her numerous visitors, although she had procured six dozen chickens in order to make it. The quantity of claret, sherry, and "green seal" consumed at these gatherings may generally be calculated by gallons and dozens.

Furthermore, during the Winter it is customary for Cabinet Ministers to entertain at set dinners persons of position, such as Senators, Representatives, Judges of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Body, and other individuals of mark and consequence. The season opens in December, and only closes with the adjournment of Congress. This is another heavy item of expenditure that

cannot possibly be dispensed with. It is fairly surmised that, taking every incumbent outlay into consideration, a Member of the United States Cabinet is obliged to disburse something like from eighteen thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars during the year in order to keep up a needful establishment and his position as a "leader" of Society.

Now, when it is considered that the official salary of a Minister is but eight thousand dollars per annum, it shows pretty clearly that it requires considerable aid from other quarters to sustain the immense demands made upon such an administrative functionary. Those who have not means of their own are hence necessitated to find it; and I apprehend that occasionally very unstatesman-like proceedings, resulting in scandal, are but the necessary consequences of a bankrupt purse. Grand and extravagant displays, like those I have noticed, may be seemly enough in Monarchical countries, which the Americans feign to look upon with compassion, or contempt, or a mixture of both, but not for a great Nation which professes to be as a beacon to others, and that prides herself

upon the vast advance she has made on the path of political and social life. From what the Correspondent to the New York print affirms, even "assemblies" at the White House are not over and above remarkable for the etiquette they display. During Polk's administration, it appears such marked rowdyism was evinced whenever the President issued invitations, that the practice of giving solid refreshments was relinquished. On one occasion, lemonade happened to be served to the numerous guests. A gentleman seized a pitcher and tumbler and gallantly proffered drink to the ladies, by whom he was surrounded. The manner was unique. He would fill the tumbler and hand it to one, and when she had drunk, he would pour all that remained in the glass on the carpet, re-fill the vessel and hand it to another, and again pour out the dregs, until both the carpet and the dress of every lady in his vicinity were utterly ruined.

The Washingtonians have improved upon the European model of fashionable life. We are informed that the mode of paying and returning visits is attended with much trouble and expense,

to say nothing of fatigue and loss of time. For example, whoever has called and left a card at a "morning reception" is, owing to the crass custom that prevails, entitled to two acknowledgments of the call. In the first place, it is incumbent on the ladies of the family to leave their cards, together with the official card of the Minister. Afterwards, the call must be acknowledged by an invitation to an "evening reception." Owing to this interminable labour, a carriage is necessary, with a smart footman, to make inquiries at the houses of friends, and deliver cards when the lady inmates are not "at home."

Thus, as I have already suggested, while Senators and Members of the House of Representatives are perfectly at liberty to do as they list as regards dispensing hospitality, being considered transient visitors, Cabinet Ministers, on the other hand, are sorely saddled with this onerous obligation. Whether they own or rent dwellings in the "Gay Capitol" or not, in consequence of their office, they are looked upon in the light of citizens proper, and, therefore, bound to entertain. The obvious fact is, that the Goddess of Fashion

has her temple in the "City of Monuments." There she possesses devotees as servile as any she might have in countries where Republics are disparagingly regarded, and considered impracticable systems, sure, after a time, to disintegrate through their own inherent weakness. If, as Wendell Holmes remarks, there be "a good deal of running down, of degeneration and waste of life, among the richer classes" of America, surely nowhere throughout the States are these processes going on so rapidly as in Washington, and among the "leaders" of Society.

The prominent men of Washington may, truly, be said to live in glass houses. Their modes of life and their resources, their prejudices and their weaknesses, their virtues and their vices, are freely exposed, and made the subjects of public comment. For this result we are indebted to the ubiquitous special "interviewer" and the ordinary newspaper correspondent. It is but a few months since the *Chicago Times* enterprisingly essayed, to gratify the already semi-sated curiosity of its readers by publishing the manner in which "the would-be Presidents who live in Washington,"

live, move, and have their being. One eminent politician, it is alleged, entertains very little in a general way, preferring to have his friends dine with him singly. He has a pair of only "so-so" horses, which he drives in a Victoria, and is a frequent companion of the President, particularly on Sundays, "when Mrs. Hayes does not like to have the Presidential carriage taken out." Another Senator, "who swears that he never thought of the Presidency," and who is addicted to ejaculation—"By the Eternal!" being his favourite oath—is set down as a rich man, who lives as rich men do, yet "without display, or any snobbish exhibitions of wealth." This individual inhabits a fine brown-stone dwelling, in a locality noted for "historical houses;" gives good entertainments; keeps a pair of fine horses, "somewhat advanced in years" and excellent travellers; is seldom seen in a carriage save after Senate hours; patronises the street-cars on his daily trips to the Capitol; and, consequently, does not take exercise enough.

Another well-known Washingtonian, Mr. Fish, is described as being severely close in his financial

transactions, and yet lavishly generous in his public and private courtesies. Every year his stipend as Secretary of State goes on house rent, while he keeps up "an establishment of which the Nation need not be ashamed." In order to support "the dignity" of his official position, he expends no less a sum than fifty thousand dollars a-year, that is just forty-two thousand dollars in excess of his salary. Then, there is a model retiring military Senator, half a book-worm, by-the-by, who is content with "a comfortable house," adjacent to a prominent square. A most remarkable statesman this, inasmuch as every hour not devoted to Congressional duties is spent in his library; so that, beyond question, he is the "most studious man in the House," and the "only Member of the lower branch of Congress who tries to keep up a general course of reading outside the humdrum routine work of politics." This notable veteran, it is further averred, possesses neither horses nor carriages; only that when the hard work of the Winter begins to tell upon him, and when the Spring days come, "he takes to horse-back riding." Then, there is the

formidable Democratic Presidential Candidate, Speaker Randall, who is content with "a very modest, three-story brick structure, in an unfashionable location." The house is small, it is said, not capacious enough for ordinary social courtesies, which one in Mr. Randall's position is compelled to extend. It suffices for all requirements nevertheless, inasmuch as its owner is "modest in his entertainments, and independent enough to defy some social precedents." Being a strict disciple of J. B. Gough, at his entertainments no intoxicants are permitted. No set dinners are given, save once or twice a month during Winter, when receptions take place, the invitations being by cards. "The house," moreover, "is so small, that it takes nearly the entire Winter to 'make the rounds' of the necessary social invitations."

There is not a prominent city in the American Union that has not its public benefactor. In Washington the ex-banker, Mr. Corcoran, a splendid specimen of the Irish race from which he sprung, has done much to encourage a taste for the Arts. His munificence has founded a Fine

Art Gallery (which occupies a prominent position near the Executive Mansion), and other excellent institutions calculated to improve and elevate his fellow-countrymen. Being a man of generous and noble sentiments, the ostensible object of his life was not so much to amass wealth, as to do good with what he possessed.





CHAPTER XVIII.

THE "HUB OF THE UNIVERSE."

ONE day while I was dining with Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and other literary celebrities at the Atlantic Club (which is held at the Parker House), the subject of conversation at the end of the table at which I sat, turned upon the slang designation bestowed upon the classic Capital of Massachusetts. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was seated next to me, essayed to unfold the derivation of the word "Hub." He defined it as the nave or "stock" of a wheel from which the several spokes diverge. This explanation proved so far satisfactory that it elicited no contradiction. As regards the original application of the phrase, "Hub of the Universe," I am still in doubt. I have, notwithstanding, a vague idea that it was bestowed upon the Bostonians by the New Yorkers, in order to gratify a little malicious feeling induced by jealousy, if not

to exhibit a species of revenge for "being looked down upon" as a mere commercial, money-getting community.

A wonderful "Old Country" air pervades Society in Boston. In New York one witnesses much meretricious show and vulgar self-assertion. Here there is little or no attempt at either. A respected resident, discoursing on the Fashions, remarked to me, that "Should it please Mrs. Agassiz (the wife of the late eminent Professor of Harvard University) to appear abroad in a cotton costume, not a lady in Boston but would follow suit, so contagious would be the example." If one is charmed with the simplicity, gentility, quiet, and home-life that prevails in this interesting region, one meets, now and again, with some disagreeable drawbacks in the form of social anomalies. Boston is not only the charmed centre to which men of genius and learning gravitate; it is likewise the home of strong-minded women. Not "blue-stockings" simply, for such would be inoffensive; but females who endeavour to rival the sterner sex in their special professional avocations.

Once I had the ill-luck to encounter three ladies, tall and lathy of figure, with cadaverous countenances and swarthy complexions, grave as owls, and otherwise not particularly prepossessing. They happened to be regularly-ordained pastors of churches. I could with difficulty restrain my risibility at the intelligence. I tried mildly to "chaff" them, without producing the slightest impression. Hence, for the *suaviter in modo* I substituted the *fortiter in re*. I inquired how they could possibly reconcile their spiritual office and the exercise of its functions with the apostolic injunction that women were not to teach but to keep silence in churches? One of the trio, more ready at repartee than her reverend sisters, sharply retorted: "We don't care about what Saint Paul *says*:" laying drawling emphasis upon the final word. I considered after this curt rejoinder, and as women are said to be incapable of reasoning, that I had better "knock under," thus giving my fair opponents the delusive satisfaction of having gained a veritable victory. Doubtless, there are women in Boston who, like Wendell Holmes's *Professor*, fancy that some

men would sooner see them stand on their head than use it for any purpose of thought. If, as is alleged by the same facile author, "there are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do," what exhaustion must a protracted conversation induce, when indulged in with women of the "Equal Rights Party"?

Of course, Mr. Longfellow's home at Cambridge, a suburb of Boston, is the chief source of attraction. The house itself possesses some historical interest, inasmuch as it served for General Washington's head-quarters during the Revolutionary War. The library is unique of its kind. It contains a large number of volumes on every imaginable subject, and yet the supply is ever augmenting, as books constantly arrive from all quarters. Once my venerable host observed to me, referring to the superabundance of literature everywhere scattered around, "Although I may not read them, still I like to have books about me."

It is impossible to estimate too highly Mr. Longfellow's gifted mind and genial nature. Every subject calculated to arouse intellectual

interest is, to employ a homely simile, at his fingers' ends. He takes a particular pleasure in entertaining his friends. From the highest and most abstruse topics he will gradually descend to matters of the simplest significance, being equally philosophical and playful. Not only does he take a justifiable pride in possessing works in all departments of literature; he condescends to small things, and even exhibits a *penchant* for pipe-collecting. His admirers are aware of this peculiarity, and considerately administer to it. One evening after tea, having adjourned to his *sanctum*, Mr. Longfellow proceeded to open a small case of rare tobacco, which I subsequently ascertained to have been the gift of a Southerner. After selecting a pipe from his collection, he filled it with the fragrant narcotic, which he politely handed to me, meanwhile remarking: "Upon being presented with the case of tobacco I have just laid aside, the strict but strange injunction was laid upon me, 'Let no d— Yankee smoke of this!'" Consequently, not coming within the restriction, I was the first person on whom the favour was conferred.

One morning I accompanied Mr. Longfellow to view the site of the smithy upon which he founded the popular poem of "The Village Blacksmith," and thus immortalized in verse. It lies on the left-hand side of a branch road, contiguous to Harvard University, and not far distant from the poet's dwelling. The main object of interest, of course, was gone. Only the surrounding walls and trees had been left unmolested. The Cambridge local authorities, like the Roman municipal body of late so caustically criticized by "Ouida," became seized with the mania for "improvement." Accordingly, in the heat of their distemper they had the famous smithy razed to the ground in order to prepare the place for sale as a "town lot." The poet expressed to me his deep disapproval of such an unforeseen and unjustifiable occurrence, affirming that had he but had the slightest intimation of the intention of the civic iconoclasts, he himself would have purchased the property as it originally stood. Such an audacious act of Vandalism is scarcely conceivable, especially when perpetrated by fellow-townsmen.

I remember one interesting instance of Mr.

Longfellow's sympathy with suffering humanity. It impressed me forcibly. Rather late one bitter wintry night, when the wind was hoarsely howling outside and the snow was falling thick and fast, a knock came to the door. It was opened by the housekeeper. She entered the library, gently approached her master, and whispered something in his ear. Mr. Longfellow's sympathies I found were awakened. He went to one place and then to another, and at length procured some money from an *escritoire* which he handed to the servant. Shortly afterwards I got to know that a poor old man had applied for charity, no unusual occurrence, as the streets of America, no more than those of Europe, are not paved with gold. "Although the calls are numerous," quoth the poet, "I never refuse aid to anyone!" This confession caused me to repeat aloud some favourite lines, which having found somewhere, I committed to memory, but, like Mr. Longfellow, am ignorant of the author. They run thus :

"Give, give, be always giving,
He that gives not is not living ;
The more you give, the more you live."

Mr. Longfellow, it is almost needless to observe, is the great literary luminary of Boston. Being possessed of comparative affluence and with abundant leisure at his disposal, it is understood that he should act in the arduous capacity of a representative man, and dispense polite hospitalities to strangers, particularly so as he has the good fortune to be such a universal favourite.

“To whom shall I introduce you?” observed the late Mr. W. Cullen Bryant, of New York, to me, when upon the point of starting for the acknowledged Athens of the United States.

“To Mr. Longfellow,” I rejoined.

“Well,” softly remarked the veteran poet and journalist, “when you are introduced to him, you are introduced to everybody worth knowing.” And such I found to be the case.

Notwithstanding that Boston contains a galaxy of brilliant lights, men of high literary and scientific attainments and reputation, it is an anomaly which must needs exercise a potent influence on the public mind to learn that the papers which yield the largest profit to their proprietors are old story-telling “weeklies,” such

as the *True Flag* and the *Waverley Magazine*. "The *Atlantic Monthly*," according to one journal, "would like to do as well, but it can't; indeed, there are tens of thousands of good-natured Bostonians who have no idea of Longfellow, Motley, Lowell, or any other literary men who have made their city celebrated."

In Boston, and the whole region round about, Unitarianism and Universalism are in the ascendant. I have been in some towns in Massachusetts where, greatly to my astonishment, I found no Episcopalian Church. Still I was struck with the Sacramentarian tendency of several of the clergy. One Universalist minister openly avowed to me, in presence of a brother clergyman, that he believed the ministry were duly authorized and empowered to hear the confessions of the faithful and to give absolution in due form. He relied on "the power of the Keys" as implicitly as any ecclesiastic of the Latin Church.

There is a society in Boston having for its object the encouragement of home studies among young women, so that they shall acquire a habit of systematic reading, by devoting a portion of

each day to the agreeable exercise. A central committee of management arrange courses of reading and plans of work. Women, however, according to their taste or leisure, may select one or more of the given tasks. From time to time aid is furnished either through directions or advice conveyed by means of correspondence. During the past year over seven thousand letters were written to students residing in most of the States. The term of correspondence opens annually in October and closes in June.

One Sunday evening, while dining at the Parker House, I espied my revered friend, Mr. Emerson, at an opposite table. Having crossed over to him, I suggested that, as soon as dinner was despatched, he should join me in a glass of Burgundy and a cigar. His acquiescence was cordial. Accordingly, in due course, we both retired to an upper chamber. Shortly afterwards some observations fell from his lips that are worthy of being recorded, if only for the benefit of British noblemen and others, who, perchance, may be induced to cross the Atlantic and visit the intellectual capital of the States. To my utter

astonishment the Seer of America mentioned how he had been invited out to dinner for that very day, but could not take advantage of the hospitality which had been proffered to him, owing to a comparatively trivial occurrence. He had not brought his dress clothes with him from Concord, the place of his abode. "What!" thought I, "such a distinguished man as Emerson—one who would be welcomed anywhere in any garb—to be so apparently squeamish respecting the usages of polite American society!"

Anon he remarked: "Scions of your English aristocracy come over here with introductions, and, of course, like all your countrymen of note, receive whatever attention we can bestow. But most of them seem not to have the remotest idea of our habits, or what is due to us in courtesy; and, when they are asked to dinner at our houses, they actually come attired in shooting-jackets, as though any sort of dress was good enough for the denizens of a Republic!"

The error pointed out I have invariably endeavoured to avoid, preferring to be scrupulously particular rather than the least indifferent to my

external appearance. The best class of Americans, especially in Boston, are extremely sensitive with regard to etiquette. They like formality even where politeness is concerned, and take umbrage at what they consider the slightest breach of decorum.

The foreign element, in the New England States, not excepting Boston, is considered rather detrimental to public manners and morals. In other respects, however, it assuredly must be regarded as advantageous. Wendell Holmes speaks disparagingly enough of the representative Yankee. "I am satisfied," avers this shrewd observer of human nature, "that such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned youth as we can boast in our Atlantic cities, never before sprung from loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage." Subsequently, he affirms his belief that "the total climatic influences here are getting up a number of new patterns of humanity, some of which are not an improvement on the old model." Then he proceeds to portray the rising generation as being "clipper-built, sharp in the bows, long in the spars, slender to

look at, and fast to go," analogous to a modern ship, the forms of which the elements impress upon the builder. Even Donn Piatt confesses that "the Yankee brain is not lovable, but that being brain, like blood, it will tell." Again, blending commendation with censure, he remarks :

"There is more intellectual life, more books read, and journals and magazines taken in one New England village than in all the South. These much-despised, narrow-chested, slender-legged, nasal specimens of humanity, with their keen, grasping avarice and little meannesses, make our books, give us our science, art, and literature, supply the material world with all its great inventions, cheat us to our faces when we deal with them, and whip us when we appeal to arms."





CHAPTER XIX.

TIPPLING.

WENDELL HOLMES assumes that "hospitality is a good deal a matter of latitude." And might not tippling be reasonably referred to the like cause? I apprehend so. The inordinate craving for strong drink is so marked among some people, that such a theory does not seem far-fetched or indefensible. Possibly, it would not be very hazardous to assert that a few of the vices, no less than the virtues, which characterize humanity, are partially owing, if not directly traceable, to geographical, climatic, and atmospherical causes. Among the notable peculiarities of Americans, that of tippling is prominently conspicuous. Our Cousins are, as it were, "to the manner born." If there be an exception to the general rule, it will be found to exist in the New England States, where a considerable profession is made of religion, and where Christian ministers are frequently total abstainers.

Taking, however, the Americans as a body, they unquestionably exhibit a proneness to this vicious habit, causing thereby no small share of anxiety to those philanthropists and sociologists who regard the drinking customs of the people as the chief bane of the Republic. And, probably, they are right in their apprehension.

In the great cities of the United States the practice of tippling is most indulged. When people are brought together, either by business or idleness, the ceremony of "liquoring" appears indispensable. One could scarcely offend an American more than by declining an invitation to take a drink. Often have I, by endeavouring to avoid the possibility of an offence, been morally compelled to accept favours of this nature, although, were I to consult my own wishes, I certainly would have preferred not. The temptation to touch the dangerous cup is considerable—so strong, indeed, at times as not to be resisted. As a means of recreation, the bulk of the male population resort to hotel-bars and similar places. Here men drink and chat, form social groups, and persevere in treating each other, until the

possibility is that they take, to employ a popular phrase, "more than is good for them." The discomforts consequent upon hotel life force strangers to have recourse to the "bars" and the billiard-rooms. These are made tempting and inviting, not alone by their glare, but by their exquisite appointments. Some of the hotel-bars and billiard-rooms are most elaborately furnished and richly decorated. The former, especially, are rendered terribly tempting by the luxurious sofas and easy-chairs that are scattered around the saloons. Sometimes these saloons become so densely thronged that there is much difficulty in elbowing one's way to the "bar," where showily-dressed male attendants, conspicuous for jewellery, immaculate linen aprons, and having their shirt-sleeves tucked up, perform the occult mysteries of their *spiritual* office.

The Americans are not wanting in the power of invention. Hence the variety of drinks ingeniously concocted at public places of refreshment. "Man is a creature born of habitudes," observes the recondite "Tristram Shandy;" an axiom which in the mere matter of potations is daily verified

by Transatlantic friends. The practice is to commence with a brandy or gin "cocktail" before breakfast, by way of an appetizer. Subsequently, a "digerter" will be needed. Then, in due course and at certain intervals, a "refresher," a "reposer," a "settler," a "cooler," an "invigorator," a "sparkler," and a "rouser," pending the final "nightcap," or midnight dram. Let me rehearse the names of the drinks most in vogue. They may be thus enumerated: Mint julep and julep *à la* Captain Marryat, brandy julep, whiskey julep, gin julep, rum julep, champagne cobbler, sherry cobbler, brandy smash, gin cocktail, Jersey lightning, soda cocktail, gin sangaree, American milk punch, Scotch whiskey skin, brandy sour or brandy fix, beer sangaree, peach brandy and honey, "Tom and Jerry," black stripe, sleeper, hot spiced rum, brandy flip, "Stonewall Jackson," egg nogg or auld man's milk, burnt brandy and peach, yard of flannel, locomotive, corpse reviver, stone fence, Baltimore egg nogg, iced and mixed punch, the alderman's punch, gin twist, "President Washington," "President Lincoln," and "General Grant."

It is not generally regarded in the slightest degree derogatory for any gentleman to take refreshment at public "bars." I have imbibed at these places with members of the Government, the Senate, and the Legislature—with judges, generals, and even clergymen. However, I was not oblivious enough but to perceive that what considers itself the "best society" is opposed, more or less, to such places of public resort. That they are morally and socially injurious in their tendency, there can be no doubt. Many a man, through frequenting them, is induced to overleap the bounds of moderation, and rush into excess. Even this result does not embrace the worst features of a practice for which there really seems no remedy. Quarrels and altercations sometimes occur; much time and money are unprofitably wasted; while a habit is fostered which now and again terminates in the destruction of a young man's character and prospects.

In New York and other large cities, bar-rooms of a peculiar character abound. From the external appearance of the "stores" in which

these places of accommodation are concealed, the uninitiated would never suspect that anything was wrong. You enter a showy, highly respectable looking establishment—it might be that of a fruiterer or a grocer—where everything looks “serene.” Should materfamilias and her dear daughters happen to pass by and observe the grave head of the family within such premises, how could they, dear innocent souls! fancy what delicious charm formed the source of attraction there? Alas for human deception! Just walk through the store proper, undeterred by any apparent obstacle in your path, and after a while turn to the right or to the left, and then a new and, to a novice, startling scene will open up before you. You will find a neatly fitted up “bar,” replete with every needful accessory, and, possibly, at any time of the day, a half-dozen or a dozen “quiet” folk like yourself enjoying themselves over their favourite tipple.

I have, in my American travels, met with people who do not like to drink much at one place, let it be a bar-room or even a Club. Others, again, are fond of tipping, but they like to gratify their

taste without being observed. The famous Theodore Hook had a pet passion for imbibition, which finally proved fatal to him. This infirmity he endeavoured to conceal as far as possible when in company. Hence he appropriated a favourite corner by the refectory-door of the Athenæum Club, of which he was a distinguished member. From this snuggerly he gave his orders to the waiters, who had long learnt the import of his hieroglyphical language. The calls were repeated for "toast-and-water," or "lemonade." But the former meant brandy, and the latter was the synonym for gin! So that his drink was not the unalcoholic infusion of Vervain, or of the herb Hanea, so praised for its effects by Ælian, and which the physiologist "Walter Shandy" recommends to his devoted brother "Tristram," of immortal memory.

A curious specimen of the *genus homo* is to be found in the bar-rooms of America. Ethnologists might study him with advantage. Certes, he possesses the outward semblance of a man, but is wofully wanting in those attributes with which our great dramatist endows human nature. No

one, for example, can pronounce him to be noble in reason, infinite in faculty (except the indomitable craving for drink), like an angel in action, like a god in apprehension—the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! He is known by the significant, but inelegant cognomen of “loafer”—

“A staggering, swaggering sort of chap,
Who takes his whiskey straight.”

He dresses well as a rule, talks well, maybe, and is bearable for a time, when he grows insufferably wearisome, and, indeed, obnoxious. Those who know him, avoid him; those who do not, are often taken in. He lives no one knows how, while his place of domicile is a like mystery; in a word, he is incomprehensible. He is rarely seen except in hotel bar-rooms, or where “free chowders,” and other gratuitous luncheons, are given to “customers.” Hence, from the noun-substantive, *loafer*, is derived the active verb, *to loaf* (from a Dutch word, signifying “to idle about”), to which pastime there appears a growing disposition amongst “Young America” who would

disdain the opprobrious but appropriate epithet of "loafers."

But in the lowest deep there is yet a lower deep. The "loafers" are far outdone by the "bummers," an appellation, however inelegant, still significant of one particular habit of this class, who, on the principle of *Cæsar* in "Antony and Cleopatra," think—

"It is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;
To give a Kingdom for a Mirth : to *sit*
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave."

They are distinguishable from their kinsmen, the "loafers," by their shabby-genteel appearance, which, in sooth, is the special badge of the tribe. Rules and regulations have they, by which they are said strictly to abide. Here is a specimen :

1. No "bummer" is suffered to take breakfast.

2. No private drinks must at any time be taken, under the penalty of "drinks round."

3. No "bummer" must "stand out," under any pretence.

4 No "bummer" must enter upon any "useful

observation," on which point the guild is particularly stringent.

5. No "bummer" must presume to wear clean linen, like the "loafers."

6. No "bummer" must affect to entertain political opinions other than Democratic.

7. No "bummer" shall allow that he has been in a State prison.

8. A "returned Californian" is a qualification for membership.

It would, perhaps, be difficult to decide who tipples most—the Northerner or the Southerner. So far as my experience goes, I would give the palm to the latter. The Bourbon whiskey, so generally indulged in, has a mighty power. No doubt, the tipping tendency has been aggravated by the late War, or rather by a bad habit contracted during its early stages, before intoxicating drinks became impossible to procure. One chilly evening, when hostilities between North and South first commenced, I happened to ride out from Richmond to Fairfield on a visit to General Cobb, who was encamped with the legion he raised. After the usual courtesies had been

exchanged, I delicately suggested that a little brandy-and-water would not be objectionable. My friend was horrified. He looked aghast. Brandy, forsooth !

“ I tell you what it is,” quoth the General, “ I do not drink myself, would give no drink to my friends, and did I know of an officer of mine taking any kind of intoxicating beverage, he should cease to belong to my command.”

After a while I went a few yards off, and entered the Colonel's tent, where I repeated General Cobb's remark. A goodly gathering of officers had assembled, who were indulging pretty freely in excellent Bourbon. They laughed heartily at my story, and, ere I took my leave, made me drink to the health of their General—which I unhesitatingly and heartily did.

Orpheus C. Kerr, in one of his humorous “ Letters,” makes mention of a licensed liquor-dealer in a country town, who, owing to the too frequent visits of the local editor (who failed to redeem his honour by discharging his dues), added conspicuously to his sign, “ Associate Editor of the *Lily of the Valley*.” Naturally enough, the

new announcement disconcerted the erring scribe, whose remonstrances proved abortive. There was no getting over the landlord's plea.

"If I furnish inspiration for nothing," quoth he, "I may as well have some literary credit. The village swallows what you furnish; you swallow what I furnish; and so I'm the head editor after all."

The argument proved not only cogent but successful. It had the effect of reviving the editorial exchequer, so that the "score" was paid and the partnership duly dissolved.

I am convinced that tipping in the United States cannot, any more than in this country, be totally repressed, or even moderately restrained, by acts of local legislatures. The experiment has been tried, and has failed signally, so that the sheer force of popular opinion has caused, in some places, one legislative enactment to annul another. When prohibitive laws were in force in certain States, people tipped as though full licence were granted to do so. Hotel proprietors closed their ordinary "bars," it is true; but, if so, they opened others in less conspicuous parts of the buildings.

Men drank just as before, and spirituous drink was just as procurable as before. Nothing was changed but the law, which said, "Thou shalt not drink!" and that law became, to all intents and purposes, a dead letter. Even on Sundays, folk so disposed can indulge their tipping propensities in New York and other cities of the Union. There are certain places the doors of which will open to a magic knock with the knuckles. You walk upstairs, and can call undismayedly for what you want, contrary to the statute made and provided for the better observance of the Lord's Day. I fancy the civic authorities must be cognizant of this fact; but they prudently shut their eyes to what does not directly concern them.

A special Correspondent of the *Boston Post* writes to that journal on the subject of the Maine Liquor Law. He observes: "In the year 1873 there were in Maine, whose population was only 629,915 at the last Census, 17,808 arrests for drunkenness—more than for all other crimes put together; and yet there are some who persist in saying that King Alcohol does not reign in Maine. I wish he did not. But, I assure you, if some night

you could hang out a red flag at the door of every rum-shop in Maine, the people would wake up in the morning and think the small-pox had broken out all over the State. Facts show that the Prohibitory Law has been a failure—worse than that, a curse. That it has rendered the means of drunkenness more costly, it is true; that in some instances it has added somewhat to the difficulty of obtaining liquors, may be admitted; that in some parts it has lessened the number of places of sale, may be so; that it has also tended somewhat to influence public opinion—all this may be true. Still, facts show that the Prohibitory Law has not lessened the growth of intemperance, but has increased it, by producing other and collateral evils. It has driven young men to the formation of Clubs and the establishment of Club-houses, causing an excess of drunkenness and ruin. It has more extensively introduced the rum-jug into the family circle. More than ever do men buy liquor now in kegs and demijohns, and keep it and drink it in their homes in presence of their children. And, while the law has made liquor more costly in price, it has made it also more

poisonous in quality. Old and reliable physicians throughout the State now report a four-fold increase of cases of *delirium tremens*. To-day a man with four inches of Maine whiskey in him is not less dangerous than a wild beast."

It appears that Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the "philanthropist," has had her attention fixed for some time past on the Public Health. She is distributing a tract entitled "The Cost of Rum." "Rum," according to this lady, includes everything intoxicating; even the choicest wines. She estimates the outlay on "rum" for 1878 at 715,575,000 dollars; while the total sum expended on education during the same period was 95,500,000 dollars; and on religion, 48,000,000 dollars. The capital invested in producing "rum" is alleged to be not less than 2,000,000,000 dollars.





CHAPTER XX.

THE "CAMP OF ZION."

UTAH, the American Mecca, forms part of the territory acquired from Mexico in 1848. The previous year it became "settled" by a body of Mormons under the leadership of the late Brigham Young, the recognized Prophet of those peculiar people. The first church of the "believers" was established seventeen years prior to this period at Manchester, New York. Then the members did not exceed thirty. Shortly afterwards Joseph Smith, acting, as he supposed, under special inspiration, led his followers to Kirtland, Ohio. Here he intended permanently establishing the seat of the New Jerusalem, with which view a large and costly Tabernacle was erected and consecrated. Circumstances, however, upset his design; when the Mormons removed to Independence, Jackson County, Mobile. Here, also, they were destined to find "no abiding city." Anon they

succeeded in establishing themselves in Missouri, where they were driven by popular opposition from one place to another. In 1838, the conflict between the Mormons and the Missourians assumed the aspect of a civil war. At length, becoming overpowered by the forces of the State, the recalcitrant religionists had to succumb and capitulate. They agreed to evacuate Missouri. Accordingly, they crossed in a body (now augmented to several thousands) the Mississippi into Illinois. At Commerce, Hancock County, they built a city, named Nauvoo, on a site granted to them by one Dr. Isaac Galland, who happened to own extensive property in the locality. Singular to observe, the Mormons were well received in their newly-selected abode. Not only so, but the Legislature conferred upon them extraordinary privileges; thus enabling their leaders to exercise almost unlimited civil powers, and even to form a military organization under the cognomen of the Nauvoo Legion. Of this body, Smith was lieutenant-general. In 1845, the charter of Nauvoo was repealed by the Legislature, an event which caused most of the Mormons to remove to the Rocky

Mountains. Those who tarried behind were driven out at the point of the bayonet.

In May, 1848, the main body of the "Saints" followed in the wake of the pioneers they had sent across the plains from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake Valley. Brigham Young, originally a painter and glazier, who had joined the Mormons at the age of thirty, and become a successful missionary in the cause, now assumed the leadership. The ensuing Autumn found the pilgrims ensconced in their final dwelling-place. Here large tracts of land were brought under cultivation, and an "emigration fund" was established; so that a considerable accession of converts, chiefly of the working classes, was enticed from Europe to the modern "Land of Promise." Early the following year a Convention was held at Salt Lake City, when a State was duly organized under the designation of Deseret, signifying "The Land of the Honey-Bee." Congress, however, refused to accept the constitution submitted for its approval. In lieu thereof, the country occupied by the Mormons was constituted into the territory of Utah, of which Brigham Young was appointed Governor by President Fillmore.

Captain Burton, in "The City of the Saints," properly observes that "there is a certain monotony of life in Great Salt Lake City, which does not render the subject favourable for description," a circumstance principally owing to the "Moslem gloom, the result of austere morals and manners, and the semi-seclusion of the sex," which characterize the place. The picturesquely-situated little town of Ogden may be considered the gate to the Mormon City. From Ogden a railway branches off, running through a charming country, chiefly along the borders of the Great Salt Lake, and occupying a journey of two hours. The majority of the townspeople are Mormons, at least they affect so to be, whether from private interests or conscientious conviction I shall not attempt to pronounce. As a rule, Mormons shrink from publicity. Having cultivated a prepossession against the outer world, they find it difficult to eradicate their pet prejudice. Probably they like best to "blush unseen." Since the new railway (disapproved of by some) has been cut through their territory, several of the "Saints" have sought and found

new homes in certain retired regions of South California.

A lovelier locality than that occupied by the "Camp of Zion" it would be difficult to alight upon. The peaceful-looking Valley, with its grand mountainous background,—the Wasatch and Oquirr ranges,—bordered on one side by the immense inland sea, known as the Great Salt Lake, form a prospect highly impressive and not readily forgotten. The very approach to the City is redolent with a peculiar air of tranquillity; an emanation, as it were, of the spirit which pervades the entire Valley. The lines of small white dwellings, of which the City is composed, have their monotonous aspect relieved by numberless trees. In the early Spring these give a charming effect to the *tout ensemble*. One of the local sights consists of a dozen cottages standing in a row, the property of one man, who has a "sealed" wife in each. Some of the staunchest Mormons, however, are perfectly contented with a solitary help-meet. Especially is this the case with young men who, possibly, are envied by their more favoured brothers. Brigham Young's

eldest son once remarked to a European visitor that "he did not much care for having several wives, only that he could not have attained to any position in the Church had he acted otherwise," polygamy being regarded as a positive command from Heaven. Nor is this region destitute of well-built, comfortable hotels—the oldest, the Townsend House, being kept by an Englishman. The Valley House, facing the Temple and the Utah Museum, is considered the most eligibly and healthily situated. The tariff of these establishments is particularly moderate when contrasted with that of hotels in other American cities.

For the delectation of my lady readers, I shall now pen a concise account of the fair sex as observed in Mormon-land. It was once stated to a friend of mine that, after spending a week at Salt Lake City, the narrator could no longer be surprised why women should join the sect; for, after close scrutiny, he became fully satisfied that "Mormonism had been their last chance of settlement in life." The Mormon women, as a rule, are far from handsome. Generally speaking,

they possess particularly plain looks. But, as there can be no effect without a cause, so this uniform mediocre appearance may, in a great degree, be attributed to the out-door employments to which they are subjected. Then, those subtle artifices of "making up," and of dress, to which Gentile women unscrupulously resort, and to which much of their apparent fascination is attributable, are to them utterly unknown. They disdain to become initiated in the mysteries of the modern toilette; while, as regards their costume, only the plainest material and style are employed and adopted. In every respect, they seem more intent upon cultivating the useful than the ornamental. Well-educated Mormon women are occasionally found. Yet, should the reader ask, if ever a good-looking woman is encountered among them, one who is well-dressed, or happy-looking? I should decidedly reply in the negative. These victims of a religious delusion almost invariably wear a subdued, and, in many cases, a sullen aspect,—that of people who, having assumed an intolerable burden, must bear it to the bitter end. I am assured that female converts are becoming rare, a circumstance

calculated to excite little surprise. The Mormon system tends to degrade woman. No doubt, nothing more anomalous can exist in a civilized country. True, the Mormons do not go to the extent of the Arabs in asserting that women have no souls, or even of the Schoolmen, who propounded the startling thesis that the soul is communicated "*in semine patris.*" Nevertheless they maintain that a woman can only reach Heaven through the influence of her husband.

In 1852, what is known as the Spiritual Wife doctrine was boldly avowed, and polygamy defended, by the Mormon leaders, on the authority of a special revelation. Subsequently, Smith, the pseudo-Prophet, made numerous advances to women in Nauvoo, soliciting them to become his spiritual partners. A great *furor* was the result. Affidavits were published in the *Expositor* (a paper conducted by persons who had renounced Mormonism), supported by sixteen signatures, to the effect that Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and "Saints" of minor status in the Church, had striven to seduce them, under the specious plea of having had a direct commission from Heaven. The

Mormons, then strong in Nauvoo, became enraged at the *exposé*. They destroyed the printing plant, razed the office of the *Expositor* to the ground, and banished the proprietors thereof to Carthage.

The marriage ceremony is either performed in the Temple, which I shall duly notice, or in the Office of the "Prophet." The process is simple. Mutual consent having been elicited, the parties are pronounced to be man and wife, in the name of Jesus Christ. Where a plurality of wives exists, the first wife assumes precedence. Her conubial partners are recognized by the euphemism "sisters." These are said to stand in the relationship of aunts to her progeny. Under certain conditions, divorce is granted. The widows of a deceased Prophet are considered the property of his successor, hereby following the precedent of David, who took unto himself the wives of Saul, although, as a Divine punishment, they were afterwards taken from him and given to another. The Mormons lean to Hebrew precedent. This circumstance induced Mrs. Belinda M. Pratt to remark, somewhat in a "hifalutin'" strain—

“Indeed, no one can ever approach the gates of Heaven without beholding the names of twelve polygamists (the sons of a different woman by one man), engraven in everlasting glory upon the pearly gates !”

The Tabernacle is not only an imposing edifice ; it is a marvel of creative genius. Built in the form of a dome, it possesses the largest self-supporting roof in the world. Seats are therein provided for thirteen thousand persons ; while the stone floor is slightly hollowed in the centre, so as to afford all the congregation equal facilities for seeing what is going on. So admirably is this edifice constructed as regards its acoustic properties, that an ordinary speaker can readily be heard in its remotest corners. Caskets of artificial flowers are suspended from the roof of the building—rather a pretty and curious form of decoration. There is an organ of immense size, alleged to be only second to the famous instrument at Strasburg. It was constructed where it stands, and, if credence is to be placed in the assertion of the person who describes it to visitors, from its enormous proportions can never

be removed from the Tabernacle. It is the custom during "holy worship" for the men and women to keep strictly apart, the seats allotted to the former occupying about one-third of the space. The inference to be drawn from this circumstance as regards the proponderance of women, is self-evident. I ascertained that the rule of separating the sexes is, comparatively speaking, a recent innovation. It was introduced on account of some English sailors, who, being seated near the women, were wanting in due respect. Not content with the magnificent structure they have raised for their peculiar worship, the Mormons are busily employed on a Temple which, I understand, is vastly to surpass the old one, so far at least as architectural effect is concerned. It is being erected in the immediate vicinity of the Tabernacle, and will be wholly composed of a rich coloured granite, which is hewn from the mountains, some thirty miles distant.

The mock priesthood of the Mormon Church embraces, first of all, the President; then follow, in order of precedence, the Twelve Apostles, the

High Council, the Seventies, with elders, priests, teachers, and deacons. The entire hierarchy is divided into two sections, namely, the Melchizedek and the Aaronic priesthood. The American people, singular to say, have but little to do with Mormonism. As Sir Charles Dilke, treating of Utah, observes: "A few of the leaders are New Englanders and New Yorkers, but of the rank and file, not one. In every ten immigrants, the missionaries count upon finding that four come from England, two from Wales, one from the Scotch Lowlands, one from Sweden, one from Switzerland, and one from Prussia; from Catholic countries, none; from all America, none."

As a rule, the houses composing Salt Lake City are very small, so small, indeed, as to deserve no better title than cottages. Here and there, however, a dwelling of superior size and build will arrest attention. One of these is peculiarly conspicuous. Inquiries respecting it are invariably rewarded with the like answer,—“Brigham Young’s house!” The most notable dwelling, perhaps, is the charming little “Amelia Palace,”

a building constructed for, and named after, the late President's final and favourite wife. She is said to have been the only consort of his who was honoured with a separate abode. Immediately opposite is a less pretentious though larger building, the residence of two other widows. It stands by the churchyard gate, which is distinguished by being surmounted with the Spread-Eagle. The depository for the dead is prettily situated on rising ground. The chief interest and curiosity of the traveller become concentrated on one grave—that of Brigham Young. It lies somewhat apart from other graves, and is covered with a white marble slab, devoid of any inscription. The idea is unique, and, for such a man, possibly best.

The principal streets of the City contain some well-built shops; and it is notable that one can purchase commodities of almost every description thereat as cheaply, if not more cheaply, than in other American towns. It is, however, in the large Co-Operative Stores that the pride of the people is justly centred. Several of these Stores retain the old Mormon sign of an "Eye." Such

a device has an extremely odd effect when fixed in the front of a building, and forms one of the most characteristic objects to be noticed in this otherwise remarkable capital.

A point of uncommon interest to the traveller who wends his devious way across the Rocky Mountains into Utah, consists of the Mineral Baths. These are situated two or three miles distant from the town. Tramways—which are numerous enough—run to this spot. The bath-house presents an original appearance, while the baths are well-arranged and kept in perfect order. Indeed, orderliness may be pronounced an especial feature of Utah, for it pervades the whole place. Although water-carts may be seen almost constantly plying, nevertheless the dust nuisance is considerable, and goes far to put one out of temper.

A stranger is at once impressed with the excellent understanding and singular simplicity which prevail. One slight incident will illustrate this. Passing one of the smaller streets, a friend of mine noticed a huge heap of dirt. On the summit thereof was a placard, a rough imitation

of printing, done with pen and ink. It simply set forth that—

" ANY ONE CAN REMOVE THIS
PILE OF RUBBISH."

Salt Lake City possesses its University of Deseret, organized in 1869, embracing two Medical, a Collegiate, a Normal, and other departments. It is partially supported by an annual appropriation from the Territorial Treasury, ranging from five thousand to ten thousand dollars. There are likewise several excellent schools, maintained by various religious denominations, besides public and private libraries, well-supplied with literature. There are ten newspapers, two of which appear daily. The *News* is the official organ of the Mormons. The church organizations number one hundred and sixty-five, only five of which are non-Mormon.

It appears that Mrs. A. G. Paddock, of Salt Lake City, has exposed what she conceives to be the illusions and atrocities of Mormonism in a work, entitled "In the Toils." It is alleged that her characters are real, and her incidents founded

on fact. It is predicted that the book will have much the same effect upon Mormonism as Mrs. Beecher-Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had upon Slavery. But there are other ex-Mormon missionaries in the field, the most prominent of these being Eliza Ann Young, the nineteenth wife of the late President, and one Mary Clemmer. The former lately addressed a letter to President Hayes, which the latter had influence to get into the *Independent*, wherein she asserts :

"I too often find myself in a street-car with the beastly Cannon, to be able to forget that there is a Mormon with four wives in the Congress of the United States. I frankly acknowledge that I hate the sight of him as I hate and loathe the sight of any man who lives a life of lust, be it legal or illegal."

In Utah the women are particularly jealous of each other. This passion tends to create a feeling of hostility not readily allayed even under the influence of religion. Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse, in her interesting and elaborate "Story of a Life's Experience in Mormonism," gives the clue to the secret spring of this unhappy and distressing disposition. She writes :

"It is of the utmost importance that a Mormon girl should marry young. Women everywhere are never anxious to grow old, but among the Mormons age is especially dreaded by the women, for when years have robbed them of their personal attractions, in most cases they lose all hold upon their husband's affections, and find themselves obliged to give place to prettier and more youthful rivals."

And again, referring to truant husbands, it is observed by the "Englishwoman in Utah":

"The whereabouts of the husband is not so easily discovered, and the unhappy or jealous wife is at a loss to know upon whom to vent her ire. On this account even men with small means prefer to have three wives instead of two, as each wife, not knowing which of the other two she ought to hate the most, divides her jealousy."

On a particular occasion, indeed, the authoress exhibited a little of the like temper for which women are so remarkable. Not that the display of feeling, so secretly and harmlessly manifested, had not a justifiable cause; for no woman's patience could withstand the ordeal to which she had

been subjected. Thus she sets forth her bland confession :

“When I came out of my room ready dressed, I found my husband and his wife Belinda waiting and chatting pleasantly together, and looking unutterable love at each other—at least, so I thought—and I felt greatly insulted and annoyed. I carefully avoided showing any outbursts of temper before the young lady, which I thought would be undignified, for I desired at least that she should respect me, though I did not want her love. If I had expected that they would urge me to accompany them, I should have been greatly mistaken, for my refusal appeared to be just what they wanted. They tripped off together as light-hearted and happy as children, while I remained rooted to the spot, tearing my pocket-handkerchief to pieces, and wishing I could do the same with them.”

However, as there seems to be a law of compensation throughout Nature, the position of a jealous Mormon wife is not quite untenable or devoid of consolation, if we are to accept the statement of Mrs. Stenhouse in her “Exposé of Polygamy in Utah.” These are her words :

"I do not think that I should ever make a very good Saint, for in all this that I have related there was one thing that consoled me. I felt that my husband's intended would some day learn that *she* was *not* his *first and only love* after myself. I am almost ashamed to own that this should be any gratification to me, but the young girls at that time frequently got the idea that the men had never really loved until they met with them. How far the men were to blame for this I do not know ; but it is a fact, and I have little doubt that they had a pretty good share in the deception."

Some time since Senator Cannon presented a petition, signed by thirty thousand Mormons, for the pardon of George Reynolds, under sentence for bigamy. Nay, he is said even to threaten that the Mormons will fight to the bitter end sooner than submit to the law as interpreted by this test case. I doubt, however, whether any forcible resistance will be offered to the United States Government, who, finding themselves almost powerless to cope with the Mormon hydra, have lately issued a plaintive Circular to the Governments of England, Germany, Norway,

Sweden, and Denmark, inviting their co-operation in putting a check upon Mormon emigration. It strikes me that the less the Mormons are interfered with, the better for all concerned. They maintain that, in their colony, without polygamy, part of the social field would remain untilled, while, in a politico-economic sense, it is possessed of no slight advantage. "In Paris or London," writes Captain Burton, "the institution would, like slavery, die a natural death. In Arabia, and in the Rocky Mountains, it maintains a strong hold on the affections of mankind. Monogamy is best fitted for the large, wealthy, and flourishing communities in which man is rarely the happier because his quiver is full of children, and where the Hetæra becomes the succedaneum of the 'plurality-wife.'"

It appears that Mr. Cannon, the Mormon Delegate from Utah, feels strongly the obloquy cast upon the "Saints" by certain paragraphs in the President's Message. He regards the utterances of the Executive as calculated to excite a persecution of the body of religionists with whom he is prominently connected. The

Circular addressed to Foreign Governments by Secretary Evarts, urging them to forbid the emigration of converts to Mormonism, he pronounces "a very foolish act." Its only effect, he considers, is to advertise the Mormon faith to the civilized world. On this Senator's authority, not more than one man out of every seven or ten has more than one wife. There are about one hundred and fifty thousand Mormons, taken altogether, embracing some thirty thousand men, not more than four thousand of whom have a plurality of wives. So that, to use Cannon's words, "over this small number all this fuss is made." He, moreover, affirms that while Mormons believe that polygamy is a revelation from God, they are not going to violate the law of their country by practising it. None intend to set at nought the law of 1862. At the same time, there is no statute to forbid them from having faith in their principles. They propose cherishing their belief, not putting it into practice, inasmuch as that would be a violation of the law. If this be so, I do not know in what manner the United States Government can interfere with President John

Taylor, the present Head of "Zion," and his deluded disciples.

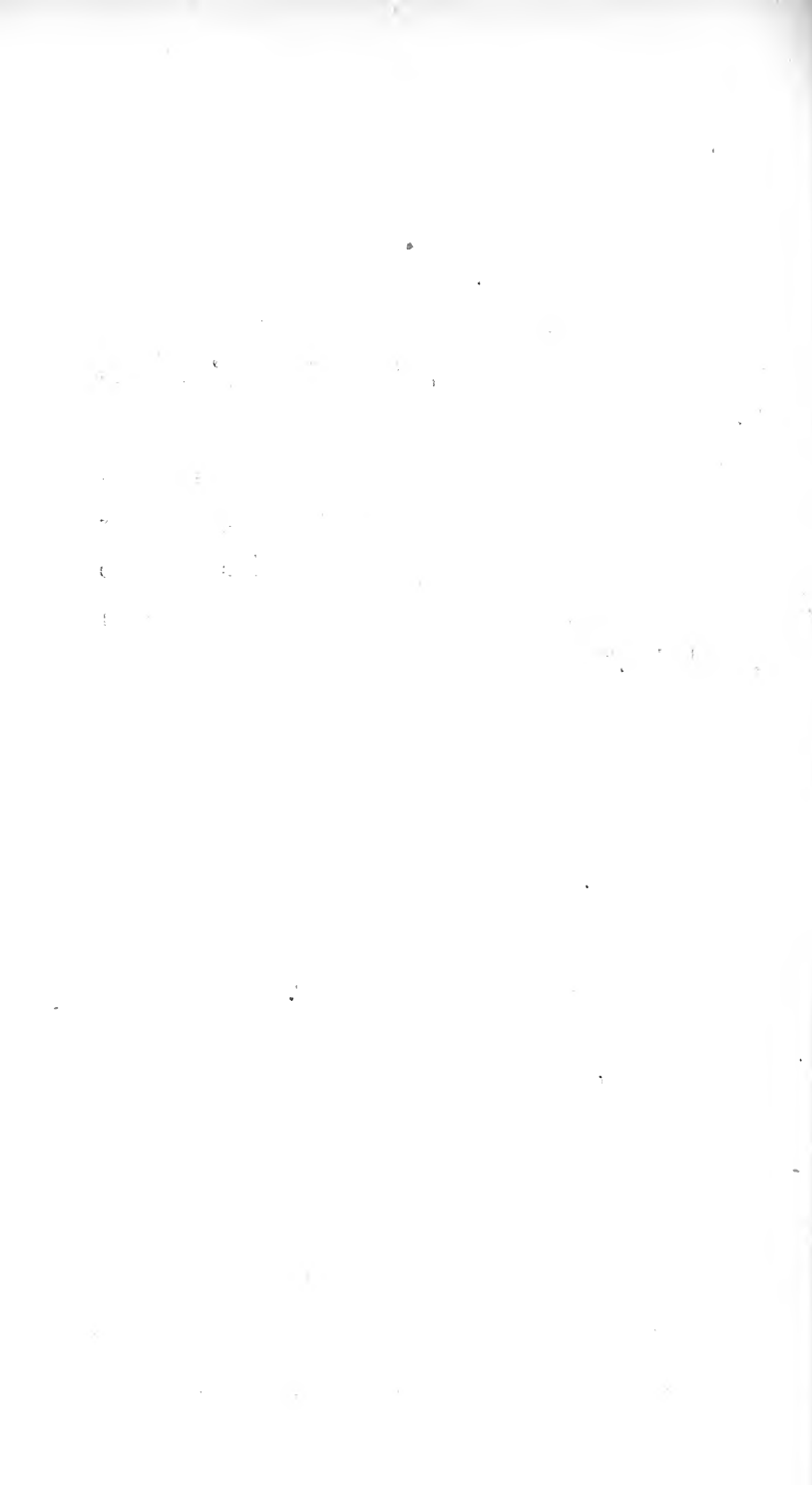
There is but one suburban cemetery for Mormons and Gentiles, a circumstance which damagingly reflects upon Christians at home, who even in death cannot be united. This burial place, which is walled round, is situated some three miles from the abodes of the living. Simple slabs, lacking what one designates "the monumental mockery which renders the country churchyard in England a fitter study for farce than for elegy," merely mark the resting places of the departed, whether "Saint" or sinner. These tombs are either formed of stone or wood. They bear only the names of those they commemorate, the dates of death, and, occasionally, a religious sentence.

The Mormons, it must in strict justice be said, are a thrifty, temperate, honest, industrious, thriving community, and as Captain Burton expresses it, in point of mere morality, perhaps, purer than any other of equal numbers. Haunts of immorality, which defile every Gentile city, are unknown amongst them. Even a child of shame would be

regarded with horror. Unfortunately for us, the incisive sarcasm uttered by Lady Cardiff in "Ouida's" recent work, "Friendship," is but too well merited:

"It has been reserved for the Christian world, which boasts of one wife to one man, to produce a polygamy and polyandry side by side in its midst, like the lion and the lamb in Revelation."

END OF FIRST SERIES.



OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE FIRST SERIES OF LIFE AND SOCIETY IN AMERICA:

“Mr. Day has given us a collection of graphic and vivid sketches, taken from the more superficial aspects of Transatlantic life in such centres of commercial and intellectual activity as New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston. The author, who has devoted a considerable portion of his pages to describing the institutions and modes of living peculiar to New York, does not seem to have been at all favourably impressed by the moral and intellectual atmosphere of the ‘Empire City.’ . . . The author found Philadelphia, as well as Boston, the residence of Longfellow and the traditional home of Transatlantic men of letters, far more congenial to him than the generality of great American cities. Here there seems to exist a certain aristocratic tone more in harmony with the Old World feelings—or, if you will, prejudices. The leading families are proud of their ‘Old Country’ origin, and exercise a powerful and legitimate influence upon the mass of the population. Altogether, the impression left on Mr. Day by these two ‘colonies of the Old Country,’ to use the word in its archaic sense, was most pleasing. We are next introduced to official society in the ‘gay capitol,’ as Jonathan terms Washington, the seat of the United States government. Here a certain courtly air has been imported by the foreign diplomats and ambassadors whose residence it is. Living is naturally very expensive, and one would pity the cabinet minister obliged by an imperiously exacting etiquette to give seven receptions each season on a salary of eight thousand dollars, did he not possess—witness recent scandals—other means of ‘making out.’ . . . In taking leave of Mr. Day, we must thank him for a picturesque and agreeable book, and only trust we shall not wait long for that second series of these amusing sketches which the title-page seems to promise.”—*Academy*.

“It must not be supposed that our author has confined his observations on American life to these brilliant sketches of men and manners in the ‘Empire City.’ In his agreeable company we have the privilege of visiting the ‘city of brotherly love,’ as he terms Philadelphia, the capital of Pennsylvania, and the second city of the United States as regards population: the ‘gay capitol,’ as the Americans delight to call Washington, the seat of government; and the ‘hub of the universe,’ as scholarly Boston, the home of authors and blue stockings, has been nicknamed. For Mr. Day’s impressions of these respectively representative centres of Transatlantic life and culture we must refer our readers to his bright and animated pages, of the spirit of which, at once genial and candid, we trust this review has given them some idea, however necessarily inadequate.”—*Social Notes*.

“Such an interesting and amusing book is sure to find plenty of readers. Nor will anyone who takes it up lay it down without profit as well as pleasure. It tells us about hotels and boarding-houses—those banes of family life—about popular preachers, and mediums, and free love, and tipping; besides taking us to Boston, and Washington, and Utah, and Philadelphia. Mr. Day by no means flatters the Americans; doubtless he thinks, with Dickens, that, having started on such high principles, they are bound to keep well above the European level. The New York trams, if cheap, are nasty. On trance mediums and others of the Sludge genus it is impossible to be too hard; Mr. Day does not spare them. Nor is he pleased with the popular preachers. Dr. Ward Beecher’s sermon he finds shocking in delivery, and below mediocrity in subject-matter and arrangement, although enlivened with sentences like this: ‘Some say lawyers can’t go to heaven. It’s a lie. Some say merchants can’t go to heaven. It’s a lie,’ each sentence being emphasized with a violent stamp of the foot. There are some surprises in the book. We know the Americans are etiquettish, but we could not have imagined Emerson declining an invitation to dinner because he had no dress coat with him. Mormon women, we had often heard, are ugly; but that a ‘porter-house steak’ costs 5s., and that New York meat is not only very inferior, but very badly cooked, was news to us. American editors have wonderful privileges; in many places they get their food and clothing gratis in return for ‘personal’ articles. The book ought to be studied by all who want to see the shadows as well as lights of American society.”—*Graphic*.

“We would not recommend Mr. Day to visit the United States for some time to come. The sweeping strictures that he passes on some of our cousins’ most cherished institutions would probably lead to his introduction to Judge Lynch. On this side of the Atlantic, however, we can afford to laugh at these revelations of the undercurrent of life in the States. The book will, however, serve to show those who believe in Mr. Bright’s doctrine of the immeasurable superiority of the United States over England that there is another and a very different side to the case. Between the unsparing censures of Mr. Day and the unmeasured praise of Mr. Bright, our kinsmen across the Atlantic may well wonder what is their real character.”—*Globe*.

“This is a work of uncommon merit. It is an exhaustive picture of life in the United States, which we can recommend to all persons who are interested in the social life of the Great Republic. The book contains twenty chapters, which treat of a great variety of subjects, such as ‘The Cost of Living,’ ‘The Paradise of Editors,’ ‘The Gay Capitol,’ ‘Marriage made Easy,’ ‘The Empire City,’ &c., all practical, in-

structive, and interesting. We can commend the book as spiritedly written and containing much interesting information."—*Galvani's Messenger*.

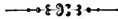
"So much interest is now manifested concerning the domestic manners and 'society' of our first cousins across the Atlantic, that this volume is sure to find many eager readers, who will discover in it much of interest and value. Mr. Samuel Phillips Day is by no means an unknown writer, several of his books on American society having been exceedingly successful. He has lived a long time in the United States, principally in New York, and as he is possessed of a great deal of natural quickness of observation, he is generally very amusing and trustworthy. His description of New York is unfavourable. 'The felicity of domestic life, as we in England understand it, is almost unknown in this "go-ahead" centre of commerce. The people live much out of doors, not relishing the tame monotony and dull stillness of home. There are special red-letter days, it is true, in their calendar, when social gatherings occur, but these are not so numerous as they have been a few years ago. The nominal heads of families when their day's work is done betake themselves to their comfortable clubs, where they read the papers, "liquor," and indulge in games of hazard. Materfamilias receives her special visitors at home, and so do the female "olive branches" when they have reached the age of womanhood. Each has her familiar male friend or suitor. Indeed, it is not uncommon for a gentleman to have visited an American family many times and yet never to have seen the parents of the young lady or ladies deputed to receive him.' This is a fact, but at the same time it must be remembered that it is rather a rule with the 'shoddy' than with the families of older respectability. Mr. Day is quite right when he describes the genuine New York 'shoddy' as the vulgarest creature on earth, and it is he and his brothers and sisters who give the Americans such evil repute abroad. Fast, ignorant, flashy, and brutal, the men of this order and type are simply insufferable. The women are a little better, but often wild and profoundly corrupt. . . . Mr. Day gives a very agreeable account of Mr. Longfellow's residence. . . . The chapters on hotels and boarding-houses are well done, and accurate enough to be of value to tourists and others intending to visit America."—*Morning Post*.

"This is not merely a very interesting book, but one which has a special value, inasmuch as it is the work of a writer who is thoroughly acquainted with his subject. He has obviously lived in various parts of the States for considerable periods, and he clearly knows enough of society to generalize with tolerable accuracy. It need hardly be said that his opinions are not invariably flattering, and that some of his judgments are likely to give no little offence. Mr. Day finds that American girls are cold and calculating. 'They will drink champagne with you, crack jokes with you, gossip with you, smoke cigarettes with you, nay, even flirt a bit with you; but they will not marry you, save upon the cold, careful consideration of how you stand with your banker.' We have heard very often that there no hotels like those of New York, and the English hotels are only tolerable as they resemble them. Mr. Day tells us that they are anything but desirable residences; huge and unsightly in appearance, destitute of many arrangements for comfort which Englishmen consider a matter of necessity; noisy, bustling, and generally unpleasant places to inhabit. Nor is Mr. Day much more favourably impressed with American religion. From time to time certain 'evangelists' have been kind enough to visit this country in the hope of 'converting' the unenlightened Britisher, and relieving him of a little of his superfluous cash; but it would seem that there is quite sufficient work for them at home, and that the English clergy have very little to learn from their American brethren. If Americans fall short in religious matters, however, they make up in the amount of their superstition. Astrologers and clairvoyants innumerable advertise their pretended gifts in the daily papers, and magnetism and spiritualism count their dupes by thousands. On the vexed question of drink Mr. Day speaks with weight. The over-restrictive legislation which some well-meaning people are anxious to see introduced into this country, in imitation of the States, he pronounces to be a conspicuous failure. 'It has more extensively introduced the rum jug into the family circle. Old and reliable physicians throughout the States now report a fourfold increase in cases of delirium tremens. To-day a man with four inches of Maine whisky in him is not less dangerous than a wild beast.' These are striking words, and Mr. Day has done well to quote them, and to comment upon them as he has done. There, however, we must leave his book. Enough has probably been said to show that the work thoroughly deserves the character given to it at the outset, inasmuch as it deals with a great variety of topics, and treats of all with knowledge, common sense, and sound judgment. The present volume is described as the first series; few readers will put it down without wishing for the second."—*Morning Advertiser*.

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Of constant stones descending! My brain's stunn'd
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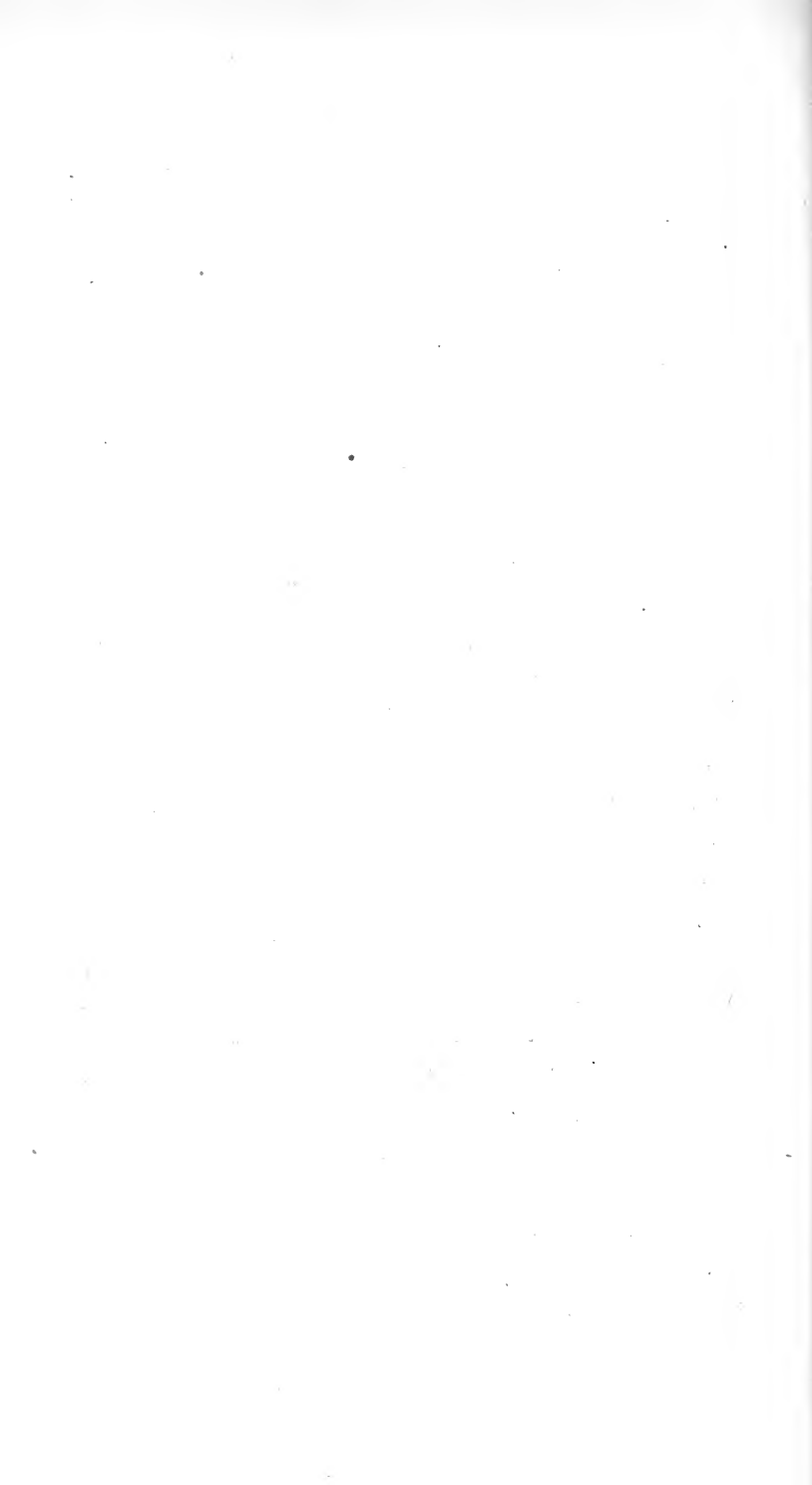
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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE CITY OF THE "GOLDEN GATE" - - - - -	1
II. NIAGARA FALLS - - - - -	26
III. CONVENTIONS - - - - -	47
IV. THE PASSION FOR Pelf AND PARADE - - - - -	61
V. FAGED-OUT AMERICAN LIFE - - - - -	76
VI. CONDITION OF THE PRODUCING CLASSES - - - - -	89
VII. "A TERRIBLE POWER" - - - - -	107
VIII. CAUSES OF THE GROWTH OF CATHOLICISM - - - - -	128
IX. BOUNCE - - - - -	141
X. "THE BIRD O' FREEDOM" - - - - -	159
XI. THE "F. F. V.'S" - - - - -	183
XII. MONSTROSITIES - - - - -	195
XIII. NEW ENGLAND GIRLS - - - - -	206
XIV. PENAL SYSTEMS - - - - -	221
XV. PULPIT PYROTECHNY - - - - -	234
XVI. THE FUTURE OF BRITISH AMERICA - - - - -	262





LIFE AND SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

THE CITY OF THE "GOLDEN GATE."

SAN FRANCISCO, the chief city of California, is the most important American town on the Pacific or Western Coast. Its progress is singularly unprecedented. The first White settlement was established in the Autumn of 1776, by a Spanish military post, in conjunction with a "mission" of Franciscan friars, whose object was the conversion of the Red Man. Scarcely had a year elapsed when a town was laid out, and a wooden house erected. The place received the name of Yerba Buena. In 1847, however, the population having increased to four hundred and fifty, this designation was changed to that by which the stirring, prosperous city is now known.

The new city, during the Summer of 1848,

became almost deserted, as though its principal inhabitants had been destroyed by plague or pestilence. This event occurred owing to the great attraction of the gold diggings. To such a height did the gold-fever run, that even the harbour was filled with vessels which had been deserted by their crews. Everybody became seized with the idea of making a rapid fortune by becoming the fortunate finder of precious nuggets. A great many adventurers were disappointed; while the mania began to decline in five or six years. Most people considered that the increase of ten million dollars annually in the specie production would continue. They were, however, doomed to disappointment. A commercial collapse ensued; when importation decreased, wages became lower, places of business closed, and vacant houses were numerous. The depression did not last very long. Owing to the development of the agricultural resources of the State, coupled with other advantageous circumstances, the tide of prosperity rose once more. Subsequently, over-speculation entailed another period of stagnation, which continued with greater

or lesser severity for several years. The city otherwise suffered. Within fourteen months after the 29th December, 1849, no fewer than five times was it devastated by fire. Each conflagration was followed by the erection of superior public buildings, private edifices, and stores.

San Francisco is now an imposing city, brisk with industries, and buoyant with prosperity. Many of the buildings are of brick, a few of stone, the majority being wooden erections. The Palace Hotel, which was completed in 1874, is considered the largest edifice of the kind in the world. It can comfortably accommodate twelve thousand guests. The cost of the construction, furniture included, amounted to considerably over three million dollars. The population of the city may now be set down at two hundred and thirty thousand. Fully half of the population is foreign, a very large percentage being of Irish, German, and Chinese nationalities. There are likewise a goodly proportion of French, Spanish, Italian, Swiss, Dutch, and Spanish Americans. As most of those who have sought a home in California were simply adventurers, they have exhibited

creditable energy and perseverance. By their exertion, a city which a little over forty years since contained but one thousand inhabitants, has now become famous, so that no city on the Atlantic shore has such extensive commercial and financial transactions. Naturally, the prominence given to San Francisco as a harbour arises from the circumstance that the coast is particularly destitute of good seaports.

San Francisco is notable for its public buildings its free schools, its benevolent institutions, and its churches. Seven European languages are used in Christian worship. The Chinese have some half-dozen temples, in which portions are set apart for Buddhist ceremonies. One opulent person, Mr. James Lick, has rendered his name prominent by his munificence. This philanthropist bestowed, in money and in gifts of property, nearly two million dollars for purposes of science, education, and the promotion of morality and charity. Among the remarkable objects of attraction, the Opera Houses, the California Theatre, the Golden Gate Park, and the Lone Mountain Cemetery, stand conspicuous. The water-supply

of the city is partially obtained from Pilarcitos Creek, twenty or more miles to the south, by means of a conduit.

The ladies of San Francisco are noted for the excessively scant style of their costumes. Hence a local newspaper, not long since, indulged in the following ironical castigation :

“TROUSSEAUX.—Trousseau are assuming such vast proportions that fathers with large families of marriageable daughters, who have hitherto heaved sighs at the expense of launching them on the sea of matrimony properly rigged, will hail with delight the announcement that natural flowers will be extensively worn, and that those who have well-stocked gardens may be beautifully dressed at a low rate this season. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! Can it be that we are retrograding, and that our daughters are desirous of imitating Eve in the matter of her first costume? We understand that one of our leading *modistes* is already preparing models to be submitted to her lady patrons, and has issued a circular, suggesting how they can modify their toilettes and general get-up to suit the style of

entertainment or character and social position of the guests. We append a few of the most noticeable costumes mentioned as appropriate, to be composed exclusively of flowers: for infants, milkweed and honeysuckles; breakfast, morning glories; promenade, sunflowers; yachting, seaweeds and water lilies; picnics, sweet-william and tulips; weddings, marigold and bindweed; balls, bell-flowers and wallflowers; coming-out party, catch-fly and forget-me-nots; juvenile party, chickweed and candy-tuft; supper, allspice and ambrosia; races, horse-chestnut and thyme; Winter, snow-drops and furze; funerals, dead leaves and rue."

There are numerous industries in San Francisco, most of which are flourishing. Among the chief articles manufactured are cigars, boots and shoes, furniture, pickles, woollens, doors, billiard-tables, boxes, carriages, glass, gloves, jewellery, macaroni, matches, dynamite, soap, leather, type, willow-ware, furs, and belting. Some four thousand persons are employed in the cigar trade alone, over half that number in the making of boots and shoes, and nearly one thousand in the production of pickles—a smaller number of *employés*, how-

ever, than are engaged at the celebrated pickling establishment of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, Soho Square. Five hundred and fifty-three manufactories afford employment to about eighteen thousand workmen.

As regards health, San Francisco is considered salubrious; while it is noticeable that the people are ruddier and stouter than the dwellers in most Transatlantic towns. The mild coolness of its temperature, induced by constant ocean breezes blowing through the Golden Gate, has a wonderful influence in warding off zymotic and endemic diseases, which hang about other great centres of population. One peculiar drawback to the beauty of the locality consists in the bareness and barrenness of the surrounding country for many miles distant. Of course fertile land cannot be expected in a peninsular region for the most part hilly and unfit for cultivation.

San Francisco is an unfailing source of attraction for Americans generally. Many go there to escape the great heat of Summer, no less than for the purposes of gaiety and "seeing life." To employ the language of a Transatlantic writer: "Th

accumulation of wealth, the activity of business, the excitement of speculation in the stock-market, the excellence of the hotels, the elegance of the private dwellings, the luxurious mode of living, the variety, the multitude, and the merit of the institutions for amusement, and the throng of visitors from all parts of the world, have made San Francisco a favourite pleasure resort."

Hotel clerks being but mortal, it is not surprising that they should occasionally manifest temper when persecuted by inquisitive, or otherwise troublesome, guests. A story is told of an Australian visitor who had taken up his abode in one of the leading hotels of San Francisco. The day after his arrival, which happened to be unusually windy, he went out to see the sights. Some time after, he returned to his hotel rubbing his eyes, and seemingly uneasy. He observed to the clerk in the office: "You have a great deal of dust here in San Francisco."

"Y-a-s," drawled the individual addressed, "I suffer from it myself."

"Weak eyes?" inquired the stranger.

"No, sir," sharply retorted the clerk.

"Your lungs are affected, then?"

"Not much," yawned the official, getting irate.

"In what way, then, do you suffer from the dust?" asked his tormentor.

The retort was complete: "By hearing about sixty times an hour, every d——d fool who comes in here say, 'You have a good deal of dust in San Francisco.'"

A propos of dust, I cannot say much for the cleanliness of the city. It is almost as neglected as our London thoroughfares are for a week or two after a heavy fall of snow. As a Californian print picturesquely remarks:

"The winds of heaven collect the light filth, the horse-droppings and the dust, deposit some in our mouths, eyes, ears, down our necks, and leave immense heaps on the side-walks in reserve; but, alas! the winds are not strong enough to scatter and place out of sight and smell the offal which we so frequently see festering in the sun."

I shrink from being censorious; but in the interests of truth it cannot be avoided. I am bound therefore to pronounce that "Society" in San Francisco is more corrupt than in any other

city of the United States. The "best families" are persons not remarkable for mental culture or moral worth, but merely for their mundane estates. Wealth is the one great object of acquisition—the "Golden Calf" before which everybody bows. It matters not how or by whom riches are obtained. "Our very Courts," notices the *News Letter*, "are powerless against its influence. Under its protection sits securely many a criminal. Vice shines gilded with its gold. Under its influence flaunts dishonesty and dishonour in male and female. Why is this? Because undue importance is given by 'Society' to the possessors of wealth alone. Of what avail is a stainless reputation in man or woman? The certainty of shame descending to daughters used to be sure means of deterring mothers from ill conduct. Time was when men who, from fortune or character, stood as desirable matches, would shun an alliance with the daughters of women of tainted reputation, or men with sciled hands. Now, money forms a compensation for everything in 'Society.' Can this be advantageous to public or private morals? Are not the terms

'domestic happiness' or 'family fireside' out of date, or used in scorn and derision? What is the family circle of the present day? The father, deeply immersed in his daily toil of accumulation, is oblivious to all at home, save the fact that his house is bigger, his furniture finer, his pictures more costly, his horses faster, and his wife and daughters more splendidly dressed than any he knows of. The mother is absorbed by the daily whirl of Fashion; dressing, visiting, reception and *deception* fills up her life. The children—save the mark!—are left to the mercies of a French nurse, or pernicious influences of the fashionable boarding-school. Early in their life comes the conviction that fine clothes, which money procures, is the *summum bonum* of existence; and to be the happy possessors of diamonds and laces, not shrinking from *any* price. Launched into 'Society,' no holy influences of 'mother' guides them and steers them through the breakers of envy, hatred and all uncharitableness, which the Catechism so truly sets forth as 'the world.' Left to their own devices, a feeling of utter indifference to the feelings of others sways them. So that they

have wealth, why should they care for anything else? Conversation is a string of personalities; art or literature voted slow; the stars of the theatrical firmament the only heavenly bodies known of. There is no standard of right or wrong; no sentiment to appeal to. Money! money! is the god, and pleasure its shrine. The picture is not overdrawn. Every calm, thinking man and woman in our midst will acknowledge the truth of the words we write."

So much for the evil influences that are assiduously at work in the "Great Republic," threatening its stability.

The moral atmosphere of the city being unusually favourable to the development of wretches who live by entrapping women, such vile specimens of humanity flourish accordingly. A local newspaper, in a recent issue, thus refers to these monsters and their mission :

" 'The lady of intelligence, fine personal appearance, and pleasing address,' is in demand. Attractive advertisements lure her, and 'personals' decoy her. The advertisement is usually the product of some mercenary wretch, who wishes to

make money out of the labour or acquisitions of a woman. We suppose there is no law to reach the class of mercenary scoundrels and villainous libertines who fill the daily papers with their often ingeniously worded woman-traps. As such rascals have no conscience, we turn them over to the mercies of the devil and his great opponent, praying that between them justice be done to the 'lady of intelligence,' and all other victims of the vile."

During the Summer season, when the city is in the red heat of dissipation and gaiety, there is difficulty found in procuring "swells" for the picnic parties of the purse-proud and pretentious aristocracy. Accordingly, a local print gravely suggests that a few English valets or German barbers would be found useful. As regards the manufacture of high-sounding titles, no difficulty would arise. It is therefore proffered to supply them at four "bits" a piece. A few are given *gratis*, to beget confidence. "Il Duca di Sonora," or "Le Marquis de Petaluma," it is suggested, would not sound badly. As a sonorous and prophetic title that of "Lord St. Quentin" could

not well be matched ; while there would be a weird fascination about "El Conde de Monto Diablo," which the "Nob Hill" or "Van Ness Avenue" *belles* could not resist.

In a population so unusually mixed, and of such a diverse character as that of San Francisco, it is but reasonable to expect that immorality and crime should prevail. During 1851 and 1856 it was found incumbent to organize Vigilant Committees. These extra constitutional bodies took control of the city in order "to purge it of scoundrels." I apprehend, however, that the Herculean labour undertaken in self-defence has not been productive of all the benefits expected. When the authorities of San Francisco can record two hundred and ten coroners' inquests, fifty-eight suicides and twenty-nine murders in a single year, the conclusion can scarcely be avoided that "something is rotten in the State."

Neither can I speak favourably of the manner in which the city is governed. The difficulties which beset a pedestrian are literally serious, although thus facetiously recorded by a leading local print :

"The best place in San Francisco for developing physical activity and a capacity for ground and lofty tumbling, is undoubtedly that portion of Kearney Street lying between Bush and Market, on a Saturday afternoon. To cross the street, at the height of vehicular tide, requires a firmness of nerve and a strength and suppleness of muscle such as few possess. You watch your opportunity till you think you see your way clear, and then make a rush. A butcher's cart dashes right into your path and stops; you look to your right and see a couple of street-cars coming down on you; from the left a young man is driving a team of one thousand dollar horses upon you; you hope to save yourself by retreat, but a couple of beer waggons have locked wheels directly behind you—and there you are. There is no time for reflection. A jump must be made *somewhere*, and you make it—into the butcher's cart, where you are grabbed by the leg by his bull-dog, in the grip of whose teeth we leave you."

The "New Constitution," apparently, has not served to render political parties less hostile. Neither has it served to diminish social feuds,

as the following paragraph from a prominent journal will sufficiently attest :

“San Francisco has within the past few years gained an unsavoury reputation for the evolution of monstrosities. We have given the world a Kearney, a Kalloch, a Cannon and a Steinman. Alas that we should also have invaded the realms of ‘the divine sex,’ and evolved therefrom a Mrs. Sand-lot Smith! If we could have stayed the law of evolution at this point, we might have congratulated ourselves; but the two preceding Sundays at the Sand-lot indicate that the crop of monstrosities will be unusually large this Summer. Indeed, some whom we thought were dead and buried out of sight have arisen from the dead, as witness Wellock and Dr. O’Donnell. What have we done, as a people, that we should be thus sorely afflicted? Verily, we have passed the New Constitution, and, behold the result! Now let us vote the New Charter into existence, and then we might as well vote ourselves, ‘bag and baggage,’ to—don’t mention it.”

The Irish and the Chinese difficulty still exists, and indeed exhibits no sign of abatement, thanks

to the Kearney agitation, so what the final outcome will be it is difficult to determine. A local municipal ordinance prohibits the dancing of women with men in certain purlieus where liquor is sold. Some time ago an attempt was made to punish certain offenders, but the "New Constitution" was set up as a defence—a plea which the judges of the Supreme Court had reluctantly to admit. Hence it is averred that a nuisance much worse than China-town—comprising portions of Sacramento, Commercial, Pacific, Dupont, and Jackson Streets—has been restored by "the ignorant, vicious Sand-lot mob."

San Francisco affords a "happy hunting-ground" for adventurers and charlatans of divers grades, who can settle nowhere else. No prying questions are asked, provided a show of respectability is assumed. Scoundrels and social pests, from the mere chiropodist to the dentist and accoucheur, seem to flourish by nefarious practices. Such quacks are countenanced even by the local Press, because of the bribes received for puffy notices. The consequence is, that the rascal is lauded and the man of science is ignored; while

to the former opportunities are afforded which he sometimes turns to vile ends. It was only last July that a practising dentist was shot in the open day, and in the public streets, by an outraged husband, because he had been guilty of immorality with his wife. Strictly speaking, Dr. Le Fevre was the victim of an abandoned woman's wiles. This tragedy created great consternation. People, it is averred, looked at each other in horror. Mothers turned pale at the thought of the fate that might, many a time, have been that of their daughters. Husbands and brothers flushed hot with indignation as they remembered the past danger of wives and sisters, who had been subjected to anæsthetic treatment. Referring to the assassination of Le Fevre, a leading journal remarks: "Apparently we are rapidly going back to the good old days of '49, when the dulcet note of the pistol was heard in the grove, and the streets were musical with the singing of bullets. If this hopeful state of things continues, we shall ere long get back to those still earlier good old times when the aboriginal inhabitants chewed acorns and relished the suc-

culent earth-worm and grasshopper. Let us retrograde with a grace. Tear down our houses and live under a sheet of bark, or in a hole in the ground, and dispense with clothes and other effete luxuries of our too refined existence. Let the strong hand rule and our motto be, 'Civilization be darned.' Meantime let us hope that no clause in the New Constitution may tend to check our dearly purchased right to kill one another whenever we d—— please."

There are a number of newspapers in San Francisco, some of which are well and ably conducted. Among the thirty-four "weeklies," the *San Francisco News Letter* is the best printed and the most interesting and unique. It has just entered upon its thirty-first volume. Each issue has a bright tinted wrapper. The price is ten cents, or an annual subscription of five dollars. The proprietor and editor, Mr. Frederick Marriot, is an Englishman. The paper is replete with entertaining subject-matter, which is well-varied, well-selected, and well-arranged; much of the contents taking paragraphical form. This renders perusal facile. A column is devoted to

choice poetical selections, one to the "Pleasure Wand," or a review of plays, two columns to "Sporting Items" (including yachting, swimming, fishing, the turf, etc.), one to "Flashes of Fun and Fancy," another to "The Town Crier." Births, marriages, and deaths, are notified under the impressing title of the "Cradle, Altar, and Tomb;" while a closely printed column of diversified world gossip is given under the facetious yet suggestive illustrative heading—

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

A special column of advertisements is also most ingeniously arranged, so as to deceive all but the interested and the initiated in the mystery.

It is rumoured that there is now living in San Francisco the rightful heir to one of the richest earldoms in England. For a considerable time he had been a wanderer in the wild States and Territories which form the borderland between the United States and the Mexican Republic. At Fort Wingate he and his two companions received intelligence that bands of Indians had gone on the war-path. This, however, did not prevent their

progress. After they had reached the Mongollon Mountains, they were suddenly attacked, when one of the number was slain. The rest of the small party managed to get away, by leaving the ordinary trail and taking their flight across country. The evening of the following day they reached a grassy opening in the midst of a forest. Here, to their dismay, they found the embers of a camp-fire still sending up curling wreaths of smoke, and, lying alongside, the corpse of a White man, who had been shot through the head, scalped, and rifled of his raiment. Concealed in the neighbouring grass, a tin despatch-box was also discovered. This was secured, but not opened until the two adventurous travellers had gone ten miles off, and got safely into camp out of reach of further danger. The box was found to contain nothing of absolute value apparently, but simply a carefully prepared manuscript (which turned out to be an autobiography), a marriage certificate, and three photographs (those of the murdered man, a beautiful young lady, and an infant). On these trifles, it is averred, important issues hang. The remainder of the strange story is reproduced

from the *San Francisco News Letter* of last June. The account was forwarded from Prescott, Arizona, a few days before, by "a friend and correspondent in whom we have perfect confidence":

"The writer of the biography was, it appears, of noble birth, being born the second son of one of England's richest earls. Soon after leaving college, he became engaged to Lady Evelyn ——, daughter of the Marquis of ——, whom he loved madly. His elder brother, however, also came to love the lady, and was, as the second son in his blind jealousy believed, encouraged by her on account of his superior prospects. After a bitter interview with his betrothed, in which he would listen to no explanations or protest on her part, the younger brother left England with the resolve never to return. After wandering in various parts of the world, under an assumed name, he finally found himself in San Francisco. This was in 1867. Here he fell in love with the beautiful and accomplished daughter of one of our millionaires; but though the lady responded to his passion, he was unable to gain the consent of her parents to their union, since he was penniless

and persistently refused to give any particulars of his former life. But love knows no barriers. By-and-bye the pair were secretly married, with the arrangement that she should retain her maiden name, and continue to live under the parental roof until he could find some means of maintaining her respectably.

“After many fruitless efforts to improve his prospects in this city, he finally resolved to try what he could do in the newer regions of Arizona and Colorado. Shortly after his departure his wife was delivered of a son at a certain quiet seaside resort, whither she had gone on a visit to an old schoolmate. Even this friend of hers imagined the child to be illegitimate, and with true womanly kindness of heart, agreed to keep the supposed sin a secret from the world. The child was at once given into the care of a poor but respectable family in the neighbourhood, and with them it remains to this moment.

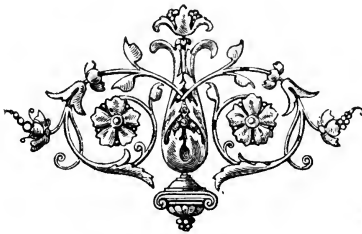
“Thus much of the story was told by the dead man’s autobiography. The sequel is the result of our correspondent’s subsequent investigations. Upon reaching Prescott, he deposited the letters,

papers, and portraits in the Bank of Arizona for safe keeping, and then at once took steps to find out more about the matter. As he had numerous friends in England with whom he could confidentially communicate, this was not difficult. The result shows that the old earl died soon after his younger son left England. The eldest son then inherited the estates and title, and being now one of the best matches in Great Britain, forthwith proposed marriage to the betrothed of his absent brother. She, however, scornfully rejected his offer; for the simple truth was that she had never loved any man in the world but him to whom she had plighted her troth. A year or two after this rejection the earl was killed in the hunting-field by a fall from his horse, and, as he died unmarried, the family wealth and honours fell to a cousin.

“This occurred while the younger brother was still struggling for a living in our midst, and of course, he consequently became the true earl, so that, in the person of his son, we have now among us the rightful heir to one of the richest earldoms in England. Some difficulties may

possibly arise ; but our correspondent will shortly arrive from Prescott with all the necessary proofs and surrender them to the still young and charming lady who still lives in our city, a supposed maiden, but, in reality, a peeress and the mother of an earl."

This strange story may possibly be another illustration of the proverb, "Truth is stranger than fiction."





CHAPTER II.

NIAGARA FALLS.

THE Falls of Niagara are not only one of the wonders of the world, but, probably, the sublimest spectacle in Nature. So powerful, so indelible are the impressions they have produced upon my mind and heart, that they can never be effaced therefrom. Sometimes I can actually realize the rushing cataract, view its impetuous course, hear its solemn thunder; can realize it almost as vividly as though still standing awe-inspired upon the giddy margin of Niagara's mysterious bed.

I but record the experience of most travellers in America, when I affirm that the first view of the Great Waters proved disappointing. But as I revisited and lingered about the weird region, watching with observant eye, hour after hour, the terrific descent of impetuous waters, the more impressive and majestic did the Falls appear. I

can well recall my first trip to this solemn spot. It was made in mid-Winter, and when no other visitors were present. Hence the very isolation seemed to enhance the magnitude of the appalling scene, on which I gazed unweariedly in dread wonderment. Adequately to describe the awful sublimity of the Falls is what the most gifted pen cannot accomplish. Niagara,

“ It seems
Scarce lawful with our erring lips to talk
Familiarly of thee !”

The day happened to be auspicious for witnessing the effect of the gushing river; while the roaring, rushing Phlegethon of waters appeared in a strange variety of aspects, each producing its peculiar effects and influences.

The majestic appearance of the Falls is due to the immense mass of water by which they are almost unfailingly supplied. All the discharged outflow of the vast North American lakes—seven hundred miles in extent, and comprising an area of one hundred thousand square miles—is compressed before it reaches the cataract into a narrow channel scarcely a mile wide. Then it leaps

over a precipice one hundred and sixty feet high, into an alleged fathomless ravine, with a wild bound, and a noise that, provided the wind be favourable, is distinctly audible full forty miles distant, just as the floating gossamer-like haze that it forms in mid-air is clearly seen from Toronto—a distance of fifty miles in a straight line—when the atmosphere is clear. At what is called the Grand Fall, the river Niagara extends three quarters of a mile, where the precipice curves in a semi-circular form, its longest line taking an easterly direction. At the Falls the waters expand to the width of one thousand three hundred yards, but become again contracted after they unite, forming a stream of less than five hundred feet in breadth. Then the river rushes on its headlong course along a deep channel, cut during the lapse of ages by the furious force and active attrition of the stream itself.

Goat Island—about five hundred yards broad—divides the cascade into two distinct portions, one known as the American, and that on the Canadian side, as the Horse-Shoe Fall. The latter, although not so high, is admitted to be grander and more

imposing than the former. The American Fall is about six hundred feet in width, and one hundred and sixty four feet in height, while the proportions of the Horse-Shoe Fall are one thousand eight hundred feet wide, and one hundred and fifty-eight feet high. The water, too, is much deeper on the Canadian than on the American side. This serves to intensify the magnificent effect, as the flood is being constantly broken up into brilliant columns of fleecy foam, in which the bright Iris plays, and the fabled water-nymphs disport themselves.

The four great lakes by which the mighty Niagara is perpetually fed, are Lake Michigan, three hundred and twenty miles long, seventy miles broad, and one thousand feet deep, embracing an area of twenty two thousand square miles ; Lake Superior, the noblest lake in the world, being four hundred miles in length, one hundred and sixty miles in breadth, nine hundred feet in depth, and one thousand seven hundred and fifty miles in circumference ; Lake Huron, two hundred and seventy miles long, one hundred and forty five miles broad, and one thousand one hundred

miles in circumference ; and, finally, Lake Erie, which is two hundred and forty miles long, from thirty to sixty miles broad, with an area of nine thousand six hundred square miles. The entire extent of the navigation of these "inland seas," as they are aptly designated, is about eleven thousand eight hundred miles. As regards Lake Superior, that alone is supplied by no fewer than four hundred rivers and creeks. This narration may afford the reader an idea, however imperfect, of the tremendous outflow that issues from those extraordinary natural reservoirs, the waves on which are often as high, and the storms as violent, as those which ordinarily occur on the Atlantic Ocean.

Since the famous Father Hennepin visited the Niagara Falls in 1678, they have materially altered both in height and shape. There is satisfactory authority for assuming that the French Canadians had penetrated to the upper lakes long before Father Hennepin's day, as the Falls had been described thirty years earlier. The late Sir Charles Lyell, in his "Travels in North America," says that no European traveller had been to Niagara before the

enterprising ecclesiastic just named. This opinion, however, is considered inaccurate.

In consequence of the peculiar geological indications—no less than the structure of the land between Lakes Erie and Ontario—it is conjectured by geologists that the Falls must have considerably receded from the position they once occupied. At Queenstown, for example, a village eight miles distant, there is an abrupt declivity, which, by some, is regarded as the original site of the cataract. Still, no opinion is propounded as to what length of time had elapsed before the river began to cut this vast chasm. The present rate of retrocession is estimated by scientific men at a foot per year. On the authority of Sir Charles Lyell, this recession is still advancing at the rate of fifty yards every forty years, so that in process of time the Falls will reach Lake Erie, which, having but a depth of seventy feet, will necessarily become perfectly drained.

After referring to the stupendous planetary system, the eminent authority mentioned observes, in allusion to Niagara: "To regions of space of this higher order, in point of magnitude, we may

probably compare such an interval of time as that which divides the human epoch from the origin of the coralline limestone over which Niagara is precipitated at the Falls. Many have been the successive revolutions in organic life, and many the vicissitudes in the physical geography of the globe, and often has sea been converted into land, and land into sea, since that rock was formed. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the Himalaya have not only begun to exist as lofty mountain chains, but the solid materials of which they are composed have been slowly elaborated beneath the sea within the stupendous interval of ages here alluded to. The geologist may muse and speculate on these events, filled with awe and admiration. He forgets the presence of the mighty cataract itself, and no longer sees the rapid motion of its waters, nor hears their sound as they fall into the deep abyss. But whenever his thoughts are recalled to the present, the tone of his mind, the sensations awakened in his soul, will be found to be in perfect harmony with the grandeur and beauty of the glorious scene which surrounds him."

"Angels might tremble as they gazed."

During the Winter season, myriads of wild ducks may be seen swimming down the Rapids, a short distance above the edge of the treacherous Falls ; then, nimbly descending on the unruffled sheet of the cataract until it reaches its extreme circular verge, or half its descent, they suddenly take wing, as if in dismay, and fly round again to the same part of the Rapids ; thus continually repeating their defiance of the terrific waters, which

“ Headlong plunge and writhe in agony.”

This wonderful work of Nature is environed by lofty, rugged banks and immense primæval forests, that add greatly to its general grandeur. A little further down the river is the “ Whirlpool,” winding its eddying current, and crying, “ Hold !” to the daring navigator. This obstruction to navigation has, however, been practically overcome by the formation of the Welland Canal, a tedious and expensive engineering work, which forms a passage for the produce of the Far West into Lake Ontario, and thence to the Atlantic.

On my first visit to Niagara, I was induced to go underneath the waters of the Horse Shoe

Fall, for which purpose I had to don a suit of oil-cloth, with head-gear to match. A guide accompanied me as a matter of course. A steep, crazy, creaking, spiral staircase led to a narrow ledge of rock, slippery and slimy, upon which intrepid sightseers risked their lives. As I descended the rough, rickety structure, my heart began to palpitate, and for a moment or two I experienced a painful sense of trepidation. However, I made an effort to shake off fear, and continued the devious course with wary step. No sooner had I reached the resting-place, over which huge volumes of seething water were wildly precipitated, than I underwent a sensation of indescribable awe. For a time I was partially bewildered, and grasped tightly the hand of the guide, who appeared, from his manifest coolness, as perfectly familiar with the scene as he was indifferent to danger. The thick showers of spray from the overhanging Fall were almost blinding; the dense, dank vapour issuing from beneath, half suffocating; while the place on which I stood was so slippery, and the current of air so strong, that it needed some display of

skill and courage to remain erect. Still I advanced several yards, until the ridge of black, oozy limestone became too circumscribed to make an attempt to proceed further with safety. One false step, nay, the slightest unsteadiness, and the penalty would have been terrible! Never before did I so keenly feel the insecurity of existence, or so vividly comprehend the narrow boundary that separates life from death. From the dizzy eminence of one hundred and fifty feet tumbled down, in crescent form, just over my head, at the rate of one hundred million tons per hour, a huge avalanche of seething waters, looking as solid and radiant as sapphire, with a dull, monotonous, booming, deafening sound, like the rumblings of distant thunder, when it formed destructive whirlpools beneath.

As the wailing waters tumble giddily over the towering rocks, they assume, for the nonce, a semi-circular shape, and possess a translucent bright-green colour. An eminent artist once observed that the water "looked as though it had been painted." Immediately, however, it forms one amalgamated mass of seething, fleecy

foam, the spray from which ascends in filmy clouds to a great elevation, often rendering the atmosphere perfectly dank and dark.

The force represented by the principal Fall amounts to sixteen million eight hundred thousand horse-power, an amount which if it had to be produced by steam would necessitate an expenditure of not less than two hundred and sixty-six million tons of coal per annum, taking the consumption of coal at four pounds per horse-power per hour. In other words, all the coal raised throughout the world would barely suffice to produce the amount of power that annually runs to waste in this wonderful Fall. The Apocalyptic simile, "Like to the voice of many waters," had henceforth for me a singular and significant meaning. Altogether, the sight was wondrous; one never to be forgotten. Willingly would I have travelled five hundred miles additional rather than have foregone so glorious and entrancing a spectacle as "that great Altar of Nature, where a misty incense is always ascending to heaven."

I have visited this wonder on several occasions, and invariably with renewed impressions of awe

and grandeur. I have dwelt for days and nights within sight and sound of the roaring cataract, and have actually been lulled to sleep by the tremulous effect of the concussion of its waters. I have viewed the American and the Great Horse Shoe Fall from every available stand-point—from the Tower on Goat Island, from the Table Rock which has since fallen into the dread chasm, from the Suspension Bridge, and even from the Niagara river itself, which, notwithstanding the Rapids, can safely be crossed two hundred yards below the Falls. Only those who have grown familiar, as it were, with the sublime, awe-inspiring spectacle the Falls present, can realize what an American poet (Joaquin Miller) naïvely terms—

“The fierce delight
Of sounding waterfalls!”

The impressions created by the stupendous natural wonder I have so faintly described are certainly indelible, and such mental daguerreotyping is one of the priceless privileges of travel. I am not surprised that so many newly-married couples repair to this enchanting region from all parts of the United States and Canada, and

even occasionally from Europe, to spend a period of their "honeymoon." The effects must prove most beneficial, if for no other reason than that of solemnizing one's thoughts and feelings upon having undertaken new responsibilities and entered upon new relations of life.

It appears that the only attempt at English poetry made by Fredrika Bremer, the eminent writer of fiction, was while at Niagara in 1850. James Russell Lowell (now Minister at the Court of St. James's), and Mrs. Lowell were the novelist's companions on the occasion. Accompanying the presentation of a gold pen to the talented author of the "Biglow Papers," was the following stanzas :

" A gold pen is a little thing ;
But in thy poet hand
It can take life, it can take wing,
Become a magic wand,
More powerful, more wonderful;
Than alchemy of old ;
It can make minds all beautiful—
Change all things into gold."

Even the sacred character of this charming spot had not been considered when the interests of Mammon were concerned. Certain persons

sacrilegiously profaned the place by the erection of unsightly manufactories in the immediate vicinity of the Falls, thereby diminishing their picturesque effect. There is hope that the Legislature of New York will cause this blot on the American character to be speedily removed. In conjunction with the Canadian authorities, the State Legislature propose to restore the banks of the river, so that the observer, whether he stands above or below the cascade, shall not have his vision obstructed by objects which are immediately suggestive of sordidness and cupidity. Nothing is to meet the visitor's eye save the water, the sky, the earth, and the vegetation. Upon the matter being referred to the Commissioners of the State Survey, its Director, Mr. James T. Gardner, presented to the Legislature a Report, in which he remarks :

“Half-way between Goat Island and the American side of the river is Bath Island, whose position in the middle of these Rapids must have made it a fascinating place in early days. In an evil hour it entered into some man's mind to start a paper-mill there—small at first, but extending year

by year, till, in place of graceful woods, the ground is covered with unsightly sheds and buildings, and the Rapids above are disfigured with wing-dams and ice-barriers, the whole group forming a distressing contrast to the natural scenery. This paper-mill is, however, only one among the many abominations which mar the beauty of the American Rapids. The Falls themselves man cannot touch; but he is fast destroying their beautiful frame of foliage, and throwing around them an artificial setting of manufactories and bazaars."

The Commissioners further propose to sweep away the ugly structures from Bath Island and the banks of the Rapids, and to restore the scenery to its natural beauty. A number of buildings from Port Day to the upper Suspension Bridge will also be razed, so that, in the language of the Report, "by planting this strip of land (one hundred feet wide at the head of the Rapids to eight hundred feet broad at the Falls), the whole village may be shut out from view, and the unsightly walls, the sewer-mouths, and wing-dams replaced by natural banks like those of Goat Island."

Appended to the Report is a Memorial, addressed to Lord Lorne, the Governor-General of Canada and to the Governor of New York State, praying those functionaries to recommend to their respective local legislative bodies the necessary measures to be adopted in order to place the Falls of Niagara under the joint guardianship of the two Governments. Among the signatories are the names of Carlyle, Ruskin, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Parkman, Sir John Lubbock, Lord Houghton, Max Müller, Alexander Agassiz, Cardinal M'Closkey, Horatio Seymour, and Charles Francis Adams. Fortunately, the effort to prevent the further desecration of this magnificent region has been taken in time, as it was proposed—now, as the property is about to pass from the Porter family—to utilize the place, either by erecting an enormous hippodrome on Goat Island, or else by turning it into a military camping ground, or cover it with factories.

The hotels on the American, and that on the Canadian side of the Falls, thrive well in the Summer and Autumn seasons. In the Winter they are either partially or wholly closed. For

this reason the charges are necessarily high. Wines are particularly expensive; sherry being charged for at the rate of four and even five dollars a bottle; claret at from two dollars to five dollars and fifty cents a bottle; and port and champagne at from four to five and seven dollars a bottle respectively.

The town of Niagara extends above and below the Falls. Its population is sparse, not exceeding seven thousand souls. Beyond the employment afforded by a railway-car manufactory, a paper mill, a grist mill, and planing mills, there is but little further occupation for the community. During Winter, life is very dull and monotonous. This stagnation, however, becomes relieved in early Summer. Then tourists begin to throng to the interesting locality, when the hotels do a profitable business—a necessary result considering that most of them do no business until the coveted “season” commences.

It is said that there are unfathomable depths beneath the Horse Shoe Fall, whither much of the immense body of water that rolls over the precipice finds its way. Shortly after the War

of Independence, permission was obtained to send three British men-of-war, that were condemned as unfit for service, down the Rapids. Although a reward was offered for the largest portion of wood that could be procured from either wreck, only a piece was found about a foot long; but this was, as a late popular author describes it, "mashed as by a vice, and its edges notched like the teeth of a saw; so that, contrary to the very laws of Nature, no vestige of the floating material could find its way to the surface."

Owing to geological changes, the Falls have receded some thirty-five feet in thirty-three years. The centre of the Horse Shoe cataract, however, has gone back one hundred and sixty feet during the like period. This degree of geological waste is very extraordinary, and has not its counterpart anywhere.

At the Clifton House, during the Autumn, I became acquainted with a newly-married couple, who came to this most romantic region to pass their "honeymoon." At the urgent request of the lady, a most interesting Southerner, by the way, I jotted down the annexed lines in her album :

EPITHALAMIUM.

Where Niagara wildly flowing,
Scatters incense to the skies,
Are my heart's affections glowing,
Fed by flame from Zoe's eyes :

Eyes so soft, serene, untiring,
Fair as Indian-summer day ;
By their mystic light inspiring—
Dazzling with their lustrous ray.

Where blithe nymphs and nixies sporting,
Gambol in the feath'ry foam,
Then in am'rous glee consorting,
Hie them to their cavern home ;

Where the beauteous Iris dancing,
Golden glory richly sheds
On wild waters fiercely prancing
To their subterranean beds—

There mid scenes well-nigh appalling,
We fond vows of fealty plight ;
While the em'rald waters falling,
With grave music greet the rite.

Emblem of a love undying,
Is that ever-rushing tide—
Time and change for aye defying,
Nought shall e'er our hearts divide.

Several tragedies have taken place at the Falls. One of the most remarkable occurred about twenty years since. An affianced pair from Buffalo, with the lady's mother and younger sister, named Eva, a beautiful little girl about six years old, came

to spend some time here. One day the party crossed the bridge to Goat Island, where they rested under some trees. After a while the child, unnoticed, strayed away from the group. Having approached the bank of the deep and swift stream that rushes between Goat Island and the smaller island lying between it and the Rapids, she amused herself by casting sticks into the water, delighted as she watched them whirling, and eventually receding, from her vision. The mother, Mrs. De Forrest, grew naturally alarmed for her child's safety. Accordingly she despatched Mr. Charles Addington, her intended son-in-law, in pursuit of the little fugitive. Having discovered her whereabouts, the young gentleman approached the bank, and, intending to give the child a fright, came stealthily behind her. He then caught her by the arms, raised her up, and held her over the stream. The startled child threw her tiny arms over her head, and, unfortunately, slipped through young Addington's hands and tumbled into the Rapids. There was not a moment to be lost. The panic-stricken young man, knowing that his rash proceeding had imperilled the child's life,

directly resolved upon a desperate adventure. Tearing off his coat, he rushed along the bank until he passed the child, whose clothing had kept her from sinking. He then plunged in ahead of her, seized her in his arms, and made an effort to throw her on the bank. The effort was too much for him. He instantly fell back in the Rapids, and was carried over the small cascade that intervenes between the American and the Horse Shoe Falls. Little Eva touched the bank, but she immediately rolled back into the current, and was hurried to her dreadful fate. The heart-broken mother and sister were terror-stricken at the sad sight, the dark memory of which was never to be erased from their tortured memory. It is averred that Mr. Addington, the father of the heroic young man, made it a practice to visit Niagara once a week for years afterwards, and that he would sit for hours listlessly gazing at the spot where his son and little Eva met their untimely deaths.





CHAPTER III.

CONVENTIONS.

MR. EVERETT, an eminent Transatlantic statesman, once pronounced a Fourth of July oration, in which the American Constitution was lauded to the skies. He proclaimed it to be "the only perfect organization of government," which was "in its theory perfect, and in its operation perfect also." Further, he declared that America had solved the great problem in human affairs; while the Constitution represented a frame of government complete in its principles, a political scheme brought down from the airy regions of Utopia, finding a local habitation and a name under the banner of the Stars and Stripes :

" Honest Nature's voice shall give
The laws to man by which he'll live."

A comparatively recent novelty in the Conventional line consists of a new Labour Order, somewhat affectedly denominating itself "The

Sovereign Industry." Some time since this body issued a prolix "Manifesto," addressed to the industrial classes, mechanics, and working-men and women everywhere. The peculiar "highfalutin'" document sets out with the assertion that the distinguishing characteristic and genius of the age are favourable to union and organization; that the capitalists and monopolists of the country, knowing this, have combined for the better protection of their interests; and, that so successfully have they succeeded as to study only self-aggrandizement, totally ignoring the interests of Labour, which is represented as "going a begging" while the capitalists' coffers become enriched. The "Manifesto" further complains that Capital and not brains is ruling the country and ruining the Government, while laws are constantly being enacted for the protection and in the interests of the opulen at the direct expense of Labour. The originators of the "Sovereign Industry" denounce this arrangement, proclaiming it all to be radically wrong, both in theory and practice. Hence they have formed a fraternity which shall unite all classes of labourers in one grand guild, so as to

protect what they conceive to be their just rights, and also with the view of meeting Capital on its own grounds, in order that conclusions may be arrived at, and arrangements entered into, that will prove "mutually beneficial to both parties." Assuredly, if the irrepressible conflict that exists between Capital and Labour can be disposed of by resolutions, speeches, and arguments, it will be a simple and ready way of coming to an amicable and satisfactory arrangement all round. But I am not quite so visionary as to suppose such an event will ever be brought about by this agency. The authors of the "Manifesto" take credit to themselves for their exhibition of forbearance in duly refraining from using hostile or even harsh language to capitalists. Their motto is "Live and let Live"—a golden precept, which they conceive, if once carried out, would obviate the necessity for forming unions or maintaining associations for the benefit or protection of any particular class. One special object of the "Sovereign Industry" is to strive for the elevation of Labour, by placing the creators of wealth in the proud position their avocation demands.

The precious document under consideration next launches forth into inflated rhetoric, asserting that the world at large is indebted to the working classes for every dollar of its wealth, every building, yard of cloth, tool, article of furniture, printed book, ton of coal, floated ship, and train of cars ; showing, moreover, that it is the idlers and not the toilers who possess the surplus wealth of the country, rest in ease, roll in luxury, and occupy costly mansions in all centres of industry. Meanwhile, a pitiable picture is given of the toiling weaver, the grim miner, the poor serving-woman, the carpenter, machinist, and printer, who have a fierce struggle to live, or else can only obtain a competency by the closest application and the strictest economy. "Is it not the capitalist," it is indignantly asked, "who, with his immense gains, dictates to the manufacturer how much 'shoddy,' 'short weight,' and 'reduced wages' are required in order that needless 'middle-men' may defy competition and secure immense profits?" So far, at all events, the "Sovereign Industry" would have the sympathy, if not the co-operation, of the Cornell University

Professor, Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, possibly, has been taking his "cue" from the programme of the new Labour Order.

Whatever may be its remote object, the Order of the "Sovereign Industry" has an immediate purpose. This consists in securing direct advantages to its associates by cheapening the cost of living, which we all know is excessive throughout the Federal States. The *modus operandi* is not complicated, involving merely the making of special arrangements between a large and powerful organization and manufacturers, importers, and producers all the world over. That confidence may be induced, the "Manifesto" cites the case of the "Granges," who, by their efforts, have saved millions of dollars to the farmers. The necessity for the new Order is alleged to be dependent on the circumstance that the "Granges" object to the fellowship of those who either do not follow or are not interested in agricultural pursuits. Consequently, it was found necessary to institute another organization—one "that shall welcome to its membership all classes of labouring men and women." This brotherhood, it is

averred, will save to its members millions of dollars, while continuing in thorough sympathy and hearty co-operation with the "Patrons of Husbandry," both being parts of one vast whole, whose destiny is to work out a better future for the industrial classes of America. The curious "Manifesto" concludes in two short sentences, namely: "The times are ripe for this movement. You have but to combine, working men and women! and a great and immediate benefit is yours."

In 1871 a remarkable volume was published in New York, having the name of Victoria C. Woodhull as the author. As its title occupies a whole page, I can but select a portion thereof, and call it "The Origin, Tendencies, and Principles of Government; or, a Review of the Rise and Fall of Nations from early Historic Time to the Present," etc. Portions of the book are occupied with a "First" and a "Second Pronunciamento." The former almost confines itself to a condemnation of political parties, and especially of the Administration of that day. It also advocates political equality for women.

Therein she puts herself forward as a Candidate for the Presidency of the United States, claiming to have the strength and courage to be the subject of that test, and to "look forward confidently to a triumphant issue of the canvass."

The "Second Pronunciamento" is of a more discursive character. It advocates a variety of radical reforms—a reform in representation; a reform in the Executive and the States Departments; a reform in the Presidential tenure of office; reforms in the Civil Service, in systems of finance, in the modes of Internal improvements, in commerce and the navigation laws, in the relations of the employer and the employed, in the principles of Protection and revenue, in the method of levying taxes, in criminal jurisprudence, in national education, and in "our Foreign policy."

In treating of the limits and sphere of government, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull contends that the evidences of a perfect government must be sought amongst the very lowest classes and not among the affluent and other important members of society. And here is the test of govern-

mental perfectibility, according to a woman's idea :

“If the United States,” she observes, “as a nation, occupies any superior or conspicuous position in prophecy which is to make it representative—if it is the point around which consolidation into universal government is to begin, and from which control shall revolve until the world is its object—it becomes the imperative duty of our statesmen and legislators to extend the sphere of government until its limits are bounded by nothing that is detrimental to the general welfare of the people.” In another place, dilating on the process of revolution, she ventures to assert that when the American people “shall rise to a true and competent conception of the responsibilities of the position assigned it in the order of the universe, the present system of things will undergo such rapid transformation as no revolution ever yet accomplished, and to which the destruction of the Roman empire by the barbarians can alone compare in magnitude.”

This prophecy is rather ominous. In all probability, however, few, if any, sensible Americans will

take the like jaundiced view of their country and its institutions ; while they may feel inclined to apply to the author of the evil omen the words of a verse in Whitehead's song :

“Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common ;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.”

That there exist refractory and socialistic individuals in the Great Republic, wherein all men, according to Jefferson, “are born free and equal,” none can gainsay. Senator Logan, it appears, on the authority of the Editor of a Baltimore paper, is not one of the discontented citizens of the Union, inasmuch as he sharply handles somebody who had publicly let slip some “advanced” views of government. The Knight of the Pen swears that he himself heard the Senator make use of the following language in the height of his denunciatory eloquence :

“I ain't been yet in a position to hear such sentiments as those norated through the settlement, but I have long suspicioned in my own mind that there is men in this here body which

would, if they have the power, pluck the blue empyrean from the ægis of the American Eagle without stopping to reflect where the country was going to or drifting at."

The late stormy and protracted sittings of the Chicago Convention for the nomination of a President, only illustrates to what an extreme party feeling runs in the United States, and how the bounds of decency and decorum are overstepped without scruple in the white heat of party strife. It is alleged that over one million five hundred thousand resolutions were passed by the national clans of Chicago and Cincinnati alone, ere they had been very long in council, and that the number was likely to be appalling before their work was completed. This kind of ammunition, however, costs little except time. As an American writer caustically observes: "An idiotic irritation of the brain, an inordinate love of hero-worship, and a good lead pencil will produce resolutions enough to swamp 'the greatest Republic the world has ever seen.'" An enthusiastic clergyman alleged that "the voice of God nominated Garfield." This assertion caused a Californian

newspaper to remark: "This is very complimentary to Chicago, and it is, probably, the first time that His voice was ever heard in that Sodom."

The "Town Crier" in the *San Francisco News Letter* of July 31st thus curtly hits off the manner in which both Democrats and Republicans belaud their respective candidates for the White House:

"There is a lamentable falling-off in the number of bear, fish, and snake stories which have so long monopolized the press of the country, from the sunny shores of the Gulf of Mexico to the pebbly strands of Lake Superior, and from the broad Atlantic to the still broader Pacific. This kind of reading was at once instructive and entertaining, as monstrous lies always are. We regret that such stories should be dying out, and would be inconsolable were they not replaced by political romances, which, for unmitigated and sublime lying, beat anything on record, from the time the whale swallowed Jonah to the era of the Sand-lot reign. The distinguished sources of all this political lying are Hancock and Garfield. First, they loved not too well, but wisely; they made

love-matches, and with them, contrary to all human experiences, true love did run smooth as two pieces of machinery oiled with the blubber of that poetic creature, the fin-back whale. Again, Garfield has been described as a tow-headed urchin in whose eyes, at the early age of seven, were reflected a great White House, with the aforesaid tow-headed urchin sitting demurely in the Presidential chair, signing bills and singing psalms with all the ease of a politician and the piety of a first-class deacon in a Campbellite church. Not to be outdone, the Democratic soothsayers discover [that Hancock, when a baby, had a dream that he should one day rule forty millions of people, including a large number of Celestials."

According to an excellent authority the labours undergone by the members of the Chicago Convention must, besides being onerous, have induced excessive thirst. This would appear from the circumstance that those political evangelists patronized the "bar" of the Palmer House to the extent of one thousand dollars *per diem*. Respecting this abnormal imbibition, a neutral organ thus observes :

“ We don’t remember whether it was the Grant or Blaine faction that stopped there, but we venture to say that that faction can proudly boast of one rare Democratic virtue—a love of good whiskey. If the Republicans keep on improving on their Chicago record, it is simply a question of brief time until the two great parties of the nation change their names to Bourbon Straight and Sour Mash, and the fight will be over the relative merits of Kentucky’s favourite fluid.”

The annexed “skit” appears in a Californian journal, with reference to the commotion just now rife in the United States, owing to the contest for the return of a new President :

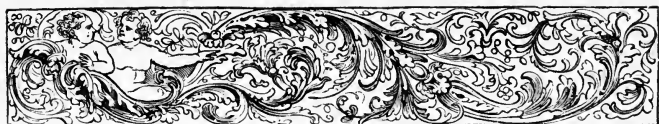
“HIGH TIDE IN THE ‘FILTHY POOL.’

“The hatching time is near at hand, when politician-spawn
Is warmed by breath of orators and Senators are born ;
When tadpole Congressmen come forth to wield a short-lived
power,
And, like the bee of Dr. Watts, improve the shiny hour.

“Now rants the black Republican of what he’ll do—but won’t ;
Now cants the rabid Dimmycrat of what he does—but don’t ;
Now brays the ‘Independent’ ass of what *he* thinks is best,
Which is, of course, whate’er may chance to most displease the
rest.

- “It’s stale, it’s flat, it profits not for one to say he’ll choose,
Without regard to party creeds, the man who suits his views ;
Where all profess and none perform, there’s little room for choice,
Unless you choose the orator who has the loudest voice.
- “‘Reform,’ of course, there cannot be. No good man can be found
Who’ll deign to mix in politics, where rascals so abound :
Ask such an one which candidate the people’s choice should be,
He’ll tell you that he doesn’t know, and doesn’t *care* a D.
- “’Tis plain it’s hardly worth one’s while to back up either side ;
Mud poultices with equal right to both may be applied,
While ‘taffy’ of the sweetest sort may be dispensed to each,
And though you praise or though you curse, the truth you’ll
never reach.
- “’Tis high tide in the ‘filthy pool.’ The slimy things therein
Rise from the darksome depths and on the stagnant surface grin ;
But it doesn’t do to pelt them, and it doesn’t do to coax ;
To let them float awhile and sink is best for decent folks.”





CHAPTER IV.

THE PASSION FOR PELF AND PARADE.

ON the subject of gambling Dr. Wendell Holmes makes his "Autocrat" thus express himself: "I maintain that gambling, on a great scale, is not Republican. It belongs to two phases of society—a cankered over-civilization such as exists in rich aristocracies, and the reckless life of borderers and adventurers, or the semi-barbarism of a civilization resolved into its primitive elements. Real Republicanism is stern and severe; its essence is not in forms of government, but in the omnipotence of public opinion which grows out of it. This public opinion cannot prevent gambling with dice or stocks, but it can and does compel it to keep comparatively quiet."

The one great aim of the American people is to acquire gain. Hence, wherever you go, be it East, West, North, or South, you are sure to hear "dollars" spoken of, not only in the public

thoroughfares, and the hotels, but also in the privacy of domestic life. Even the sanctuary is occasionally profaned by the presence of Mammon. For example, the pews in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, are annually put up to public auction. On the last occasion, which was at the commencement of the present year, it is alleged that Mr. Henry Ward Beecher remarked to those present that "the pleasant evening has come round again." According to one journal, although the building was but half-filled owing to the prevalence of a storm, nevertheless "the bidding was spirited." One Moses S. Beach it is averred "landed" the unsold pews, about twenty in number, at one dollar premium each; so that the total sum realized was considerably above forty thousand dollars. "Is Mr. Beach a Hebrew," observes a critical print, noticing this matter; "and does he trade in Mr. Beecher's oratory?—or does he hope to profit in the way Mr. Beecher described, who said the house was admirably adapted for speaking and hearing, and he was about to give place to a man whose tongue 'shakes off more silver in one discourse than any preacher he had ever knew or

heard of'?" The popular preacher made witty reference to the auctioneer, who then stepped forward and began his business.

Upon the opening of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, an auction sale of pews took place. Hence it would appear that the Brooklyn Boanerges is not singular in his method of enforcing the Apostolic precept, that they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel. On the occasion noticed, the privilege bartered was that of choice, each pew having had its fixed price. The pews of the front row (twenty-six in number) brought one hundred and fifty dollars each; those of the next row went for two hundred and fifty dollars; when the bidding rose for the third row to seven hundred and fifty dollars each. Thus the auction realized nearly thirteen thousand dollars, merely for the choice of fifty-three pews.

Not the least prominent characteristic of a certain portion of the American people consists in their passion for pelf and parade. This was pre-eminently the case previous to the financial embarrassment which afflicted the country for a

series of years. Now, however, that the tide of prosperity has set in once more, the moneyed classes are returning to their wonted habits, and with increased *vim* and expenditure. It would appear as though the old simple times in which their forefathers lived had passed away for ever. So, indeed, have the contentment, the happiness, and the comparative repose that characterized the bygone era.

The wonderful material progress made in the United States during the past half century has quite revolutionized old ideas. Steamships and railroads, canals and telegraphy, have aroused the New World from its lethargy. The numerous facilities for money-making daily developing have quickened the acquisitive faculty of men's minds, created in them an inordinate craving after gain, and inspired a sordid worship—that of Mammon. The moral standard of the nation has been lowered; so that honour, trustworthiness, social standing, and commercial influence, gravitate to those who appear to be affluent, and who uphold the gaudiest display. Men of modest parts, possessing few or no antecedents, devoid of culture,

often destitute of education, jog on perseveringly in life until either accident or success enables them to start in business for themselves. After some years large fortunes are realized. Then it becomes a matter for consideration how to live in accordance with the newly-acquired resources. The first thing usually done under such circumstances is to lease a fine mansion in a fashionable neighbourhood—that is, provided the individuals do not have one erected according to their respective notions in some suburban quarter. This has to be furnished throughout, regardless of expense, in the doing of which the upholsterer generally shows pretty fair taste. Some pictures, engravings, and articles of *vertù* are procured to set off the *salons* to advantage. Next, a number of servants have to be engaged. Finally, showy and costly equipages are obtained so as to make up the *tout ensemble* of the surroundings. All such tangible signs of wealth represent respectability and solvency, and possess potent influence in financial and commercial circles.

Naturally enough, the endeavour to exhibit vulgar display before the eyes of their fellow-

creatures, and thus render themselves prominent, induces not simply envy, but dislike. To cultivated people the showiness appears despicable; for what can be more offensive than a "shoddy" aristocracy?

The home life must be on a corresponding scale of grandeur with the establishment itself. Large sums must necessarily be lavished in giving parties and receptions. By this means one's fame becomes extended beyond the city precincts; and Congress men, judges, and financiers may honour with their presence the hospitable board. The ladies of the household especially are subjected to onerous duties which they know not well how to undertake or to discharge. Heavy responsibilities are thrown upon them which they would prefer shirking to accepting. Not being "to the manner born," is it any wonder that they should often exhibit an awkwardness, and a bashfulness—perhaps a confusion—distressing to witness. How many really good, unaffected, but withal commonplace mothers of families, suddenly raised in the social scale, feel miserable under their altered conditions? All the novel luxury by which they

happen to be surrounded is in reality but so much dead weight upon their hearts and spirits. They dwell, as it were, in a golden sepulchre. Possibly it is such beings as these that Wendell Holmes's "Autocrat" has in his "mind's eye," when he tells his fellow-guests at the "Breakfast Table:"

"I have seen faces of women that were fair to look upon, yet one could see that the icicles were forming around these women's hearts. I knew what freezing image lay on the white breasts beneath the laces."

The strain to keep up pompous appearances in accordance with one of the social obligations of the day, has not unfrequently led to sad disasters. How many seemingly fair and honourable individuals have had their reputation wholly wrecked on this fatal rock? Some fail in a commercial undertaking, lose heavily on 'Change, have valuable ships and cargoes swallowed up at sea, or suffer in a thousand and one other ways, that necessitate retrenchment. But, "there's the rub." Has not Society established its canon against descending from

one's high estate? Or, providing one daringly violates that stern ordinance, does not such a contumacious act notably imply loss of caste, loss of character, and, as the sequel, loss of credit? Undoubtedly it does. Hence it is that merchants, bankers, traders, and others, upon whom serious pecuniary calamity falls, are ever loath to depart from their ordinary mode of life. If they have shown a *penchant* for parade, the same must be upheld at any hazard. The struggle is often severe—sometimes desperate. They fight for the very life, and, to employ a neat metaphor of Wordsworth's, "tilt with a straw against a giant cased in adamant." Hoping against hope becomes profitless, as do the sundry ingenious devices employed to ward off the evil day. It were well, indeed, if no worse acts are perpetrated under the two-fold pressure of powerful exigencies and strong temptation. Finally, the unequal struggle can be maintained no longer. The expected crash comes at last, startling mercantile society from its wonted propriety. When the gossip is rife, some astute man may observe to his neighbour :

“Ah! I calculate that business did not take me by surprise. I knew what was coming for some time past. All Goldenpalm’s display was merely a blind to shut out the light and disguise the real state of his affairs. Had he acted differently, it might not have come to this. Happily, I have lost nothing by his failure, which, as I said, I had foreseen.”

Wall Street speculators especially are not ignorant how far outward display enables them to run riot, and contract obligations they either are unable or else are indisposed to meet. People—aye, even shrewd, thoughtful people, too—are generally inclined to accept appearances for realities. These add materially to one’s importance, and turn mere “men of straw” into substantial, responsible personages. The size of a man’s house, and his style of living, are mostly regarded as the measures of his character and resources. In estimating a person’s real worth, few look beyond the surface. Nor does bitter experience of the contrary often serve as a wise lesson. What is it but the knowledge of this dark side of human nature that induces evil-

disposed *employés* to defraud their confiding masters, so as to support hollow appearances which their salaries simply would not enable them to maintain? They consider that five or six domestics and a horse and trap, at least, are positively indispensable if one covets to bear the stamp of respectability. And so they play at a desperate game—perhaps not without occasional qualms of conscience—until their career is arrested by the grasp of the policeman. The prevailing passion for pelf and parade evidenced by the business community of the Union is operating most injuriously, and needs to be checked. Otherwise a financial crisis may come again.

“Those people,” remarks Josh Billings, “who don’t think there is enny honesty in the world, hev’ been studying themselves too clussly.”

Some Transatlantic journals, by the prominence they give to private display, aid in its development. Thus we are told that at a banquet given by Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Astor to President Hayes and his wife, the service was of gold. Again, it is stated that Mrs. John Jacob Astor, junior, wore at a ball diamonds valued at eight hundred

thousand dollars, while the solitaires in her ears were worth fifty thousand dollars apiece. Further, it is alleged that the same lady wore a chain criss-cross on her bodice, composed of five hundred stones, each stone being valued at one thousand dollars. One journalist, commenting on this extraordinary display, caustically observes: "That is being worth one's weight in gold, *n'est-ce pas?* Whether she went to and from the ball locked up in a safe, is not stated."

In the like bombastic vein, the *Washington Star*, under the usual heading of "Personal," relates the following bit of gossip :

"On the first Christmas after their marriage, which was a year ago, Commodore Garrison presented his wife with the largest solitaire diamond of equal purity ever brought to this country. It is nearly an inch square and cushion-shaped. A dealer in diamonds last summer at Saratoga said that it weighed over thirty carats. It is worn as a pendant attached to black velvet. The earrings Mrs. Garrison wears with it, which are also diamond solitaires presented by her husband, are valued at six thousand dollars."

This wretched ostentatious spirit is not even suppressed at the grave, where worldly pomp and meretricious show have no legitimate place. It is not very long since Father Hennessey, of Jersey City, refused to conduct the burial service over the remains of a lady because more than a dozen carriages accompanied the hearse to the church. Upon the priest noticing the strong *cortége*, he closed the church gates, and subsequently explained how he was acting under the instructions of his bishop. In his discourse on the following Sunday, Father Hennessey referred to the prevalent ostentatious mode of conducting funerals. He wished to impress upon his congregation that an unnecessary number of carriages was intended for display, which was entirely out of place on mortuary occasions; that some were not paid for, and that even when paid for, "in nine cases out of ten the families of the deceased person were left without enough to eat." So reprehensible a habit, he further asserted, it was the bishop's object to check. Singular to notice, that while a strong and wide-spread movement for the simplification of funerals has shown

itself in the "Old Country," that our Cousins should exhibit such execrable taste in mortuary matters generally, not excepting their peculiar "caskets." We, in London, are greatly indebted to the London Necropolis Corporation for having been the pioneer of a reform that bids fair to spread throughout the country. Their method of conducting "the last rites," from its strict privacy and simplicity, in the picturesque Cemetery at Woking, leaves little to be desired.

When Mr. Pell and Mr. Clare Read were over in Chicago on their official mission, they were "interviewed" by a reporter of the *Chicago Times*. After a somewhat desultory conversation, the scribe asked the singular question :

"Have you noticed what cheerful funerals we have in this country? There is nothing ghastly," he continued, "either about our deaths or burials. All Americans and adopted Americans die in good spirit, and go to the grave in the sunshine rather than the shadow."

To which statements Mr. Pell is said laughingly to have rejoined :

"That is a portion of your national character

that I have not had much opportunity for investigating. But I saw a very bright hearse drawn by fine horses, and followed by numerous carriages, in the street the other day. There certainly was nothing revolting about that."

The Americans boast of their political institutions which bring every man to the like level. Notwithstanding this, the number of titled "citizens" is really legion. The designation "honourable" is borne not only by Cabinet Ministers, Congressmen, Members of the House of Representatives, Judges, and others, but also by those who are out of office. "Honourable" is a distinction none like to part with, when once it is had. Some newspapers, noticing the growing predilection after honours observable in certain prominent personages, indulge in a little harmless banter. Thus, for example, General Grant is alluded to by some title, principally as the Duke of America, and is pronounced to be associated with European potentates :

"The Emperor of Germany is unwell, but the Duke of America is in beaming health." "The Earl of Beaconsfield does not read the newspapers,

neither does the Duke of America." "Prince Bismarck's sixty-fifth birthday was celebrated with pomp at Berlin: the Duke of America's fifty-eighth birthday will be celebrated on the twenty-seventh of April." "The Princess Vicovara Bolognetti Cenci (by birth Miss Lorillard Spencer, of New York) has been appointed Lady of the Palace to the Queen of Italy. The Duchess of America has not yet appointed the ladies of the ducal Palace," and much more in a similar strain.





CHAPTER V.

FAGGED-OUT AMERICAN LIFE.

“THE toughest thing I ever tried to do, was to be good at a watering-place. The air is bewitched with the world, the flesh, and the devil.”

Such is the statement of a popular Transatlantic divine, with reference to Summer health-resorts in the United States. Perhaps the writer is over-censorious, that he employs too forcible language, and that there is a dash of unfairness, mixed with bitterness, in his remarks. We shall see anon.

The serious ills of which Dr. B. W. Richardson so ably treats in his “Diseases of Modern Life,” are of a more potent and patent character in America than in Europe. The constitution of our Cousins may be strong in the main, but it cannot bear the sustained stress of every-day life, and the feverish pursuit after the acquisition of money, without exhibiting periodical indications

of exhaustion, weariness, and *ennui*. Hence it is the custom for the numerous thousands, who do not contemplate making "the Grand Tour," to betake themselves to one or another of the many sanitoriums for which America is renowned. These principally embrace Saratoga, Long Branch, Sharon, the Sulphur Springs, Cape May, and the White Mountains.

But the majority of those who seek change of air and scene do so without any intention of taking needful repose. On the contrary, they look forward to each periodical trip with delight, because of the facilities it affords for a prolonged period of gaiety and dissipation. Accordingly, at most watering-places extravagance is witnessed at its height; eating, drinking, and merriment constitute the "order of the day," and, indeed, of the night also; while a looseness of behaviour is encouraged which would at least be indecorous in the drawing-room of any respectable city hotel. Young America grows very consequential and effeminate; while the ladies throw off ordinary restraint and flirt with a will. They get themselves up sometimes in a grotesque manner, in the

most costly and elaborate of toilettes, in order to render themselves attractive to the sterner sex. These, on their part, do not omit adorning their persons, so as to become objects of attraction in return. In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" certain rules of behaviour are laid down for the guidance of those who have passed adolescence with reference to ladies. These rules, apparently lax as they seem to English eyes, are nevertheless far exceeded by the youth, and sometimes by those of mature life, of both sexes.

"Nature and custom," remarks the easy-going Philosopher, "would, no doubt, agree in conceding to all males the right of at least two distinct looks at every comely female countenance, without any infraction of the rules of courtesy or the sentiment of respect." Then he proceeds to give erudite reasons for his somewhat startling theory: "The first look is necessary to define the person of the individual one meets, so as to avoid it in passing. Any unusual attraction detected in a first glance is a sufficient apology for a second; not a prolonged and impertinent stare, but an appreciating homage of the eyes, such as a

stranger may inoffensively yield to a passing image. It is astonishing how morbidly sensitive some vulgar beauties are to the slightest demonstration of this kind. When a *lady* walks the streets, she leaves her virtuous-indignation countenance at home; she knows well enough that the street is a picture-gallery where pretty faces framed in pretty bonnets are meant to be seen, and everybody has a right to see them."

I can simply observe that at watering-places one rarely finds any trace of a "virtuous-indignation countenance." Nor is there marked sensitiveness exhibited by the women should they happen to be sternly stared at. So far as my experience serves, I fancy they rather appreciate the flattering attentions paid to them, even when those attentions far exceed the bounds of good-breeding and manly chivalry.

Whatever air and semblance of enjoyment may surround Saratoga, and similar fashionable resorts, there is much misery to be found there notwithstanding. It is not all gold that glitters. As regards the reckless waste of money almost unavoidable under new conditions and surround-

ings, that is a serious matter in itself. Even those visitors who are content with board at twenty or thirty dollars a week can scarcely keep their expenditure down. The waiters have to be bribed, if life is to be rendered endurable. This will entail at least the outlay in "tips" of twenty dollars extra. Then, a corresponding sum must be disbursed for "hops," rides, picnics, excursions, and trying to outshine others in fancy finery. If you are not to be set down as of "no account," and shunned by all around you, expense must form no matter of consideration. Shabby folk get "spotted," and tabooed. With reference to the matter of ladies' attire last season, a newspaper scribe notices how at Saratoga—

"Toilettes and costumes are uncommonly rich and elaborate, and the *ante-bellum* fashion of three changes a day seems to have been in a great measure revived. It is very evident that the hard times have gone, at least for the immediate present."

It is at watering-places that the American fop is seen to perfection. The used-up "Crutch-and-Tooth-pick Brigadé," though contemptible enough,

were at least bearable, even with their languid affectations. Not so, however, their soft-handed, soft-headed imitators across the "Herring Pond." On this contemptible specimen of humanity Dr. Talmage thus caustically vents his ire :

"If there is any man in the community that excites my contempt, and that ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-handed, soft-headed fop who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his Summer in taking killing attitudes, and waving sentimental adieus, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid-glove; boots as tight as an inquisition; two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flaming cravat; his conversation made up of 'Ah's!' and 'Oh's!' and 'He he's!' It would take five hundred of them stewed down to make a teaspoonful of calf's-foot jelly."

Next, the equally fulsome of the other sex is thus roughly handled :

"There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering-place; her conversation made up

of French moonshine; what she has on her head only equalled by what she has on her back, useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead; and what they will do with her in the next world I do not know, except to set her up on the banks of the River of Life, for eternity, to look sweet! God," continues the writer, "intends us to admire music, and fair faces and graceful step; but, amid the heartlessness, and the inflation, and the fantastic influences of our modern watering-places, beware how you make life-long covenants."

From all accounts there is a growing disposition manifested among the ladies to indulge too freely in wine and other potent beverages. If such have a "proclivity" for strong drink in their own homes, the desire becomes more irrepressible under the peculiar temptations which abound in watering-places. After the cotillon, and while cooling themselves on the piazza, the presentation of tinted glasses with light straws is too much for their weak nerves. So they accept the iced-drink, and show their appreciation of the refreshing mixture by the avidity with which they

despatch it. Thus drinking habits become fostered and possibly contracted for life; for, as one truly remarks, "there is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whiskey at five cents a glass."

"Fagged-out American life," as noticeable at health-resorts, presents a pitiable aspect very often. The wearied and jaded, so far from seeking rest, only woo unrest. They would have been much better in health had they not quitted their counting-houses, their desks, or their drawing-rooms. Look at the bilious, cadaverous faces of the men, young, middle-aged, and old! All sorts of incongruous food is heaped in the stomach until that delicate organ rebels. Fancy even the confirmed dyspeptic mingling lemons and lobster-salads, and cocoa-nuts and ice-creams at the same repast! Then, families accustomed to retire to bed at reasonable hours, remain up half the night in conversation or silly dissipation, disturbing others in their rest. The ladies, too, show that their livers are not quite in good order. They have left home ostensibly for the benefit of their health; but they have received injury, and not

advantage. An American journal thus descants on the evils attendant upon fashionable Summer resorts :

“To be fashionable and ‘somebody’ at one of these places costs as much money in a month as a good book-keeper earns in a year. ‘But it benefits the health—you must go out of the city for health in the Summer!’ exclaims one. For health! Look at the hollow eyes of the watering-place *belle* at the close of the season. She certainly seems to be in a consumption. Two months’ sojourn in search of health has robbed her of flesh, complexion, energy, and intellect. Had she gone where she could have climbed hills, fed on farmers’ fare and dressed sensibly, those eyes of hers would sparkle, and those cheeks would blossom like the rose, and her head would be the house of a clear, strong, lively and serviceable brain. But Fashion would not permit. We hear a good deal about the advantages of bathing. Granted. A bath is a luxury, and something better, if properly taken. But let not the dwellers at ‘watering-places’ suppose they are prolonging their lives by indulging in ablutions such as Fashion demands of them.

Fashion says they must wallow in the water for an hour or two, and they do it. Nothing can be more destructive of health, if we except large doses of poison. Half-a-dozen plunges, not occupying more than ten minutes, form a bath from which much good results. Further dalliance with water chills the frame, lessens the physical strength, and ultimately damages the mind. Numbers of young people parboil themselves, as it were, and tell you they have taken a bath. They had better go unwashed than indulge in such fallacious sanitary amusements. We make these remarks for the consideration of those who have amphibious views, and who are now in parts of the country where they can carry such views into practice."

Another evil of watering-places is that young people of both sexes get acquainted, and enter into promises of marriage. These promises are generally kept, so far. But the misery entailed by ill-assorted and imprudent alliances can scarcely be imagined. Dr. Talmage—and I expect he is an authority on these matters—asserts that watering-places are responsible for more of the domestic

infelicities of America than all other things put together. Giddy wives, also, are afforded facile opportunities for questionable flirtation, which occasionally leads to grave scandal and open rupture. Occasionally it happens that the plainest-looking women carry off the prizes. Good looks may be all very well, but a glib tongue and the exercise of strategy are far better.

Mr. Trollope, referring to the United States, avers :

“ Surely there is no country in the world where religion makes so large a part of the amusement and occupation of the ladies. Spain, in her most Catholic days, could not exceed it.”

Now, religion is by no means ignored in fashionable watering-places. On the contrary, it is cultivated, and forms part of the programme. Both ladies and gentlemen, but particularly the former, make it a point to attend religious services on Sundays. The utmost care is evinced in dressing for church, each person wishing to show off to the best advantage. And here I cannot do better than reproduce Dr. Talmage's caustic condemnation of the aped piety which is assumed

for the nonce on such occasions. Having spoken of the first temptation of those about to take their departure for the country or sea-side—that of leaving their piety all at home—he observes :

“ You will send the dog, the cat, and the canary-bird to be well cared-for somewhere else ; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the Autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew anyone to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day. If people go to church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the most adapted to excite admiration ; and, in churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness

of half-closed features. Puny souls stand in the organ-loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshippers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor-box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried was to be good at a watering-place."





CHAPTER VI.

CONDITION OF THE PRODUCING CLASSES.

FROM the day when the first Pilgrims landed on the Rock of Plymouth until within the past few years, little was known by Englishmen either of America or of the American people. Since the Civil War, however, most of the culpable ignorance that existed has been removed, and a newly-born interest created in a nation destined one day to exercise immense power and influence. To the fate of America Englishmen, above all others, should not be indifferent. Although the hussy ran away and married to disoblige us, still she is "a chip of the old block," and we can get on very well together in our altered relations, nay, reaping mutual advantages from our dis severed connection.

I know not in what book of travel the artisan is to look who wishes to find a true picture of the

condition and prospects of his fellow-workers in the New-World. Some travellers paint America and the facilities which that country offers to energetic labour in very dreary colours. Others, again, such as the late Miss Martineau and Mr. Silk Buckingham, exhibit America as a kind of earthly Elysium, and its industrial classes as the most privileged of their order. The latter writer vividly contrasts the poor illiterate agricultural labourer in England with his more fortunate brother in his favoured Arcadia. He enters into horrible details of oppressive labour, cruel treatment, lingering suffering, and premature death of women and children in the mines of Great Britain, and the unparalleled depravity of the great manufacturing towns; while in America is to be found the "rose without a thorn"—happiness, contentment, competence, and virtue. All this is very delusive, and may be characterized by a very homely but expressive phrase—moonshine. The mere change of place will not radically affect the immutable laws upon which Political Economy is grounded; nor can the lot of labour ever be separated from its penalty.

The mass of the people in all countries live "from hand to mouth." To this rule America does not form an exception. In a country, the six original States of which comprise an area larger than that of England and Wales, and where the means of existence are inexhaustible, the labourer undoubtedly has a larger scope for his exertions, and greater facility in obtaining food. But to say that the hand-worker in America is greatly better off than he could possibly be in England, is what I am not prepared to believe. The wage-rate, it is true, is much higher; but the continual introduction of machinery, the extensive employment of women, and the constant stream of immigration, render competition excessive, and the difficulty of obtaining work considerable, even at the best of times. Especially is this the case in regard to such handicrafts as tailoring and shoemaking. During the late War certain trades became excessively brisk; but since the internecine strife has ended, and after some years of stagnation, Labour assumes its normal condition, with the additional disadvantages that the market becomes over-supplied, while White

and Black and Chinese workers are brought into unfriendly collision.

The migratory character of the working-men of New York and other Northern Transatlantic cities is painfully apparent. Such of them as realize a little money remove to the West, and set up for themselves, and by this means occasionally grow prosperous. But the large majority lead quite a vagabond life, roaming from town to town in quest of work; and in this miserable way pass their lives, entirely removed from those home comforts and associations which are the just pride and privilege of English working-men. Under such adverse conditions, it is vain to look for much religion, or even morality. Where undue license predominates, one must necessarily expect a corresponding degree of deterioration of character. Although desirous of being charitable, I fear that this deterioration is not exceptional, and that it pretty generally appertains to the labouring orders.

When in Portland (Maine), a few years since, I found marked dissatisfaction prevalent among the industrial classes of that city. There was a good

deal of grumbling, which it was thought by some would manifest itself in direct overt acts of insubordination. This state of feeling induced grave apprehension lest the public peace should be disturbed. The causes of the dissatisfaction, as alleged by the working population themselves, arose from the high price of provisions, the exorbitant taxation, and the comparatively low rate of wages.

“Strikes”—which are always lamentable, though in some cases unavoidable—occur more frequently in America than in this country. Singular to say, however, they do not generally end as successfully as they do here. The conflict between Capital and Labour is always to be dreaded, if for no other reason than the ill-will which it is calculated to engender between the employer and the employed, whose interests should never be inimical. Still, it is somewhat remarkable that, in a country which affords to every citizen equal rights and privileges, the influence of Capital over Labour should often exert a more dominant and even despotic influence than it does in Great Britain under its worst phases.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks with which the skilled workman has to contend, it cannot be denied that America is a great country, whose resources admit of immense development. More than half a century since, Burke confessed that he saw nothing in history like its progress. "There is America," he observed to young Lord Bathurst; "whatever England has been growing to in seventeen hundred years, you shall see added to America in the course of a single life." And Burke was right. Towns spring up with prodigious rapidity, and places like Syracuse, which half a century ago had no existence, or consisted only of a single shanty and a mill, now contain several thousand inhabitants, numerous churches and handsome stores, splendid hotels, and every ostensible sign of real prosperity and progress. The class most likely to be benefited by immigration is, I apprehend, the agricultural labourer, whose position in this country, although immensely better than it has been, is still far from satisfactory. But if his rude labour be more highly recompensed than it is at home, if it afford him better food, lodging, and raiment,

he must needs work hard, and endure for a time those peculiar discomforts which inevitably fall to the lot of the immigrant who has to fell the forest, cultivate the prairie, and create a home for himself in the wilderness.

It was noticed at the first great International Exhibition in London that various articles of foreign manufacture were more highly finished than similar articles made by English workmen. Perhaps, with reference to American manufactured goods, the naïve criticism of Captain Hall may fitly apply, namely, "That no one in that busy Republic has time to attend effectually to the completion of any given job." And, indeed, it would appear, from repeated observation, that everything is prepared just up to the average taste, and to meet a ready market. If foreign artisans exhibit a greater love for their respective arts, and occasionally turn out better workmanship than Englishmen, no doubt Englishmen in this respect rise superior to the Americans; a statement which I trust will not offend the peculiar sensitiveness of our Transatlantic Cousins.

In the matter of education, I am inclined to

think that the American is ahead of our British workman. The facilities for education everywhere abound in America, and are eagerly taken advantage of by all classes of the people. Nor, in some States at least, are the Universities open only to a privileged few. The sons of the rich, of farmers, mechanics, not excepting young men who have to work on the farm or in the shop, meet on the same terms and pursue their studies together. This is one reason why men belonging to a lower grade of society rise in position and take their places in the House of Assembly, or in the Senate, or even become elevated to the dignity of Chief Magistrate.

Wendell Holmes essays to explain this physiological enigma in this wise :

“ Money kept for two or three generations transforms a race,—I don't mean merely in manners and hereditary culture, but in blood and bone. Money buys air and sunshine, in which children grow up more kindly, of course, than in close, back streets ; it buys country-places to give them happy and healthy summers, good nursing, good doctoring, and the best cuts of beef

and mutton. When the spring-chickens come to market—I beg your pardon—that is not what I was going to speak of. As the young females of each successive season come on, the finest specimens among them, other things being equal, are apt to attract those who can afford the expensive luxury of beauty. The physical character of the next generation rises in consequence. It is plain that certain families have in this way acquired an elevated type of face and figure, and that in a small circle of city connections one may sometimes find models of both sexes which one of the rural counties would find it hard to match from all its townships put together. Because there is a good deal of running down, of degeneration and waste of life, among the richer classes, you must not overlook the equally obvious fact that I have just spoken of,—which in one or two generations more will be, I think, much more patent than just now.”

A word with regard to health and longevity. The working population of the United States are not so healthy as their fellow-labourers in this country; nor is the average duration of

their lives as long. Difference of climate and of living conspire to this result no less than disease consequent upon overcrowding—an evil, unfortunately, as conspicuous in the great cities of America as in those of populous Europe.

In June, 1878, on authoritative testimony, there were no fewer than one million artisans and labourers out of employment throughout the Union. To this alarming aggregate Massachusetts contributed alone three hundred thousand, and the City of Boston forty thousand. At Fall River at the same period, in addition to skilled and unskilled workmen, there were eight thousand women and children of both sexes under eighteen years of age, without employment. Accordingly, Fall River had witnessed more absolute suffering and privation than most other manufacturing districts. Massachusetts had a larger proportion of unemployed, because her industries are chiefly artificial.

Since the rapid revival of trade in America strikes have occurred in divers parts of the country. Some disputes led to breaches of the

peace, and had to be forcibly suppressed. The causes of those strikes are thus set down in the "Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics and Labour:—" To secure better wages; to secure shorter days; to enforce trade-union rules in resistance to employers' rules; and against the introduction of machinery. Out of one hundred and fifty-nine strikes enumerated, one hundred and nine were unsuccessful, and but eighteen successful. Others were either compromised or partially successful.

There has recently sprung up into vigorous life an organization styling itself the "Knights of Labour." The object, it is alleged, is to supplant trade-unionism. Although but a young society, the "Knights" flourish, particularly in the Middle States. Their ostensible object is to secure, by means of combination and secrecy, the political and social advantage of the labouring orders. I apprehend that the workman in America is much about the same kind of person, generally speaking, as the workman at home; and that Dr. Ward Beecher's—"Bread-and-Water Beecher," he is nick-named by the working-classes, on account of

certain utterances he had made—strictures equally apply to both :

“ We have everywhere made inquiry in large establishments where skilled labour is employed, and with comparatively few honourable exceptions, it is the same story—men earning from forty to sixty dollars a week spend it all as they go. It was so in the mines of California and Nevada. It is so in Pittsburgh. It is a fatal fault with hundreds of thousands of intelligent workmen that they do not organize future prosperity, but spend all as they go ; and when age, or sickness, or commercial revulsions lay them aside, they are poor in property, and rich only in impracticable schemes of reorganization of society and distribution of property. There are hundreds of men who live on ‘ a dollar a day ’ and lay up something every year, and thousands who earn from five to ten dollars a day and grow poorer every year. When the final adjustment of the kingdom of Labour shall come, the foundations of it will be Industry, Skill, Frugality, Economy, Foresight.”

In the “ Sixth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics,” issued under the

authority of the State Legislature, some interesting matters are discussed bearing on the relation existing between Capital and Labour, and the political and social effects of wealth-getting.

The accumulation of money in a few hands is not only a prominent characteristic of modern European society—it likewise obtains in the leading cities of the Great Republic. We all know the glaring evils inseparable from this system in England; how money creates money; and how the storing up of the wealth earned by Labour in the hands of merchants, traders, speculators, and other persons, hinders national progress, oppresses the people, and renders the poor poorer. The inequitable distribution of wealth is one of England's greatest curses, and constitutes her worst danger. Let us see how the same circumstance is likely to affect the United States.

The writers of the Report on Labour lay down the postulates that there is no use for a Republic or Democracy, provided such does not accomplish for the humblest what other States do for the highest; and that a beggar should be an anomaly in a Republic, equally as though he were a king.

In America, as in Europe, there are certain classes of the community who succeed in obtaining an undue proportion of Capital. The money-getting faculty is there at its height. Instead of an aristocracy there is a plutocracy fast growing up. This fact is regarded as seriously threatening to impair the Democratic fabric of Republican institutions, substituting in its stead a false nobility of its own creation in lieu of the true nobility of the individual. The rapidly increasing power of Capital in the States is pronounced as disastrous to everything valuable in a people, owing to the intolerable dominion it exercises by reason of its purchasing power. Things were otherwise in the olden and golden days of the Union. Then, nearly everyone was more or less on a social level with his neighbour. Everyone laboured more or less with his hands ; while the employer only carried on small enterprises which involved his constant intercourse with his workpeople, and not infrequently participation in their toil. As in Europe, the acquisition of wealth is realized for the most part by persons destitute of education and culture. This is a great misfortune, inasmuch

as it tends to the establishment of a class, the admission to which wholly depends upon the possession of "the Almighty Dollar."

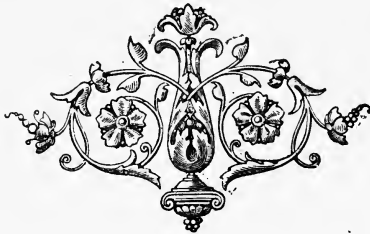
The Report does not enter into a discussion of the legislation which it might be desirable to enter upon in order to prevent the growth of individual fortunes. Neither does it suggest whether any legislation would be justifiable. At the same time, however, it does not strive to conceal the alarming tendency which this very accumulation of wealth in a few hands exhibits. While it is so outspoken, it hesitates not to suggest a legitimate way of preserving somewhat more of the equality of fortune, befitting the common citizens of a Republican country. The worst feature of the case is that the nation is "letting wealth get out of the leash of the heart and intellect." Now, the best remedial measure proposed for "this overhanging domination of Capital," as it is tersely termed, is the elevation of the masses; and the first step toward the attainment of this desirable object is to educate them better. "To produce a depreciation of the power of wealth," it is urged, "there

should be an appreciation of the power of education. Let a greater and more universal stimulus be applied to the culture of the mind; let a love for Literature, Art, and Science be made more common; let the affections and the moral nature be more thoroughly awakened; let all this be done, especially in what is commonly called the lower half of Society, and we shall find we have greatly circumscribed the influence of wealth."

The Report next treats of the tyranny of Capital, illustrating how the avarice of capitalists has brought both moral and physical injury upon children and undeveloped girls, thus destroying home life, which the civilization of the nineteenth century has especially emphasized as one of its most prominent and valuable features. Reference is made to the change that has occurred within recent times in the relation of wages to support, showing that the labour of a whole family becomes essential to the proper support of that family. Herein lies the root of a mighty evil, which "bodes no good for our future." Assuredly, there is something horrible in the factory system,

which, in order to minister to the greed of manufacturers, will put children of from eight to ten years old into factories at daylight, to work ten hours in close and unhealthy rooms. It is urged, that if by compulsion the children of the State are removed from work and transferred to the school, little suffering or hardship would follow. Whatever inconveniences might ensue must prove but temporary. And why? Because the rates of wages after a while would inevitably adjust themselves to the new order of things, and the same sum of money be earned by the head of the family as is now earned by him in conjunction with his children's labour. Many will endorse the principle that it should not become necessary for any but the husband and father to work for his family's maintenance and well-being; first of all, because there must be a radical error in the price and form of labour that necessitates a man to draw on the vital powers of his children, in order that he may support his family in comfort; and, secondly, because a State cannot afford to set a price upon body and soul and any barter of strength, happiness, and knowledge for a mere

money return, which will rob it in the long-run. The craving after low-cost production is almost as rampant in England as in the States. The rise of the factory system in the boasted Land of Freedom has brought with it a series of evils too horrible to realize. It has given birth to a species of White Slavery infinitely more repulsive than was the Black Slavery in the South.





CHAPTER VII.

“A TERRIBLE POWER.”

THE rapid and surprising growth of Catholicism in the United States is a matter worthy of attention, should it fail to inspire aught else. In every European land where the Papal Church had planted her standard, she experienced bitter and often protracted trials, owing either to her secret differences or her open quarrels with the secular power. But in America the Jesuits and less prominent emissaries of the Papacy, had to encounter unusual difficulties. Formidable influences were arrayed against them; apparently insuperable barriers confronted them on every hand, barring their progress; while the peculiar instincts, predilections, and habits of the people, nay, even their very laws, were inimical to that uncongenial form of Christianity derived from Rome. A writer in the *Dublin Review*, treating of “The American Church,” describes the charac-

teristics of the New Englanders as being wholly opposed to Romanizing influences. The early colonists are represented as being wild as Ishmael, impetuous as Jehu, marked enemies of the Catholic religion, and intolerant of every form of faith differing from their own. In addition, they are said to have impressed upon their descendants a peculiar type of character both morally and intellectually—a type so obnoxious that it “had failed to attract sympathy even in America.” It is represented as combining a singular development of the lower intellectual faculties with insatiable avidity and conspicuous success in the pursuit of material aims. The pioneers of the Pope could scarcely have hoped for much favour from, or influence with, a race whom they regarded as resembling foxes rather than eagles, as unduly solicitous about mean things, cunning but lacking wisdom, acute but not large-minded, busy, vigilant, and pushing, but generally sordid and selfish; ingenious in inventing machines, but by preference such as pare apples or peel onions; mere machines themselves, but only for making money, “which they amass without dignity, and

expend without taste ;” restless and incapable of repose, because possessing no resources in themselves ; traders in politics, regarding the State as a bank in which they claim to be the only shareholders ; traders in religion, simply calculating the market value of religious profession ; people who could not comprehend a life of literary ease or intellectual meditation, void of idealism, and slaves to material pleasures ; and, finally, having no loftier or clearer idea of Revelation than “the mystery that such a form of religion should exist, and that anyone should be found to profess it.” Certainly, no soil could be more rude or unpromising. But yet the propagandists of the Papacy did not quite despair. They set to work assiduously ; scattered the seed of “the Faith,”—sowed in tears, maybe ; and now they rejoice in the golden harvest they have garnered, and in that which they are still gathering in.

Let us but glance at the district of Boston, which is conterminous with the Puritan State of Massachusetts. Here is a notable city, some of whose prominent citizens, as the late Mr. Maguire, M.P., relates, “informed Archbishop

Carroll that had they, some time before his visit, met a Catholic in the street, they would have crossed to the other side,—such was their horror of one of that detested creed.” And how stand affairs now? Why, that in a place to which a Papist was wont to be about as welcome as an Indian or a wolf, there exists a large Roman community. On the testimony of Sir Charles Dilke, there are no less than eighty thousand professing Catholics in this once Puritan city, while the number in the “diocese” is about three hundred and sixty thousand. I learn from the *Catholic Directory* that Boston possesses a cathedral now occupied by its fourth bishop, in addition to eighteen churches, five colleges, seven convents, and ten hospitals or asylums, presided over by nuns of different Orders. There are one hundred and seventy priests, and one hundred ecclesiastical students.

It is complacently averred that “converts” are rapidly increasing; that New England is yielding up her sons and daughters to a religion she had once traduced; that such a noble band of converts is not to be found under the sun—a band “more

hardy in warfare, more unflinching in combat, more ready to look the world straight in the eye and confess the name of Christ, or more loyal to His Blessed Mother;” that the genuine type of the Yankee is now only to be found “among those converts who carry into the very homes of the Puritan the aroma of the Sanctuary;” and that, moreover, “wherever a Catholic spire crowns a height, prosperity and good order flow from it.” Mr. Peter Oliver, the author of “The Puritan Commonwealth,” apologizes for the intrusion of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola by observing: “The Jesuits may be excused for introducing Romanism, where no other European had introduced anything but small-pox.”

Then, there is the small State of Rhode Island, with its Roman cathedral, five churches, and two chapels, two hundred priests and students, and ten thousand children in the parochial schools, which are taught by monks and nuns. The States of Maine and new Hampshire contain fully fifty thousand Catholics, and four Indian “missions,” besides fourteen public schools superintended by Sisters of Mercy. The City of Portland, also, has

its cathedral, apart from the Church of St. Dominick; while the Sisters of Notre Dame have charge of nearly one thousand girls. In another city, as is averred by the author of "The Irish in America," "there have been over two hundred and fifty converts instructed in the Faith (by the Sisters), and mostly from the wealthier classes of society." Even the State of Vermont is alleged to contain more than thirty thousand Catholics, although the Pope did not appoint a prelate over the "diocese of Burlington" until 1853, when Monsignor de Goesbriand was consecrated to represent Papal interests. It seems at least remarkable that in one province especially, wherein Romanism was once strenuously proscribed, its adherents should now number over five hundred thousand. Indeed, such statistics can only be satisfactorily explained on the hypothesis already advanced by at least one ingenious observer—himself an Englishman—that the native population of New England is dying out. "The epitaph of New England Puritanism," remarks the writer in the *Dublin Review*, "is written by this impartial witness (Sir Charles Dilke), when he adds with

mingled astonishment and regret, ‘Saxon Protestantism is departing with the Saxons.’”

But so far as the growth of Romanism simply is concerned, New York, Brooklyn, and indeed the entire extensive New York State, stand unparalleled. In the former city a magnificent and costly cathedral is erected, calculated to accommodate an immense body of worshippers, the funds for the same having been subscribed alike by Catholics and Protestants. It would prove tedious within the scope of a single chapter to enumerate the number of Romanists, priests, religious Orders, and churches that have sprung up during the past forty years. Altogether it may safely be computed that the Catholics have increased two or three millions since 1850, which would now make the total up to eight millions; and that within the same period the churches have nearly tripled, while the clergy have augmented by fifty per cent. I am not surprised, therefore, that the Protestant and anti-Ultramontane newspapers of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York should occasionally draw public attention to the power the Papacy is attaining in the Great

Republic, or that they should moodily speculate upon what will happen, when Catholicism shall become the dominant religion of the land. There are about six thousand monks and nuns scattered throughout the extensive territory of America. These active emissaries of the Papacy embrace a variety of Orders, the most notable of which are the Benedictine, Franciscan, Dominican, Augustinian, Jesuit, and Trappist. It is confidently expected that the reconquest of Protestant Christendom will be but a matter of time, and that Puritan America, like to Switzerland and England, is passing through the throes of a great theological metamorphosis.

More remains to be stated with reference to the extraordinary progress of Catholicism in America. As the Pope claims for himself the supreme government of all nations, he has done in the United States what he has had the temerity to attempt in England, Switzerland, and Prussia, namely, parcelled out the territory to his archiepiscopal and prelatical representatives and agents. The entire States of the Union are divided into seven provinces, namely, Baltimore, Cincinnati,

New Orleans, New York, Oregon, St. Louis, and San Francisco. These provinces, again, are subdivided into forty-three dioceses and vicariates apostolic. Thus the province of Baltimore embraces eight dioceses and one vicariate; that of Cincinnati eight dioceses; that of New Orleans six dioceses; that of New York nine dioceses; that of Oregon three dioceses and one vicariate; that of St. Louis eight dioceses and two vicariates; and that of San Francisco two dioceses and one vicariate. Some definite idea of the extent of a province may be formed from the circumstance that St. Louis alone embraces the States of Missouri, Tennessee, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Dacotah, New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, and the Indian Territory. According to a decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, confirmed by Pius IX. in 1858, the archdiocese of Baltimore is granted the prerogative of place. Thus in councils, assemblies, and meetings of every kind, precedence is given to the Archbishop of that See for the time being. He likewise possesses the seat of honour above any archbishops of provinces

that might be present, without regard to the order of their promotion or consecration.

Already I have exhibited the great growth of Romanism in the States of Massachusetts, Vermont, and New York. I shall now set forth its equally rapid strides in a few other important sections of the Union. First, there is the State of Missouri, where, according to the Hon. C. A. Murray ("Travels in North America"), "the Romish Faith is gaining ground with a rapidity that outstrips all competition." In one of two dioceses of an extensive province—namely, that of St. Paul, which comprises Minnesota and Dacotah Territory—there were in 1869, after a brief existence of eighteen years, one hundred and five churches, eighty-nine missionary stations, one hundred priests, secular and regular, seven religious communities of men and women, four Indian missions, and a Romanist population of eighty thousand souls. Taking the city of St. Paul, which has only been in existence a few years, and what do we discover? Why, that this most remote town in the north of the United States possesses not only a Catholic cathedral

but six churches. The Benedictine Abbey of St. Louis, beautifully situated on Lake Superior, is occupied by thirteen German “fathers,” fifteen scholastics, and fourteen lay brothers; its abbot being the Right Reverend Rupert Seldenbusch. Affiliated “houses” are planted at St. Paul, St. Cloud, Shakopee, St. Joseph, and at Richmond. Then, descending the Mississippi, we reach the State of Iowa, now the “diocese of Dubuque,” by virtue of a Papal Bull. Here, it appears from Sadlier’s “Catholic Directory,” published in New York, there is a population of one hundred and fifty thousand Romanists, together with ninety churches, ten chapels, forty stations, eighty priests, and eighteen convents containing one hundred nuns. In addition, there are a number of male and female free schools, wherein instruction is afforded to about one thousand children. Dubuque City alone contains a cathedral and two churches. Twelve miles distant stands a Cistercian abbey, with its abbot and sixty brethren, choir and lay. The archdiocese of St. Louis is pronounced to be “one of the most active centres of religious life in the whole region.” Within the city itself there

is a cathedral (of which the clergy belong to the Redemptorist Order), twenty-two churches, seven chapels, a university under the direction of a community of Jesuits, a theological seminary, seventeen monasteries of both sexes, and one hundred and seventy priests.

Passing by four minor dioceses, we come to New Orleans, the archiepiscopal city of Louisiana. Here, although the Roman Catholic population is not given, we are informed there are no fewer than twenty-five churches, while the diocese is asserted to contain seventeen religious Orders of various denominations, and one hundred and fifty ecclesiastics. In the North-West, similar progress is discernible. For example, the diocese of Detroit, scarcely fifty years in existence, contains a cathedral city and ten churches, sixty-five additional places of worship, eleven convents and monasteries, seventy priests, five schools and academies of a select kind, and a Romanist population of one hundred and fifty thousand.

The growth of Catholicism is scarcely less extraordinary, except in degree, in contiguous dioceses, such as those of Erie, Fort Wayne,

Indiana, La Crosse, Marquette, etc. But the diocese and city of Milwaukee stand conspicuous. The former was founded nearly forty years since, before the latter had scarcely an existence. When Dr. Hennie, the first bishop, was appointed over this vast See in 1844, his flock numbered barely twenty thousand. Its members were scattered in all directions. The only facilities afforded them for following their faith were twenty rudely-constructed chapels and two priests. Now, according to Mr. Maguire, the diocese contains three hundred and twenty-two churches, sixteen chapels, seventy-five missionary stations, and four hundred thousand Roman Catholics. The cathedral city, where, less than half a century since, a resident white man was not to be found, possesses eight churches. Moreover, the diocese of Milwaukee, which comprises the southern part of the State of Wisconsin, contains eight monastic communities, four seminaries and ecclesiastical academies, twenty-three regular, and one hundred and fifty-four secular clergy. The progress of the monastic Orders in America is truly wonderful. Some

twenty-five years since, four Sisters of Notre Dame founded an establishment in Milwaukee, the first house planted in the United States. At present this religious community alone is represented by fifty-eight convents and about five hundred professed sisters. The other Orders are equally prolific. When the Jesuits were driven from Piedmont, they proceeded to California, where they opened a college which is now thriving.

The facts just narrated have caused one Ultramontane writer to remark that "the constant multiplication of religious Orders in every part of the United States is a decisive refutation of the popular notion that monks and nuns have no place in the nineteenth century," and that, as "religious communities have been the life of the world in all ages, they will do for our brothers in America what they have done, and are doing, in every kingdom and province of Europe." But the diocese of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, affords a still more remarkable illustration of the growth of Romanism in the Republic. Not many years ago, the Jesuits held a "mission" in an outlying

part of the city, which was devoted to revelry of all kinds. Upon this spot is erected a stately church, with its gorgeous altars and golden candlesticks, its ponderous bell, and an organ which cost thirty thousand dollars. Chicago City possesses twenty churches, and sixty thousand Roman Catholics. The diocese has a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, and possesses one hundred and twelve churches, twenty-eight convents, seminaries, and academies, and one hundred and six ecclesiastics, regular and secular.

Hardly less striking is the spread of Catholicism in the older States of Ohio, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania. Three dioceses in the last-mentioned State contain close upon three hundred priests and four hundred thousand Catholics. The diocese of Louisville counts over eighty thousand; while in the archdiocese of Cincinnati, in Ohio, there are one hundred and twenty-two churches, thirteen chapels, forty-two stations, one hundred and forty clergy, besides a Romanist population of one hundred and thirty-nine thousand. On either side of the Rocky Mountains are six dioceses having an immense Catholic population, embracing

thirty thousand Irish-Americans and eighteen thousand converted Indians. In San Francisco, it is alleged that the former possess one fourth of the real estate of the city—equal to about four millions sterling; and, moreover, that the Irish girls employed therein remit every year to Ireland the sum of sixty-seven thousand pounds to aid their relatives in emigrating to a land “where their faith and virtue are honoured, even by those who possess neither.”

These and similar facts induced an American Protestant statesman to observe, with bitterness of spirit, no doubt, that “In half a century all our great centres of population will be Catholic.” That Catholics are vastly increasing in the United States, is but too palpable. The new Papal churches built average one hundred and seventy per annum; and the hierarchy is annually receiving accessions to its number. The Papacy in America is at present represented by one cardinal, eleven archbishops, forty-six bishops, and nine vicars apostolic. At the Consistory held in Rome, on the 27th of last August, the Pope announced the appointment

of Monsignor Portillo, as Bishop of Tricola, *in partibus*, and Vicar Apostolic for Lower California. At the same time other bishops were appointed to preside over special dioceses in America. The aforesaid prelates belong to different nationalities, sixteen being American, twelve French, nine Irish, three Spanish, two Swiss, two German, and one Austrian. Their respective flocks likewise represent a variety of races, those preponderating being the Irish and German. It has been said that education and Democracy are fatal to the Catholic faith. It is not the case, however, in America. A priest, it is alleged, once remarked in the White House at Washington :

“ In twenty years every educated man who cares for his soul will be a Catholic ;” adding, with strong emphasis, “ unfortunately, the number is not large.”

It is considered by some thoughtful persons that not only is Catholicism gaining ground in America, but that it has already acquired a notable influence, and, moreover, aims audaciously at preponderance, while it menaces the very foundations of the Republican Constitution.

“The revenues of the Empire State,” observes the author of “Greater Britain,” “are spent upon Catholic asylums; plots of city land are sold at nominal rates for the sites of Catholic cathedrals by the ‘city step-fathers,’ as they are called. Not even in the West does the Latin Church gain ground more rapidly than in New York City.” Mr. Froude, likewise, in an article in the *North American Review*, discusses whether six millions of Irish Roman Catholics in the Union constitute a danger to the future of the Republic. His conviction is that they do. Nay, he goes further, and gravely asserts that if the Catholics attempt to obtain political domination in America, that the issue will be fought out with bullets.

The *Diritto*, the Government organ of Italy, some time since, treated of Catholicism in America. It notices the like danger—one which threatens the Americans much more seriously than any which may result from a third term for General Grant, or from the increase of the non-possessing class. It prophesies that in twenty years the number of Catholics will be doubled, and thus “constitute a terrible power.” The cry was at first, “We

shall absorb these Catholic mendicants,” “for,” quoth the Americans, “how many stronger elements have we not already amalgamated?” Indeed it is averred that even the priests feared coming in contact with the predominant limitless liberties, and the robust and vigorous individualism, so inimical to their mission. But in this regard, likewise, “the proud confidence of the Americans in the invincible force of their institutions was deceived.” The writer in the *Diritto* then indulges in notes of sympathy coupled with a word of warning :

“ We, too, cannot see without emotion the piety of those souls which, having no refuge from the doubts which assail them, and which seek in vain among the multiplicity of sects that repose for the disturbed conscience which, amid the heat of the battle of modern life, is more than ever precious, turn back to the ancient and pure fountain of the Gospel. It may be that, sooner or later, a religious revival may result from such movements. But so long as the Church is a monopoly of the Jesuits, so long as the Syllabus prevails over the Gospel, the Church will be a constant menace

to civilization and to the liberty of nations—a menace against which the United States would do well to protect themselves in time.”

The immense development pointed out has only been acquired since the period of the great potato famine in Ireland, when the country became depopulated. Catholicism, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer, has become a second nature for the Irish peasant; it has transformed the globules of his blood; while, in the United States, instead of showing itself any longer weak, it draws new vigour from the more easy life of the immigrants, obtaining sumptuous churches, rich foundations, schools of its own, and all that it has been able to accumulate during so many centuries in the Old World.

“The Irish alone,” notices the *North American Review*, “of all the people who have immigrated into the Republic, have preserved their proper individuality, formed a State within a State, and have given rise to an Irish question much more formidable than Slavery, which at one moment threatened to compromise the existence of the Union. Public opinion in the United States,” it

goes on to remark, “is beginning to recognize the danger.”

Archbishop Purcell's liabilities, amounting to some two and a half millions of dollars, shows what risk dignitaries of the Roman Church will run in promoting its interests. The Archbishop's failure in his *rôle* of financial speculator is condoned by some, inasmuch as he is a victim of neglected accounts, was ignorant of the proper modes of doing the work he undertook, and thought an object so good could not come to a bad end.





CHAPTER VIII.

CAUSES OF THE GROWTH OF CATHOLICISM.

THE late Bishop of Winchester, whilst once publicly supporting the claims of the National Society, observed, that the Papal priests were getting hold of the working-classes in America by founding everywhere the very best schools for the poor, and teaching them without interference the whole of their belief. This eminent prelate pointed out that the Anglican clergy at home, so far as assisted by the State, were not allowed to teach the whole of the Reformed faith; the result being that the former are gaining, and the latter are losing the education of the people. "Let England take warning in time," the Bishop emphatically remarked; "I am convinced that wherever one set of religionists teaches its system thoroughly, and others are cramped in their teaching, the former will, in the long run, get hold of the population."

It appears from the "American Catholic Directory," that the Roman Catholic population of the United States now numbers from seven to nine millions ; being an increase of over three millions in a few years. From this and other sources I find that, while the number of churches and "missions" has nearly tripled, the clergy and laity have augmented by fifty per cent. in seven years. "In America as everywhere else," observes one writer, "the Church's difficulty has been to persuade the gross to prefer what is pure, and the sordid to love what is generous ; to make the self-willed docile, and the effeminate valiant ; to substitute the spiritual for the material, concord for division, obedience for lawlessness, and the realities of eternal truth for the phantoms and illusions of heresy or unbelief."

That the whole of America will eventually become Roman Catholic is seriously believed and asserted by some zealous propagandists. Of course the idea is not only Utopian, but preposterous. Nevertheless, I state the stern truth. I need but simply refer to a passage in Dr. Thaddeus Butler's work on "The Catholic Church in

America." Therein this Chicago priest exultantly observes :

“ America will yet repay to Europe all she may receive by that beautiful law of reciprocity in which she even now delights ; and the Holy See will not fear to lean upon the vigorous arm already developing its sinews and nourishing its strength for the defence of the Church, the supremacy of Peter, and the honour of that Immaculate Mother under whose patronage Catholicity will finally become the beneficent guide, the beloved instructress, and the national faith of the United States of America !”

Before giving expression to my own views respecting the causes which have produced such remarkable effects—for the fundamental fact itself cannot be questioned—perhaps the reader will suffer me, in the first instance, to enumerate the causes adduced by Romanists themselves for this singular religious retrogression. It is averred by public writers that after repeated victories in the Old World, during which the Cross was carried in triumph from Jerusalem to Rome in a sea of blood, a New World was discovered, wherein the

Catholic Church should achieve victories as stupendous and incredible. A new nation eventually became organized, consisting of every form of human society, and all possible conditions of thought. What the Church is now doing in America she had done already everywhere else; simply showing that "whatsoever God has made she can rule, whatever God has called she can attract, whatever God has lost she can recover"—an assumption that amounts to more than mere irreverence. This spiritual autocratrice, it is further formulated, had to battle for religion and civilization with all peoples, from that of the ancient Romans down to that of the modern Chinese. But the fiercest fight has been reserved for our own epoch, and a Transatlantic region—"a New World which is neither Greek, Roman, nor yet barbarian, but a medley and *colluvies* of all that other religions and nations could supply." In this wild, illimitable, and distant region, "whose inhabitants have neither unity of origin, of language, nor of sentiment, and who have imported to their new home every error which existed in the old," the Church has begun her

accustomed work, convinced that she possesses the supernatural power or gift of dealing with man, captivating his love, and compelling his allegiance, no matter where he may be placed, or whatever be his predilections, prejudices, or even resistance. The operation of the Church, it is assumed, through the labours of her Jesuitical propagandists, will have a more enduring effect upon the destinies of the American Republic than the tumultuous, but ephemeral, incidents that constantly agitate the antiquated kingdoms of Europe can exercise upon them, inasmuch as "the diffusion of the divine gifts, which she alone can dispense, are of deeper moment to the human race than the march of armies or the fate of thrones."

The Papal agents began a conflict in America which went hard against them at first, but which they now regard as having terminated in a "memorable issue." They had to battle ceaselessly against what they considered the malignant spirit of heresy and its incurable impotence; in doing which, as a friendly writer observes, they "revived the magic of the Apostolic age." If the

sturdy, persecuting Puritans of New England denounced the priests, and hated the Papacy, the North American Indians received with kindness the presence of the one, and accepted with alacrity the authority of the other. The most impressible, superior, and intelligent of savages failed to be impressed or even interested by Protestant missionaries, "as if Providence had purposely left the agents of Protestantism the easiest task ever proposed to Christian missionaries, in order that the evidence of their incapacity might be more complete and decisive." Even the better sort of evangelists, such as Eliot and Mayhew, it is averred, only excited the scorn of the Indians by the varieties of their doctrine, which caused one chief to remark :

"If my people should have a mind to turn Christians, they would be puzzled to know what religion to be of."

But now, we are told, America has recoiled from the Puritanism of its childhood, and has taken to the cultivation of infidelity. Not one-half of the adult population belong to any sect ; while fanaticism and superstition are spreading

apace. According to Sir Charles Dilke, the success of Spiritualism is amazing; astrology is openly professed as a science; and its professors have numerous dupes, not consisting of the credulous Irish, as many may suppose, but, strangely enough, composed of men formed in the Puritan mould, "shrewd and keen in trade, brave in war, material and cold in faith, but credulous to folly"—individuals of whom an American non-Catholic writer observes, that "they derided the sign of the Cross, but saw magic in a broomstick!" Whilst Puritanism is passing away like a morning cloud or the early dew, and whilst extravagances the most outrageous are exercising fell sway over thousands in America, bewildering their intellect and perverting their heart, the Catholic faith, by a subtle energy derived from heaven, is reflecting light upon regions long abandoned to the double darkness of heresy and irreligion, merely requiring fuller time and ampler opportunities in order to illuminate the whole moral waste, and make a lasting conquest of the entire territory of the West. Such was the Pontifical programme of Pius IX., and such is that of

Leo XIII. and his Transatlantic Ultramontane viceroys.

The failure of the Church of England and the Sects in America is pronounced to have prepared the way for the conquest of Rome. The Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, it is asserted, placed their agents in Virginia, the special field of Anglicanism. These missionaries, ordained in England, and sent forth to dispense the Gospel, ignobly failed. At length the State itself assumed the advowson of its churches. During the last century the clergy fell into contempt, so that throughout the entire country every church and chapel became deserted. Even at the present day the Episcopalians of Virginia, like those of Ohio and other States of the Union, are simply Methodists in doctrine, although retaining the liturgy and other forms of the Anglican Communion. While the Episcopal clergy were losing ground in New England the Indian tribes of Maryland received from the Roman Catholic colonists constant proofs of justice and charity, so that their generosity won the hearts of the Red Man. A band of Catholic pilgrims, it

is true, landed on the banks of the Potomac in 1634, but were met by large bodies of armed natives, who summoned other savages to repel the invaders. But the conciliatory policy of the immigrants soon disarmed their hostility, and, after a while, conversions were made of entire towns and tribes.

Under the mild institutions of Baltimore, framed by one of its leading governors, that dreary wilderness soon swarmed with life and activity, prosperous settlements increased, and Catholics who were oppressed by the laws of England found a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbours of the Chesapeake. Emigrants arrived from almost every clime—from France, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Finland, even from Bohemia, the country of Jerome and Huss. By this means Roman Catholicism spread until it attained large dimensions. "There is not a land in Christendom," remarks a writer in the *Dublin Review*, "where the unity of faith is more unbroken, its integrity more unsullied, than in the American Republic. Nowhere are the faithful more docile in their loving submission to the Church, nor more impatient of

the familiar sophistries which have had some success in older communities, but which only excite the contempt of American Catholics. Sectarian spite is all but annihilated. Baptist ministers lend their pulpits to Catholic missionaries; Presidents of the United States distribute prizes to the pupils of the Jesuit College at Georgetown; while, according to the *Baltimore Gazette*—a Protestant organ—owing to the conduct of the Catholic clergy with both armies during the war, “men reverence them to-day, who, ten years ago, would have been prompted by prejudice to revile them. It is for this that the Church, whose ministers they are, is now recognized by thousands who dispute its creed as a worthy depository of sacred truths.”

The progress of Catholicism in the United States is not, in my opinion, a problem difficult of solution. It has mainly arisen from the uninterrupted stream of immigration flowing to the West, not only from Ireland, but from the Roman Catholic districts of Germany. Then, the Irish are a prolific race, which cannot be said of our Cousins. Besides, the death-rate is high

amongst the latter. "Out of every four births in Boston," observes Sir Charles Dilke, "only one is American," whilst "every year the towns grow more and more intensely Irish." I utterly reject the wild ideas propounded by Dr. Thaddeus Butler—namely, that the spread of Catholicism is traceable to a supernatural agency, or that Romanism will ever become the national faith of the Republic. As regards fresh adherents from Protestant communions to the Latin creed, I cannot accredit the one-sided statements put forth. Rather am I inclined to agree with the Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky that more Romanists, including priests, are received into the Reformed Churches than perverts into the Church of Rome. Some years since Bishop Smith admitted six priests into the ministry; while during a period of three years more than forty congregations in New Mexico, nearly all of whom, priests and people, had been Romanists originally, have embraced the religion of the Reformation. Had the United States a National Church, the emissaries of the Pope could not carry out their designs so readily. In England the Establish-

ment, although tainted somewhat by excessive Ritualism, stands as a formidable bulwark against the incessantly attempted inroads of Rome; and as a perpetual protest against her arrogant but unfounded pretensions. Yet there are those who would like to see religion "liberated," as they call it, from State control, the Church of England disestablished, and placed in the perilous position of her Irish Sister, thereby allowing full scope for Papal domination and intolerance. As one who has often travelled pretty extensively in the American States and Canada, I can vouch that there is no decadence of Protestantism in these countries; that Protestantism is far from dying out; and that the Protestant spirit is not in the least inactive. Nay, the prominent Protestant religious bodies of America are exhibiting more zeal than they have manifested for a long time past; while the Bible is widely circulated, and religious publications and denominational newspapers are signally on the increase.

When it is asserted that the Roman religion is the only form of Christianity that is developing

to any marked extent in the United States, I am inclined to take exception to the reckless statement, and to apply thereto the forcible language of the "Biglow Papers :"

" I du believe
In humbug generally,
For 'tis a thing which I perceive
Has got a solid valey."





CHAPTER IX.

BOUNCE.

AN eminent Bostonian remarked to me, while spending an evening at his house :

“ Did you ever see a Yankee in an American hotel, who did not strut about the place, and otherwise conduct himself as though the house was his own ?”

After a little consideration I was compelled to reply in the affirmative.

It would be useless to conceal the fact that uncultured Americans, generally speaking, have a “ proclivity ” for “ swagger ” or bounce. This failing is a prominent weakness in their character. Sometimes it is carried to such an extent as to become offensive. They think nothing of drawing contrasts between themselves and the “ Britishers,” for example ; such delineations being, of course, invariably favourable to their countrymen and

their nationality. Their system of Government beats every other political organization under the sun. They do everything, from the simple manufacture of a needle to the turning out of an engine or a war-vessel, better than any other people. Their fortresses are of such strength, that our coast fortifications are but so much pasteboard in comparison; while as for their Army and Navy, those of Great Britain are but so many showily got-up puppets when placed in humiliating juxtaposition therewith.

A Yankee once remarked in his conversation with an Englishman :

“ You John Bulls, if you see a hole and want to get through, you stick your hands into it and see if your shoulders will pass. We Yankees, if we see a hole that will let in our little finger, never rest till we have got our whole body through.”

Again, a merchant of New York City, during a conversation with the Special Correspondent of a leading London journal, thus referred to successful Americans of a certain type :

“ I guess if a thorough-bred Yankee gets into

a tea-kettle, he pretty quick kicks a hole and lets himself out."

These rough similes might be accepted as illustrative of the extraordinary "smartness" and versatility of the race. According to the like authority the Transatlantic mind has an instinctive aversion from the pursuit of a calling that does not happen to be pretty profitable :

"If wheat does not pay, the American tries dairying or gardening ; and, failing that, will cut down timber, split rails, keep a store or 'run an hotel,' or even make politics a profession."

This is all true enough ; but it evinces the very spirit of self-complacency and bounce.

It is said of England that the sun never sets upon her territory. I am not aware, however, that any British newspaper ever went into an insane ecstasy over this circumstance. Not so a Rocky Mountain print while dilating on the extent of the Western Republic. After noticing that, instead of San Francisco being the utmost Western limit of the American Union, on the contrary, it is situated but midway between the furthest Aleutian Isle acquired by the purchase

of Alaska, it goes on to observe in a "highfalutin'" style :

"When the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our Westernmost isle, on the confines of Behring's Sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and the Eastern part of that State is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe towards the shore, the wood-chopper of Maine is beginning to make the forest echo with the stirring music of his axe."

General Bristow of the American Army, in a series of sketches given of General Ulysses Grant, published in a Philadelphia journal, describes his prowess in the following strain :

"Before he was forty-three years of age, Grant had participated in two great wars, captured five hundred guns, more than one hundred thousand prisoners, and two hundred and fifty thousand of small arms, redeemed from rebel rule over fifty thousand square miles of territory, re-opened to the commerce of the world the mightiest river on the globe, and stubbornly pursued his path to victory,

despite all obstacles. Since then he has crushed out rebellion in the South, re-established the authority of the Union over a territory larger than France, taken two hundred battle-flags, scores of cannon, thousands upon thousands of prisoners, and hundreds of thousands of small arms, and then modestly returned to the Capitol of the nation to disband his army of a million men, lay his sword at the feet of the Congress of the people, and wait their pleasure whether he should fill a high station or become a humble private citizen. The world furnishes few such examples of greatness and humility, and our country only one other—that of George Washington.”

An admirer of the present occupant of the White House, while referring to the President's early life and education, indulges in a little extravagance according to our English notions of things. The following bit of bounce is quite in harmony with the manner of Cousin Jonathan :

“At the end of his third year at college Hayes put in writing his estimate of his fellow-students. He kept a very minute diary, and examined him-

self as to his motives, purposes, ideas and aspirations. He declares himself as being at that time too ready to try the edge of his wit on others, and, perceiving this failing, he proceeded to curb it. Whether this had the effect or not of bringing about a change in the opposite direction, he is described as painfully bashful in Society. From the two extremes he at last struck a medium, and, gaining wisdom from his two experiences, he aimed at being 'a good man of the world.' He was so much thought of at his college, that after he left his career was carefully watched. In 1845, Hayes was invited back to the college to deliver the master's oration, and in 1851 and 1853 to deliver the annual address. But he modestly declined all these honours. He was addicted to every kind of manly sports, and excelled in shooting, hunting, swimming, and skating; while as a fisherman he was especially successful. He accomplished some great feats in pedestrianism, walking forty miles home to Delaware, in twelve hours, at Christmas-time, and then, after vacation, back to Gambier when there were four inches of snow on the ground. The early training of Hayes

had a marked effect on his after-career. His excellence in field-sports greatly conduced to his physical strength, which has been so much exercised; while his studious habits, begun under the guidance of Judge Sherman, have been the means of gaining for him the mass of knowledge which is placed to his credit."

Is it possible the Americans consider that, in the mere matter of etiquette, as well as in more important affairs, they have no rivals? So it would seem, judging from an announcement by the President of the "Neophogen" Male and Female College of Gallatin, Tennessee. In the official programme of the College course, I find the annexed remarkable specimen of arrogant pretension:

"Etiquette is a speciality, not a matter of choice in the *curriculum*, but compulsion. The course of training in it is, in great part, original. Here is the theory with continued practice. We think we have the politest students in America. The salutation, the bow, the courtesy, the word, the tone, the look, the inflection, vocal and physical, the attitude, the hand, the feet, the

spine, the eye, are all observed and studied, and the students daily exercised in them.”

It would be most desirable were colleges on the “Neophogen” principle to be established throughout the Union. The new training may succeed in improving the rising generation to such a degree as to render them incapable of repulsive habits and disagreeable peculiarities, which they would otherwise be sure to acquire by the time they reached mature years.

Even the clergy have caught the contagion. Sometimes they use their influence to put forward political personages in the interest of party warfare. During the present Presidential contest, I find that a Methodist minister in the opening sermon at the Annual Conference of the denomination to which he belongs, went somewhat out of his way in this regard. In Mr. Dean’s exposition of “True Greatness”—the subject of his discourse—he traced it down through the Middle Ages to such individuals as Charles Sumner, and Abraham Lincoln. In this connection he referred to “another great man who had twice been President, is likely to be so again, and I hope he will be.”

There is not a religious sect in the United States which would not like to have the Chief Magistrate chosen from among itself. But this is no reason why candidates for the suffrages of the people should be lauded and magnified unduly, and on unseemly occasions.

Not very long since, I read an account of a young Boston woman who happened to be at Rossville, Staten Island. Upon witnessing the practice of the Rifle Club established in that quarter, she appeared dissatisfied, and, with becoming maiden modesty, asserted that "she could surpass the best shooting of the day." Half in irony, I presume, a rifle was handed to her. The result almost created a panic. Subsequently, while practising with a Springfield rifle weighing eleven pounds and seventy grains, with a seven-pound trigger and a recoil of seventy pounds, out of a possible thirty-five she made twenty-three points. It is then asserted that at the next regular meeting the lady was elected an honorary member of the Club, and "that while experienced marksmen consider it something of a feat to kill a gull sitting upon the water,

this young woman bagged four of the birds with her rifle, while spending a few weeks at the sea-side last Summer.”

The Americans, I take it, more than any other people, should be guarded in commenting harshly upon the pronunciation of the English. It is their own tongue ; and the manner in which the masses of their countrymen use it is but too well known. I was rendered somewhat irate upon reading in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, above all other periodicals, some very harsh and unjust strictures upon our mode of speaking. Of course, the letter “*h*” is thrown in our faces : One paragraph may not be uninteresting to reproduce :

“The number of *h*'s that come to an untimely end in England daily is quite incalculable. Of the forty millions of people there cannot be more than two millions who are capable of a healthy, well-breathed *h*. Think, then, of the numbers of this innocent letter that are sacrificed between sun and sun ! If we could send them over a few millions of *h*'s a week, they would supply almost as great a need as that which we supply by our corn and beef and cheese. There is a gradation'

too, in the misuse of this letter. It is silent when it should be heard ; but it is also added, or rather prefixed, to words in which it has no place. Now the latter fault is the sign and token of a much lower condition in life than the former. The man who puts on a superfluous *h*, and says *harm* for arm and *heyes* for eyes, will surely drop the *h* from its rightful place, and say *ed* and *art* for head and heart ; but the converse is far from being true. This superfluous *h* is a much graver solecism than the suppressed. It is barbarous. To hear it you must go very low indeed in the social scale. But, on the other hand, the suppression of the *h* is a habit that creeps up into the very highest ranks, diminishing in strength and extent as it rises, until it wholly disappears. For example, only Englishmen of the very uppermost class and finest breeding say home and hotel ; all others *'ome* and *'otel*. And the latter are so unconscious of their slip, so sure that they do say home and hotel, that if they are charged with dropping the *h* they will deny it, and make desperate efforts to utter the sound, which result only in throwing a very great stress

upon the *o*. These two words are the last and most delicate test of the *h* malady. Past that line English speech, when not impaired by individual incapacity or tainted by affectation, is perfect, express and admirable."

I cannot understand how such a high-class periodical as that from which this extract is taken could lend itself to the propagation of statements so exaggerated. To affirm that the suppression of the *h* is a partial habit among some of the upper orders, and that only the higher section of the aristocracy and persons of the "finest breeding" refrain from speaking like a kitchen-maid, is simply untrue. Such unfounded assertions are only put forward by way of national contrast, and to gratify the tendency to bounce, which, unfortunately, is a standing weakness of the Transatlantic character.

Another American organ, the *Journal of Science*, brings a more serious bill of indictment against us. On the testimony of that authority, prose style is either dying or sleeping in England, and the countrymen of Milton and De Quincey must cross the channel if they would seek for

living models of the literary and the dramatic art. "Literature," it is boldly asserted, "takes its inspiration from the multiplication table, the newspaper supplying at wholesale the words, phrases, and witticisms with which the authors clothe their borrowed thoughts." Even our periodicals do not escape censure. 'What everybody will read within twenty-four hours, what nobody will read after twenty-four hours,' is the motto that rules the best periodicals in England: each issue washes out the preceding; the monthlies follow each other with haste, like waves beating upon the shore, and, like them, are quickly lost in the sea of forgetfulness everlasting." Such is the judgment passed by the infallible authority of an American critic.

As regards Science, it is pronounced to be better than our Literature. The compliment, however, is dubious, inasmuch as it is alleged that "in nearly all the great realms of science England would starve were she not kept constantly nourished at the breast of Germany." It is, moreover, stated that, with scarcely an exception, scientific men in this country consider they have reached

the utmost possibilities when they have given popular lectures on what Germany discovered a quarter of a century ago. The profession of Medicine also comes in for its share of abuse, and no wonder, considering that "the descendants of Young, and Newton, and Harvey are organizing to drive a part of experimental physiology from the Empire." One consolation, at all events, is left to us, like Hope in Pandora's box. It is this, that "as literary art declines in England, the oratorical art seems to rise. Even speakers of but little fame are, many of them, easy and flowing, at times rapid as well as clear in their utterances; so much like Americans that only *peculiarities of speech* suggest the land of their birth." The reference to peculiarities of speech is assuredly amusing, coming from such a quarter, thus realizing the truth of the aphorism :

"Men judge of others as within them lie,
All things seem yellow to a jaundiced eye."

Our Cousins are invariably inventing "Something New," and fail not to display the usual bounce on each occasion. Hence a "professor" in

Manhattan Island goes into raptures over a thing he has alighted upon. Hearing a young lady one day observe that "her 'bang' would not keep crimped in damp weather," he set his wits to work to elucidate the cause. After a while, and by the power of that intuition which is the handmaid of genius, the professor hit upon "the barometer of the future." During his experiments with "three dozen orphan girls from twelve to sixteen years of age, whose hair represented three distinct shades," he derived certain lucid deductions. It was found, for instance, that the approach of wet weather was indicated by the "bangs" of the brown-haired creatures, which grew limp and straight; that the like effects were produced on the "bangs" of the dark-haired damsels; and that the red-haired subjects were in nowise influenced by either the humidity or dryness of the atmosphere. On the contrary, a rare phenomenon was witnessed. It was found that red-hair was susceptible to the influence of electricity, becoming stiff and bristling previous to a thunderstorm. Indeed the "bang" of one auburn-haired girl emitted a sudden galvanic

shock, which rather discomposed the experimental philosopher :

“ For charlatans can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a crowd.”

I apprehend that the New York “ Professor's ” discovery of “ the barometer of the future ” will be about as successful as the “ commercial and financial shirt,” ruled down the front with interest tables, and ornamented on the wristbands with data for calculating the rate of exchange, devised by a clever Yankee hosier. The only success of the venture was a short Press notice to the effect that “ this ingenious garment ought to be on every banker's back.”

In further illustration of overweening self-assertion and preposterous conceit, I reproduce a portion of the Author's Preface to “ The Bride of Gettysburg,” a pretentious poem written in Alexandrine metre, and purporting to be “ An Episode of 1863.” The volume was issued about two years ago at Palmyra, New Jersey :

“ As this book is only written for the perusal of true admirers of genuine poetry—those who can appreciate lofty imagination, grand conception

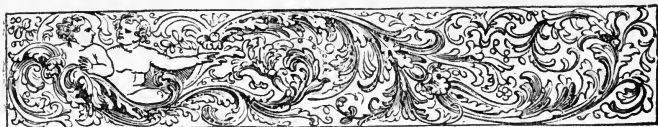
and combination of ideas—graceful, fluent, flowing numbers—choicest harmony of cadence and rhyme, freighted with high and noble aspirations, filled with feeling and pathos, adorned with simile and metaphor—who know that it is not enough for sentiments to be natural, graceful, and proper, in order that a poet may acquire any high degree of poetical merit, but that he must also be sublime and pathetic: for such persons of exquisite taste and feeling of heart this poem is written. So, from those of an opposite bias of mind, the author hears praise without being elated, and ribaldry without being in the least depressed. He is not so arrogant as to declare this the finest poetical production of the century; but, if it has its equal in beauty of thought and expression, he will thank anyone who will be so kind as to show it to him. If some parts of this poem are found to be inferior in action to others, it was so meant to be by the author.”

Such a modest avowal is exquisitely unique, and could only be produced on the other side of the Atlantic. Old-World notions are simply fatal to the development of egotism so egregious.

Possibly this is traceable to the quaint principle propounded by Josh Billings, namely, that "Our habits are what we have learned, nothing more or less; honesty and chewing tobacco are both of them habits, and if we suckceed in either we have got to learn how."

A Washington journal indulges somewhat in the native bounce, the occasion being particularly simple. Finding that Lady Ramsay was called upon by a party of voters at Liverpool to make a speech at a dinner, and that she rose, blushed, stammered, and sat down again, it is asserted: "This comes of her not having been born in Kentucky, where the girls orate as soon as set on end after leaving the cradle. Lady Ramsay should have been from the Blue Grass region, and she would never have blushed, stammered, nor sat down—not much."





CHAPTER X.

“THE BIRD O’ FREEDOM.”

THE last time I reached Hudson River by European steamer, I landed at Hoboken, a city situated in Hudson County, directly opposite New York, and containing some twenty thousand inhabitants, whose principal occupations are in connection with the steam-ships and coal-docks. My luggage having duly passed the Custom’s, and finding no vehicle at hand, I engaged a porter to carry it to a neighbouring hotel, not many yards off. Upon reaching my destination, I inquired of the porter what I had to pay. “Three dollars,” was the curt reply. I looked at the man, convinced that he regarded me as a fit subject to impose upon. Knowing somewhat of the character of New York roughs, I thought it better not to remonstrate. Accordingly, I asked for the landlord—a German—and requested him to pay the sum demanded,

as I possessed no United States money. My behest was immediately obeyed.

Upon receiving payment of an extortionate demand, the fellow muttered something which I understood to signify that he wished to drink at my expense. I readily acquiesced, considering the experience cheaply purchased. I misunderstood him, however. He had invited me to take a drink with *him*. The burley "boss" of the establishment was complimented in like manner. So the swindling rascal ordered the special cordials that were named, drank to my "good health," and otherwise put himself on terms of perfect equality for the time being. "This is a land of freedom, with a vengeance," thought I; somewhat chagrined that I should have complacently countenanced imposition, and borne it without remonstrance.

Ladies in this country frequently complain of the difficulty they have in procuring really good and reliable domestics. Hence their households are in a continual state of commotion. Oftentimes constant changes of servants only augment the evil; so that *materfamilias* is almost driven



FATHER BARHAM.

to the verge of distraction. In America, however, what are familiarly denominated “helps,” are far greater sources of annoyance to the heads of households. These people, male and female alike, are so ultra-independent that they do just as they like. In fact, if you want a service, it has to be solicited, not as a duty owing but as a positive favour conferred. When you take a “help” on trial, and your establishment is in need of further assistance, the utmost caution has to be exercised in case you might give offence, and thus cause your new hand to walk off the very day she entered your service. If you can get a servant to stay a month, you have achieved a moral victory, for domestics are fond of change, and, as a rule, do not remain long in any situation.

But the worst ill to be borne with consists in the independent airs “helps” assume, which try one’s patience to the utmost point of endurance. They disdain to perform offices that, in their opinion, are menial and derogatory to their dignity. The cleaning of boots or shoes, for example, is an occupation no domestic would attempt. For this reason people have to do such disagreeable work

themselves, or else let their foot-gear go without cleaning, which some do for a considerable time together. Those who do not keep their own brushes and blacking fortunately can have recourse to shoeblacks in the streets, who make a pretty good living by their calling, as they charge ten cents for every pair of boots or shoes they clean.

Then, again, your American "help" is most difficult to please in other respects. Provided coloured men-servants are kept in an establishment, the arrogant White woman will not deign to sit at the same table with them. After nine o'clock at night all domestics consider that their services are dispensed with until the next morning, and this whether they sleep in the house or otherwise. As one who has had experience of these people forcibly observes :—

"With the carrying of a pitcher, as they term it, of iced water to each room at nine o'clock, the duties of the helps for the day cease. You may ring your bell or shout down your speaking-tube as much as you please, but you will get no response. It is as if the whole staff had sunk through the earth and disappeared ; and if you

persist in disturbing them, you will greatly jeopardize not only your own immediate arrangements with the servants, but you will probably establish a bad reputation among them, which will interfere with any further engagements you wish to contract, for your character will get wind through the freemasonry which exists amongst these obliging and amiable people.”

Considering the sundry privileges conferred upon American “helps,” and the high wages their services command, I am not astonished that Sir George Campbell should state in “Black and White,” that “America is a paradise for female servants,” and that “they are treated there as helps rather than as servants, and though it is necessary for them to work hard, still their employment is certain, and a really good servant may almost make her own terms.”

The “helps” are principally either of Irish or of German nationality, although I imagine the former predominates. In further illustration of their independence of character I may mention that when a domestic has occasion to advertise for a situation, the general rule is to require persons

in search of servants to call at their temporary residences, three days being the usual time allowed. Even in a matter so apparently trivial as this, the European custom is reversed. Masters and mistresses, if I may use such terms without giving offence, are rarely ever addressed as "Madame" or "Sir;" while in the hotels it is customary for the very individual who lights and keeps up your fire in Winter to walk into your apartments unceremoniously with his hat on. Owing to the perverseness born of habit, the untutored boor has not the faintest conception how he outrages your feelings to a degree almost unbearable.

I have heard of an American lady, the keeper of a boarding-house—which kind of establishments are exceedingly numerous in the United States—who was naturally anxious to keep her expenditure as low as possible, without exhibiting any undue parsimony. Aware that every Friday was a day of abstinence in the Catholic Church, and her domestics being members of that communion, she considered she could effect a saving by cutting down the butcher's bill. One Friday, after dinner, she happened unexpectedly to enter the kitchen.

To her surprise she found her domestics helping themselves freely from a leg of mutton.

“Why, bless my soul, cook,” sharply ejaculated the mistress, “I thought you were all Catholics, and guess your Church strictly forbids meat on a Friday.”

The retort was thus conveyed: “So it does, ma’am; but seeing, ma’am, that it does not hurt you nor yet the boarders, we thought we would try the effect it would have upon ourselves.”

The lady indignantly retired from the scene.

A propos of abstinence, it appears that under the broad ægis of the “Bird o’ Freedom,” a cute American has hit upon a penitential bill of fare which, while it is calculated to keep people fat and flourishing, is in strict accordance with the laws of the Catholic Church. I append the *menu*:

Breakfast.—Pickled onions, olives, omelet, fines-herbes, smoked salmon, potatoes lyonnaise, cheese, compote of grapes, and bananas. *Lunch*.—Sardines, pickled oranges, fried oysters, stewed prunes, and strawberries. *Dinner*.—Green turtle soup, pickled carrots, piccalilli, carrelet au beurre

noir, perch, tomato sauce, fried mullets, mashed potatoes, sweet corn, omelette soufflée, cheese, savarin cake, compote of oranges, pine-apples and nuts. *Supper.*—Pickled citrons, with broiled white fish, caper sauce, cranberry, jelly and oranges. Another Lenten dish is described under the toothsome title of “Epicurean Salad for Lent.” This, I believe, consists of a dozen potatoes, two onions, half a pint of claret, one pint of Madeira, a few truffles, two lemons, with parsley, oil, vinegar, and other succulent seasonings. With such a dietary scale every day in the year might be a *jour maigre*.

American ladies, generally speaking, are not overburdened with diffidence. Indeed, from comparatively early years, they are wont to exhibit a degree of self-confidence and self-possession truly remarkable. In conversation they can hold their own, and even talk glibly upon the political topics of the day. They hesitate not to go abroad unattended, or even to travel long journeys by themselves. In these respects they consider that they are far superior to their sisters in Europe, whose intellectual and moral

growth have been stunted by time-honoured customs and a dwarfing political *régime*. As Wendell Holmes tersely observes :

“ Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing.”

I am not considered ungallant to the fair sex ; neither am I over-censorious in speaking of them. I cannot, notwithstanding, conscientiously suppress the fact that most of the American ladies I have, from time to time, encountered, possessed most extraordinary powers of loquacity. I remember hearing of a New York merchant who, with his wife, had just returned from his accustomed seaside trip during the Summer vacation. He casually happened to meet a friend with whom he familiarly conversed on the special pleasures of the season, and the recreation thereby afforded to mind and body.

“ Went in bathing every day,” he enthusiastically exclaimed.

“ Ah !” responded his friend ; “ wife go in too ?”

“ Oh yes, every day,” was the curt retort.

“ Can she swim, then ?” inquired the impertinent interrogator.

A little hesitation. "N—o—o, she can't," rejoined the husband. "She tried and tried to learn, but somehow, I guess, she couldn't get the bang of it. She told me she couldn't get the right kick anyhow; and I let her think that was the reason. Yet the fact was"—and here he glanced upwards at his house, as he was standing outside of it—and, with a suddenly suppressed voice, resumed: "she couldn't keep her mouth shut long enough to take four strokes before she'd have some silly remark to make, when, kerwash! she'd swallow a whole wave, and go plump to the bottom!"

"Ladies' Windows" in post-offices are quite in harmony with the land which is represented by the Spread-Eagle. Mr. Anthony Trollope pronounces such a facility for correspondence between the sexes "an atrocious institution;" observing, moreover, that "the post-office clerks can tell stories about those ladies' windows." There was scarcely need for his asking "Why should not young ladies have their letters sent to their houses, instead of getting them at a private window?" It would simply not be convenient

so to do, as clandestine communication by letter would run a risk of being discovered.

Upon arriving at Richmond, Virginia, I was introduced, by the son of a British Consul, to two sisters who were considered the *belles* of the city. No doubt they were charming girls, whose conversation and manners delighted me. Just as I was about taking my leave of the fair damsels my friend observed :

“I am certain the ladies will be pleased if you take them out for a drive to-morrow, and, indeed, whenever you feel disposed for a little recreation.”

I subsequently ascertained that gentlemen were allowed considerable liberties in the South ; that the polite attentions of the sterner sex were duly appreciated by the fairer portion of creation ; and that the freedom accorded was never exceeded or abused. I am not prepared to aver that in the other section of the Union the like chivalry prevails. Indeed, my impressions are rather to the contrary.

The mode in which robberies are condoned is unique. I give a few illustrations from the advertisement columns of newspapers :

WILL GIVE \$25 AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED AT BEN COHEN'S Clarendon Hotel, Coney Island, to-morrow (Wednesday night) at eight o'clock p.m.

Again :

WILL THE PARTY WHO TOOK THE JEWELLERY FROM 120 East 23rd Street, on Saturday return same or pawn ticket, and receive reward? No questions asked.

And, to the like effect :

A LIBERAL REWARD WILL BE PAID TO THE GENTLEMAN who *borrowed* the gold watch from the party in front of St. Paul's Church on Saturday night, on its return to 12, Cortland Street, top-floor.

One more instance of "Kleptomania:"

WILL THE TALL, LIGHT-HAIRED YOUNG LADY WEARING A sealskin sacque and brown silk dress please return the large Opera Glass used by visitors to examine the 'Battle of Look-out Mountain' with, at the gallery corner Broadway and Fourteenth Street, and avoid an unpleasant interview?

I have recently been glancing over a number of New York papers. From these I have culled the following announcements, which throw some light on the necessity for "Ladies' Windows:"

DELMONICO.—WILL THE LADY IN LIGHT SUIT, WHITE HAT, and black feather, who noticed gentleman at the table, with two other gentlemen and one lady, at seven o'clock Thursday evening, please address R. M. E., *Herald* Office?

Here follows another neat “card” in a similar strain :

LADY WILL MEET GENTLEMAN WITH LIGHT MOUSTACHE where last met, Saturday, eight p.m.

Again :

TUESDAY, ABOUT ELEVEN A.M., LADY, BLACK HAT AND grey feather, standing on corner of Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street ; gentleman in coupé, wearing sealskin cap, desires acquaintance. Answer S. Box, Post Office.

Here follows another solicitation in rather a bolder style :

WILL THE LADY WITH AUBURN HAIR, WHO CAME OUT OF Carlton’s on Tuesday, about ten o’clock, and recognized gentleman entering Fifth Avenue Hotel, as she was getting into her coupé, send address to G. H. H., *Herald* Office ?

It would further appear as though the custom of “following” ladies in the public streets had been raised to the rank of an “institution,” judging by the annexed advertisement :

MONDAY MORNING, SIXTH AVENUE TO 141ST STREET.—Gentleman who followed earnestly desires acquaintance. If agreeable, address C. D. A., *Herald* Uptown Branch Office.

Wendell Holmes’s amiable “Philosopher” allows rather a liberal latitude to the “lords of creation,”

regarding their demeanour towards those of the opposite sex.

It is not without reluctance that I refer to doings egregiously carried on in open day, with the full cognizance of the public, and, I fear, the connivance of corporate authorities. One "lady," now deceased, had obtained unenviable notoriety as an——, well, I had rather employ an euphemism, and use the designation *accouchesse*. She occupied an imposing-looking mansion in Madison Avenue, New York, kept a carriage, a number of servants, and went into Society—the best of its kind, as she was wont to boast. When she issued cards of invitation for evening parties, such were well attended, rumour alleging that virtuous and circumspect matrons feared to incur her displeasure, lest she might be tempted to reveal more than might be agreeable to them. The illiterate person to whom I refer was regarded as "the head of her profession," until she came to grief. She did not, it is true, condescend to attract patients by means of advertisements in the daily papers, like the majority of her order. Let the annexed announcement be taken as a specimen

of the utter boldness with which a disreputable, and no doubt illegal, calling is followed :

A TRUTH.—Mme. D——, female physician, guarantees relief to ladies, with or without medicine ; her reliable medicines, price five dollars, sent to any address. Board and nursing during confinement, at a reasonable price. 41 — Street. Advice free.

As a singular specimen of quack advertising, the following, I opine, cannot well be excelled :

MEDICAL.—A Combination of Five Scientific Physicians.—Unfortunate Ladies’ Protective Society.—Medicine is a confounded swindle ; relief guaranteed : elegant rooms for ladies requiring nursing. Consultations free. Dr. F——, 161, — Street.

The shocking pursuit of one class of arrant impostors gives rise to another calling, although not quite so immoral, active, or profitable. There is a circumscribed trade carried on in newly-born infants. These are not entrusted to baby-farmers, but are passed to the highest bidder. Americans evince a “proclivity” for adopting children, one reason being that so many married people possess no progeny. The following notification will sufficiently illustrate my remarks :

A FINE, HEALTHY MALE CHILD, OF GOOD PARENTAGE, three weeks’ old, for adoption ; complete surrender to respectable parties. Address ——, Box ——, *Herald* Office.

The following unique announcement will afford glimpses of the manner in which evil passions are pandered to by wily traders :

GIRLS, SHUT YOUR EYES! Books, Photos, etc., Circulars, 3 cents. Address — and Co., Bloomington, Ind.”

Again :

CARTE D'AMOUR, VERY GAY, FOR GENTS ONLY. 15 to 25 cents. — and Co., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

And, finally :

NIGHT SCENES, 15 to 25 cents. RICH, RARE, and RACY. —, New Haven, Conn.

In this country the police occasionally make raids upon disreputable places where similar wares are disposed of, and the vendors thereof are brought to justice. But in America, firms who deal in such abominable traffic, openly announce their names and business, and yet the authorities move not a step in protecting the public morals, or in punishing the odious offenders against decency and social order.

Thus it will be seen that although “The Bird o’ Freedom” is the grandest of the ornithological tribe, yet its wings require a little clipping. I

have the profoundest respect for the United States and her institutions ; I only condemn practices which, doubtless, have sprung out of the too rapid development of the Nation.

Among the many wild speculations indulged by American citizens, perhaps one of the most extraordinary is that of raising a monument to Adam. Such has been seriously proposed. A Philadelphia journal deals a sharp blow at the project. After enumerating some of the minor evils which our great progenitor has brought upon posterity—one of those evils being that “the real estate in his possession was allowed to go out of the family,” it proceeds to bring forward the major charges :

“Adam was a cowardly man. The first thing he did when he was found out was to try to place upon his wife the whole blame for the offence. A handsome property, eligibly situated, probably full of corners and exempt from taxation, was simply thrown away by his folly and wickedness. Furthermore, he seems to have neglected to bring at least one of his boys up properly. But for Adam we should not be put

every ten years to the expense of taking the Census. But for him there would be no sorrow, no rheumatism, no undertakers, no gas-meters, no wars, no unhappy marriages, no butchers' bills, no 'Solid South,' and no Democratic party. Adam is personally responsible for the existence of every Democrat in the country. Mr. Tilden is descended directly from Adam; so is Ben Butler. These things are legitimate grievances; they place upon that miserable old man who lived over in Asia Minor a few centuries ago, a burden of responsibility of really a frightful character. The harm that he did, both directly and indirectly, is immeasurable in extent and terrible in proportions. This seems hardly to be the kind of a man to receive a handsome public testimonial, even from such people as those who live in Elmira. Upon the whole, therefore, we are inclined to discourage the undertaking."

One would naturally suppose that whatever degree of licence is allowed to American citizens, this liberty of action would be restrained in at least the official acts of members of the Legislature. The annexed statement, taken from the

Washington correspondence of the *New York Times*, will show that such is not the case :

“The *Congressional Record* of the 22nd of April shows to what extremes may be carried the bad practice which prevails in the House of Representatives of allowing members to print, with the account of the regular proceedings, speeches which are never delivered in the House or anywhere else. A few day ago Stephen W. Downey, delegate for Wyoming Territory, introduced a very remarkable Bill. The preamble contained the Apostles’ Creed, and asserted that the people of the United States firmly believed it to be true. The bill provided for the appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars, to be expended in representing upon the walls of the Capitol, in paintings, ‘The Birth, Life, Death, and Resurrection of our Saviour Jesus Christ.’ On the following day Mr. Downey announced in the House that he had prepared ‘an argument in support of his Bill,’ and sought permission to print it in the official *Record*. Permission was given, as is usual in such cases. The ‘argument’ has now appeared in the shape of two thousand

six hundred lines of blank verse, covering the first fifteen pages of the *Record*. This 'argument' is entitled 'The Immortals,' is dedicated to Congress, and is copyrighted. It serves to present, upon the framework of a vision of the universe, a somewhat perplexing combination of moral teachings, allegorical pictures, and departed shades of mighty persons. Mr. Downey has very liberally used his knowledge of Homer, Virgil, Dante, 'Paradise Lost,' and the classical dictionary, and has allowed himself to be led by a guardian angel named Phantasmagoria into all sorts of places. The *Record* has had a large sale as a curiosity. Mr. Downey is a native of Maryland, and went to Wyoming in 1869, where he has since practised law. He is about forty years old, and has held important offices in the Territory."

America may be a glorious country to live in ; but if heavy taxation has a tendency to diminish people's comforts and increase their cares and responsibilities, then other nations that cannot boast of "The Bird o' Freedom" as their symbol may be far preferable. Personally I do not envy the liberty enjoyed under the Republic when I

consider the taxes on an American when in his clothes. The imposts I give in detail for the information of my readers :

Silk hat, sixty per cent. ; ribbon round it, sixty per cent. per pound, and thirty-five per cent. ; leather inside, thirty-five per cent. ; muslin lining, seven and a quarter cents a square yard ; glue, twenty per cent. Cloth coat, fifty-five cents a pound, in addition to thirty-five cents *ad valorem* ; silk lining, sixty per cent. ; alpaca used therein, fifty per cent. per pound, and thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem* ; buttons, if worsted, twenty per cent. per pound, and thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem* ; velvet collar, sixty per cent. ; red worsted padding, fifty per cent. per pound, and thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem* ; hemp padding, forty per cent. Trousers, cashmere, fifty per cent. per pound, and thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem* ; cotton used therein, five cents a square yard ; hemp cloth for facing, forty per cent. ; metal buttons, thirty per cent. Vest, satin or silk, sixty per cent. ; linen lining, thirty-five per cent. ; buttons, sixty per cent. Braces, thirty-five per cent. Under-vest, if silk, sixty per cent. ; if

worsted, fifty cents per pound, and thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem*; if cotton, thirty-five per cent. Drawers the same. Shirts, cotton, five cents a square yard; linen for the front, thirty-five per cent. Boots, raw hides, ten per cent.; tanned leather, calf-skin, thirty per cent.; if patent leather, thirty-five per cent.; soles, thirty-five per cent. Neckerchief of silk, sixty per cent. Pocket-handkerchief, thirty-five per cent. Watch, twenty-five per cent. Silk guard, sixty per cent.

I am not astonished that in considering the dead-weight of taxation borne by the citizens of the Republic the *New York Herald* should have thus commented :

“ We have every reason to believe that at this hour the population of New York have to pay more for the necessaries of life than the population of London, and yet the policy under which New York subsists is that of comprehensive Protection. Their bread is very little cheaper than ours, their meat also very little cheaper, but their clothing, their iron wares, and a multitude of other articles are made artificially dear to them by Protection. When people say that Free Trade

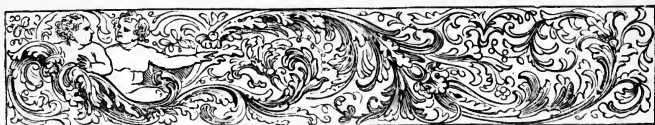
has been a failure, we must take the liberty—in default of other language, to state the fact—to say that they speak like simpletons.”

It has often struck me as remarkable that, in such a free country as America, political, social, and religious feeling should run so high, and often show itself under unpleasant features. The United States Constitution may be excellent of its kind; but what is the use of that, provided it can be perverted by intrigues, and political power wrested from the popular will through sinister influences, sometimes even by mob terrorism? State Conventions may be rendered a sham, and their deliberations set at nought by political tricksters, who, without actually violating the letter of the Constitution, yet find facilities ready at hand for flagrantly departing from its spirit. If, according to an eminent Transatlantic writer, “there are heads that can’t wear hats; necks that can’t fit cravats; jaws that can’t fill out collars,” so there are nations that cannot bear liberty, and I am afraid America must be included in the category. Notwithstanding all the political and moral corruption that openly

flourishes in the United States, and for which the best citizens are in no way responsible, still I should be loth to apply to that country the language of Bunsen: "All nations fall morally before they perish politically."

It is alleged that ninety-seven thousand Americans hold office. Now the Republicans are in power, and the Democrats want to get their places. Should they succeed, then the displaced party will not be disconcerted, but will strive again for the mastery, not much heeding the methods they adopt in order to effect such an issue. From the voting for a President to the taking of a Census, straightforwardness is a virtue not recognized. The end, good or bad alike, equally justifies the means.





CHAPTER XI.

THE "F. F. V.'S."

"I THANK God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years ; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both." Such was the language used by Sir William Berkeley, when he was elected Governor of Virginia on the restoration of Charles II. Since this period not alone Virginia, but the whole Southern section of the American Union, have experienced the bitter lessons often taught by the progress of civilization and the overwhelming force of modern ideas.

The State of Virginia, as the reader need scarcely be told, was the earliest settled of the British Colonies. Although the first attempts of the London Virginia Company to establish a colony in this region failed, owing to the worthless

and improvident character of the persons sent out, nevertheless the State afterwards became renowned for the high respectability of its leading citizens, no less than for the remarkable gifts of statesmanship which distinguished many of them. Quite a new class of colonists ventured across the Atlantic and took up their abode in this favoured State, after the Virginia Company was dissolved and the colony had reverted to the Crown. Many of those adventurous spirits were people of gentle birth, manners, and education. Accordingly, through the varied stages of trial reserved by Fate for Virginia, she became conspicuous. The colony was not a member of the first Colonial Congress which assembled in 1765, but it unequivocally approved of its action. Subsequently it was the pioneer in forming the National Convention, which framed the original Constitution of the United States and ratified that afterwards drawn up. For a period of at least thirty years following the Revolution, Virginia honourably maintained its pre-eminence in the national council. No fewer than seven of its leading politicians were elected Presidents of the United States, whose tenure of office combinedly

ranged over a protracted period of thirty-eight years. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, are names which still shed lustre upon the American Executive.

It was owing to the stock from which they sprung that the most conspicuous citizens were denominated the "First Families of Virginia." The designation "First Families," however, became adopted by the prosperous inhabitants of other Southern States, and to some extent spread throughout the entire Union. Democracy must needs have its limits; so that even in a purely Democratic country, where all men are supposed to be equal before the law, perfect equality is practically ignored in the relations of social life. The Virginians, to whom this term of courtesy was applied, and by whom it was adopted, had a rightful claim to the honourable distinction. Not so, however, the vulgar upstart traders and successful speculators, who wanted to single themselves out from their fellow-citizens simply on the strength of their pile of dollars. Nature must have a hand in the production of ladies and gentlemen. No extraneous aid can do it. If, as Wendell Holmes

remarks, "it takes a long apprenticeship to train a whole people to reading and writing," it must take a still longer time to form character, create dispositions, and develop a generation to whom the appellation "gentle" can fitly be applied.

My memory reverts to Richmond, the Capital of Virginia, with mingled pain and pleasure—pleasure in remembering the happy sojourn I there made during the Civil War, the kind hospitalities I received and the friendships I had formed—pain at the thought that many of the most prominent residents of that picturesque city should be scattered over the country, their landmarks removed, and their influence no longer felt. Life in the South generally, but in Virginia particularly, possessed for me a charm. It was so simple and patriarchal that it contrasted strangely with the modern mode of living in great cities. Some of the "receptions" to which I was invited were comparatively as exclusive as those held at Belgravia or Mayfair; while the people I have met at such entertainments would have passed muster in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy at home.

In relation to their slaves, the Virginians were conspicuous for their humane and kindly bearing ; and I often think that, although not favourable to Slavery, the poor dependent negroes have seriously suffered by the coercive change of masters. President Lincoln's policy in making the question of Slavery an outcome of the Civil War, with the view of securing the moral support of Europe, has not proved an unmitigated good. The coloured people, having obtained questionable freedom, have been sent wandering from one temporary asylum to another, frequently finding no rest for the soles of their feet. The negro migration from North Carolina to Kansas the Summer before last, was a pitiable sight ; while in the very Capitol thousands of destitute negroes were encamped, and the charity of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society invoked in their behalf.

The late negro exodus from North Carolina to Indiana, where there is no room for them, is alleged by some to have been brought about by interested politicians. Such of the freedmen as had a little means, it is true, succeeded in

obtaining parcels of land. But their position as small farmers is far from enviable. Not only have they to pay an exorbitant rent in bales of cotton, but they are hampered by State statutes, which forbid the use of any article raised on a farm until the rent is paid. Neither corn, potatoes, nor other vegetable can be consumed by a negro family, or even exchanged for other commodities, without obtaining the written consent of the proprietor of the soil; disobedience to this harsh mandate being rendered a penitentiary offence. Much as has been put forward in laudation of the abolition of Slavery, the Southern negroes have not, as yet, any special reason for rejoicing in their newly-acquired liberty. A talented lady-friend of mine, who feels strongly on the subject of freedom, justifies it even on the ground that one has "liberty to starve."

The cause for which the chivalrous South struggled so heroically and so long was lost, not owing to want of valour or military skill on their part, but by sheer force of numbers on the side of their opponents. To effect a political separation from the North, the soldiers of the Confederacy fought

valiantly, bore fatigue and privation without complaining; while the "first families" poured out their blood freely for the one object of their ambition. The result is that the Southern States of the restored Union are passing through a grave crisis, and that a social disintegration has taken place. Virginia is no longer what it was, and the gem in the territorial diadem of the United States has all but lost its brilliancy. Certainly it is shorn of its wonted splendour. The migration of the Whites has preceded that of the Blacks, and the whole country seems unsettled. Instead of well-arranged plantations one now frequently meets with broken fences and uncultivated farms. The force of equal rights and equal suffrage, by sending ignorant and conceited negroes to the local Legislature, has injuriously affected its proceedings, and lowered the tone of Richmond society. The various industries of the State-capital, however, appear to flourish, while the coloured and the White man work together in apparent concord.

Although the bitter memories of the past cannot be forgotten, or the feelings thereby engendered

wholly allayed, still I am assured that the rising generation is being trained in fealty to the Union. The North and the South are enemies no longer; the latter having accepted "the fortunes of war" with becoming fortitude. No greater proof of this friendly relationship can be adduced than the sequel to the celebration of the 6th June at Winchester, Virginia. The object was to do honour to the *manes* of "the unknown dead" who fell on the gory field of Shenandoah Valley, by the unveiling and dedication of a monument to such Southern heroes. Among the immense assemblage, numbering over twenty-five thousand persons, were women attired in deep mourning, carrying their floral offerings to the grave of brave "Stonewall" Jackson. The imposing procession was headed by General Johnson. At the right of the line marched a squad of old Confederates who donned their battle-stained uniform for the occasion. In the rear marched some two thousand veterans bearing their tattered standards. The procession having reached its hallowed destination, an appropriate oration was delivered by Senator Morgan. One portion of his feeling address fully expresses

the amity that now pervades the breasts of the conquered :

“ Whatever heartburnings, or bickerings, or enmities, or strife exist,” remarked the speaker, “ will be buried here, for this graveyard is, and will remain, a common heritage, and to Southern hearts a possession for ever. The dead past is buried here. These noble men who have died with or without a name have not died in vain. This tribute to them is not an empty and unmeaning show. In a little while it will be the glory of the common country. Within sight, just over yonder fence, lie the bodies of thousands who fell upon these same fields in the Federal uniform. These were, I doubt not, as earnest as those, for they died by each other’s hands. Think you that it was in vain? God does not so work. The death of the hero is the life of the State, just as the blood of the martyr is the seed of the Church. These died for the rights of the Union; those for the rights of the State. From the monuments erected over either will one day spring an arch, in which the hopes and memories of both shall be interwoven with the golden threads of God’s

eternal love and truth, and on which the eyes of people shall ever read how individual rights and local governments can live in sweet harmony with the central power and glory of the great Republic.”

The like admirable and even Christian spirit, is evinced in the keeping up of a “Memorial Day” by the citizens of San Francisco. A local journal thus comments on the recent celebration :

“There is a wide vein of sentimentality in Americans, who otherwise are the most common-sense people on earth. Whatever flatters the national vanity we eagerly seek and cling closely to. But, probably, of all the holidays, there is none more entitled to the respect of our people than that which is known as Decoration or Memorial Day. On Monday last it was celebrated in San Francisco with greater *éclat* than ever before. The idea is a beautiful one—to decorate with flowers, in the lovely month of May, the graves of the departed, who believed in the old axiom, ‘*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*’ Not all of those who sleep at the foot of Lone Mountain fell in battle, but all had served their

country in the hour of danger, and 'after life's fitful fever they sleep well.' What though this one wore the blue and that the grey? Both performed nobly the duties to which they were called, and he must be an ignoble enemy who cannot cast aside his hatred in the presence of the grave. On Memorial Day Americans forget that one was a soldier of the Union and the other a Confederate. The green turf has bridged the chasm, and the blood of the fallen has cemented our nationality. It is well, therefore, that we dedicate one day in the year to lay aside all business cares, and going forth, decorate with flowers—the incense of Nature—the graves of our dead soldiers."

Some of the most cultured and fascinating ladies whom I have had the good fortune to encounter, I have met in Richmond. Nor were these remarkable only for exterior grace and mental acquisition. The nobility of their natures was observable in a variety of ways—by their entire freedom from affectation, their gentleness of manner, their kindness of disposition, their uniformity of demeanour, their self-sacrificing spirit, their abhorrence of

ostentation, and their religious tendencies. Such may well have been proud of belonging to the exclusive class of "F. F. V.'s." Indeed, and I use no exaggeration, they would have adorned any society. Gifts and graces like theirs, and I may include numerous Southern ladies in the category, are rarely to be met with; for such women are not corrupted by Old-World associations.

Owing to the abolition of Slavery the aristocracy of the South has received its death-blow. Caste, so far, is destroyed. To their honour, those who never knew what it was to labour have accepted their altered circumstances with praiseworthy magnanimity, and have betaken themselves to whatever callings were available. Still they endeavour to uphold their wonted dignity of demeanour, and to reflect credit upon the country of their birth:

"Defect of manners

 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides;
 Beguiling them of commendation."





CHAPTER XII.

MONSTROSITIES.

AMONGST the American people the feeling of curiosity amounts almost to an epidemic. It unfortunately happens that there exists a morbid sentiment among communities of people, which serves to heighten the malignity and augment the development of this indomitable instinct. Possibly, like hysteria, it is a form of nervous disease, and that the more it is ministered unto the worse it becomes. Public showmen and charlatans of divers descriptions—who seem to flourish in the great cities of the United States—aware of this human infirmity, lavishly administer unto it. This, of course, is done with a direct view to personal profit, and, indeed, it appears a ready way of making money. Somehow or another the public take an unconcealed pleasure in beholding abnormal spectacles ; maybe a still greater pleasure in being cheated to the top of its bent. Cunning

minds perceive the innate weakness of human nature, and practise on its emotion and credulity. Even the 'cute Yankee cannot withstand the temptation of having his eyes gratified, his common sense ignored, and his pocket picked. When that Jupiter Tonans of Showmen, Mr. Barnum, the "far-sighted summoner of dwarfs and giants, and the inventor of *What-is-it?*" could impose on his countrymen by concocting his celebrated "Mermaid" for their delectation and his individual aggrandizement, it only proves what dolts the public may become in the hands of skilful operators.

In my travels I have fallen upon singularly strange physical phenomena. Some of these were actual monstrosities; others merely "counterfeit presentments" which, in consequence of the naked imposition, seemed to take best with the populace. This in some measure justifies the ironical remark of Lord Bacon, namely, that "a mixture of lies doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if these were taken from men's mind, vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations, as one would say, and

the like *vinum Dæmonum*, but it would leave the minds of a number of men, poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves." It would appear as though not only the Americans but the masses of all countries had arrived at that abject condition of the mental faculties as to regard thinking but "an idle waste of thought." I well remember when on the other side of the Atlantic being enticed to view that "Fearful Monster of the American Prairies, the Great Yah-too-hay." This, when scientifically examined, proved to be a compound of snake and lizard ingeniously blended together. Then, there was "The Hairless Horse of the Prairies," which *lusus naturæ* "drew" so effectually that it filled the pockets of its owners. It was crisply described in the show-bills as "a horse without hair, which never had hair, and never would be troubled with anything of the kind." I further encountered, but not at Barnum's Museum, "The Wild Man of Borneo," of which anagogical inhabitant I have failed to discover any particulars. On another occasion I attended the exhibition of "The Wonderful Bob-o'-Link from

the Glades of Florida" (which is averred only to sing when the sun sets in the Western horizon), and the no less remarkable "Guy Ascutus," marked with stars and stripes so as exactly to correspond with the national banner.

Some of our enterprising Transatlantic Cousins have, from time to time, favoured the English public with rare prodigies of Nature's handiwork. There have been exhibited adipose women, Siamese twins, dwarfs, Aztecs, a hairy woman with the face of a baboon, and other unique selections of the genus *homo*. Many of my readers will remember that singular specimen of arrested development popularly known as "General Tom Thumb," and the sort of reception he received from an enlightened public. Not only was this pitiable abortion patronized by ordinary sight-seers, but some of the highest and fairest in the land took delight in visiting him, and even vied with each other in the costliness of the presents which they tendered him. The popular contagion ran high during the dwarf's advent, so that eager crowds flocked daily to the Egyptian Hall, in order to sate their craving eyes upon the little

wonder. Yet in that same Egyptian Hall poor Haydn, the artist, was despairingly exhibiting his grand picture, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," which painting is now in the National Gallery. But those who felt disposed to view this work of genius were, "like angels' visits, few and far between." This circumstance, as is well known, so preyed upon Haydn's sensitive mind, owing to the galling contrast, that, in a dark moment of despondency, he was tempted to take his own life. Barnum the owner, and the exhibitor of the miserable dwarf, reaped a rich harvest, while the man of intellect—the author and painter—failed to procure his daily bread. Such, alas! is the fatuous caprice and reprehensible thoughtlessness of the public, who are ever swayed by excitement and impulse, and who follow one another's example as crassly and as imitatively as sheep do their leader.

Another Yankee novelty in the monstrosity line is euphemistically called "The Two-Headed Nightingale." Some time since it was brought over from America and exhibited in a transpontine circus. This remarkable ornithological specimen,

by name Christine Milley, is alleged to belong to Columbus County, North Carolina. The so-called "wonderful girl," it appears, was once a slave. She is described as being over twenty years of age, as having a bright mulatto complexion, and as possessing "an organization more wonderful and strange than has appeared on earth since the creation of our first parents"—as racy an illustration of "highfalutin'" as I have encountered for a long time. Moreover, this matchless Transatlantic prodigy is reputed to possess "drawing" powers of an exceptional character. For example, she has two well-developed heads, four arms, one body and four legs. Not only does the "Nightingale" talk, sing, eat and drink with either mouth, but she has the faculty of conversing with two persons on different subjects at one time, thus exciting "the wonder and admiration of all beholders." Finally, of this peculiar monstrosity it is declared that she can walk on either two or four feet, as she feels inclined, and "sing beautifully two parts of an air at once."

I think it right that I should record my protest against repulsive exhibitions of this character.

They can exercise only a demoralizing influence on the public mind ; while in certain cases and contingencies, the effects thereby produced upon delicate women may prove fearful. Monstrosities of every kind, whether duplicate or triplet, like to that mentioned by Geoffroy St. Hilaire in his " Histoire des Anomalies de l'Organization," may interest the physiologist. To the unprofessional they can yield no advantage whatever beyond the injurious and debasing gratification of morbid curiosity. Such disgusting human deformations are rigidly prohibited in France. Would it not be well were the United States authorities to copy the excellent example of its sister Republic in this regard ?

The passion for sensation lies at the root of all this ; and, as the Americans are a highly nervous people, its influence and manifestations are all the more powerful. Zimmermann records how, upon returning one Sunday from Trianon to Versailles, he perceived upon the terrace of the Castle a crowd of persons, and, at the windows of the palace, King Louis XV. surrounded by his courtiers. Upon turning his eyes in another direction the

doctor noticed an individual habited in gorgeous attire, having a large pair of branching antlers fastened on his head. He was eagerly pursued by about a dozen other persons. The former was called "the stag," and the latter "the pack." Both leaped into the adjoining canal, scrambled with difficulty out again, and afterwards indulged in ludicrous gyrations, which evoked the enthusiastic applause of the assembled spectators.

"What can all this mean?" inquired the narrator of a Frenchman whom he just casually encountered.

"Mean!" retorted the person addressed, with a countenance seriously solemn. "Monsieur, it is for the entertainment of the Court!"

No doubt the love of sensation is, as it were, born in us. In childhood, how trivial are the things that excite the imagination, then but receiving its first impressions. In youth, how adventures of no moment, even that of finding a bird's nest, cause excessive excitement. In maturer age, the stronger the stimulant the more intense is the enjoyment. But, as there is a limit to most things, so there is a limit to provocatives

no less than to the effects which they produce. Sensations may be either salutary or pernicious. We can recall the pleasurable emotions experienced upon perusing "Robinson Crusoe" or in witnessing a pantomime for the first time. Few of my readers but will remember the keen sense of delight experienced upon the early formation of friendships or the delicious mental intoxication induced by juvenile love attachments. If the various sensations were simply transitory, they, assuredly, were none the less entrancing. As we grow in years and experience of life the craving after sensation becomes more powerful. Hence the necessity for mental training and moral culture. Without such aids and advantages there is imminent danger of one's tastes becoming debased, so that only what affords gratification to the lowest desires are coveted. Accordingly, it happens that the *residuum* of most countries, and particularly of America, exhibit an undisguised *penchant* for coarse and debasing sights and amusements. The like passion, unfortunately, is not confined to the lower classes, if I dare employ such a term in referring to United States citizens.

According to a journal published in the Southern States, the amendments to the Constitution enfranchising the negro have had a remarkable physiological effect both upon the White and the Black population. The general opinion of the negroes, particularly in what is called the "bull-dozed" districts of the South, respecting the devil, was that he was *white*, while the whites throughout the United States believed him to be *black*. With the exception of a portion of the Southern people and a few Northern Democrats, public opinion has undergone a transformation. Since the political change noticed, however, the devil, it is averred, has become "transparent or colourless—hard to discover, for having been deposed of his former recognized appearance, the greatest problem of the age is to know really what colour he is." It is stated that there are no less than three leading divisions acting as disputants upon this interesting question. West of the Rocky Mountains the devil is considered to be yellow or Mongolian; east of this region and west of the Missouri River, and especially in Colorado, he is regarded as "red;" while, to reproduce the

language of the *Cosmopolite*, "among the majority of the inhabitants of the United States, those representing the third and last of these disputing divisions, it is with almost common accord that Colonel Bob Ingersoll is conceded to be the only one who can vouch for the condition and appearance of the gentleman in question ; and as the Colonel is perfectly satisfied with his charge, his only advice is for the people to think no further about the matter, for it is only a pleasure to him for ever to dispose of this renegade."





CHAPTER XIII.

NEW ENGLAND GIRLS.

THE girls of New England, originally known as North Virginia, are by no means an uninteresting study. They are unlike, in several respects, those of any other country, one reason being that they are not subjected to such restraints as the manners and customs of European society enjoin. No sooner have they passed out of the hands of their governesses than they are forthwith introduced into "Society." The human buds begin at once to blossom. They soon perceive that life lies before them, that they have a destiny, and that what this destiny shall be depends in a measure upon themselves. It does not take long to initiate them into the cold, formal ways of the world; and as they become early familiarized with the practical lessons it teaches, they accordingly exhibit a confidence closely assimilated to strong-mindedness, which, I apprehend, is not an attractive trait of

feminine character. New England girls are somewhat haughty of demeanour, prudish, demonstrative in their conversation, frigid of temperament, and appear uncovetous either of the attentions or admiration of the opposite sex. They rarely sigh :

“Ah me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.”

However, if the truth be told, there is scarcely a young woman to be found who, in her inmost heart, would not prefer marriage to celibacy.

In the New England States—which embrace Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut—an undue proportion of marriageable women can find no consorts. As such are not, in this regard, the architects of their own fortunes, nothing remains for them but uncomplainingly to submit to the decree of Fate. Unfortunately, as in other mundane matters, the supply exceeds the demand. Hence there must necessarily remain an excess of females who by no possibility, “charm they ever so wisely,” can obtain partners for life. Naturally,

a good deal depends upon damsels themselves whether or not they receive proffers of marriage. Personal appearance, social position, acquirements, agreeable dispositions, manners, associations, and opportunities, as among Old-World society, frequently conduce to this desirable end. Ladies must be proposed for in due course, according to the ordinary social forms, although it may be otherwise should the noisy advocates of Woman's Rights obtain all their darling desires, and revolutionize existing arbitrary formalities. Not that the fair sex in America, as in Europe, do not possess special privileges of their own, which must be taken as a set-off against their acknowledged disadvantages. They can exercise the right of rejecting a suitor; so that, after all, delicate *affaires du cœur* are pretty equally adjusted. In certain circles, I surmise, girls fail to receive proposals of marriage, because of the "loud" airs and extravagant tastes they display.

I once noticed in an American newspaper what purported to be a conversation between a well-to-do bachelor and the reporter of a prominent journal, by whom he was "interviewed." Having

explained his celibate condition, the former entered into the causes which conduced to it :

“ You see,” he remarked, “ ladies are extravagant nowadays. They dress so much more than they do in Europe. I mean they don’t wear rich diamonds like the women in Florence and Milan, but they wear rich dresses, laces, shawls, and furs. Now I’m proud, and I would not want my wife to be out-dressed, so I have to keep out of the marriage business.” Then, pointing to a fashionable lady caller who happened to be in the parlour, he continued : “ Do you see that damsel there ? Well, she has on a six-hundred-dollar panniered-Watteaued, polonaised brown gros-grain dress, and I wear a seventy-dollar coat. She has on a twelve-hundred-dollar camel’s hair shawl, and a seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar set of sable, while I wear an eighty-dollar overcoat. She wears a seventy-five-dollar bonnet, while I wear a twelve-dollar hat. She displays two hundred and eighty dollars’ worth of *point applique* and *point aiguile*, while I wear a seven-dollar shirt. Her shoes cost twenty dollars, and mine cost scarcely half that amount. Her ordinary morning jewellery, which

is changed every year, not counting diamonds, cost about one thousand dollars. Well, how does it foot up? Why, the clothes she has on cost not far off four thousand dollars, and mine but four hundred dollars; and that is only one of her dozen outfits, while I have, say three. The fact is," he concluded with earnestness, "I couldn't begin to live in a brown stone front with that woman, and keep up appearances to match, for thirty thousand dollars annually. I'd have to become a second-rate man, and live in an eighteen-foot house, or else withdraw over to Second Avenue, and that I'll be hanged if I do!" at the same time, as it is forcibly put by the intelligent interviewer, "flinging his fist down slam into a nice silk hat in the excess of his fervour."

Old maids are not a rarity in New England. That the position of such is far from enviable, they themselves have the keenest sense. The sentiment of love being intimately associated with the feminine nature, when a woman remains an unloved object, and has none to awaken her sympathies and call forth her affections, is it any wonder that she should deteriorate morally and

physically? This deterioration is plainly and even painfully discernible in the peculiarities that become developed as the season of youth passes away. One class of old maids revenge themselves upon society in general, by becoming strenuous advocates of some foolish fancy or another. Some will go in for Bloomerism or Free Love. Such as are piously disposed ally themselves to a church, become district-visitors, and render themselves more feared than esteemed by those with whom they come in contact. Others, again, will display a passion for domestic animals, and lavish upon these animate objects the utmost tenderness.

Then there are those who seek to bury their wounded feelings by the pursuit of learning, or in devoting themselves to literature. Pope, who was anything but an admirer of women, thus taunts a leading blue-stocking of his day; and, possibly, his reproach may be equally deserved on the other side of the Atlantic :

“Though Artemisia talks by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits ;
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke :
Yet in some things methinks she fails ;
’Twere well if she would pare her nails,
 And wear a cleaner smock.”

Happy, however, is it for these descriptions of unloved—I will not be so harsh as to say unlovable—women ; for they have found what Carlyle calls “a life-object.” But there must be many rejected or neglected women for whom there remains “no balm in Gilead,” who constantly brood over their forlorn condition—strangers to joy, hope, and love. Inasmuch as “the show and seal of Nature’s truth” has not been impressed upon their hearts, they are driven to seek solace in sorrow, and, like Rachel of old, refuse to be comforted. Heaven forgive those who think rashly or speak harshly of them !

Old maids are neither treated with gallantry by men, nor even with common respect by women, so far as my experience serves. They afford sport for school-girls—who, according to Byron, “smell of bread and butter,”—and also to those who have passed out of that condition of bondage. This may arise, in part, from the eccentricities they display, and for which they can scarcely be held morally accountable. But, whatever be the cause, the practice of disparaging and looking with malign contempt upon women who have

failed in the marriage market, is both ungenerous and unfeeling. It is an instinct of noble natures to sympathize with misfortune, not to despise and revile it. Besides, many of the merry young maidens who, metaphorically speaking, "turn up their noses" at the neglected of their own sex, know not but that the like misery may await themselves. Happy and hopeful as they may be, they cannot feel certain that they are destined to become wives. There is "many a slip between the cup and the lip," even for the most sanguine. This grave consideration should render budding girlhood and ripe womanhood less disposed to sensoriousness.

That old maids once possessed the capacity for rendering men happy, can scarcely be considered a far-fetched conclusion.

"Pray, sir," observed Boswell to Dr. Johnson, "do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world with any one of whom a man may be as happy as with any one woman in particular?" To which interrogatory the stern moralist replied :

"Ay, sir, fifty thousand."

Provided Dr. Johnson's theory be admissible,

those of the tender sex who come under the opprobrious epithet of "Old Maids" should cease to afford cause for derision. But as a man's worst foes, according to a high authority, are sometimes those of his own household, so the severest satirists of a pitiable and enduring class are the women themselves.

In a recent issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, an article appears on "The Women of New England." The writer asserts that the general atmosphere of this section of the Union is more rife with purely intellectual ambition than any other part of the country, and that the cultivation of the thinking and intellectual activities has the direct effect of ignoring and even crushing the natural affections. "The New England girl," he goes on to observe, "has a horror of being thought warm-hearted so far as men are concerned :

" 'Nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.' "

She rather cultivates a cool, indifferent manner, as if it were a blemish to have a heart; and if she is inclined to be coquettish, it is rarely in a

style that would be considered languishing. Yet she has a heart after all, and will lavish an intense devotion upon female friends, that her critics would probably think was stolen from some man. There is no reverie about her, no suggestion of that brooding spirit which indicates a capacity for impassioned affections—a capacity which to bachelors is always ideally seductive, however little the married man may appreciate or return it.” Under such social surroundings, one cannot evince surprise at the additions which are constantly being made to the ranks of old maids in New England. I am charitable enough to think, however, that the fault is not wholly theirs, inasmuch as the men of a nation make the women what they will.

The strong repugnance to children manifested by married women is, to my mind, the most serious drawback to the well-being not only of the New England States, but to other sections of the American Republic. To look forward with unconcealed apprehension lest a marital alliance should lead to its natural issue, is a painful fact observable among ladies who have entered upon

the most solemn relationship of life. As the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon remarks : " America is wasting for the want of mothers." So exquisitely squeamish are wives that, as the same observant writer notices, " allusions to the nursery, such as in England and Germany would be taken by a young wife as compliments, are here received with a smile, accompanied by a shrug of undoubted meaning. You must not wish an American lady, in whose good graces you desire to stand, many happy returns of a christening day ; she might resent the wish as an offence : indeed, I have known a young and pretty woman rise from the table and the room, on hearing such a favour expressed towards her by an English guest."

Mrs. Trollope, depicting the character of the American fair sex, as she found it nearly half a century ago, thus writes :

" I had often taxed myself with feeling something like prejudice against the beautiful American women. It is not prejudice which causes one to feel that regularity of features is insufficient to interest or even to please, beyond the first glance. I certainly believe the women of America to be the

handsomest in the world, but as surely do I believe that they are the least attractive." ¶

But, save in some portions of the Southern States, a most marked deterioration is observable in the appearance of women. Sallow complexions, elongated faces, and pointed chins indicate physical degeneracy, as a New York medical friend assured me. The early decay of the teeth further illustrates that the climate of America exercises a deleterious influence upon beauty, comeliness, and health. Dr. Farrer estimates that only one in eight of the population has sound teeth, and that the thirteen thousand dentists in the country are packing into the teeth of the people, half a ton of pure gold every year; so that "all the gold in circulation will be buried in the earth in three hundred years."

I find from the tabulated information respecting the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, given in the last Report of the "Bureau of Statistics," that the population—which numbered in 1870 about one million four hundred and forty-three thousand Whites—has not materially increased during the last three years. "The small natural

increase shown by the diminution of births and deaths," notices Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the Chief of the Department, "is a sure indication of a decreasing population; in connection with the fact that immigration has not taken place, while emigration has to a considerable extent, we conclude that our population to-day (August 1878) is but very little larger than it was in the Summer of 1875, the date of the last Census.

It is difficult to divine how it happens that although New England girls marry they rarely become mothers. Can it be that this non-result is attributable to selfish motives, causing them to shrink from the pains and privileges of maternity on the grounds of love of ease, dread of restraint, or the fear of anxiety and expense? No doubt, inordinate vanity, in some instances, becomes the prevailing motive. The indulgence of this common vice induces wives to regard offspring as inimical to their good appearance, and the preservation of youthful freshness; thus justifying the aphorism :

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

"There are reasons," observes an American

author, " why the United States should exhibit a large number of births, instead of the small one indicated by the returns. The argument that a plentiful supply of food and fecundity go hand-in-hand, should operate with peculiar force in the case of the population of this country." Yet it does not, because " questions of prudence operate in retarding marriage, and diminishing the relative number of births."

I opine it is with reference to this painful fact that the Transatlantic author of " The Abominations of Modern Society " thus hurls his javelin : " There are practices in respectable circles, I am told by physicians, which need public reprehension. Herod's massacre of the innocents was as nothing compared with that of millions and millions by what I shall call *ante-natal murders*. You may escape the grip of the law, because the existence of such life was not known by Society ; but I tell you that at last God will shower down on you the avalanche of His indignation, and though you may not have wielded knife or pistol in your deeds of darkness, yet, in the day when John Wilkes Booth and Antony Probst come to judgment,

you will have on your brow the brand of *murderer!*"

According to Dr. James Wynne, in his "Report on the Vital Statistics of the United States," the Massachusetts marriage returns give an average of one marriage to every one hundred and two of the entire State. The ages at which marriages in New England are sometimes solemnized are remarkable, no less than other circumstances connected with such alliances. Thus, during a period of twenty months, the youngest individual married was a female of thirteen years, while the youngest male was sixteen. Moreover, a widow of forty-two allied her fate with a bachelor of half her age. Another widow over seventy-five married a man under forty. A woman aged sixty-nine also plighted her troth to one who had reached his eighty-first year. A fair maiden of eighteen, it appears, sought connubial bliss for the second time; and a dame on the borders of sixty, for the fifth time. Another amorous lady just upon seventy married a lonely bachelor of eighty-one.



CHAPTER XIV.

PENAL SYSTEMS.

THE subject of Crime is not merely difficult to be dealt with, but for most people it possesses little or no interest. Indeed, there are many individuals who turn from it with disgust. Still, of the numerous topics that occupy the public mind, time after time, few possess more importance than the punishment and repression of offences against the law.

Crime has been defined as a breach of a law, or an action contrary to the purport of a law either natural or divine, civil or ecclesiastical, to which a penalty is annexed. But the treatment of transgressions has not been reduced to a consistent system. According to Voltaire, "punishments invented for the good of society ought to be useful to society." None can dispute so sound an aphorism. But how often has the very reverse been the case? Originally, laws were purely

penal in their operation. They represented the crude state of society at the time they were enacted. Even civilized nations, which have been further operated upon by the benign genius of Christianity, unfortunately still cling to notions of jurisprudence anything but compatible with the spirit of the age.

It is remarked by Gibbon, in noticing the irregular character of the criminal code, that "the life or death of a citizen is determined with less caution and delay than the most ordinary question of covenant or inheritance." Herein, again, we find the old Draconic leaven, which has not yet become expunged. There is scarcely a country in Europe, I apprehend, in whose laws one does not readily discover extreme severity, combined with the disproportion of penalties to offences. The immoderate rigour of certain statutes against forgery and theft, for example, at one time in operation, only illustrates how long a period it takes to undo what was hastily done, to combat and correct popular prejudice or indifference, and to enter upon a wiser and juster course. I allude with sentiments of horror to the period when

persons were treated more like wild beasts than human beings who have souls to be saved ; when the death penalty was inflicted for comparatively minor offences, and when suspected witches expiated their imaginary crimes on the scaffold. But the days of such judicial murders are passed away, never to return. It is not pleasant to recall the gross manner in which criminal laws were administered in the past ; nor yet to scrutinize the justice of some of those enactments. We would only be shown thereby how very little modern society is removed from barbarism.

The laws of all countries are, in a marked measure, but the reflection of the public mind. Even Draco's enactments, "written in blood," as has been said, owing to their extraordinary rigour, are not so much to be attributed to the legislators that framed them as to the sanguinary spirit of the Athenians. The influence of public opinion upon legislation is acknowledged to be potent. Hence it is that no government can legislate far in advance of it. This fact goes to prove the importance of discussing topics essentially social in their character. Few thinking

people will question the statement of Dr. Arnold, namely, that "while history looks generally at the political state of a nation, its social state, which is infinitely more important, and in which lie the seeds of the greatest revolutions, is too commonly neglected or unknown."

In some of the American colonies the criminal code of England was introduced. The illustrious William Penn, although imbued with due regard for the safety of the community, yet exercised humanity towards such as had jeopardized the lives or property of their fellow-men. Whipping and hard labour were substituted as punishments for such high-class crimes as in most parts of Europe the death-penalty was accorded. Notwithstanding that the penal code of this legislator was rejected by the English Privy Council, it nevertheless continued in operation for about thirty-five years. After this period a compromise was effected, when the Philadelphia Legislature accepted nearly the entire English penal code.

The Convention that framed the Constitution enjoined therein that punishments should be

rendered less sanguinary and, in certain cases, more proportioned to the offences. Still matters remained unaltered for ten years afterwards—a proof, according to a Transatlantic writer, “how slowly mankind move in the career of melioration and improvement, while the course of degeneracy is fearfully precipitous.” In 1786 the criminal law was revised. Certain crimes were struck from the catalogue of those punishable by death; yet a considerable number remained which admitted of no amelioration. Among the features which characterized the tentative attempt at criminal jurisprudence in the new State, some were shockingly repellent. A certain class of derelicts, for example, were employed as scavengers, collars being placed round their necks and chains on their feet. To the manacles iron balls were attached, so as to prevent a criminal from escaping, should he feel disposed to regain his liberty. The first organized effort to improve prison discipline was undertaken in 1787, Dr. Benjamin Franklin being one of the pioneers.

The State prisons of the United States, not including the penitentiaries, which occupy a middle

place between such places of detention and municipal gaols, contain an average of from eighteen to nineteen thousand derelicts. The systems of penal discipline in vogue vary considerably; one reason being that the national Government never took any direct action in the matter until 1871, when a Commissioner was appointed to organize the International Prison Congress. The New York Prison Association is likewise authorized to inspect all the prisons of the State, several of which contain from three to five hundred cells.

Of course the penitentiaries contain the largest amount of accommodation for prisoners, the total number of cells amounting to about sixteen thousand. Some of the cells are constructed to hold two or more *detenus*. The largest penal establishments are those of Auburn (New York), Sing Sing, Columbus (Ohio), and Joliet (Illinois). These prisons frequently receive a greater number of convicts than they have cells to accommodate; a proof that crime in America is rampant. This fact seems an anomaly in a country where the means of living are comparatively easy, and where food is both cheap and abundant. The average

dimensions of the cells are eight feet in length by seven and a half feet high, the contents of each giving about two hundred and forty cubic feet. In all prisons labour is industrial, the contract system prevailing in several of the State prisons.

Two prominent forms of prison management are carried out in the United States, one being the cellular or Pennsylvania system; the other the silent or Auburn system. According to the first, prisoners are marked when they enter the penitentiary, and kept closely confined in separate cells. Here they work during prescribed hours. By this means they become absolutely excluded from contact with their fellow-convicts. According to the second system, prisoners have the privilege of association, but are prevented from holding conversation. Over sixteen thousand derelicts are generally confined in the State prisons, which number not less than forty. The States of New York, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Missouri, and California supply half of the convicts. The convict element is largely augmented by persons of foreign origin, among

whom the Irish and the German stand conspicuous. In the Southern States the negro criminal population greatly exceeds that of either the foreigner or the White.

As regards discipline, a variety of plans are in operation. "There are," notices Mr. F. B. Sanborn, in "Prisons and Reformatories at Home and Abroad," "perhaps one thousand prisons in the United States large enough to have the word 'discipline' applied to their management; and in these every variety of discipline, lack of discipline, and abuse of discipline is found." The disciplinary agencies employed under the cellular system chiefly embrace the deprivation of food, light, and even work. Under the silent system, however, corporal punishment forms the prominent resource. This deterrent agency consists of the application of the rod, the lash, the strait-jacket, stocks, shackles, handcuffs, ball and chain, the shower-bath, the dark cell, and other punitive devices, which depend upon the ingenuity of the prison authorities. One writer considers that most refractory convicts would yield as readily to a shower procured by a bucket of water as by a

dozen lashes, on the principle that the latter hardens a hard nature, and degrades a degraded one. Rewards for the most part consist of petty privileges, such as a light in the cell, better food, perhaps a little tobacco. Convicts are, in certain instances, allowed a share of their earnings. In Ohio and other Western States, such criminals as pass the whole term of their imprisonment without violating the prison-rules become restored to the privileges of citizenship.

When first a convict enters the Eastern State Penitentiary—an imposing and spacious edifice situated in the vicinity of Philadelphia—after passing through the customary examination, ablution, and medical inspection, he is clothed in grey raiment, blindfolded, and conducted to his appointed cell. From that moment he will have no idea in what part of the huge building he is lodged. After being locked up, he is absolutely isolated from all communication with others like himself, not even being suffered to see a fellow-convict. The miserable wretch becomes abandoned to solitary anguish, which, only for the hours of labour prescribed, would amount to indescribable torture

and end in madness. Hence the work in which convicts are engaged is considered an alleviation and not an aggravation of their respective sentences. As an American advocate of the cellular system observes :

“Labour given as a punishment is an error in legislation, founded on ignorance of the feelings, the desires and antipathies, the habits and associations of mankind : the tedious hours spent in solitude will be a punishment sufficiently severe, without rendering the infliction of hard labour, for this cause, necessary. The want of occupation will produce a feeling of tedium or irksomeness, the state of mind in which employment will appear to the convict as a means of preventing uneasy feelings, and of producing relief and pleasure.”

I have visited many prisons at home and abroad, but never was I so impressed with the feeling of awe as when I surveyed from the front corridor the Penitentiary of Philadelphia. The silence was solemn, only now and again interrupted by the nature of some avocations in which the convicts were engaged. Even when the Chaplain conducts religious services, and preaches the Gospel of

mercy, the convicts are not suffered to gaze upon the bringer of good tidings, but are compelled to listen listlessly to both service and sermon in their cells. I thought that a befitting inscription for its portals would be the words of despair which Dante saw written over the gates of Hell :

“Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate.”

The Auburn system is, by many persons, considered more reformatory in its action than that of the Philadelphia Eastern Penitentiary, where entire solitude is maintained. Nevertheless, the prison regulations are most stringent. No convict, on any pretence, is suffered to speak to another, or to sing, dance, whistle, run, jump, or do aught calculated to create alarm or disturbance. Every movement must be in strict accordance with perfect order. Prisoners must not quit their places without permission, and are at all times to keep their caps off, except when in the exercise-yards or labouring in the blacksmiths' shops. Neither must they chew tobacco or have it in their possession ; while they must not look off their work to gaze at any spectator who may be present. No article must be turned out carelessly or badly, when the convict

has the ability of doing his work well. The violation of a rule subjects the offender to chastisement, which the keepers have authority to inflict. This, certainly, is most objectionable. No punishment, however mild, should be inflicted at the mere discretion of a person in the position of a turnkey or warder, particularly when it may be administered for disrespect, or a vague charge of disobedience. The New York Legislature provides that in either of the State prisons when corporal punishment is imposed by whipping, not to exceed thirty-nine lashes, it is incumbent that at least two of the inspectors should be present. And yet a turnkey, whenever it becomes necessary to enforce obedience, is privileged to inflict as many lashes as he pleases without any witness of his proceedings. Morally regarded, the Auburn penitentiary system is also objectionable. The great principle thereof is fear, and chastisement of the most degrading nature the sole instrument used to sustain it. As a rule, in the government of prisons punishments more than rewards are relied upon by those in authority, notwithstanding that there is but little variety of either in any of them.

Of late great scandal has been created by the lax discipline, or rather absence of discipline, which distinguishes Ludlow Street Prison, New York. The sheriff is declared to be an incompetent Irishman, and the chief warder, a loose character; thus, jointly, they have brought disgrace upon the management of a public institution. It is alleged that this agreeable place of confinement had its "bars," at which liquor could be obtained, and that carousal was wont to be sustained until late at night. Liquor, it is said, for all who had the money to pay for it, ran freely, although prohibited by the prison rules. There are still more serious charges, such as that "a wife coming to visit her husband found women in his cell," and that a person who goes by the *sobriquet* of Red Leary "had a bevy of girls night and day around him." The whole affair, it appears, is to be investigated.





CHAPTER XV.

PULPIT PYROTECHNY.

“A VERY agreeable change has taken place in the pastoral visiting of clergymen. Formerly the parson used to lecture his charge, and unite with them in long and wearisome prayer. Now he comes with a gay and *debonnaire* bearing, mashes the girls, and swaps jokes with the boys, finishes up by taking a cocktail and a cigar, and drives off in a neat waggon with a 2.20 nag in the shafts. A manifest improvement on the old style.”

Such is the language of a grave Boston newspaper commenting upon the go-ahead tendency of the age. A similar change is observable in pastoral discourses as in pastoral visitation. At one time sermons were solemn in their tone and prosy in their delivery. But, in these stirring times, pulpit declamation has grown spasmodic. Instead of touching the hearts of congregations,

it is more calculated to astonish their minds and titillate their ears. Possibly such are the effects intended to be produced. I shall devote this chapter to a selection of firework oratory, culled from the extraordinary discourses of the notorious T. de Witt Talmage, D.D., of Brooklyn. In a sermon on the subject of the "Broken Net, or Objections to Revivals," the following graphic passage occurs :

"Did you ever hear that there was a Convention once held among the icebergs in the Arctic? It seems that the Summer was coming on, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter, and there was danger that the whole icefield would break up and flow away; so the tallest and the coldest and the broadest of all the icebergs, the very king of the Arctics, stood at the head of the Convention, and with a gavel of ice smote on a table of ice, calling the Convention to order. But the sun kept growing in intensity of heat, and the south wind blew stronger and stronger, and soon all the ice-field began to grind up, iceberg against iceberg, and to flow away. The first resolution passed by the Convention was :

‘Resolved,—That we abolish the sun.’ But the sun would not be abolished. The heat of the sun grew greater and greater, until after awhile the very king of the icebergs began to perspire under the glow, and the smaller icebergs fell over, and the cry was: ‘Too much excitement! Order! Order!’ Then the whole body, the whole field of ice began to flow out, and a thousand voices began to ask, ‘Where are we going to now? Where are we floating to? We will all break to pieces?’ By this time the icebergs had reached the Gulf Stream, and they were melted into the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean. The warm sun is the Eternal Spirit. The icebergs are frigid Christians. The warm Gulf Stream is a great revival.”

According to the preacher, our plain-sailing Christianity is of little or no effect, and will, in a century or two, without revivals, practically cease to exist. The affair, he contends, is a matter of astounding arithmetic. Here is his argument: “In each of our modern generations there are at least thirty-two million children. Now, add thirty-two million to the world’s population,

and then have only one or two hundred thousand converted every year, and how long before the world will be saved? Never, absolutely never."

Then he proceeds to illustrate his remarkable demonstration :

"Yet it is to come, and how is it to come? Through revivals. In time of war recruiting stations are established. Flute and drum are sounded, flags run up, and the more people who come and enlist the better you like it. It is war now. Heaven on one side, Hell on the other side. The Church of God is merely a recruiting station, and the greater the multitudes who press in the better we ought to be pleased. During our War the President of the United States made proclamation for seventy-five thousand troops. Some of you remember the big stir. But the King of the Universe to-day asks for eight hundred million more troops than are enlisted, and we want it done softly, imperceptibly, gently, no excitement, one by one. You are a dry-goods merchant on a large scale, and I am a merchant on a large scale; and I come to you and want to buy a thousand yards of cloth.

Do you say, 'Thank you; I'll sell you a thousand yards of cloth, but I'll sell you twenty yards to-day, and twenty to-morrow, and twenty the next day, and if it takes me six months I'll sell you that whole thousand yards: you'll want as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll want as long as that to examine the credit; and besides that, a thousand yards of cloth are too much to sell all at once'? No, you do not say that. You take me into the counting-room, and in ten minutes the whole transaction is consummated. The fact is, we cannot afford to be fools in anything but religion! That very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold me the thousand yards of cloth at one stroke, the next Sabbath in church will stroke his beard and wonder whether it would not be better for a thousand souls to come straggling along for ten years, instead of bolting in at one service."

Again, in a discourse on a well-known passage in the Book of Daniel, Dr Talmage thus fulminates against ancient Babylon and its monarch:

There was in that city the Temple of Belus,

with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an Observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that Temple an image, just one image, which cost what would be over fifty-two million dollars. Oh, what a city! The earth never saw anything like it—never will again see anything like it; and yet I have to tell you that to-night it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king; drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look—as intoxicated men will—with vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes an intensity, and it is an affrighted look; and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room and puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger, a finger of fiery terror

circling around, and circling around, as though it would write, and then it comes up, and with a sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the king: 'Weighed in the balance and found wanting.' The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now Death is king, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swings it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities; on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down; his opportunities go up. There has been a great deal of cheating in this country with false weights and measures and balances, and the Government to change that state of things appointed commissioners, whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break, or some of the metal may be clipped, or in some way

the equipoise may be a little disturbed. There is only one balance in the universe that is thoroughly accurate, and that is God's balance."

Certes, the above is a unique specimen of pulpit pyrotechny.

Another sermon has direct reference to the recent Irish famine, the intensity of which, I apprehend, has been unduly exaggerated. It is entitled "Hunger in Ireland." The peroration is striking: "Owning California, Australia, and Golconda, all the reindeer of the forest and all the buffaloes of the plain, all the wild duck of the marshes and all the birds of the sky, all the fish of the five oceans, all the grain-fields of two hemispheres, all immensity for space, all eternity for duration—yet hungry. Why did Christ submit to this faintness and gnawing and physical torture? It was that He might persuade all nations that He is in full sympathy with anybody that has not enough to eat."

The preacher then proceeds to improve the occasion by giving utterance to the following rant:

"Every moral and industrious man has a right to enough to eat. I lay down this principle,

whatever social or political theory it may seem to involve. If in all the earth there is a moral and industrious man that has not enough to eat, it is because somebody else has more than his share. God spreads His table three times a day all around the earth, and there is plenty on it for the fourteen hundred millions of the race; but the trouble is that some seize the platters and the pitchers on the table, and having supplied their own hunger put the rest in their pockets, and leave millions to rise up unfed. The great question in America, England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the great question in every civilized country to-day, is the question, how much property a man may gather up, and then by law roll it down from generation to generation, the larger estates swallowing up the smaller estates, until in the far-distant future, if the principle be unimpeded, one man will own a continent, and all the continents in conflict; after awhile, one man will own the whole earth, and will have the capacity, if he desires, to sell the water so much per gallon, and put a tax on sunshine and fresh air! There are estates rolling up in

this country which set all political economists to thinking about the future. The reason things with us are not so ominous as they are abroad is because we have not yet had time enough to make them ominous. One man in Wall Street, a few weeks ago, turning over with one hand twenty million dollars' worth of stock, is very suggestive. While I shall not this morning attempt to grapple with the political phase of this subject, I will say that in which you must all agree, that as long as the Sultan of Turkey has a salary of six million dollars per year, and the Emperor of Russia has a salary of eight million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per year, and thirty-two thousand people in Great Britain own all the soil, though there is a population of thirty-six million, and the Duke of Norfolk owns five hundred thousand acres at the Hebrides, and the Duke of Sutherland, in Scotland, owns from sea to sea, and the Duke of Richmond owns three hundred thousand acres at Gordon Castle, there must be something deplorably wrong in the condition which allows a great many people to starve. It is a question so

vast that you and I cannot settle it, nor America, nor England. There is only one Being in all the universe that can settle it, and that is God, and settle it He will. North and South politicians were busy scores of years studying how to get rid of American Slavery; and they ciphered and ciphered and ciphered, and accomplished nothing. Then God rose up to extirpate American Slavery, and He did the work; but one million five hundred thousand men, North and South, brave men, dropped into their graves. Whether it will require a greater or lesser sacrifice of human life, or no sacrifice at all—as I pray God it may be—to settle this land question, I will not attempt to prophesy.”

The terrible gist of the latter remarks need no comment, especially when in the same discourse flattering reference is indiscreetly made to Robert Emmett, Thomas Francis Meagher and Thomas Moore, “whose war-songs woke up the heart of oppressed Poland.” Then he goes on to say, in the like impassioned strain: “If I were hungry, and I could get neither food nor work, while around me there was plenty; if I saw my children dying

by inches, and there was a superfluity all about, and I could neither purchase nor implore help for them—rather than finish that sentence, I will say, God keep me from the temptation !”

Here follows another fiery flash : “ I have to tell you, my friends, that this famine in Ireland is especially distressing because it is surrounded by such brilliant scenery. Destitution is never so ghastly as when crouching at the foot of such hills, and looking into the mirror of such lakes, and begging at the gate of such castles. I do not believe that God has crowded into so small a space so much beautiful landscape in all the earth as there is to be found in that one small island—an island only about two hundred and thirty miles long by one hundred and ten miles wide—rhomboid in shape, its rocks showing more of the skill of the Divine Architect than any rocks on earth. Witness the octagonal, the hexagonal, and the pentagonal of her granite, and the forty thousand columns of her Giant’s Causeway, some of them set up like the pillars of the king of musical instruments, so that they are called the organ ; and, as I stood looking on them, I thought

it would be fit to play upon that organ the Grand March of the Last Judgment, God's thunders trampling the pedals."

Then, regarding Ireland's industrial resources, it is said: "Amid that matchless beauty sits Famine, the more ghastly by its surroundings. The mineral and the agricultural capacity of Ireland, not developed, makes the famine more appalling. Soil waiting to yield to the acre more harvest than in the same space can be yielded in Russia or America. Loam of the richest fertility. Flax harvest the forerunner of richer flax; and *hemp enough to hang all the traitors to liberty and justice all round the world.*"

What will the ill-used and much-abused Irish landlords, with their precarious rent-rolls, and equally precarious lives, think of such language?

The preacher next prophesies that Ireland, instead of being a mendicant is destined to become a benefactor. He also lauds the people of that country for their generosity. "They are generous to a fault," he contends. "If you are in trouble, the Irishman will go halves with you; and if that will not bring you out, then he will give you

all he has, and borrow something from the neighbours"! The late cry of hunger, Dr. Talmage avers, was not a political dodge; not even a quarrel between landlord and tenant, but an "unmistakable, agonizing, overwhelming, stunning, million-voiced shriek for bread."

English readers need scarcely be told that even in the best of seasons a large proportion of the Irish farming population live from hand to mouth. Hence a really bad harvest, and especially a succession of bad harvests, bring the wolf to the door of those whose stock of food is circumscribed. It cannot be alleged that the race is extravagant. On the contrary, the people live in a very self-denying manner; so much so that Carleton, the Irish novelist, affirms in one of his stories that "in Ireland starvation is a diversion." I expect, also, there are a good many people who ape gentility, and who follow the economical example mentioned by Goldsmith in "The Haunch of Venison":

"As in some Irish houses where things are so-*o*,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in."

Moreover, in a pulpit discourse entitled "Fruit Speckled and Sour," which is a wild onslaught upon dramatic representations generally, this lurid passage, referring to the recipe for making a drama, is included :

"Sixteen pounds of powdered brimstone for lightning, twenty-four peals of thunder, a dozen bloody daggers, a skull and cross-bones, forty battle-axes, six terrific combats (three of them double-handed), a course of violations, eight murders, a pair of ensanguined shirts, one comic song, three hundred oaths, and sixty-four pages of blasphemy."

Much as the preacher denounces the drama, nevertheless he is not above borrowing illustrations from it in order to enforce his subject. Hence he winds up the exordium to the same sermon with these words : Noticing the hour of dissolution he observes : "The memory of the past will make us quake like *Macbeth*. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will come upon us, weird and skeleton as *Meg Merrilies*. Death, the old *Shylock*, will demand and take the remaining pound of flesh

and the remaining drop of blood ; and upon our last opportunity for repentance, and our last chance for heaven, the curtain will for ever drop."

"The American Plague Spot" is the title of another sermon by the same preacher. The text is taken from Acts xix. 19, giving the result of St. Paul's lively reprehension of the Ephesians. Having drawn a graphic picture of the *modus operandi*, when the people came with their arms full of corrupt literature, Dr. Talmage proceeds : "Well, my friends, one of the wants of the cities of this country is a great bonfire of bad books and newspapers. We have enough fuel to make a blaze two hundred feet high. Many of the publishing houses [I wonder if those of the "Chicago pirates" are included ?] would do well to dump into the blaze their entire stock of goods, and a great many of the newspaper establishments would do well to roll into the flames all their next issue of fifty or a hundred thousand copies. Bring forth the insufferable trash, and put it into the fire, and let it be known in the presence of God and angels that you are going to rid your

houses of the overtopping and underlying curse of a profligate literature." Further, it is averred with direct reference to the moral corruption of American society, that although whole tons of iniquitous literature has been collected and consigned to the flames, still that "the longest train that ever ran over the Erie or Hudson tracks was not long enough or large enough to carry the beastliness and putrefaction which have gathered up in the bad books and newspapers of this land in the last twenty years."

Another passage on "The American Plague Spot" is worth reproducing: "Alas! for the loathsome and impure literature that has come upon this country in the shape of novels, like a freshet, overflowing all the banks of decency and common sense. They are coming from some of the most celebrated publishing houses of the country. They are coming with the recommendation of some of our religious newspapers. They lie on your centre-table to curse your children, and blast with their infernal fires generations unborn."

In a discourse entitled "Mistakes about the

South Corrected," having ridiculed the notion respecting the dragging of rivers and lakes of the South to haul ashore negroes murdered and flung in, he proceeds :

“The whole impression given here at the North has been that if Northerners go down South they are Ku-kluxed, kept out of society, or getting into society thrown out again, and in every way made uncomfortable. From the States where I visited the cry comes, and I bring it to-day in their name, ‘Send down your capitalists, send down your Northern farming-machines, come and buy our plantations, open stores, build cotton factories and rice-mills—come by the hundreds, by the thousands, by the millions, and come right away.’ I declare here that that is the sentiment of the South. Of course there is no more admiration at the South for Northern fools and Northern braggarts than there is here. If a man going South shall put his valise at the depôt, then go up on the nearest plantation and say, by his manner or by words : ‘We have come down here to show you Southern people how to farm ; we whipped you in the war ; now we are going

to whip you in agriculture. I am from Boston, I am ; that's the " Hub." How much you look like a man I shot at South Mountain ; I believe it was your brother. I marched right through here in the Fourteenth Regiment of Volunteers ; I killed and quartered a heifer on your front stoop. What a poor, miserable race of people you Southerners are ; didn't we give it to you ? ha ! ha !—such a man as that, to say the least, will not make a favourable impression ! If he should open a store he would not get many customers, and if such a man as that should get a free and rapid ride on that part of a fence which is most easily removed, and be set down without much reference to the desirability of the landing-place, you and I would not be Protestants."

Subsequently, the congregation are enlivened by the sending forth of an unusually brilliant sky-rocket. Having premised that the Southerners have not only submitted to the sword, but that there is " no fight in them," the preacher proceeds : " We talk about the fire-eaters of the South—if they eat fire they have a private platter of coals in a private room. I sat at many of their tables,

and I saw no such style of diet. Neither could I find a spoon or a fork or a knife that seemed to have been used in eating fire. Why, sirs, they are the most placid people you ever saw. Some of them, their property all gone, at forty or sixty years of age, starting life with one arm and one foot and one eye, the missing members sacrificed in battle. It is simply miraculous, and the work of the Lord Almighty that those people are as amiable and as cheerful as they are; and it is dastardly in us to keep speaking of them as waspish, and acrid, and saturnine, and malevolent. I have travelled as much as most people have in this and other lands, and I am yet to find a more affable, more delicately-sympathetic, more whole-souled people than the people of the South. The people of the South are loyal to-day, and if a foreign foe should try to set its foot on this country by way of intimidation or conquest, I believe the forces of McClellan and Beauregard, Bragg and Greary, Grant and Lee, would come shoulder to shoulder, the blue and the grey, and the guns of Forts Hamilton and Pickens and Sumter would join in one great chorus of thunder and flame."

Further on Dr. Talmage intimates how permanent harmony might be restored between the Northern and the Southern sections of the Union : “ If half a dozen politicians of the North and half a dozen politicians at the South,” he observes, “ would only consent to die, there would be no more sectional acrimony. You see it is a mere case for undertakers ! If they will bury out of sight these few demagogues we will pay all the expense of catafalque and epitaph, and of a brass band to play the ‘ Rogue’s March ! ’ ”

So far as my knowledge of American politicians serves, I am inclined to think that they are too much wrapped up in self and too over-studious of their comforts to make the personal sacrifice suggested. When the looked-for Millennium is realized a change may come. But whether the preaching of the Brooklyn Apollos is calculated to further this end, is a question I shall leave to the reader for solution.

In a sermon on “ The Shears of Delilah,” having premised that New York is pre-eminent above all other cities in the land for its dissoluteness, he thus proceeds : “ One of the Superintendents of

Police declared that there were enough houses of iniquity in New York to make a line three miles long, and that they would crowd Broadway, from the Battery to Houston Street, in solid blocks, on each side; some of them having all the glitter of the Fifth Avenue parlour. Upholstery out-flaming the setting sun; mirrors winged with cherubim; fountains trickling in mid-room into aquariums afloat with bright fins; pictures that rival the Louvre and Luxembourg; carpets embracing the feet with their luxuriance; Chickering "Grand" pouring out upon the night-air snatches of opera to charm passers-by. But the dead are there, and if the enchanter's wand could only be turned backward, or inverted, the upholstery would turn into a shroud, and the bright fountain into waters ropy and scummed, and the chandelier into the fretted roof of a sepulchre, and the song into a dirge, and the gay denizens of the place into the wan faces of the damned!"

In the same discourse Free-lovism, so rife in some quarters, is thus vigorously handled: "I charge upon Free-lovism that it has blighted innumerable homes, and that it has sent innumer-

able souls to ruin. Free-lovism is bestial ; it is worse—it is infernal. It has furnished this land with about five hundred divorces annually. In one county in the State of Indiana it furnished eleven divorces in one day before dinner. It has roused up elopements North, South, East, and West. You can hardly take up a paper, but you read of an elopement.”

Then our divine proceeds vividly to explain his notions concerning Free-love and its disciples: “As far as I can understand the doctrine of Free-lovism, it is this : that every man ought to have somebody else’s wife, and every wife somebody else’s husband ! They do not like our Christian organization of society, and I wish they would all elope, the wretches of one sex taking with them the wretches of the other, and start to-morrow morning for the great Sahara Desert, until the simoon shall sweep seven feet of sand over them all, and not one passing caravan for the next five hundred years bring back one miserable bone of their carcasses.” Finally, the incensed preacher winds up his vehement onslaught in these impassioned words : “Free-lovism !” it is a double-

distilled extract of nux vomica, ratsbane, and adder's-tongue. Free-lovism has raised in this city of Brooklyn a stench that has gone all over the world, and I think they will have to shut up the windows and gates of Heaven to keep out the insufferable mal-odour."

"We are the most blaspheming nation on the face of the earth." This expression I heard used in a Baptist Chapel in Washington, on the day set apart for National Humiliation, in presence of President Lincoln, and by his Chaplain. It would seem as if the practice had not diminished, judging by the earnest manner in which Dr. Talmage inveighs against the vice. He observes, under the heading of "The Gun that Kicks over the Man who Shoots it Off: "From the swearing and blasphemy with which our land is cursed, one would think there were some great advantage to be reaped from the practice. You can hardly walk our streets five minutes without having your ears stung and your sensibilities shocked. The drayman swearing at his horse; the tinman at his solder; the sewing-girl imprecating her tangled thread; the bricklayer cursing at his

trowel ; the carpenter at his plane ; the sailor at the tackling ; the merchant at the customer ; the customer at the merchant ; the printer at the miserable proof-sheets ; the accountant at the troublesome line of figures. Swearing in the cellar and in the loft, before the counter and behind the counter, in the shop and in the street, in low saloon and fashionable bar-room. Children swear, men swear, ladies swear ! Profanity from the lowest haunt calling upon the Almighty, to the fashionable 'O Lord !' of the glittering drawing-room."

Further, having noticed how the young man of the day, when he has his hat and coat and boots of the right pattern, fancies that only the capacity to swear is all he lacks to render him fashionable, he proceeds :

"The habit is on the increase. At sixteen, boys swear with as much facility as the grandfather did at sixty. Our streets are cursed by it from end to end. Our hotels, from morning until midnight, resound with it. Men curse on the way to the bar to get their morning dram ; curse the newsboy who cries the paper ; curse the

breakfast for being cold ; curse at the bank, and curse at the stool ; curse on the way to bed ; curse at the stone against which they strike their foot ; and curse at the splinter that gets under the nail. If you do not know that this is so, it is because your ear has been hardened by the perpetual din of profanities that are enough to bring down upon any city the hurricane of fire that consumed Sodom."

The great St. Jerome inveighs against the feminine fashions and vanities of his age, in language rather robust for a Father of the Church. Dr. Talmage takes up the like strain, and thus animadverts upon the useless, giggling, painted nonentity which "Society" ignominiously acknowledges to be a woman. Here is his language, which I shall neither attempt to justify nor censure :

"What will become of this godless disciple of Fashion? What an insult to her sex! Her manners are an outrage upon decency. She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the Judgment ; more worried about her freckles than her sins ; more interested in her bonnet-strings than

in her Redemption. Take her robes, and you take everything. Death will come down on her some day, and rub the bistre off her eyelids, and the rouge off her cheeks, and with two rough bony hands, scatter spangles and glass beads and rings and ribbons and lace and brooches and buckles and sashes and frisettes and golden clasps." And, again, discoursing on "The Woman of Pleasure," the preacher proceeds: "Beauty is such a subtle thing, it does not seem to depend upon facial proportions, or upon the sparkle of the eye, or upon the flush of the cheek. The poorest god that a woman ever worships is her own face. The saddest sight in all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. Oh, how they try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of Time! When Time, with iron-shod feet, steps on a face the hoof-marks remain, and you cannot hide them. It is silly to try to hide them. I think the most repulsive fool in all the world is an old fool!"

Lastly, in a discourse on the pool of Bethesda, with its five porches, Dr. Talmage thus delineates the downward career of those who venture upon

strong drink: "Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal-shoot, or the Mount Washington rail track, and shove him off. But that is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can scarcely see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is porter, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper, and steeper, and steeper, and the man gets frightened, and says: 'Oh, let me get off!' 'No,' says the Conductor, 'this is an express-train, and it don't stop until it gets to the Grand Central Depôt of Smashupton!'"



CHAPTER XVI.

THE FUTURE OF BRITISH AMERICA.

THE political pulse of Canada has invariably been difficult to divine, even in its abnormal manifestations. Its susceptibility is extraordinary. A phrase uttered in the Imperial Parliament, or a sentence printed in the *Times*, is quite sufficient to produce alternations of a more or less advanced type. Canada likes to be petted, to look for support from the Mother-Country, and to have specific guarantees of good wishes in shapes more practical than sentimental. When all goes well, there will be a sufficient expression of lip-loyalty calculated to deceive the credulous. When all goes ill, then the public mind will explode and give spontaneous vent to its pent-up and long-suppressed emotions.

Canada has not proved the easiest of Colonies to govern. Political "dead-locks" were of such constant occurrence that, at one period, a strong

disposition was evinced for annexation to the United States. The fact is, the political machinery would not work. The old Union between Upper and Lower Canada led to constant contentions, from which emanated bitter animosities, jealousies, and heart-burnings. At length a formidable crisis came, when it was found that even a Coalition Cabinet could not carry on the work of the Province. In 1864 the initiative was taken by the Provincial Parliament, when a secret committee was appointed to inquire into the political condition of the country, and, if possible, devise a remedy. The subsequent proceedings have never been disclosed. Meanwhile, the two great political parties, or factions, made a desperate effort to create order out of chaos. They sank for the time their characteristic political and religious antagonisms, and essayed to content the colonists and set the Governmental machinery going by bringing about a Federal Union of the whole of British America.

The next bold move was the appointment of Delegates by the several Governments of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the other

Provinces refusing their co-operation. These Delegates duly assembled in the Parliament House, Quebec, in order to agree upon a basis of action. The Representatives of the principal newspapers—one being the Special Correspondent of a leading metropolitan journal—were refused permission to attend the proceedings of the Conference, on the alleged grounds “that it is inexpedient, at the present stage of their proceedings, to furnish information which must of necessity be incomplete; and that they are of opinion that no communication can properly be made to the public until they are enabled definitely to report the issue of their deliberations to the Governments of the several Provinces.” Such was the tenor of the official document addressed to the Press Representatives by the Executive Secretary of the Conference. It is clear that the members of the Conference were apprehensive of public opinion until certain efforts had been made to conciliate it. The masses of the Canadian population had not then the remotest idea of what the Confederation Scheme meant. Accordingly, one of the Government officials was appointed to “tune” the Press, with the two-

fold view of allaying public excitement and inducing acquiescence in the movement. A species of bribery was resorted to, which, in my estimation, nothing could justify. Circulars were addressed by the Provincial Secretary to all the influential newspapers of the Province, urging that Confederation should be recommended to the people, and offering as a reward the promise of the Government advertisements. As editors did not respond to the extent anticipated, these Circulars were repeated, with no very gratifying result, in the first instance. Indeed, with the exception of the *Toronto Globe*—the property of the late Hon. George Brown, then a member of the Cabinet—and a few other journals, newspapers shrank from discussing a political policy which many regarded as a leap in the dark, if not positively suicidal. Finally, after some opposition, the Scheme was carried through, and eventually ratified by Imperial authority. Then Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were united under the title of the Dominion of Canada. Strange to say, some of the most strenuous advocates of the measure afterwards condemned

it as impolitic and disastrous; while in Nova Scotia popular excitement grew so great as almost to approach revolutionary violence.

Just as a new political existence had been proposed for Canada, the country was in a lamentable condition. There was scarcely a township that had not borrowed heavily on the credit of the Province. Some of these were largely indebted; others, in a dastardly manner, repudiated their obligations. The Province itself could scarcely pay its way. Political party was set against political party. Religious rancour raged vehemently. Loyalty and attachment to the Mother-Country—sentiments never remarkably strong or extensive—were very low. The people grew weary of incompetent statesmen and of political “dead-locks.” Not only so, but an unmistakable disposition was manifested for an alliance with the neighbouring Republic. How far the working of Confederation has changed the ordinary tone of thought it is difficult absolutely to pronounce. Politicians and others who profess to see below the mere surface of things do not take a particularly pleasant view of affairs.

Neither do they form a sanguine forecast of the future. Confederation was coldly accepted as a *dernier ressort*. Had anything better been offered, the political alliance of the Provinces would undoubtedly have been rejected. I greatly doubt whether Confederation has restored harmonious government, done away with political intriguers and factious partisans, or induced a strong sentiment of loyalty to the British Throne. At the very time the Quebec Board of Trade were giving a banquet in honour of the Delegates, the President was asked this pithy question:—"As a leading French Canadian, what is the bent of the intelligent minds of your countrymen? Would they prefer continuing under British rule, or becoming absorbed in the United States?" The response is suggestive:—"That would depend upon what the United States would *offer us!*"

Unfortunately, the ills to which Canada seemed heir have not passed away under the operation of the new remedy. When the aid of the British nation was needed in order to obtain grants of money or loans, a mock cry of loyalty, as delusive as it was evanescent, was raised. When in-

dividual ambition had to be gratified, coveted dignities to be obtained, vested interests to be advanced, there was no difficulty in making hollow professions, or exaggerating, if not actually misrepresenting, the real condition of public sentiment. I apprehend that a change of political system has not removed the old evils. Party feeling is as rampant as ever. Religious jealousies and enmities have not died out. Neither has the ministerial policy ceased to create mistrust.

To speak of such a mixed population as that of the Dominion of Canada, now consisting of seven Provinces, as being loyal, is simply a delusion. Loyalty is defined as fidelity, or firm and faithful devotion to a sovereign; while a loyalist is represented to be one who religiously professes and observes an inviolate adherence to a monarch. Why, the Canadian population of French descent numbers about one million and eighty-three thousand; the Irish population eight hundred and fifty thousand; natives of the United States, number sixty-five thousand, to say nothing of Swiss, Norwegians, Danes, Swedes, Icelanders, Greeks, Mexicans, Indians, Italians, Spaniards,

Russians, and even Chinese and Japanese. How can the people of such nationalities be expected to form an attachment to the British Throne, or even the British nation? The Irish, it is well known, are hostile to England, and openly sympathized with the Fenian movement, when a raid was made upon Fort Erie.* Not only so, but they had formed rebel organizations among themselves, and, no doubt, would have aided the raiders had their project proved successful. Even Lord Dufferin, during his tour of the Dominion in 1874, seven years subsequent to the passing of the Act for the Union of Canada, spoke thus guardedly of the political feeling of the colonists:—"Everywhere," remarked the late Governor-General, "I have learnt that the people are satisfied—satisfied with their individual prospects, and with the prospects of their country; satisfied with their government and the institutions under which they prosper; satisfied to be subjects of the Queen; satisfied to be members of the British Empire." Further,

* It is a significant fact that, according to the *Buffalo Express*, among three or four thousand British troops who were despatched to attack the Fenians not a Catholic Irishman was to be found, and not an officer of the force was Irish.

he referred to the sentiments of Canada towards Great Britain as being "more friendly" now than in past times when the political intercourse of the two countries was disturbed and complicated by an excessive and untoward tutelage. A notable distinction, however, exists between a loyal people and a people merely "satisfied" with, and "more friendly" to, the ruling Power.

Nor has the action of the Home Government served to stimulate or revive a drooping loyalty. When the Confederation policy became ratified, the colonists had no idea that the main body of the British Army stationed in the Dominion would have been suddenly withdrawn, or that the country would practically be cast aloof and left to her own resources. Canadian statesmen, no less than merchants, manufacturers, farmers, and traders, became disappointed and chagrined. Consequently their feelings towards the Mother-Country are not likely to be of the warmest or most desirable character. The owners of fixed property grew dispirited, while Capital, which, from all I can learn, steadily gravitates towards the United States, avoids seeking investment in

a country whose destiny is dubious. It would appear as though the pocket-nerve was the most susceptible part of Canadian political organization. To many persons the continuation of British connection means non-progress and eventual ruin; and a change of allegiance, prosperity and development. Under such circumstances loyalty cannot be said to flourish.

The annexed language employed by the *Bowmanville Statesman*, when serious difficulties had arisen between Great Britain and the United States with reference to the "Trent affair," indicates the popular political sentiments that prevailed in Canada at the time: "We must protest against ruining this Province in order to fight the battles of the titled nobility of England, or to find commissions for their worthless sons. There is not any danger of war so far as Canada is concerned, and if we are to be ruined in order to remain an appanage of the English aristocracy, we go for that independence with which they so lustily threaten us. We love Britain, but we love our own land much better; and if England insists on such enormous taxation as a necessary condition

of our connection, then we say with sorrow, 'Good-bye!'

The late Mr. D'Arcy M'Gee, President of the Canadian Council, who was assassinated owing to his anti-Fenian predilections, once remarked that there were but three future relations open to the people of Upper and Lower Canada. These relations embraced, firstly, a closer connection, offensive and defensive, with the rest of the Empire; secondly, annexation to the United States; and, thirdly, a guaranteed neutrality like that of Bulgaria, under the joint protection of the Powers. The first of these schemes has been realized by the creation of the Dominion of Canada. But the result of this new political compromise is far from satisfactory at the present or reassuring for the future. Possibly it is not going too far to pronounce it a signal failure altogether. As the final suggestion is manifestly impracticable and impossible, it would appear as though there were but the second alternative open—namely, annexation, a consummation at one time avowedly coveted and advocated by influential organs of Canadian public opinion. So strong was the Fenian feeling in Canada, that at the execution of the assassin of

Mr. D'Arcy M'Gee, a very large guard was found to be expedient, as the rescue of the condemned felon was apprehended.

The persistent craving for either Imperial grants or guarantees, by alternating Canadian Governments, is, at least, remarkable. At one time a great *furor* is got up respecting the defence of our dependency, and the British Parliament, with its accustomed good-nature, awards fifty thousand pounds, although military men are well aware that Canada cannot effectually be defended. Anon comes the cry for a Federal Union of the Provinces. But the solidity and stability of the Confederation movement is made dependent upon the Inter-Colonial Railway, with the view of connecting Halifax and Quebec. Hence, a Bill passes the Home Legislature, and a loan of three million pounds is obtained at four per cent. The English public is not ignorant of the purposes to which Mr. Galt, the Canadian Finance Minister, applied a goodly share of this money, or the wearisome time it took to complete a few hundred miles of railway from Rivière du Loup to Truro and Bay Verte. As a paying speculation, the railway is

decidedly a non-success. No one with a grain of common-sense ever believed the result would prove otherwise. Then, regarded from a defensive point of view, and as the means of military connection with England, this mode of communication is not of much importance. Indeed, it is doubtful whether, in case of necessity, an army forwarded by it during mid-Winter would not incur worse dangers than even on the field of battle.

But the Canadian Administration are bent upon the realization of another scheme. All would now go well with the Dominion provided the Pacific Railway were but completed—the very line which created much scandal, and involved Sir John A. Macdonald's character to an extent which induced his resignation of office, and ousted his Government. An opinion obtains among Canadian politicians of various parties that, whenever grants or loans are needed, Britishers are but too ready to meet the wishes of the colonist. As the *Toronto Globe* once tauntingly observed, when the defence of Quebec was made a political party-cry, "John Bull must have his panic and his grumble when his pocket is assailed; but he won't give up his

Colonial Empire for ten times the sum which is needed for Canadian defence."

As regards the future of Canada, I conceive there is little room left for speculation. Between Confederation and Annexation there was no alternative. The first has been tried, with no very promising results. When the divided Provinces assumed their new political appellation, and entered upon their hazardous career, a Canadian humorous print had a cartoon representing Mr. George Brown on a hobby-horse named "Confederation," which Mr. Sandfield Macdonald reminds him may prove restive, but which the President of the Council declares "is a gude beastie, and gangs as quiet as a lamb; a bairn might ride him." Unfortunately for Mr. Brown, the animal grew sufficiently restive to throw his rider, a doleful event which served to change altogether the Minister's views, rendering an ardent adherent a somewhat bitter opponent. Once in New York I had a conversation with Mr. Brown on the subject of Confederation. His final remark to me was that "it did not work." Nor is the political outlook at the present moment

encouraging. Divisions, hostilities, jealousies, and heartburnings exist as of yore. The lion only made a pretence of lying down with the lamb. Surely, it was not to be expected that a mere programme and Acts of Parliament would soften animosities of long-standing, heal deep-seated wounds, or reconcile hostile elements rendered permanent by conquest, confiscation, diversity of country and of creed. Roman Catholic priests to a man looked with disfavour upon a union which touched their Church by decreeing civil marriage and the right of divorce. Naturally, the vast mass of *habitants* blindly follow their spiritual guides. They cannot be won over to pin their political faith to Confederation.

No Utopia is more Utopian than the idea that if the United States was seriously bent upon annexing the adjacent territory of Canada she could not readily do so. The very existence of Canada, in a marked measure, depends upon the United States. Has not the late Secretary Seward by his passport experiment sufficiently demonstrated that the millions of English capital invested in Canadian railways were not worth

the paper on which the bonds were engrossed, once Canada was cut off from free intercourse with its powerful neighbour? Had the passport system but continued for twelve months, the leading lines would have been precipitated into hopeless bankruptcy. The Canadian railways at the best are not remunerative, either to bondholders or shareholders. By the touch of a magic wand, however, a wonderful transformation would be effected. Were but Canada incorporated with the American Union, these lines must become, if not actually paying stock, at least as good as those South of the Lakes. The financial condition of the Dominion alone gives rise to grave uneasiness. With a revenue considerably below the expenditure,* and with the giant weight of thirty-six million pounds in the form of a public debt, how can the country's stability be guaranteed? It is

* The account of the Consolidated Fund of the Dominion, published on the 22nd of last August, show that during the fiscal year ending June 30 last, the total revenue amounted to twenty-four million, seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand, five hundred and eighty-five dollars, and the expenditure to twenty-five million, one hundred and sixty-one thousand, seven hundred and twelve dollars, consequently leaving a deficit of three hundred and ninety-three thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven dollars.

doubtful whether anyone gains by the retention of our hold on Canada. Her connection with the Mother-Country disturbs her ; while to us she is a pregnant source of disquietude, and a perennial cause of expense.

Some writers on Canada consider that the destiny of that country is to be absorbed into the American Union. That such a political change would prove beneficial to her in a high degree can scarcely be gainsaid. Canada needs new life, fresh impulses, and increased population. All these advantages would naturally and inevitably ensue were her destinies united with those of her neighbour. As it is, Canada is but dragging out a struggling existence, fighting, as it were, against Fate, and going from bad to worse with every tentative attempt made by her statesmen in order to ensure her prosperity, progress, and autonomy.

The Premier of Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald, in his speech at the recent Trinity House Banquet, remarked that " One of the great objects of the several provinces now forming the Dominion of Canada was that those scattered provinces should no longer continue a source of weakness to the

Mother-Country, but rather an assistance." Then he referred to a "force of defence numbering forty thousand men," observing that "in Canada every man was a soldier from eighteen to forty," that "the organization was perfect, and in case of necessity, as he had seen, the whole people would rush to arms and offer their services." I am aware that my friend General Sir Daniel Lysons, upon being sent out to Canada by the British Government to organize the Volunteer Force, did good service during his stay in the country; still I am not prepared to believe that either the provinces of Quebec or Ontario could successfully resist invasion. The heaps of earth, called fortifications, would prove ornaments of folly simply, were such to be attacked from the St. Lawrence; while it would require a well-organized army of one hundred thousand men to defend the seaboard. The *Times* in commenting on Sir John A. Macdonald's postprandial speech, expresses a doubt whether the Dominion has increased in strength as it has increased in size, and avers, that "the Union formed in 1867 of the two Canadas and the Maritime Provinces was stronger, whether we

have regard to internal cohesion or to external relations, than it is now with a feeble addition on the shores of the Pacific." Referring to the forty thousand men of which the Canadian Premier boasts, the same authority observes: "They are men of the best breed, hearty, strong, and staunch. But even forty thousand of them massed along a frontier of two thousand miles long and in face of well-peopled States, with large reserves of men at their back, must inspire our respect rather than our confidence."

Compared with the neighbouring Republic the Dominion cannot be pronounced prosperous. Even the number of bankruptcies in a single year are nearly double, *pro rata* to population, of the United States. Canada shows a huge excess of imports over exports—in itself a fatal weakness—whilst the trade of the Commonwealth during the past few years is simply unparalleled in the commercial history of any other nation. This rapid and marvellous prosperity is all the more extraordinary considering what the United States suffered during the Civil War; her loss amounting to eight hundred thousand of her male popula-

tion, and four thousand millions of dollars. Not only so, but a most severe and protracted ordeal of commercial depression has been overcome; the paper currency—once a drug in the money market, at one hundred and fifty per cent. discount, to par of gold—has become restored; bonds have been reduced; the war debt immensely diminished; all but about two hundred millions of dollars-worth of these bonds held abroad purchased back; specie payments established; the Treasury placed in a flourishing condition; and, to crown all, a number of manufacturing industries built up capable of supplying home demands and enabling the country to compete in the markets of the world. Herein lies a cogent answer to the warm opponent of extended suffrage, who, in one of the Reform debates, referred to America in this wise:

“I always knew that Democracy could do great things in war, but I want to see it do something in peace.”

During my last visit to Canada, I casually took up a print containing one of a series of comical effusions from the pen of Terry Finnigan, as the writer styled himself. These epistles were addressed

“To the Honourable Mr. M’Gee, down at Quebec, Minister of Agriculther, or elsewhere.” The true condition of our dependency is therein thus vividly depicted :

“D’ye know what a thief of a Yankee axed me the other day, afore a dozen people? ‘What is the raison, Terry,’ says he, ‘that you niver hear a good ringin’ cheer in Kinnada, such as you hear in the United States?’ ‘Get out, you blaggard,’ sez I. ‘D’ye suppose we haven’t enuff to ait?’ ‘Maybe you have,’ sez he, ‘such as it is, and a trifle to ware too, on the same terms; but that’s not it.’ ‘What is it then?’ sez I. ‘I’ll tell you,’ sez he. ‘What?’ sez I. ‘Yez haven’t a cint in yer pockets,’ sez he, ‘and there’s not enuff of yez in it to keep each other warm or in good humour; property doesn’t represint goold; the intherest of all investmints is, for the most part, dhrained out of the counthry, and the Banks have got yez by the nose; while half-a-dozen of yez, wid manes, can’t agree upon any large or sturrin’ project, and the whole counthry is aiten up wid palthry squabbles and nonsinse.”

In the September issue of the *Contemporary*

Review, there is an exhaustive article on "The Future of the Canadian Dominion," by Mr. George Anderson, one of the Members for Glasgow. He therein shows how, on the American side, all the activities of life seem in fuller tide; that there is a manifest movement and progress for which we look in vain on the Canadian side; and that Canada's position is anomalous, inasmuch as it is the slack-water between two great tides of life, having little part in either. The writer does not appear to have much faith in the Confederation of the Provinces. He thus thoughtfully dilates on this matter :

"The Confederation was brought about with some difficulty. It was cynically said at the time, that with Ontario and Quebec it was rather a divorce than a union; that Nova Scotia was coerced and compensated by damages for the loss of her honour; that New Brunswick was frightened into it, and then compensated; that Manitoba was procured partly by force, partly by purchase; and Prince Edward Island and British Columbia were seduced by pledges and promises, very inconvenient afterwards to fulfil. The Confederation

has thus hardly reached real union. Representatives of the various Provinces can taunt each other that Manitoba, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia are losing concerns, and all show deficits; while Ontario, New Brunswick, and Quebec, with handsome surplus incomes, pay the whole thing. It is pointed out that Confederation has not reduced, but has greatly increased, the administrative expenditure, and has already doubled the debt."

Again, it is asserted that in the matter of tariff, the Dominion, either through American example or under American influence, is the most hostile of all our Colonies. It is difficult to account for this purblind policy, considering that the Mother-Country has expended many millions sterling upon Canada, and still makes appropriations to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds annually. Mr. Anderson also touches upon Sir John A. Macdonald's recent mission to England. He does not think, considering the vast indebtedness of the Dominion already, that the needed twenty millions can be realized for an ambiguous railway project. Should the Canadian Premier and

his *confrères* find no full response to their appeal in London or Paris,* a result most probable, the writer inquires whether it is expected that the Dominion may find a country nearer home ready to advance the money, taking the lands in hypothecation as security, and with a keen appreciation of possible contingencies in the future? The question of the possession of Canada, it is averred, is never for one moment forgotten by the calculating Americans, whose hankering after the neighbouring provinces, in accordance with the Monroe doctrine, is a desire that only waits for its opportunity.

“Some little time ago,” remarks Mr. Anderson, “I was informed on most reliable authority, that certain American statesmen of no mean influence, were about to move in the matter of Canada, so as to make it a leading political question of the immediate future, and even that it was likely to become a prominent feature in the policy of the

* A syndicate, comprising a London Bank, a Parisian financial association, and another financial establishment in New York, have bound themselves to complete the railway, in consideration of a State subsidy of several millions sterling and extensive grants of land along the line.

Garfield Administration. Their proposal is," the writer continues, "to induce Canada, by such means as they may find necessary—a loan of twenty millions might possibly be one of them—to join in a Zollverein with the United States, the effect of which, if not indeed the chief object, would be still further to shut out British trade from British territories." Such close commercial relations with Canada as some American politicians are desirous of bringing about, it is averred, "would inevitably lead to a change of political relations also." The connection between Great Britain and her Canadian Colonies are merely regarded as *artificial*, and for this reason easy of severance; while their *natural* relations are pronounced to be with the continent to which they geographically belong.

Mr. Anderson contends, in view of future emergencies, that "our best way of keeping Canada loyal to us, is to keep it the main interest of her people to be so." In other words, we are to go on purchasing the lip-loyalty of the Dominion, or else let it slip out of our hands, and so realize a second disruption of our American Colonies.

And yet, let us view the financial relation—only in the matter of loans and guarantees—in which, according to Mr. Anderson, Canada stands to the Mother-Country: I reproduce the writer's own words:

“We lent her fifty thousand pounds for the Welland Canal, and twenty-thousand pounds for the Shubenaccadie Canal; but small as these sums are, they have never been repaid, and we have at last written them off as bad debts. Nor have larger amounts been any more fortunate. In 1867, we guaranteed for her three millions for making the railway from Rivière du Loup, Quebec, to Truro, Nova Scotia, no part of which has been redeemed. In 1869, there was a trifle of three hundred-thousand pounds for the purchase of some rights in Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company, and in 1873 we guaranteed other three millions, partly for the Pacific Railway, and partly for improvements of canals; but these sums also have been left outstanding. In private investments we need hardly name the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Great Western of Canada, in both of which no small amounts of

British capital have been hopelessly sunk. So far," it is further observed, "the Dominion has not shown capacity of resource for bringing the great undertakings which all the above-named loans and investments represent to a satisfactory or a remunerative condition."

Mr. Anderson, however, does not quite despair. He has a faint idea that there is a vestige of hope left for the Dominion. If a miracle could be wrought, then matters might mend. Oh! that significant particle "*if!*" Here follow the writer's observations :

"If she can be lifted up to exhibit a phase of more fully developed national life, and if her people can be roused to greater individual energy, these conditions will act and re-act on each other as they have done in the Great Republic, and the result will be, as there, a progressive and vigorous nationality, working out from the boundless resources of her vast territories those elements of prosperity and power which hitherto she has failed to realize."

It is useless to deny that the political life of Canada is almost *in extremis*. The grave questions

remain, How is that country to be galvanized into fresh vitality? How are her energies to be stimulated, her commerce vivified, her solitudes peopled, and the dangers of secession or disruption averted? Not, to my apprehension, by anything she can do for herself, so long as she retains the British connection, or by anything we can do for her while she does. When she accepts the destinies of the flourishing neighbouring Republic, that very act would be sure to infuse new life into her being, and make all things new.

Indeed, the writer in the *Contemporary Review* affirms that unless some unlooked-for change occurs in the autonomy of our American Colonies, that their fate is no secret. He thus remarks of Canada :

“ If she is left to be only an outlying province, with no political views beyond those of her provincial government, and little to remind her of England beyond the fact of an English satrap presiding over her councils, she will almost certainly remain unimbued with our higher national life, and without aspiration for greater

achievement. Under these circumstances, her allegiance will not be worth many years' purchase. Year by year her interests would be found drifting away from ours, and before very long her affections would assuredly follow her interests; and we would have the mortification of seeing our premier Colony, which from first to last has cost us so much in blood and treasure, severed from our Empire, and finally merged in the United States Confederation."

And this is the final issue to which everything tends at present; while no doubt can exist that, in such case, Canada would be welcomed as a desirable member of the American Union. It appears to me that there is much political significance in the fact of so great an exodus setting in to America from the Province of Quebec. It must be extensive when, on the second Sunday of last September, a Pastoral Letter from the Archbishop of Quebec was read in all the Catholic Churches deploring the continued emigration to the States, and appealing to the patriotism of the people to check the movement.

Sir John A. Macdonald, for whom I entertain the highest personal regard, has not been politically consistent during the periods in which he held office. For this political apostasy he was once rallied in *Pick* upon his re-accession to the premiership :

“THE MODERN ‘BEN BOLT.’

“Oh ! do you remember the time, John A.,
 When you were a Tory true,
 And your fond friends thought
 That nothing on earth
 Could work such a change in you ?
 Or, do you remember the time, John A.,
 When you fretted McNab away,
 When you diddled poor Cayley, to pacify Galt,
 ‘The coming man’ of the day ?

* * * * *

“Now twist your colours once more, John A.,
 Be quick ere it prove too late ;
 Again we will rally from Clear-Grit wiles,
 To save a tottering State.
 Of Yankee nostrums and Yankee plans,
 We have had, God knows, enough ;
 Then let us resume our ancient garb,
 The glorious old ‘Blue and Bluff.’”

Last August while Sir John A. Macdonald was in London, on the business of the proposed Railway from Ottawa to the Pacific Coast, a deputation from the Manchester Chamber

of Commerce had an interview with him. The object was to urge upon the Canadian Government the urgent desirability of effecting a reduction in the present hostile tariff. Mr. Armitage, M.P., asserted that it diminished our trade with the Dominion, while the agricultural classes were also injuriously affected thereby. He contended, moreover, that the imposed tariff had not produced an increased revenue, that it rendered the country less attractive to emigrants, and that it interfered with the trade of Manchester to the extent of destroying certain important branches of it. Mr. Slagg, M.P., next averred that a strong feeling of impatience, if not resentment, prevailed in large commercial circles at the continuous restrictions that were put upon the English trade with Canada. "No one grudged," observed the speaker, "the complete liberty that had been accorded to our Colonial possessions in regard to self-government, but the public were beginning to regret that liberty had been given to such an extent as to admit of the possibility of the practical exclusion of British goods." In reply the Premier jauntily justified the selfish policy of

the Canadian Executive on the ground that the restrictive tariff was adopted as a set-off against American "rings" and "corners," which disturbed the trade of the country and crushed Canadian manufactures. In concluding his remarks an onslaught was made on Free-Trade, which was designated "a religion in England, amounting to a superstition." An income-tax, observed the Premier, would be a failure, because "there was nothing to levy it upon."

During the War between the Northern and Southern sections of the American Union, no fewer than forty thousand Canadians joined the Federal army. Of this number thirty-six thousand belonged to what is now known as the Province of Quebec. This fact, I conceive, shows that a strong sympathy exists, especially between the French Canadians and the denizens of the neighbouring Republic. During the protracted struggle on the Canadian frontier till the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, in 1814, the French and English colonists were united in loyalty to England. The restoration of peace, however, only produced political and social

contentions. These had the effect of lowering the tone of generous and loyal feeling with which the Canadians doubtless once regarded the Mother-Country and its reigning Sovereign.

I am aware that my sentiments and views with reference to the future of Canada will provoke critical hostility in certain interested quarters. Nor will such please some Canadian politicians, especially the Party now in power. Nevertheless, I feel convinced that I shall have the sympathy of many leading Canadians, who see no other way, out of the dilemma in which their country is placed than by uniting its destinies with those of the Great Republic.

END OF SECOND SERIES.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

ON THE FIRST SERIES OF

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN AMERICA.



"Mr. Day has given us a collection of graphic and vivid sketches, taken from the more superficial aspects of Transatlantic life in such centres of commercial and intellectual activity as New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston. The author, who has devoted a considerable portion of his pages to describing the institutions and modes of living peculiar to New York, does not seem to have been at all favourably impressed by the moral and intellectual atmosphere of the 'Empire City.' . . . The author found Philadelphia, as well as Boston, the residence of Longfellow and the traditional home of Transatlantic men of letters, far more congenial to him than the generality of great American cities. Here there seems to exist a certain aristocratic tone more in harmony with the Old World feelings—or, if you will, prejudices. The leading families are proud of their 'Old Country' origin, and exercise a powerful and legitimate influence upon the mass of the population. Altogether, the impression left on Mr. Day by these two 'colonies of the Old Country,' to use the word in its archaic sense, was most pleasing. We are next introduced to official society in the 'gay capitol,' as Jonathan terms Washington, the seat of the United States government. Here a certain courtly air has been imported by the foreign diplomats and ambassadors whose residence it is. Living is naturally very expensive, and one would pity the cabinet minister obliged by an imperiously exacting etiquette to give seven receptions each season on a salary of eight thousand dollars, did he not possess—witness recent scandals—other means of 'making out.' . . . In taking leave of Mr. Day, we must thank him for a picturesque and agreeable book, and only trust we shall not wait long for that second series of these amusing sketches which the title-page seems to promise."—*Academy*.

"It must not be supposed that our author has confined his observations on American life to these brilliant sketches of men and manners in the 'Empire City.' In his agreeable company we have the privilege of visiting the 'city of brotherly love,' as he terms Philadelphia, the capital of Pennsylvania, and the second city of the United States as regards population: the 'gay capitol,' as the Americans delight to call Washington, the seat of government; and the 'hub of the universe,' as scholarly Boston, the home of authors and blue stockings, has been nicknamed. For Mr. Day's impressions of these respectively representative centres of Transatlantic life and culture we must refer our readers to his bright and animated pages, of the spirit of which, at once genial and candid, we trust this review has given them some idea, however necessarily inadequate."—*Social Notes*.

"Such an interesting and amusing book is sure to find plenty of readers. Nor will anyone who takes it up lay it down without profit as well as pleasure. It tells us about hotels and boarding-houses—those banes of family life—about popular preachers, and mediums, and free love, and tipping; besides taking us to Boston, and Washington, and Utah, and Philadelphia. Mr. Day by no means flatters the Americans; doubtless he thinks, with Dickens, that, having started on such high principles, they are bound to keep well above the European level. The New York tramps, if cheap, are nasty. On trance mediums and others of the Sludge genus it is impossible to be too hard; Mr. Day does not spare them. Nor is he pleased with the popular preachers. Dr. Ward Beecher's sermon he finds shocking in delivery, and below mediocrity in subject-matter and arrangement, although enlivened with sentences like this: 'Some say lawyers can't go to heaven. It's a lie. Some say merchants can't go to heaven. It's a lie,' each sentence being emphasized with a violent stamp of the foot. There are some surprises in the book. We know the Americans are etiquettish, but we could not have imagined Emerson declining an invitation to dinner because he had no dress coat with him. Mormon women, we had often heard, are ugly; but that a 'porter-house steak' costs 5s., and that New York meat is not only very inferior, but very badly cooked, was news to us. American editors have wonderful privileges; in many places they get their food and clothing gratis in return for 'personal' articles. The book ought to be studied by all who want to see the shadows as well as lights of American society."—*Graphic*.

"We would not recommend Mr. Day to visit the United States for some time to come. The sweeping strictures that he passes on some of our cousins' most cherished institutions would probably lead to his introduction to Judge Lynch. On this side of the Atlantic, however, we can afford to laugh at these revelations of the undercurrent of life in the States. The book will, however, serve to show those who believe in Mr. Bright's doctrine of the immeasurable superiority of the United States over England that there is another and a very different side to the case. Between the unsparing censures of Mr. Day and the unmeasured praise of Mr. Bright, our kinsmen across the Atlantic may well wonder what is their real character."—*Globe*.

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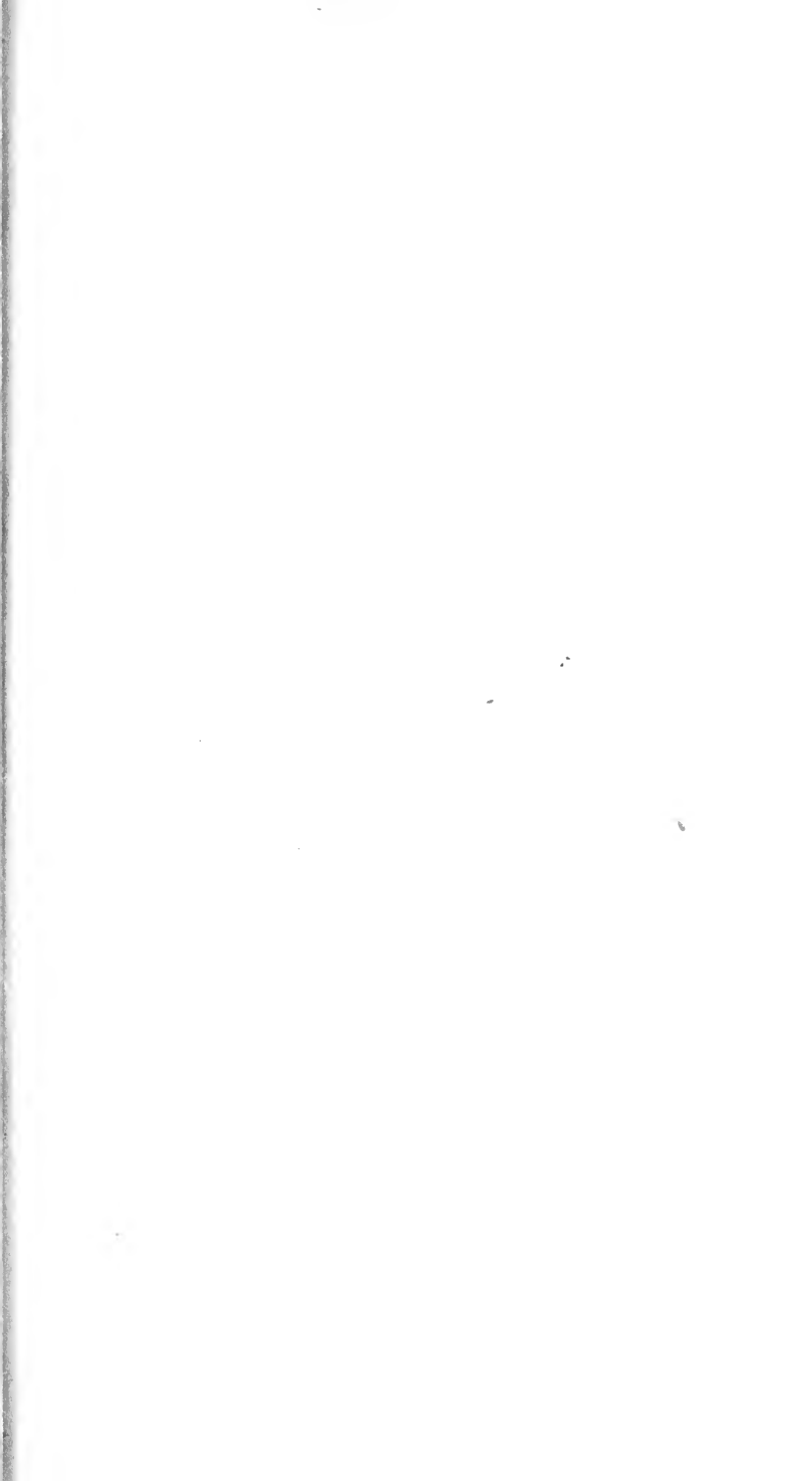
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