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List of Works

OF

IVAN GOLOVIN.

ESPRIT DE L'ECONOMIE POLITIQUE. 1 Vol.
8vo. Paris, 1843. Firmin Didot.

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LA RUSSIE SOUS NICOLAS 1. 1. Vol. 8vo.
Paris, 1845. Capelle.

RUSSIA UNDER THE AUTOCRAT NICHOLAS 1.
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1846. Newby.

L'EUROPE REVOLUTIONNAIRE. 1 Vol. 12mo.
Paris, 1849. Capelle.

MEMOIREN EINES RUSSISCHEN PRIESTERS.
Leipzig, 1850.

THE CAUCASUS. London, 1854. Trübner & Co.

THE NATIONS OF RUSSIA AND TURKEY,
AND THEIR DESTINY. 2 Vols. 8vo. London,
1855. Trübner & Co.

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Turin, 1853. Brochure.

DES ECONOMISTES ET DES SOCIALISTES.
Paris. Brochure.

THE REFUGEE. A Novel. London, Hardwicke.

JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES. A Tale. London, Hard-
wicke.

STARS AND STRIPES, OR AMERICAN
IMPRESSIONS. 1 Vol. 8vo. London, 1856.

STARS AND STRIPES,

OR

AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS.

BY

Gavrilovich
IVAN GOLOVIN.

(6, 1816)

"Does a man speak foolishly! suffer him gladly, for ye are wise. Does he speak erroneously! stop such a man's mouth with sound words, that cannot be gainsaid. Does he speak truly! rejoice in the truth."—OLIVER CROMWELL.

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ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1881

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE object of this book is to show that the United States are pursuing a wrong way in their politics and morals, falsely interpreting their destination, and losing sight of the principles which presided at their formation. While European thinkers, led into error by the panegyrists of American democracy, consider the institutions of the United States as a perfect model, deeper philosophers, already judging of the tree after its fruit, think that unlimited competition, unbounded love of material interests, are not fit to resolve the questions pending in our age. If the magnetic current of ideas through the Atlantic is great, it ought to profit America more than Europe, for European civilisation is still far a-head of the American. I am not the advocate of a panacea applicable to all nations, and to all times, but I think that instead of secluding themselves against foreign elements, the United States ought to encourage the emigration of the most worthy Europeans.

As a young nation the Americans are sensitive to criticism, but as "a great nation" they ought to suffer it calmly.

"We must write," says Zimmermann in his *Solitudes* even if we were to lose the affection of our friends, destroy our happiness and fortune."

The English on their side, care too little about their cousins. I do not think that America is a better edition of Great Britain, but, certainly, it is a very much enlarged one, and a beautiful country, too, which every Englishman ought to visit. Strange to the contest of both parties, I am expected to be impartial; and a conscientious appreciation of American matters I have the honor to submit to the judgment of my friends and foes on both sides of the water.

Thiers said that the American republic is but an experiment, others say that it is but an accident. However, we do not think that any Yankee girl is soon to become the Queen, or any Southern gentleman the king of the United States.

STARS AND STRIPES.

LETTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

FAREWELL.—LIVERPOOL.—THE STEAMER "CANADA."—
OCEAN.—HALIFAX.

"Every ship is a romantic object
Except that we sail in."—EMERSON.

Boston, 23rd July, 1855.

TO MR. FRANCIS PULSZKI.

DEAR SIR,—

I LEFT London with the feeling of the captive of Chillon, who regretted his prison when he stepped out of it. The exile is nowhere at home, and his stay is bitter everywhere. After the deceptions I experienced in my life, I no longer cherished any delusion, and like the personage of Gogol,* I was about to move from one gaol

* The author of "The Revisor," a Russian play.

to another, and to compare their respective comforts. Yet I sincerely adhered to the wish you expressed, that I should be pleased with America as much as you have been yourself.

I applied to London the verse that Alfieri addressed to Pisa :

"Piove, sempre piove, o pio tostó no dispiove mai."

I longed to breath the pure air of the New World, to behold its sky, so highly praised. But I could not help recollecting the verses of Pushkin, when cursing St. Petersburg :

*"And yet I regret thee a little,
There walks perchance a light foot
And a golden curl is flowing."*

The war "for freedom and civilization," since the massacres at Kertch, became really "a war of incapacities," and as I dared to express it in a newspaper, they placed before me the dilemma of being either a spy or a traitor. I left them to decide the question at leisure, and was very glad to turn my sight away from the butchery at Sebastopol, and the Sunday riots in Hyde Park.

I thought that I should more easily accommodate myself with the defects of Democracy, than with the vices of Aristocracy, which through its own incapacity is daily losing its influence in England. He, who has not seen the United States, has seen but one face of "the immense creation."

Liverpool is a fine city, but the circumstance of its owing its wealth to negro trade cooled somewhat my admiration. Lord, Bold, and Dale Streets are as nice as Bond Street in London. The *Sailor's Home* is a beautiful and worthy building. The monument of Nelson, at the Exchange, is remarkable; however, I did not like death touching with her cold hand the heart of the naked hero. At the four fronts, fettered men and women shed tears; are they prisoners or friends? After a little excursion to Birkenhead, I spent the evening at the Zoological Garden, and felt real pleasure on looking at the whelps of a lioness, playing with their mother and with the visitors. A decayed cottage bears an inscription already half

gone: "The immortal Shakspeare was born in this house," to be sure an immitation of that of Stratford.

The steamer "Canada," on board of which I took my passage, is reputed next to "America," as the slowest of the Cunard line. Captain Stone's prudence was extreme, and prolonged our journey to the extent of twelve days.*

The poetry on crossing the Atlantic is not so great as travellers pretend it to be. The company was not of the best style, although three of your countrymen, lately coming from Pesth, made it quite tolerable to me. My cabin companion was a young American from Philadelphia, brought up at Paris, speaking French very well, the son of a colonel, at the time of the War for Independence, who pretended to be a Marquis and a Knight of a secret Legitimists' order, which he showed to me. Thus the first sample of American democracy I had

* He afterwards passed on "The Arabia," and was reproached with running too fast, so as to expose his ship to icebergs.

too meet with was rather a queer one. Still, I formerly, when in Brighton, got acquainted with a Columbian gentleman pretending to resemble the Saviour.

I had the greatest difficulty in explaining to some of my fellow-passengers, that the waves do not run, for else the operation of the log could not be possible, that the waves when they break always return, till the froth made the explanation easier. I succeeded in establishing that the color of the Sea does not depend on the nature of the bottom, but on the shade of the sky which is reflected. As somebody noticed that there was too much of water between the two continents, that some land on the way would make the voyage more pleasant, and that it was a mistake of the Almighty not having made something else but those eternal gloomy waves which recall chaos, I endeavoured to state that if the globe were heavier, it could not obey so well the laws of rotation.

Nearly all our passengers labored under

the belief that Halifax was in Canada ; some of them spoke about going to Boston by land, others wondered at there being no other way of communication than Liverpool steamboats.

The sight of the land caused on me a lively impression : what a swarm of ideas is attached to the words : "the New World !" The appearance of the country reminded me that of Sweden, but the vegetation is stronger and loftier. The port is something like that of Sebastopol, but the fortress facing the land seems to be of no use towards the sea. I went to visit it accompanied by our passengers, and had a narrow escape. The captain being informed that I was a Russian, wanted to detain me, but I was off before some others. As a naturalized Englishman, I could have obtained damages for such a blunder, and at any rate, I would have continued my journey at the expense of this patriot.

Halifax is but a poor Irish wooden village. Yet if you peruse the "Life in Co-

lonies," you will see that people are there moved by the same passions as in the metropolis.

I have just heard that our friend, Captain H., the Liberal, has got married to a widow, in Georgia, who has some slaves. As I expressed my astonishment to an Americanized German, he said: "Well, it is a very good thing to have a few slaves with a fine estate to work on it!"

LETTER II.

SURVEY OF SUMMER RESORTS.

BOSTON.—MARSHFIELD.—CAMBRIDGE.—NEW PORT.—
CAPE MAY.—NIAGARA FALLS.—AMERICAN LADIES.

"L'homme n'est constant que dans l'inconstance."

Brooklyn, August, 1855.

TO PRINCE ***

DEAR PRINCE,—

I candidly confess that when I saw Boston, I asked to myself whether it would

not be a good joke to return, without going any farther—so great was my deception. It puts me in mind of Tarbes in the Pyrenean Department, particularly with regard to the democratical omnibuses of the American Athens. A good dinner at the Rivere House bettered a little my humour. I remarked, as a novelty, a gentleman at our table shaking hands with a waiter and I spent the evening with a friend at a poor French ballet. I was told that the United States would appear as a province to me compared with London, and indeed they still bear the aspect of colonies. However, the red American bricks are not so gloomy as the grey ones of London. A visit to the Burghers Hall afforded a nice birdseye-view of the whole city, and also, as the inscription incited, reminded the men to whom the American liberties are to be traced. Altogether with some of the Canada passengers we went to the Faneuil Hall when I was called by one of them, to admire the picture of "Declaration of Independence," whilst it re-

presented only Daniel Webster delivering a speech to the city council. Then on Bunker Hill the same person spoke about the glorious victory of the Yankees. "It was a glorious fight, Sir, and where the "continent militia," answered I, "resisted bravely, but the day was, nevertheless, won by the English, you must excuse me, history is there to assert the truth."

After having enjoyed a very fine view from the monument on Charlestown bridge, I went to Cambridge with a professor of chemistry from Pesth. I have visited almost all the Universities of Europe, yet I saw the Harvard school with a real pleasure. The different buildings are separated one from another and the houses of the professors are models of elegance and cleanliness. As in the English schools, the professorships are supported by private donations. There are 3 to 400 students, and the period of their studies lasts four years; only twenty of them attend to the study of chemistry, which accounts for the humble

state of the laboratorium. Professor Agaziz, who illustrated himself by his observations on the Swiss glaciers is residing in Nahant, the sea bathing place, and thus his colleague from Pesth could not deliver the letter he had brought for him.

It is not allowed to smoke in the streets of Boston, and as two of our tourists, having no idea of such a restriction to republican freedom, were quietly smoking their cigars, they were arrested by the police. One of them apologizing for his ignorance was allowed to go his own way, but the other for having expressed his anger about such rules, was taken into custody.

I spent a couple of days most pleasantly at Daniel Webster's place, near Marshfield. Fletcher Webster, the son of the great statesman, tenders a most gentleman-like hospitality. I fear that very little will soon remain of the estate of the great orator. His political friends promised on his death-bed to pay his debts, but are doing nothing of that kind. Yet his duties as a Senator, or as a

Secretary of State for foreign affairs obliged him to neglect his own interests as a pleader. Mrs. Webster told me positively that her father-in-law died from grief owing to Mr. Pierce having been preferred to him for the Presidency. I attempted to comfort her by saying that ingratitude is the case with all democracies, and that either through jealousy or mistrust they prefer mediocrity to talent. The son of Henry Clay is now in a state approaching to misery, and Washington was the only one well used by the Americans. Yet, Webster's portrait is everywhere the fellow of that one of the first President. Money did not last long with Daniel Webster, but the Americans are generally bad treasurers, and has not Fourier proved that wants are proportionated with talents, was not Mirabeau, with whom Daniel Webster had more than one point of similarity, a great spendthrift too? I again read in his own library some of his speeches, and knew not what to wonder most, either at his erudition or at the

plastic form of his delivery. Greater than Guizot, he is equal to Chateaubriand ; Clay was dry, Calhoun harsh, and Patrick Henry but violent compared with Webster. His son, a man of lively intellect, is now preparing the publication of his father's correspondence. As I asked him why he did not imitate him, he answered: "Do not cast pearls..... The dissolution of the Union hang once on the lips of my father, he prevented it, and now there are people who charge him with having received 30,000 dollars for his memorable speech ! He hated slavery but he was not for an immediate abolition."

We walked so far as to discover Plymouth, but the Pilgrim Home affords nothing for the gratification of curiosity.

For anybody who likes quiet places and good company, Nahant is a better resort than New Port. A small steamer takes you there in the course of half an hour from Boston. Nahant House is kept by the master of the Revere House, and if you do

not meet there Longfellow or Prescott, you may occasionally catch glimpse of some beautiful Naiad.

M. Yermolof, the brother of the hero of Borodino and Koulm, your old acquaintance, is now settled at New Port. In that American Brighton, there are neither piers nor quays, and I walked a good deal before I could discover the little bay where people are bathing.

The American ladies well deserve the name given to them by the Indians of *pale faces*, their paleness being excessive indeed. This is owing to rocking chairs, to sexual excesses producing consumption, but particularly to absence of vegetation in the cities. To atone for this paleness, they have a great fancy for showy colors, national tricolors: red shawls, blue bonnets, and white habit shirts. Their mittens make their hands appear rather too large. They behave towards strangers with a rigid stiffness, which turns into an excessive familiarity, as soon as one gets acquainted with them. A young lady of Philadelphia, at

the hotel of New Port, never passed without singing her favourite airs. However, she was not Mme. Lagrange who spent the summer in New Port. It was only there that I saw fashionable negroes with proper manners.

I spent eight days at *Cape May*, at the "big House," Vermont House, that looks quite like a barrack. The Americans are reproached with being too inquisitive; yet it was only on the seventh day that a Dutchman from Philadelphia addressed me in German. I hardly refrained from embracing him, so highly was I overjoyed, not having opened my mouth during this whole space of time. There is many a Southern lady at Cape May, but their manners are not better toned for that. I observed one of them who never failed to look at her handkerchief after having made use of it, another one constantly leaned her elbows on the table, called for waiters to the full volume of her voice, and spoke to her acquaintances across the table. I went

usually to bed at 9 o'clock, having no particular taste for singing of psalms, in which the ladies enjoyed themselves almost every evening. Cooking was bad and I cannot yet get used to the negroes' attendance, I am always afraid lest they should soil all they touch at.

The reporters of newspapers, nevertheless, wrote that the society at New Port outshines that of Brussels, Paris and London, or that of Baden-Baden, Cheltenham and Vichy; that at Cape May beauties swarm. I ventured to present a young smart brunette a chair, she stared at me as if I had stepped on her toe. Doubtless, in such crowded assemblies one must beware of pickpockets, a recommendation which you may read in every public place in the United States.

My visit at Niagara, however, atoned for all these petty annoyances. A friend of mine used to say that, next to Vesuvius, it was the most splendid sight he ever beheld,

and they say that Niagara waters would extinguish the fire of the Vesuvius, but everybody has not the chance of seeing the Vesuvius during its eruption, whereas, seated on the terrace of Clifton House, after dinner, smoking a cigar, I enjoyed the most happy moments in my life. Those cataracts have inspired more than one poet, still there is but a mistake of nature, but a fall of the St. Lawrence river, and yet a wonderful creation! On that immense mass of water you see here a white, and there a yellow, and further a green sheet of water, and this rainbow which is raising from below, and this other one sideways are an enrapturing addition to the picture. Spouts of rain like bouquets or showers of mists raising or falling everywhere in dew form a luxury which is only equalled by the numberless islands composing bushy groups on both platforms, enhanced by lovely and smiling huts, amidst which a tin steeple or minaret shines in the sun.

The Niagara river * is crossed about every half hour by a miniature steamer, the *Maid of the Mist*. On board of this ferry there is a book for travellers, with a margin, to set down their respective impressions. Nothing more comical than to see their giving it up by repeated epithets of "sublime," "divine," "magnificent," &c. I noticed there several Russian names coming from as far as Siberia, and I added to them my own, with Derjavin's verses: "Dew drops shine, move, turn, and sparkle again."

The most amusing lad I met on the American side was a little urchin who offered to deliver a speech for 6d. to the memory of a Frenchman who perished in an attempt to go down the cataracts in a boat. "What is your country?" asked I. "Yankee, sir." "Which is the best, being a Yankee or an Englishman?" That is all the same—"Yet, there must be some

* It begins at Buffalo, twenty miles from Clifton House, and ends at Niagara, fourteen miles from the above hotel.

difference." "Well, then, Yankee." "And why?" "It is more funny, we all wear our hair backwards," and he passed his little hand satisfactorily over his forehead.— "Well," said I, "let us have a speech about this subject."

"Before setting your foot," he began, "on the soil of liberty, Englishmen, salute the land of independence, and take a little of that land back with you that it might inspire you with high-spirited actions." . . .

"Well, my boy, when you have your seat in Congress, you will claim shoes for the little folks like you."

I frequently delighted in looking at the swallows having their baths in the mist spreading around the falls. George Sand was right, saying that birds are the most poetical beings in the whole creation. The variegated castings of the water assume any shade of colour, and, to better enjoy the rainbow, they invite travellers to go down under the fall; but as this excursion requires a change of dress for one appropriated

to bathing, I could not relish the recreation.

The Canadian side of the fall is nearly twice as large as the American, the waters of both intermingle only far below. Thus the two rival nations must come at last to an understanding; but will it be for the best or the worst of mankind?

Along the largest side, called the "Horse Shoe," of which it has the shape, I went to the sulphur spring that is quite neglected. Altogether, with the islands spread along, it belongs to a Mr. Strep, whose fortune dates from his father, and who is still speculating in land. The day of my arrival (the 15th August) were sold some lots of ground, quite opposite to the falls, at the rate of £200 each. Proceeding a little further I came to the battle field of Loudon's Lane, the last fight which took place between the English and Americans in 1812, and where the mutual bloodshed greatly facilitated the conclusion of peace.

Close to the wonder of nature, but at the

other end, is to be seen the wonder of human art—the suspension bridge. Yet 25 cents must be paid every time the foot is set on this triumph of mechanical engineering.

The scenery along the river reminded me that of Clifton, near Bristol. Each season must present the falls in a different view, and in winter, when there is no one here, the view of the ice running down the rapids and dashing into pieces must be a magnificent one.

LETTER III.

THE PANORAMA OF NEW YORK.

NAPLES AND NEW YORK.—PAST AND PRESENT.—BROOK-
LYN.—HOBOKEN—BELLEVILLE—MUSQUITOES.

"Où donc est-il ? se dit la tendre mère.

BERANGER."

To MR. MORELL. *

Brooklyn, 17th August.

DEAR SIR,—

You must have heard, without doubt, that the panorama of New York recalls to memory the bay of Naples, though without the Vesuvius and the azure sea—for New York is encircled by the two arms of the Hudson—the similarity cannot be very great. Indeed, Hoboken is not Castellamare, the Staten Island by no means equals Ischia, and where is Pompeii or Herculaneum? They say: *Vedi Napoli e poi mori*; I should say: See New York and then go to Savannah. The multiplicity

* The author of "Russia as it is."

of islands here makes the panorama resemble that of Stockholm* which is also one of the most picturesque.

When Hudson first gazed on this spot, he declared it the most beautiful in the world. The harbour is still one of the best, but the streams confined to a channel no longer spread themselves over the adjacent land. The majestic forests which covered the island fell under the axe, and are only recollected in the name of a park without trees; shade or grass is nowhere to be found, and birds no more sing in the bushes but in cages. No feathered head-gear of the Indians wave now in the air, yet undisciplined instincts still govern the whites, as they governed the red men. The deer hide themselves in remote parts, and the wild birds which animated those waters have disappeared, too; no reptiles, but the reptile of avarice and corruption! Instead of cannibals we have dirt-eaters; hypocrisy

† Holm in Swedish means island."

dwells where savagery lived. They smoke not the calumet of peace, but the cigar of treachery worked by slaves! But now this harbour which sheltered only the poor pirogues is the receptacle of large fleets carrying cargoes from the remotest parts of the globe, surrounded by important forts. Now, there are libraries selling reprints, newspapers diffusing lies and calumny, and bar-rooms poisoning with adulterated brandy the conquerors who killed the red men with this firewater. There is a proud street of hotels and stores called the Broadway, backed by two streets of prostitution—Mercer and Green Streets. There is Wall Street with exchange, gambling, and full of life and fire insurances!

But away with comparisons! Henry Hudson, an Englishman, in the service of the Dutch East Indian Company, discovered this part of the continent in 1609.* The

* He also fell a victim to his enterprising spirit. After having wintered in the bay, which also bears his name, on his way home he met with a large iceberg. The crew mutinied, and left him at sea in a boat where he perished.

river, which he called Prince Maurice and which now bears his name, was termed by the natives Mahatan. New Amsterdam was the former name of New York, as New England was called by the Dutch New Netherland. As the Dutch were at that time republicans and federalists, they contributed to implant those two principles into the American institutions. While the most part of the British population of New York, at the beginning of the War of Independance were Tories and kept with the ministerial troops, the Dutch rendered the greatest services to Washington who, nevertheless, experienced on those islands the largest defeats. New York is on the island Mahatan, Brooklyn on Long Island, while Hoboken is in Pavonia, now New Jersey. Staten Island belongs to the State of New York. All those islands, kept in communication by numerous ferries and steamers, form a panorama which ought to have been to the liking of the Netherlanders, reminding their own country where

they conquered on water almost every inch of their land.

Brooklyn is a very pleasant place in summer, and there are still many Dutch houses in wood which I like the best. It offers one of the instances of the wonderful progress of the American towns; ten years ago it was but a village, and it now contains a hundred thousand inhabitants. A lot of land on Brooklyn Heights, with a view on New York, costs 9000 dollars. Williamsburg assumes also a prodigious extent, and a railway runs through Long Island. The hotel of Pierpoint here is remarkable for one thing—the attendance at table is performed by very gay and nice girls, who deserve the title of ladies as well as the working women in Lowell.

Hoboken has only lately been declared a town, and will, doubtless, soon reach the importance of Brooklyn, for on that side of the Hudson the view on New York is most beautiful. It is still a German colony. West Hoboken presents a glimpse of the far

west—fields uncultivated or covering themselves with buildings, or divided into lots which are yearly rising in price.* Some speculators have already realised important benefits for the Union. The greatest part of Hoboken, properly called, belongs to Mr. Swift, who only lately began to sell allotments of land, or to make presents of them. He is a very civilised and generous man; he left for the convenience of the public a small park on the borders of the Hudson, and whereto people flock on Sundays from New York, enriching the *lager-beer* stores and the taverns, among which Napoleon Hotel and Lamartine Hotel are kept in a French bourgeois style. Napoleon III. lived in the former, and is said to have forgotten to pay a little bill. Further on is Guttenberg, a rising colony of Germans, those pioneers of America.

Joseph Bonaparte, during his stay in America, kept a large estate near Bruns-

* A lot purchased for 100 dollars will very likely be worth 600 dollars after six years.

wick, in New Jersey, and Murat never was a driver, as I was told in Paris, but he married a Yankee girl who, perhaps, will bear the Neapolitan crown. As a gossip matter I must mention that on the arrival of the ex-King of Spain the price of diamonds fell down in New York, so many he sold of them, and they were pretended to be all jewels of the Spanish crown which he had the precaution of taking with him when he was compelled to leave the throne of Spain. As a conscientious man I took information from Spaniards, and it was positively answered that never anything disappeared from the crown jewels.

Hackensack, on the river of the same name, is also in the hands of a German society, the members of which pay a yearly quota for the ground they possess.

As I have some friends in Belleville I often pass through Newark, the manufacturing city of Jersey, and the country around the New Peisseck is the nearest place I know for people fond of the country.

Musquitoes make me frantic, as they are said to prefer European blood to American, and all my skill in arranging the bed net does not keep me from the bites of those ferocious insects, "tiresome little things," as a very handsome English artist lady called them last night. Gloves are not sufficient even in bed to protect the hands which are the most exposed part. The noise of swarming mosquitoes, and particularly during night, is really incredible.

The Dutch who first arrived here must have fallen victims to these savage animals, as there were a great many more of them, unless the smoke of their pipes had saved them.

LETTER IV.
THE QUAKER CITY.

MAGNIFICENT BUILDINGS.—YANKEE DRINKS.—MILITARY
HABITS.—HALL OF INDEPENDENCE.—GERMAN TOWN.—
DELAWARE BAY.—QUAKERS.

"The internal life of man is but the reflection of the
external one surrounding him."—CES. MERLIN.

Philadelphia, August 24th, 1855.

To MR. PASCAL DUPRAT.

DEAR SIR,—

An American lady being asked what seemed to her the most beautiful in Europe answered: the buildings. Baltimore disputes with Philadelphia the denomination of the city of magnificent buildings, and Philadelphia ladies claim the palm of beauty bestowed on those of the chief town of Maryland; but I see beauties neither here nor there, neither in stone nor in flesh and bones. Upon the whole, Gerard Institute is a poor structure; the Penitentiary deserves its renown, and the aquaducts are

certainly most magnificent, but that is all.

Gerard House, where I am residing, is more quiet than American Hotels generally are. After the English cooking which has experienced but little change since the Conqueror, and is not likely to improve from the present Alliance with France, I enjoy the excellent table.

However, the best of "Yankee notions" are Yankee drinks, and American bar-rooms in England would certainly prove good speculations. For my part, I prefer the Claret cobbler to Sherry cobbler, but I declare that the so-called Champagne cocktails are but the way of spoiling Champagne by means of German bitter. Cream-syrup is a recent invention, and neither a very lucky one, and Soda or Seltzer water manufacturers would make here a good business, for Soda water sold at every corner here and in New York is a nasty stuff.

You would laugh much more were you to see the attendance to the *table d'hôte*

here. Stewards are dressed like soldiers, they are marched at the sign of the head-steward, and never touch a dish without his command. Americans in general are very fond of military show. There is scarcely a day without parading and drumming and shooting parties, and the militia in the English, French and German uniforms have as warlike an appearance as the stationary troops, particularly the Cavalry, which has not a very commanding aspect. As I do not say with Cicero *cedant arma togae*, and as generals are usually preferred for Presidents, a *coup d'Etat* is not at all an impossible thing.

I spent a most lovely moment at the Hall of Independence in the City Hall. At the time you were the Editor of the *Revue Independante* in Paris, you showed the most accurate knowledge of the Slavonic world. You must therefore be well versed in the history of Novgorod, that proud Russian republic, the device of which was: "Who against God and the great Novgo-

rod?" Ivan III. crushed this commercial city, a member of the Hanseatic Union, and brought to Moscow the bell of *Vetchi*, heretofore employed in summoning citizens to public assemblies. That bell was hung in the tower, bearing the name of Ivan tower, it fell to the ground shortly afterwards, and a piece of it broke up, leaving an aperture large enough to allow a man to get under. The American bell which announced the proclamation of Independence at Philadelphia is ten times smaller, it is broken too, but has only a split running downwards. There is another point of similarity: the last *posadnitza*, Presidentin, of Novgorod was Martha, and the name of General Washington's wife was Martha too!

I am amazed at the numerous similarities, existing between Russia and America. I ate here the water melons of which I was so fond in Russia; black berries and cream are common in both countries. Great distances, wooden country houses here and

there ; the same disorder in the administration of public affairs.

The environs of Philadelphia are of the utmost beauty, and I know nothing more enchanting than Delaware bay. The Swedes who at first landed there, called the place where they disembarked Paradize Point, so charming it appeared to them, and the Quakers who succeeded them, called another point of the coast Salem or the place of peace. There were many Finns among the colonists sent out by Gustavus Adolphus, but I felt no particular interest in searching for the offspring of that kind of my countrymen.

There are more Germans in Philadelphia than in Germantown, the former owners of which are gone farther, having sold their land advantageously to Yankees. This town is three miles in length, but there is only one street in width. I returned from Chesnut Hill, where there is an hydropathical institution, by such a diminutive railway as I never before suspected to exist,

and they are quite right in inscribing on the waggons warnings for passengers not to put out of the window their heads or elbows, for there is no room for such a pastime. The locomotive is heated with wood, and one is kept here in a continual dread for one's life. A propos of inscriptions, how do you like this one on the Ferry of Hoboken: "Gentlemen will at once perceive the inconvenience of smoking in this room." Wags never fail on the bills, not allowing to smoke, to erase the word *not*.

Fairmount is the American Meudon, but with greater utility for the public. The wheels rise the water into four immense reservoirs placed on a hill commanding the town, and hence it runs easily down to be distributed to every street.

A steamer took me to St. Lawrence Hill—a cemetery worthy of a city like Philadelphia, and where the greatest part of the monuments are of marble.

I have discovered here a Square full of squirrels, and I found great pleasure in

playing with those animals, the more so as a lady who happened to sit next to me at the dinner-table yesterday, told me that she did not care for French amability or politeness!

In Philadelphia they manufacture the best gigs, the lightness of the wheels is rather surprising. Another point of similarity with Russia are the trotters. But I think that those of Orloff are bigger, finer, and run faster.

Wisdom and justice presided at the formation of Pennsylvania, but passion and folly overruled them. Even Peter the Great attending to a Quakers' meeting in London said that the people ought to be happy with those principles. The Quakers disliked wealth as a cause of tyranny, but they are now in minority here, and only one church is appropriated to their faith.

William Penn was not fond of a large metropolis, and recommended gardens at every house. The streets opened on the forests just got from the Indians, remind the kind

of wood found there: Chesnut and Walnut streets are the largest, then come Wine, Spruce, &c., and every kind of tree has a representative in a street, but brick and marble are to be seen in place of shading leaves, aristocratical villas in the neighbourhood instead of plebeian cottages. Monotony has replaced the rigidity of manners, but still Philadelphia is not a Sodome like New York, and is praised for the purity of its manners. Some Quaker principles are still retained in the legislation of Pennsylvania. William Penn, on his return to England went to jail for debts, for debts contracted for his brethren. Imprisonment for debts does not exist in the State he founded.

LETTER V.

C A N A D A.

ONTARIO.—TORONTO.—PARALLEL BETWEEN THE
UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—THOUSAND ISLANDS.—
MONTREAL.—STATISTICS AND POLITICS.

"L'esprit consiste à distinguer le
difficile de l'impossible,"—NAPOLEON LE GRAND.

Montreal, August, 1855.

TO SIR DUNCAN MAC DUGALL IN LIVERPOOL.

DEAR SIR,

THE wind blew hard, when I resolved upon leaving Niagara Falls, but I thought the occurrence of no importance on a lake. The storm in the tea-pot, however, was complete, and the Ontario became so cross that all the ladies fell sick, and the gentlemen got unwell. It was but a gale, yet the water jumped over the wheels. The passage from Niagara fort to Toronto lasts usually two hours and a half, ours lasted three hours and a half.

Toronto has the pretention of being the London of Canada; the streets are very spacious but empty and unfinished; King Street is the Broadway of the place. I saw the English again with pleasure; English and Canadian banknotes with the portrait of Prince Albert, very much like the Emperor Nicholas at the time of his accession to the throne; then English bookstores. However, I bought neither Prescott's reprinted works, nor my own "Nations," although I was repeatedly asked in New York for some copies, I was more attracted to local productions, and "The last Erie" procured me a very interesting lecture on the steamer.

As at my hotel (Russel's House) dinner-time (at one o'clock) was over long ago, I repaired to St. Nicholas Restaurant, a very fine eating house indeed, but where for a prairie hen and a pint of porter I was charged \$1, 25 c. I perused the *Globe* and the *Leader*, the best of the Toronto Newspapers, and as I did not care to attend

to the performance of one of Shakspeare's plays, I went home, and got an excellent cup of tea, such as it is quite unheard of among Americans.

Routledge's guide in the United States gives a gloomy picture of Canada, and a very attractive one of the American side. I should think there is not only exaggeration but even misrepresentation in the statements of the anonymous writer. Canada has 40,000 horses more than Ohio, the population of which is more considerable; more ships than in the States, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, and while the States import from Great Britain goods only for one pound St. per head, the ratios of Canadian import is more than the double of it. True, this is more than compensated by the importation of French and German wares so extensive in the United States. As the import duties are in Canada uniformly thirty per cent of the value, tobacco, tea, wine, ought to be cheaper than in London.

To return to Toronto, it is a real and big

village: not only cows are freely promenading across the streets, but even geese and swine. The empty space invites speculations on the ground which I think productive; there are, however, several brick-buildings: the Cathedral, the Union Hall, erected in 1854, Ontario Hall, the Saxon architecture of which does not belie their origin.

A letter from Toronto to New York is paid 10 cents, 7 for the British and 3 for the American Post office, although the frontier is close at hand. The Post reform has not reached yet so far, but at the delivery of a pre-paid letter in New York, they raise two cents. Why?

Toronto has two bishops: a protestant and a catholic one, not for the spiritual welfare of Frenchmen of whom there are but few, but on account of Irishmen who are in numbers.

In spite of a dreadful cold I caught in the Niagara mist, and in spite of what the Yankees said to me, not to travel in

Canada, on account of my being a Russian, I could not resist the temptation of seeing the Thousand Islands.

The Royal mail declaring in its prospectus that it arrives at Montreal on the evening of the day it leaves Toronto, commits an impudent falsehood. Steamers, sailing at eleven o'clock in the morning, arrive only the next day at six in the evening. But by a lucky chance the second day of my travel happened to be a Sunday, and in a country where Sabbath is observed, I know no better way to spend it than traveling. The steamer I got on had the name of "Passport"—rather a strange name in a country where they get along pretty well without those nasty documents.

The pleasure of steam-boats is a very insipid one, but in our days generally every civilized man is bound to travel, and a refugee is nothing else but a modern pilgrim.

Now here is a boy who gets hold of my sticks, and amuses himself in knocking

them about, which can hardly in any way contribute to their embellishment, producing a music that hurts my nerves. Yet, as his father seems to approve of the recreation, I dare not come out in defence of my property which runs great risk of being lost or broken, I prefer with that delicacy which always made a victim of me, to wait till he has done, which takes one full hour. Again, in order to enjoy a little fresh air, I leave my seat in the sitting room, and deem it proper to insure it by putting my book on it, but on my return I find it secured by a lady busily engaged in perusing my book, and as it is a Canadian tale, and a very interesting one, she goes on reading it in spite of my sighs and locomotion facing her. At last her husband, who I think is an officer on board the steamer, calls her into his cabin, and I recover my book ! Then our cargo is composed of some hundred swines treating us to an infernal concert. However, the Erie on that day is very calm, the sky unclouded,

the air cool, and the American steamer which goes along the southern coast of the lake outruns us. I went to my berth, but no sooner I was asleep when they awaken me, we were arrived at Kingston, where they change steamers. Starting from my bed in haste, I forgot many things which I greatly missed afterwards.

I have, as many other men, the faculty of awakening at the precise time I have resolved upon, and on board the new steamer bearing the proud name of "New Era," I awakened the very moment we approached the Thousand Islands. They are not enchanted, and I do not think that they are enchanting, but as every novelty pleases, I was quite satisfied with their sight. They are groups of bushes, some of them not bigger than a turtle, and generally extremely low.

After a few moments looking out on the deck, I hear French spoken around me, and with a true pleasure of a fellow countryman, I recognize Canadians in the per-

sons newly embarked at Prescott. I address them in any way and style, but there is no great conversation possible with those poor *voyageurs* coming from the prairies.

"I suppose these huts yonder are inhabited by Irish people?"

"O, there are plenty of Canadians too."

"Any game in this country?"

"There must be plenty of ducks."

"What kind of fur do you wear in the winter?"

I could not make out the name of the beast one of them produced, and as he tried in vain to light his pipe, I presented him my fusees, he called them *midou*,—to be sure a derivative of *amadou*,—and was amazed about its smell.

"You must," said I, "speak indifferently French and English."

"Yes, many of us do speak it."

Poor children of France left among Englishmen, how do they not die by weariness or change their manners?

The St. Lawrence is a river quite as

whimsical as it is majestic; we crossed five or six rapids; at the edge of rocky platforms the river is precipitated in the abysses, rolls on, and turns again its waters. The view of the coast is sad, and the villages are not fine. Among their various names, I noticed that of Brokville which is situated at Thousand Islands. The lake St. Francis is picturesque enough, thanks to a line of mountains bordering its right; then comes the lake St. Louis, at the end of which is displayed the panorama of Montreal not devoid of beauty.

The part of Montreal which I should call English is much better than Toronto, but in the French part, I walked for hours, yielding a complacent ear to the French sounds coming from the passers by, and from the ajar doors; I even think, I would not have been so well pleased with hearing my native tongue, yet, it was but a *patois*, and great was my astonishment when none could tell me of its origin, till I discovered it was Norman.

Coming back to St. Lawrence House, I could contrive nothing better to do than to scrawl these very pages, by the dim light of a small alchoolic lamp, such as are commonly used to light cigars, which I, nevertheless, declare an excellent article for bachelors, occasioning neither smell nor trouble.

Some of the American Hotels practise the just rule not to charge a whole day when one does not spend it within their precincts, but the English hotels of Canada do not such thing, and whether one dines at the hotel or not, one always pays the eternal two Dollars and a half a day.

The extent of Canada is of some 500,000 square miles, but only West Canada is somewhat thickly inhabited, not better, however, than Russia is. The two countries resemble each other both on account of their climate, and the nature of their soil, their vast forests, and their immense rivers. If Routledge's guide is too severe towards Canada, Mr. Smith's Gazetteer is mani-

festly too partial. He says that auguring the tree by its fruits, the climate of Canada is better than that of the United States, its population being handsomer. I declare that Canadians would be quite wrong if they pretended to beauty, and as regards the English of the more or less recent date of arrival, they are as numerous in the United States as here. There is in winter time one foot of snow in the southern part of Canada, sometimes none at all, and four feet in its northern part. The lakes are taken with ice only in the month of December, but there is hardly any spring, and the transition from winter to summer is all of a sudden. The inhabitants, the Indians in particular, say, they suffer more from the heat than from cold, and Mr. Smith asserts that in the south they can perfectly dispense with overcoats, which seems to me a great flattery. There are but 2,300 Indians out of the Five Nations that the French called the *Iroquois*, and their principal village is situated at 70 miles distance

from Niagara. They are for the most converted to Christianity. To them is ascribed the destruction of the fowl, the deer is hardly to be found, and the plan of regulating shooting by a law cannot reach the wandering tribes of Indians who kill the game for the mere pleasure of killing.

Government lands can be had at three pence cheaper per acre than those of the United States; the Irish and English on their arrival here instead of taking farms on lease, prefer the risks of failure and ruin by contracting debts for the purchase of lands, even without taking the trouble of acquainting themselves previously with the locality they settle in.

Canada is positively one of the most interesting countries, and the history of which is not devoid of poetical attraction. The natives opposed the French heroically, especially since their confederation and the adoption of fire-arms. The Mohawks were at a time but a poor tribe. The Eries, who gave their name or took it from lake Erie, for in

their language Erie means lake, have been very powerful, but were destroyed by the Senecas and Oneidas or the *Iroquois*, who have defeated the French several times, and even carried their strong-holds; the Hurons, so called from the Lake Huron, were friendly towards the French, as well as the Illinois, whose name means men.

There is a rumour in Canada that England intends to give up that country to France, to cement the alliance in the East, in return for some acquisition in Asia. Canada costs, indeed, Great Britain more than it yields, what shall, therefore, France gain by the bargain? A prestige! And as to the Canadians they would prefer to join the United States, rather than become annexed to a country where there is neither liberty of speech nor that of writing; to pay greater imports, send more recruits: at such a rate it would be as well for them to remain English.

LETTER VI.

RETURN FROM CANADA.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—LAKE GEORGE.—SARATOGA.

Brooklyn, Septbr. 3rd, 1855.

TO MR. JAMES FAZY, IN GENEVA.

DEAR SIR,—

I had already seen enough of American tricks, to be cautious towards the sellers of ten and five-dollar through-tickets, from Toronto to New York, and thence to Niagara; and good it was for me, for an Englishman whom I met, told me that having bought one of these tickets at a discount to go down St. Lawrence, it proved useless beyond Toronto: at the landing of Montreal we have been over-crowded by these ticket sellers, but I resisted firmly all their seducing proposals.

Whilst the bridge across the St. Lawrence

is being constructed, which is expected to be the largest bridge in the world, the river is crossed in boats, and the voyage continued by railroad till you reach Rose-Point. I was already in waggons, and still my mind was unsettled as to the way I had to pursue; whether to return directly to New York, or to have a peep at Lake George, stopping or not at Saratoga, and felt quite unable to resolve upon anything. This indecision did not proceed from any want of energy, but from the difficulty of making a choice between two things seemingly indifferent, and where the *pro* and the *contra* outweighed each other. This reminded me of a friend who used to spend whole hours in ruminating whether he should put on his boots or shoes. At last I decided upon following the adventurous impulse, and circumstances served me according to my wish; for the passage of Lake Champlain is obligatory, the mail following that route. But hardly was I fairly in Canada, when I perceived that part of my luggage was

missing, it was left somewhere on the railroads: the custom of securing the luggage by checks has not reached yet from the United States to Canada. I remonstrated with the Captain, who promised me to direct it when found to New York; but I felt uneasy, nevertheless, being deprived of many things of daily use; and the hope of having them again in my possession prevented me from buying new ones. I resolved, however, upon drowning this vexation in the sight of Lake George, which I knew to be very beautiful, and took my passage to Ticonderoga.

I am ashamed to confess that I am not a great admirer of the beauties of Switzerland. I feel, as it were, crushed by their collossean grandeur, and I dread above all the ascension of mountains. In Italy I am more at ease, still, there is too much of dust. But the American scenery is altogether to my liking; the views are more extensive than those of Italy. The Lake Champlain is as beautiful as one may wish

it; the Green mountains of the Maine on one side, and farther up those of Essex on the other, enclose it admirably; and the great number of islands which caused it to be called land-water by the Indians, is a peculiarity of America. They are bigger there than on the river of St. Lawrence, and continue over the Lake George and Hudson River, extending under the very walls of New York, where they afford foundations to the forts defending the entry to the city. The name of Lake Champlain is not of Indian origin, as one might be induced to believe, but altogether French, coming from Samuel Champlain, who first discovered it in 1609, after having founded the colony of Quebec. The lake is one hundred and twenty miles long.

Ticonderoga is an Indian name, meaning noisy, which the natives applied to cataracts situated at the mouth of Lake George. The fort of that name received the denomination of fort Carillon, constructed by the French in 1775. In 1758 the English General

Abercrombie was obliged to retire under this fort, after a loss of two thousand men. The fort Ticonderoga was taken in 1775 by surprise by the Americans, but was re-taken by the English in 1777. Its ruins only remain at the present time out of which boys extract balls, and sell them to travellers.

If there be a railroad which I should like to be a subscriber to, it would be the one connecting Lake Champlain with Lake George, a distance of twelve miles, which must be travelled over in a bad omnibus at this present day. There is a jewel-like little steamer making the trip on Lake George, and stopping for the night at fort William Henry. On entering the parlour, I saw there a pretty woman reclining gracefully in a rocking chair, opposite to her an ugly one indulged the same swinging exercise, and thus they went on for hours without interruption, when a little boy came in, and placing his little rocking chair in the middle, joined the company with such a

serious composure, that I could not help laughing outright.

Lake George is called the tail of Lake Champlain, although it extends thirty-five miles in length; it is a true *belleza*; for that reason, in spite of bad spirits, occasioned by the loss of my chattels, I count the 17th of August among the happiest days in my life, and I should have lost much by sacrificing the view of the lake to my anxiety to return to New York. The hotel at fort William Henry was full, but chance would have it that the book-keeper was a German, who, at the sight of my name, treated me as one of his own countrymen and political brethren, and fitted out for my use the room of one of the employers of the hotel, to cheat me afterwards the better in New York. On the next morning I was called back again to the remembrance of the good old time by a ride in a *char-à-banc*, or spring-van, in order to better appreciate the advantages of railroads. From Lake George to Saratoga, the railroad begins only at Moreau.

On my first glance at Saratoga, I resolved to stop there for a few days, and whatever might be said on account of this place being no more a fashionable resort, I declare it to be still one of the best suited for a summer-season residence in the United States. The hotels, huge, like strongholds, range in a line in a long street, and fashionable promenaders of both sexes circulating from one to the other. I got out of a mineral bath like René; Saratoga water contains more of gas than any other of the same kind. I knew an American who established in the principal street a shop for the sale of cigars and chibouks, and who spoke to me in German about Turkish affairs. Outside the town the so-called Indians sell baskets under the tents. I recognised among them some Chinese; and one Canadian female, as white as a French lady, endeavoured to convince me that she was an Indian.

I returned by Hudson, which is certainly more majestic than the Rhine, in company with two Englishmen, who did not trouble

themselves in the least about the beauty of the sights; they did not cast their eyes up from Dickens, even, to have a peep at the West Point.

LETTER VII.

THE INDIANS.

EARTH AND MAN.—SAVAGERY AND CIVILISATION.—
UNJUST PROCEEDINGS OF THE WHITE MAN AGAINST THE
RED MAN.—STATISTICS.

Brooklyn, September 5th, 1855.

TO MR. ALEX. HOLYNSKI.*

DEAR SIR,—

The savages of America had no name to designate their race, and spoke no common language. They were called Indians because they were on the way of Europeans

* Author of "*De la Californie et des routes inter-océaniques.*"

to East India, and consequently the part of America discovered first was termed West India. Some similarity might be pointed at with respect to the colour of East and West Indians, but the frame and the mind of both races are quite different. The physical differences existing between Southern and Northern Indians of America are so large as to admit the supposition that Indians are white men coloured by the sun; but how to account for the Canadian cold? Whilst several with their small eyes and large cheek bones put me in mind of Siberian races, others, with aquiline noses, contradicted all consanguinity with the flat-nosed Tatars. Accounting for all possible migration, I still am of the opinion that the creation of the human race was spontaneous and independent in several hemispheres. The New World may be older than the Old World, but I was rather struck by the analogies, than by the differences in the productions of the two hemispheres. Thus wine grapes were found in a wild state

on the island Mahatan as well as in Florida, but man could never be enslaved this part of the water, unless he was a negro.

An American author said that the red man was created on the day all beasts were made; but is not every nation a produce of its land? The Frenchman dwelling on chalk ground is gay and an artist, the Englishman is called "foggy" by the Americans, and the head of the European born in America is generally smaller.

When we parted at New York you said to me, "I do not at all understand your sympathy for the Indians, they are a race that did not wish to be civilized, they preferred perishing rather than accepting European civilisation; did they not deserve their fate?" I think I replied by way of jesting, that reds in politics could well afford to sympathise with red skins; that I had for the Indians a deeper sympathy than for the negroes; and that I would willingly consent to marry an Indian, pro-

vided my offspring might be a living protest against the wrongs the primitive possessors of America have experienced at the hands of the whites. But now let us seriously examine the question, for, to my mind, it is a most important one with regard to moral and historical considerations, whatever be its present political weight.

Were it not better, indeed, to let them be happy in their own way, than to force upon them a civilisation which, in their eyes, represented only perjury, violence, robbery, and murder? I do not know whether you have visited in Honduras the beautiful remains of Indian sculpture; they would tell you of the Indian civilisation. Was not the happiness of colonists too dearly paid for by the destruction of millions of human beings? Did Providence want it so in its inscrutable decrees? I rather believe not; she has nothing to do with the responsibility they attempt to throw on her wisdom, and I think she washes off her hands the blood of Indians,

just like Pilate washed off his own, the blood of Jesus Christ.

The Europeans bought from Indians lands for some glass, trinkets, or mere trifling. The companions of Penn have paid a half-penny or a cent per acre, and the state of New York was acquired at the rate of 2½ cents, less than three cents per acre. But the greatest part of lands have been taken by violence, fire was set to the dwellings, and the inhabitants put to the sword. The white historian recoils at the task of disclosing the atrocities committed by the whites against the Indians; such a mission is reserved for a civilised Indian, of whom there are many samples, as Strong, Twoguns, Dr. Wilson, &c. &c. One of the most superior wits in the eighteenth century said, that we ought to go back to the natural state. You will object that he was but a misanthrope, and I shall not remind you of all those who carried his desire into execution, and found themselves not in the least worse for having left city life, and

sought forests. But this civilisation which I value as high as yourself, when it is not presented at the butt-ends of guns, they imported in flasks of brandy, that poison of the mind no less injurious to the natives than the balls of the whites. *Red Jacket* himself could not resist the temptation; and every report of the Indian committee claims penalty against the dealers of strong liquors in the territories. You may object, again, that the fault lies with the Indians themselves who did not know how to escape drunkenness and its disastrous effects; but do not you see in Siberia whole nations of Savages overcome by this very vice?

The Europeans have brought along with them another present, the smallpox, which decimated whole tribes. Missionaries did their duty undoubtedly, so they count over 40,000 Indians converted to Christianity.

Let us cast a summary glance at the state to which Indians are reduced at the present epoch in Northern America. There are 400,000 Indians, one-half of which num-

ber are hostile to the United States. 134,000 have settled within the boundaries of the military Department of the Pacific i. e. in California, Oregon, Washington, Utah; 50,000 in New Mexico; 31,000 in the Department of Texas; 180,000 between Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, the remaining belongs to the fifth military Department, on the East side of the Mississippi. To keep in awe the 40,000 hostile Indian warriors, the United States have but a force of 10,745 effective men, instead of 14,216 soldiers, they are authorised to maintain for that purpose. It is in the territories, or the provisional and recently created states of Nebraska and Kansas, that we find most of their tribes such as Omana, Ottoc, Missouri, Sack, and Foxes of Missouri, Jowa, Kickapoo, Delaware, Shawnee, Kaskaskia, Peoria, Wea, Piankeshaw, Miami; in the state of Michigan we find the Ottowas, and the Chippewas; in Wisconsin there are the Oneidas near the Green Bay. The Stockbridge Indians are to be trans-

ferred from the lake Winnebago to Wisconsin. The Sioux, with whom there is at the present moment an open hostility; the Groventres, the Arickarces, are within the agency of High Missouri; the Omahas, Ottocs, Pawnes, and Missouriia, belong to the agency of the Bluff Council; these boards are entrusted with the maintenance of the Indians, and keep stores of victuals, without which they would be badly off, for their improvidence has become proverbial, notwithstanding their getting daily better acquainted with agriculture; and the buffalo is becoming more and more scarce: they kill over 400,000 of them yearly. The purchase and bargain on lands is going on unceasingly; they show no objection at all when money *grows* i. e. when it is placed on interest by the Indian board; but in proportion as their inclinations are altering, they become averse to any exchange of the soil they dwell on. Private individuals on their side continue to appropriate unto themselves the lands belonging

savages, without the authorities being able to put a stop to these abuses. There are many schools instituted for the Indians, but there are no more any 4,000,000 dollars destined, as formerly, to this department, nor the 1,800 Indian students as they existed at the time of well-conceived philanthropy. Christianity, however, is still in progress, and the Five Nations of the State of New York, whose cypher is so rapidly decreasing, are complete converts.

Availing myself of the expression of the eloquent Indian orator, the *Red Jacket*, I will say that the whites have so outgrown Indians that the latter can only reach their knees, but for the very same reason they want to be treated like children, and after all the iniquities committed towards the Indians, it would be unpardonable not to save from extermination the few relics of them, by bringing them up to the level of a civilized people.

I shall not repeat after the Indian historian, MacKinney, "that there was never

a war in which the Indians were aggressors." King Philip, for instance, was not a peace-loving man at all, but certainly this is only an exception to the general rule. I most willingly, too, pay my tribute of commiseration to the terrible sufferings which the first colonists must have endured, but the lot of their descendants is too splendid now-a-days to induce them to yield a spot under the canopy of heaven to the children of the original possessors of the soil.

10th September.

You have certainly heard through the newspapers all about the last battle which has taken place between the Americans and the Indians on the 3d September inst. The cause of the butchery was a lame cow, formerly belonging to Mormon emigrants. Instead of deducting its price at the next payment of Indian subvention, they chose to wage war, in order to afford a chance of distinction and promotion to young officers

of the army. The *Tribune*, which, considering its liberal tendencies, is the most European among the American newspapers, speaks thus of the affair:—

“We have read nothing for this long while with more loathing than this account. It excited our indignation against the authors of such a nefarious enterprise, and made us blush for the Government which is responsible for it. The whole account is written (in the *Missouri Democrat*) in the style suited to a buffalo hunt. The Indians are styled ‘game,’ and represented as vainly attempting to hide themselves from the pursuit of their hunters, tremblingly sheltering their wives and their little ones under a cover which they thought secure from their bloody penetration. And this is not all. It is related that a treacherous parley was held with the Indian chief at the head of the little settlement attacked to ‘amuse’ the party, whilst a detachment of horse was sent to the rear to cut off their last chance of flight. When the deceit and treachery practised had fully succeeded, our valiant forces fell upon the whole encampment, and perpetrated a general massacre.”

The Buffalo Chief just died nearly a centurian, or, to speak his own language, he smoked away his last pipe, and handed it

over to the commissary to be deposited in Washington. They are hard at work in the selection of epithets when speaking about his magnanimity and courage. He was, it would seem, a compound of every virtue. Just like what King Philip says in the tragedy of Matamoras, when the Indians have been destroyed, but not vanquished—"We are no more, yet we are for ever."

Here is, however, something which does them no credit at all. In Michigan an Indian having killed another was seized upon, fastened to a tree, and during a whole week arrows were aimed at him, amidst public rejoicings. A Circassian retaliates in a more generous way—he kills at one blow.

The French and Spaniards behaved better towards the Indians. They mixed up with them instead of exterminating them; hence resulted a mixed race, which had inherited the defects of both these nations.

LETTER VIII.

AMERICA AS IT IS.

PARALLEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES—
THEIR FALSE RIVALRY—YOUNG MEN RULE THE
COUNTRY—LOVE OF MONEY.

"On ne tombe que du côté où l'on penche."

GUIZOT.

Brooklyn, September 9th, 1855.

To A. B. RICHARDS, LONDON.

"Yes, Sir, everything is better here than in England,"—except women, who are more learned and not so thin in Old England. (It is difficult to say whether there are here more pale than painted ladies, at least I never saw so many of the latter in Paris.) Except railroads, the cars are provided here with refreshments and accommodations, they are even warmed in winter, but there are far more probabilities for breaking one's neck. On the steamers they will pick up a sinking negro, in

expectation of a reward from his master, but not a dropped white man. Yet if life is of little account here, living is more expensive, because nearly everything comes from Europe. Hotels are larger, but too much crowded, and too noisy, and if their drawing-rooms are rich, the sleeping rooms are poorly furnished. Cooking is better here than in England, but fish, mutton, and beef are not so good in quality. Codfish is here at home, having given its name to a cape in New England, but turbot and soles are scarce, yet bass is very good. Game is in profusion, and quails very cheap. French cooks do well, but the Americans use in their printed bills of fare the Negro tongue, and make laughable blunders, unless they come from some embassy in Washington. They do not know here how to make *polenta*, and consume Indian corn raw with butter; yet bread and cakes of this kind of flour are not to be depreciated. The so much-praised American peaches have not the

flavour and the taste of French peaches. Is the climate better? I hardly dare answer in the affirmative; for if the sky is of an unparalleled brightness, the grass is not so green, the winter too cold, the summer too warm, no spring at all, and the fall alone is a beautiful season.

No parks, and no possibility of making the people believe that hundreds of acres are set apart in London for public recreation; no cabs, although there is a talk of a company for establishing hansoms, but old-fashioned caleches at a dollar for a job, and democratical omnibuses, answering their purpose very well. No Vauxhall or Argyll Rooms, prudery prohibiting public exhibitions of frivolous amusements: there are only a few dancing academies in winter. European manners, and not of the best kind, are making their way, and there is no such thing as "helps" or servants sitting themselves at the tables of their masters, at least in the eastern States. When on the steamer from New York to Newport, a

splendid steamer with a splendid table, I said to myself that the Americans are calumniated, as I see them neither fighting for dishes, nor spitting on the people. Well, just at this very moment I received a squirt of saliva on the face from a man who intended to spit overboard, and I was happy that it was not tobacco juice. But tell me, if you please, why do not the women of England come in larger numbers to America, they would be all queens here? If you ever intend to settle yourself here, do not come single, for a wife is a real capital in the United States; I mean an English wife, who knows something more than to board in hotels and boarding-houses.

At the Great Exhibition in London a lady of the Court asked an American:—"How is it that you have no sovereign?" "We have many of them, ma'am," answered he, spitting his chew out; "I am one of them." But really here ladies reign and govern, and deserve well to be admitted to Congress, for they certainly would

manage matters better than the Know-Nothings.

"The Europeans," said a southern gentleman to me, "judge America from boarding-houses." But is not America one large boarding-house? Almost every house has lodgers, and children frequently pay their parents for board.* The society of these boarding-houses is of course greatly mixed. I was seriously assured by the landlady of one of them that slaves in the United States live better than their masters—a proof that one hears very patriotic thoughts expressed in such institutions.

It is a fact that America is ruled by quite young men. Age is less respected here than in Europe, but not for want of due feelings. America is a young country, and

* So marked, indeed, is this practice of looking for requitals, that even the language is infected with it. Thus, should a person pass a few months by invitation with a friend, his visit is termed "boarding," it being regarded as a matter of course that he pays his way. It would scarcely be safe, indeed, without the precaution of "passing receipts" on quitting, for one to stay any time in a New England dwelling, unless prepared to pay for his board.—FENIMORE COOPER.

only young men are deemed here capable of sustained energy. However, a young and inexperienced statesman or attorney ought not to inspire confidence.

One must here take care of oneself more than in Europe, there being rather too little than too much interfering from Government in private affairs. The whip and the bowie-knife are the weapons to which one must have recourse for attack or for defence, unless one should prefer a Colt's revolver, and fist right is still in force among those barons of a new feudality. "You must expect," said a lawyer to me who meditated upon the causes and effects of human things, "to meet more swindlers in a free than a despotic country." Is it because they can more easily escape? The freedom to cheat people is rather a strange independence. The Americans are the less excusable in resorting to means which strict morality condemns, as they possess a large and wealthy country, and the whole world is open to their enterprising spirit.

As to the competition between America and England, I cannot help laughing at it, for at every step you meet records of the mother country. Baltimore, Delaware, are the names of English lords, in the same way as Albany (Orange Fort) was the primitive name of this Dutch colony. Virginia was called after the Queen Elizabeth, who was a virgin at that time. Penn, who gave his name to Pennsylvania, died in England.

"Torrents of blood have been shed between Great Britain and the United States," will the Americans say, "and the injuries inflicted by the mother country can never be forgotten." Certainly the assumed right of taxing the colonies without the consent of their representatives was more than an injustice—it was a fault which led to resistance and revolution, but triumph consecrated the undertaking of the patriots. Their children ought to lay aside their hostility, and their parents, the English, ought to give them a good example.

The Spanish colonies emancipated themselves from the mother country as well, and no bad feelings now exist between the two parties.

Excessive love of money is certainly a distinctive feature of our times, and pounds sterling may be as mighty as dollars, but even if the English do debase themselves to get money, they are still influenced by the force of public opinion, while the Americans care very little indeed about such trifles.

If the Russian officials are capable of everything for money, their gentlemen are not so much in love of the vile metal, and are capable of human feelings. "But do they not eat candles, or die of starvation?" am I asked by a man who deems himself a fine spirit. Well, I assure you that Russian cooking is far better than English, and if they put cream and sugar in their salad, a good salad is a very difficult thing to be got in England. I may appear to you a great epicurean, but taste is taste.

The Yankees swear awfully, a habit which cannot be easily accounted for considering the respect they profess to Scripture, and their strict observance of Sunday.

LETTER IX.

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES.

HARD WORK.—SURE LOSS OF MONEY.—INTRODUCTIONS.—
 ▲ MATCH DIALOGUE.—M. P.'S OPINION, THAT OF C. G.—
 REPUBLICAN COURT.—MOCK AUCTIONS.—

Brooklyn, September 11th, 1855.

To MR. J. S.

A traveller who, with a full purse, and with good health, visits the United States during the fair season, will certainly be pleased with them, but one who does not keep to the rule:—"*Glissez mortels et n'appuyez pas*" (Glide on, mortals, and do not

scrutinize),—who will look deeper into matters, enter into some business and intercourse with the people here, will certainly conceive a different idea.

Although you have visited America only for your pleasure's sake, you had an unfavourable idea of it. You pleased yourself in the thesis that the United States are a paradise for workmen, and a hell for gentlemen, yet, one must work hard here too, to earn one's daily bread ; and to look but at the newspaper boys, running barefooted about the street, or at the callous hands of workmen, one perceives that the living is won here by the sweat of one's brow more than elsewhere.

As to your other argument that one must lose here one's money, before earning any, I find it confirmed by the saying : " German money must go away before they get any by work." The fact, however, needs explanation. The Europeans deem themselves fit for business as soon as they disembark, yet, it is a great piece of folly to

transact anything in a foreign country before getting acquainted with the laws, manners, and tricks, which vary in every country, even if human nature is at the bottom everywhere the same.

Letters of introduction are here as necessary as in England. I am assured that the unfavourable accounts made by Dickens and Mrs. Trollope of the Americans shocked their sociability, and made them more reserved. But the custom of getting references is not to be depreciated at all. It is easy to form bad connections, and very difficult to get rid of them. Even the Americans give too easily references on one another, especially in commercial matters, and it is very little to be relied upon.

A Kentuckian, who represents here European Red Republicans, asked me, when I delivered him my letter of introduction, whether I was of the school of Herr Herzen?

"I might sir, indeed," answered I, "have taught him French, as I had the advantage

of writing down his pamphlet on revolutionary ideas in Russia."

I will report you word for word a conversation I had here in a drawing-room with a young lady.

"How do you like America?"

"A fine country for ladies, miss."

"Why so?"

"Don't they command here?"

"Foreigners do not need to comply to that rule."

"For my part, I have not the slightest objection."

"Would you indeed obey?"

"Certainly I would."

"Suppose, I command you to marry me."

"I shall be very happy, indeed."

"So we are engaged."

"To be sure we are."

"But I want to marry very soon, the next month."

"The sooner the better."

"You jest. I want a written promise."

I took my card and wrote on it, "I.O.U." and drew a heart under.

She smiled, and pocketed my card, but some days afterwards she lost her mother, and I heard nothing more of her. Actions for breach of promise of marriage are as frequent here as in England, but mournings are as well observed.

Your countryman and friend, Mr. E——, who has been residing in New York for more than thirty years past, told me that the American men were better than their ladies, the reverse being the case with the English.

A German scholar judiciously observed to me that if the higher classes in England be better informed than in the United States, the lower ones are here better educated than in Great Britain. Of course there is less corruption in the country than in the cities, here as well as in the whole world.

What renders here every intercourse most disagreeable is the general mistrust. If you have money they attempt to get it from you, and out of the many rifles pointed at you, one at least must have an effect. If

you have no money, they think that you want some, and take precaution against you.

Count Gourovsky told me that he disliked America in small matters, and admired it in great ones. But, as he has a spirit of contradiction, I am sure he would despise the country were I to praise it.

I think that man ought to be reformed rather than Government. What I noticed about Swiss republics did not dispose me in favour of this "model farm of democracy" in Europe, for it is an old and true adage: "No money no Swiss." A nation, that has obtained freedom may have no greater good to wish for than wealth. Wealth, however, is not happiness, and there are higher goods—honour, morality, glory.

Is, after all, America a respectable country? President Pierce was beaten by some ruffian.* Marcy is a weathercock,

* Horace Greely was afterwards struck by Mr. Ross, from Arkansas, Senator Sumner has been knocked down by Brooks, and B. Wood, the brother of the Mayor of New York, attacked Broadway, who accused him of illicit traffic.

Van Buren deserves his unpopularity. Was not Jackson treacherous?

There is no court here, that is the reason why there is no centre of refined manners. French politeness, which agrees with all possible Governments, and alone renders life supportable, is not current here. A book has just been published, "The Republican Court." It means the Court of Washington. Shall we have those of Adams, Polk, &c.? There was a street sweeper in Washington who never allowed Polk to pass without laying his hand on his shoulder, asking: "How do you do, Mr. Polk?" A Mexican democrat could never conceive this want of decorum. I am often tempted here to reverse the French song, and to say: "*Montrez moi une dame de la cour parmi toutes vos lorettes.*" (Show me a court lady among all your gay women.)

Mr. Cooper justly remarks:—"While there is less of that high polish in America that is obtained by long intercourse with the great world than is to be found in

nearly every European country, there is much less positive rusticity also. There the extremes of society are widely separated, repelling rather than attracting each other, while among ourselves the tendency is to gravitate towards a common centre."

I was myself here a victim of a mock auction, which is called to "look at the elephant." Why should I not confess? The Vicar of Wakefield laughs much about his son for having allowed himself to be cheated, and to have sold a horse at the fair to a swindler. He goes the next time himself with his last horse, and comes back again with a worthless note from the same rascal. I saw a beautiful watch sold at eleven dollars. I bought the next. It was of copper. I am told that there are mock auctions in London as well, somewhere in Cheapside, but my attention was never attracted to them, while there are more than a dozen of them in Broadway alone. I may be very green, but a friend of mine

who spoke of the case with the chief of the police got for answer—"Fair play, sir!"

LETTER X.

DEMOCRACY AND SOCIALISM IN
THE UNITED STATES.

MEANING OF THE WORD YANKEE—RELIGION IN DEMOCRACY—MANNERS—CHINESE—CABET, HIS OPINIONS ABOUT LOUIS PHILIPPE AND LOUIS NAPOLEON—CONSIDERANT—STRUVE—MORMONS.

"Les combinaisons mauvaises à épuiser avant que le bien se réalise ont une succession fatale dont le secret est encore au sein de Dieu."—LOUIS BLANC, *Histoire de la Revolution*.

Brooklyn, Sept. 15, 1855.

TO M. LOUIS BLANC.

DEAR CITIZEN,—

I am indebted to you for my presence in America; you put an end to my irresolution, saying that you should like to verify

by observation all the good and evil which is said about Americans, I therefore owe you an account of my impressions.

My suppositions have been by no means confirmed. "The fruit does not fall far from the tree," but you could not judge the fruit after the tree, for the Yankees do not resemble the British. It is perhaps because the New Yorkers are Dutch by origin ; and Bostonians count more Irishmen than sons of pilgrims among them. They are more lively than their ancestors. You are aware that the term "Yankee" has not the meaning Europeans give to it. It is only applied to the inhabitants of New England, *i.e.*, the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, &c.

Our friends think that the United States are republics of *bourgeois*, oligarchies, or money aristocracies. The preponderant class are of course land and money holders, but the sovereigns or electors are of a lower class than the middle class ; however, money being their definite and general

object, individualism is the leading principle of all those money worshippers.

Cooper said that the American republic is rather to be called *gossipic*, but I think it is a *gospelpic*. A wide abyss separates the French and American democracies. The Bible is the American chart of liberty,* and the motto of the one "Sovereignty of the aim," is the paramount card of the other. Robespierre proscribed God, and decreed the worship of the Supreme Being. The democracy of 1848 was better inspired when proclaiming Jesus Christ the "master of us all." † The end does not justify all the means, and there are ways discreditable to the ends. Democracy cannot dispense with diplomacy, "screaming merely its plans from the roofs," but the diplomacy of encroachments and filibustering can do

* New England was a religious plantation—the Colony of Conscience.—JOHN ADAMS.

† On the 24th February, 1848, a crucifix being carried in the street, a student of the Polytechnic School said, pointing to it: "Here is the master of us all." And in truth He is the master of revolutionists, democrats, and martyrs.

no good to international brotherhood. The republic of 1848 has done well in abolishing capital punishment for political offences, and M. Sanders, who advocated here the "steam guillotine," made himself only ridiculous.

The American republic is a religious idea, and if there be some members who sleep at the performance of divine service at the opening of Congress, they do not betray the fact. The parliament of Francfort, in St. Paul's church, by proudly rejecting the motion to open their sittings by a prayer has done no better work for that; and while Washington always blessed the hand of Providence, attributing to it all his successes, General Lee, who said that God is always with the strong battalions, fell into the hands of the enemy.

The "Red Republicans" are looked upon with suspicion here, but intelligent people already foresee dangers resulting from the concentration of capital in the hands of a few, and especially from the exclusive pos-

session of land by the wealthy. In nearly every locality there is an monopolist of land who rules upon the principle of ground and soil. The influence of the rich on the elections is fatal too, although at the present time it is warded off by the independence of individuals.

The notions about mine and thine are more elastic here than in Europe. The American is not very particular with respect to the way of making money; sovereignty of aim is his rule. Fortunes are made and unmade by steam power. Germans do not form an exception, some of them being even worse than the "nationals." A Hungarian, author of a work on America, said once to me that Americans are English improved by the infusion of German blood. I can assure you that the Anglo-Saxon gains nothing from intermixture with Germans, himself being already a German—mariner.

The history of California* shows to what

* See the "Annals of San Francisco."

misery a colonist is exposed in that part of America. I think there have been seven conflagrations at St. Francisco since the foundation of that city, all of them manifestly the work of incendiaries. Yet, the committee of vigilance supplies the deficiency of police.

The Chinese form in California a curious element of emigration; there are some seventeen thousands of them, and they work at a lower rate than the Whites, who at one time attempted to expel them from St. Francisco, but were shamed by the anti-liberal character of such a step. It would seem that they are not the best class of Chinese that emigrate, the women in particular are conspicuous for the dissoluteness of their morals. Yet, there is a feature in the Chinese character, calculated to secure them respect among honest people, which is that they kill themselves whenever they cannot honor their pecuniary engagements!

A common friend of ours has just returned

from a visit to Icarie, after a narrow escape of being killed at Chicago, and after having been effectually robbed at Cleveland by a negro, who mistook his passport for an order to pay bearer. He found the good Mr. Cabet enjoying perfect health, and his colony flourishing. It is composed of six hundred individuals, each of whom is bound to bring in \$60, to defray the expenses of instalment. Marriage is religiously observed among those communists, and universal suffrage is a paramount law. Cabet proscribed, in his colony, the use of wine and tobacco. He narrated to my friend his interviews with Louis Bonaparte and Louis Philippe. "Napoleon," said he, "understands every social question, but he is a man, who, seeing good, follows the path of evil; he will do everything to consolidate his power, but nothing else. But as regards Louis Philippe we were greatly mistaken about him, he was not only the *bourgeois king*, but a liberal sovereign too. "Why," said he once to me, "do you think

yourself a better republican than I? Am I not preparing France for the advent of a republic?" I then complained of our electoral system, and quoted his own words to the constituents, when he was Duke of Chartres: "With your system, Rousseau would be neither elector nor eligible." Louis Philipp answered: "I remember well," but taking off his hat, he added: "The Duke of Chartres has now grey hair, Mr. Cabet."

Considerant, in his turn, is trying to start a phalansterian colony in Texas, and meets with bad feeling from certain journals, which pretend that he brings with him poison to the United States.

Mr. Struve does not succeed near Brunswick as well as Haller or Rapp formerly did in Pennsylvania.

The Mormons are American socialists, the more so that they are Biblicists. They, too, are in open hostility with the world, calling civilized people "heathens;" they took their refuge in the Far West, at the

Salt Lake. The Patriarchs having lived in polygamy, their leaders declare that what was right one time is right another, and advocate this state of life, although the New Testament highly condemns it. That Smith, the Mormon prophet, was but a wretch, and his miracles but impostures, there is no doubt ; and if women agree to the most extravagant doctrines, only corrupted hearts or low spirits among the fair sex praise polygamy, or accommodate themselves to it, while the greatest portion of the Mormon females are most discontented with their situation. Of course they prefer a rich man with many wives to a poor one without any. The union of Church and State produces an arbitrary despotism of the leader by no means controlled by the eldest. Although it is regarded as a fixed rule that every man is intended to live on his own earnings, the greatest inequality is prevailing among the preachers and the believers, or the brethren of Utah, as regards their fortune, heavily imposed by the Church.

I do not think that it does honour to the Government of the United States to suffer this work of jugglery and crime, where the scum of American society finds a refuge.

LETTER XI.

AMERICAN SLAVERY AND RUSSIAN SERFDOM.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN FRENCH COLONIES, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—SLAVERY NEVER WAS A SCHOOL OF FREEDOM—FOOD AND COST OF SLAVES AND SERFS—EXTRADITION—TREATMENT—UNION—CHANGES FOR THE BEST—AGREEMENTS—SOUTH AND NORTH—A RUSSIAN LADY.

“Compromise is apostasy.”—BANCROFT.

To M. SCHËLCHER,

DEAR SIR,—

To you belongs the eternal glory of having cut the gordian knot, and having by a blow abolished slavery in the French

colonies in 1848, at the time you were under-secretary for the Navy, and Jacques Arago secretary.* Since then you said to me in London, "England, after all, is the freest country; the three-and-a-half millions of slaves in America prevent me from going there;" and now, in recollection of your actions and views on slavery, I address you from America.

You cannot expect from me commonplace repetitions on the subject of slavery, but I fruitfully compare American slavery with Russian serfdom.

It is prohibited, the State of Kentucky excepted, to instruct slaves in America. Well, it is not allowed to admit serfs into Russian public schools. If some of them receive any education, it is with the master's hope of realizing a greater profit therefrom.

* The planters having obtained but 400 francs from the Provisional Government, as a compensation for each slave, are the losers, but the Negroes became independent landholders, and Coolies who took their places work very well for a trifling remuneration (but the use of rifles by masters against their men is quite unheard of). In Jamaica, they resorted to the same kind of Indians with success.

A law prohibits the separation of families in Russia, or the sale of a son without his father. But exceptions are met with daily among the house serfs.

Coloured blood is a title to bondage in America. In Russia a free girl who marries a serf becomes a serf herself too, and a property of the master of her husband.

A master can kill his slave with impunity in both countries, especially when punishing him.

The slaves are unequally fed in America; well by some masters and badly by others. The field-serf in Russia lives upon a lot of ground which the master gives him, and in spite of all such precautions one meets with many beggars, especially during years of short crops.

Bad masters are exceptions in Russia, and in the United States I dare say so too.

In Russia you hear that serfs would make a bad use of freedom; here you are

told that negroes can become but bad servants if freed, and ultimately would relapse to pristine savagery if sent to Africa. Thus the objections raised against emancipation are the same in both countries. Yet we witness daily proofs of the contrary there as well as here. The negroes of Jamaica became poor since they became free, but is not poverty better than bondage? and does not Liberia demonstrate that African air is not mortal to freedom?

Slaves cost one thousand dollars in America; in Russia a serf is sold with the ground for one hundred dollars. Females are dear here, but are not counted at all among *souls* in Russia.

There is a law of extradition from the northern states to the southern states. In Russia a fugitive serf is brought back to his master from the extremity of the empire.

The serf becomes a soldier—the negro not. It should be an advantage for the former, but it is not; for I never saw a serf glad of becoming a recruit.

The negro bears heat well, thanks to the strength of his skull; the Russian bears cold very well. The former is sometimes well replaced by the Chinese.

It is not allowed to write about serfdom in Russia; it is not advisable to speak much against slavery in the southern American States. In the northern States slavery has been abolished; and so has serfdom in the Russian-Baltic provinces. Slavery is very likely to be extended into Nebraska. Serfdom was extended by Elizabeth and Catherine II. to the Ukraine.

In Russia the serfs sing sometimes; in America the slaves always sing, but by superior order.

In Russia a proverb exists that a beaten serf is worth as much as two not beaten; and when it happens that one is innocently punished, the master promises to account for it at his next fault. An overseer here never recognizes having unjustly punished a slave, and the master never admits any complaint against the overseer, in order

not to compromise his authority. The same principles produce everywhere the same effects. Chains are not used in Russia, but strong wooden locks with fugitives or criminals.

The Russian serfs often rebel against their masters, and not seldom kill them. Such a thing is quite unheard of in the plantations.

Sexual intercourse between masters and serfs is more rare in Russia than in America ; yet there are many instances of illegitimate children still held in bondage.

Emancipation should enrich Russia. I don't know whether the masters here are rich enough to live on the interest of their capital. I think they are.

I have been a serf-holder myself, and I can say, from experience, that slavery renders the moral feelings of the best hearted master cruel.

After all that I said and did against Russian serfdom, I should be the worst of men were I to defend slavery in America ;

but, as a foreigner, I wish not to become an abolitionist here. I am told that the abolitionists conspire with the European despots for the destruction of American institutions. I ask you how the abolition of slavery can be profitable to European despotism? Will not, on the contrary, the masses here greatly improve by being rid of the shameful institution of slavery? Was he a traitor or a supporter of despotism, O'Connell, who refused an American from a southern state the entrance to the House of Commons, saying that he did not like to speak with slaveholders? Are those who seek to be freed of this disgrace not better patriots than those who do not care for justice, the opinion of the civilized world, and the verdict of posterity? Indeed, I pity the man who likes slavery better than the Union. But all such accusations are only a new edition of the *spectre rouge* born in the secret police of Bonaparte, in order to frighten the Parisian cheesemongers, and cause them to fly into

the arms of despotism. The emancipation of the blacks, let us hope, will never enslave the whites of this glorious Union !

October 6th, 1855.

The publication of the above letter in the *New York Tribune* called out sundry observations. "We do not want," said a pro-slavery publicist, "Russian slavery to be compared with our own." Yet this comparison is in favour of American slavery, because the distinction of race does not exist in Russia as here.

I was told afterwards by several slaves that, during the last ten years, their treatment has generally improved. By good democrats I was assured that the slaves are better men than the runaway or free negroes dwelling in the northern States.

The principle of freedom if altogether formally and solemnly admitted, the sense of honesty and justice can but bring relief to slavery. Disgraceful words ought to disappear, stupid, inhuman laws to be

abolished, and immediate steps to a gradual abolition taken. Agreements between serfs and masters recommended by the late Czar did not succeed in Russia, because the serfs still prefer to deal with enlightened noblemen than with rapacious magistrates. In the United States it might be different, and arbitrary in the intercourse between master and slaves could be prevented by written agreements, stating the treatment to be resorted to in different cases.

I could not help laughing at the arguments that slaveholders set out to me in behalf of the existing state of things. The prohibition of the trade dates from 1818; there are, consequently, but few slaves born in Africa. Thus, the reasoning that slavery makes savages acquainted with civilized life, destroys by itself. The sight of civilization, on the contrary, makes slavery a heavier burden. The hereditary principle of slavery is a great injustice, as the purchaser of a slave has no natural right on all his offspring. In a free land only free men should come into the world.

Disease, like poison, loses in intensity what it gains in space; and perhaps the extension of slavery over Nebraska and Kansas will weaken it, and cause its final disappearance. Meanwhile, the states of Kentucky and Maryland, that are to be foremost in the way of the extinction of slavery, as having the least number of slaves, make them wait long, and are said to do so by malice against the insolent propagandism of abolitionists—a rather queer pretence. Unruly slaves are usually recalled to obedience by threats of getting sold to Louisiana, where their fate is less tolerable. Unfortunately field slaves are as much afraid of being compelled to earn their living by free work in the northern States.

Whatever may be the cause, I observe a measure of quite a reactionary character in the state of Alabama. The law allowing slaves to hire their labour in other states is about being recalled, as subject to sundry abuses.

To conclude with another parallel:—

A French lady reported me the conversation she had once with a Russian serfholdress, a young and well-educated lady of French birth, and the daughter of an illustrious man, M—— J ——.

“How do you live in Russia, you must find it very dull?” asked the former.

“Well, when I feel very dull I get my serfs beaten, and their screaming restores my comfort.”

“You jest, surely ! How could you do so ?”

“I am *blazée*, and this only diverts me a little.”

I don't think that the American slave-life can afford a more *naïve* confession.

LETTER XII.

LITERATURE AND PUBLIC
EDUCATION.

EXPULSION OF VICTOR HUGO—IRVING—PRESCOTT—BANCROFT—BIOGRAPHIES—DEAD LANGUAGES—ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION—LECTURES.

"E per si muove."

New York, Nov. 15, 1855.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

DEAR SIR,—

It was after a most successful performance by Rachel of your beautiful drama, "Angelo," that we heard here of your being expelled from Jersey, for having protested against the banishment, from this isle of middle ages, of the editors of a newspaper which dared to reproduce a speech of Felix Pyat. We expected the glorious band would come to the United States, but South America will certainly please your

children more than the prosaic New England. Yet there is New Jersey here, a gloomy place, but still larger than St. Hilaire, and which would be proud of your coming.

The Americans do not possess, like the French, the brilliant intellect, the fruit of an old and well-elaborated literature; their mind is more of a practical nature. Yet their best authors meet with a greater consideration than in Europe; you may see Irving and Prescott Houses everywhere.

Irving has more poetry in his history than in his tales. Prescott is elementary in his critics; he begins each of them *ab ove*, i.e., with the principles and the history of the science he treats. His histories of the Conquest of Peru and Mexico place him in contradiction with what he says somewhere, that an author cannot write well about foreign history. Bancroft is the American Tacitus, but I do not think that his History of the United States could bear in any translation his bombastic style.

At present biographies invade American literature. That of Douglas, "My freedom and Bondage," deserve to rank next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is spoken of his becoming a representative, and I am rudely treated by some Americans because I do not understand why a negro should not sit in Congress next to a white man of some dirty habits. Less interesting men favoured us also with their autobiographies. Has not every man the right of publishing his memoirs? especially the servants of great men, for there are no great men for their servants, but we are not likely to see the posthumous memoirs of the valet of Washington.

I sincerely confess that I could never read through any novel of Cooper's. The fault is of course with me, yet I was once very fond of Captain Marryat's works. Now we are infested here with romances of low style, and which I would rank among the kitchen literature.

The whole of American literature is a

baby, for at the time of the revolution they had too much to do to write. Longfellow's new poem places him undoubtedly next to the greatest poets. His turn of mind reminds me of the Russian bard, Pushkin. Rubbish stuffs are brought out in such large quantities that it becomes difficult to get a publisher for a good work. There are private libraries consisting of 300 or 500 copies of the same work; a man getting rich wants a library, and fills the shelves with no matter what.

The Americans know very little about Europe. I was asked by a true gentleman whether the Russians were Christians, and whether Berlin was the chief town of Poland? Another said that Rienzi was the last tribune of the Roman Republic. But the Frenchmen themselves care very little about foreign countries, and there was a traveller in search of the Swiss and Prussian languages. Yet if primary information is here very much spread about, high instruction is much neglected. In Europe,

Sweden is the country where the most is done for elementary instruction, next come Denmark and Prussia. On the Island of Gothland 1 out of 14 does not know how to write and read; in the State of Maine there is 1 out of 241, and in the State of New York 1 out of 300. Dead languages—Greek and Latin—are still in great favour, which is for a lively people, as Yankees are, quite surprising. You meet with very few Americans who can talk French or German, but many of them have taken lessons enough to say that they learned those languages. I should advise them to establish a federal university, like one intended in Switzerland, and a polyglot school. The English language beats the French so far, as the Frenchmen of New Orleans forsake the latter for the former, but the Germans are increasing everywhere.

The Smithsonian College at Washington, after an excursion made in antiquities, runs into Indian languages. There are nearly 150 colleges in the United States, but the

studies are not regulated. The Yale College has no funds, while plenty of acres of land are applied to the universities and high schools of nearly all states. Through the exertions of M. Brooks a few normal colleges were established after the Prussian model.

Public lectures are still in favour here, and I consider them as the best way to atone for imperfect instruction. Mr. Thackeray met here with a large and legitimate success, in spite of the curt criticisms of a certain Jobson in the *New York Herald*. Solger, the ancient minister of war of the republic of Baden, lectures on military matters with great success. Mr. Fröbel, the ancient member of the Francfort Parliament, prefers lecturing in German. But lectures have long ago become an object of speculation, and some one who is not supported, patronised, or hired by literary societies, *ad hoc*, as f. i., the so properly called Mercantile society in New York cannot reckon on success.

Circulating libraries are quite unheard of, and all attempts to have some failed, as they don't pay. The Astor Library is a very nice building, but the reading-room seldom contains more than a dozen visitors, and the catalogue is but a single printed volume.

The girls are brought up here as grown-up ladies. Lately, at the house of General —, his little granddaughter bidding good-night to the company, kissed all her relatives. As I was the only stranger, I saw no harm in taking her in my arms, but what was my astonishment when she cried out at my kiss as at a ravished one. Her mother, a little confused, said—"She does not wish to be kissed unless she be willing." If a child of seven years is taught what a kiss is, what a coquette must she not become at the age of seventeen?

The ladies here learn almost only the history of their country, which dates but from less than a century; yet they know

too well that the Yankees beat the British, and need no provocation to tell it.

LETTER XIII.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE VICTORY OF THE KNOW-NOTHINGS—NATURALIZATION.
HARD AND SOFT SHELLS—BLACK REPUBLICANS—AME-
RICAN INSTITUTIONS.

"It is a flattering and consolatory reflection that our rising republics have the good wishes of all the philosophers, patriots, and virtuous men in all nations, and that they look upon them as a kind of asylum for mankind. Please to God that we may not disappoint their honest expectations by our folly or perverseness."—WASHINGTON.

New York, Nov. 16, 1855.

To M. ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

SIR,—

MY stay in Russia taught me that good sovereigns are a rare chance; my stay in England showed me that constitutional

Government is fit but for very moderate people, now that reforms lead to republics ; my sojourn in America convinced me that democracy is developing the material instincts of man at the expense of his intellect and morality ; that with the license existing here not the best, but the worst of human passions take the lead, and that honour and intellect being in minority with man, the government of the majority is that of dishonesty and stupidity. The conclusion of the whole must be that the best Government is still a *desideratum*, but by no means a confirmation of Proudhon's maxim, that Governments are good for nothing, and that anarchy is the best of them. — I learned here something I never thought myself capable of, i.e., to feel the utility and the necessity of police, and to look for their protection ; whilst in some continental countries of Europe one must look for protection against the very police, and especially the detective and political one.

The victory of the Know-Nothings surprises all Europeans here. At all events, it is not a happy name, and is looked upon as a standard of ignorance. Must we renew the work of Omar at the library of Alexandria, burn all the books, forget what we know, and learn nothing more in future? The champions of the Netherlands' independence accepted the name of *gueux*, bestowed on them by their enemies, as a title to future glory; the *sans-culottes*, the *reds*, could boast of a mark, but the Know-Nothings could have selected a better name. Yet their writings are not without skill or merit, and the party being but the re-appearing of the national party of 1842, is more properly termed simply the American party. The name of Know-Nothings means that they know nothing of the rules of their society, yet it is scarcely a secret, for we know that the southern Know-Nothings meant frankly the exclusion of foreigners, but the northern made of the whole affair a political speculation, or a

means to bring their friends to the power ; and while the former remain true to slavery, the latter are anti-Kansas men, and have enlisted the Black Republicans, with the *Tribune* at their head, under their banner. I hope that the whole will prove a failure. Let them review the laws of naturalization, let them exclude from voting Irish Know-Nothings, *i. e.*, men who do not know how to read or write—nothing better, but that will constitute only the *exclusion of incapacities*, as we in Europe claim the *admission of capacities* ; but if five years' residence is not sufficient to make German under-peasants or Irish workmen acquainted with American institutions, this lapse of time is too long for men who deserve to be free at once. Heads are as much needed as hands in America, and if they rebuke the emigration, they will become poor. The ridiculous hatred for foreigners goes so far that a Know-Nothing, being asked whether he would go to Plymouth for the anniversary of the arrival of the Pilgrims, said—

"What do I care about those foreign vagabonds?" As all the Americans are but intruders, let them, therefore, restore the country to the Indians.

The Tories are gone. Daniel Webster was perhaps the last Whig. The democrats keep on with slavery, and are divided into "soft and hard shells"—the former being office-hunters, with M. Marcy at their head. The *Daily News* is the organ of the latter in New York. The Black Republicans are called "Negro-worshippers," or "Wool-heads," and Mr. Banks is now their hero. Buchanan is the democratical candidate for the Presidency;—he is rather a "soft shell." Fillmore is the man of the Know-Nothings, and if he carries it through, the Union will not last.

The American Government is not a democracy, but a republic. It was only destined so as to regulate its connexions with foreign countries, and the intercourse of the states among themselves—those of commerce above all. It is with regard to

this latter that there is a post-office department, and a board of public works. There is no such thing as a secretary of public instruction, yet the Government endeavours to europize itself more and more, and begins to feel the necessity of increasing its sphere of action.

The best Governments is that which govern the least, we used to say in Europe; but, witnessing the disorder resulting from the care of individual security being left to the exertions of the people, one must confess there is some good even in despotism interfering sometimes in order to put down abuses, or those who commit them. An exemplification of the above assertion might be had in the Emperor Nicholas addressing one day the merchants of Moscow, telling them plainly that they were each and all a set of rascals; that he wished to hear no more of fraudulent bankruptcy, otherwise he would send them to serve him in the army. The bearded ones trembled in their skins, and since that time

the Russian commerce is spoken of as being very honest. The game of the Exchange, which ruins more people in Paris than it enriches, has been spared to Russia by an analogous remedy; a decree was issued, threatening every stockbroker charged with gambling with a military career. They took the hint, and the rising and falling of the funds have followed in their natural course since. True, such remedies cannot be resorted to in a free country, yet the Mayor of New York, M. F. Wood, would not be sorry for being the Czar of the Empire City, which, he says, can only be purified by autocracy of its corroding abuses, more numerous here than in any other city of the Union.

It is but just to say, in regard to the American Government, that money being better appreciated here is better employed too. It is hardly probable that a ruinous war would be undertaken here for the especial indulgence of a single individual.

To return to our Know-Nothings, as our

device is, *Mens agitat molem*. I pity the country proclaiming the reign of materialism. As to their pretensions to the denomination of a *national party*, I should think English intrigues have greater influence with them than with any other party. An Englishman told me once that they believed, in secret regions, of having done with democracy in America, were it not that those who sold their conscience did not keep their engagements.

LETTER XIV.

GERMANS IN AMERICA.

BEHAIM.—PASTORIUS.—RAPP.—AMOUNT OF GERMAN EMI-
GRATION.—WISCONSIN.—OHIO.—JOWAH.—COSMOPOLITISM.

"Ubi bene, ibi patria."

New York, Nov. 21, 1856.

TO HERR FR. RAUMER, IN BERLIN.

SIR,—

To be sure, you know Knickerborker's New York, by Washington Irving. The venerable Dutchman reports to his countrymen everything done in America. Thus the Germans ascribe the discovery of the New World to Martin Behaim, who is said to have been, in 1483, ten years before the departure of Columbus, carried by storms from the Azore islands to the Prajas

of Pernambuco, in Brazil. But were he consciencious of the importance of that discovery, he would have known better what to do than merely to communicate the fact to the father-in-law of Columbus.

German Mennonites (from Menno Simon, a monk, and afterwards an evangelist preacher) were similiar to the Quakers in their belief. Penn, in his travels in Germany, may have become acquainted with them; at least, Pastorius, after having bought of him 5,350 acres, founded, in 1685, Germantown. In 1710 was founded Germana, in Virginia, which afterwards was called Friedrichsburg.

Herrnhuters went at first to Georgia; more averse to slavery than the Quakers, they were fond of Indians and negroes, but were compelled to transfer their settlement to Pennsylvania, where Bethlehem became their flourishing abode. In 1817, the Separatists established in Ohio, at the river Tuscarawas, a communist settlement, Zoar, which soon attained great prosperity. Rapp,

a German peasant, framed another communist settlement, "the Harmony," which afterwards was transferred to Indiana, and bought by R. Owen, but failed under his direction.

From 1813 to 1830 the average of German emigrants to the United States was yearly, 12,000; from 1830 to 1835, 40,000; and since 1846 it has reached the enormous number of 100,000 a year. Landmen preponderate among the earlier emigrants; political and literary men, surgeons, lawyers, and clergymen, since the revolutions of Europe, came in great numbers, and the former as well as the latter are certainly the most useful citizens of the United States. In spite of this emigration, which was performed without any assistance from the German Governments, on the contrary, with their opposition, the German population in the United States only kept pace with the increase of the natives, so as to form, at different periods, a fourth of the whole population. A third of them are Catholics,

especially residing in Western States, *i. e.* in Wisconsin.

Wisconsin is still the German state *par excellence*, and in Milwaukie there is a fine German society. The climate of this state does not present the changes of the East, and is more like that of Germany. I hope we shall get a German university by-and-bye at Milwaukie. In 1830, there was but a single white man in Wisconsin, which, having been admitted into the Union in 1848, Milwaukie counted 20,000 inhabitants in 1852.

Ohio, reckoned the third state for its importance, is full of Germans. In 1813, there was but one German child born in Cincinnati, and in 1846, 2,000. The ground, on which the busy part of the town stands, 800 acres was bought from the Indians for the sum of 550 dollars.

Illinois and Michigan are also favourite resorts of the German colonists.

Chicago is developing its growth, notwithstanding its unfavourable situation,

with a prodigious celerity. During the years of cholera emigrant trains conveyed no less than sixty corpses, which fact is calculated to give an idea of the importance of emigration, as well as that of the neglect with which the railroads are superintended.

St. Louis will be surpassed by Chicago, thanks to the vicinity of slavery, as fatal to the industry as to the instruction of the whites, and to which the Germans, we hope, will always be averse.

Chicago is a very expensive place, and Detroit is so much cheaper that one seems to pass from a metropolis to a village, so great is the difference in the price of everything.

J-o-wah is the Indian *Eureka* of Archimedes. This country pleased the Indians—who pass for good judges of beauty in landscapes—so much, that they exclaimed at its sight—“At last we have found the promised land,” and now from six to seven hundred persons daily emigrate to it, even from Illinois and Indiana: hardly colonised.

The consequence is that Iowa's population, which, some years ago, was but 50,000, reached ten times that number. But the price of land in raising in proportion, and an acre on the Mississippi already costs ten dollars, so that great disappointments are to be expected there too.

I do not know of a reproach more ridiculous and unjust than the one they throw sometimes at the face of a man in calling him a foreigner; I am a cosmopolite, a principle which will remain for ever with the minority. Mr. Dupin said that cosmopolites are people willing to dispense with the duties of citizens and parents, as if the title of citizen of the world did not entail greater and more numerous obligations; or, as if there were any fault with political bachelors when they cannot meet with family affections.

Sieyès said—"When they talk to me about cosmopolitism, I hasten to take my hat, and be off;" but when they talk to me of Moldo-Walachian, or Bohemo-Croatian, na-

tionalities, and of the necessity of shedding blood and waging war for maintaining them, I cannot suppress an involuntary smile.

The Americans are proud of their origin being similar to that of Rome, and they say—"I am an American citizen, with the same glorious feeling with which the Romans said, *cives Romanus sum*. As to myself, I never was very fond of Roman history, and always preferred that of Greece—

Causa victoris deis placuit sed victis Catoni.

I cannot prevent myself from considering America an appanage of the whole of mankind. Nationalities must disappear there, and it is of no use to entertain the hatred between Germans and Yankees.

Still, I do not want the Germans to be "americanised;" love of money only could destroy the philosophical serenity of their mind and heart. Great destinies await them in America; let them keep together, and if they have not spoiled the American

institutions till now, they will perhaps improve the Anglo-Saxon egotism by German humanity. I do not think that individualism lies in the American air, and as regards German rationalism or atheism, it will prove only a corrective to Irish papism. The political inability displayed in Europe against feudal abuses, inveterated by centuries, will be of no consequence with American confederacy, and we shall have German senators, ambassadors, and presidents, as soon as those pioneers of the far West will come to a political consciousness. The French have been overwhelmed by the Anglo-Saxons in America, but the children of the Elbe and the Rhine will remain the Bœotians of New Greece—too hard to be swallowed up.

LETTER XV.

JUSTICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH LEGISLATION—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
FREEDOM—JUDGES AND JURIES—EXPENSES—IMPRISON-
MENT FOR DEBT—POLICE.

"Cheap bread and cheap justice constitute the two conditions of a good Government."

New York, Dec. 1, 1856.

TO H. CRAWFORD, M. P.

DEAR SIR,—

The common law of England is still in force here; something has now and then been modified, but no complete change has been undertaken, and nobody thinks of adopting the Code Napoleon, which would still be a great improvement. Therefore, they have all the intricate machinery of English laws and English procedure with abuses proper to the country itself. You will agree with me that the French legislature on embezzlement keeps morality up, while here breach of truth is not a crime,

but a business matter. They are issuing in Kentucky a law against ladies seducing men by their attire, and swindlers are allowed to go a-head unmolested. They imprison females wearing male clothes—no matter for what purpose—and they fear to hurt freedom by preventing people to cheat one another. “You must expect,” they say, “less private freedom where there is much public freedom,” as if the offences against individual rights were not injuring public liberties. What do I care about being an elector if I cannot enforce my just will upon my daughter and my wife, if I can be punished for wearing my twill like a lady’s shawl?

According to American laws, it is not necessary that somebody is injured to proceed, it is sufficient that anybody denounces whoever he likes for infraction of laws. For the slightest contravention the judge requests bonds of thousands of dollars, and if the party cannot procure any, he must go to prison. No correctional courts, on

commercial ones, and plenty of mock auctions and bankruptcies; gambling houses are shut up in New York, and toleration houses are left uncontrolled.

Three years ago the judges were requested to give proofs of their knowledge of the law before they were confirmed in their office, at present neither experience nor study is required from those who are elected magistrates. Yet if common sense is sufficient for juries, the history and philosophy of laws are indispensable for judges. Nevertheless, there are people here who prefer being tried by judges than by jury.

Pleaders are generally solicitors at the same time here, therefore professional mistakes and useless consultations are more rare, and the charges consequently less. But, in other parts, the fees of attorneys of some renown and ability are exorbitant. Nevertheless, even a poor man need not expatriate himself here as in England, if he becomes involved in a suit at law; on the contrary, the court appoints

for an indigent man the best pleader *gratis ex officio*.

"The judicial expenses of the United States," says the Secretary of the Interior in his report, "are largely on the increase." To some extent this is natural, and many causes contribute to it; but some exist which seem to be unnecessary, and should, therefore, be removed. A prominent one is believed to be the great number of terms and places at which courts are held. 223 terms of the United States' courts are held in 88 different places during the year. In the western district of Virginia courts are held at six different places, in the northern district of New York at eight, in California at seven, in Louisiana at six, in Florida at five. Were there but one or two places only in each state for holding the United States' courts, there would be many obvious reasons in favour of constructing suitable buildings at those points for their exclusive use, so as to make them entirely independent of the state, country, or other local authorities.

Imprisonment for debt is abolished in New York, but it exists in New Jersey ; is done away in Philadelphia, but it exists in Baltimore, and the creditor, if informed of the passage of his debtors to Maryland or New Jersey, might have him arrested. The luggage of the lodgers is also free from seizure, but the hotels are licensed to detain things of the passengers. A married man must be left in possession of a value of \$800, and how many insolvent debtors do not possess more ! Escapes for non-payment occur daily.

The American police use the club far less than the English, but they will sometimes bear witness to the perpetration of a crime, without troubling themselves by interfering. They are said to be more severe towards gentlemen than towards common men, and it is but just, as the former ought to be more careful in avoiding to disturb public peace. A republican police must be democratic, and out of the thousand policemen in New York every one is not

expected to be well educated. The sad habit of incumbering the side walks with articles of commerce, so that walkers are very much annoyed in their going about, seems not to be contrary to the regulations of the New York police, which interferes as little with mock auctions, but for the last time exhibited a laudable activity against gambling houses.

The chief of the police in New York was tried for being an alien. He cannot exactly prove that he was born in America, but as it seems that the sheet in the book of naturalization, regarding his father, was taken away by a hostile hand he still retains his office.

LETTER XVI.

WASHINGTON—THE MAN, AND
THE CITY.

VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON—WASHINGTON'S FAMILY AND
CHARACTER—PARALLEL WITH PETER THE GREAT—
CAPITOL—LAFAYETTE—HOTELS—A FOREIGN SWINDLER.

"Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency."

Washington, January 6, 1856.

TO MR. FELICE ORSINI, IN LONDON.

"WHAT would become of Washington had he been born in our prosaic times?" was the question we discussed on board the steamer when going to Mount Vernon.

"A great man anyhow," was the answer.

"A good farmer, a good citizen, at all events," replied I, with the frankness peculiar to myself, "perhaps a general in

Mexican war, a senator, and even a president, if better treated than General Scott."

"What about General Scott?" said a gentleman of New England, "believe me, sir, politically spoken, General Scott is but a *brouillon* (a busy body)."

"Never mind, you must allow that Napoleon the first was right when he said: 'It is not enough to be a great man, one must come at the right time.' How many great men do not remain vagabonds, good-for-nothing, unquiet spirits, as their official foes term them?"

"To be sure, George Washington," observed a Belgian colonel, now an American patriot, "would now have no opportunity of exhibiting his great talents, there being no British to expel from the country, no Independence to proclaim, no Constitution to frame. He would perhaps turn a buccaneer, another Colonel Walker."

"You would like to have had him born in your own country, should you not?" asked the Yankee. "Why did Napoleon

do away with the freedom of France? why did not Cromwell preserve for England the blessings of a republic? Because they had not the moral virtues of our Washington, and were actuated not by the love of common good, but by their own ambition."

"The devotedness of the Americans to the founder of their liberties do them great credit," replied I.

"The monument in the city is still unfinished, and the tomb we shall visit is but a poor one," said the Belgian; whereupon the Athenian recited the following verses of Milton, addressed to Shakespeare, alluding to his hero:—

"What needs my Washington for his honoured bones,
The labour of an age in filed stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hidden
Under a stary pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Has built thyself a life-long monument."

"Bravo!" said I, "nevertheless, I think it would have been more proper had the

original project of the Congress of burying Washington under his own monument in the city been carried out."

Mount Vernon was named thus to the honour of the English admiral, Lord Vernon, under whom Lawrence Washington, the elder brother of George, who died before the war of Independence, served.

General Washington had no children, and adopted those of the son of his wife, to whom his estates went of course. The fortune he left at his death he valued himself at 530,000 dollars. He wished his slaves to become free at the death of his wife, but it seems that his family bought some more.

We had no reason to praise the hospitality of Mount Vernon. The hosts are of course overwhelmed with visitors, but that is a small inconvenience of the great glory still left with them. We were shown into two small rooms, and one of the visitors who had letters and a message to deliver to Mr. Washington, the grand-nephew,

was told to leave the letters only; another who saw some cider carried in a jug, could not get a draught to quench his thirst neither for love or money. The state thinks of purchasing Mount Vernon, but I suppose it would be a good speculation also to make an hotel of the farm.

Washington's family trace their origin from the Normans—Hertburn was their former name—and George Washington was very much the gentleman, hospitable, charitable, and fond of show. Forty to fifty pounds sterling were yearly devoted by him to the poor, who never were refused food at Mount Vernon. His four white horses in the army, and then his six at New York, when a president, were ever an object of democratical reproach to him, but we must not forget that he declined royal power. He was an accomplished horseman, hunter, and swordsman. It was owing to his ignorance of the French language that he signed an humiliating capitulation of Fort Mifflin (Great Meadows), the in-

terpreter having misunderstood, or wrongly reported the terms of the French commander ; but he knew a little German.

In a letter to Lafayette he declines his invitation to go to France, through his ignorance of the French language.

Endowed with feminine delicacy, Washington was bashful with the fair sex, and was outcourted by a friend of his at Miss Philipp's, in New York. He, therefore, married a widow with two children and 100,000 dollars—Mrs. Curtis.

He never went to England, although he was a good royalist before the revolution ; and the circumstance that he obtained no government commission might have contributed to his grievance against the "ministry."

A sound judgment and serenity of temper were his most brilliant capacities, and though he was accused of pride, his kindness secured him the friendship of the most susceptible men. Like Peter the Great, he often enforced his commands

with violence, as he was endowed with no common physical strength. I am struck by the many similarities existing between Washington and Peter the Great. Both were founders of empires and of metropolises bearing their names, both were the "first at war, at peace, and in the hearts of their countrymen." Peter defeated the Swedes, and Washington the English. The "magnificent distances" of the city of Washington are also a distinctive feature of St. Petersburg, but the former is little more than a village, whilst the latter is the most magnificent imperial residence.

Yet the patent-office, the post-office, the different offices of state are remarkable buildings, although there is but little interest afforded in the collections of the former—rather fit for a museum. The capitol is still unfinished, and the *pessimistes*, or the unbelievers in the American democracy, assure us that it will never be completed. The pictures in the Rotunda are very nice indeed, but I looked in vain

for Lafayette in the battle, his likeness is only to be seen in the House of Representatives, a fellow to that of Washington. The State House of Richmond offers a worthier remembrance of the Marquis, and you will allow me to tarry a little with this friend of Washington.

When we compare the disinterested conduct of Lafayette with the intrigues of General Lee, this military Don Quixote, or General Gate, the other adventurer, we are struck with the nobility of the French democratical marquis, incited only by his liberal feelings. The example of Lafayette, who voluntarily exposed his fortune and his life for the American cause, decided upon the French intervention, and consequently resolved its triumph.

I will not venture to place Lafayette's latter life in comparison with his youthful conduct. Let it be sufficient to say that, when he took the Bastille, he sent one of its keys to Washington, which is now still hanging over the parlour-door at Mount

Vernon ; and when he was imprisoned by the Austrians, the Representatives of the United States did everything in their power to obtain his release, and when he arrived at Hamburg, the American vessels there celebrated his delivery.

An Indian chief, lately visiting the Rotunda, pointing at the picture representing the arrival of the Pilgrims, said : " There Indian gives the white man land," then, pointing to Penn's treaty, he said : " There he gives him corn, and here," added he, alluding to Pocahonta's baptism, " here the white man kills the Indian."

From the balcony of the library may be enjoyed a beautiful sight, and it must be allowed, that after some hundred years, perhaps Washington may be a splendid city ; yet, the founder was, in the selection of the place, not guided by a comparison with other towns, as William Penn for instance was, who travelled a good deal in Europe. However, they say that in a

military point of view the choice is so far good, as it is impregnable.

The rear facade of the capitol is more imposing than that of the House of the French Deputies in Paris, but on the front, the monument of four naval officers, who fell in the war of independence, is too shabby. That of Washington in the garden does not please me, as the great man is represented naked. The Romans never went out naked like savages. The two gardens on both sides render the avenue of the capitol majestic—an approach to the palace, worthy of the representatives of a great nation, but the stairs are not proportioned to the whole edifice, and unvoluntarily reminded me of the splendour of the noble entry to the palace of the Luxembourg in Paris.

The Smithsonian Institute is a ridiculous piece of architecture, being an incongruous mixture of towers with pinacles. The picture gallery is composed of Indian subjects,

and the library vies in its smallness with that of the Congress.

In Europe, when looking at all the useless luxury of royal palaces, one thinks with respect of the White House, or the modest and worthy residence of the President of the United States. I attended the reception of the New Hampshire militia by General Pierce, who delivered a very good speech under such circumstances; but the behaviour of his former companions in the Mexican war did not awe me, and a little more decorum at other kinds of receptions could do no harm to democratical rigidity.

I said to myself when in Congress that one must be corrupted not to appreciate American institutions, but when I remembered the concession of the steamer line to Collins, the case of gutta percha, &c., &c., I was obliged to allow that if the Americans have performed wonders, the time of proof is soon to come.

There is but little comfort in Washington.

The National Hotel, Brown's Marble House, have not even any bath, so that the fair sex boarding there are deprived of that first condition of cleanliness. Wines, carriages, are at exorbitant prices.

For the illustration of American life, I must mention, that a man who has been an unsuccessful hotel keeper, and theatre manager, in New York, was about to establish a German newspaper in Philadelphia, with the purpose of collecting six millions Germans voting for Mr. Dallas as President. To extort money, instead of a list of subscribers, he showed the list of the recruits he had enlisted for the Crimea! This man is said to be an Hungarian colonel, Burgthal, but really, was an Austrian soldier, Franz Poulet, sentenced in his own country for having stolen some silver spoons!

LETTER XVII.

WAR TOPICS WITH ENGLAND
AND RUSSIA.

WHERE IS THE UNIVERSAL EMPIRE—AMERICAN'S SYM-
PATHIES WITH RUSSIA—IGNORANCE—BENEFITS OF THE
EASTERN WAR—TACTICS.

*"Les insensés se disent, souffons sur sa gloire,
Comme au grand jour on éteint un flambeau."—BERANGER.*

Washington, Dec. 23, 1855.

TO RICHARD COBDEN, M.P.

DEAR SIR,—

AMONG the many clever things you said to me, I remember two: "The conquest of Constantinople will not make Russia a naval power; she will have no better fleet than the Turks have at present, for trade alone creates fleets. Universal power is not in the Mediterranean, but in the Atlantic." "The exaggerated represen-

tations of Russia's power will only cause for her danger and hostilities."

The Americans, knowing that the Darien is the key to the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans, will do everything to get possession of Central America. They readily concede to Russia the empire of the Old World, for they are the very men who greatly exaggerate its power. Hatred to Great Britain is the main reason of their sympathy for the Russians; and to those who object to their good feeling towards the Czar, they answer that Napoleon III. is still as great a despot, and that Russia, on the stadium of its present development, is not expected to enjoy the blessing of American institutions. In order to enlighten this idea by a great authority, allow me to quote the American historiographer.

"Nations change their institutions but slowly; to attempt to pass abruptly from feudalism and monarchy to democratic equality was the thought of enthusiasts,

who understood neither the history, the character, nor the condition of the country. (M. Bancroft is of opinion that the English revolution failed because too much was requested at once.) It was like laying out into entirely new streets, a city that was already crowded with massive structures, resting on firm foundations. Cromwell alone profited by the death of the king; the deed was his policy, and not the policy of the nation."

Not a very consolatory doctrine for those who suffer from tyranny, but fortunately the streets of Rome, where Tarquinus rode over a corpse, saw afterwards for centuries free Roman citizens walking. The Greek democracy lasted several thousand years on the ruins of monarchy. One single night in Paris, the memorable night of the 8th of August, made away with feudal chains, which never reappeared again. Serfdom no longer exists in England, while slavery is kept up in America ! The family of Romanoff,

itself experienced many court revolutions.

The sympathies, however, of Americans for Russians are of a harmless nature ; the Yankees sell gunpowder to both belligerent parties ; the greatest part of their tonnage is employed in carrying munitions and the sick and wounded soldiers of the Allies to and from the Crimea. To the Russians, who should complain of such a proceeding, they reply that they would be very happy indeed to lend their ships to the Czar but too that, being a mercantile nation, they cannot neglect any opportunity of making money. Yet history employs very strong terms against the Genoese, who, for a ducat per boat, first conveyed the Turks from Asia to Europe ; and the Anglo-French alliance is termed here the " unholy alliance." American surgeons are engaged in great numbers in the Russian army, while the attempts of the British agents to recruit in the United States has created diplomatical difficulties of magnificent proportions.

“The Eastern war is to benefit mankind,” said Napoleon ; and I must own that the humanity showed to the wounded on the battle-field is a remarkable step in philanthropic feeling. I also expect great improvements in Russia to take place in consequence of this war, which showed the necessity of railways and telegraphs, and of military reform. Neither can the intellectual capital remain asleep ; it ought to be called to life, unless the Empire is to be humbled below every civilized country.

I am told by tacticians that war against the United States is not possible, because there is no military key, no place, the capture of which, would decide the war. The Empire City is the most important place for trade, but the steam communication can momentarily remove the trade to any other harbour. Yet the capture of New York would be a great blow, and be followed by that of Philadelphia, the occupation of all the state of New York, and that of New Jersey ; English troops coming

down at the same time from Canada would take possession of the lakes Champlain, St. George, and the Hudson River, and by erecting some forts would cut off this part from the rest of the continent.

Panama is nearer to Calcutta than London, and the Americans can do great mischief in India.* The possession of the isthmus of Darien is therefore not of absolute necessity to them. Central America will surely involve the greatest powers into a sublime contest, and the best thing England could do is to have some colonies in Costa Rica. The climate of Nicaragua is calumniated. The heat is not so great there as in East India, and the Scotchmen bear it very easily, perhaps more so than the Spaniards. Three crops a-year is not a thing to be deprecated, and the Panama fever is more dangerous than that raging on the Mosquito shores.

* There is no trade possible on the Siberian shores of the Pacific. Therefore, the Russian fleet, which is to be erected there, can have no other purpose than that of threatening Calcutta, in common with American squadrons

With some right, the Americans say that they are not likely for centuries to come into a hostile contact with the Russians, while the British are quarrelling with their cousins on every point. But generally they are very little acquainted with European matters. When the unfounded news of the capture of Sweaborg arrived, a very clever gentleman said to me that Sebastopol could no longer resist.

“Why do you think so, sir?”

“Is not Sweaborg a suburb of Sebastopol?”

Another gentleman, who was introduced to me at St. Nicholas Hotel, said, that he expected me, as a Russian, to be a pro-slavery man, and he was amazed when I said that bondage never agreed with my principles. He referred to the Bible as sanctioning slavery, and his anger knew no bounds when I replied that I had rather keep to the Gospel saying, “that we ought not to do unto others, as we would not have others do unto us.”

Indeed, there are very few Russians in the United States. Land being abundant in Russia, as well as in America, and hands not so scarce as capital, the Slavonic race will for a long time have but few representatives here.

LETTER XVIII.

WINTER IN AMERICA.

TRAVELLING—WINTER TALES—HOTELS—WINTER IN RUSSIA AND IN CANADA—SLEIGHING AND SNOW SHOES—
“MODERN IMPROVEMENTS”—ABUSES OF ENGLAND—
MAYOR WOOD AND THE STATE OF THE STREETS.

New York, Jan. 23, 1856.

To MRS. E. FOX, IN LONDON.

DEAR MADAM,—

I DID not keep my word, and escaped from London to America. We enlarge

our sphere of sight by rambling through space, and I am never so happy as when I learn something new. Travelling is said to be a sad pleasure, but what has not been said? "Unless doomed to the fate of Cain on earth, one cannot remain sedentary," said Barthelemy the poet.

Ever since the spicy and spirited critique of Henry Heine about the people who enter into conversation by talking about the weather, I cannot digest any more of this kind of observation, and it is only in self-defence that I answer to such. This English fashion is in full blossom here too, only, as the sun shines more frequently in America than in England, the custom of saying fine morning instead of good morning seems to me less silly. The sky is even purer than in Italy, the air is more transparent.

When you see the tropical summer here, you could not believe that the winter is so extremely cold. The Russians are very chilly, for their houses are conveniently pro-

vided against the cold, and they dress themselves accordingly, thus cold is more felt in warm than in cold countries.

Hotels are generally well warmed here, but as they do not regulate the heat by the barometer, and as the changes of the weather are very sudden, the temperature indoors is seldom quite right. The Smithsonian house has no chimneys at all, but is warmed by steam circulating in iron pipes, which are often very noisy. This hotel, said to be after European fashion, has rooms as small as boxes, and is inhabited by parsons and gay women. I scarcely need speak to you about the noisy and brilliant St. Nicholas, the gloomy and dark Astor House, or the elegant New York Hotel, as they are all well known in Europe; but I must tell you something about Prescott House, which, for the disgrace of American literature, is to be called *Diez* Hotel. It is one of the cheapest, and generally full of German boarders, but its hall is better than its

tables, consisting especially of *sauerkraut*; the guests bombard one another with bread bullets.

The American winter recalls to my mind the *cara patria*, and that is the very reason for which I wanted to regain the snow region for some time. Sleighing goes on pretty well, and if you have got a window looking into Broadway it is very amusing to behold all this bustle. I counted as many as twenty horses to one of the omnibus sleighs. For instance, I could not understand why the promenaders utter shouts so discordant and so long; I should prefer a less turbulent party. Sleighing, however, is not so good as in Russia, the snow being seldom frozen. Yet it snows here in greater quantities than in Europe; in Canada they have sometimes twenty feet of snow, and as it is almost constantly soft on its surface, nothing is more likely than a plunge, and one might be exposed to perish if not provided with *raquettes*, or large snow shoes made of cane, which make

their walking in the snow-fields quite a curious sight, and still more so the races which the Canadians often resort to.

Luxury is daily increasing here, for the Americans do more for show than for reality. As in England, the houses are much alike in their interior distribution. The basement forms the dining-room, the parlour is the drawing-room, and higher up the sleeping apartments, rather poorly furnished. There are attics too, but only in larger houses, and baths form, with gas, what they call "modern improvements."

Our common friend, Mr. Kinkel, is among those who have been unfavourably impressed by the Americans; his nature of an artist must have been greatly shocked by all he saw here. Hearing the other day a Yankee* speaking ill of England, I told him that he had better avail himself of

* If Yankee, which is nothing less than an Indian corruption of the word English, is a term too limited, that of American is too extended; could not the citizens of the United States find a more appropriate name?

some other language than English to abuse the mother country.

"But, sir," said he, "do you think the English government is perfect?"

"And those gentlemen at Washington, do you think them better?" rejoined I.

"No, sir."

"Then answer me one more question. Do you think there are more swindlers in England than in America?"

"I don't."

"But there are more gentlemen?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, then?"

The mayor of New York, Mr. Wood, who is generally considered as a great administrator, advertises in the newspapers inviting the good citizens to remove the snow, and to spread some sand on the ice, in order to prevent people from falling and breaking their noses.* But patriotism does very little in that way. A vote of 75,000 dollars produces a little more effect, and

* Such an accident happened to General Cass in Washington.

mountains of muddy ice are made in the middle of the streets. I am daily asked how they manage it in Moscow and St. Petersburg, those metropolises of winter; and as they have here neither *moujiks* nor workhouses, from whence they can take the inmates for draining the streets, as is the case in London, they are compelled to resort to contracts, and to pay for each car and each yard to be swept.

LETTER XIX.

THEATRES.

MDLLE. RACHEL — FOREST—FLORENCE—LAGRANGE—NE-
GROES—BARNUM MUSEUM—CRYSTAL PALACE—FINE ARTS.

“The dull lot of solitude is mine among men.”

New York, Feb. 1, 1856.

To MRS. A—— G——, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

DEAR MADAM,—

THE most exciting event among the dramatic world here was the apparition of Mlle. Rachel, whom surely you have seen in St. Petersburg. The Russians speak French sometimes better than their own tongue, while the Americans and the English learn foreign languages generally only to be able to say that they learned them, and therefore I cannot account

for their enthusiasm towards Rachel. I happened once, when in Stockholm, to attend a performance of a play of which I did not understand the first word, as it was in Swedish, and it was not till after four months that I could comprehend that language; well, this performance produced on me the effect I should experience when looking at any one dancing without any music. One is tempted to ask what on earth is the matter with those maniacs, what causes their anger, their joy or hatred? having no clue to it, one leaves the performance dissatisfied with one's self and others. These loud noisy cheers of New Yorkers for Mlle. Rachel denote a blind respect for acquired renown. They have, it is true, translations of the plays acted by the celebrated tragedian, and they attend to her performance just as you would to the Italian opera, with a libretto in hand; but in the opera, music is the main point, not the words; yet the mimic remains, and nothing

shows better the immense talent on that point of Mlle. Rachel than that she can enrapture a foreign audience by the expression of her features, and by her gestures, rather than by the harsh tones of her voice. Yet I never liked her, for if she expresses hatred well, she does not move the heart by love. Mind, that Rachel's performances have taken place during the hottest dog-days of the season, which returned here in September with a rare intensity; and you must own that great allurements are required to secure such a brilliant success, and success has become with me quite a standard of merit.

In spite of all this enthusiasm expressed in mighty dollars—for since Jenny Lind and Kossuth there was no more brilliant reception made to a foreigner,—Jules Janin, the promoter of Rachel's reputation, deemed it proper to abuse the Americans, and by way of reprisal the newspapers here have spoken ever since ironically of the *belle France*. M. Janin was angry that

Rachel sang the *Marseillaise*; however, in 1848 he had no objection to her doing so, and it seems natural that democrats, as the people here ought to be, should ask for the revolutionary hymn. The success of Mlle. Rachel in Philadelphia and Boston was not so great; and having come from a motive of jealousy of Ristori, she left the United States in bad health and a bad humour, her brother, M. Felix, having cherished more brilliant expectations. But what do the authors of the drama gain? We have no plays of Jules Janin, but Felix Pyat saw the receipts of the *Diogene* at the Odeon even sequestrated by the "Second Providence" of France.

If Rachel has given pleasure to the rich, she has given part of their money to the needy too, and has thus adorned her brow with a halo of beneficence enhancing the rays of her glory. The yellow fever having this year come as far as Norfolk, in Virginia, Rachel subscribed the sum of 1,000 dollars for the relief of the suffer-

ing families. The French society of benevolence in New York were so awkward as to send her back 100 dollars offered by her to this charitable institution. But the captain of the Pacific, who brought her here, did no such thing with regard to a magnificent breastpin, a present of Napoleon III., which she presented him with. Her diamonds, a gift of the Queen Amelia, the widow of Louis Philippe, dazzled the Americans, all of them, men, women, and children, being so fond of precious stones as to ruin themselves to procure them.

You have in Russia a classical play: Gribojedoff's, "The Woe of the Spirit," I would invert it; and instead of representing a genial man, uneasy at home, I would attempt to produce the character of a wandering intellect, of a literary man in struggle abroad. The life of an exile who must rely for his existence on his pen, writing in a foreign language, is a life of torments; and the picture of the social defects in the so-called civilized world,

would form an interesting companion to the above Russian comedy.

Forest is certainly one of the greatest tragedians. By his appearance and his play he reminds me of our Karatyguin. As a product of this country, I prefer seeing him than Rachel, who for me is ancient history. He must be seen in Rolla (Pizzaro)—a splendid character. The Peruvian chieftain is in love with the wife of his friend, Don Alonzo. Seeing his beloved one disconsolate for her husband being taken prisoner, he devotes himself and saves him; then seeing her son detained by the enemy, he saves him too; being pursued, he is shot, but retains force enough to reach her abode, and to lay his burden at the feet of the lady of his heart, he sinks, and she perceiving blood on the arm of her son, appears frightened. "It is my blood, Cora," says the dying man before breathing his last, to comfort his beloved one!

England and the United States were

nearly involved in a war on account of Macready and Forest. The latter having been indifferently received in London, Macready was retaliated upon on his coming here; it even lasted so long that the police were obliged to interfere, and to fire at the disturbers of public order. No such thing would happen about Mr. Kean, who is not a match for Mr. Forest. He has rather the voice and manners of a female cook than of the king's he represents.

Mrs. Florence is an artist of unquestionable talent in metamorphoses of every kind.

The Nieblo Theatre has sometimes good comical operas to offer; the Metropolitan, next to Wallack's, is the happiest in the choice of its plays, although translations from French abound.

Madame Lagrange, who married a Russian officer, thrones at the Italian opera, in the absence of the Italian stars.

One is better seated here in the theatres,

than in London or in Paris, and for less money.

Negroes' minstrels and buffs are in great favour with the New Yorkers; painted actors reproduce very well the manners, thoughts and songs of that people at two or three halls, and parody some great operas with marked success.

I saw them first at Barnum's museum. You have of course heard of this American Veron, a speculator of all work. He got rich by travelling with Tom Thumb. His museum is very large and very stupid, but although his predecessors lost money by it, he gains some, because a stupid thing in the hands of a clever man is a treasure with the mob. What is more stupid than to stuff animals, and to exhibit in a cage a mouse, a pigeon, and monkeys, more or less teasing one another. Still the Swiss-bearded woman attracts the curiosity of the visitors; gay women resort to Barnum's regularly twice a-week.

While the Crystal palace at Sydenham

is succeeding so well, its imitation here proved but a failure. The Mammoth tree, a California oak of colossal dimensions, is the only thing worth seeing in the building.*

The Düsseldorf gallery deserves a visit and a mention, it was bought by a German and is permanently opened in Broadway. That is the only collection of pictures I saw in the United States; and Mrs. B. Stow's reflections about Murillo, at the Dulwich Collection, and art in general, prove that the Americans do not know a great deal about fine arts; they have more positive matters to attend to before they pay attention to the refinements of civilisation. However, were they to collect here objects of the New World, undoubtedly they would have produced something worth being seen.

* When the above was in print, the Mammoth tree crossed the Atlantic and arrived safe in London, to be exhibited at the Adelphi Gallery.

LETTER XX.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

VIRTUE IS THE BASIS OF REPUBLICS—THEATRES DON'T
PAY—NEW YORK A SODOM—HOUSES STOLEN—AFFRAYS
—BANK NOTES—TRANSLATORS—A RUSSIAN DESERTER.

"Rotted before maturity!"—VOLTAIRE.

New York, March 1, 1856.

To COUNT X—— B——

ADMITTING with Montesquieu that honour is to be the basis of monarchy, and virtue the principle of a republic, what is to become of a state which has neither the one nor the other? It must necessarily disappear—virtue must vanquish honour, but honour must overcome vice.

I could write you a book upon the subject of this letter; and I even commenced

a comedy under the title of "School of Swindling," but I dropped it, for it was clearly demonstrated to me by A.X.B. that theatres do not pay a cent to authors. A person of my acquaintance went round for a long time with a MS. drama of Felix Pyat, "*Les deux mères*" (the two mothers), they grew very angry with him because he preferred taking back the play, rather than allowing it to be spoiled under another title by some manufacturer. Nevertheless, they say, that Mr. Forest pays well even for indifferent tragedies.

I was going to insert here a quotation, but I perceive that I am robbed of the newspaper I kept for that purpose. Suffice it to say, that the Americans themselves confess that corruption among them is so great that despotism alone can extirpate its root, (but we know that despotism does not possess this virtue), that New York is a Sodom. As to the magistrates, they are nearly all of them indicted this very moment for misdemeanour; they must

steal, having but this resource, for their situations are worth nothing, and take their whole time. The very reasoning you met with in Russia—Russia alone can match America upon this point; there they steal hay from horses, medicine from the sick, bread from the soldiers, fruits and wine from the Emperor.

Yankees transfer houses on the roads, they make them change their front in a few days. A corner building giving into a street, will give into another street in a few days, if the interest of the shops it contains requires this facing about. Well, one of these days, several houses in the process of construction or abandoned have been stolen during the night, bricks, wood and all! Street females in Europe do not allow themselves half the liberties their sisterhood enjoys here, and the Mayor is engaged in a wrong way I think by trying to purge the streets of this nuisance.

Some few days ago a gentleman stabbed

another in the bar-room of St. Nicholas Hotel, not long before an ex-alderman and a Mr. R—— insulted each other in the full blast of Astor House. Happening to be a witness to the scene, I could not help addressing the champions in disgust: "Hallo! do not disgrace America in the eyes of foreigners at least."

Yesterday, the keeper of Delmonico's restaurant in Broadway, was whipped by a man of whom he had the indiscretion to ask money for the meats he took several times without payment, and a person, conversant with the business, told me that occurrences of this kind took place in New York at the average of thirty a-day in various refreshment rooms.

There is a great number of banks, and a voluminous journal, *The Reporter*, noticing the value of their respective bills: That nasty money exposes any one to be treated like a swindler. At the presentation of a bank bill they look at *The Reporter* to verify it, and never end when

once fairly set on that unfair operation.

You like money speculations—you have done excellent business—happy mortal! Shall I speak to you of those that are transacted here? There is a gentleman offering coal mines in Virginia, lately discovered, a splendid coke, here is a sample, —135 acres for the trifling of \$1,000; the contract for working shall be drawn immediately and deposited at the exchange, the answer must be given to-morrow, and only \$300 to pay in advance, \$300 to become a man worth millions! The person addressing me goes in for \$300 too, and the individual setting up the affair for the \$600 remaining. Thus the whole concern amounts to some \$2,00, which cannot be found in full; the ground must be explored to acquire the knowledge at what depths the ore is to be found. I answered, that for \$50 the secret might be obtained on the spot, and that I should be sorry to deprive of a chance so very excellent a person, short only of \$900.

There are gold mines in North Carolina, 500 acres for \$51,000, this is still better; they do not want you to go thither yourself, you may send whom you like to manage the mines, and at least you shall own the land whatever it be, and not its product alone; so I compare this affair to the preceding one, and stand by it.

A gentleman advertises for months, that if any one choses to send him \$10 he will teach him the way how to gain positively a hundred per cent; this reminds me of the pamphlet of Paris, "55,000 francs won by a brood of rabbits."

A gentleman wishing to give a *douceur* to another one, or more properly speaking, to get rid of his increasing applications for money, gets up for him a wine shop, stipulating one half profit for each; the needy German drinks away his wine, treats his friends, pockets the money alone, and answers the partner's questions about the matter, that he has no other means of living. One of the lawyers of the plaintiff,

seeing him rather easy in matters of partnership, offers to associate with him. "What kind of business are you about to do? I cannot tell, the idea is so excellent that I fear they would defraud me of it." Here my pen stops involuntarily—it is too bad indeed—this kind of lawyer, let us say it at once, was soon afterwards arrested for having taken \$20 of a young lady for teaching her to write visiting cards. Men, my dear count, appear to me horrible sometimes; I should prefer going to the woods. It is high time for honest men to unite in a sacred alliance for the purpose of extirpating the evil, if still possible, or sinking under the struggle; at least, they would no longer witness the horrors of this world.

The newspapers give us the list of murders and other crimes committed in New Orleans; no day elapses but they are filled with news of this kind. At this very time we attend here to the trial of Louis Baker, who causes the *Daily Times* to proclaim society in danger. I do not think that gazettes are right in their lamentations

on the subject of public corruption. The case of Justice Stuart was the more scandalous, as he persisted in keeping his place in spite of the recommendation of the jury to resign it. You will tell me that Teste, Louis Philippe's minister, was also convicted of bribery, but then there was a revolution in Paris caused partly by this revelation, whilst nothing here indicates the approach of such an event.

"Translators are traitors," said Byron; and I have met all my life with very traiterous ones, who understand neither the one nor the other language, but always pretended to be very able writers, maltreated by Heaven, and not appreciated by their fellowmen. Led by humanity, I employed all kind of refugees, and paid dearly for miserable works. One of them translated "donner un savon,—give soap;" another "bonnet de police,—a cap as worn by policemen." A third, encouraged by my patience, undertook to correct my own writing; and said that the present could

never be employed when it is spoken of past events. Oh, pity me !

The greatest inconvenience of an emigrant's life is to meet everywhere political adventurers, arrant politicians, pretended martyrs, and disguised criminals. What an edifying picture could I not draw of all of them, from the Prince of Armenia, who swindled all princes and sovereigns, to the ravisher of heiresses, who wanted me to exculpate him of being an Austrian spy ! It is a sad thing not to have a home to shelter oneself from those intruders under every possible pretence. But you know something about it, as your princely fortune was always disposed in a princely way, so as to assist real misfortunes. To be impartial, I must dwell somewhat more on those "foreign vagabonds." The Russian Consul-general was himself duped by a man whom you will certainly recognize. I thought in Paris I had got rid of him by enlisting him in the Foreign Legion in Algiers, but, to my annoyance, I found him in London,

where he had become a regular thief; till at last, for a stolen watch, he passed eight months on the treadmill. Hence he went to the United States, assuming there another name. As he writes a nice hand, the Consul engaged him, without any reference, in writing official papers. One day he spoke about wanting to get piano lessons for his lady. "What lady?" "The lady I am living with." "Rascal, do you think your old Consul will protect a concubine?" "Don't be angry, sir; if you object to that, I am ready to marry her, I delayed doing so only for want of money, I will marry to-morrow if you please." The Consul gave him for this honest purpose \$35, and never saw him again. This man cheated even his fellow-vagabonds—a poor Frenchman, born in Russia, who pretended to have been the director of a high school, and to have been sent away for having accepted pupils who were not of noble birth.

How brightly shines an honest man.

among such scum of the earth—an Italian refugee, *i. e.*, who rambles about with goods intrusted to him for sale, and fainting with hunger, says that he would rather take poison than sell those wares under the assigned price !

I cannot omit an instance of high bribery. The Russian steamer *Kam-schatka* was charged to the Russian Government twice the amount than was really paid for ; and, instead of having been constructed of living oak—this precious wood of Georgia—of which material any ship being built, has never rotted till now, it was only of common oak. The fact was reported to me by a jealous power, but by too respectable an authority not to be relied upon.

But to return to the proper Americans. The keepers of bad houses repeatedly declared before courts that their best customers are married people of both sexes. However, the patriots tell me obstinately that such must be the case in France, in Spain, &c., where husbands are seldom or

never lovers; and that in the country here any allusion to matrimonial infidelity could not even be understood.

LETTER XXI.

AMERICAN BUSINESS TRAN-
SACTIONS.

SWINDLER OR DUPE—SAVINGS' BANKS—CREDIT—PARTNER-
SHIPS—TRICKS—SWINDLERS—APPLETON—HUNT.

"You see a beggar, and you cast a lose."—OLD SAYING.

New York, Feb. 7, 1856.

To MR. J. H——, IN LONDON.

DEAR SIR,—

WHILST you assured me that the Americans are honest just so far as their interest bids them to be, others contend that there is no country on earth more favourable for

business transactions than the United States. There were for the most part importers of coutchouck and Indian rubber enriched by their trade, which forms indeed the most conspicuous part of American industry. One must be anvil or hammer, *dupe* or swindler, here more than anywhere else. One-half of the people cheats the other part in the whole world, but out of three Yankees there are four swindlers. Savings' banks yield here $10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but on condition that money shall not be claimed before the term of six months. The discount is at this moment at $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., in the West it is at 12 and 15 per cent on security. Happy, then, those who can live on their income in Europe !

European manufacturers give credit, they say, only on good securities ; honest folks mean to pay only if they are paid, others either run away or assume the honoured title of bankrupts. The trade of houses and lands is still profitable enough, but prices rise slowly at Hoboken, and

hands are scarce in farms ; labour is so high that agricultural profits are quite problematic. The inhabitants for the greater part are resorting to European manufacturers for dressing articles ; the importation of cloths ought to be a good business, but the Belgian Consul engrosses this branch of commerce, being the representative of the first houses of Belgium. The adulteration of wines here exceeds that of Europe, and is highly hurtful to the commerce of liquors subject to enormous tariffs. The bad taste of the customers, and the competition of importers, rise the trade of watchmakers and jewellers.

When they say in Europe that people coming to America with cash begin by losing it at first, they ought to add that it happens because they are too eager to enter into business ; but how many are there among them that can afford to wait ? It is a good plan to credit but those whose paper is to be discounted.

If in every commercial treaty it was

clearly stated, that a partner is a man endowed with the privilege of robbing his associate, because fraud on the part of a clerk or a stranger bears no more that denomination with regard to an associate, the partnership would be dissolved at once—at least, until the laws regulating these matters should be revised. The trick of partnership is flourishing nowhere as it is here; and the Solons and Lycurguses of this country say that they protect industry more than capital, because acquisition of property was till now their aim rather than its conservation! This sophism is to account for all kinds of embezzlement.

A gentleman buys from another one stocks for \$70,000, and gives him in payment a cheque for the amount on the bank where his funds were in deposit; the owner of the stocks knew that his purchaser had at the bank the sum referred to, but at the presentation of his cheque he learns that it has been long since withdrawn. When suing the felon before the courts of

justice, he was told, that it was so much the worse for him ; why did he neglect to get information at the proper time ? and the public serenaded the cunning scoundrel.

You must not buy stocks which are not quoted at the exchange, but those that are, stand too high if they pay dividend. There is a law saying that as long as the goods are on the car, they belong to the sender, but once on the walkway, they belong to the shopman.

The American is a spendthrift ; he must gain money in a honest way, if he can, but at any rate he must get some. There are here hundreds of biographies as curious as that of Barnum. This gentleman, you know, owned a dessert island, which served him to uphold his credit. Presently a gentleman arrives from Melbourne, he purchases a farm for \$12,000, gives on account but \$800, and takes two mortgages on it ; thus with his deeds in hand, he establishes a splendid hotel on trust, and let him go on the best he can, *i. e.*, he pockets the money, pays

no one, and one fine night starts for Havre.

One General —— finds out that a railroad is to be constructed on the land belonging to a widow, he purchases the ground for \$6,000, and during two years pays not a cent; the widow, thinking the bargain is given up, sells her land to the company for \$12,000. The general then comes out, assisted by eight witnesses swearing that he had bought the property, and sells it again to the company for the sum of \$30,000, and that is called fair play.

“Swindlers have free ways here,” said a lawyer to me, who knew of the thing by practice; “one must be indeed either a swindler or a dupe here.” “It is very difficult to be honest and make good business in this country,” said my banker, certainly one of the most honest among Yankees. “Among wolves one must yelp like them,” said an adventurous acquaintance of mine. Thus, become a swindler,

or avoid this nest of perdition. Mr. Appleton, of Boston, said, "that during his long commercial career, he met with but two or three persons who wanted to cheat him, and the remaining tradesmen profess better principles than they are generally credited with;"—things must have terribly changed since.

Mr. Hunt has statistically established that but one-half of the merchants succeed, and I think it is the half which cheats the other half.

Swindlers in the North, slaveholders in the South, and border ruffians in the West, constitute the white population of the "glorious and great country," which boasts to be the leader of mankind. As to unsuccessful imitators of English fashions and aristocrats among democrats, they are not worth mentioning.

LETTER XXII.

THE MYSTERIES OF NEW YORK.

MYSTERIES OF THE PEOPLE—LOVE AND DEVOTEDNESS IN
LOW QUARTERS—THEFT AT TIFFANY'S—FREE LOVE—
KEPT WOMEN.

"No man is quite sane; each has a vein of folly in his composition, a slight determination of blood to the head."—EMERSON.

New York, Feb. 14, 1856,

TO EUGENE SUE.

DEAR SIR,—

YOUR *Mysteries of Paris* rank here among the most successful books, but as to your *Mysteries of the People*, which I so highly appreciate, and which would be useful to the Americans even in an historical point of view, they were reprinted in *La semaine littéraire*, but not translated. As there are *Mysteries of London*, of *Turin*, &c., there also exists a novel bearing the title of *Miseries and Mysteries of New York*; but

if borrowing from you a title, they could not borrow your genius. I question whether you would find here a topic worthy your pen? That exquisite character *Fleur de Marie* is hardly to be found here. Let us see, however; several months ago a young man from Brooklyn, discarded by his parents on account of his love for a prostitute, who supplied his wants out of her wretched earnings, expressed in his last letter that he could neither renounce her nor witness any longer her abject life, and then committed suicide by prussic acid. This woman, informed either by him or by her own forboding, arrived first at his room to learn the fatal news, and without hesitation swallowed up the poison left in the phial, and all those who entered the room after the committing of the rash act, noticed the smiling, blissful countenance she preserved, even in the agonies of death! One must, then, descend very low to find comic feeling here, for they say that this class has as much of it as in France.

Another woman of the same sisterhood (I stand by official reports) refused to marry a gentleman of New York, blinded by passion—comparing her conduct to that of those semi-honest ladies, who force their victims into marriage, it does not seem quite so dishonest.

A young lady of good family took away some jewels from Tiffany's, giving a false address. The clerk, however, found out the right one, and got himself paid without making any more ceremony about it—the poor girl was more anxious to look smart than ashamed of stealing, that is all. A captain of a ship made himself guilty of several larcenies at the same store, the owner promised a handsome reward, and a pawnbroker revealed the thief, whose friends hushed up the affair.

This very moment a bereaved father promises \$500 to any one who will restore him his son, dead or alive, probably murdered on his return from an evening party—no clue.

A year ago a young and beautiful girl went out at five o'clock in the morning to fetch some milk for her parents, and never returned, and her corpse was found with her throat cut, and her person violated in broad daylight, and in the midst of a populous city! This will teach to bless a good police. Fine things all this you would say, and how can it be otherwise; how are most horrible crimes to be avoided in a place where the European scum lands without control or survey? The submarine telegraph will doubtless bring us the *entente cordiale* between the police of London and Paris, and that of this country.

They pretend that Greenwich Street and the Five Points are the most mysterious parts of New York, but at the bottom, but little could be made out of it.

Among the tricks most commonly played here, I must mention this one: You hand over a good bill, they substitute a counterfeit one, and they prefer a complaint against

you ; you run, this way, a pretty good chance to be condemned to pay over again.

I rejoice at the idea that you spend happy days on the shores of the charming lake Annecy. In America, too, they say, one must look to the forests for virtue, among the woodcutters. In New York, adultery and abortions form the two fundamental items of news. The passional attraction of Fourier found its expression here in a *free love society*, which fed an appetite for scandal several days. The members of this association used to meet publicly in Broadway, but the publicity given to it forced them to give it up. Mr. Brislaben was largely involved in those meetings, and it was not the least pleasant fact that, as the entrance charge was one shilling, the night of the last meeting some ruffians, having no connexion with the society, collected the money.

During the February revolution in Paris, a workman, taking me for a legitimist, said to me :

“Noblemen and workmen, sir, are more likely to come to an understanding with one another than the *bourgeois*.”

“Why so?”

“For instance, we have or have not a sweetheart, just as you have, but she must be exclusively ours; not so with the middle classes, they are four or five to keep a woman, and know the hours when they ought not to knock at her door.”

In fact, the behaviour towards the fair sex, even of low characters, is in every country a scale of human and moral feelings. Well, in the United States they keep women in public houses, quite as one would keep a horse at the livery stable!

LETTER XXIII.

INDUSTRY.

STILL WANT OF POPULATION—"WINELAND"—BRANDY,
SILK AND WINE—SWINE AND SHEEP—CLOCKS—INDIA
RUBBER—CARPETS—PAPER—HARDWARE—INVENTIONS.

"Rien ne peut se préférer à la patrie, si ce n'est le genre humain."—

JEAN II. DE LUSIGNAN.

New York, Feb. 14, 1856,

TO MR. MICHEL CHEVALIER.

DEAR SIR,—

WHEN I published in Paris the *Spirit of Political Economy*, Mr. Hippolyte de Passy told me that he always had the same opinion on population as I had, but that he never dared to express that opinion. And, when making his report on this work to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, he said that what I saw in Russia ought

to have made me an adversary of Malthus's system. Now, in the New World, I find again my ideas on that subject confirmed. Namely, if there are too many people in Europe, there are too few inhabitants in America. The Indians are gone. Pizarro himself was compelled to say, that, save religion, the Indians were as civilised as the Europeans; and the thousands of people arriving here daily cannot suffice to people the prairies of the West and the valleys of the South. Therefore, labour is still very dear, and industry is in its cradle. Massachusetts is perhaps the only state which can compete with Belgium, France, or England. "Mining operations," says Sir Charles Lyell, "are for the most in their infancy. Beyond the mining of coal and iron ore, the mining enterprises undertaken here have been more the result of chance and speculation, than of any systematic effort to develop the mineral resources of the country."

Valuable wool samples were sent

to the London Universal Exhibition, but even they proved too long, and rather fit for cashmeres than for cloths.

Silk and wine cultivation are of no importance, they are possible only in densely peopled countries. Grapes mature well in hothouses, but in the open air they get a disagreeable taste of firestone and muscat. Nevertheless, Mr. Zimmerman, in Ohio, obtains good Catawba and Isabella wines, but of too high a price.

However, when the Normans discovered America, in the tenth century, they called it "Wineland," in regard to the wild grapes, one of them, Tyrker, found. With all respect to Bancroft, who disbelieves the fact, I must maintain it. They found recently in New England remains of roads, which Indians could by no means have constructed, and which, according to all probability, were of Norman labour. In the state of Ohio they discovered also ruins which testify to the existence of a more civilised people than the Indians.

I wish to divide nations in beer, wine, and brandy drinking ones: The Germans have introduced their "Lagerbeer" from New York to California, the French are the lively wine-drinkers, but the Yankees prefer brandy—hence their restless and vigorous character.

Liquors and brandy pay 100 per cent. duty, wines 30 per cent., and in spite of this enormous tax, these articles render the most to the treasury. Temperance societies try to limit their consumption, but the debts of the Union having been contracted for independance, one ought not to be prevented from toasting to it, and from acquitting this glorious debt. Distilleries of alcohol would yield a good income, and brandy factories still do so everywhere.

People are pretty warlike here, especially because they hope that a war might liberate them from the large imposts they annually pay to Europe for products of her industry, and start American manufactures. In fact, the United States pay \$4,000,000 a-year

for jewellery, and Germany comes out in a manifest competition with your country on that article, every day more and more. But the most wonderful thing is, that the Americans are clad by European manufacturers. Russia, within the last sixty years, has created a large and respectable cotton industry, while the southern states here think that Europe would not purchase their cotton wool if they did not open their harbours to European products, and thus they force upon the northern states the most ridiculous impost on rough materials. Raw wool is nearly excluded from the market, but even were it not the fact, it would not prove an easy matter to find weavers. If men without profession get on here pretty well, professional workmen return to Europe, where they work, and where living is cheaper. Besides, the growth of sheep is quite neglected here—not so that of swine. The United States raise more of them than all the states of Europe together—20,000,000 a-year. Many

of them are sent to South America, and it seems that the Hebrew legislator was wrong in prohibiting the use of pork, for it proves quite harmless in warm climates.

But to return to war, I would impress on the Americans the consideration that they are not prepared for it. No less than 42,000 men are wanted to man all the fortresses of the United States, and there are only 1,200. A volunteer might be better than a mercenary or pressed soldier, but a hundred or a thousand of militia are not able to stand against a body of regular troops. With the latter a General can reckon on certain results, under condition of sacrificing a given number of his men. But what calculations can you make when the South Carolinians say, "We follow you to death," while the New Yorkers demand to return home! We have gunpowder factories in Connecticut, and weapon factories in several places. Colt's revolvers have attained an

universal celebrity since the Eastern war. I read in an American review, that unless a man is a Chinese or a barbarian he ought to know the Connecticut clocks. Well, I confess that the Swiss ones are as much known, and more prized among Europeans. Indian rubber is still the exclusively American product, and you certainly know the name of Horace Day, to whom this fabrication is so much indebted. There is a new invention of galvanic gutta serena, about which I do not dare to express an opinion. Shoes and boots are made in immense quantities, but, for my part, I don't find them so good as the American goloshes. Hats are still very dear, as well as fine linen. Nevertheless, it is a remarkable fact that there are 1,054 establishments for the manufacture of cotton, employing 100,000 persons, and producing goods for \$4,000,800. 37,000 persons are employed in the woollen manufacture. Baltimore's linseys are used for negro clothing, and sold to the southern

states. Manchester in New Hampshire, Lawrence in Massachusetts, and Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, have the best cotton mills.

A great deal of paper is imported from France, but there are mills at Lee and Norfolk in Massachusetts, and Paterson in New Jersey, have a celebrity for paper hangings, but German papers are preferred for their price as well as for their quality. Carpets are made at Thompsonville, Massachusetts, and in the 43rd street, in New York, but do not suffice to the extent of demand. Furniture for the West is made by machines, but root and oak are the only woods used. Waterbury in Connecticut is well known for cutlery, employing more than 100 workmen; as well as for button and ladies' hair pin manufactories. German hardware is preferred to the English for its price, and to the American for its durability. Thus, locks from Germany suit better the farmers of the West than better but dearer ones. M. Schaeffer, in Milwaukee, imports considerable quantities of

agricultural implements. East Cambridge, near Boston, produces good glass, thanks to the beautiful silex it employs. China is still in its infancy, and France purveys the States with that article. Extraordinary ingenuity is displayed in machinery, so adequate with the American turn of mind. The patent-office in Washington cannot suffice for all the applications made in behalf of new inventions. There is a talk of modifying the locomotive, so as to enable us not to roll or drag; but the secret of it belongs to an American general.

The development of the steamship engineering is marvellous, they are counted by thousands, but they are far from English, or even French, perfection. Thirty steamers were lost during the last six months, one way and another, but most frequently through the bursting of the boilers; hence, the projects for the suppression of them are not wanting. Yankee sailing vessels are the most graceful among all, and their sailors are bold, but short of circumspec-

tion. "What will the world say of an American captain who drew back before icebergs?" asked lately an American captain; and the fate of the "Pacific" was certainly more awful than even that of the "Arctic."

The American workmen have generally a longer day's work than the English, and as they want to know every particular respecting their profession, they are certainly more clever, but the less accomodating with the division of labour. Therefore, their work has not the finish of the English producer. Drawing schools are far from the European institutions of that art, and the Franklin College, or the Boston School of design do not reach the Parisian *Conservatoire des arts et métiers*.

LETTER XXIV.

MARRIAGES IN THE UNITED STATES.

CONDITION OF THE WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES—

MARRIAGE BY STEAM—FOREIGN MATCHES—NO DOWRY

—BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

*"My search is met on all sides by despair—**I seek for men with hearts of living fire ;**Corpses their cold hands proffer everywhere,**Or thoughtless children mock my fond desire."**Ryleiff Translat., by A. B. R.*

New York, Feb. 20, 1856.

TO MRS. DANIEL STERN.*

MADAM,—

MANY a year has elapsed since I last had the pleasure of seeing you; great events separated us; nevertheless, I flatter myself with the thought that you preserve some

* Countess d'Agoût, who, under the name of Daniel Stern, published several remarkable works in French.

remembrance of me. I felt more unwilling to part with France than with Russia; France was the mother-country of my intellect, and the witty society of France, of which you proved to me as the most brilliant specimen, is not to be found elsewhere. Germans discourse, Englishmen or Americans make speeches, and the French alone, as Madame de Stael said, know how to converse. I venture to address you this letter, of no kind of importance seemingly, but treating upon one of the most important subjects even for politicians.

I always thought, and doubtless you did so too, that the position of the women in a country was the right standard of its civilisation. The woman reigns here, but does not govern; she is too free, too emancipated, say some—not free enough says Mrs. Lucy Stone and her adherents. Now, let us see how they engage into the yoke of hymen. Marriages here proceed somewhat like everything else, by steam. Of late a couple arrives at Rhode Island, they

want to get married, the landlord of the inn is requested to send for the clergyman of the place; the parson comes in, they advise him of his fees being in readiness, he joins the hands of the lovers; but the reflection comes to his mind, just in time, that the public notice has not been given, and this circumstance deserves consideration. "Go a-head," cries the bridegroom, "do not stop for such a trifle, we shall get all right afterwards;" and adding deeds to words, he locks the door and puts the key into his pocket. The curate performs the ceremony, and the married one is made happy, let us hope that his better-half will be happy too.

On another occasion a bridal couple went to church to get married, when on the point of entering, the bridegroom backs out, saying, "Better late than never; consider that I am used to go to bed alone." "If you go to bed alone, I do no such thing," replies the heroic bride, and forces her lover into church, where they got married, and are fortunate.

Early marriages are nowhere so frequent as here, and I feel disinclined to come out against them, as most of the philanthropic moralists generally do. A bachelor's life does not afford here the charms it has in Europe; the wife, in most cases, is a source of income and an inducement to economy, besides early marriages offer to parents the great advantage of bringing up their children under the parental eye, and to decide upon their destiny. There are certainly inconsiderate marriages, which ought to be disapproved, but still in this kind of lottery they cheat the less.

Foreigners have oftentimes the best part of good matches. The European is generally thought issuing of a more ancient race, and of more refined society. Several years ago, a Courlander, at a dancing party at Saratoga, met with one of the richest young ladies; losing no time, he declares to his charmer that he is very unhappy for having seen her, for no one can see her without falling in love, and that his fortune

did not allow him to aspire so high. The young lady reanimates his blighted hopes, and on her return home she declares to her parents, that she is bent on marrying the Russian. The parents, of course, object, insisting upon the necessity of taking some information respecting the young man. "I allow one month for the reference you desire," says the bride. They accordingly apply to the Russian Embassy in Paris, whence the answer is returned that the said young man is totally unknown in that quarter. "No news, good news!" The month elapsed, the marriage has taken place, and the happy pair lives at this moment in St. Petersburg.

A Prussian lieutenant, more recently, was killed at Sebastopol, in the Russian service, which he entered out of spite for a young American lady, who could not be prevailed upon to fulfil her engagements towards him. "What stupidity," exclaimed one of his friends, on hearing of his death. "One must be very stupid

indeed to marry an American," said an European to me at Georgetown, "unless one does it for the sake of others." Not so very stupid after all, could well answer the above Courlander.

They still talk about the marriage of Prince Jerome at Baltimore, and they allege that the Paterson's possess such vast plantations, that the Prince has gained nothing by marrying a princess of Wurtemberg. This is incorrect, the Paterson's are not so rich as rumoured.

I know a friend of mine of whom an American young lady, who sings *Robert le Diable*, requested in Paris, or in London, to follow her to America; from the information obtained on the premises, it appears that the young lady playing so high a part in Europe, belongs to a family of honest farmers, which circumstance would be no objection at all; but what forms a serious one is, that the damsel lost no time while in Europe, and induced several others to make this little trip for the sake of her fine

eyes. Well, to young ladies more than to young men it is quite imprudent to run two games at the same time.

It is quite common among parents to give their daughters only their parental blessing for dowry, and to make them wait till after their death for the inheritance; this, however, does not dishearten young folks in marriage matters, thanks to numerous boarding-houses, where they can live at a comparatively trifling expense. By a strange contradiction fortune-hunters are despised here, and men take a wife with the same carelessness as they would take a glass of brandy, especially when "bound westward's." As to myself, I have but to keep in mind the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield, and that of the English naturalist F, to make me believe I shall die a bachelor.

The woman enjoys here an indisputable protection of the laws. She is maintained against her husband in most cases, and is always right in every contest. She has

but to go before the magistrate to obtain whatever she pleases, either the locking-up of her husband, or the sequestration of his property for the benefit of her children.

The breach of promise of marriage generates here still more abuses than in England; the most vulgar flirtation is oftentimes considered as a matrimonial declaration. A Pole had the misfortune to show tender feelings towards his washer-woman, an Irish girl; she recurred to a magistrate, and the Pole had to submit to his option—a choice between prison and marriage—he married, of course, and went back to Europe.

Women sometimes defend here their virtue with a republican fortitude: thus a dandy freshly ashore, expressing his flames to a lady in Broadway, received from her a tremendous blow in the face. Another European, deeming himself authorised to a kind of positive gallantry towards his landlady, who was listening at the door of his

room, got at his head the glass lamp she was holding, and which nearly killed him, at least the wound bled awfully for an hour after.

LETTER XXVI.

JOURNALISM IN AMERICA.

HERALD—TRIBUNE—DAILY TIMES—ALBION—HARPER'S
MAGAZINE—COURIER DES ETATS UNIS—DAILY NEWS—
WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, AND GERMAN PAPERS.

“The freedom of the press contains every other freedom.”

New York, March 15, 1856.

TO M. E. DE GIRARDIN,

EDITOR OF *The Presse*, IN PARIS.

JOURNALISM is ruling in the United States more than in any free country in Europe, for it is reputed to control public opinion, although in most cases it follows only its current; as in the case of

the know-nothings, whom they did not attack originally, as they were obliged to do since the bloodshed of Louisville. The people called upon to exercise the rights of citizens must think about their own instruction, and the journals are the best instruments for the diffusion of light; consequently, the American journals cannot be said to be better than those of England destined to defray the service of aristocratic minds, but they contain more valuable information for the mass of the people.

An author in a look-out for employment called on the editor of the *New York Herald*, and said to him, by way of introduction, that he wrote a long time for the *Times* of London. Mr. Bennett answered that such being the case, if he employed him he would be under the necessity of engaging a translator also, so as to render the prose of the *Times* intelligible to the American readers.

We cannot say, either, that the Amer-

ican journals are on a level with French journalism, for they have no *Debats* among them, nor the *Presse*; the same might be said respecting the reviews. Many articles of these publications could not be admitted either in London or in Paris, but their local colour yields a powerful interest to them. Hunt became a *millionaire* through his *Merchants' Magazine*, notwithstanding scissors being its only merit, as he appropriates every article containing ciphers, and inserts them in his magazine. Among the weekly papers the *Albion*, edited by an Englishman, is the most considerable of all. The *Herald* sells 60,000 copies. The *Journal of Commerce*, the *Courrier* and the *Inquirer* are in the Eastern war on the side of England. *Le Progrès*, which was the continuation of the *Républicain*, has just stopped; there is no chance in New York for two French journals, and it is still in California where the *Courrier des Etats Unis* finds the greatest number of subscribers. It is a wonder that

Harper's Magazine has a circulation of 120,000 copies, whilst French and English reviews hardly reach the tenth of this fabulous yet positive cypher—thus the four brothers Harper's are rich. It is just the same with Bennett of the *Herald*, and Greeley of the *Tribune*, all of them commenced with nothing. The Harper's have been mere type-setters; Bennett lingered long in various newspapers before he created the *Herald*, which supplanted them all; and Greeley has been a working printer; Hunt, on the other hand, owns a palace in Brooklyn.

I was told that the few German and French papers now existing in America would bring more benefit to their readers by discontinuing their issue altogether, for they only distract the attention of the subscribers from local questions, and prevent them from becoming American citizens in earnest, by keeping up their habit of reading in their native idioms.

News from Europe reaches here but once

a week, and I wonder how the journalists, who never visited Europe, manage to appreciate these news; for my part, I never suffered any inconvenience from this lack of information. The events of the continent are not always interesting, and I feel sometimes truly gratified in a complete oblivion of all the stupid and ridiculous doings of the old world. A curious fact is, that at the present time there are in the United States just as many journals as corresponds to the cypher of the year we are in, 1856.

The *Herald* and the *Tribune* are at a continual war between themselves, so much so, that one feels sometimes disgusted with their personal discussions. The journals, I am told, form a *holy alliance* and a *powerful confederation*, joining alternately each other, not only about the questions of general purport, but particularly in those of good confraternity. They hold mysterious meetings at some grave emergency, such, for instance, as to regulate the reception of a Kossuth, or to keep from publicity

an obnoxious individual. They say, and I shudder at the thought, that Jesuitism, not stopping at the limits of Catholicism, extends its influence to the very heart of Protestantism, sacrificing everything to secure its ends. When a man makes them suspicious, to get rid of him is their principal aim, everything besides is nothing. As a warning to Mr. E. Sue, the Jesuits foe, I record these facts, for what they are worth.

The journals here have not those precise delineations of political opinion, which we see in the European newspapers. The same newspaper contends oftentimes articles for and against, and the public likes them nevertheless, means the *Herald*, it prefers to be left alone in the exercise of its judgment, and likes to select its favourite arguments.

"I could never clearly make out what was requisite to be admitted into a journal," said to me a gentleman, who, being brought up in the seraglio, ought to be acquainted

with its windings. I should think the requisite quality is that of being "centless."

To work in the *Herald*, one must be quite a little boy, at the discretion of the owner, patiently submitting every morning to the scolds for the articles which might have displeased his lordship, listen to his instructions and orders for the day—that is when M. Bennett does not seclude his fame in Paris. You must pay also every little attention to the directress, attend to her box if you are admitted therein, gaze at her *toilette*, and smilingly approve of every doing of hers. You must flatter others, have no opinion of your own, and all this at the rate of so much per line. I should prefer serving under Count Nesselrode: everybody was not admitted to the whist table of the Countess at least.

The *Daily Times* is coquetting with the slaveholders, the know-nothings, and the British, as every speculative paper ought to do in order to obtain a great many subscribers. Mr. Raymond is but a poor

politician, and Kossuth, for whom this paper was started, already has lost all his popularity here.

The *Tribune* of Mr. Greeley is but an utopist, but Mr. Dana is one of the most learned and amiable Americans, and Count Gourovski completes the triumvirat.

The *Daily News*, the organ of the Hartshells, is, with the *Sun*, the cheapest paper—one cent—the former sees daily its number of subscribers increasing, and the latter decreasing.

The *Express* is the single evening paper which pays, having 5000 subscribers.

The *Washington Intelligencer* is the most eminent paper of the federal city, and one of the most clever and cautious in the Union.

The *Daily Union* is the organ of the cabinet.

Out of New York there is but very little interest for European matters, and the papers of the empire city are the leaders of the others for foreign news.

The *Ledger* in Philadelphia has the greatest circulation; and the *Courier* and the *Post* are the best Boston papers. The *Delta* and the *Picayune* in New Orleans are of a less marked southern character than the papers of Richmond. The *Sun* of Baltimore has an extensive circulation. The *Chicago Tribune* merits honourable mention.

I was about to start here a weekly paper, the *European Mail*, but I was dissuaded by my friends. "We are a strange people," said General G— to me, "foreigners never succeed with us." Do you know the words of Talleyrand to Napoleon about the Yankees? It is too hard to be repeated in print.

Among the German papers, the *Staats-Zeitung* of New York yields the step to the *Neue Zeit*, while *Der Pionier*, a weekly journal, is making a good business. The *Turner-Zeitung*, in Cincinnati, is in the hands of an able editor.

LETTER XXVII.

FOREIGN POLICY.

DANIEL WEBSTER, AS FOREIGN SECRETARY—TEXAS—
AMERICAN DIPLOMACY—ENGLISH AND FRENCH IN-
TRIGUES—SPAIN—CHINA.

“Observe good faith and justice towards all nations”—

WASHINGTON (*Farewell Address*).

New York, March 20, 1856.

TO MRS. WOOD SOMERVILLE, IN LONDON.

DEAR MRS. WOOD,—

DANIEL WEBSTER said at the end of his career to his son, who repeated it to me, that for some fifty years to come, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs of the United States will be the most influential man of the whole Union; for he will be sought for and courted by all the foreign powers, for the purpose of enticing him one way or the

other. It was he, also, who said, that neutrality is the best policy for the United States. European governments, suspicious and jealous of their institutions, would be glad to have them enticed into European complications, that they might retaliate on them afterwards; and the revolutionists, on the other side, want their help to overthrow European monarchies. Ledru Rollin says, that the debt of the United States towards France has not yet been paid; but I do not think that Louis XVI fought for the American republic; he only wished to deprive England of its best colonies. Kossuth says, that the Americans made the revolution of Texas, and ought to make one in Spain. What an offence for a people like the French, to force a government upon them, or to teach them liberty by means of foreign bayonets! The French are not in want of courage to be free, and if they were in need of intellect, or perseverance, or virtue, some four or five thousands of soldiers, whom America could

afford to send them, would be unable to change anything.

The greatest service which the United States could render to the cause of European democracy, would be to purify their own institutions, to raise them above the sneers and criticisms of European monarchists, that they might be admired and imitated.

Speaking one day to Louis Blanc of a *coup de main*, which was just attempted against Bonaparte, "What is the use of it," said he, "its very success would arrest the progress of ideas. They wanted, they want still, a Napoleon in France; in deficiency of the present one, Cavaignac would do the same thing; his cousin will replace him, or else the first prominent general. France thirsts for such a regimen. Let us wait."

They would like in a question of such importance as the Eastern war is, to see the United States raising their voice, and making it weigh in the political balance as much as that of other powers, and a congress

at Washington for that purpose is spoken of; meanwhile neutrality is so well preserved at this present moment, that the United States sell gunpowder to both belligerent parties, and the fault lies with Russia if she does not hire American vessels, always at the disposal of English gold. For goodness sake, no intervention at such a distance, unless unavoidably compelled. They find in Europe much difficulty in keeping up revolutions made by patriots, how could they save those made by foreigners, or helped by them? They have already crushed too many republics, let us save at least that one of the New World. Old Europe makes me despair of her fate, let us save at least the stars and stripes—

“Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.”

Mr. Mason, the chief of the chancellory of Mr. Marcey, told me that a Yankee wants to know everything without having learnt it. Therefore, when appointed consuls or *envoyés* to a new country, they scarcely learn anything about it on their way to it.

When I was sometimes disagreeably surprised at the manners of the Americans, a friend of mine used to say: "Why do you ask from them more than they know about, they do the best they can." Applying the same rule to international intercourse, foreign chancellors ought not to expect better proceedings than the Yankees are in the habit of resorting to. However, the stronger is the prediction to propagate the American principles in Europe. The best government is that which lays in the interest of the greatest number—granted, but if the majority will destroy every good, beautiful, or great thing—shall the minority submit? Thus I will return to Europe, Arkansas or Alabama having, for me, not the interest of Moldo-Wallachia or Greece.

It is an interesting question whether the resident ministers are of any great use to the United States? Mr. Soulé did dirty work in Madrid, Mr. Mason had troubles only about Soulé's throughfare being refused

through France, Mr. Buchanan contributed very little to better the intercourse of England and the United States, and all the three men did still worse in their meeting at Ostend. Mr. Seymour, on his way to St. Petersburg, asked me, in London, how far Warsaw was from St. Petersburg? However, they are useful in issuing passports, in taking the defence of their fellow-citizen, as in the case of Kosta, much better than English residents do. But the general-consuls, attending to commercial matters, seem to render plenipotentiary ministers useless, short of extraordinary *envoyés*.

General Cass is always complaining of English intrigues here, while some English assure me that it is under the dignity of Her Britannic Majesty's government to interfere in the internal affairs of a foreign country. Yet history, especially in Italy, shows that this power pursued often a different policy. More or less, general opinion thinks that the abolitionists here

are sustained by Great Britain, aiming at the breaking up of the Union. The abolitionist, I know, repulse such a supposition with contempt; and the English again say that they are quite satisfied with the commercial intercourse they have with the States, and neither want nor deem to regain possession of them. Yet, when a thing is worth wishing for, it is natural that efforts for its realization should be made. The jealousy existing between the two rivals, the corruption of the Americans opening a large field to English influence, leads to the supposition of interfering with the political matters here. The men who have represented England here were not very capable, and their official character would prevent them completing the intrigues which I am alluding to.

In the present state of diplomacy, the English government would be very stupid to do nothing to promote their interest.

There is no doubt that France would do something, reasoning that republics are fit

but for very young nations. At least, New York is full of Bonaparte's agents. The *Courrier des Etats Unis* is his organ, being subventioned. The *Herald*, which is so very kind to Louis Napoleon, revealed the existence of a French censure in New York. Drouyn de Lhuys said that France fears the United States in peace more than Russia in war. Does the master of the *coup d'état* not wish to knock down the American institutions—a leaving reproach to him and his nation?

As regards Spain, the failure of Mr. Soulé has not quieted the Americans. He wanted to go to Russia, when it was spoken of 10,000 Spaniards to be sent to the Crimea, and to do something with the Czar against France and Spain. One of his adherents told me that Russia is not in want of money; that the Czar was going to support the Chinese Emperor against the rebels, that large quantities of guns—those of Kossuth included—are to be sent to China for the account of the Czar, who,

in reward for his intervention, shall have free access to the Chinese treasury holding the greatest amount of gold coin!

LETTER XXVII.

A TRIP TO CUBA.

CAHAWBA STEAMER—SILVER AND GOLD—YELLOW FEVER
—TROPICAL FRUITS— PLAZZA D'ARMA—CATHEDRAL—
TALCON THEATRE — LYCEUM — LA REGA — SLAVES —
CHINESE—VOLANTE—LAW SUITS—CONCHA—CIGARILLOS
AND CIGARS.

“Discontent and restlessness make the true spirit of ‘progress,’ that is ever unsatisfied with the dull present, the practical and real.”—

AN AMERICAN WRITER.

Havannah, April 23, 1856.

TO FR. KAPP, IN NEW YORK.

PEOPLE say that the first impression is often the best, but I don't think it right in

regard to countries. The first impression I conceived of Havannah was very unfavourable indeed. The metropolis of the "Queen of the West Indies," sung by the Countess Merlin, praised by every one who placed his foot on those shores, appeared to me, at the first sight, a kind of Monacco, or Montmorency (in the neighbourhood of Paris), or at least far worse than many spots in Italy and Spain—a cemetery, a dirty place. The lazzaroni of Naples seemed far superior beings to the facchini of Havannah, and the gondoliers of Venice little gods compared with the boatmen here. After having paid in New York two dollars for a pass to Cuba, I had the pleasure of paying two and a-half more for the allowance of stopping here, with the prospect of paying six piastres for the visa to leave. Italian locandas are also much better than the pozzada of Havannah; I was showed to a dreadful one, termed *Arbel de Guericha*, and went to the Revere House, an American hotel, where, for three dollars

a day, one has not the half of the comfort that can be obtained in American hotels for two dollars.

But let me begin with the beginning. Snow and mud accumulated in the "Empire city," up to a height of three to eight feet, gave rise at the beginning of the Spring to such miasm, which threw me into a most violent fever, to get rid of which I resolved to go to Cuba. But I was scarcely on shore when I heard that the yellow fever had made its appearance in Havannah for several weeks past, another instance how badly informed newspapers are, for those of New York did not mention the fact. The year before it did not appear before the month of May. "Cahawba," on board of which you led me, is a very fine steamer; however, we did not arrive in four days, as is generally expected, but on the sixth day. The "Black Warrior" and the "Grenada" run faster. The fire in the sitting room went out on the second day, by a mere accident; it continued very cold

for three days, and we took to our summer coats only in sight of Florida.

The food on board those steamers is nothing very extraordinary; everything comes on the table cold; and American tea is a dreadful herb. We had among the passengers a very stout young lady from Boston who drank champagne with her thin husband and had a little literary talk with me. I evidently said something very flattering, assuring her I took her for a British lady. She had her own tea, and, as I continued sick, I ventured to send to her for a drop of her beverage, but great was my astonishment, when she answered to the steward: "No, it is my own." There was plenty of sugar, milk and bread on the table, so that a compliance with my request could not have been a very ruinous thing, and in the smile of the negro who reported me the answer of the Athenian lady, there was some Athenian salt. As I narrated the fact to a friend of mine here, he said, "All my countrymen

who have resided in the United States were disappointed on finding such prevailing egotism. Very few of them, and not the cleverest, prefer American comfort to the easy life of Havannah, and speak in high terms of American institutions."

A glass of *cordial* gin produced a better effect upon me than the Yankee tea might have done, and the first southern sunbeams restored my health.

The distance from New York to Havannah being a little less than the half of that from Boston to Liverpool, five days are not too much; but the charge of \$60 is rather too high, for it is the same to New Orleans, which is two days farther. The captain told me that the difference arose from the heavy toll they pay for entering the harbour of Havannah—300 piastres per steamer.

I was very badly advised to take Spanish gold with me; the ounce I paid \$17, 35 cents is only worth \$17 here, and change is not to be got without a further loss of six per

cent.; in Spain and in London it is only worth \$16. The difference, of course, between Spain and Cuba induced Queen Christina to have her pension paid at Havannah.

I made the journey in the company of M. Lespinasse, the director of a French school in New York, for the education of youths from Cuba. He already learned Spanish from his pupils so well, that he could by no means impart them French with equal success. He introduced me to his friend, Dr. St. Nicolas, one of the surgeons of the St. Francisco Hospital, and I will communicate to you the information I collected there about the yellow fever. Its name is derived from the colour the patients retain for some months after their recovery. Christopher Columbus was one of the first Europeans who caught it. Considered as contagious, it is confined to the West Indies, or to low lands near the sea. It is of a different nature in New Orleans, and one who has had it here is

not free from getting it there. It rages in Vera Cruz, but not in Mexico city; having visited several times Cadiz, the plague does not go beyond Seville, although it was imported to Brest. Norfolk, in Virginia, where it occasioned great havoc last year, is a marshy and unhealthy place. At Java and Sumatra, the coasts of which are also very low, a kind of yellow fever rages occasionally. In 1822, if I am not mistaken, New York suffered very much by this dreadful disease. A certain adventurer, who calls himself Humbold, and a nephew of the great naturalist, intends to inoculate the yellow fever; but how could he succeed without the requisite stuff for every operation of that kind? The natives are preserved from the malady, it being presumed that they caught the infection in their childhood. Sailors, particularly those coming from the north of Europe, and keeping up their habits of eating much, and of drinking grogs, are especially disposed to contract the yellow

fever. Abuses of fruit are to be cautioned against, as very few of them are really good. Bananas taste better in syrup than fried; and guawas in jam better than raw; oranges are not so good here as in Italy, and there is nothing to beat the French pear. Sweet potatoes are better here than in the United States. After a certain age one is not likely to get the yellow fever, unless given to indulge in great excesses. Black vomits is the last and the most dangerous stage of the disease. A man with intellect and imagination is then not so easily to be saved as a brute who does not suspect that he is near his end. The progress of medicine has greatly diminished the chances of death, so that twelve out of a hundred is the present proportion of deaths to sickness. Blisters, bleeding, purgating, and vomitives, feet baths and quinchina to finish, are still the best means to resort to; but relapses are frequent as soon as the invalid yields to the devouring hunger he always feels after the crisis, or

if he goes out before being properly cured.

As I was this evening seated on a bench in Piazza d'arma, listening to the military music, a friend of mine, with whom I became acquainted in Europe, a Havannese by birth, happened to pass. The recognition once completed, and the identity of us both being verified, we had a bit of political conversation.

"We are here oppressed by bayonets," he said. "If any one dares to open his mouth he is deported to Spain, and if he returns it is as a ruined wretch. There is not a thing they would not do to agree with England. We don't care to become Americans, trade goes on as well as it can; our sugar, tobacco and wood are sold for cash, and in advance. We can but lose under the American materialism, but we should like to get independent."

"Then every one," said I, "will interfere with your state; and your present patriots will aim at little else than getting rich. 'Better is a foe to the good.'"

Civilize yourself, as Guizot would have said."

"But we sink under the burden of taxation. We pay four per cent. income-tax, more than England."

"In England they are going to impose a tax on the *smoke*, if they have not already done so, for the sake of glory."

We soon dropped politics, and walked in the streets. The windows opened to the breeze, and it was pleasant to look at the dwellings of the inhabitants, while *volantes* were passing close to us exhibiting some two or three young ladies. The small horses of Andalusian breed are very lively and strong, and the mulattoes on horseback in livery are nice-looking fellows.

A *sereno* showed me the way to my hotel, and my friend told me that one of those overseers of public security lately robbed a young man of his money, but not having concealed his stick, was by his very victim, who meanwhile

changed his attire, delivered to his guards.

I also learned, to my great annoyance, that there is no use thinking of sea-bathing on account of the sharks that infest the harbour, and are very fond of human flesh, without distinction whether black or white.

I quitted my friend and returned home, remembering Goethe's words: "that a day is a vase, which can contain a great many things, if one knows how to make use of it."

Havannah, April 7, 1856.

I visited the cathedral with the intention of paying my respects to the remains of Christopher Columbus. The epitaph is pompous, and surely known to you;* the bas-relief is not like, and the whole of the

* O restos e imagen del gran Colon!

Mil siglos durad guardados en la urna

Y en la remembranza de nostra nacion.

The ashes of the son of Columbus lie at the Cathedral at Seville.

monument is very poor; but what monument could be worthy of the great discoverer? However, the one in Genoa, his native town, is more becoming. The church itself is a poor building, too, of painted bricks.

I spent an evening at the Theatre Tacon, called thus after the general-governor, who did his utmost for the welfare of Havannah; but he gave the theatre and the fishmarket to one of his officials as a monopoly, who receives now 20,000 piastres a-year, and \$500 from every performance. Therefore, it is not astonishing that Mlle. Rachel did not like to play here, in order not to incur such a heavy expense. This monopolist, however, was formerly a regular pirate, who betrayed and sold his companions securing to himself a wealthy retreat.

Another day I went to the Lyceum, a kind of club, and attended to the performance of Molière's *Avare*, by amateurs, who displayed no common natural talents.

I visited also La Rega, or the sugar-docks, a new building, which has already made the contractors rich, and where the sugar from the whole island is sent previously to its being shipped. I was much pleased at listening to the slaves, who cried out in singing, the weight of the cases they dispatched. I don't agree with the *negro-worshippers*, who grant great musical talents to their *protégés*; and, for me, in the song of a slave there is always something saddening to the soul. The half-naked state of the slaves in Havannah does no great credit to their owners, and contributes in no way to the embellishment of the metropolis. There are 800,000 slaves out of 1,200,000 inhabitants, or only a third whites; who shall, of course, be slaughtered if the coloured people rise up at once, in spite of the strong garrison. The Spanish soldiers have something of Austrians in their appearance, here they are cleanly dressed in blue cotton jackets. A red *cocarde* on their straw hats is, with

the sword, the only distinction of the officers.

While the greatest number of slaves in the United States are born on their free soil, the largest portion of the negroes in Cuba, I believe, are born in Africa. The slave trade has not yet completely ceased. After its prohibition, an American vessel succeeded in disembarking a cargo of them, smuggling the poor fellows as if they were its own sailors. The English Government, a few years ago, caused a thousand negroes to be confiscated from a planter, for having been imported after the prohibition of the trade; and lately a vessel laden with slaves was seized by the English.

Neither has the negro trade ceased altogether in the United States; in New Orleans as well as in New York small ships are fitted for the African coast and backwards. In order to deceive the visiting and revenue cutters, they substituted nails for irons, which, in case of mutiny, are laid on the floor with their ends upwards. The

enormous profits realised by that trade allow great risks to be run.

The Cubans are now obliged to look somewhere else for labourers, and last year 300,000 Chinese were imported by a single firm in Havannah. But, alarmed by the extension, the Queen of the Antillas is likely to assume when aid is no longer requisite, the English Government prohibits the exportation of Chinese women. The slave holders here care little about propagating the negro race, and prefer buying grown-up men, although their price is yearly rising. One may get a servant, a cook, or a coachman for \$800 or \$1000, but a field hand is paid \$1,500. A gentleman I know bought 50 women for the accommodation of his 1,000 male slaves, with the view of benefiting their health, but the cholera carried off a great many of them. However, the mother of the young planter sent from New York, where she is residing, the sum of \$20,000, and the breach was immediately filled up.

Previous to the arrival of the Chinese, 40,000 Spaniards were hired to work in the fields, but they soon found the means to settle themselves in a more profitable way, as overseers, &c. There are no white servants yet, and a good coachman or cook receives three to four ounces a-month. All the beggars here come from the Canadian islands, which send also here girls of dissolute habits.

The Chinese are far from being as good as the negroes. Avaricious and revengeful, they are not so strong as the sons of Africa; however, the contracts by which they are bound are as good as real bondage.

I see many slaves without any marks of the lash, but the idle ones are often fettered with a chain on one leg. The creole negroes, or those born in the West Indies, have finer features, and the Africans are easily recognised by their manner of walking. The Spanish language in their mouth is not so agreeable as in the mouth of the former.

The differences existing between the various African races are still observed among the Cuban slaves, and pointed to in the advertisements for runaway slaves. Each of them possess good and bad qualities, which are reckoned for in the purchase. Some of them are of such a tender nature, that they kill themselves in despair for a punishment inflicted upon them; others have been known to hang themselves, believing they shall go to paradise in that way. As such a belief was not to the interest of the holders, one of them had recourse to a stratagem. After having called his slaves together, he ordered the body of the suicide to be burnt. The savages then thought that the ashes could go nowhere, and renounced their fatal habit.

If a white man strikes a black, and injures him, he is bound to pay a surgeon. "It is sufficient," said a creole to me, "to show the stick to a coachman, and he takes good care not to bespatter you."

In order to enjoy the protection of a master, the slaves do not redeem themselves completely. A pregnant woman may insure freedom to her baby for \$20, if just born for \$50, and for \$100 if it is one year old.

Three crops are generally, in the tropical regions, the reward of culture, and the soil of Cuba is such that everything would succeed without pain; yet sugar and tobacco are, with coffee, the exclusive productions of the island. The wheat coming from Florida is not of the best quality. Catalan wine is cheap and good; the best sherry goes still to England, but it is a pity it is so much mixed with brandy. Living is here more expensive than anywhere else, and \$6,000 a-year is very little for a small family, while in Guadaloupe a single man lives very comfortably for 1,000 francs. The *volante* is a matter of necessity, and the people here will rather deprive themselves of food than of that vehicle, which is always exhibited in the hall near the

dining-room. No carpets, no beds, no cushioned chairs,* wool not being suitable for those climates, where mosquitoes are as constant as the heat.

The British government, bestowing higher duties on Cuba, than on Jamaica coffee, the former is compelled to seek other markets than England. Hamburg is a very good one, and St. Petersburg may enter into direct intercourse with Havannah.

The plague of the planters in the Spanish colonies are the law suits, and only those who have never suffered from that calamity, have large possessions. I was told of a lawyers' trick, worthy of a legal Figaro. A rich man was dying, having only nephews for heirs; one of them, who had the least expectation, promised a considerable sum to his lawyer if he should inherit. The latter placed

* In Jamaica the English still keep to their fashions, and make use of carpets and cushioned seats. If they are objectionable in Gibraltar, they are still more so in Jamaica, in spite of all the care of clasiscal English servants; but Washington Irving says: "John Bull would open a chop-store at the very gate of paradise."

himself under the bed of the sick man, who no longer could write or speak, and gave no sign when he was asked whether he left his fortune to the one or the other of his nephews. But, at the name of the last, the lawyer pushed the bed so that the old man moved, and that was taken as a token of consent. There remains, however, nothing more of this unjustly acquired fortune. The heir dissipated a good deal, and the lawyer, threatening to disclose the secret, repeatedly extorted large sums from him; which, nevertheless, did not prevent, as you see, the mystery from being disclosed.

The present governor is General Concha, a Peruvian by birth, and as his brother took a great part in the last revolution at Madrid, he is very much in favour with the present ministry. He is more liberal and less voracious than his predecessors.

On the 10th of January there is a *fête* in Havannah, and the negroes assemble under the windows of the governor's

palace, playing and singing after the fashion of their different countries. The attire of these people is laughable—you may see the silk and variously coloured stockings of the women fall down their legs, and put to rights during the dance. The governor usually gives an ounce to the merry flock.

All porters and soldiers in Havannah employ themselves in manufacturing paper cigarettos, but the sight of the tobacco factories are well suited to disgust every one fond of smoking. Dirty and nasty negroes roll cigars with their fingers, and occasionally carry them to their ugly mouths. It is not an easy thing to procure good cigars in Havannah, as they are all newly made, the best having been shipped for London.

There is in the harbour a chapel, on the spot where Columbus landed, and the first mass was said. I disagree with Bancroft, who says that the Normans did not discover America before Columbus. There are

evident traces of their passage in the North American states, but Columbus was the man predestined to bring the two continents into intercourse; hence the energy and the perseverance of this great man. When a voyage of a fortnight seems so tedious, sailing in unknown regions with a rebellious crew on board badly provided ships, was an undertaking which deserved a great reward. And the first sight of the Indian shores, of those trees, none of which resemble those of Europe, must have been as grand, as it is still charming. And this man who presented an empire to Ferdinand and Isabella—two great sovereigns—was imprisoned and enchained! How could it have been otherwise? Is not a martyr's crown the best one for genius?

LETTER XXVIII.

NEW ORLEANS.

THE MISSISSIPPI—CUSTOM HOUSE—HOTELS—CREOLES—
 WAR GOSSIP—GENERAL JACKSON—MORAL CHARACTER
 OF THE CITY—HERNANDO DE SOTO—LOUIS XVI—LAW—
 TEXAS AND SAM HUSTON.

“Alas! there is no part of society or of life better than any other part. All four things are right and wrong together.”—EMERSON.

New Orleans, May 15, 1846.

To M. EUGENE CHAPUIS, IN PARIS.*

As the place where one has not visited is always thought to be the best, and wishing to prevent any reproach from my friends, and to quiet my own conscience, I went to New Orleans,

The Mississippi is a dirty river, and the fluvial police is so badly managed, that I

* Author of *Gants Jaunes, Chasses de Charles X., &c.*

saw a corpse floating in the water, covered with crabs and shrimps making food of it. The consequence was that I never could eat any of those, or shell-fish, during my stay in New Orleans, and avoided even oysters, which I have not to regret, for they are too large to be good, and may only be tolerable when fried. As for lobsters there are none, except preserved ones coming from New York. But, as a compensation, there are plenty of alligators, who don't care a bit about the noise of steamers, and bask in the sun, quietly laying on wooden logs. In the Pontchartrain lake these monsters are still more numerous.

The sun at New Orleans has, in fact, nothing marvellous; in winter it freezes, and in the morning an inch of ice is formed on the water. In Mobile it is still worse. One's garments must be changed three times a-day—be well clad in the morning and evening, while light clothing is required at mid-day. But when the heat

begins, one must change linen four times a-day, and as often in the night.

The Custom House is the only fine building which is not of bricks. I was told that the American population of the city, out of jealousy to the French creoles, burnt the exchange, in order to have it rebuilt in their own part of the town. How was I surprised, therefore, to find it still in the French town, *i. e.*, at the Hotel St. Louis. Nevertheless, the French part is yearly diminishing, whilst the rival English is on the increase, and the German is augmenting.

I highly recommend the Hotel d'Orleans, where board costs two dollars instead of the three charged at St. Charles'. For the Europeans from the Continent, the custom of giving wine gratis at dinner is a very economical and welcome one, although it is but ordinary claret.

The mulatto women of New Orleans are remarkably beautiful, more so than the white creole ladies, but they are generally *placées*, *i. e.* kept.

As the chances of a war between Great Britain and the United States were subjects of ordinary gossip, the creoles remembered with pride the defence of New Orleans in 1812—meaning that a new attack will meet with a similar result. A Gascon, however, told me that a certain pirate named Lafitte, did at least as much at that time as General Jackson. He was detained with his men in the state prison, and was released under condition that he would assist in the defence of the town. Himself, and his two hundred men, accomplished prodigies; sheltered by cotton bales they directed the guns with such precision that the enemy, after having lost their best officers, was compelled to retreat.

The fatal aim of the riflemen, the dexterity of the improvised gunners, the bravery of the commander of the Louisiana cutter, and the able command of General Jackson, concurred to procure victory to the Americans.

As regards Andrew Jackson, I cannot

refrain from narrating to you an anecdote illustrative of American manners:—

The president was on a steamer on the Putnam, seated at the dinner table, when a certain Randolph, lieutenant of the United States navy, came in and struck the president in the face, so as to cause him to bleed. He was speedily pushed out of the boat, but a little while afterwards a *gentleman* from Alexandria said to the hero of New Orleans: “Mr. President, if you pardon me after I have been tried, I will kill Randolph in fifteen minutes.” Of course, Jackson answered, “No, sir, I can defend myself;” but if the gentleman was devoted to the president, he had no need to assure himself impunity before he acted. To be sure, such violences are deplorable, and ought not to escape punishment, but to what kind of abuses does not high treason lead in certain countries. A Mr. Wsewolosky went to the United States without permission. The “human and liberal” Czar Nicholas ordered him to

be tried, and as no law existed as to his crime, he prescribed that the law of raising the hand against the Emperor should be applied to the poor gentleman, who, in consequence, was shut up in the dungeons till the new Czar amnestied him.

People will, of course, object, that there is scarcely a year without some attempt being made in Europe against the life of some sovereign, but the matters are different. In the Old World, so densely peopled, and where existence is so difficult, public office being more or less the monopoly of privileged classes, men prompted by despair of fanaticism, or by madness, may have recourse to such an extreme step; but in the United States, the president being chosen by popular votes, representing the whole nation, ought to be a sacred person to every patriot and democrat, particularly so as a remedy against his mistakes or mischiefs is found within a short lapse of time.

It is well known that President Jackson was a soul-driver, and that even so late as the year before the last war, he bought a couple of slaves and drove them down to Louisiana for sale.

"The British," say the Americans, "will never dare to declare war. They cannot spare our cotton, or their factories would be stopped at once. In 1812 our exportation, and consequently their manufacturing of that article was very limited, while now both assume a proportionate extent. Besides, the British have large sums of money invested in our stocks, and war would ruin England or revolutionize her."

England, therefore, does well to emancipate herself of such arrogant purveyors, and to protect cotton culture in the East Indies; France also in Africa, and Russia in Asia. As to American stocks, I think that the Germans hold more of them than the English, and the Dutch very little; but I could never explain to the Americans the

difference existing between the Germans and Dutch.

The North American spirit of the worst kind already prevails in New Orleans.

Lawyers gain large sums of money, tradesmen run away daily, and French bankrupts are very numerous here, in spite

of the imprisonment for debt still in vigour in Louisiana. You will perhaps ask how I

can pronounce such decided opinions after a stay of a few days? Without referring

you to criminal statistics, I will tell you that the cashier of the state is at present

under trial. He ran away to Havannah with casks of gold, but the telegraph along

the Mississippi, which he did not take the precaution of destroying, brought him back

again. Well, people say, he will share with the prosecutors, and soon become the

quiet owner of a large plantation in the neighbourhood.

A Frenchman told me that he placed his boy at a school in New Orleans, the young

rascals made a lottery, issued tickets, col-

lected money, and nothing more of their speculation was heard of. Thus children are early initiated into gambling tricks. I know well that fraud is gaining ground everywhere, but we must struggle against it by every means in our power.

As you are a literary man and a purist, I must tell you the somewhat literary anecdote which happened to me here. I saw a North American married lady remain on the ferry, in company with a young man, when everyone else had left. Seeing her again in the evening at the house of a friend of mine, I said in jest, that I had seen her in *criminal* conversation. This French phrase may have a meaning in English which it has not in French, but it was very bad taste to get angry, and complain to the landlord; who, although he spoke French well, did not guess the meaning, and forgot that one would not thus openly express what one really thinks. Seeing his bad humour, I referred him to the dictionary of the French Academy.

Allow me to conclude this letter with some reminiscences of the past, to which a traveller ought often to have recourse. The Mississippi river, as you know, was discovered by Hernando de Soto, a former companion of Pizzaro. He called it Rio Grande. All that country was for a long time known by the name of Florida, which originated from [the many flowers the discoverer, Ponce de Leon, saw when in search of the fabled fountains of Youth. As all search for gold was in vain in that country, and as only pearls were found, which the natives discoloured by using fire in opening the oysters, the bravery of de Soto's followers, and their perseverance in exploring those swampy countries, is almost incredible. Mavila, the present Mobile, was the Indian fortified fort which opposed the greatest resistance to the gallant adventurers. The slaughter of the savages was unheard of. But the most warlike tribe, Apalachæ, dwelt on the sea shores. The interior of Florida remains,

after three centuries, still unconquered, the remainder of the natives of the adjacent countries, even of Cuba, having fled to those swamps well defended by nature. De Soto fell a victim to his enterprising mind, and the remainder of his troops reached the shores of Mexico; but Louisiana retains till now settlers of Spanish blood. It is astonishing how much your countrymen did, and how much they lost in America. Ohio, Illinois, and Missouri have been explored by them, yet Louisiana was not lost, but sold; the acquisition of Louis XIV, was not preserved by Napoleon I.; but the name of the great king is still retained even in the town of St. Louis. The Scotchman, Law, a better financial man than a geologist, impressed with the idea that there must be gold on the shores of the Mississippi, formed this well-known company, which ruined so many fortunes in France and led to a miserable death several thousands of German colonists, whose name is still retained

by a lake—*lac all'emand*. They all fell a prey to the yellow fever, while the "gold-fever" brought them to this unhealthy region.

Texas was also discovered by a countryman of yours, the Jesuit La Salle, but his settlement did not succeed, and the colony became a part of Mexico. Anglo-Saxon settlers peopled a part of it in the beginning of the present century, and assisted the Mexicans in their war of Independence in 1812, of course, not in order to submit to the tyranny of Santa Anna. Under the command of Sam. Huston they defeated the Mexicans at San Jacinto, took Santa Anna prisoner, and Texas became an independent republic till annexed to the Union in 1849. Huston was certainly one of the most remarkable Americans. "This man was made by the Almighty, and not by a tailor," as General Jackson said of him, was in his early life so often disgusted with the civilised world, where the dollar is everything (and he had none), that he dwelt for

years among Indians (Cherokee), from whom nothing is to fear if dealt with justice; and having proved to his friend, the President of the United States, that had not the Indian agents stolen the money devoted to them, they would have long ago become civilised, obtained the dismissal of many of those unworthy officials. When at San Jacinto, at the loss of only *seven* men killed, nearly a thousand Mexican soldiers were slain, the committee would not allow Huston to be presented with a horse, when he himself had renounced any share in the spoil; and refused the hero, dangerously wounded in the ankle, a passage in the steamer to New Orleans, to have his wound dressed. It was the intrigue of cowards, and Huston became the President of Texas, and afterwards senator in Washington; but surely he deserved to be President of the United States far more than General Pierce.

LETTER XXIX.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

MY LEAVE DOES NOT ALTER MY APPRECIATION OF THE UNITED STATES—DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION UNAVOIDABLE—SPANISH HOSPITALITY AND ANGLO-SAXON INDIVIDUALITY—THE UNITED STATES PEOPLED BY THE SCUM OF ENGLAND—PURITANS AND JESUITS—MONEY WORKING.

"America was colonised by the crimes of Europe."—BANCROFT.

Havannah, April 7, 1856.

TO MR. F. B. GOODRICH, IN NEW YORK.*

DEAR SIR,—

AT a distance countries and men are better appreciated, and it is positive that bad impressions leave room for more agreeable recollections. Under the beautiful sun I am writing to you, you will not expect me to preserve any feeling of

* Dick Tinto, of the *New York Daily Times*.

personal annoyance I may have experienced in the United States.

As you are more of a Parisian than a Yankee, I may tell you that an American is an Englishman who wears a beard without moustache; an intoxicated Britisher who keeps his feet in the air, speaks through his nose, and spits over people's head, who aims at money-making, little caring about such a trifle as *respectability*. You once told me that all the young ladies of New York, from seventeen to twenty-four years of age, were perfect nullities, wanting the most elementary information. "But is not the future great?"—will you say.

"L'avenir n'est à personne, l'avenir est à Dieu seul," said Victor Hugo, and the future of the Union is to be broken into free and slave states. Both will still remain great and mighty powers; yet the boundless slavery on the one side, and the boundless rascality on the other, will be rich but in bad fruit. As Mr. Kapp said:*

* *Die Sklavenfrage.*

is a republic tempered by corruption." I do admire the pilgrims in search of a remote spot for the exercise of their faith; I admire their children fighting for independence, but I declare that their descendants are making bad use of their freedom. The *New York Herald* says that individualism is the secret of the best government, not perceiving that it produces egotism and money worshipping. Since I left the United States I hear in my ears but one cry: "Dollar, dollar; going, gone!"

When amid Spaniards, who practice hospitality in a real Arabic manner, one cannot help deploring the Anglo-Saxon reserve and civilisation; but you will reply that the United States offer the greatest political hospitality to foreigners, allowing them to become American citizens after five years, and to enjoy all the rights of such. In Spain you can get naturalised only after a residence of twenty years, but a stranger is always received with cordiality.

A friend of mine was inquiring in Quito for the direction of a gentleman. "Do you intend to descend at his house?" asked the creole. "Yes, just so." "Never mind, come and stay with me." You are of course too busy to pick up in the streets people who are not introduced to you. You are of an industrious nation, while the Spaniards have through indolence lost all their ancient power. They found gold in their colonies, while you found but a soil in want of labour. "We do not care any more about getting rich, it is too troublesome, we prefer quietly to enjoy the beauties of nature," said to me a Havanese. Whilst the inquisition of Spain checked her industry, the freedom of thought raised that of Great Britain and the United States. "Freedom in England," says the author of *Summer in Andalusia*, "has brought knowledge, enterprise, wealth and power in its train. Despotism, religious and political, has rendered Spain ignorant, superstitious, slothful and impotent." You do not fear

to loose your freedom by getting rich, yet wealthy republics always favoured tyrannies.

I formerly thought that the best British went to the United States, but a more minute study of history convinced me of the contrary. The cavaliers who settled themselves in Virginia were the younger sons of families whose wants exceeded their means, but the very body of the population were convicts from England, state slaves, who preferred crossing the Atlantic to being hung; which, however, was not the case with all of such criminals. Therefore, between a gentleman of Botany Bay and Richmond, the difference is very little, and the fathers of some of the proudest negro-holders may have been state slaves themselves.

“The noblest blood of Virginia runs in the veins of slaves.”

Sic semper tyrannis is the motto of the state that had the honour to have given birth to Washington, but now this device

is to be read on the breast of the guards at Richmond, who were preserved for the dreadful massacre they made of rebels there in 1822.

Non nobis but altris was the motto of the philanthropic society which colonised Georgia, but the paupers it sent there proved to be only lazy fellows, and their children still remain such. The tonnage of that state is only 667, while in the state of Maine it amounts to 1,68,632, and even the ships that the former state possesses were built in New England, but of Georgian timber. The white paupers in Georgia are worse situated as regards their lodgings than negro slaves. A ninth of the white population in Georgia are unable to read or to write, and in North Carolina it is still worse, a third being in that deplorable state of ignorance. Labour being in the southern states left to black people, is not estimated, and the work of white people is not sufficiently remunerated.

Slavery was proclaimed at its establishment *a needful thing*, and is now become disastrous. There is nothing done in Congress for the abolition, but many things are done for the increase of slavery. Thus the annexation of Texas with slaves was a greater triumph for the supporters of slavery than the annexation of free California could be for the other party, because the latter state is likely to separate itself. The compromise of Nebraska ought by no means to balance the annexation of Maine, which already belonged to a state without slaves—Massachusetts. Nothing is done to limit the power of a master over his slaves, and the number of slaves still account for a fourth of the votes of the whites for Congress!

As to the Puritans themselves, who peopled New England, an elderly lady, a friend of mine, and of no common learning, says that they were bad people. Bancroft calls them the knights of their age, whose device was liberty, as that of chivalry was

loyalty. He adds, that if intolerance was the wrong side of the puritans,* dissoluteness was the shadow of chivalry. Gallantry would have been a better word, but truth lies again in the middle of the two judgments. I would call the Puritans the Jesuits of England, for they were ambitious also; and the heroism exhibited by the French Jesuits in Canada places the latter on a level with any religious martyr in Great Britain. You have studied French history as much as English; which do you like the best? The French want to do everything too well, therefore, they do not always succeed. The Anglo-Saxons bring their undertaking to an end, even if not to a perfect one. The unity of France saved it from many dangers, but the French cannot understand many different churches next to one another. The English is dissimulative, the French more fond of show; the former is an egotist, and likes

* The pilgrims of Massachusetts banished the quakers, and put several of them to death.

materialism for its own sake, the French for the enjoyment of life.

When the history of the war of Independence shall be impartially written, you will learn that the Whigs sold munitions rather for cash to the British than for bank-notes to the Yankees, that the greatest briberies were performed in the army. At the entry of Howe in Long Island, when a whole brigade struck weapons and others deserted, surgeons *sold* certificates of sickness to healthy men,* and Washington dismissed the remainder of the Connecticut militia. Despairing at reverses, profiting by the carelessness of the English, the cause of the patriots succeeded through the bravery of the Germans, the devotedness of the French, as much as through the exertions of the Yankees.

Franklin said to his fellow-countrymen: you have three ways to choose. War may bring glory upon you, but it is the profession of butchers; trade will make you

* See William Hooper's letter of 27th Sept., 1776.

rich, but it is not a very honourable calling; agriculture remains, and I advise you to prefer it to the others. But it was forsaken for a more easy and lucrative thing—speculation. Virtue dwells in fields and corruption walks with gambling. “Corruption,” said I in a meeting in New York, “is a rotten base for a republic, a way on which they can but break their necks; for there is no good to be reaped where evil is sown, and without virtue there is salvation neither for individuals or states. Open Thucydides, does he not say that the Poloponenses was lost when virtue and honour assumed a different meaning; and don’t you call a swindler a smart fellow, and a fool an honest man who pays his debts?”

Money is the province of the devil, not of God, who does not interfere with the matter, and does not bless the worshippers of the golden calf; while the United States ought to be a religious republic.

“There is a law for the moral govern-

ment of the universe," says G. F. Curtis, in his *History of the Constitution of the United States*, "which ordains that all that is great and valuable and permanent in character must be the result, not of theoretical treachery or natural aspiration, of spontaneous resolve, or uninterrupted success, but of trial, of suffering, of the fiery furnace of temptation, of the dark hours of disappointment and defeat."

Well, the Americans suffered greatly during the revolution, and their experience framed the constitution of the United States. But since that time the happiness they have enjoyed has blinded them like children, and only new hardships can open their eyes as to the reforms they ought to introduce in their morals and legislature. No doubt there are men in the United States fit for the task; but every state being sovereign, no general code is possible; and then how can they settle morals as long as they keep up slavery?

What is, therefore, the destiny of the

United States? Not to conquer Cuba, for the Havannah forts are formidable, even if they did not cost what is reported to have been paid for them,* and Spanish soldiers are not so bad as the Mexicans. But will not Mexico meet the fate of Texas? and if Central America is to be Americanised, we may say that the whole new continent will, sooner or later, be a province of Anglo-Saxons, so mingled with Germans and Spaniards, that there will be but little talk of nationality.

The manifest destiny of the United States is not to "Americanise" England, as some refugees expect; and if the principles of the United States are tempting for the working classes in Paris and London, a visit to the United States has the strange property of cooling democrats. Again I tell you, the manifest destiny of the States is disunion! I do not give eight years to the Union to last; all com-

* When Fort Cabana was finished, the king Philippe II. asked for a glass, saying that for the money it costs, it ought to be seen from Spain.

promise is at an end, and the abscess must burst. Even this evil will perhaps bring a greater good. The southern states will, when left to themselves, comprehend the impossibility of going a-head in industry or trade, with slavery, while at present they are dumb to the teaching of their northern brethren. The northern states, on their side, having no more consideration to maintain towards their southern brethren, will get a better tariff, and improve the public information, so as to improve the moral principles of their population ; and even the national defences will be better provided for, if no more prescribed from Washington.

LETTER XXX.

R E T U R N .

CLYDE—ST. THOMAS—MAGDALENA STEAMER—THE GASCON
—MEXICANS, AND OTHER PASSENGERS—SOUTHAMPTON
DOCKS—OLD LONDON.

On board the *Clyde*, April 11, 1856.

TO MESSRS. DE V——, IN HAVANNAH.

WE met, quite unexpectedly, just when going out of your harbour, with a heavy sea and with a contrary wind, and as those who embarked at Havannah were quite unaccustomed to the motion, many of them became sea-sick. But what a dreadful steamer is this *Clyde*! It is really shameful that the West Indian Company should

keep such ships ! It is quite full of rats, *cucarachio*, and other kind of vermin, which partake of the cold beef and mutton before they are served up to the passengers. I strongly advise to make choice of the Northern line, for we ran eight or nine miserable miles an hour. The Northern line is also less expensive—you pay £22 from New York to Liverpool, while I paid £44 to Southampton. Besides, we took too many people, and were literally stifled for want of air in the sleeping rooms ; the sofas in the dining-room, the socket in the thoroughways are covered with sleepers, and ventilation is badly managed.

The French packets from Havannah to Havre go straight out, without touching at St. Thomas, and give for \$100, splendid French cooking, with plenty of red and white claret and champagne on Sundays. But, unluckily, if they arrive in twenty days, they require sometimes forty.

The West Indian sea deserves the name of Pacific rather than the ocean which

bears it now. Stillness is almost permanent; sailing vessels find great difficulty in moving forward for want of wind, and when bound for Europe, they prefer going northwards in search of a breeze.

We got first in sight of many small islands—Bahama, then of St. Domingo. Poor Soulouque! how is he not ridiculed? He is not so happy as his rival in Europe, although he needs no eulogy; he has recently shot his treacherous generals who so disgraced his banners. Porto Rico we saw afterwards; it produces a better coffee than Cuba, but not so good as St. Domingo.

At last, on the morning of the seventh day we reached St. Thomas, and were more or less astonished at seeing the Danish red cross on a white field floating on those rocks without even exciting the covetousness of the Americans. The town looks pretty well sheltered (on three rocks), and there seems to me to be something Scandinavian or northern in the style of the houses. The steamers of Martinique, St. Domingo,

and Panama having arrived, we had but to wait for that of Jamaica. While they transferred our things on board the Southampton boat, I went ashore to take a bath. As water is obtained with great difficulty from the rocks, I paid dear for a bath half empty, a pleasure still refused to a great many passengers, for want of room and accomodation. We then got a very poor breakfast at the Hotel de Commerce, for a dollar; yet I enjoyed flying fish, knowing that we should be deprived of any fresh fish for a fortnight. A boat for crossing the harbour is each time charged a piastre. But the inhabitants rely on passengers for their subsistence, therefore, blacks and whites compete with one another in cheating them. The English and Spanish languages are both spoken at St. Thomas, and very little Danish is heard. The Jamaica steamer was soon signaled, the *Magdalena* began to smoke, and two hours afterwards we started for Europe. Travelling is a gloomy pleasure,

but still it is a pleasure, for one lives quicker, and is more alive to one's feelings and thoughts.

On board the *Magdalena*, April 21, 1856.

What a strange mixture of races and individuals does not the personal of a transatlantic steamer present,—this moving hotel not supplied with provisions from without. There I picked up a nice book printed in German types, it was the *Robinson Crusoe* of Campe; but when I tried to read a few lines, it happened to be written in Danish, and its owner, a fair-haired Scandinavian boy, strangely contrasted with the dark-eyed Peruvian and the red checked Cuban youths. A relative of the former, an elderly man from St. Thomas, was writing a letter, and his skilfulness in forming the gothic characters was such that I could not avoid admiring them. There was a Frenchman, an ex-captain of a trading ship, residing at Costa Firma (St. Thomas),

who pretends that the Gascons speak better French than the Frenchmen do. This is the greatest gasconade I ever heard of. As I always like to talk to everybody about his own profession: we state that the reason why the magnet points to the north is still a mystery, the south pole exercising no effect upon it; that if a needle in a glass of water has the same capacity, it is because the steel it is made of is magnetical, that the influence exercised by iron boats on the compass is so great, that they are obliged to keep several compasses on board in order to regulate them one by another. My interlocutor assures me that barometers are not to be trusted, and is at a loss to decide why living barometers or wounds have the capability of predicting changes in the weather. The amiable seaman is in possession of a wife who exercises a great authority over him; and as the "musician" who calls us to our meals at the

sound of the trumpet, plays the air of *Mourir pour la patrie*, at the very moment when the lady of my friend is calling him to lunch, I sing :—

Votre femme vous appelle,
Un Français doit vivre pour elle,
Pour elle un Français doit mourir.

Mourir pour sa femme
C'est le sort le plus beau, &c.

Your wife wants you ; a Frenchman must live for her
for her a Frenchman must die.

To die for one's wife is the sweetest fate.

Hearing that I was a Russian, the shipowner, for such the Gascon is still, enjoys the criticism of the Russian squadron. He says, I have seen a Russian man-of-war in Toulon exhaling an insupportable smell of fish oil ; he adds that the sailors were clumsy, and needed for the smallest manœuvre more time than the French sailors required. I gladly granted him all those points, but as he

went further with his bragging, I caught him by the waist, and as he was as light as a feather, I proved how easily it would be to throw him overboard, but he assured me that before he had the yellow fever, he weighed a hundred pounds.

As there were many Mexicans on board, and still more Frenchmen established in Mexico, we talked a good deal about that country. While those who were natives found it charming in every respect, the Europeans had a great deal to object to, especially the great number of candidates for the presidency, the duration of anarchy, and the want of administrative capacity, so common to Spanish intellect. A Mexican patriot assured me that he found a great similarity between Egypt and Mexico, even as regards the ancient art of both countries and the hieroglyphs.*

All those gentlemen wore blankets, which are very comfortable for riding,

* See Aglio *Mexican paintings*.

but cost the extravagant prices of 50 and 100 dollars. A general of Santa Anna was constantly offering me the best cigars, and I did not observe the Spanish habit of refusing the kind offer.

We had among us not the best representative of the Yankee world, a small fellow with a light beard and Jewish manners; so fond of money that he excited general hilarity by his way of playing *Vingt-et-un* and *Monte*, to which we generally resorted after tea. He thought that the Europeans were not a match for him, but was soon convinced that his tricks were not so very smart,

An English major complained to me about the condition of the military service in his country. He had served in China, in Bengal, in the West Indies, and for having invested £4,000 in his commission, got only £200 a-year salary, with the prospect of catching a fever or a ball!

We had a Reverend who said mass on

Sundays, a Catholic priest, who did not even read his *breviaries*, a dozen of emancipated negroes from Cuba, who were on their way to Liberia; an Indian boy from Peru, who became the object of general notice. I cannot, either, refrain from mentioning a young lady from Cuba, whose foot was just the third of a good-sized English foot.

London, May 21, 1856.

As we enjoyed beautiful weather all the time, with the exception of two days, we made seventeen motions in a minute; but, nevertheless, we came in sight of London only on the 30th of April. The pilot brought us the first news of the conclusion of peace. Even those who had formerly expressed their astonishment that government allowed a Russian to travel on board English steamers, now shook hands with me, proving that their hostility was but a feigned one.

We had less difficulty in crossing the

Atlantic, than going through the Southampton custom house. The greatest part of the passengers were obliged to spend the night in this most expensive town; at first because we were numerous (over 200), and then because it pleased the custom officials to attend to the Jersey passengers before us, as they were of course more fatigued.

After having paid 9s. 6d. for every pound of cigars, we had the pleasure of paying a shilling for each package we took out of the docks where we did not precisely wish to enter. I to pay had 12s. for my part of the like unexpected expenses, an annoyance I neither experienced in London or Brighton. But we were told that it is a new company who wish to clear their expenses as soon as possible.

At last I saw London again, cold, rainy, and foggy; and after the pure air of the tropics I was compelled to swallow the sulphur of coal. My first visit was to my solicitors, who presented me with an account for

having received a letter from me, and not having understood it, having answered accordingly, &c. Such absurd charges of the middle ages are the shame of our century. Thus if England is progressing, she is progressing very slowly indeed.

And now again let me thank you for your kind and cordial hospitality, which I shall always remember with the most friendly feelings.

LETTER XXXI.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

SPANISH DEMOCRATICAL AND GENTLE MANNERS—MEXICO
 —PERU—CHILI—GUANO—BRAZIL—VEGETATION—RIO
 JANERIO—JESUITS—LIMA.

“Nature did almost everything for those countries, man next to nothing.”

London, July 9, 1856.

TO COUNT GOUROWSKI, IN NEW YORK.*

DEAR COUNT,—

WHILE in the United States, I was more than once shocked at being called “man”—the Spanish “nombre” is by no means unpolite; it is an equivalent to the Russian word “brother,” and you would see in Spain *grandees* fraternising with

* The author of the *Pentarchie*.

common people, who, in their way of wearing the *mante*, display a proud and noble appearance. They smoke their cigarettos with no vulgar grace, and while a Yankee will take the light of your cigar without your permission, and return it without saying thank you, the Spaniard is never in fault with *urbanity*—this Spanish word is more true than French—politeness. As regards hospitality, it is the glory of Spain. For all those reasons, and many others, it is to be supposed that the Spanish republics are of better composition than the Northern States. But, unfortunately, the want of administrative ability is a defect of the mother country as well as of its colonies, now independent commonwealths.

There is a Spanish world as well as an Anglo-Saxon one, and both races can say that they filled the world with their labour.

It was at the invasion of Spain by Napoleon that the Spanish colonies rose ;

and as England was anxious to have her revenge for the assistance given by Charles to her colonies, she sent Lord Cochrane with a squadron, which was manned by young men of Chili.

The creoles of Mexico took arms in 1810 to expel the Spaniards; 40,000 Mexicans attacked Gunanaxuato, under Hidalgo, sacked it, and heaped up all the precious metals and stones they could find in the town. On the 24th of February, 1821, was framed the *Plan of Iguala*, and General Iturlide was proclaimed Emperor. Soon after the Spaniards left the fort of St. Juan de Ulua, independence became an accomplished fact. The country was divided into sixteen states, but the new emperor was deposed in 1824, and General Guadalupe Victoria became the first President of the Republic. Just as in the United States—sprang of the federal party and the state party; but the Mexicans, instead of waiting for the end of the presidencies, as the Yankees very cleverly do,

had recourse to arms; hence, all the civil wars, till Santa Anna became a dictator, and centralised the empire.

The Buenos Ayrean rose the banner of Independence in Peru at first in 1810, but did not take a lively part in the war until after the appearance of Lord Cochrane with the English squadron in 1819. General San Martin, with Chilian and Columbian forces, assisted the Peruvians in 1821, and the battle of Ayacucho, won by General Sucre, the chief of the staff of Bolivar, on the 9th of December, 1824, insured the triumph of the patriots. But Callao, under the Spanish general, Rodil, made an heroic defence, and surrendered only on the 7th of January, 1826. General Bolivar became the dictator of Peru, but in the beginning of the year 1827, the Peruvians effected a revolt among the Columbian troops, which put an end to the authority of Bolivar. General La Mar was proclaimed President. But Santa Cruz, President of Bolivia, together with Gamarra and La Fuente, conspired to overthrow him.

General Gamarra, in 1834, became President; his wife, Panchita, displayed to the last great spirit, but insurrections never ceased. Orbegoso and General Sollavery were his most fortunate adversaries; Panchita died in exile in Chili, and Don I. L. Orbegoso ascended the President's chair, only to assist at the revolution of 1836. The negro Escobar committed, on the 6th of January, the greatest depredations, and the insurgent Solar took possession of the castle of Callao; while Vidal, with Montanera, saved the citizens from this wretch, who was shot. General Sollavery was defeated at the battle of Socabaya, and the English General, Miller, overtook him, and he also suffered death. Pronunciamentos never ceased, neither executions against proprietors and farmers, until Don Ramon Castilla became President on the 19th of April, 1845. During a peaceful administration of ten years he insured the happiness of the country; in 1854 Don Domingo Elias rose in arms against him, but Castilla triumphed over him.

In Chili, General Joquim Prieto had already accomplished the work of Castilla. The first director of this Republic was O'Higgins, who won the battle of Chacabuco and Maypo, and continued to rule the country from April 1817 till 1823, when he was deposed of his power. He went to Lima, and the Peruvian government gave him a hacienda. He was succeeded by Ramon Freyre, who remained Captain-General till July, 1826. Admiral Banco was next named President, but after three months the Vice-President, D. A. Azygusme, succeeded him. He resigned, and Pinto was charged with the presidency on the 5th of May, 1827, Vicunea followed on the 14th of July, 1829, when the civil war began, and the country became a prey to convulsions, till Prieto, aided by Diego Portales, put an end to the military despotism, and organised a police and a militia.

The Spanish creoles had no Washington save Bolivar, but they possessed many able

statesmen. The constitutions of the different republics are much alike to one another, without having been counter-drawn on that of the United States. Money-hierarchy is almost preponderating everywhere, that of talent here and there. Those, where the clergy is the most powerful, are invariably the worst ruled. In Havannah, almost all the priests are clandestinely married, and the foremost pews in the churches are kept for their families. Nevertheless, they assume a most serious look when people come to confess their sins to them. In Brazil the priests call their concubines nieces.

Political persecutions are not unknown even in those democratical states. Let me narrate to you the history of a Chilian patriot: He was arrested 1848, and thrown into prison for conspiracy. Being sentenced to death—they dared not execute a patriot—they insisted upon his begging pardon, but he proudly replied, that a republican never begs for mercy. There-

upon they embarked him on the first ship ready to sail, however, paying for his passage. The vessel was an English one, bound for Cork, and freighted with guano. The martyr knew not a single word of English, and the smell of guano is a real torment to any one who knows something about it. Owing to the hurry with which the police packed his things, they had put in female boots and baby shoes! But his astonishment was still greater, when at the opening of his trunk, at the British custom house, he found £400 sterling. He thought he was dreaming, and was afraid of having unconsciously robbed somebody, when a few lines of a friend recalled to him the source of this truly Spanish caution! The London climate did not agree with him, and he went back to Peru. His name is Pedro Agarte. He said that the President of Chili had formerly been a schoolmaster, accustomed to whip his pupils. Certainly Bonaparte would have transported such a man to

Cayenne, but Chili does not possess any hot or cold Siberia.

Do you know what guano is? The mines of Peru are more or less worn out, but the supply of guano creates real wealth for that country; however, it is but bird's excrements, which, mixed up with water, constitute an excellent manure. Without water the ammonia it contains would burn the plants out. At first the English loaded their ships with guano without asking anybody's permission, but the Peruvian government having connected it with the mines, a ton of guano costs now about ten pounds sterling. Only in those parts of the islands where there never falls a drop of rain, is found the guano of a high price—forming mountains, which are broken like pit coal. The name of guano comes from the bird, which, therefore, it is prohibited to shoot. There is in Cuba another kind of bird, which is also not allowed to be killed because it

lives upon corpses. I suppose that the same kind of black bird, enjoying the same privilege in East India, is called the adjutant.

But it is Brazil which unquestionably possesses the greatest future of all the parts of Southern America. This empire might contain 400,000,000 inhabitants, and its constitution is liberal enough to allow a great freedom of action. The Amazon is next to the Plata, the largest river, and without doubt, the most beautiful. The floating isles which Humboldt dreamt he had seen along Cuba, really exist on the Amazon, with virginal forests. It is a real fairy country, and still unexplored. In the neighbourhood of Rio Janeiro, one meets with trees of forty feet in circumference and a hundred feet high, on which other trees are grafted as parasites; and again other ones on those, of smaller size, the whole fastened by *sipos*,*

* Used as logatures in buildings—they are called the nails of Brazil.

or vegetable cordage, and where monkeys and other animals are dwelling. To penetrate into those forests they set fire to them, but it does not burn the trees, and the small vegetation it destroys, grows again in less than a month.

The growth is so strong in Brazil that European fruits do not succeed, owing to the exuberance of the sap; hardly have they time to get ripe when new blossoms are spreading off, and the apples, therefore, are eaten baked, as they remain hard. Coffee grows without any cultivation, and the sugarcane reaches the height of a room. The trees drop leaves all the year long, and the aspect of the forests is, therefore, brown.

Things are different in Mexico, where European vegetables succeed well; and cassava, or mania root, of which tapioca is made, grows next to wheat and Indian corn. Mexico exports yearly 100,000 pounds of cochineal; it also produces more

silver than gold, the ore yielding not so much as in European silver mines.

If the heat renders the man, as well as the horse, indolent, and not able to work, the fertility of Brazil makes harmless the most ferocious beasts. The lion is small, and the panther is less savage too, finding abundance of food. The native rats seems alone to be an exception to the rule; they devour the imported cats, and dogs or terriers are only a match for them. The vampire is more dangerous for the horse than the snake is for the man. The Brazilian ladies exceed in apathy all the other creoles; they have not even the strength of spirit necessary to grasp any idea. The Portuguese are still masters of the country, so as to leave but little to do to other foreigners; and the Jesuits reign, dwelling in convents situated on the most beautiful spots in the world, or in rich estates and farms, being their own property.

The Americans attempted to get navi-

gation free on the Amazon, but they have not hitherto succeeded. Rio Janeiro* is too warm, but all around it are found various climates, and the bay is the only one in the world of immense extent framed into numberless granitic hills. The city is not beautiful, save the terrace, yet the theatre will contain 4,000 persons. There are 30,000 Englishmen and Americans in Brazil, and 20,000 Frenchmen; the government, in order to attract emigrants, give forty acres to a family, with the necessary seeds, and pays the expenses of the voyage; but after six years free occupation, charges \$45 a-year. Germans, therefore, already emigrate in great numbers, but those gipsies of our days have no foresight for the future.

Precious stones, diamonds, and pearls are there in profusion, and ought to be in proportion with the fulness of everything, and

* The name of that bay comes from its having been discovered on the first of January, 1531, by M. A. De Soaza. The town was founded by French Huguenots, who were expelled by the Portuguese on the day of St. Sebastian, who is, therefore, the saint of the city.

the bowels of the earth must contain riches which will not be brought to light until after centuries.

There are in Rio several French hotels, and people live there at the expense of forty francs a-day; the beds consisting of boards, and comfort being unheard of. The uncleanness of the Portuguese far exceeds that of the Spaniards—they generally eat all their meats in the same plates. The noblemen do not even know how to spend the fortunes they pass from father to son. The perversity is so great, that one may see in a family, whose parents are white, children of every possible colour.

The cholera makes great havoc among the negroes, but the yellow fever came only by accident in 1841, brought in by a trader; the trade in slaves, as is well known, has not yet ceased in those waters.

There are more sharks in the harbour of Rio than even in Havannah, and woe to the sailor who through accident falls

into the water. On a phosphoric night, the beauty of which I need not describe to you, you might see those monsters going to and fro in the waters, amidst thousands of fishes, swimming in every direction.

French packets sail from Havre to Rio, and English steamers leave once a month from Southampton. Passports are an indispensable requisite.

While in Sevilla the heat in summer was often at 130° ; it seldom exceeds 80° Fahr. in Lima, where the summer in consequence is perpetual, and in the whole of Peru there is but a wet or a dry season.

Thanks to this moderate climate, European fruits come well in Peru, but the white men become rather enervated and incapable of energy, while the dark indulge in excesses of food and drink with impunity. Camoti and yuca are the nutritive roots; maize is very much used, but wheat comes from Chili. Next to guano, alpaca wool is much exported to England.

The llama serves as beast of burden, and a ride on this nice animal is very pleasant. Lima was founded by Pizzaro in 1535; no wonder that during three centuries the viceroys did more for the inhabitants of that city than the presidents of the republics have done since. But the railway between Lima and Callao is the work of the President.

Upper Peru, Quito, and Columbia formed the Republic Bolivia, called so in honour of Bolivar. North Americans say that Bolivar does not deserve the name of Southern Washington, because he assumed a dictatorial power, but he sacrificed in the service of his country nine-tenths of his considerable fortune, declined to accept five millions of piastres—a national gift—and died poor, although he had at his disposal the riches of Peru and Venezuela.*

* The name, Venezuela, means Little Venice, and when discovered, this small Indian village looked like a diminutive Venice—hence its name.

Valparaiso was a poor village before the independence, and is now a splendid city.

LETTER XXXII.

SURVEY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BUCHANAN AND FREMONT—YANKEE SULLIVAN—CRAMPTON AND DALLAS—SEVERITY OF FRENCH COURTS—KANSAS—SLAVERY.

"All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."—*Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776.*

London July 15, 1856.

TO MR. KETTEL, IN NEW YORK.*

DEAR SIR,—

THE file of news reaching me from the United States confirms all my experience during my stay there.

* Editor of the *Economist* of the United States.

Is Mr. Buchanan to be President? I really don't know why the Germans, who are free labourers, want to vote for the Democrats who keep up slavery. Mr. Buchanan is reported to have said, that if he should have had a single democratical nerve in him, he would have it extirpated. His stay at St. James's court has hardly enlarged the range of his political usefulness. His quotation of Monroe's doctrine as a diplomatical argument, is already laughed at in English political circles. I think he is rather too old for an American President; however, his British hobby might involve the States in real and great troubles, as his attitude at the Ostend conference failed to do it.

The Black Republicans have picked up Mr. Fremont, of French descendants, and the husband of a clever wife. Will, indeed, the sixteen millions of the Northern States submit to the nine millions of Southern people? The know-nothings being discomfited, the organs of public opinion naturally

withdraw their support from them. The Black Republicans must also have their turn, because all the wisdom of policy of free countries consists in letting all parties come to power more or less alternately. We have intrigues in that case, but we should have greater commotions, and perhaps revolutions, if such were not the course of events.

The news from the Pacific shores has been all the time deplorable. Sanguinary scenes have taken place at Panama, and the aggressors seem to have been the civilised whites.

In San Francisco the Committee of Vigilance is quasi in insurrection against the rioters. Yankee Sullivan has committed suicide; he ruled for years the elections of San Francisco, *moyenant finances*, although being a convict, a runaway from Sidney, and a professional prize-fighter. Mr. King was assassinated, in reward for his defence of moral, and honour, and his pretended or true murderers have

been hanged. A handsome subscription was raised for his family, but the widow of one of the murderers also met with demonstrations of sympathy. With what kind of wretches has California been peopled!

The result of Mr. Crampton's dismissal was received with great courage by the British cabinet. I say courage, because it wants more of it to receive an offence than to give one. As regards the explanations of Messrs. Marcy and Dallas, they only appear as the excuses of a man who gives you a blow in the face, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir." But what can you expect from a ministry which does not restore Poland, in order not to offend Austria, and supports Piedmont without caring about Austria.

What nice kind of people are now the tenants of the thrones in Europe! King Bomba declares that he will have his own way. The French adventurer seems to have regularly swindled England by the peace treaty; and since he has got an heir,

he thinks proper to restore a part of the property stolen from the family d'Orleans. Lord Clarendon himself says, that he has been disappointed in Alexander II., whose ministers destroy the deeds of his good temper.

Well, beware then of your institutions, and if you can, knock down the leaders of the elections—a couple of hundred thousands of men without profession,—*political capitalists*. “Universal vote,” said a friend of mine in Paris, “is the corner of the street, the wine shop;” now American bar rooms are better than European ones, but the sovereigns, their customers, leave no possibility of applying from the drunken kings to the sober ones.

To pass to matters more analogous with your speciality, I remark that the French courts lately sentenced to imprisonment people who induced others to take shares, which afterwards proved worthless. A baker, who sold bread under its weight, got a bill affixed to his window, with the

epithet, "Swindlery." A wine merchant who sold Roussillon wine for Bordeaux wine, was sentenced to pay 300 francs to the damaged party, and 75 francs fine. They will, perhaps, object that such measures are only possible in despotic states; but do not American democracies punish the sale of intoxicating drinks on Sunday, the wearing of a lady's shawl by a man, and *vice versa*?

The news from Kansas is deplorable, civil war has begun already there; do the southern gentlemen consider that the border ruffians dishonour them in the eyes of the civilised world, fighting for the introduction of slavery in the territories? What is become of their so renowned chivalry, if they want to kill their brethren—the Yankees? Those Missourians are wretched animals indeed, who appreciate a glass of whiskey more than a human life; yet their own state is scarcely inhabited, and poorly cultivated.

Slavery being at the bottom of all

American complications, we can never speak enough of that all engrossing theme.

I was sometime ago told by a most amiable "Southerner," that a European cannot understand the necessity of this American institution. But does a drunkard not say as well: "You cannot understand the necessity of my taking something occasionally;" or a concussioner: "I have such a large family, that I must sometimes recur to those means of reliance;" or a murderer: "I could not prevent revenging myself." Henry Clay said, in the Senate: "Two hundred years of legislation have sanctified and sanctioned negro slaves as proper." The older an abuse, the greater the evil. If the total value of slave property is \$1,200,000,000, the United States are rich enough to buy out their dishonour. Nearly such a sum could be spent in a single war with England, and the moderation of Great Britain, just now, saves you from the calamity into which Mr. Pierce nearly involved you. Such a holy

loan would undoubtedly be easily raised in the civilised world.

Certainly, an European cannot understand that negroes are chattels, that *partus sequitur ventrem*. "Suppose a brood mare be hired for five years, the foals belong to him who has part of the use of her dam" (2 Black Com. 290) ; "that slaves cannot petition, having no personality, being personal not real estates, but can be mortgaged, hired and sold *ad libitum*, coming to the heir not to the executor, and other dispositions of your slave legislation."* One must have assisted at the auction of black flesh to believe that half-naked creatures, beautiful girls, in the prime of their life, are exposed to the public; and when the sale is not going on, the auctioneer points with a stick to the charms of the victim, or makes her walk in order to show all her beauty.

Notwithstanding all this disgrace, you will meet here with *leading* politicians,

* In Kentucky they are, according to the law, *glebae adscripti*, but this law is never observed.

who will tell you: "We have spent a great deal of money to abolish slavery in our colonies, and what is the good of it? Jamaica and Guyane lie waste." Jamaica is more prosperous than it ever was, thanks to the introduction of Coolies. Spanish colonies have abolished slavery in tropical countries, without ill consequences. Nature does so much in southern countries, that it leaves no hard work to the man.

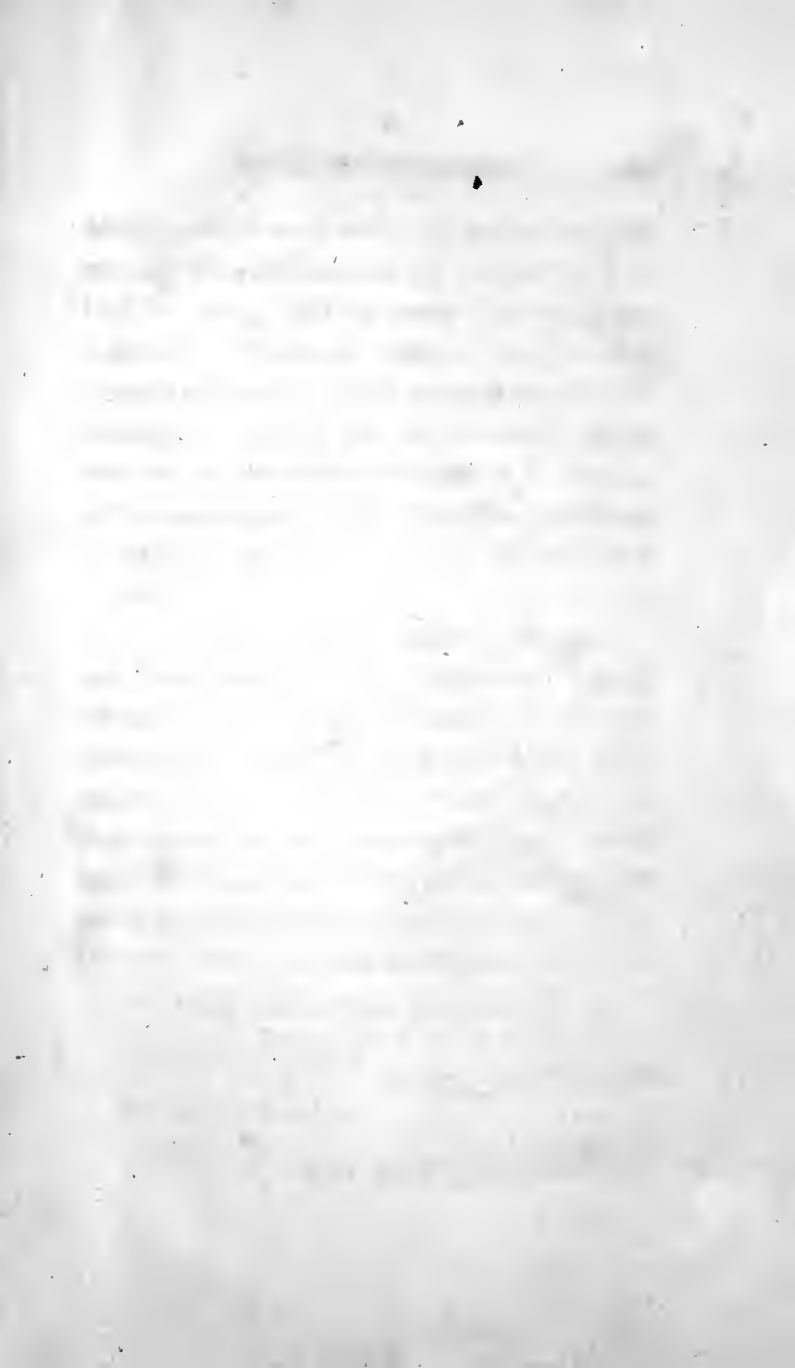
Let us hope that the evil spirit will not always predominate among the men of the New World, that Protestantism will not be more cruel than Catholicism, and that soon we shall have regulations mitigating slavery; as, for instance, the defence to sell children separately from their parents, wives from their husbands, to sell slaves from one state to another, &c.

Meanwhile, believe me, Sir,

Yours devotedly,

IVAN GOLOVIN.

THE END.



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