E
168
H3

YE 07055

BOOKSELLERS SUPPLIED WITH TRIMMED OR UNTRIMMED COPIES AS THEY MAY INDICATE THEIR PREFERENCE.

NUMBER 196. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE 20 CTS.

July 15, 1881.

Copyright, 1878, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, *by* JOSEPH HATTON, *in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.*

TO-DAY IN AMERICA.

STUDIES FOR THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

BY JOSEPH HATTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA," "THREE RECRUITS," "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK," "CLYTIE," &c.

JUST PUBLISHED:

FARM FESTIVALS.

BY WILL CARLETON.

WITH NUMEROUS CHARACTERISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

FARM BALLADS. Illustrated. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50. (Uniform with "Farm Festivals.")
FARM LEGENDS. Illustrated. 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50. (Uniform with "Farm Festivals.")
YOUNG FOLKS' CENTENNIAL RHYMES. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

His ballads are genuine transcripts of nature, admirable *genre* pictures from life. They exhibit an originality of conception and power of execution which entitle the author to claim rank as a master in this field of poetic literature.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Will Carleton never departs from a kind of homeliness of expression that at once wins for him the good-will and regard of the uncultured, as well as the admiration of the most scholarly mind.—*Troy Times.*

There is in his poetry a fidelity to nature that deserves the highest praise. He does not describe to us his *dramatis personæ*, but he places them before us, and they tell their own story. * * * Mr. Carleton is, in his way, as truly a creator of character as Robert Browning, and we recognize in him not only the genius which creates, but the art which exhibits his creations with a skill that commands our attention.—*N. Y. Times.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

E162
.H3

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

No.	Title	Cents
1.	IS HE POPENJOY? A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE	15
2.	THE HISTORY OF A CRIME. By VICTOR HUGO	10
3.	THE RUSSIANS OF TO-DAY	10
4.	PAUL KNOX, PITMAN. A Novel. By J. B. HARWOOD	10
5.	MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS. A Novel	10
6.	HENRIETTE. A Novel. By ERNEST DAUDET	10
7.	CHRISTINE BROWNLEE'S ORDEAL. A Novel. By MARY PATRICK	15
8.	A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. A Romance. By LEON BROOK	10
9.	HONOR'S WORTH. A Novel. By META ORRED	15
10.	KINGSDENE. A Novel. By the Hon. Mrs. FETHERSTONHAUGH	10
11.	CLEVEDEN. A Novel. By STEPHEN YORKE	10
12.	PEOPLE OF TURKEY. By a Consul's Daughter and Wife	15
13.	THE YOUNG DUKE. A Novel. By BENJAMIN DISRAELI	15
14.	HAVERHOLME. A Satire. By E. JENKINS	10
15.	"BONNIE LESLEY." A Novel. By Mrs. H. MARTIN	10
16.	THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G. With Two Portraits	10
17.	SELECTED POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD	10
18.	THE BUBBLE REPUTATION. A Novel. By KATHARINE KING	15
19.	AMONG ALIENS. A Novel. By Mrs. F. E. TROLLOPE. Illustrated	15
20.	GUY LIVINGSTONE. A Novel. By GEO. A. LAWRENCE	10
21.	TIME SHALL TRY. A Novel. By F. E. M. NOTLEY	15
22.	EVELINA. A Novel. By FRANCES BURNEY	15
23.	THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY. A Novel	10
24.	AULD LANG SYNE. By W. CLARK RUSSELL	10
25.	MACLEOD OF DARE. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK	15
26.	THE MISTLETOE BOUGH. Edited by M. E. BRADDON	15
27.	RARE PALE MARGARET. A Novel	10
28.	LOVE'S CROSSES. A Novel. By F. E. M. NOTLEY	15
29.	LIGHT AND SHADE. A Novel. By C. G. O'BRIEN	10
30.	CHRISTIANS AND MOORS OF SPAIN. By C. M. YONGE	10
31.	ELINOR DRYDEN. A Novel. By Mrs. K. S. MACQUOID	15
32.	THE IRISH BAR. By J. RODERICK O'FLANAGAN	15
33.	THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. By EDWARD BULWER	15
34.	THROUGH ASIATIC TURKEY. By GRATTAN GEARY	15
35.	SPORT AND WORK ON THE NEPAUL FRONTIER	10
36.	JANE EYRE. A Novel. By CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ	15
37.	AN EYE FOR AN EYE. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE	10
38.	MAN AND WIFE. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS	15
39.	A TRUE MARRIAGE. A Novel. By EMILY SPENDER	15
40.	KELVERDALE. A Novel. By the EARL OF DESART	15
41.	WITHIN SOUND OF THE SEA. A Novel	10
42.	THE LAST OF HER LINE. A Novel. By ELIZA TABOR	15
43.	VIXEN. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON	15
44.	WITHIN THE PRECINCTS. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT	15
45.	ALL OR NOTHING. A Novel. By Mrs. F. C. HOEY	15
46.	THE PLAGUE IN LONDON. By DANIEL DEFOE	10
47.	GRAHAMS OF INVERMOY. A Novel. By M. C. STIRLING	15
48.	COWARD CONSCIENCE. A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON	15
49.	THE CLOVEN FOOT. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON	15
50.	QUAKER COUSINS. A Novel. By AGNES MACDONELL	15
51.	THE SHERLOCKS. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS	15
52.	THAT ARTFUL VICAR. A Novel	15
53.	UNDER ONE ROOF. A Novel. By JAMES PAYN	15
54.	EOTHEN. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE	10
55.	"FOR A DREAM'S SAKE." A Novel. By Mrs. H. MARTIN	15
56.	LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD. A Novel. By E. B. HAMLEY	15
57.	HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. Part I. By J. MCCARTHY	20
57a.	HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. Part II. By J. MCCARTHY	20
58.	BASILDON. A Novel. By Mrs. ALFRED W. HUNT	15
59.	JOHN HALIFAX. A Novel. By Miss MULOCK	15
60.	ORANGE LILY. A Novel. By MAY CROMMELIN	10
61.	THEOPHRASTUS SUCH. By GEORGE ELIOT	10
62.	THE ZULUS AND THE BRITISH FRONTIERS. By Capt. T. J. LUCAS	10
63.	JOHN CALDIGATE. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE	15
64.	THE HOUSE OF LYS. A Tale. By W. G. HAMLEY	15
65.	HENRY ESMOND. A Novel. By W. M. THACKERAY	15
66.	THE LIFE OF CHARLES LEVER. By W. J. FITZPATRICK	15
67.	MR. LESLIE OF UNDERWOOD. A Novel. By MARY PATRICK	15
68.	THE GREEN HAND. A Short Yarn. By GEORGE CUPPLES	15
69.	DORCAS. A Novel. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK	15
70.	THE GYPSY. A Novel. By G. P. R. JAMES	15
71.	THE LIFE OF C. J. MATHEWS. Edited by CHARLES DICKENS	15
72.	MOY O'BRIEN. A Tale of Irish Life. By "Melusine"	10
73.	FRAMLEY PARSONAGE. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE	15
74.	THE AFGHAN'S KNIFE. A Novel. By R. A. STERNDALE	15
75.	THE TWO MISS FLEMINGS. A Novel	15
76.	ROSE MERVYN. A Novel. By ANNE BEALE	15
77.	REUBEN DAVIDGER. A Tale for Boys. By J. GREENWOOD	15
78.	THE TALISMAN. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Illustrated	15
79.	THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By CHARLES DICKENS	20
80.	MADGE DUNRAVEN. A Tale	10
81.	YOUNG MRS. JARDINE. A Novel. By Miss MULOCK	10
82.	POEMS OF WORDSWORTH. Edited by MATTHEW ARNOLD	15
83.	COUSIN HENRY. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE	10
84.	SENSE AND SENSIBILITY. A Novel. By JANE AUSTEN	15
85.	THE BERTRAMS. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE	15
86.	THE FUGITIVES. A Story. By Mrs. OLIPHANT	10
87.	THE PARSON O' DUMFORD. A Novel. By G. M. FENN	15
88.	HIGH SPIRITS. By JAMES PAYN	15
89.	THE MISTLETOE BOUGH FOR 1879. Edited by M. E. BRADDON	10
90.	THE EGOIST. A Novel. By GEORGE MEREDITH	15
91.	BELLS OF PENRAVEN. A Novel. By B. L. FARJEON	10
92.	A FEW MONTHS IN NEW GUINEA. By O. C. STONE	10
93.	A DOUBTING HEART. A Novel. By ANNIE KEARY	15
94.	LITTLE MISS PRIMROSE. A Novel. By ELIZA TABOR	15
95.	DONNA QUIXOTE. A Novel. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY	15
96.	NELL—ON AND OFF THE STAGE. A Novel. By B. H. BUXTON	15
97.	MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT. 1802–1808. Part I	10
98.	MADAME DE RÉMUSAT. Part II	10
98a.	MADAME DE RÉMUSAT. Part III. With 20 Portraits	10
99.	SWEET NELLY, MY HEART'S DELIGHT. A Novel. By JAMES RICE and WALTER BESANT	10
100.	THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT. By J. R. O'FLANAGAN	15
101.	SIR JOHN. A Novel. By the Author of "Anne Dysart"	15
102.	THE GREATEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT	15
103.	QUEEN OF THE MEADOW. A Novel. By CHARLES GIBBON	15
104.	FRIEND AND LOVER. A Novel. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY	15
105.	COUSIN SIMON. A Novel. By the Hon. Mrs. R. MARSHAM	10
106.	MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC. A Novel	15
107.	THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By ROBERT MACKENZIE	15
108.	BARBARA. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON	15
109.	A SYLVAN QUEEN. A Novel	15
110.	TOM SINGLETON. By W. W. FOLLETT SYNGE	15
111.	THE RETURN OF THE PRINCESS. A Novel. By JACQUES VINCENT	10
112.	RUSSIA BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR	15
113.	A WAYWARD WOMAN. A Novel. By A. GRIFFITHS	15
114.	TWO WOMEN. A Novel. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK	15
115.	DAIREEN. A Novel. By FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE	15
116.	FOR HER DEAR SAKE. A Novel. By MARY CECIL HAY	15
117.	PRINCE HUGO. A Novel. By MARIA M. GRANT	15
118.	FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION. A Novel. By Lady NOEL	15
119.	YOUNG LORD PENRITH. A Novel. By J. B. HARWOOD	15
120.	CLARA VAUGHAN. A Novel. By R. D. BLACKMORE	15
121.	THE HEART OF HOLLAND. By HENRY HAVARD	10
122.	REATA. A Novel. By E. D. GERARD	20
123.	MARY ANERLEY. A Novel. By R. D. BLACKMORE	15
124.	THE PENNANT FAMILY. A Novel. By ANNE BEALE	15
125.	POET AND PEER. A Novel. By HAMILTON AÏDÉ	15
126.	THE DUKE'S CHILDREN. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE	20
127.	THE QUEEN. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Illustrated	25
128.	MISS BOUVERIE. A Novel. By Mrs. MOLESWORTH	15
129.	DAVID ARMSTRONG. A Novel	10
130.	HYPATIA. A Novel. By CHARLES KINGSLEY	15
131.	CAPE COD AND ALL ALONG SHORE. Stories. By CHAS. NORDHOFF	15
132.	LIFE OF JAMES A. GARFIELD. By EDMUND KIRKE. Illustrated	20
133.	CROSS PURPOSES. A Novel. By CECILIA FINDLAY	10
134.	CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN. A Novel. By C. G. HAMILTON	15
135.	PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. A Novel. By JANE AUSTEN	15
136.	WHITE WINGS: A Yachting Romance. By WILLIAM BLACK	10
137.	CAST UP BY THE SEA. By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER	15
138.	THE MUDFOG PAPERS, &c. By CHARLES DICKENS	10
139.	LORD BRACKENBURY. A Novel. By A. B. EDWARDS	15
140.	A MEMOIR OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH	15
141.	JUST AS I AM. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON	15
142.	A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART. A Novel. By W. CLARK RUSSELL	15
143.	BURNS. By Principal SHAIRP.—GOLDSMITH. By WILLIAM BLACK.—BUNYAN. By J. A. FROUDE	15
144.	JOHNSON. By LESLIE STEPHEN.—SCOTT. By RICHARD H. HUTTON.—THACKERAY. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE	20
145.	THE THREE RECRUITS. A Novel. By JOSEPH HATTON	15
146.	EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX. By G. O. TREVELYAN	20
147.	HORACE MCLEAN. A Novel. By ALICE O'HANLON	15
148.	FROM THE WINGS. A Novel. By B. H. BUXTON	15
149.	HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT	15
150.	ENDYMION. A Novel. By the Earl of BEACONSFIELD. (With a *Key to the Characters*.)	15
151.	DUTY. By SAMUEL SMILES	15
152.	A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT. A Novel. By JAMES PAYN	15
153.	LOVE AND LIFE. A Novel. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE	15
154.	THE REBEL OF THE FAMILY. A Novel. By E. LYNN LINTON	20
155.	DR. WORTLE'S SCHOOL. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE	15
156.	LITTLE PANSY. A Novel. By Mrs. RANDOLPH	20
157.	THE DEAN'S WIFE. A Novel. By Mrs. C. J. EILOART	20
158.	THE POSY RING. A Novel. By Mrs. ALFRED W. HUNT	10
159.	BETTER THAN GOOD. A Story for Girls. By ANNIE E. RIDLEY	15
160.	UNDER LIFE'S KEY, AND OTHER STORIES. By MARY CECIL HAY	15
161.	ASPHODEL. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON	15
162.	SUNRISE. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK	15
163.	THE GLEN OF SILVER BIRCHES. A Novel. By E. O. BLACKBURNE	15
164.	SOCIAL ETIQUETTE AND HOME CULTURE	20
165.	THE WARDS OF PLOTINUS. A Novel. By Mrs. JOHN HUNT	20
166.	REMINISCENCES BY THOMAS CARLYLE. Edited by J. A. FROUDE	15
167.	HIS LITTLE MOTHER, AND OTHER TALES. By Miss MULOCK	10
168.	LIFE OF GEORGE IV. Part I. By PERCY FITZGERALD	20
169.	LIFE OF GEORGE IV. Part II. By PERCY FITZGERALD	20
170.	INTO THE SHADE, AND OTHER STORIES. By MARY CECIL HAY	15
171.	CÆSAR. A Sketch. By J. A. FROUDE	20
172.	MEMOIRS OF PRINCE METTERNICH. Part I	20
173.	MEMOIRS OF PRINCE METTERNICH. Part II	20
174.	MEMOIRS OF PRINCE METTERNICH. Part III	20
175.	MEMOIRS OF PRINCE METTERNICH. Part IV	20
176.	FROM EXILE. By JAMES PAYN	15
177.	MISS WILLIAMSON'S DIVAGATIONS. Stories. By Miss THACKERAY	15
178.	THOMAS CARLYLE: THE MAN AND HIS BOOKS. By W. H. WYLIE	20
179.	LORD BEACONSFIELD. A Study. By GEORG BRANDES	15
180.	THE LIFE AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE	20
181.	MY LOVE. A Novel. By Mrs. E. LYNN LINTON	20
182.	BESIDE THE RIVER. A Tale. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID	20
183.	HARRY JOSCELYN. A Novel. By Mrs. OLIPHANT	20
184.	THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By ANNE BEALE	20
185.	THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET. A Novel. By W. BESANT and J. RICE	20
186.	MY FIRST OFFER, AND OTHER STORIES. By MARY CECIL HAY	15
187.	UNBELIEF IN THE 18TH CENTURY. By JOHN CAIRNS, D.D.	20
188.	REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT	20
189.	A CHILD OF NATURE. By ROBERT BUCHANAN	15
190.	AT THE SEASIDE, AND OTHER STORIES. By MARY CECIL HAY	15
191.	CORRESPONDENCE OF TALLEYRAND AND LOUIS XVIII	20
192.	VISITED ON THE CHILDREN. A Novel. By THEO. GIFT	20
193.	A COSTLY HERITAGE. A Novel. By ALICE O'HANLON	20
194.	AN OCEAN FREE-LANCE. A Novel. By W. CLARK RUSSELL	20
195.	THE BEAUTIFUL WRETCH. A Brighton Story. By WILLIAM BLACK. With Characteristic Illustrations	20
196.	TO-DAY IN AMERICA. By JOSEPH HATTON	20

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

NUMBER 196. PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK. PRICE 20 CTS.

July 15, 1881.

Copyright, 1878, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, *by* JOSEPH HATTON, *in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.*

TO-DAY IN AMERICA.

STUDIES FOR THE

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

BY

JOSEPH HATTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA," "THREE RECRUITS," "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK," "CLYTIE," &c.

TO THE AMERICAN READER.

JUNE, 1881, will forever be a red-letter month in the calendar of the United States.

For a numerous class of English people, who are devoted to national sports and pastimes, there are to-day two great events in the history of America—the Declaration of Independence and the winning of the Derby.

I congratulate the United States on their double victory at Epsom and Longchamps. I congratulate myself that the following pages are published at a time when this people, basking in the sunshine of success, must feel especially tolerant of English criticism.

The Great Republic is marching on. Its progress is most apparent to the spectator. I stand upon the sidewalk of a sympathetic neutrality and watch the mighty procession. There are some ignoble figures in the crowd that one hopes to see fall out and disappear by the way—figures that shame the nobility of the rest. I watch in imagination the advancing multitude going forward with flag and banner and symbols of trade and commerce; with here and there a relic of art and here and there a cross; and I join heart and hand with those who pray that the destination of this great nation may be a goal worthy of the high principles which are the foundation of its liberties.

It is for the good of the world that England and America should be close friends. This international amity is promoted by knowledge of each other. "To-day in America" is a humble contribution in that direction.

JOSEPH HATTON.

LOTOS CLUB, *New York, June*, 1881.

299178

THE BEGINNING.

Introductory.—The Story of the Cuckoo and its Application.—Traditional Yankees and the Reality.—The Origin of these Papers.—A Remarkable Orator.—Bonds of International Sympathy.—Hogs and Second-hand Storms.—Franklin's Mother-in-law and the Destiny of the United States.—End of Preface.

"WHERE the Cuckoo Sings" was the title of the picture.

It was a fine Midland counties landscape, the time early spring, the subject a striking bit of meadow, a willow copse, and a transparent pool.

On a "half-price day" a group of intelligent working-men were standing before this idealized transcript of nature. There is always a leader, self-elected or otherwise, in every company. The chief of the toiling gang, out for a holiday and visiting the Birmingham Exhibition of Art, was a critic.

"Ay, lads," he said, "it's a stunning good picture. Them primroses springing up through the dead leaves at foot of tree is as natural as life. I never see'd watter more like watter than the little pond there with willows reflected in it. And meadows in the distance, aren't they first rate?"

The lads nodded, and said "Ay."

"And what think ye of the moss on owd tree-trunk? Why, it's as natural as my sister's tom-cat!"

"Ay," the lads said, it was; and they laughed, whether it was at the incongruity of the simile or in remembrance of some peculiar trait of the familiar animal itself, I cannot say.

"Ay, lads, there's no mistake about it, that's a right-down good picture," went on the critic; "do you notice them clouds in the watter, and buds on the willows?"

"Ay," they said, they did. They always said "Ay," and nothing more.

"Stop a bit!" said the critic, suddenly, first looking at his catalogue, next at the picture, then prying into the willow copse, and again diving into the catalogue, and at last turning to the lads and exclaiming, "*But where's the dommed cuckoo?*"

On my first visit to America I was forcibly reminded of this incident of uncultured criticism. On the stage and in humorous literature, in the provincial concert-room and at metropolitan music halls, I had invariably seen the native American depicted as a loud, noisy, irrepressible person, his "Yankee" origin continually proclaimed in word, gesture, and dress. A tall, gaunt individual, with lank hair and a "goatee beard," striped trousers, an exaggerated dress-coat, and a waistcoat open at the neck, he would generally be whistling "Yankee Doodle" and whittling a stick. I had a vivid remembrance of him sitting in a rocking-chair, with his legs on a mantel-shelf, while he expectorated on a highly-floral wall-paper. The latest stage-Yankee which modified this old idea was Mr. Buckstone's "Asa Trenchard." Even that singular individual, if he did not wear the stars on his coat and the stripes on his trousers, was a very pronounced and *outré* sort of person, with a grating nasal twang in his speech, and in his manners a vulgar disregard of the decent customs of social life.

Now, remembering the French idea of the Englishman, the German notion of John Bull, our own stage-Irishman, and the Yorkshireman of the melodramatic playwright, I did not expect to encounter the "Uncle Sam" of caricature, nor the "Jonathan" of the dramatic author. But, after broadly inspecting the scenery of America, after travelling on its railways, steaming up and down its lakes and rivers, being lost in its forests, and bewildered just as much in its gigantic hotels; after having "been to the East and been to the West," if not "to old Kentucky," I could not help thinking of my Birmingham friend and exclaiming to myself, "*But where's the dommed Yankee?*"

I did not see even a resemblance to the traditional Transatlantic ideal of the platform, the stage, and the cynical traveller. On many occasions I met sallow-faced men, with genial gray eyes that dominated mouths dedicated to the humorous expression of quaint views of life, men who in some respects might be regarded as typical of a benevolent kind of "Uncle Sam;" but the interrogating, bragging "stranger," who "calculates this great and glorious country is just going to knock you into fits of everlasting envy, you bet," he belongs to the region of fiction and burlesque. In his place you find a quiet self-possessed, almost reticent man, or a bright, intelligent, cultured woman; and you soon discover that Americans know a great deal more about Great Britain than you know about the United States.

It has been my good fortune to have visited the United States twice within the last few years, and it has been suggested to me that I ought to have something of interest to say about the country and the people. There are a few points of contrast between England and America that I have thought worth recording. I am emboldened to present them in these volumes because *The New York Times* considered several of them worthy of publication in its bright and scholarly pages. I have added to the articles which appeared in that journal others which have been published on this side of the Atlantic in *Tinsleys' Magazine*, *Belgravia*, *The Theatre*, *Colburn's New Monthly*, and other publications. Supplementing the whole with much new matter, I venture to submit the present work to the reader as a contribution to the international literature of the day, not as an historical review, not as a book of travels, but as a friendly chat about "our kin beyond the sea," with some sketches of national peculiarities and contrasts that strike an observer on both sides of the Atlantic.

It is not easy, perhaps, to say anything particularly novel about America. But, with all due deference to my own natural modesty, I believe the reader will find a few new ideas and many new facts in this work. Towns and cities have almost grown up while I have been writing it. These and sundry current commercial and other statistics of the time cannot be stale. But what is entirely new to the general reader is a sketch of Colonel Ingersoll, the remarkable representative and eloquent spokesman of free thought in America. Destined to exercise a strange and mighty influence on theological opinions in the United States, Colonel Ingersoll impressed me as an orator of great original power. To consider whether his work is for good or evil does not come within the scope or purpose of these sketches. Leaving his views to the judgment of the reader, I merely introduce him as an important factor of American progress, and as a public man in whom England cannot fail to be interested.

The story of the stranger who, being asked why he was unmoved at a certain pathetic church service while the rest of the congregation were in tears, said, "The fact is, I don't belong to the parish," is no longer applicable to the English stranger in America, nor to the American stranger in England. The bond of sympathy between the two countries is both physical and moral. Even so humble a creature as the American pig being "indisposed," the London journals teem with bulletins as to its condition. "Hog cholera" was recently as exciting an international theme as "the Bernhardt mania." Chicago and Cincinnati were shaken to their very centres at certain alleged inaccuracies in an English consul's statements about the precise characteristics of the illness of the Western hog.

On my first arrival in the United States I found the bond of sympathy represented in the delight of an audience at Wallack's with the vagaries of a stage Cockney. Four years later my baggage was unloaded to the tune of "He might have been a Rooshan," whistled by an express porter, who treated me to several other snatches of "Pinafore" music while I was signing a receipt for the trunks. When I left New York, on the eve of the present year, men were saying to each other, "Your 'and, guv'ner, your 'and," just as they had been saying for months before outside the Vaudeville Theatre in London; and my first evening's recreation on arriving home was to see Mr. Edwin Booth play Richelieu at the Princess's Theatre.* In England we watch the records of American weather with a continual solicitude. A severe winter in the United States means snow blockades and frozen rivers in England. It seems hardly necessary for America to cable to us nowadays any more than a description of the weather on their side of the Atlantic, for, with little deviation, it has the habit of travelling over to us. We are in receipt of nearly all America's second-hand storms; and we receive them just as freely as her other products—without taxing them. Supposing one day a perverse government should place at our various ports of entrance the barrier of a protective duty against all other importations, only admitting storms free, then you would see a still stronger illustration of the inapplicability to America and England of the story of the man who did not belong to the parish.

But let us not dwell upon the possibilities of the future. To-day is sufficiently interesting. Moreover, everybody, from Mr. Gladstone downward, indulges in speculative forecasts of the destiny of America. It is said that Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law hesitated about permitting her daughter to marry a printer, as there were already two printing-offices in the United States, and she was uncertain whether the country could support a third. This careful lady, it will be seen, very considerably under-estimated the future prosperity of the United States. It is not the tendency of English opinion to make a similar mistake. The old country is rather inclined to be over-sanguine in reading the horoscope of the new. Great Britain has a lively faith in the growing prosperity and power of the United States. To quote a familiar Transatlantic phrase for a fixed belief in anything, Great Britain "takes stock" in the splendid destiny of America; and English capital and English people endorse the faith in every State of the Union.

While this sympathy toward the material welfare of America is active on the British side of the Atlantic, there is in every American heart a secret corner dedicated to the old country, and to our mutual interest in the illustrious dead of Westminster Abbey. Appealing to these allied peoples, and discussing the characteristics of both, without fear or favor, I venture to commend to their friendly reception the rapid sketches and social studies which make up this volume of "To-Day in America."

14 Titchfield Terrace, Regent's Park,
London, May, 1881.

I.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

American and English Society Contrasted.—A Rocky Mountain World in its Infancy—Administration of the Law.—British Justice and American.—Art and the Customs.—American and English Houses.—The Drama in New York.—A Wonderful Theatre.—American Women at Home and in London.—Snobbism on both Sides of the Atlantic.—Poetic Tribute to the Old Country.—The Destiny of the New.

I.

IF Great Britain is interesting to our cousins of the United States because it is old, America is attractive to Englishmen because it is new.

An American city compared with an English town has points of difference which will affect different natures in different ways. Youth will be better pleased with the New World than with the Old, since youth dwells upon the future, age upon the past. America looks forward. England looks back. The boy strains his eyes to-

* While these volumes have been passing through the press Mr. John McCullough has made a distinct success in "Virginius," at Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Henry Irving have appeared, together, at the Lyceum, in "Othello," Mr. Irving adding to his *répertoire* the character of Iago, and extending his fame by an impersonation quite worthy of all that Charles Lamb said of Brinsley in the same part. In the chapter entitled "Home Again," the reader will find some details in regard to the engagement of Mr. Booth at the Lyceum, the interest of which is enhanced by the enthusiastic welcome given to the American actor in the house of the most popular of his English contemporaries.

ward coming days; the man turns to those which have fled. America is making money and building cities. England is spending the accumulated wealth of ages, and the active histories of her cities date back to ancient Rome. Since I was in the United States at the Presidential election of Mr. Hayes, four years ago, to the time when I watched the great torch-light procession of the Republican party one autumn night in 1880, New York has marched quite a distance toward Harlem; Chicago has annexed many miles of prairie for new streets and avenues; the other cities of the Republic have greatly advanced in material wealth and commercial importance; and westward new industries, new communities, new towns, have sprung into existence, notably Leadville. In 1876 the site of this busy mining centre was a lonely gulch, or mountainous waste, a region of bitter memories to the few rough prospectors who had entered it with doubt and left it without hope. To-day Leadville has a population of 30,000 men and women, chiefly men, engaged more or less in developing the mineral resources which had been overlooked by the original explorers. The first building in Leadville was erected in June, 1879. To-day it has five churches, three schools, a Young Men's Christian Association, a hundred gambling saloons, and four daily newspapers. It is the centre of a hundred silver and lead mines, which in one year yielded £2,295,409 worth of ore. It is ten thousand feet above the sea, and stretches out prospecting arms toward Cañon City and Denver. The discovery of the precious metals has dotted the Rocky Mountains with villages, towns, and miniature cities, links in the chain of a strange and new civilization, where at present neither Coke nor Blackstone is much considered in the administration of the law, and justice is "the rough vengeance" of primitive communities. A world in its infancy may be observed among the Rocky Mountains, a world that one day will be strong and vigorous, and full of healthy life. Denver, the capital of the State of Colorado, has been in existence twenty years longer than Leadville, and its population does not largely exceed its younger rival; but Denver has broad streets, fine buildings, handsome public school-houses, pleasant gardens; and it offers far more legal security for life and property than Leadville. I was told at Chicago by a gentleman from Colorado that the mining attractions of Gunnison County would probably draw 40,000 new inhabitants to that district within twelve months. The first white men who visited the district were surveyors for the Pacific Railroad in 1853. In 1861 a few Californian miners prospected for gold in the neighborhood of what is now Leadville, and left it without a suspicion that they had been walking over a region of silver and lead. The Gunnison country now contains eleven growing villages, with projected railway accommodation. "Gunnison City" is the chief "location" of the new mining district, and promises to have, what a local writer calls, "a terrible boom," which will run it up from a population of 500 to one of 10,000 within a few months. "At a small place called Gothic," says the author of a pamphlet on the advantages of emigrating to this region, "a young man recently arrived here, and within a few hours he had located a vein which assayed four hundred and seventy-six ounces on the surface, and at a depth of ten feet over two thousand ounces. He proposes to marry and live at Gothic."

If the story of Colorado is wonderful, that of Kansas is still more extraordinary. Part of Louisiana, purchased by the United States Government from France in 1803, it was erected into a territory in 1854, admitted to the Union 1861; and to-day it has a population of close upon a million, made up of emigrants from Germany, Ireland, England, Wales, Scotland, British America, and in the United States from Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan, Kentucky. In 1855 the population was 8601; in 1879 it was 849,978; so that in twenty-four years, from 1855 to 1880, the population increased a hundredfold.

It is a grand thing, if you are young, to have a hand in this kind of progress, this mining of gold and silver, this building up of towns. I probably interpret the sentiments of many of my English readers when I say that I would rather be an old man in London than in New York or Boston; and, for that matter, would rather spend my declining years in some English village under the shadow of an old castle, or beneath the elms that grow on cathedral greens, than rest in any other place in the world. Mr. Ruskin overshot the mark when he said he could not, "even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles." Men are, after all, more than castles; living hearts are better than dead stones; and there is no country in the world where, as it seems to me, you get closer to nature than in the great forests, on the shores of the vast lakes, or among the lonely mountains of the United States of America.

II.

Americans tell me there are social castes in New York, and exclusive circles of society in Chicago. Boston is more like an English city than any other town in America. Yet even in Boston and Philadelphia you will fail to discover anything like the caste of an English cathedral city. Only the Brahmins can be more exclusive, as touching another community, than the clergy of a cathedral city toward the tradespeople, or the county gentry in regard to the tenant farmer. All through American cities and in the best society the tendency is toward making intellect aristocratic, to give knowledge and culture foremost places. This is not so in English cities. It obtains somewhat in London; though not here when the guests at a dinner-party are placed according to social rank: then Intellect has to give way to Blood; then Knowledge has to sit at the feet of Birth; then Culture must succumb to Hereditary Distinction. It is true the journalist, the author, the "scientist," the Disraeli of enterprising youth, will now and then "get even" with society by a life-long battle; but the fact remains that caste in England is almost as severe a thing as it is in India; and, viewed from the stand-point of this unshakable truth, life in America must have special charms for young Englishmen who have their way to make in the world.

III.

Though Americans themselves are inclined to discount the liberty, equality, and fraternity which is the backbone of their constitution, it appears to Englishmen very real, more particularly as regards equality. We have as much legal liberty in England as in America, except, perhaps, in the matter of "shooting." If we commit wilful murder on the English side of the Atlantic, we are hanged to a certainty. In the United States the chances of escape are numerous. I have lately seen and met several murderers in American cities. They might perhaps be more correctly called "manslaughterers," to coin a word that fits our legal definition of killing in a quarrel. One of these men is quite in a large way of business, not as a murderer, but as a speculator in corn. It is the uncertainty of the law vindicating itself in America that makes men take it into their own hands. Americans are not more passionate, vindictive, and revengeful than we are. They know that their magistrates and judges are elected by the popular vote; and they know how wide this system makes the meshes of the legal net. Besides, fancy waiting for the law to vindicate itself in new towns such as Leadville, where the venturesome and lawless of all nations meet on equal terms; where the liquor saloons are open night and day; where there is but one object in life—to get rich quick and go away! The pistol is bound to be the real moral force in such a district.

Under the law in England we have more practical and certain justice than they have in America. We are longer in getting what we do get, but it is assured. It comes sooner or later; often later than sooner. What a blessing if we could combine the good in the two systems and exclude the bad! A friend of mine has just died after twenty years of litigation over a mere disputed account. At first it was one suit. The defendants were a great railway company. They had plenty of money, and therefore the power to break that suit up into six different actions, which they dragged through nearly every court in England. One day my friend would win in one issue, the next he would lose in another. Next to losing, he found it most expensive to win. They "got him into Chancery," and there the other day he died broken-hearted, before the House of Lords could give its final decision upon his whole case. There are more iniquities committed by the so-called High Court of Judicature than are dreamed of even by the most inveterate haters of these modern inquisitions. The delays of civil cases do not apply to criminal trials. A litigious tyrant in the Court of Queen's Bench, or a wealthy defendant in Chancery, gets as much law as he likes to pay for; but justice falls quick and sharp and fatally on the vulgar thief and the red-handed murderer. In England only the "royal clemency" stands between a convicted murderer and the gallows. The royal clemency is a state fiction. It can only be invoked by the Home-secretary, who, under the influence of public opinion in the Press and on the platform, may, with the guidance and advice of the judge, be induced to review the evidence, or take into consideration some new fact which is disclosed between the condemnation and the appointed execution. If in cold blood you shoot a man or woman in England, and are arrested, nothing can save you. In America there are many more verdicts of guilty and many more condemnations for murder than there are executions. This is not criticism: I am only stating facts. Often in England we discuss the question of the abolition of capital punishment. Humanitarians believe there would be no more murders than there are at present if we put away the gallows, as we have put away the stocks and the ducking-stool. I differ with these kindly people. I believe I know of two more "shootings" that might have taken place, not in cold blood, it is true, but two more "pistol fatalities," certainly, if the conditions of taking life had been the same in London as in Chicago, or even in New York. I have since shaken hands with these two gentlemen, who misunderstood me, and I them; and, between ourselves, I am very glad we all three lived in the English metropolis. This paper is not a psychological study of passion, nor a confession of private warfare and buried hatchets. The law is, however, an interesting theme. Let us pursue it a little farther.

It is, perhaps, as unfair to contrast London with New York or Chicago as it is to compare authors who are totally dissimilar. There are critics who are everlastingly making contrasts between Dickens and Thackeray. New York and London, Chicago and London, may be discussed far more justly as to their points of contrast than Dickens and Thackeray, or Georges Sand and George Eliot. It is a point of information as well as comparison when one states that, compared with Chicago or New York, London is a haven of good roads and sanitary legislation. Our hansom cab is as much superior to the public conveyance of the United States as an American hotel clerk is superior to the London hotel porter. There is hardly a street in Chicago or New York as well paved and watered as the commonest thoroughfare in London. The reason for this, I am told, is on account of the "jobs" perpetrated by civic authorities. We in England have officials who now and then steal, but when we find them out we imprison them for many years, and confiscate (or return to its rightful owner) their stolen property. Most people agree about honesty being the best policy; but it is a good thing to have premiums for honesty, prisons for thieves, and the gallows for murderers. The higher the position of the thief in England, the more severely he is dealt with. We used to have a hard law for the poor, and an easy one for the rich. But now we have a sweet law for the poor, and a bitter one for the rich. The rich man is no longer let off where the poor one would be punished. The Press has altered all this, more particularly the daily press.

Journalists have made so much fuss over the slightest indication of leniency toward the rich, that magistrates and judges have come to an exaggerative recognition of the responsibilities of education and wealth, when education and wealth "let their angry passions rise." "I am sorry," says the magistrate, "to see a person of your means and rank in such a position as that you now occupy before me; it is your duty to set an example to your humbler fellow-citizens; I shall therefore make an example of you; I shall not fine you, but commit you to jail for six calendar months." If he had been a poor wretch whom nobody cared about, and whose case would not be reported in the papers, the verdict and sentence might have been, "You are fined five shillings; in default of payment, a week's imprisonment. Call the next case."

IV.

American houses in the cities are in many cases better built and more convenient than our own. There is a singular uniformity in the furnishing of them. Throughout America one notices an absence of individual taste. Dining-rooms and parlors are all arranged according to one pattern, and the pattern is far more French than English. If the government of Washington admitted the art manufactures of Europe into the United States free of duty, American houses would in course of time be as well decorated as English houses. The people would certainly be the better for it. Art elevates a nation. There is much real pleasure to be derived from the possession and contemplation of good pictures and beautiful forms of sculpture and pottery; and if the art tastes of American cities were cultivated by the cheapening of paintings, china, bronzes, *bric-à-brac*, house decoration would advance and the tone of society would improve. It is a painful blank in the generality of American houses, the absence of pictures, the lack of decorative art. This baldness does not necessarily indicate a want of taste, but the costliness of gratifying it. In the first place, rent is more than double that of England. A house for which you would pay £100 a year in London, would be £300 in New York. In addition to this, the taxes are high; and when you have paid your taxes, you still have to subscribe to a private fund for the cleansing of your street and the watching of your premises. Ireland has annexed the local government of New York, and the rewards of politicians have to come out of the rates; so that the sixty million dollars a year which New York pays to its local government, has many claims to satisfy besides the mere expenses of city administration. Therefore, when a man takes a house in New York, unless he has a very good income, he cannot afford to fill his rooms with works of art. The Customs duties on *bric-à-brac* and pictures are rigidly enforced, re-valuations often being made so as to bring up the duties on the original cost in Europe to 100 and 200 per cent. Indeed, except to the rich, the duties are prohibitive. A lady whom I met at Chicago fought the New York Customs for nine months over a statue which she had bought in Italy, and, in spite of ample evidence as to its cost, had to pay duty on twice its value. The Customs officials as a rule pay but little attention to invoices. They are sometimes influenced by bribes and the personal influence of relatives and persons in power. Now and then they try to vindicate their mouldy reputations by seizing upon some petty smuggler on board an ocean steamer, and ruining his poor little enterprise of shawls and jewellery. But, as a rule, their practice is uncertain, unjust, and a scandal to a great country. The process of investigation is an insult to every decent man.

On entering the port you have to sign a declaration as to your baggage, and to state that you are prepared to take an oath of the truth of your statement. Then you are handed over to a set of officers who not only disregard your declaration entirely, but treat you openly as a liar and a thief. It is in no sense of personal complaint that I place this process of collecting Customs on record, for I never take into a country duty-paying goods without declaring them. Smuggling is a poor business on a small scale. When I enter into that trade I will do it in the picturesque fashion of the past on board my own ship, with an adventurous crew, and a piratical station of landing. One would have thought that "the bold smuggler," as he was wont to be called a hundred years ago, had died out. I remember being considerably astonished only two years ago on seeing a pretty little skiff brought into a creek in the Isle of Wight, England, with the broad arrow upon it. The master and his crew had been lodged in prison. They had for a long time been doing an illicit trade with France, and had amassed quite a large sum of money. It was almost a sad picture, the trim little craft, moored to a Government buoy, with the rippling waves making music on her sharp, yacht-like bow, while the iron-clad fleet went steaming by to their anchorage in Southampton Water.

The Americans themselves have many grievances against the Customs administration. The whole spirit of the regulations is harsh and offensive. *The Times* of New York has recently admitted this, and the editorial explanation is to the effect that practically the service remains as it was at the close of the war. "Very high duties had been imposed under the stress of an immediate need, and all evasion, or attempted evasion, of these was pursued with the most relentless severity. It was assumed, and not without some justice, that everybody would escape such duties if possible, and the energies of the law were directed to making escape impossible. The duties being not only high, but numerous and complicated, the utmost honesty on the part of the importer, combined with the utmost vigilance and intelligence in the service, would not always suffice to answer exactly the requirements of the law. There may be much done for the improvement of the administration in its details, and particularly in enforcing a system of appointment and promotion which will render discipline and efficiency more easily attainable. But the Custom-house will always remain a source of infinite annoyance, difficulty, and expense, largely unnecessary to our merchants so long as the Customs duties themselves are unreformed." A special grievance arises from the fact that you never know from one year to another upon what principle the Customs officials will act in regard to what may be considered art tools. Recently a correspondent, writing to an American editor, says that in December, 1879, an art student, going home after a professional tour in Europe, took home a number of photographs of art studies. They were admitted free as studio properties, or tools of trade. In June, 1880, other young artists, travelling by the same line and submitting to the same Customs officials, were charged 25 per cent. upon the value of similar tools. This correspondent declares that there is a movement on foot for making the duties upon works of art heavier than they are at present. A dozen years ago a number of American artists agitated for the purpose of putting a duty of a dollar per square inch on oil-paintings. To-day, however, there are many leading artists and men of taste who are anxious for a total abolition of taxes in this direction; and it affords me a certain amount of personal gratification to reflect that I have had many opportunities, of which I have always availed myself, of pointing out the enormous advantage that would accrue to the United States by such a policy.

If the art taste of New York were cultivated by the cheapening of pottery and china and first-class paintings, there would probably grow up a higher feeling for the stage, and for what is great and true in the drama, than exists to-day in that cosmopolitan city. You cannot cultivate one branch of art without elevating the appreciation and understanding of another. Progress in one direction has an extending influence in regard to other studies. It is the stone cast into the lake that sends a ripple to the far-off shore. There is one great thing to be said in favor of New York: it has never accepted the immoral class of farcical comedy which French art has established in London. The high respect in which American gentlemen hold their women has shielded society from the blistering influences of the "humor" of the French stage. The censorship in England is administered with such a politic deference to the undoubted genius of French dramatic authors, that the Lord Chamberlain's sanction for the production of a vicious play is regarded as a sort of official endorsement of it, and thus the public and the Press consider themselves relieved of a responsibility which in America is accepted and exercised far more vigorously than the censorship of the royal official in London.

From a moral stand-point the New York stage has a wholesome influence; but artistically it has not advanced since I made the round of its theatres four or five years ago. The Variety Show, or as we should say in London the Music Hall, has taken extensive possession of the stage. The innovation is akin to the inroad which opera bouffe made upon theatrical London, to the detriment of the stage for a generation. The theatre is not a necessity of English life: it is a necessity in America. The presence of the city's families, fathers, mothers, children, is a check upon the prurient satire of Anglo-French comedy in New York; but London has sanctioned so much that is vicious and degrading in this connection that it would seem as if we are gradually drifting into the unhealthy complaisance of certain French audiences, for whom "The Decameron" in action would hardly be too outrageous. Still, as I have said before, the drama in New York, outside this question of morality, is in a bad state. On my previous visit comedy, drama, and tragedy occupied the stages of the leading theatres. The mounting and dressing of the pieces were excellent, the acting admirable, the audiences large and appreciative. To-day minstrels and buffoons hold the temples of the drama. The Fifth Avenue had a variety show the night I visited it; so had Haverly's in another locality; the Union Square was exhibiting opera bouffe, and the other houses were advertising the lightest kind of entertainment. The general tendency was toward broad fun and negro minstrelsy. Now, one does not object to minstrels, but they should not leave their own halls. Moore and Burgess in London and the San Franciscos and Haverly's in New York are pleasant enough in their way and in their proper places; but one has a right to object to Haverly's colored people at Her Majesty's, just as one feels that they have no business to monopolize the Fifth Avenue in New York. A theatre is the pulpit of the dramatist—the temple of the play-goer. It must be a bad thing for New York when Mr. Edwin Booth has to seek "fresh fields and pastures new," leaving his beautiful theatre to "Cinderella" (an English pantomime out of season); while Mr. Lester Wallack finds himself without a managerial policy. "I like your play," said Mr. Wallack to a certain intimate friend of mine, who had read to him a new English drama; "it would suit my company; it would be a credit to all of us; but it is too high-toned for our market. The public just now must be amused; you must make them laugh; they don't want strong illustrations of life, examples of virtue triumphant and vice defeated: they want action, color, movement, laughter, and you must send them away happy. They will not have anything that is sombre. The condition of the drama is deplorable in New York at this moment." I asked permission to use his words, and he willingly accorded it to me. Agreeing with him as to the present condition of the stage in New York, I join issue as to his views of managerial duty. Wallack's should lead and guide public taste, and it would pay to do so. The public in every country goes to see whatever is really good, whether it is sombre or merry. The drama in question is a grim story, but it is founded upon the masterpiece of a master. In Mr. Wallack's opinion it is a fine dramatic work, the leading part worthy of Booth, the play a credit to the authors, and one that would do honor to any stage; yet he cannot produce it, because just now the public only likes to laugh, because variety shows are successful, because dramatic taste in New York is depraved. Mr. Wallack has done great work in his time. The name of

his theatre is more familiar on the lips of English people than that of any other American house. It is sad when an artist of his reputation and power has to admit that professional pride and artistic duty have to stand in abeyance before a vitiated and degenerate taste. Mr. Steele Mackaye is a younger and bolder man; and as there is no rule without an exception, he establishes the truth of the old saying. He has built a theatre that may well be called a temple of the drama, and he finds that the passions of pride and avarice, and the virtues of love and faith, are still talismans to move the human heart and fill the theatrical treasury. Let us hope this gleam of light in the dramatic darkness of New York will spread until it illumines the entire art sky.

V.

It is appropriate here that I should refer to the work which Mr. Mackaye has done for the United States. When Londoners first heard of Madison Square Theatre, they treated the story of the new house as a well-elaborated joke, a fairy tale, a sketch of the sort of theatre which might be found in Utopia. A double stage that has complete "sets" built upon it, and when a change of scene is required moves up into the roof or down into the cellar; an orchestra stationed above the proscenium, out of sight, which yet plays the incidental music of a drama with perfect facility; an auditorium that suggests a veritable "temple of art," with an atmosphere that is hot or cold as the seasons may require; a management that is associated with a semi-clerical directorate acknowledging the power of the stage as a preacher and a teacher. How could we, the cultured and learned of London, dream of a lesson such as this coming from New York?

The theatre is a model of architectural skill and artistic decoration. It is almost ecclesiastical in its style. Every seat in it is comfortable; cushions are not confined to stalls or boxes; the lighting is from lamps let into the walls, so that the heat of the gas is confined to the passages. The ventilation is perfect. In summer the atmosphere of the house is cooled by air pumped into it over many tons of ice. In winter it is heated with a careful regard to the barometer. During the acts the attendants hand round to every auditor who wishes it glasses of ice-water. There is not a seat in the house from which the stage cannot be thoroughly seen. The drop-curtain is a piece of needle-work from a design by Louis Tiffany. It is an exquisite picture of lake, reeds, birds, butterflies, and flowers, upon which the mind rests with a sense of calm relief. Between the elaborate sets of the first and second acts the interval is forty-five seconds, two minutes between second and third, eight minutes between third and fourth. There is a "ladies' parlor" at the head of the first flight of stairs. No fees are charged for any attention or accommodation. The front of the stage is lighted by jets enclosed in glass, that gives them the appearance of one long gleam of light; and a bank of flowers fills the place usually occupied by an orchestra in English theatres. Critics often complain of versatility, yet Mackaye, the originator of the new theatre which is to revolutionize stage mechanism, can do everything connected with a theatre from carpentry to play-writing. He has invented the new house, written the play which is running there, and has acted several of the parts in the drama.

"When I have built a second theatre in America—and I shall build a new house as superior to this as this is to any other," he said to me, standing on his double stage—"I would like to go to London and build a house for Henry Irving." The name of the actor-manager of the Lyceum Theatre, next to that of Sarah Bernhardt, is the most frequently mentioned in conversation concerning London players; and, of all English actors, Mr. Irving is the most written about and discussed in the American Press.

It is a fact favorable rather to the condition of the English as compared with the American stage that "Hazel Kirke," which has made an unprecedented run at Mr. Mackaye's theatre, is not a high-class work in any sense. It is inferior to other plays by the same author, and much of its success may be credited to Mr. Mackaye's excellent stage management, his judicious selection of the artists engaged, the mysterious novelty of the double stage, and the prestige of the theatre. "Hazel Kirke" is a play of "The Willow Copse" class. It is a melodramatic story fairly well told, and with the old Adelphi ring of noble self-denial and triumphant virtue. One night, when the author was called before the curtain on a special occasion, and he was asked for "a speech, a speech," Mr. Mackaye delivered an eloquent address on the hidden meanings and moral purpose of his play. To him it was an allegory as well as a play, on the same principle as Mr. Herbert's "Judgment of Daniel." There is the play, and there is the picture. There is enough in both for story and for entertainment, but underneath are the allegorical features; and Mackaye explained these to his audience as clearly and with as much point as Mr. Herbert discloses in the decorative works with which he is frescoing the Hall of Justice at Westminster. Mackaye's speech was a moral sermon on art as the handmaiden of virtue, and it was listened to with great appreciation by a crowded and intelligent house. The incident suggested to me many curious reflections. There was a certain unsophisticated air about the whole business, and it carried me back to boyish days, when I could sit at the Adelphi, a very sad and solemn spectator of the unnecessary trials of tearful virtue and the demoniacal sufferings of unsuccessful vice.

VI.

That which will strongly impress the English traveller who goes about with his eyes and ears open in America is the misrepresentation, alike of English and American manners and customs in both countries, by gossips and by writers. I say this with all humility, and hope I may not have my literary eyes poked out by feminine pens for adding that it is largely owing to lady writers, whose brightness and charm of expression give so much piquancy to their graphic libels on one another. How is it, for example, that the American women who write in English papers exaggerate, in their style and phrases, those peculiarities which strike the English people as vulgar, and which, put forward as Americanisms, are, nevertheless, not characteristic of good society in the United States? Recently there have been two or three American writers of the gentle sex contributing to weekly papers in London, and professing to treat English subjects from an American point of view. To make the articles stand out as specialties the writers seem anxious to give them the breadth, not to say the coarseness, that is to be found in some of the original correspondence of Western journals. And yet in each case the lady stands up, as she ought to do, for her country, alike in regard to the good taste and beauty of its women. Let me take one of the best of these American writers, not with a view to be critical, but as an example of the sort of opinions that are held by certain classes of American people. The author would probably say that the views expressed are intended to be exaggerations. They answer my purpose none the less on that account. Exaggeration, after all, only represents a little extra color, for which due allowance can be made. The American critic of English manners and customs went to Ascot. She is supposed to be an American lady of position, writing to a dear friend in Fifth Avenue. Looking into her descriptive letter on "The Human Race at Ascot" as a mirror of polite society, the English reader finds that New York ladies talk in this fashion: "The man who don't own a drag is a disgrace to his sex, and the woman who don't get invited on top of a drag is unfit for polite society."—"When we reached Windsor I screamed with delight."—"Bob wished his throat were a mile long when lunch-time arrived."—"The drags, Ella, lunch on top of themselves."—"One or two costumes nearly put my eyes out with their loud colors."—"I wasn't gotten up tremendously."—"Next year we've decided to take a house near Ascot for race week, and then, says Bob, we'll make Rome howl."

The journal in which this appears professes to be in the highest society, even consorting with royalty, and the anonymous American author (a lady of culture and literary skilfulness) is supposed to write exactly as one American young lady would write to another of her own sex and nationality. Surely this kind of burlesque is not calculated to heal the social differences of opinion as to habits and manners which always crop up between American and English women. It is certainly not calculated to make London ladies take kindly to the severe criticisms of another American author who sneers at Englishwomen for growing fat at forty, and being perpetually on the watch to marry their daughters to "swells." The truth is, both countries are very much misrepresented by writers on both sides—the desire to say something clever and amusing overcoming the duty of being honest and true. It is, for example, a clever thing to say that "I never saw such a contrast as that between the occupants of the drags and the carriages to the left. It was the difference between thorough-breds and under-breds—a difference that is nowhere so marked as in England. We have nothing of the sort. Our second and third rate people are presentable. Here they are hopeless, and this is the reason why Americans are accused of a fondness for the aristocracy. They want the best, and find it at the top."

Whenever I have heard Americans charged with a fondness for the aristocracy, the criticism has generally come from an American; and if the critic whom I just quoted thinks the aristocracy she meets are the best people in England, she has not seen Great Britain, and knows nothing of the English people. She cannot have visited the Northern counties; she cannot know the country folk of the West; she can have had no experience of the town and country homes of the Midlands. When she says the second and third rate people of England are "hopeless," she has her eyes on a London snob and her heart in an inaccessible drag. Now, it is notorious that the aristocrats whom the writer in question admires, and places above the grand old county families and the yeomen of England, are by no means types of which the higher aristocracy are proud; and she libels the sovereign people on both sides of the Atlantic when she flouts at everybody who is not born with a title. "If I were English I'd be a duke with a drag, or die." With all her boast of equality and freedom, she has eyes for nobody without a title, and for no incident that is not connected with the upper ten thousand; and yet she uses expressions that belong to the very "thirdest rate" society of New York, while preaching up American liberty as against English snobbery. Perhaps all this is done for effect, in the mere trade interest of her essays. Nevertheless, she should be reminded that a clever woman, with a pen in her hand, and the liberty of using it in a high-class London paper, owes a duty to her sex, to her country, and to international society.

It has often occurred to me that Americans in London are apt to grow jealous of each other. I fear they think it is the thing to be everlastingly in "high society," and that their English friends expect it of them. Nothing of the kind. If English people envy America one privilege more than another, it is that of one man being *per se* as good as another man. The great charm of America to me is the reality of the practice of principles of equality. Americans cannot make a greater mistake than to fancy that, to create an impression in England, they must begin by forming the acquaintance of dukes and duchesses. Now, I do not know who Mrs. ——, of New York, is. She went to Guildhall (when General Grant was entertained there) in a handsome carriage and pair. She was received by a brace of aldermen in their scarlet cloaks, and had a seat at the head table among the civic dignitaries and their guests. A number of American ladies less conspicuously placed were indignant at the distinguished position occupied by Mrs. ——. She had no right to such marked attention. She was nobody at home. If she had successfully passed the gate of St. Peter and they had been left out in the cold, they could not have

put on airs of greater injury and disgust. This is so much like English snobbism that I can only sit and wonder why New York does not send over to England more really representative people. Just as the shoddy Englishman and his family bring England into disgrace on the continent of Europe, I suspect America suffers by the rich nobodies who come here and claim to represent the distinguishing characteristics of Transatlantic life. Happily every day brings the two countries closer together; and as the real people of both hemispheres meet and begin to understand each other, striking below the snobbish surface of second-rate London society, so will their gradual discovery of the strength and beauty that lies at the root of national characteristics foster a mutual respect and esteem.

VII.

In the Anglo-American criticism of English women already mentioned, of course the old scandals are repeated that at forty English women are red and fat, and their American sisters thin and complexionless. As usual the Hawthorne libel is quoted, that after reaching a certain age English women are "beefy." Now, it is well known that this expression touched English feeling somewhat keenly, and that Hawthorne wished he had not used it, for he liked England, and always felt hereditary sympathies toward her. I am reminded of Professor Huxley's remarks on this subject at Buffalo, when he addressed there the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He said he had heard of the degeneration of the original American stock, but during this visit to the States he had failed to perceive it. He had studied the aspect of the people in steamboats, on the cars, and in the streets. He met with very much the same kind of faces as those in England, except as to the men, who shaved more than Englishmen. As to stature, he thought American men had the best of the comparison. While he would not use Hawthorne's words, he said, in respect of the size of American ladies, he thought the average of fine portly women fully as great on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. I agree with the philosopher, and to this extent, that the retaliatory criticism of "scragginess and falling off at thirty" is a libel on American ladies. I have seen more handsome women of forty in America and England than in any part of the world, and the pretty girls of America are praised in every English book of travels. As for "the figure," which some of the American writers in England say so much about, that is a mystery upon which I will not venture to enter; for London vies with New York in the ingenious manufacture of those "lines of beauty" which are advertised as necessary to the "female form divine." The other day I noticed in a leading London journal some critical reference to a "home-thrust" from a New York paper at an American lady who returns to her native land with English manners and artificialities which her countrymen do not consider an addition to her natural charms. Among other details of her foreign education, she is charged with showing off her London pronunciation in "weally" for really, and "coals" for coal. The English writer is angry at this, and says we do not say "weally" nor "coals." But my friend is wrong; we do. And it may be added that this kind of modification of the language is characteristic of some of the most pretentious "leaders of London society." "Vewy" for very is considered to be as *distingué* as "weally" for really, and the young parson at the fashionable church in my neighborhood thinks it impressive to call his congregation "dearly beloved *bwetheren*," and to tell them that the "*Scwipture* moveth" them "in *sundwy* places to acknowledge and confess," etc.; not that he is afflicted with an impediment in his speech, nor with an incompetency to pronounce his r's, but he changes them into w's from a belief that he is giving evidence of his familiarity with society. It is the fashion among this affected class to say *yaas* for yes; and I feel sure that the editorial writer who loyally retorted upon his brother of the United States is not unacquainted with the crutch-and-toothpick phrase, "quite too delightfully charming, don't you know." Not that I would for a moment intimate that he would countenance the thin kind of descriptive elaboration indulged in by a weak and flaccid intellectuality that leans in limp affectation upon a granny's stick. It must be owned that even outside "the golden youth" of the period, with its round shoulders and bloodshot eyes, there is in "polite society" a maudlin affectation of pronunciation, and a strange tendency to drawl, which may well excite the wonder of Americans and the contempt of all sensible persons. It is akin to "the Grecian bend" that obtained among English women for a season, and to the "Piccadilly crawl" of the *jeunesse doré*, which neither *Punch*, nor Mr. Toole, nor Miss Farren, nor the burlesque writers who have inspired the fun of the comic stage, have entirely eradicated to-day.

It was a good thing for the two countries, officially more perhaps than socially, General Grant's visit to England. His letter, commenting upon his reception and praising our English people, gave great satisfaction throughout the country. It was made the text of "editorials" in many leading journals, both in London and the provinces. The General's modesty, and the unpretentious way in which he accepted the honors conferred upon him, not as tributes to his own merits, but as exhibitions of friendly sympathy and regard for his country, impressed all classes with a personal respect for the man himself. Looking at him while he was receiving some marked compliment, you might fairly set him down to be one of the most unimpressionable of men; but he always speaks his few words of thanks with a genuine earnestness that comes straight from a heart evidently moved by the best impulses. The Reform Club's reception was worthy of itself, and not unworthy of the great nation which the General represents. Lord Granville presided at the House dinner, and the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., occupied the vice-chair. The members present were leaders in political life, and in proposing the toast of the evening, "The President and People of the United States," Mr. Forster said that, "in praising the people of America, he felt that he was complimenting his own countrymen." This kind of national self-satisfaction ran all through the public speeches of the time. Some critical Americans on the other side of the Atlantic, who have not travelled in England, may regard this plurality of view as objectionable; but it was meant in the best sense to be complimentary. Englishmen are undoubtedly a proud, if not a conceited, race; but when they say to America, "We are brothers; drop the word foreigner; we are proud of having you as our brother, we glory in your greatness and rejoice in your prosperity," they mean all they say, and their intention is to be genuinely fraternal. I think General Grant felt this as thoroughly as the Press of England expressed it. Even the American contemporary of the critic previously quoted unconsciously confessed the genial influence of all this; for in her latest article on English people and Americans she touched my own sentiments nearly, when she said she had sometimes thought that the true American gentleman is, in some respects, the finest specimen of his kind in the world. "He has no temptation to be a snob, because it is part of his creed that there is no social position anywhere which outranks his own. A certain liberality is born in him—in so large a country intolerance would not be at home. He is chivalrous, too; for chivalry belongs to the youth of nations, and America is young. When he loves, there is no conflict between his love and his pride. He is as proud of his self-surrender as another man might be of his obstinacy. Generous, fearless, unselfish, and cultured, I should say he had not his peer anywhere, had I not met in England men worthy to be his brother—good enough, and gentle enough, and chivalrous enough, to have been born in America." This is the way to get at the hearts that beat with responsive manliness on both sides of the Atlantic. It is the truth, and there is no need to hold the truth back in an international discussion of men and manners, here or in the States. And that everlasting wrangle about the two methods of speaking the English language—Madame puts the case with point and spirit:

"We have been told always that the love of fair-play is inherent in the English mind; but it is not fair-play, or fair judgment, to found one's conceptions of the American character on the satires of the dramatists, or to judge the gentlemen and ladies of a nation by the drift-wood which some wave of good fortune often sends to your shores. I have myself met, in London society, such Americans as I should never, by any chance, encounter at home—men whose adverbs and adjectives had embraced each other till they were in a state of hopeless confusion, and whose manners were as odious as their neckties were flashy and vulgar. I have seen well-bred Englishwomen smile on these men, condoning their vulgarities as American eccentricities, and quite unaware that they were opening their doors to persons who no more belonged to good society at home than they were fitted for it here. To see men of this sort regarded as specimen Americans, and to hear one's country judged accordingly, is one of the gad-fly stings which try the patience and the temper of Americans who know better."

I commend this to persons, on both sides, who insist upon taking their representative men and women from non-representative quarters. Both countries have enough sins to answer for without dragging into the general account invented grievances and exaggerated blemishes.

VIII.

Among all the graceful tributes to England which have been published since Washington Irving's time, nothing more eloquent or touching has appeared than "A Trip to England," by that delightful lyrist and good fellow, Mr. William Winter. The volume is made up from letters contributed to the *New York Tribune*. They are issued this year in an *édition de luxe*, with illustrations by Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the actor, whose "Rip Van Winkle" is not more delicate in artistic finish than are his black-and-white sketches of London. In a brief preface to these letters we are told that "their writer passed ten weeks of the summer of 1877 in England and France, where he met with a great and surprising kindness, and where he saw many beautiful and memorable things," the desire to commemorate which led to the republication of this *Tribune* correspondence. The volume needs no apology. The beauties of England, and the sympathetic language that the poet finds in her gurgling streams, her song-birds, her whispering woods, and in the echoes of her gray cathedrals and moss-grown ruins of ancient hall and castle, find a deep and fervent expression in Mr. Winter's book. As witness—

"England contains many places like Windsor; some that blend, in even richer amplitude, the elements of quaintness, loveliness, and magnificence. The meaning of them all is, as it seemed to me, the same: that romance, and beauty, and gentleness are not effete, but forever vital; that their forces are within our own souls, and ready and eager to find their way into all our thoughts, actions, and circumstances, and to brighten for every one of us the face of every day; that they ought rather to be relegated to the distant and the past, not kept for our books and day-dreams alone; but—in a calmer and higher mood than is usual in this age of universal mediocrity, critical scepticism, and miscellaneous tumult—should be permitted to flow out into our architecture, adornments, and customs, to hallow and preserve our antiquities, to soften our manners, to give us tranquillity, patience, and tolerance, to make our country lovable for our own hearts, and so to enable us to bequeath it, sure of love and reverence, to succeeding ages."

The sentiment of admiration and respect for old English ways, for the frank simplicity of country people, and for the cherished love of home which inspires them; for their quiet, restful manners, their veneration for authority, their pious faith in tradition, and their substantial manliness; the charm of the nooks and corners of

the upper Thames, the green lanes and hedgerows of country places; the glorious and historic spots, and the general intellectual movement which the dwelling-places of never-dying greatness had excited in the American poet's nature: all this was still active in his mind when I sat with him at the window of his cottage on Staten Island, in the autumn of last year, looking out to sea, and fixing our gaze upon the point where all the great ocean steamers appear coming inward, and disappear going outward. Many a ship has been tenderly watched from that little observatory as it sailed away to Europe—not one more affectionately than that which contained Winter's bosom friend, Edwin Booth:

> "His bark will fade in mist and night
> Across the dim sea-line,
> And coldly in our aching sight
> The solemn stars will shine—
> All, all in mournful silence, save
> For ocean's distant roar—
> Heard where the slow, regretful wave
> Sobs on the lonely shore."

No ship ever went out into the great waters carrying homeward English travellers more sensitively alive to the generous qualities of the American people than myself and my fellow-voyager, nor more deeply impressed with the splendid destiny that awaits the United States in the future, when, having established their financial prosperity, Americans begin to think, with the poet, of the pleasurable duty of those art-adornments of town and village which help to redeem life from "the tyranny of commonplace," to raise a people's aspirations above sordid ambitions, and which hand down to posterity humanizing legacies of poetry and peace.

II.

REPRESENTATIVE TRAITS AND REPRESENTATIVE CITIES.

The Treatment of Women and Children.—"Diamond Cut Diamond."—Characteristic Phrases.—Capping an Extravagance.—The Story of a Braggart.—Freedom and Hope.—The Great Cities.—Chicago's Child-like Jealousy of New York.—Irish Agitation against England.—The Custom of Ulster.—International Criticism.—Studying Repartee.—The Garden City.—A Wonderful Revival.—The City of the Golden Gate.—Post-office Absurdities.—Oysters.

I.

THE rule in America is restlessness. The opposite obtains in England. The old country is, therefore, peculiarly attractive to many persons who have lived their lives in America and want rest. The intensity of life in the cities is especially apparent in Chicago. All the town seems to be perpetually "on the rush." There is a drawbridge that crosses one of the chief thoroughfares. The traffic is detained while it opens and shuts. Scores of men leap from the cars and try to get over while it is moving. Not that they really facilitate their progress, for they have eventually to wait for the cars to cross; but they must "get on." It is as if some demon of motion was behind everybody in Chicago, there is such a general onward stampede in the prairie city. But let it be said in their honor that the men are never in too great a hurry to neglect any opportunity of being polite to women. And this must be said generally for the men of the United States. Their natural gallantry toward the sex, their consideration for women of every class and station, puts to shame the most polished nations of Europe. A woman may travel alone from one end of the States to another, and every man seems pledged to her safety and comfort. The fact that she is alone gives her immunity from insult. In London a pretty girl or a well-dressed woman cannot walk along any leading thoroughfare without being insulted by word or look half a dozen times.* The rudeness of men toward women in omnibuses and on railways, and their impertinence to them in the streets, are a burning disgrace to a nation which boasts of its manhood, and glories in its advanced civilization. The women of America do not quite appreciate the deference and respect which they receive at the hands of their countrymen. They are too apt to accept special courtesies as a right. No wonder many of them dislike England, where men often give them an equality of position with themselves, letting them fight their own way in a crowded railway depot or omnibus station, without the slightest acknowledgment of the privilege of the stronger sex, which is to be kind and gentle in the treatment of the weaker. Yet a pretty American girl once said to me, "I admire an English husband, because he does not let his wife fool him, as an American husband does; but I wouldn't marry an Englishman; I should be afraid of him."

II.

Is it not a strange anomaly, this British rudeness to women going hand-in-hand with traits of nobility that have wrung tributes of admiration from foreign critics innumerable? And is there not a theme worthy of philosophic consideration in the fact that the New World, in spite of its toil and drudgery, notwithstanding the absence of the civilizing influences of ancient hall and castle, so necessary to existence, according to Ruskin; that this busy people, clearing forests, making roads, building up towns and cities, in the midst of all kinds of vulgar drawbacks, with the scum of Europe continually pouring in upon them from all quarters: is it not an evidence of a capacity for the very highest civilization that this people has kept, pure as gold, its respect for women, and, true as steel, its love for little children? Its courtesy to women, its manly recognition of her weakness, runs into extremes, as does its generous treatment of children. Women who agitate for additional "rights" in America are poor, unappreciative creatures who have not studied the lot of their sisters in other lands. The unwritten laws of justice to women in America are stronger than all that has been set down for their protection in the statute-books of England. Christ's appeal for little children would seem to have settled deep down into the heart of every American man. There is, however, such a thing as "killing with kindness," and there is no impartial traveller but must see that the indulgences of childish whims and childish tempers are excessive and injurious. "Helen's Babies," which tickled the parental fancy in England, is generally regarded, on this side of the Atlantic, as a humorous exaggeration. It is not; they are typical American children, these little ones of the Transatlantic author. Fletcher of Saltoun, who wanted to write the songs of a nation in preference to its laws, would have included in these days also its anecdotes; for American stories have a large national influence, and are eminently characteristic. Great homage is paid to the wit of children in American anecdote, and "smartness" is the quality in boys which is most frequently illustrated and dwelt upon. Take, for example, a story I heard, among other good things, over a pleasant American dinner-table:

A Detroit grocer was hungrily waiting for his clerk to return from dinner, that he too might partake of his own noon-day meal, when a boy came into the store, with a basket in his hand, and said,

"I seed a boy grab up this 'ere basket from the door and run, and I run after him and made him give it up."

"My lad, you are an honest boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And you look like a good boy."

"Yes, sir."

"And good boys should always be encouraged. In a box in the back room there are eight dozen eggs. You may take them home to your mother and keep the basket."

The grocer had been saving these eggs for days and weeks to reward some one. In rewarding a good boy he also got eight dozen bad eggs carried out of the neighborhood free of cost, and he chuckled as he walked homeward.

The afternoon waned, night came and went, and once more the grocer went to his dinner. When he returned his face wore a contented and complacent smile. His eye caught a basket of eight dozen eggs as he entered the store, and he queried,

"Been buying some eggs?"

"Yes; got hold of those from a farmer's boy," replied the clerk.

"A lame boy, with a blue cap on?"

"Yes."

"Two front teeth out?"

"Yes."

The grocer sat down and examined the eggs. The shells had been washed clean, but they were the same eggs which the good boy had "lugged" home the day before.

III.

Just as the anecdotes of the people are full of illustrations of their patience with children and their admiration of the awakening intellect of boyhood, so is the bent of their thought and occupation evidenced in the popular phrases and metaphors of the time. Their similes are mostly taken from the practices of trade, the slang of the showman, and the shibboleths of religion. "Who is bossing this business?" "Who is running this show?" "Who is engineering this thing?" In England the military and naval spirit of the people would give us as equivalents for these phrases, "Who is in command here?" "Who is the captain of this ship?" "Who is the chief in this affair?" The speculative habits of the people give us in the political oratory of the country such well-understood remarks as "I don't take any stock in it," while the game of poker furnishes many illustrative phrases that help to point morals and adorn tales. "Bluffing" has no end of hidden meaning for a crowd. Negro-minstrelsy entertainers well know its value. "You don't play that on me!" is the repartee for any attempt at cozenage or practical joking. When a man tells a humorous story he is said to have "got off a good thing;" when he dies he "passes in his checks." There is less respect for human life in America than in England. Innumerable stories testify to this; and the humorous history of two strangers, each having murdered the other's relative, may be taken as an illustration in point, with this advantage, that it is an example of the common and ready habit of "capping" an extravagant statement, which is quite a speciality of American humor. The two strangers in question were toasting their shins on opposite sides of a big stove in a ferry waiting-room, and it was noticed that they often looked at each other, as if almost certain that they had met before. Finally one of them got up and said,

"Stranger, I've seen a face almost like yours. Did you ever have a brother Bill?"

"Yes."

"Was he a sailor?"

"He was."

"Did you hear of him last about ten years ago?"

"Yes, just about ten years ago."

"Stranger," continued the first, seemingly greatly affected, "I've sailed with your brother Bill. We were wrecked together on the Pacific, and before help came I had to kill and eat him! I knew you must be related. I'm awful sorry it was your brother; and, though I was driven to it, and the law can't touch me, I'm willing to pay you damages. Be kinder fair with me, for Bill was old and tough. About how much do you think is fair?"

* "He is not confined to any particular class of society—the cad; though Clytie rarely encountered but one representative of the great lying, sneaking, selfish family. You meet the thing which pestered her most frequently west of Temple Bar. It delights to walk in Belgravia. Regent Street and Piccadilly are its special haunts. The most despicable form of the cad is the two-legged animal that walks from the hips, with rounded arms and insolent swagger, and seems devoted to the amusement of annoying respectable women and girls who find themselves alone in the West-End streets. Poor Clytie! This eye-glassed, stay-laced creature, called a fashionable man; this haw-hawing, blue-eyed nonentity sorely beset her, filling her with fear, and bringing the tears into her eyes. It is true she had been accustomed to admiration in Dunelm; but the rude, vulgar, leering stare of the London 'swell' in stays was a new and terrible sensation to her. It almost frightened her as much as the otter scared Mr. Kingsley's water-baby. I wonder honest men with wives and sisters, honest men who honor their mothers, have not long ago united themselves in a vow to exterminate this creeping vermin of the streets, which is a blot upon manhood and a curse to society."—*Clytie* (1874).

The other wiped a tear from his eye, expectorated across the stove, and replied,

"Stranger, where is your dad?"

"Been dead these twelve years."

"Died in Nevada, didn't he?"

"Yes, out there somewhere."

"Well, I killed him! I knew you were his son the minute I saw you. He and I were in a mine one day, and as we were going up in a bucket I saw that the old rope was going to break under the strain. When we were up about two hundred feet, I picked up your old dad and dropped him over. It was bad on him, but it saved me. Now, you ate my brother Bill, and I murdered your dad, and I guess we had better call it even, and shake to see who pays for the drinks."

They shook and drank, while "the old lake captains who could not tell a lie had to sit back and realize how sad it was that they were born with such tender consciences."

The love of fun, written, spoken, acted, is a powerful factor in American life, and the entire Press of the Republic administer to it. But there are journals which are especially devoted to the invention and narration of amusing stories and quaint conceits. The *Detroit Free Press*, the *Burlington Hawkeye*, and the *Danbury News* are foremost among these papers; and it is suggestive of the direction in which popular thought and action run, that their stories deal largely with religious cant, with card-sharping, with trade swindles, clever boys, and objectionable mothers-in-law. They frequently hit very hard a national vice, a time-serving politician, or a social abuse; and their satire is never more telling than when it strikes a sham or a braggart. I do not know at the moment who is the author of the following story. It is worthy of Mark Twain. I found it in a local newspaper that was smuggled into the cars by a smart newsboy at a little town between New York and Pittsburgh. "I ain't no right to be here, and I'll have to make tracks, you bet, if the conductor comes along," he said; "but I can't sell none outside; won't you take one?" I did, and, as in most other cases of local newspapers, I found the facetiæ columns the most prominent. In the earliest English provincial newspapers you find, first and foremost, foreign news and despatches from the seat of European wars. In the pioneer sheets of new American towns the leading features are funny anecdotes, strange romances, and sanguinary tragedies. "The First Man" is the title of the story which offers one of the best satirical examples of brag which I came across in my miscellaneous reading on the cars travelling west.

Some repairs were needed to the engine when a certain railway train reached Reno, and while the passengers were taking a philosophical view of the delay, and making themselves as comfortable as possible in the waiting-room, in walked a native. He was not a native Indian, nor a native grizzly, but a native Nevadian, and he was "rigged out" in imperial style. He wore a bear-skin coat and cap, buckskin leggings and mocassins, and in his belt was a big knife and two revolvers. There was lightning in his eye and destruction in his walk. As he sauntered up to the red-hot stove, and "scattered tobacco-juice" over it, a dozen passengers looked pale with fear. Among the travellers was a car-painter from Jersey City, and after surveying the native for a moment he coolly inquired,

"Aren't you afraid you'll fall down and hurt yourself with those weapons?"

"W-what?" gasped the native.

"I suppose they sell such outfits as you've got on at auction out here, don't they?" continued the painter.

"W-what d'ye mean?—who ar' ye?" demanded the native, as he walked around the stove and put on a terrible look.

"My name is Logwood," was the calm reply, "and I mean that if I were you I'd crawl out of those old duds, and put on some decent clothes."

"Don't talk that way to me, or you won't live a minit!" exclaimed the native, as he "hopped around." "Why, you homesick coyote, I'm Grizzly Dan, the heaviest Indian-fighter in the world! I was the first white man in the Black Hills! I was the first white man among the Modocs!"

"I don't believe it!" flatly replied the painter. "You look more like the first white man down to the dinner-table!"

The native drew his knife, put it back again, glared around, and then asked,

"Stranger, will ye come over behind the ridge and shoot and slash till this thing is settled?"

"You bet I will!" replied the man from Jersey, as he rose up. "Just pace right out, and I'll follow."

Every man in the room jumped to his feet in wild excitement. The native started for the back door; but when he found the car-painter at his heels, with a six-barrelled Colt in his hand, he halted and said,

"Friend, come to think of it, I don't want to kill you, and have your widow come on me for damages."

"Go right ahead—I'm not a married man," replied the painter.

"But you've got relatives, and I don't want no lawsuits to bother me just as spring is coming."

"I'm an orphan, without a relative in the world!" shouted the Jerseyite.

"Well, it would be a week's work to dig a grave at this season of the year. I think I'll break a rib or two for you, smash your nose, gouge out your left eye, and let it go at that!"

"That suits me to a dot!" said the painter. "Gentlemen, please stand back, and some of you shut the door of the ladies' room!"

"I was the first man to attack a grizzly bear with the bowie-knife," remarked the native as he looked around. "I was the first man to discover silver in Nevada. I made the first scout up Powder River. I was the first man to make hunting-shirts out of the skins of Pawnee Indians. I don't want to hurt this man, as he seems kinder sad and downhearted, but he must apologize to me."

"I won't do it!" cried the painter.

"Gentlemen, I never fight without taking off my coat, and I don't see any nail to hang it on," said the native.

"I'll hold it—I'll hold it!" shouted a dozen voices in chorus.

"And another thing," continued the native, "I never fight in a hot room. I used to do it years ago, but I found it was running me into a consumption. I always do my fighting out-doors now."

"I'll go out with you, you old rabbit-killer!" exclaimed the painter, who had his coat off.

"That's another deadly insult, to be wiped out in blood! I see I must finish you! I never fight around a depot, though. I go out on the prairie, where there is a chance to throw myself."

"Where's your prairie? Lead the way!" howled the crowd.

"It wouldn't do *you* any good," replied the native, as he leaned against the wall. "I always hold a ten-dollar gold piece in my mouth when I fight, and I haven't got one to-day—in fact, I'm dead broke."

"Here's a gold piece!" said a tall man, holding the metal.

"I'm a thousand times obleeged," mournfully replied the native, shaking his head. "I never go into a fight without putting red paint on my left ear for luck; and I haven't any red paint by me, and there isn't a bit in Reno."

"Are—you—going—to—fight?" exclaimed the car-painter, reaching out for the bear-skin cap.

"I took a solemn oath when a boy never to fight without painting my left ear," protested the Indian-killer. "You wouldn't want me to go back on my solemn oath, would you?"

"You're a cabbage, a squash, a pumpkin dressed up in leggings!" contemptuously remarked the car-painter, putting on his coat.

"Yes, he's a great coward," remarked several others, as they turned away.

"I'll give ten thousand dollars for ten drops of red paint!" shrieked the native. "Oh, why is it that I have no red paint for my ear when there is such a chance to go in and kill?"

A big blacksmith from Illinois took him by the neck and "run him out," and he was seen no more for an hour. But just before the train started, and after all the passengers had taken their seats, the "first man" reappeared on the platform. He had another bowie-knife in his belt, and in his right hand he flourished a tomahawk. There was red paint on his left ear, his eyes rolled, and in a terrible voice he called out,

"Where is that man Logwood? Let him come out here and meet his doom!"

"Is that you? Count me in!" replied the car-painter, as he rushed for the door, leaped down, and was pulling off his overcoat again, when the native began to retreat, calling out,

"I'll get my hair cut and be back here in seventeen seconds. I never fight with long hair. I promised my dying mother I wouldn't do it!"

When the train rolled away he was seen flourishing his tomahawk around his head in the wildest manner.

One night, when Mr. H. L. Bateman was entertaining Mark Twain at his hospitable little house at Kensington, an eminent tragedian told the company a humorous story. It was so good that I suggested to the American author that he should make a note of it as a specimen of English wit. He smiled blandly, took out a pocket-book, and did so. The next day I discovered the anecdote in one of Twain's own books. If the gentle and indulgent reader should have a similar experience in regard to the above, I hope it may not take the edge off the excellence of the satire. It is a good, wholesome trait of America, as well as of England, that the people know and recognize their own failings and shortcomings. American weaknesses are nowhere more sharply criticised and burlesqued than in America. Nobody is so severe on the follies and misdeeds of Great Britain as the English themselves.

IV.

American cities are very much alike in their ground-plans, architecture, and furniture. They have all a similar aspect or physiognomical likeness; though they have specialities in the way of distinctive streets and individual buildings. They strike an English traveller as very new. The stores and houses all seem characteristic of the push and go of the people. There is a wonderful accessibility about them. Nothing is fenced in. Suburban villas have their gardens, where there are any, practically open to the road. Barriers of all kinds are regarded as an offence. You can "walk right in" and "interview" anybody in America, from the President downward. "Not at home" and "Engaged" do not belong to the white-lying vocabulary of the United States. "Go right in" is the invitation you receive on the threshold of every bureau or office where you have business, and there is nothing more agreeable to a stranger than this freedom of intercourse and the frankness of business men. There is nothing like it in London, where honest men fret their hearts out trying to get at the heads of departments in the pursuit of their calling. It is an old story in England, the heartless obstructions placed in the path of young inventors, authors, and others seeking for recognition. In America anybody, everybody, is considered entitled to a hearing. "Why do we get along so well in this great establishment, and how is it every man and boy about the place looks so earnest and so hopeful?" asked the chief of a remarkable New York institution, repeating my question. "Because every boy and man in the place knows that he has a clear prospect of advancement. If the lad who sweeps the office comes to me to-morrow morning and says, 'Sir, I think I have discovered a plan whereby you can save an hour or a dollar in a particular operation,' I should listen to him with respect and attention. In your country, I am told, he would very likely be kicked out of the place for his impertinence." He had struck the true cause of much of the hopelessness of the prevailing toil among the English masses.

New York is the most cosmopolitan of the American cities. Boston claims to be the Athens of the United States. Washington, the seat of Government, is stately and diplomatic. Philadelphia is the Manchester and Liverpool of

America. Chicago has given itself several romantic and flattering titles, including "the Garden City," "the Prairie City," and "the Phœnix City." San Francisco is the commercial metropolis of California: it is the Golden Gate of Wonderland. New York is something like Paris, with a touch of the backwoods, the latter represented by gaunt, untrimmed telegraph poles, the former by Madison Square, Union Square, and Fifth Avenue. Philadelphia suggests the Quaker element of Sunderland and Darlington under the pressure of a great industrial destiny. Washington is Washington. If you want to study the curious ways and manners of the office-seeker, and the depth of ignominy in which he is content to wallow to live, go and spend a few months in "the city of magnificent distances." At the same time you will find Washington a lively city, especially during the sitting of the national parliament. Unchecked by the conventionalism of the capitals of the Old World, you will be delighted or disappointed, according to the nature of your moral constitution, by the freedom of Washington society. Chicago continually calls to mind the simile of the phœnix rising from the ashes; but, instead of that clean, smug bird of the insurance placards, it is a bird that has been mauled somewhat under the efforts of the firemen to keep the ashes from smouldering. The Chicago bird finds its pinions wet and muddy, as yet under the struggle of adverse fire and water; but it will rise aloft one day, and its perch should be the top of one of those wonderful ladders which the stalwart firemen run out and climb before you can fairly consult your stop-watch and time the operation. The picturesque has not yet spread the charm of its gentle spirit over American cities; but is moving on the face of things in San Francisco, where the despised Chinamen and miners from all the nations of the world lend their dress and gait to the car-bustle of the streets and the boot-blacks "on the corner" in a miscellaneous contrast of form and color. They are all busy cities, each jealous of the other. There is almost a childish simplicity in the way in which Chicago discounts the pretensions of all her rivals. "New York!" exclaimed a prominent citizen, when I remarked that Chicago might some day be as fine a city as New York. "We don't compare ourselves with New York; we consider we are ahead of them anyhow. There is only one city we stand in competition with, and that is your London." I said the ambition to rival London was laudable, but perhaps a little wild. He did not think so; not that he had ever seen London. Had it as fine a street as State Street? Did it have as many main tracks of railway run through it? Had it as good a fire service? Had it as many telephones at work? These and a hundred other questions he asked me, firing them off with marvellous volubility. It pleased him greatly to learn that I considered the fire brigade system of Chicago was ahead of the whole world, New York included, and that I had never seen anything like its telephonic arrangements. With regard to London there is this to be said, that there is nothing to be said. A Londoner never feels called upon to brag about London. An Englishman, as a rule, is generally found criticising it adversely, but with a certain amount of unconscious pride in its greatness and its power. New York is the second or third largest German city in the world, and it has a larger Irish population than Dublin.

Whatever latent ill-feeling may still exist in America against England is fanned and kept alive by the Irish.

"I train up my sons," said an Irish-American to me on a New York ferry-boat, "to handle a rifle, and with one eternal vow on their lips to use it one day in the invasion of England."

"And do you think that day will ever come?"

"As surely as the righteous shall find their reward in heaven!"

"Were you born in Ireland?"

"No, I saw daylight first in New York."

"You have never been to England?"

"No, nor to Ireland; but I live in the blessed hope of seeing both."

"On that day when you invade the Saxon land?"

"If I don't live to see it my boys will; but the time is nearer than you think."

"Do you know that there are thousands of educated and patriotic Irishmen who regard such men as you as the curse of their country, and that they believe England is anxious and willing to do all she can to content Ireland, and make her prosperous?"

"Do I believe that the leopard can change its spots? I tell you, sir, that England is a —— tyrant, and that she has ground an iron heel on the neck of my country from the first day she got power over us till this very day; and that she is a—"

I cannot print the epithets he applied to England. When I told him that Irishmen had no disabilities under the law, and that they filled many of the chief offices of Government and the Bench; that they held distinguished positions in London, on the Press, at the Bar, in art and in literature, he ascribed their advancement to English ignorance, which failed in competition with Irish ability, and he would not allow one single redeeming quality to the men or women of England. He is not, I fear, an exceptional person among the Irish in America. They are actively at work against England, individually and collectively. They subscribe funds in support of all kinds of seditious organizations. The lower classes in the United States believe that there are Irish armies ready to "march on London," just as the peasants of Sligo and Connaught imagine that America is getting troops ready to send to their aid. Much of this invasion fever is kept up by agents at work in the interest of the various funds that are collected for the work of "breaking the Saxon yoke." Far be it from my intention to slight the honest efforts of earnest Irishmen for the advancement of their country. I am not going to defend the misrule of the past nor the feeble efforts of the present; but the idea sought to be propagated in America that the English nation does not sympathize with distressed Ireland, that we are not anxious to help her, that we are not ready to do her justice, that we have no feeling for her woes, and that we are a set of self-seeking tyrants, is nonsense too absurd for serious consideration, were it not proclaimed every day among the Irish in America, and printed in their journals for general circulation.

V.

Talking to many Irishmen upon what is called the Irish Question, I found generally that they are only conversant with the wrongs their forefathers had suffered, and that these are greatly exaggerated. The same fault exists on both sides of the Atlantic. If, instead of posing as cheap martyrs, Mr. Parnell and his party (an insignificant minority even among the Irish members—35 to 105) had kept clearly before England the grievances of the Irish tenant and the remedies necessary for his contentment, they would have done a great and useful work. I am not prepared to say that their action does not possess a substratum of utility. Their follies even have helped to induce people to study the Irish Question, and one might, therefore, have forgiven them if in their zeal for Ireland they had not forced the British Parliament to hamper the privileges of debate with such checks and limitations as to destroy that splendid margin of liberty for speech and action which has been its boast and pride for centuries.

It is not generally understood on either side what are the demands of those Irish tenants who ask for the Ulster Custom; and the ingratitude of the so-called Irish party toward Mr. Gladstone is singularly illustrative of the difficulties that obstruct the path of any minister who strives to solve what is called the Irish Land Question. Mr. Gladstone is the only minister since the Union who has really approached the point at which Ireland is to be satisfied. He disestablished the Protestant Church. That was a great concession, but, like Catholic Emancipation, it still left the Irish tenant at the mercy of the landlord. Thereupon Mr. Gladstone gave them a Land Act, which swept away the grievance of having to get the consent of a "Commissioner of Improvements" for new works on his farm in order to recover compensation on eviction. It settled forever the question of "prospective" and "retrospective" improvements. It gave the tenant free and unfettered property rights in his improvements. In seventy years not so much had been done. It made evictions difficult and dear; "but," as Mr. O'Brien in his recent work on the land question says,* "the Act was curative rather than preventive. It left the landlord in possession of the old powers, which he often abused, but at the same time provided means, not previously in existence, of fining him when he did wrong." But the penalties seem to have fallen as lightly upon them, and by raising rents on improved property they have been enabled to recoup themselves for the fines they have had to pay on evictions; while, on the other hand, the tenants have not been properly compensated. They have been obliged to go to law to get their money, and litigation has been made for them tedious and expensive. There are many instances of persecution by small landlords and needy proprietors in the records of the law courts, while the rich owners can "worry" to any extent an evicted tenant suing for compensation. This ought not to be; and what the tenant claims to-day, and what he has always felt to be his due, is that "the rights of possession" shall be as sacred as "the rights of property." He maintains that he has as much right to deal with "possession" as the landlord has with "property," and that, paying a fair rent settled on a fair basis, he ought to be as free and fixed in his rights as the landlord is in his; and that, when a spiteful or greedy owner disturbs him in his tenancy, he should have legal power to dispose of the possession without interference from the landlord. This is undoubtedly the tenant's view, and it has, at least, the merit of being clear and distinct, though I have failed to gather that this is the Irish "platform" from the speeches of Irish members. It is not for me to say whether the Irish tenant is right or wrong. John Stuart Mill said he was right. "The Irish circumstances and the Irish ideas as to social and agricultural economy," he said, "are the general ideas and circumstances of the human race. It is the English ideas and circumstances that are peculiar. Ireland is in the main stream of human existence and human feeling and human opinion. It is England that is in one of the lateral channels." Whether their ideas are right or wrong, Mr. O'Brien says, "the Irish peasantry have held them for three hundred years, and the fact of their existence must be recognized and dealt with. For three hundred years the English Government have stood by and championed the landlords, and what has been the result? The estrangement and disaffection of a people whose 'foible,' to use the language of Swift, 'is loyalty.'"

It has been said over and over again that the general adoption of the Custom of Ulster would give Ireland all she asks for, and to-day it is argued, by the one practical Irishman who has written upon the subject, that everything required to secure "the sacred rights of possession" can be maintained under the Ulster law. He is very explicit on the point. "In Ulster," he says, "'sacred rights' of possession are acknowledged, and 'sacred rights' of property remain inviolate." Then, in Heaven's name, one naturally asks, what objection can there be to enacting in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught laws which are found to work well, and to give peace and prosperity to Ulster? Let us, with Mr. O'Brien, study this lesson of Ulster. Some three hundred years ago there was a land question in the North of Ireland as there is to-day in the South. The old one was very much like this new one. On the accession of James I. regular tenure of land in Ireland was unknown, and the more industrious the tenant the more likely he was to be turned out of his holding, that it might be let, through his improvements, for more money. So that just as

* "The Parliamentary History of the Irish Land Question." By R. Barry O'Brien. London, 1880.

uncertainty of tenure was the evil to be remedied in Ulster in 1603, so is that the question to-day in those parts of Ireland where the Ulster custom is not acknowledged. Elizabeth left Ireland in "barbarism and desolation." James tried to "reclaim" the country. James sent Sir John Davis and Sir Arthur Chichester to do the necessary work, Sir Arthur as the ambassador, Sir John as his secretary. The province of Ulster they found was "the most rude and unreformed." Here the "tenancies-at-will" system existed. They thought it a bad system, chiefly because it worked ill against England by enabling the great landed chiefs to raise multitudes of troops, while in Ireland great territorial lords could not do this so easily, because their tenants had rights in their holdings, and would not hazard the loss of their sheep and corn, and "the undoing of themselves, for the best landlord in England." At the same time the two English ministers saw that a good honest Tenancy Act would pacify Ulster, and Sir John's first despatch to England concluded with a hope that in the next Parliament an Act would be passed enjoining "every great lord to make such certain durable estates to his tenants which would be good for themselves, good for their tenants, and good for the Commonwealth." Tyrone's flight, and the wholesale confiscations of land that followed, afforded Chichester and Davis good opportunity for commencing their work "of plantation." They were quick and shrewd in accepting it. A royal proclamation was issued, assuring the tenants of the fugitive earls that they should not be disturbed in their peaceable possession "so long as they demeaned themselves as dutiful subjects." The Receiver appointed to get in the rents of the exiled earls was instructed to make it appear that the King would be a more gracious landlord than Tyrone. Then followed Chichester's proposal to establish colonies of Scotch and English as well as Irish people, and its sufficient endorsement by the Privy Council to enable Chichester to push on with his work. His chief instructions were to settle the natives in large proportions on the lands, and to diminish the power of the landlords, to cut down large estates, and to establish an independent body of small freeholders. Despite the comfortable way in which he was allowed to begin his work, Chichester had many difficulties to contend with, owing to an active party who opposed him at home, "the party of extermination," who favored the Elizabethan habit of "the strong arm." The Southern landlords applied for grants in the North. They were rigorously opposed by Chichester, who knew that their conduct in the South had not tended much in the direction of pacification. Only one great English lord succeeded in getting a grant to "plant" and "reclaim" in the North. This was Lord Say; but the Scottish lords received large gifts, including Lord Ochiltre, 3000 acres in Tyrone; Earl Abercorn, 3000; Duke of Lennox, 3000; and Lord Minto, 1000 in Donegal. There were many other grants to Scotch noblemen. Their representatives soon arrived, and the business of allotment was commenced. Faith was not kept with the natives. Chichester complained bitterly of this in his despatches to the Government. He brought about a compromise to this extent, that the settlement on the soil should consist of a mixture of Irish, English, and Scotch, modified by the imported conditions that the English and Scotch should have the "fat" lands, and the Irish the "lean." The total number of acres settled was 511,465: of these the English and Scotch had 209,000, and 110,330 were granted to servitors and natives. Reservations were made for schools and for the clergy. The average number of acres held by each person was between 1000 and 2000. Queen Elizabeth's grants in Munster were enormous compared to James's in Ulster. For example, she gave Sir Christopher Hatton 10,000 acres, Sir Walter Raleigh 13,000, Sir W. Herbert Kerry 24,000, and several other lords 10,000 and 11,000 each. "The economical grants of James I. in Ulster," says Mr. O'Brien, "were productive of results as beneficial to Ulster as the extravagant grants of Elizabeth had been productive of results injurious to Munster." The latter led to absenteeism, the former to a resident proprietary. The Ulster landlords stayed at home in Ireland and attended to their affairs. Chichester knew that a contented tenantry was the secret of a successful establishment of a contented landocracy; and, with Sir John Davis, he took special care "to settle and secure the under-tenants." He induced the Privy Council to insert in every grant to the landlords a condition binding them, under pain of forfeiture, to make "certain estates to their tenants at certain rents." Tenancies-at-will were prohibited, and "fixity of tenure" made law. This was effected three centuries ago; and out of the wise and able work of Chichester comes the existing Custom of Ulster, which is something more than fixity of tenure.

It would seem that, whatever they may be to-day, the early landlords of Ireland under English rule were, in a large majority of cases, overbearing and dishonest to their tenants. Their bad conduct, however, in Ulster helped to strengthen the position of the tenant, and to give him to-day those "rights" of possession which we are told by authorities are all the present agitating tenants require.

When the new owners were planted in full possession under James, they began to break their agreements, and in 1618 Captain Pynnar, who had the full confidence of the Crown, was despatched to Ulster to inquire into the state of things, and report. He found that the landlords, generally, had not kept faith with the tenants, and that as a consequence the tenants, both English and Irish, were neglecting to properly cultivate the soil, "neither ploughing nor using husbandry nor tillage, because they are uncertain of their stay. The British who have built houses at their own charge have no estates, which is such a discouragement that they are minded to depart." And, in fact, many of the British did depart. They were more of "home birds" than the Scotch. The Irish had nowhere else to go. The farms of the British mostly fell into the hands of the Scotch, though some were secured by the Irish, and out of the changes thus brought about came the sales of "good-will" from one tenant to another, which has resulted in the "rights of possession" feature of "the Custom of Ulster" as it now exists. The English were glad to go home, and evidently contented to make enough money out of the Scotch or Irish (by handing over their tenancies) to pay their expenses back to their native land. Thus, no doubt, was originated and perpetuated the practice of one tenant taking the land of another, and paying a certain sum for the "good-will" of his holding, just as one pays a man for the "good-will" of his business or store. After long years the landlords attempted to upset this "tenant right," but the custom was too well established to be overthrown; and no English Government was found willing to back up the landlord, and as a consequence there have been no insurrection acts nor martial law necessary to keep the peace in Ulster. Mr. O'Brien describes the existing law as follows:

"The Ulster Custom in its present form may be said to consist of two main features:

"1. Permissive fixity of tenure.

"2. The tenant's right to sell the good-will of his farm.

"With respect to the first, Judge Longfield says, 'It is expected that as long as the tenant pays his rent, the landlord will not use his legal powers to put an end to the tenancy.'

"With respect to the second, the same learned authority adds: 'If a tenant finds it necessary or convenient to leave his farm, he may sell his tenant right, with the approbation of the landlord. This approbation is not to be capriciously refused; but, on the other hand, the tenant is not at liberty to select any substitute that he thinks proper, irrespective of his character and possession of sufficient means for the efficient cultivation of the land.'"

Lord Dufferin once said that in many parts of the North, under the Ulster Custom, the tenant's salable interest in his farm frequently fetched a sum considerably beyond the price of the landlord's fee-simple of it. But, of course, the tenant had put capital and labor into the farm. There are rarely any difficulties arising between landlord and tenant, and if cases come into courts of law they are quickly disposed of. No expense of conveyancing or "law" attends the transfer of a farm. The landlord erases the name of the old tenant and accepts the new, and the transaction is complete. The system works admirably, it cannot be denied. There are clouds of witnesses to it; but there is no better evidence than the prosperity of Ulster and the misery and disturbances which are chronic outside the pale of "the Custom of Ulster."*

Mr. Parnell has not committed himself to any scheme of pacification. This is where he is wrong. This is where he and his party lay themselves open to suspicion. It is thought they only wish to take what they can get, under protest that whatever it is it is not enough; thus leaving room for continuing their agitation. Parnell has, however, gone so far as to say that a peasant proprietary ought to be established as one of the changes to come, and he has suggested that this should be achieved by tenants being allowed to extinguish the rent, and become proprietors of their holdings on the payment for thirty-five years of a Government valuation rent. This is a method of expropriating the landlord which Mr. Parnell thinks wise, moral, and just. Mr. John Bright, on the other hand, would have the State advance to the tenant two-thirds of the purchase-money of his farm on easy conditions of repayment, where the landlord is willing to sell and the tenant is anxious to buy. The Landed Estates Court, it was thought, would to some extent carry out this idea; but the land has been offered in lots too large for the purse or ambition of a peasant proprietary. There have been attempts at peasant syndicates, but with little or no success. If the Bright clauses of this act, however, could now be worked with a special view to the creation of peasant proprietors, many holdings would soon be taken up. The one defect of the Ulster system is the power of the landlord to raise the rent so much as to damage the tenant's interests. This could be checked by new leasehold clauses giving prospective rights as to renewals. Indeed, the Ulster Custom offers so broad and excellent a basis for reform, that the Parnellites and the Land League would have captured the sympathies of the English people if they had put it forward as their "platform," and concentrated their efforts upon educating public opinion as to its working in the North, and its necessity for the peace and happiness of the South and West. The majority of the English electors know nothing about the merits of the Irish land question, and some of the English members of Parliament know but little more. Unfortunately the debates have not enlightened the public, because they have been party harangues, full of exaggerations, unreliable figures, specious arguments, and falsehoods. The Parnell party has been discredited by its violent and seditious language; the Land League has been discredited through the outrages committed in its name; and the shape and form of the real question of the time has been hidden out of sight by the extraneous personalities and demonstrations of self-seeking agitators and the pompous exhibition of individual vanities.

In America, among Americans, the feeling in regard to Ireland is very much what it is in England among average Englishmen. The exceptions to this rule are found among Irishmen and extreme partisans of extreme legislative measures of all kinds. The Socialists of Chicago, the Republicans of Birmingham, and the Bradlaughites of Old Street would probably object that in this moderate estimate I misinterpret them. But, on the whole, sensible Americans view the Irish question on the lines of impartial English thought,

* Since this chapter was written Mr. Gladstone has brought in his Land Bill. The first part of it is a complicated adaptation of the Custom of Ulster; the second part is an attempt to raise up a peasant proprietary on a compromise of terms between the two plans suggested by Mr. Parnell and Mr. Bright. Neither the Bill nor the debates thereon detract from the interest of this description of the Ulster Custom. I am inclined to think they enhance its value as a contribution to the history of a "burning question."

and they are in close sympathy with England in regarding any attempt to break up the union of the three kingdoms as treason. I did not meet a single Irishman in the United States who could give me a clear and succinct statement of the land grievances of his country; and I have, I am bound to say, asked many English politicians to give me an account of the Ulster Custom and its working without any satisfactory reply. This, I trust, will be a sufficient excuse for introducing here the foregoing brief sketch of this Custom of Ulster.

VI.

It seems to me that there can be no greater international crime than that of fomenting ill-feeling between America and England. It is the business of Irish agitators to do this, but there is no excuse for Englishmen or Americans who lend themselves to the miserable work of clouding the friendly sentiments of the two great peoples. Surely *The Spectator* went out of its way recently to offend the national pride of our cousins and wound their sensibilities. The English journal thought it opportune, while referring to the prosperity of America, to warn Americans not to forget "that much of their prosperity is purchased at a heavy moral price." And this moral price is her neutrality in the quarrels of the world. "They do less," says *The Spectator*, "involving self-sacrifice than any great people in it, unless it be the Germans, who may fairly plead that their gigantic armaments, if they produce unrest, still save Europe from the ambition alike of Gaul and Slav. The American Union is rich beyond compare; first, because it inherited the richest estate but one in the world; and, secondly, because it spends so little of the national fortune on either army or navy; because it refuses to maintain order in any Asiatic dependency; because it looks on the struggles of the Old World with the half-amused glance of an indifferent spectator. It has the strongest, the freest, and the most prosperous of peoples within its borders; but no nation in bonds looks upward to the Great Republic for aid, no struggling people turns to her fleet with longing, no perishing race so much as hopes that the Western rifle will drive away the oppressor. One American shell would liberate the Armenians, but it will not be fired. The world may die of despair for Washington. The most generous, individually, of races will, collectively, strike no blow for foreign freedom, send no fleet, issue even no command. We know of no great service she has done to mankind, except in offering the distressed a home—and that repays her." Now, in heaven's name, why should the pacific attitude of America, three thousand miles away from the troubles of the Old World, be thrown in her teeth as a rebuke? When the author of "Happy Thoughts" was practising repartee, he wondered what a certain stalwart railway porter would say on being told that he was a fool. He sat in a railway-carriage as this brilliant thought occurred to him. The train started as if to leave the depot. As it glided past the platform the student of repartee put his head out, and said to that railway porter, "What a fool you look!" The train was only shunting. Presently it returned to the platform, where the speculator in repartee found that the answer to his rudeness was an invitation to have his head punched. *The Spectator* must have got into the Burnand vein, and has been rude to America to test "the proper repartee" for being twitted with not taking sides in European quarrels. Here it is, from *The New York Times:* "Suppose we did undertake police duty for the whole world, what would be our first act? Plainly to send England to jail as a common brawler and disturber of the peace. We should say to her, 'Hands off Candahar!' 'Hands off the Transvaal!' And if, mindful of centuries of misrule, cruelty, and oppression, an American fleet should steam into St. George's Channel with the command, 'Hands off Ireland!' would not England bitterly regret that we had ceased to mind our own business? She is the great oppressor of perishing races, and with her we should have chiefly to deal. But this is too absurd even for an hypothesis. The Americans liberating the Armenians with one shell, hurrying on the erasure of the Sultanet, insisting on order in Mexico, or forcibly stopping wars in South America—these are ideas that belong to opera bouffe or the madhouse. Our sympathies may go out strongly in all these directions, but, though yet young, we do not act on childish impulses. We might forever settle Europe's Eastern Question in one month, but would Europe allow us to do it? It belongs to the European powers to free the Armenians and erase the Sultanet, and over this side of the Atlantic we are getting tired of waiting to see these things done. Yet we shall go on 'endlessly accumulating' strength for a long time yet before we undertake to hurry on such foreign works of mercy. At any rate, when we take up the cause of the Armenians, we shall at the same time insist on autonomy for the Boers and Afghans."

There is too much of this international carping. It does incalculable harm, and it never does any good. Has not England enemies enough without America being goaded into hostility? The International Exhibition at Philadelphia buried many a hatchet in the very soil where the first rash quarrel between England and America began. If *The Spectator* would unearth them, it is the only journal in England animated by a similar desire. The promotion of good-will and friendship between Great Britain and the United States is a national sentiment.

VII.

The Times of New York was animated by a very different spirit from that which moved *The Spectator*, when, during the height of the Russo-Turkish difficulty, it said, "England is more anxious to keep the peace than the other European nations, because she is the most civilized of all her neighbors." The friendly courtesy of this view is flattering to English pride, and it is a truth which history will establish and dwell upon. For many years the arts of peace have been earnestly cultivated in England, the blessings of peace have been extolled, the wickedness and cruelty of war have been denounced. Whenever other nations have fought, vast sums of money have been subscribed and sent out to mitigate the horrors of battle. Governments have even made sacrifices of honor in the interest of peace. Such a sacrifice was that made by Lord Russell when he promised support to the King of Denmark, and then left him to the mercy of his enemies. This is the one great blot upon Lord Russell's fame—the official delinquency of a British Cabinet which the English people always regret and deplore; it is the one sad reflection of the national mind when contemplating the foreign policy of the governments of England during the last twenty years. If England had fought then, the Franco-German war might never have occurred, and but for that event we should not have had Germany standing by Russia and encouraging the dismemberment of Turkey. The very sacrifices which England made for peace are recoiling upon herself, as they have done upon Europe. When England practically said by her actions, "We have done with war; our policy for evermore is to be a policy of peace," the passions and ambitions of Europe were let loose, and connected with every campaign the neutrality of England has left a bitterness in the recollection of the defeated and augmented the arrogance of the victor. At length England came to be regarded as no longer a factor in European affairs. She accepted the situation. She became a second-rate power in Europe. From dictatorship she "took a back seat." "A nation of shopkeepers" was once more hurled at her by foreign critics. She took all they said quietly. Her people prospered; she enjoyed her liberties; all she asked was to be allowed to prosecute her business undisturbed. When the Alabama troubles with America excited the two nations, Continental critics and enemies of England in the States thought that at last Great Britain was in for a big war, and it was gratifying to certain European critics to think that the two great English-speaking peoples were to be engaged. But America had an ambition higher than war. America was too civilized in thought and sentiment to desire hostilities; America knew that at the bottom of the English heart there was no ill feeling toward the United States; that the people only desired a fair and honorable settlement; and as long as the world lasts the example of America and England will be held up before the nations as a warning and a blessing. Nothing demonstrates so much the nobler culture of the two Anglo-Saxon nations as that peaceful arbitration of a question which, in Europe, must have led to a long and bloody war. It is true there is a fixed idea in England that a war between America and Great Britain would be impossible, as it should be impossible between any two civilized nations; but in Europe, unfortunately, governments are not conducted altogether in the interest of men and women, but also for the pastime of emperors and princes, for the glory of statesmen and generals; and hollow, disingenuous pretexts for war are made with a view to aggrandizement and the satisfaction of a royal, a military, or a ministerial ambition. If the so-called Great Powers were really in Christian-like earnest in the suppression of wrong and the support of right, there would never be any difficulty; but the best of them, when affecting to redress a wrong, have, in the day of success, invariably ended their sanguinary work by committing a far greater wrong than that which they started out to reform. If any individual in the circle of your acquaintance falsified his professions and broke his solemn engagements, as European nations do in their treaties with each other, society would refuse to have intercourse with him. The most successful of European diplomatists, the men who stand forth as representatives of courts and governments, are liars who think no meanness too mean, no conduct too unscrupulous, should the result prove to be advantageous to the cause in which they are engaged. A commonplace Englishman looks upon this kind of thing as immoral. Perhaps his education is at fault. His ignorance may be so dense that he cannot understand or appreciate the delicate *finesse* and adroitness of diplomatic lying and false witness.

VIII.

But this political episode is a little out of the direct purpose of this chapter, and I propose to come back again from a branch line to what our American cousins call the main track. I was referring to New York when my Irish friend interrupted me. As a town the Empire City has many delightful features. The site upon which it is built is unique. Surrounded by water, it has sanitary advantages which cannot be overestimated. It has a splendid river that goes out to the sea in a flood that breaks off into picturesque lakes, and it has the Hudson, which as far as Albany is a second Rhine. There is an arm of this magnificent river which they rechristen Harlem, at the New York suburb of that name. In the autumn the world has not a fairer show of wood and water, of hill and dale, than is to be found on a Hudson trip, either by boat or rail. A few years hence both banks of the river will be studded with the villas of city traders and residents. A new river-side road is in course of construction, which will literally bring the residences about Sunnyside and Tarrytown to Harlem in one long connected line of pleasant homes. When this shall come to pass, and the Brooklyn Bridge is finished, New York will indeed be a wonderful city. I liked it better, I confess, before the advent of the elevated railroad. That may be my bad taste. It has greatly advanced, nevertheless, during the past few years in many ways. Houses which on my first visit were considered to be "up town" are now gradually going "down town"—not on rollers, but in the estimation of society—taking refuge nearer and nearer Central Park, one day to go far beyond it. I see more vases and flowers and pictures and antique furniture in shops and stores; and I still think Broadway, when you look at it from a point where there is a long vista before you, the most picturesque long street in the world. Even the telegraph posts and wires are not objectionable under the condition of distance lending enchantment to the view.

As a matter of architectural work, Chicago will one day have a superb thoroughfare in State Street, which is crowded with imposing buildings. What must particularly strike a stranger in Chicago is, not only what has been done there but what will be done. The fire is an old story, though it only occurred the other day. We know all about the phœnix rising from its ashes: but this Chicago bird is only half-fledged; this Chicago phœnix is like a moulting eagle on a perch compared with what it will be in the coming day, when, fully pinioned, it rises aloft to soar above rival cities at home, and to challenge comparison with the great towns of Europe. On all sides in Chicago you meet preparations for the future. "Sufficient for the day" is not a Chicago text. The city is laid out, not for the present but for the future. Boulevards planned, boulevards begun, boulevards nearly finished, stretch away from one great busy centre. They are all planted with trees. No opportunity has been given to take advantage of existing "monarchs of the forest." The trees have been transplanted, brought from distant or adjacent woods, just as the marble of which many of the houses are built has been transported to the sites selected for them. In England we love trees. It is a national sentiment. We hate to cut down a tree. That is why some people thought Mr. Gladstone had gone mad when he posed before the world as a feller of timber. Chicago seems to have caught this inspiration of affection for trees. The history of Chicago is a marvellous page in the records of enterprise; but a stranger can never realize how great has been her progress from the first, how wonderful her advance since the great fire, unless he stands on the site where nine years ago destruction held chaotic sway, to be eventually succeeded by order, form, and beauty.

IX.

Chicago has been called not only the city of the North-west but "the metropolis of the prairies." In less than forty years it has grown from a handful of people to a population of over half a million. A little more than half a century ago the Indians roamed unchecked over the site of Chicago. The bones of the massacred defenders of Fort Dearborn were lying unburied on the lake-shore when the late John H. Kinzie arrived at Chicago from Detroit in 1816. The man is living to-day who erected the first brick building in Chicago, packed the first beef and pork, was the first insurance agent, and issued the first policy. To-day there are streets of marble buildings in Chicago; it packs for export over two millions and a half of hogs a year; it ships in and out about three million bushels of wheat a year; it employs in the lumber trade ten thousand men; and uses in it a floating capital of £20,000,000. During its short history it may be said to have been twice nearly destroyed by fire. As recently as 1871, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, the people were ruined by a conflagration such as has no parallel in modern days. Over £1,000,000 was sent to them from all parts of the world. Within the first twelve months after the fire £8,000,000 had been spent in new buildings on the blackened ground, and to-day the disaster is history. You may find a dark spot here and there which points the moral and adorns the tale, but otherwise the result of the fire has been creative rather than destructive. There still stands the one pretty wooden villa where the fire parted like a river that divides and goes round a hillock and makes an island of it. The day before the fire, a strange red bird fluttered in the grounds of this residence, and was the subject of curious conjecture. It was not seen afterward; but the appearance of the unknown bird, coupled with the parting of the flames, is a notable coincidence. Not long since, walking over the ruins of the last great fire at Quebec, a Roman Catholic friend pointed out a religious house which the fire passed over. This incident is quoted there as an example of Providential interposition; but a Protestant resident who saw the fire informed me that nearly all the local resources of buckets, water, and engines were devoted to the saving of this establishment, while the flames were left in unchecked possession of humbler buildings. The Chicago villa had no religious claim to special protection; and it is rather illogical, not to say profane, to credit a good and all-wise Providence with a trifling drawback to a mighty disaster when He is just as much the cause of one as the other.

There is among some people in Chicago an idea that England knows little and cares less about the Great West and its growing mart and port of trade. American writers are prone to encourage it. For example, in a description of Chicago, recently printed in a leading American magazine, the author says: "It has been paraded for years, as an instance of the progress of England in the mechanical arts, that she could import cotton from India, make it into cloth, and, sending that cloth back to India, undersell the Hindoos themselves. That the United States can prove terribly dangerous competitors — in manufacturing as well as producing—is a fact which has only lately begun to dawn on the mind of John Bull. What a shock it must be to him to learn that this obscure place, Chicago (for which he must hunt in one of those cheerful collections of maps where the United States are put after the South Sea Islands), has had the impertinence to treat him just as he has been boasting of being able to treat the dark-skinned inhabitants of the land of the Moguls and the Rajahs! The establishment just mentioned buys tin-plates in England, has them sent not only across the Atlantic, but also a thousand miles inland, makes them up into ware, sends that ware over the same route again, and undersells the Birmingham dealers in their own home." It is this kind of writing that does so much to maintain an unfriendly tone of criticism on the part of both countries. The "parading" of England's manufacturing supremacy as a "boast" would have been more fairly described if it had been referred to as an example of the enterprise of which England has just reason to be proud. The notion that Chicago is too small for English recognition, hardly comports with the record that the City of London sent $316,000 for the relief of the sufferers during the great fire; and the sneer at the position of the United States on English maps is only an example of the "pride that apes humility" on the part of the writer, for he knows too well the high estimate in which America and her resources is held by England and by Englishmen. The principal travellers whom I met at Chicago, going east and west, were subjects of Queen Victoria, chiefly from Scotland and the northern parts of England, making useful holiday tours through the agricultural and manufacturing districts of the United States. To say that England does not know what Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburgh, and even Johnston, are doing in the way of manufactures, is to strangely under-estimate British intelligence; and to omit to mention that the "ware" in question was admitted free of duty into England, while Birmingham goods are loaded by the United States with heavy imposts and obstructive Customs laws, was to overlook an opportunity of paying a gracious tribute to the magnanimity of that same much-abused and much-misunderstood John Bull. The very magazine in which this sneer at England appears is admitted into London to compete with English works free of duty — welcomed with open arms, praised by the Press, and most deservedly so, while this brief answer to the note in question will be charged 25 per cent. if it goes into America in its original shape; or, if it is deemed good enough to be annexed by some smart publisher, it will be taken without reference to me, my pocket, or my feelings. There are plenty of faults on both sides, my friend; let us not add to them jealousies and ill-nature which do not exist. Let us be just to each other, and be assured that of all nations, of all peoples under the sun, England sympathizes most with America and Americans; and that the best interests of the United States are mixed up with the commercial well-being of England. There is more of admiration than jealousy in the feeling with which the British people watch the progress of America in the present, and the promise of her greatness in the future. "The pen has done more than the sword to keep alive international animosities; the pen can do more than trade or treaties to heal them. The kinship of a common speech, and the heritage of a common history, have been less potent in bringing the people of England and the people of the United States to understand each other than the steady growth of a literature to which both may enter an equal claim." I repeat these trite sentences of my own preface to an international work with a full belief that the sentiment and opinion they express are shared by the cultured and thoughtful men of the United States. With *Harper's Magazine* and *Scribner's* on our book-stalls, and American literature taking an honored place by the side of our own in English households, it behooves the modern author to be at least fair in his strictures and just in his criticisms; remembering that he is writing, not simply for America in England, but for both, and at the same time not forgetting the insular pride of the Britisher nor the sensitiveness of those whom he likes to speak of as his American cousins.

X.

San Francisco is a remarkable example of rapid growth. In 1847 its population was 450. Today it numbers 233,066, out of which 20,549 are Chinese. Its hotel system is in advance of any other city in the Union. The fittings and decorations of Baldwin's hotel cost $3,500,000. An English traveller is surprised to find his boots unblacked when he gets up in a morning. "I will leave my boots outside the door," said a friend of mine. "All right," said the attendant, "nobody will touch them." At the leading American hotel at Niagara, on the other hand, there is a "Notice" to the effect that the proprietor will not be responsible for boots left outside bedroom doors. You are expected to go down into the hall, where the boot-black of the establishment will polish your boots on your feet. Comfortable seats are prepared for the purpose. The boot-black is an institution in the United States. You find him at the corner of nearly every street, with his sign (an old boot) on the edge of the sidewalk, and his arm-chair posted up against the wall. Here and there he has underground *salons* where he does an extensive trade. In San Francisco some of these places are quite showy. The Golden City has a champion blacker in every street. Neither New York, Boston, nor Chicago has arrived at this high pitch of civilization. In a New York blacking-room I read a notice, "To Trust is well, to Bust is hell; no Trust no Bust." The blackers are mostly "darkies."

In American cities postage-stamps are sold at the drug-stores. If you want a large supply you generally have to visit several stores. The letter-boxes are affixed on lamp-posts in the streets. The boxes are about the size of a private box affixed to a private door in England. If you have many letters to post you must mail them in several boxes. If you are not otherwise very busy, there is a good deal of pleasant exercise to be got out of mailing letters. Supposing you wish to post newspapers or book-post parcels, you place them on the top of the box. If nobody mischievously removes them, or a shower of rain does not obliterate the directions, the probability is your papers will reach their destination. Should you not have put upon your letters a sufficiency of postage-stamps, they will not be delivered and the receiver asked for extra payment, as in England, but they will go to a department similar to our dead-letter office, where they are read. Should they be regarded as of value, they are sent to their destination with a polite note from the post-office chief, or returned to the sender. This is funny, sometimes it is annoying. A letter of mine, written to a friend at Hartford, came back to me opened, and stamped with the seal of the dead-letter office, a week or two after it should have been received at the charming little city of cultured repose to which it was directed.

When you go to America do not accept for granted all you read and hear about the excel-

lence of the food provided in hotel cars or at railway restaurants in the American roads. The food is usually bad and dear. Take some with you. Carry also fruit and wine, if you make long journeys. When you get outside the great cities, as a rule, civilization ends. The picturesque may begin, but fresh oysters and lager beer are no more. Some people who have not visited the United States denounce American oysters almost as savagely as my Irish friend on the New York ferry-boat denounced the English people. Some people are right. The so-called "Blue-point" sold in London is a filthy thing; the oyster bearing that name and supplied to you in the handsome oyster restaurants of New York is equal to the finest English native. You cannot understand the epicurean delights of oyster-eating until you have visited New York in the fall of the year. There are many varieties of oysters. They are all excellent under proper treatment. Only the Americans understand how to eat oysters, whether they elect to take "the living luxury," as Crabbe calls them, raw, or to have them cooked. The oyster trade in New York is a very important business. It is estimated that the sales this year in New York city will reach $4,500,000. More than three thousand people are employed in various branches of the trade. The custom of eating oysters from the shell has greatly increased within these few years; stews and roasts are still very popular. Oyster-openers in New York are remarkably quick at their work; many men can open as many as six hundred oysters in an hour—some have opened as many as nine hundred in that time. "Saddle-rocks" are the favorite oysters among the ordinary consumers. They are named from the shape of a rock in the East River, near which they used to be found. The oysters sold in London as Blue-points are the small mollusks which are thrown aside, I should imagine, by the sorters for the New York market. Once an honest trade is opened in London with American oysters a large and steadily increasing business is sure to be effected. The oyster that seemed to Thackeray like a young baby was probably a large Saddle-rock. Saturn's infants were not so nice as those of Fulton Market, judging from the face the greedy god is making at them in the illustrations to the classics. New York cherishes the memory of Thackeray. At the Century Club (the Garrick of America) they show you, with friendly tributes to his character, the chair in which the great Englishman sat.

III.

MAUD S.

Trotting and Preaching.—Comparisons between English and American Racing.—A New Civilization that presses Utility into its Amusements.—French Views of American Trotters.—On a Chicago Track.—The Great Race against Time.—The Virtues of Lager Beer.—An Exciting Finish.—American Carriages in England.—Driving on both Sides of the Atlantic.—Behind a Trotting Horse.—The Story of the Spotted Dog.—Out-door Sports in the Old World and the New.

I.

On Saturday "Maud S.," the famous trotter. On Sunday Colonel Ingersoll, the eloquent materialist.

It seems to me that on Saturday and Sunday I was face to face with the two most characteristic outcomes of American civilization. A philosopher might find rare food for reflection from this double stand-point, with the fastest trotter in the world passing before his eyes, and the most eloquent of "free-thinkers" thundering anti-Scriptural declarations into his ears. The one and the other are the results of an education that is peculiar to the United States. Trotting is as national on the American side of the Atlantic as preaching. Both are the development of a special training. The horse has been put in commission, and made to develop a form of going which is different from that of his original and natural gifts and dispositions. Darwinism has, in the trotting horse of America, an illustration of evolution which is worthy of note and recognition. Not only has the natural gallop of the horse been systematically changed, but the animal has so thoroughly accepted the change as to put the speed of running and galloping into the more dignified and, for the rider, more comfortable movement of trotting. In England we pull a roadster into a trot because it is easier for both rider and driver, but it never entered into our calculations to train horses for especial speed in this gait until America showed us the trotting horse. Even now we do not compete with the United States in this direction. We have no "trotting horses," so called. We have no trotting races. The "sulky" is unknown in English sporting circles. Our fast horses are what Americans call running horses, and I can conceive nothing prettier or more exciting than a good race in which they compete with each other at full gallop. To the American this is tame sport compared with trotting, yet he will confess that "the Derby" race on Epsom Downs is one of the most impressive sights in the world. And so it is, but its impressiveness does not belong alone to the race. The crowd is a study. There is no more orderly or good-natured assemblage anywhere, and yet it is full of rough and dangerous elements. No man of observation and travel ever forgets the strange picture of that world of faces which turns toward the judge's stand to see the numbers posted when the race is over.

It is the fashion of too many critics of men and manners, of habits and customs, of peoples and nations, to praise one particular institution by disparaging another. A critic who likes Irving seems to think it strengthens his praise to disparage some other actor. Admirers of Millais will attempt to discount Leighton. Lovers of Longfellow will make invidious comparisons between his work and Tennyson's for the purpose of emphasizing their admiration of "Evangeline." This lack of cosmopolitanism is a general weakness. A member of the Chicago Jockey Club tells me that English horse-racing is tame and contemptible; that it has not a redeeming feature when compared with trotting; that a race with running horses is barbaric, while trotting is a civilized sport; that a running horse is simply the product of nature, a trotting horse the fruit of education. Emphatic as was this denunciation of English racing, he had never seen the St. Leger run for at Doncaster, the Gold Cup at Ascot, nor the blue ribbon of the turf carried off at Epsom. My memory goes back to clusters of silk-coated horses, carrying silk "toileted" jockeys, neck to neck bursting into the "last stretch" for the winning-post, and I find in the splendid competition much to admire. As a development of the natural action and movement of the horse, I see much in it capable of logical defence, and I cannot regard it as tame or contemptible.

II.

At the same time I can understand, admire, and appreciate the beautiful utility of trotting; and if I were a philosopher I should be inclined to deduce from the popularity of the trotting horse an illustration of the practical character of the American people. The citizens of the United States have put usefulness into their amusement. While we have cultivated the wild habit of the horse, they have treated it from the stand-point of domestic economy. Trotting is, for man's purpose, the most useful gait of the horse: it is the animal's civilized form. Above all things, Americans appear to me to be practical. A young nation that lays in a good foundation for ultimate greatness should be so. Like a young house-keeper, America has first got together the necessaries of domestic life, and the days of art and ornament and the amusement of idle leisure are of the future. It seems to me that, designedly or unconsciously, it is in this spirit of utility that the trotting horse has been created. I say created advisedly, and, while I credit the creators with a specific design, I believe that the utility is the accidental outcome of the universal inspiration of usefulness. The breeding of English race-horses is chiefly productive of the amusement of leisure in England. It gives us fast animals "across country." Fox-hunting is a peculiarly English sport, the sport of the well-to-do and the rich. Trotting would be of no use for hunting. Therefore we may hold that the running horse in England is the outcome of an old settled civilization that has leisure for amusement, while the trotting horse of America is the product of a new civilization that presses utility into its pastime. A trotting horse is a far more useful animal than a running horse, and from that point of view a trotting match is a more interesting and exciting meeting than a race between running horses. The great national race of Italy is the competition in the Corso at Rome; and here nature has fuller sway than in England, for there the horses have no riders, though they are goaded on by a mechanical spur.

If in these general observations the philosophic thinker finds a text for a deeper and broader theme than belongs to a mere sketch of the first impressions of a trotting match against time, I shall have written in the true spirit of American utility, which instructs while it amuses.

It is not, however, to be overlooked that European authorities in horse-flesh are inclined to discount the trotting horse of America, on the ground that too much is sacrificed to speed. This, they say, is more particularly the case in the Eastern and Western States, where the trotter is inferior in appearance and style to the trotter of Kentucky. Colonel Baron Favert de Kerbrech, of the 1st Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and Captain Henry de la Chère, of the 13th Dragoons, were recently sent over to America by the French Government to investigate the capacity of the United States as a producer of horses. After their tour of inspection a special commissioner from *The Spirit of the Times* waited upon them to learn the result of their inquiries. Baron Favert's opinion of American horses is not altogether flattering. As a rule our gay neighbors, the French, rarely see anything worthy of commendation outside their own country. There is, nevertheless, a good deal of sober truth in the straightforward and matter-of-fact way in which the French officer discussed the trotting horse. To begin with, he talked about the horses of Canada—Upper Canada more particularly. He saw no horses there that seemed to be overtasked or overworked, and many indicated a dash of good blood. This seems to have made a more favorable impression upon him than anything else, as may well be understood when one thinks of the overworked animals of French cities. The Canadian horses were generally of a good type. They had plenty of substance, and were well and regularly furnished throughout with an abundance of strength, action, and blood to make them very useful and desirable. In Lower Canada, around Montreal and Quebec, he saw a great many small horses, which he was told were of French descent. They were compact little fellows, that ranged from 1[illegible] to 15½ hands—clever, useful horses, full of energy and vigor. They were not stylish nor handsome, but strong and willing, and capable of performing much labor and enduring a great amount of fatigue. They have neat heads, good eyes, and smooth, good limbs, and short, strong backs. In Upper Canada he attended several fairs where premiums were offered for different classes of horses. Here he discovered a strong disposition to cross their horses on the Clydesdale, the coldest-blooded horse in existence, and he saw some two-year-olds of enormous size, and one of these took a premium, at a fair or horse show, alone on account of size and weight. They were great masses of shapeless flesh—awkward, ungainly, and utterly without action. This seemed to him to be a mistaken idea, the cross more likely to impair than to improve the more bloodlike, good-looking, and useful horses of the provinces. The number of horses in Canada is large in proportion to population; and very often, where a farmer's necessities demand the labor of only three or four horses, there are eight or ten on his place, thus keeping an unusually large surplus. What most disappointed the baron was the American trotter. This horse in the East he considers ungainly—form and substance and most valuable qualities being lost sight of in the one solitary idea of speed.

"The Northern trotter has a long, churn-

like, uncomely head, flopped ears, sleepy, dull eyes, long, contracted nostrils, narrow face, small, cramped throttle, with the arch of the neck on the under-side, and the neck itself is long and shapeless. He is narrow, even cramped, about the chest, is wanting in barrel, and the ribs are flat instead of being circular, very much as if he had been brought to maturity between two boards; his legs are beefy, he carries his head low, his action is creeping, not bold and open, his back long and badly muscled, his loin imperfect, and quarters lack muscle, and, consequently, strength, and altogether he is a bad horse to perpetuate. In form he is the reverse of all descriptions we have of good and useful horses. He is not good-looking or stylish, but the contrary. He has not the substance necessary to enable him to perform labor, or the requisite shape to endure fatigue, nor the good looks to commend him to a gentleman as a roadster, and is wholly unfit for the saddle, and we know of no service that he would be well adapted to except to spin away at short distances."

On this sweeping condemnation the journalist commissioner asked, "Were you more favorably impressed with the trotter of Kentucky?" "Decidedly," was the prompt reply.

"As a rule the trotter in the South is far more bloodlike, is better furnished, more shapely, has much style, a free, open, vigorous gait, and is not a one-idea horse—good to trot and nothing else. He is good under the saddle—admirable—will do service on the farm, draw a load, or go a journey with ease. He is compact, well put together, and, when he moves, he lifts himself up, and stretches well out, and exhibits his great power and a grand frame. As a trotter he is fleet, and on the road pleases, because he not only goes fast, but he does it handsomely and without tiring. He is proud and stylish, and withal is equably disposed. One of the most remarkable specimens of this horse that we met was Dr. Herr's Mambrino King. He is a rare specimen of a fine horse—handsome, with magnificent action, kind, very shapely, and would command a large sum in Europe. We saw many good horses of trotting families in Kentucky. Indeed, here we saw the best of the trotters that we met anywhere in the country, and we noticed them pretty carefully wherever we went. In Kentucky most of them showed a pretty strong dash of good blood, and most of those persons of whom we inquired told us that this class of animals were generally pretty closely allied to thorough-blood. Their style, fine suits, splendid action, bloodlike heads and necks, compact shapes, effervescing spirits, remarkable beauty of conformation—all foretell good blood. They are both fast and strong, and are admirable horses. We visited a number of breeding establishments about Lexington and Frankfort, both of trotters and race-horses, and we saw a great many fine horses here, and also many about Louisville. There is much blood in the State, and a great number of fine horses; more than we found in the same area elsewhere in the country through which we passed."

I am glad to find that my impressions of the practical usefulness of promoting the trotting capacity of the horse are not erroneous, even from Baron Favert's point of view; only that the evolutionary forcing indulged in by the Eastern States is excessive. Some of the trotters on the road to Jerome Park races, New York, are not beautiful from an English point of view; but "Maud S.," the heroine of the trotting track, struck me as a singularly graceful creature, worthy of the compliments paid to the trotters of Kentucky. The baron's condemnatory picture of the North-eastern animal appears to have been a revelation to the editor of *The Spirit*, who, while agreeing that there are many trotters worthy to have been the model for this libel on horseflesh, says it is all the more surprising that such should be the case, "considering how thoroughly utilitarian" in all their habits are "the people of the Eastern and Middle States."

III.

On the surface of things I should maintain that an English race-course is a more lively and picturesque scene than an American one. It may be more barbaric from my Chicago friend's point of view. The one is a carnival of pleasure, except to a handful of betting men; the other appears to me to be akin to a business meeting. As if to carry out my theory of utilitarianism, the drivers of the trotting horse wear no distinctive costume. Colors are necessary to mark the various competitors. These are indicated in the cap only, and the colors selected are sombre. In Europe, athletic and other pastimes run into picturesque and at the same time useful costumes. Our cricketers dress for the game. Breeches, hose, and shoes give the bicycler his special costume. Rowing has its easy shirt, football its boots and stocking, fishing its velvet jacket full of pockets, shooting its appropriate leggings and coat, horse-racing its light and gay attire. The American trotting matches are so business-like that the drivers appear in their ordinary attire, or if they depart from it they do so in a sort of apologetic way. The entire scene is as gloomy as the dun clouds of England are to an American visitor. Perhaps we get some consolation out of our colored silks and ribbons as against our gray firmament. Nature herself compensates us somewhat in our green meadows and flowering hedge-rows. Out of what appears to the English looker-on a sombre scene, however, there comes an excitement which is French in its impulsiveness and Italian in its intensity, rather than Anglo-Saxon in any sense; and I think I fully understood it on Saturday, in presence of the most exquisite and wonderful performance of Maud S. on the fine course of the Chicago Jockey Club.

It was my first experience of trotting against time. Often on the other side of the Atlantic I had read of these matches, often felt that it must be a flat and tame business to see a horse trot over a track with a multitude looking on, stop-watch in hand, racing against something intangible, as it were, and yet competing with the fleetest and most tremendous of powers—Time on the one hand, Flesh and Blood on the other; only Flesh and Blood appearing to the naked eye; Flesh and Blood straining its feeble powers; Time indicated by a hard, inflexible needle beating out the seconds. No winged wheel of classic myths spinning over the track; no grim monarch of the scythe speeding on with sweeping pinions; nothing but the empty air and a clock with swinging pendulum—a clock that goes neither faster nor slower, a clock that is not urged by voice or whip, a hard, monotonous verity, a dumb, non-sentient thing, a mechanical indicator of all-conquering time, against a horse with a man behind it. Yet I found myself moved by the general interest, stirred by new feelings of admiration, to be carried away at last by an excitement akin to that which belongs to a splendid burst for the Derby at Tattenham Corner.

IV.

Let me tell the story of the latest defeat of Time, if I can; the triumph of Maud S. over St. Julien, the fastest trotting horse in the world until this performance of Saturday, which I was privileged to witness. It was what might be called an average London day. The sun was hidden behind gray rolling clouds. A cool breeze swept over the broad flat. Chicago could be faintly seen in the distance. A few "grand stands" were sparsely occupied. Only a handful of carriages were tethered in the space devoted to vehicles. The point of vantage on the Jockey Club gallery was occupied by a few ladies and gentlemen. There had been rain in the earlier part of the day, which had kept people at home who would otherwise have been there. In England race-goers would have paid no attention to the weather except to dress for sun or shower. In America big crowds demand fine weather, and, as a rule, so likewise do trotting horses. A hot day with no breeze is most suitable for trotting speed, which is promoted by free perspiration. It had been announced that Maud S. would trot the mile-course on Saturday; but Chicago, looking at the weather, felt pretty certain that the affair would be postponed, or, if it were not, that the gentleman in charge of the mare would make no effort to beat St. Julien's time on such an unpropitious day. Therefore, the knowing ones and the cautious of Chicago did not go to the races on Saturday. There were several spins during the afternoon, however, that had all the excitement of prize competitions, though the crowd accepted them with a calm nonchalance that I confess surprised me when I remembered with what enthusiasm the humblest race is followed by the crowd on an English course. Between the heats of the last competition of the day, Maud S. was brought out to make a sort of dress-parade. She tapped at once the pent-up feelings of the audience. No prima-donna on the lyric stage ever had a heartier reception from a small house. Mlle. Maud S. paced quietly along with an unconscious grace. My wife thought the lovely creature seemed cognizant of the general enthusiasm. On the contrary, she appeared to me utterly innocent, altogether unaware of her beauty or the acknowledgment of it. She passed walking, and presently broke into a trot, was cheered by the crowd, and in due course returned to her stable. The wind was chill and gusty, but, as the sun looked out from the clouds and began to sink toward the west, it moderated and gave promise of a calm withdrawal with the sun.

"If the wind goes down," said my friend of the Jockey Club, "she will give us a show." On the strength of the good prospect we "took a drink." I mention this small detail of the day for the opportunity of saying that wine, lager beer, and Apollinaris water, were the liquors mostly consumed at the bar on the stand. On an English course brandy and whiskey would have been the chief drinks, modified a little by soda water. I have often said that lager beer is the salvation of America from a temperance point of view. I did not see a drunken man at the Chicago races. Our constant consumption of spirits and strong beer in England gives us an overwhelming percentage of drunkenness on holiday occasions compared with similar affairs in the United States. I am often told the difference belongs to climatic conditions. I do not believe it. America used to intoxicate herself quite as much as England before lager beer became the popular and general drink of the country.

Presently it was publicly announced that, as many persons had come there to see Maud S. trot, the manager of the horse, on the part of the owner, was not willing that they should be disappointed. She would therefore go over the mile-course; but the weather being altogether unsuitable for testing her speed, her performance would not necessarily be considered as a competition against previous time. This was greeted with a burst of applause. If Captain Stone had controlled the weather at that moment he could not have done much more than Nature did for him. The wind dropped; not a leaf stirred. The temperature rose. It was a warm evening.

"I should not wonder if Maud S. made her fastest time to-day, notwithstanding the cautious declaration just put forth."

It is hardly necessary to say that St. Julien's record was $2:11\frac{1}{4}$.

"Vanderbilt will be a proud man if his mare can head it. Her driver looks this moment as if he would not change places with the President of the United States."

"Can you tell me the best six records to date?"

"Yes: St. Julien, $2:11\frac{1}{4}$; Hopeful, $2:14\frac{3}{4}$; Smuggler, $2:15\frac{1}{4}$; Hattie Woodward, $2:15\frac{1}{2}$; Darby, $2:16\frac{1}{2}$; Charley Ford, $2:16\frac{3}{4}$."

By this time the mare had passed under the wire at the cry of "Go!" She went along with a still body and quick legs, head erect, shoulders and trunk immovable except for their forward motion. It was like an opera-dancer in a difficult *pas* who confines her action to her feet. Maud S.'s legs carried her body as if each anatomy was independent of the other. But at the first bend in the track she suddenly broke into a gallop and had to be recalled. Her second start was her successful one. She went round the track like a machine. Her head and back formed a straight line all the way. The even-

ness was never once broken. It seemed to me as if the pace was all the same, though stop-watches showed that it varied. When she passed the three-quarter of a mile pole the crowd sent up a great cheer.

"The fastest time ever made!" exclaimed my Jockey Club friend: "1 minute 36 seconds!"

Turning into the home-stretch, the mare came along evidently quickening her speed, and she was watched in breathless silence, as if the entire concourse was one man watching the seconds on one stop-watch. It was an anxious crowd, its heart beating with hope, as if the fate of a nation depended upon Maud S. and her driver, whose voice was suddenly heard breaking in upon the general silence. The driver was urging the mare on, not with whip, not with spur, but with an earnest, eager cry, to which she responded. On she came, with an easy stride that did not suggest speed so much as grace and elegance. "Hi! ya!" shouted her driver, and the next moment she had passed the wire, or winning-post, in a tumult of enthusiasm.

A negro groom in attendance on the mare flung up his watch and his hat, and rushed after her. A great cry went up all over the place. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, men flung up their hats and shook hands with each other. "Two-ten-and-a-half!" "Two-ten-and-three-quarters!" cried one to another. In the midst of the joyous commotion the mare and her driver came back to be clothed and admired. She was surrounded by a crowd. They raised her blanket to pat her with fond hands. A darkey hugged her. One man kissed her. She received these attentions as meekly and gently as a pet pony might submit to the caresses of children. Then the time was officially announced, the crowd cheered once more, and Maud S. disappeared, while her performance was being telegraphed "to all parts of the civilized world—*and* Russia," as Mr. Sutherland Edwards puts it.

"You have seen the biggest thing America can show you," said my pleasant companion of the Jockey Club, taking me by the hand; "I congratulate you."

V.

Walking along the Marylebone Road, in London, recently, I saw a pair of high-stepping American trotters, in an American-built four-wheel carriage, rattling over the granite roadway as gayly as if they were *en route* for Jerome Park. Occasionally I meet a conveyance something like the American buggy in the neighborhood of Finchley Road; and during a recent frost several American sleighs were to be seen in the parks. There is an idea in England that the spider-like wheels of American vehicles would not be suitable to English roads. On the contrary, they would. The highways and streets of the United States are inferior to ours, and the strong though slight wheels of the native-built carriages run easily over the roughest thoroughfares. "If it was only a question of roads," said an American who drives his fast trotters in New York, "you should have our light wheels in London, and we your heavy ones on the other side." As a rule, American drivers do not equal our own; neither do the cattle they drive. There are, of course, exceptions, such as the "whips" who take the Californian stages over mountainous routes, and the trotting-horse drivers, who coax their teams with a wonderful power of wrist, and pilot them with remarkable skill.

I remember, shortly before he died, having a long chat with Henry Kingsley about driving. He said the best drivers in the world are English artillerymen, who will take a gun over ground which would puzzle a fox-hunter. But that is outside ordinary driving. He considered an American stage-driver unequalled behind a four-horse team; though he remarked that "some of the London drivers of hearses manage their black horses famously through the difficult meshes of London traffic." But he did not hesitate to say that there is far more art and elegance in the four-horse drag-driving of England than can be seen in the United States. He illustrated the difference between the two in an apt simile. "American stage-driving," he said, "is splendid; it is like ploughing the Atlantic with a liner, ramming along through all weathers; while English driving is like a yacht rounding the Isle of Wight in full sail." When one looks at the firm, natty style of an English driver, sitting upright, his feet firmly planted and together, his whole bearing trim and characteristic, the ribbons held with a light but confident grip, and compares it with the loose, lolloping fashion of his American cousin, it is surprising to be told that "the Americans are first against the world in pair-horse driving with four wheels." Kingsley said so. "They have reduced it to a science; and it is the safest form of driving, for one horse steers the other, and accidents are of rare occurrence." Then he held that a man who can drive one horse can drive two, and that a vicious horse harnessed with an old stager is certain to be conquered in time. "I have tried it," he said. "Whatever the vicious brute did the old horse declined to do, and when he began to kick and rear the other brought him to a dead lock." I don't think Mr. Kingsley was generally known as a great lover of sports, but he knew more about driving and riding and shooting and boating than any literary man I ever met.

It is a unique sensation to sit behind a trotting horse for the first time. I have ridden on a locomotive engine; I have sat on the box-seat of the rickety old coach that tosses you about the rough places selected for excursions at Aberystwith, in Wales; I have shot Canadian rapids in what seemed to be a cockle-shell; I have been rushed down-hill in an American stage to catch the one train that stops during a long day at a country station; the excitement of wondering what will happen next in a North Atlantic gale, when the sails are torn to ribbons and the sea is leaping over the deck from stem to stern, is not unfamiliar to me; I have been down a coal-pit, and looked out at night from "the observation-car" of a train working its way upward through the Alleghany Mountains; I have assisted at a big gunpowder explosion, and been swamped in the "race" of a suddenly unmasked mill-dam; in charge of a heavy battery I have covered the retreat of a Volunteer army in a sham fight (the nearest approach to real war I ever hope to share in); but I recall beyond them all the lively sense of insecurity which filled my imagination sitting for the first time behind a powerful trotter for a two or three miles "spin" along the well-known track, outside New York, in the direction of Jerome Park. The pace was terrific compared with my previous experiences. My seat might have been called a rail held together by a cushion. A long-necked, snorting, powerful brute—the more my companion pulled at her strong mouth the more the horse seemed bent on tearing the buggy or sulky, whatever it might be (I could lift it with one hand, yet two of us sat in it), into rags and tatters. How it held together, why the wheels did not go gyrating into the air, was a perpetual mystery to me. Had we touched a rough stone or grazed any one of the vehicles we passed (and we passed everything on the road), we should assuredly have broken up as disastrously as a ship dashed by a great sea upon a sharp rock. The country flew past us. We devoured the road. Men stood still to look at us. We did not wait for competing trotters to give us the way; we took it, whisking by them, almost "brushing their paint off." With the excitement of the run the driver's nostrils were distended as wide in proportion as those of the demon horse. "Hi! hi!" he shouted, and the response was as the bound of a Midland express engine coming down the incline in the Peak country of Derbyshire. We passed what at first appeared to be several wooden houses, with a crowd of men and horses and spider-wheels all mixed up together—a jumble of men and things which seemed to utter a general cry of horror, but which afterward turned out to have been a shout of admiration. We stopped eventually, and broke nothing—not our necks nor a buckle of our harness; and when we returned to that conglomeration of shouting men and things by the road, it was Judge Smith's famous hostelry, the head-quarters of the New York gentlemen who go out to show their teams, and pull up to wash down a light luncheon with champagne or lager beer. It was immensely satisfactory to the crowd of teamsters that I did not disguise the alarm which my obliging friend had caused me; though they were inclined to question the correctness of my remembrance when I told them I had travelled on an express engine in England at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Everything is great or small by comparison, and there is no mad rushing along the iron way at seventy miles an hour in the United States.

As a trotting-horse "sport" I should be prepared to be put down as an impostor. However much I might brace myself up to the situation, I should feel that I could no more bear the strain of the "big spurts" than the Democratic party or the Dalmatian pet of my Chicago friend could bear the "ugly rush" of the Republican "boom," or the tempest that settled the dog in question. Have I not yet told you the story of the perfect carriage-dog? Then I must. It is not altogether appropriate to the occasion, but I hold that a good story is never out of place nor out of season. It is not my story. Mr. Storrs, the famous Republican orator of Chicago, told it to me at a pleasant evening reception in Hamilton Avenue. Storrs was rather rough on the Democratic party. It was on the eve of the Presidential election, and all his anecdotes bore upon their weaknesses, supposed or real. It is, fortunately, not necessary for the success of the story that you should either be a Republican or a Democrat. Says Mr. Storrs, looking round upon a little group of admirers and friends in the Chicago drawing-room, "The Democratic party is like an old barn; you may mend it and putty it up, stick some nice showy calico round about it and a flag on the top, go away and look at it from a distance, and the sight is pleasant enough; the thing looks bright and healthy; but wait and see what a puff or two of wind does and a shower of rain! It reminds me of a rich friend of mine, whose great desire was to have a perfect carriage-dog—not simply docile and a good steady follower of his carriage, but perfect as regarded its color, perfect as regarded its symmetry and the regularity of its black spots. He had a splendid team, and he wanted a splendid dog to run behind. One day he came across the very animal at a dog-store down-town, and on the first fine day for trotting on the public track he went out with his fine team and his fine dog. The sun shone gloriously, and so did the dog. Everybody admired it, the spots were so black and regular. On my friend's return homeward the sun disappeared, and the gathering clouds sent out a downpour of rain. The dog began to change under the influence of the wet—the black spots began to run into each other. The dog, for a while, looked like a burlesque zebra. Presently it became a thing of stripes and patches; and when it arrived home it was a dun-brown—a miserable-looking, blear-eyed cur. It was then that my friend understood the meaning of the remark of a person who stood chewing the end of a rank cigar on the side-walk as my friend sallied forth from the store with his new dog. 'I say, mister,' the stranger had said, puffing a cloud in the direction of my friend—'I say, mister, there's generally an umbrella goes with that dawg.'"

VI.

Ten years ago there appeared in London a very intelligent and discriminating volume of essays entitled "English Photographs by an American." The author was Mr. Stephen Fiske, at that time the cleverest and most enterprising of *New York Herald* correspondents. He came to England on Mr. Bennett's yacht in a famous international race. Mr. Fiske wrote his volume chiefly for American readers, though most of the papers appeared in *Tinsleys' Magazine*, under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Yates. I mention the book and its author, a very loyal American, in order to quote the following remarks in regard to English and American sports: "For the outdoor sports of England I can find no basis of comparison in any other country. In yachting, rowing, cricket, racing, hunting, shooting, swimming, and all athletic games, the English are

absolutely unrivalled." This was true ten years ago, and it is true now; but with a difference. Ten years in the history of America is half a century of European progress. Ten years ago neither New York nor Boston could produce a high-class wood engraving. To-day there is nothing finer than the small wood-cuts that illustrate the new books and magazines of the United States. Ten years ago the manufactures of America were too insignificant for consideration in the Old World. To-day England herself is successfully rivalled by American productions in her own markets. In these same ten years the out-door sports of America have grown and extended in various directions. Coaching is a popular amusement in the leading cities. New York and Boston have both their days of meeting. They are far behind the coaching clubs of London, but it is not long since that they did not possess a coach at all, except the old lumbering stage of common use. Base-ball in America takes the place of cricket in England, and it is played with great enthusiasm. Cricket, too, is being introduced in many places, and the Americans play it with Anglo-Saxon pluck. They do not attempt to catch the ball in their caps, as is invariably the case with French beginners. Yachting has not stood still. Our cousins have won several tight races against English yachts since the success of the *America*. Yale and Harvard, and other universities, east and west, have snatched laurels from English crews. For pedestrianism America holds a foremost place, though there can be no more miserable sight than the finish of a long-contested foot-race against time. Foot-ball and hunting are both being introduced into the United States; but hunting will, I venture to think, never be seen to perfection out of England. The bicycle is nowhere as popular as on this side of the Atlantic. The bad roads of America may largely account for this. But what is to be noted with interest to-day is the growing popularity of English sports and pastimes, which cannot fail to have a healthy influence on the rising and succeeding generations of men. Latterly, too, American women begin to see the advantage of taking exercise. They walk more than they did, and fencing is being introduced among them as a beneficial accomplishment. It is a very rare thing to see an American woman on horseback, and many Transatlantic writers are advocating this and other exercises to their countrywomen.

It is the verdict of philosophic observers that great national changes and revolutions are accomplished to a large extent by those who live in great cities. America is certainly an example of this. It is in the cities that the athletic and other clubs have their principal beginnings. There is no "country" in America in the English sense; no village greens and butts; no commons dedicated to cricket; no local meadows set apart for foot-ball, rounders, village sports; no old quoit-grounds and rough skittle-alleys under spreading trees by roadside inns. All these things have to come; and will come, it may be, some day in the dim future; for, in spite of the great foreign element that is not English in thought or instinct, the best and most popular forms of amusement and recreation in America are the growth of British seed. To-day there is an increasing British influence of capital, thought, invention, habits, and manners. The more Americans come to Europe the more this influence will increase; for the American takes home more ideas from England than from France, Italy, or Germany. He is more in sympathy with his English-speaking brethren and they with him. It would be to inquire too curiously to look ahead one hundred years; but the famous stanza of Berkeley is full of suggestiveness for those whose thoughts penetrate the future. Each division of the Old World's history has shown an advance from east to west. Who shall say that this mysterious movement is not in progress still, as evidenced in the present position and future prospects of the New World?

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama of the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

IV.

THE APOSTLE OF UNBELIEF.

Two Gospels.—John to the Judeans, Robert to the Americans.—The Famous Expounder of Materialism.—A Chicago Sabbath.—Going to Hear Ingersoll.—A Funny Story well Adapted.—The Preacher's Logic.—Laughter and Tears.—Pathetic Profanity.—Freedom that Tolerates Tyranny.

I.

The smugly honest English hotel-keeper puts the Bible in your bedroom, and the devil into your bill. The more independent brigand of the United States can make your reckoning as hot as that of his brother of Great Britain, but he does not do it under the shadow of the Scriptures. If he did I should have been able, at the time of writing this, in a certain famous American hotel, to aid my reflections with the precise words of the Gospel which heralded the preaching of John the Baptist. The polite Customs officials of New York turned over my trunks so religiously that I suspect they must have confiscated my biblical library of reference. "Then came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness." It seemed to me that the other day I realized the sensations of thoughtful Judeans when for the first time they heard a new apostle preaching a new faith. Just as characteristic of his time was John's appearance in the wilderness, as is Robert's in the theatre—John poor and ill-clad; Robert, rich and well-dressed. I offer no opinion upon the two messages—that of John the Baptist, and that of Robert the Materialist. The one had not a more startling story to tell to the people of his day than the other to the people of this.

In the estimation of some of my readers it may probably be thought impious that I should bracket together two such preachers as John the Baptist and Robert Ingersoll; but there is no ignoring the Western orator, and John of the Wilderness stands upon a rock that centuries have not shaken. If there had been reporters and interviewers and newspapers in the days of the apostles, much controversy would have been spared us to-day as to the interpolations of reverend revisers of the Scriptures. Theology would certainly not have become such a difficult study as it is, had the chronicles of the dawn of Christianity been set forth by rival newspapers in morning and evening editions. Possibly we might in that case never have heard of Ingersoll's lectures on religion. But he would have talked: nothing could have kept him quiet. He was born to "orate." He has "the sublime gift." You can see it in his eloquent mouth, his full, bright eye, his strong jaw, his intellectual forehead. They have all a kindred physiognomy, these public speakers—Gladstone, Beecher, Spurgeon, Bright, Ingersoll—the entire race of great talkers who think upon their legs, in contradistinction to the men of conversation, such as Thackeray and Douglas Jerrold. They are not to be confounded with gabblers, with wind-bags, with men who sit down after an hour's speech, leaving you without an idea or a thought to take home for reflection. Ingersoll is not like any talker I have ever heard before. He reminds me a little of Spurgeon, whose Saxon-English and broad, homely similes are akin to the Ingersoll method. He has not the dignity of Bright nor the polish of Gladstone; but he has the earnestness of both, coupled with a boldness of metaphor and a vigor of style that are peculiarly American. He represents to-day a great movement, concerning which it is not my purpose to express opinions, but to illustrate it with interesting facts, and with examples of the manner and teaching of the facile and influential orator whom the pen of America has called "the Apostle of Unbelief."

II.

It is a singular fact that the most orthodox Christians are tolerant of a certain mild anecdotical profanity. The success of "Helen's Babies" is the latest example in point. I have seen grave and holy bishops shake their sides at stories ridiculing the heaven of the Scriptures. Romish priests are sometimes jocular among their friends and brethren over some of the difficulties of the sacred records. Ridicule is a powerful weapon, and must have done much in this unpremeditated fashion to undermine the Church and prepare the way for Ingersoll; for it cannot be doubted that he is the mouthpiece of vast multitudes who have gone beyond the anecdotical phase of scepticism, and find sympathetic interpretation of their doubts and fears in the vigorous, open speech of the American preacher. Robert Ingersoll is their John preaching in the wilderness, and for weal or woe they accept his gospel—the gospel of justice, the gospel of intellect, the gospel of good cooking, the gospel of true friendship, the gospel of cheerfulness, the gospel of happy homes. No more priestly dictation, no more hell. The liberal churches of the world would not mind this so much if the new preacher did not take away heaven also. "I do not wish to rob any man or woman of their hopes in the future," he says. "When we lose a person who is dear to us, it is a consolatory and cherished wish that we may meet again." But, evidently, he does not believe in a future life himself, though he does not profess to war against the belief of others in this direction. He is opposed to hell and the power of fear which priestcraft has established for its own purposes.

In this respect the greatest thinkers of the age are with him. Huxley and Darwin are with him; the scientists of Germany and England are with him, and his doctrine is as old as thought. "Have you a devil still in England?" said a German professor visiting Oxford a dozen years ago, referring to some points in a sermon one of the shining lights of a certain college had preached. "Dear me! we have had no devil in Germany for twenty years and more." He exaggerated the progress of German thought, but it may be said of the active liberal intellectuality of Europe that it has long since deposed the devil.

"How would Ingersoll be received in England?" I have been asked. If he devoted himself merely to killing the devil and putting out the flames of an everlasting hell, I think he would find the former dead, and the latter an extinct volcano, except, of course, among the extremely orthodox of the churches. They will not admit the extinction of Tophet, but they show by their actions that they do not believe in the material fires of an unquenchable hell, prepared for the worst of his creatures by a great, good, and living God.

III.

It was on a Sunday, in Chicago, the day after Maud S.'s wonderful performance, that I heard Robert Ingersoll for the first time. Four thousand miles away I had read reports of his speeches in New York papers. One often exaggerates the importance of the seemingly unattainable. Sarah Bernhardt in London, a shadowy something indicated by cable despatches, is a more wonderful woman than Sarah Bernhardt eating oysters in New York and sitting for her photograph at Sarony's. Ingersoll preaching in the wilderness of the West was to me, sitting by a London fireside, with his printed speech in my hand, a more mysterious power than when I found myself in the same street with him on the American side of the Atlantic. I had read and repeated some of his anecdotes in London to English friends. "Give him a harp!" had become a stock phrase in a little circle of mine, where cant is not a virtue, and scepticism does not consign a good-hearted neighbor to the flames. But had the American journalists given undue importance to the man and his audiences? Recognizing in his style something original when it seemed almost impossible that anything new could be said upon subjects which Tom Paine and his imitators had worn threadbare, I was prepared to have my judgment discounted, and to find that "Godless Bob," as the Chicago *Times* irreverently calls Ingersoll, was not the giant I had imagined him to be when some thousands of miles of salt sea rolled between us.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon. The street-cars were full of church and chapel goers. Bells were ringing here and there for afternoon service. Some of the church and chapel goers alighted at

M'Vicker's Theatre. They were pointed out to me by a friend. Chicago orthodoxy is heterodoxy compared with the orthodoxy of New York and London. Besides the church and chapel goers, there stepped out of the cars people who ignore the steeple-house and the clergyman. There was not a vacant seat in the house—one of the finest and handsomest theatres on this continent of beautiful play-houses.

Is it a good sign or a bad sign that the livelier passages of the discourse, in which the Bible was most "mocked" at, excited the heartiest laughter among the youngest of the listeners, and that they seemed least impressed with the tender and domestic lessons which fell eloquently from the preacher's lips when he spoke of the gospel of goodness? The audience was well-dressed and intelligent, young and old, men and women, each of whom had paid four shillings for admission.

Ingersoll lives his sermon of domestic tenderness. He preaches paternal affection, love of home, duty to children—do unto others as you would they should do unto you; and his theory of life is, that man makes his own heaven or his own hell; that it pays best to be a good fellow; that if you get worldly prosperity in a dishonorable way you are sure to be unhappy, whether you believe in God or not; that, in short, honesty is the best policy. "You cannot help God in any way," he said. "He is beyond anything you can possibly do for him; but you can plant a flower daily in the path of your child from its earliest years, until the day comes when you die in that child's arms." There were homely touches of this kind from the beginning to the end of his address, and there were tears in the eyes of many of his hearers as he contrasted with the uncertain bliss of heaven the certain happiness of kindly deeds and domestic duties well fulfilled on earth.

IV.

"What shall we Do to be Saved?" was the subject of his lecture. He came on from the prompt side of the stage, and was received with round upon round of applause. A middle-aged man, he was attired in evening-dress—the "custom of an afternoon," it seems, on the American platform. He held some notes in his hand. They turned out to be the Creed of St. Athanasius and other extracts from the English Prayer-book, and from the New Testament. He began just as I could have fancied him sitting by my London fire. "Fear," he said, "is the dungeon of the mind, and superstition is a dagger with which hypocrisy assassinates the soul. Courage is liberty. I am in favor of absolute freedom of thought. In the realm of the mind every one is a monarch. Every one is robed, sceptred, and crowned, and every one wears the purple of authority. I belong to the republic of intellectual liberty, and only those are good citizens of that republic who depend upon reason and upon persuasion, and only those are traitors who resort to brute force." He went on with a wonderful facility of eloquence. He hit priestcraft blow upon blow, and he relieved the seriousness of his theme by epigram and anecdote. "Let us have courage," he said, after a tribute to intellect; "priests have invented a crime called 'blasphemy,' and behind that crime hypocrisy has crouched for thousands of years. There is but one blasphemy, and that is injustice. There is but one worship, and that is justice. You need not fear the anger of a God whom you cannot injure. Rather fear to injure your fellow-men. Do not be afraid of a crime you cannot commit. Rather be afraid of the one that you may commit."

Then he told a certain well-worn story in illustration of the follies and even the impiety, in a religious sense, of superstition. "There was," he said, "a Jewish gentleman who went into a restaurant to get his dinner, and the devil of temptation whispered in his ear, 'Eat some bacon.' He knew if there was anything in the universe calculated to excite the wrath of the Infinite Being, who made every shining star, it was to see a gentleman eating bacon. He knew it, and he knew the Infinite Being was looking, and that he was the Infinite Eavesdropper of the universe. But his appetite got the better of his conscience, as it often has with us all, and he ate that bacon. He knew it was wrong. When he went into that restaurant the weather was delightful, the sky was as blue as June; and when he came out the sky was covered with angry clouds, the lightning leaping from one to the other, and the earth shaking beneath the voice of the thunder. He went back into that restaurant with a face as white as milk, and he said to one of the keepers, 'My heavens! did you ever hear such a fuss about a little piece of bacon?'" When the roars of laughter which greeted this story had ceased the preacher pointed the moral: "As long as we harbor such opinions of Infinity, as long as we imagine the heavens to be filled with tyranny, so long the sons of men will be cringing, intellectual cowards. Let us think, and let us honestly express our thought."

Ingersoll has a full and practical knowledge of the artifices of oratory. He was never at a loss for a word, though he would occasionally pause, half-hesitatingly, to give emphasis to a telling phrase. His action is great when compared with the repose of English speakers. He walks about the stage as Father Gavazzi does, only that the Italian is almost melodramatic in his action, flinging his cloak over his shoulders like a bandit, while Ingersoll is simply emphatic in his gestures. He laughs at his own jokes; laughs with his audience—they with him; it is as if he and his audience were on close and intimate terms; as if he slapped them on the back and they him; as if they were real, intimate friends; and it is in moments when they are closest together over a good joke—the bacon story, for example—that he suddenly pours out upon them the eloquent warnings of his better nature, of the responsibility that rests upon every man to live a pure and manly life. He is one of the most natural of orators, natural in the sense that Mademoiselle Bernhardt is natural in the interpretation of characters which suit her physique. His voice is not musical, his manner is uncultured; but his matter is original, his treatment unique, and he has the magnetism of all great speakers who sway and dominate multitudes. What Maud S. is to the American trotting-track Ingersoll is to the American platform.

V.

Maud S. went round the track with an easy grace that seemed to discount her rapidity. It did not seem as if she was doing anything extraordinary. She went ahead at a dead-level pace, like a sculler rowing safe within his power, like a pedestrian holding himself in, ready when called upon to increase both action and speed. So it was with Ingersoll. He spoke without effort. From declamation to narrative; from confidential chat to powerful denunciation; from anecdote to simile; from simile to epigram, and thence to pathos of the most touching character. He was easy all the time; he spoke without effort; and when he delivered his peroration one felt that the long address was too short—that the speaker could not have been wearisome, however extended his discourse might have been. He chuckled over his illustration of the fussiness of perverts and converts. His hatred of the Presbyterians is greater than his hatred of the Catholics. He says their sect was started by a murderer whose idea of God was an infinite John Calvin. "A young Presbyterian, the other day, tried to convert me," he said, rubbing his hands mirthfully; "he was a new convert himself, and was very full of his own importance. Bumblebees, you know, are always largest when first hatched. 'You are very happy now, then,' I said, 'with so many other people going to hell, and you going to heaven?' Yes, he said. he was happy. 'Don't it make you miserable,' I said, 'the knowledge of all those others going to everlasting hell?' He said he had not thought of it in that light. 'Suppose, now,' I said, 'you are saved and your mother is lost—could you be happy in heaven with your mother in hell?" The young man hesitated a little, but he was faithful to his new church. 'Well,' he said, at last, 'I guess God knows what is best for mother.'"

The most successful drama, theatrical managers tell you, is that which sandwiches in its scenes laughter and tears; audiences like to laugh and cry almost in the same breath. Ingersoll's addresses are modelled on this principle. Laughter, enthusiasm, heartfelt emotion, are the responses to his catching eloquence. I call to mind his closing words; the spirit of them remains with me as orthodoxically as the sacred music of a cathedral choir. "Oh! but you say I take away immortality. I do not. If we are immortal it is a fact in nature, and we are not indebted to priests for it, nor to Bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief. As long as we love we will hope to live, and when the one dies that we love we will say, 'Oh that we could meet again!' And whether we do or not it will not be the work of theology. It will be a fact in nature. I would not for my life destroy one star of human hope, but I want it settled that when a poor woman rocks the cradle and sings a lullaby to her dimpled darling she will not be compelled to believe that ninety-nine chances in a hundred she is raising kindling-wood for hell. One world at a time! That is my doctrine. It is said in this Testament, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' and I say, Sufficient unto each world is the evil thereof. And suppose, after all, that death does end all, next to eternal joy, next to being forever with those we love and those who have loved us, next to that is to be wrapped in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace."

And these words that follow were those that stirred the hearers into a shout of enthusiastic endorsement of the humanitarianism of his eloquent discourse:

"Next to eternal life is eternal death. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of trouble casts no wave. Eyes that have been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the touch of tears. Lips that have been touched by eternal silence will never utter another word of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep; and I would rather think of those I have loved, and those I have lost, as having returned, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world—I would rather think of them as unconscious dust, I would rather think of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the clouds, bursting in the foam of light upon the shores of worlds—I would rather think of them as the inanimate and eternally unconscious, than to have even a suspicion that their naked souls had been clutched by an orthodox God."

The entire doctrine of Ingersoll may be summed up in the belief that the honest man and the loving woman have nothing to fear in the future. But let it be understood that in this sketch I am simply dealing with the speaker, not with his doctrines; that my remarks are narrative, not theological. Maud S. on Saturday, Ingersoll on Sunday, seemed to me to hit American characteristics of the day, as contrasted with specialities of the Old World. Both are representative of the practicalness of American life. I have already shown why trotting is preferred in America, while running is the favorite racing gait of England. Similar reasons, so far as their practical data go, may be found for the existence of a speaker who boldly arraigns God on his throne and brings to the Bar the churches that have revealed him. It was said scornfully of the unbelievers in the days of the apostles that they wanted a sign. Ingersoll makes a similar claim: "Let these modern apostles, these living saints of Rome who have inherited the power of casting out devils, let them do it. Let them come forward and cast out one before us—ever so little a one—a devil for a cent!" The American mind, particularly in the West, wants proofs. It refuses to take anything for granted, and Ingersoll interprets its hard, business-like view. "I have made up my mind that, if there is a God, he will be merciful to the merciful: upon that rock I stand! That he will forgive the forgiving: upon that rock I stand! That every man should be true to himself, and that there is no world, no star, in which honesty is a crime: and upon that rock I stand! The honest man, the good, kind, sweet woman, the happy child, have nothing to fear, neither in this world nor the world to come: and upon that rock I stand!"

In a country where men and women are not confronted with the living traditions of old churches, where they live outside the shadows of solemn cathedrals, beyond the influence of a State church or a national religion represented by cowled monks and hooded nuns, by vesper bells and solemn processions, it is not to be wondered at that thought is freer, and that the keen reasoning of an active age of work should dispute with the Fathers of the ancient Churches of Europe. Without for a moment pretending to endorse the doctrines of Ingersoll, there can be no doubt that on the whole he is doing an important work, and possibly a good work. One of the most enlightened of Chicago clergymen, in discussing the subject with me, took that view. A change is coming over the spirit of the churches. The Church of England must modify the damnatory clauses of its leading creed in the presence of the new movement represented by Ingersoll; and the other churches, if they are to hold the respect and reverence of the next generation, must rule more and more by love and less and less by fear. This will come with the spread of education and with further revisions of the Scriptures, which are full of interpolations that make God a God afflicted with human passions, and neutralize some of the holiest teachings of Jesus Christ, the sublimity and grandeur of whose character Ingersoll does not attack.

If the great Western orator visits London to deliver his lectures he must tone down the strong colors of his denunciation of the Bible. The Book is the Rock upon which it is claimed that Christian England has built her house. Professors Huxley and Darwin and many other Englishmen of distinction do not accept the biblical tradition, but they are content to wait for the revelations of science which are to modify it; and the man who comes before the public to decry it and scoff at its God will find difficulties and tribulation in his path that he does not dream of in America. At the same time it is quite possible that a speaker of such original power and personal weight as Robert Ingersoll would find in London and the leading cities great audiences willing to listen to him, ready to laugh at his profane jokes, and prepared to cry over and applaud his illustrations of the pathetic depths of human depravity and human love.

There are no more characteristic illustrations of the practical bearings of the active American mind, as it seems to me, than Ingersoll, his lectures, and his audiences; and in face of these examples nothing puzzles me more than the patience with which this great, busy, practical, freedom-loving race submits to the swindling and tyranny of national corporations.

V.

THE GHOSTS OF TWO HEMISPHERES.

American and English Bishops.—Sunday and the Churches.—Religious Freedom.—Ingersoll's Lecture on Ghosts.—Witchcraft.—Anecdotical Rhetoric.—Tyrannical Phantoms.—Visiting a Famous Spiritualist.—A Private Séance in New York.—The Spiritualist and the Soldier.—A Dramatic Story.—Mr. Foster's Manifestations.—Messages from the Dead.—Spiritism at Fault.—The Church Tolerating Modern Jugglery.—A Newspaper Written by Famous Ghosts.—The latest Development of Trade Journalism.

1.

THERE is no more religious freedom in the United States than there is in England. The fact that we have on this side of the Atlantic a State Church does not leave us with a narrower margin for numerous sects and creeds than that which fringes the Episcopal Church in America. If the ministry there has more of the aspect of mere business than it has in England, it is because the American people are less reverential than we are, and more self-assertive in the matter of general equality. An American bishop does not impress an Englishman as an English bishop does. Something of the ancient sanctity of the old priesthood nestles in the British Episcopal garments. Then our divine is a minister of State as well as of the Gospel. He is a spiritual peer of the realm. He has a seat in the House of Lords. He lives in a palace and rides a sleek cob, when he is not sitting in a luxurious chariot behind still sleeker carriage-horses. Altogether he is a very different person from your American bishop, who has no curly brim to his hat, no ecclesiastical waistcoat, no gaiters, and wears no superior expression on his face when he condescends to address you. The American church-goer would not put up with it if he had, any more than the American servant will submit to anything like hauteur from his employer.

As a companion on board ship, or during a long railway journey, being compelled to travel with a bishop, I should certainly prefer the society of an American ecclesiastic. Fancy an English bishop taking off his coat and gaiters and vaulting into bed on a Pullman car! Orthodoxy trembles at the bare idea of such an exhibition. Imagine the right reverend cleric running along the track of an American railway to snatch a mouthful of luncheon, egged on by a colored gentleman with a gong, and the intimation, "This way for luncheon! No more to eat till you get to Syracuse!" Imagine his lordship in a boot-black saloon being polished off under the familiar notice posted in numerous establishments concerning the demoniacal effects of "busting" under the influence of misplaced confidence!

The suggestion of such a mischance gives one a shudder. Years ago I saw a dean fall into a coal-cellar. Somehow my respect for the Church, I often fear, took a chill on that occasion. Dignity requires the support of dress and surroundings. In America genius is dignity. In England officialism and uniforms fill the *rôle*. One would just as soon think of cracking a joke with an English bishop as dancing a jig on one's ancestral tomb. A French cardinal or a German archbishop is even more accessible than an English dean. An American ecclesiastic of a similar rank would be no more straitlaced than an ordinary fellow-traveller, if you met him on the cars, on a steamer, or at a hotel.

It is singular that in a country of so much common-sense, where the utilitarian spirit is so general, there should nevertheless be a large amount of superstition diffused throughout all classes of society. English traditions, the romantic influence of old castles, the strange gloom of ancient churches, the relics of historic battle-fields, the fairy lore of an age still closely linked with the present, and a hundred other incentives to superstition, may be cited to excuse ignorant beliefs in ghostly influences, in spiritual communications, in omens, in warnings, in messages from the dead on this side of the Atlantic. It seems to me, on the other hand, that, living among the particularly modern surroundings of American homes, it requires an excessive amount of imaginative power to conjure up ghosts. Yet the United States are full of them, or at least full of their agents and ministers. We have many spiritualists in England, but in America spiritualism is a profession. Its "mediums" give advice on family affairs, treat the sick, and carry on regular correspondence with the other world.

In the United States more than in England orthodox Christians accept spiritualism as a divine revelation intended to check infidelity. I knew a grave vicar of the Church of England who believed that spirits really do control the actions of David Home, and that they are evil ones whose coming and activity are forecast in the New Testament. In America I met several devout persons who credited the Almighty with modern spiritualistic manifestations in the interest of the Universal Church. "That the materialists may not perish in their ignorance and stiff-neckedness," said one of these persons, "our Father is drawing the veil aside, that the spirits of the departed may commune with the poor sinners and save their souls alive."

On American Sundays the various churches are well attended. The aspect of the streets in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, is very much like that of old-fashioned church-going cities such as Worcester or Gloucester, or the upper portions of Liverpool. All respectable people are at church or chapel during the hours of meeting, and after the morning service they take a short walk before dinner, just as they do in most English towns; for, while late dinners are in vogue on the working-days of the week, an early repast is the rule on the Sabbath. After church on Sunday mornings it is the thing to take a stroll on Fifth Avenue, to see the pretty girls and their gay toilets. It is a pleasant custom, this mid-day saunter, the sun flashing on the gilded leaves and clasps of Bible and hymn-book, carried in daintily-gloved hands. In Philadelphia there is quite a suggestion of the severer habits of Quakerism in the way of Sabbath observances, though it is not present in an objectionable form. A few years ago it was a common practice to put chains across many of the streets, to restrict the carriage traffic during the hours of divine service. Both Philadelphia and Boston have a sterner appearance on the Sabbath than New York. Chicago has shocked the sensibilities of some other cities by permitting theatres and concert-rooms to be open on Sunday evenings, after the manner of the European continent. Preaching is better understood in America than in England. Sermons are more interesting and less conventional. In spite of the popularity of Ingersoll and the general freedom of thought and conversation in every class of society upon religious subjects, the Rev. R. W. Dale, an English Non-conformist minister, during his recent travels in the United States, "met with no man professing the Christian faith who betrayed that sense of insecurity which I sometimes meet with in England in relation to the ultimate grounds of religious belief." He heard of vehement attacks on the orthodox creed; but these attacks troubled the Christian people whom he met in America much less than similar attacks trouble Christian people in England. The Americans seemed to feel very sure of their ground, and they showed no alarm. My experience does not enable me to endorse Mr. Dale's impressions. There is a good deal of the old bitter intolerance of the Puritan Fathers still alive in America; and at the same time there is also a good deal of the calm, Christian-like content which is bred of faith. I found the same kind of indifference among cultured men and women that obtains in England touching theological controversy, with just sufficient leaning toward the rooting-up of dogmas to make them very tolerant of the preaching of Ingersoll. "If he would not deny a future state of rewards and punishments," said a Western preacher to me, "Ingersoll would be perhaps the greatest and most useful man in this country. But he is improving. One day he will turn round and join a liberal church. He acknowledges the sublimity, at least, of the character of Christ." There is one phase of the religious question which Mr. Dale discusses with judicial shrewdness. It is surprising how clearly churchmen estimate the strength of rival establishments and organizations. I would not insinuate against Mr. Dale the slightest desire to persecute; but there is a sharpness in his style and a distinctness in his words, when he comes to deal with Roman Catholicism, which is not always characteristic of his literary method, though his "Impressions of America" is full of instruction and thoughtful observation on many important subjects. Among the general conclusions which he has arrived at in regard to the Roman Catholics in the United States are the following: "That the Roman Catholic organization is far more complete and powerful at the present time than it ever was before, and that consequently the Church is not likely to lose so large a proportion of its members in the future as it has lost in the past, and that Roman Catholicism, as a social and political force, is far stronger than it ever has been; and that American statesmen who care to maintain the institutions and traditions of their country will have to deal very firmly with the attempts of the priesthood to secure for the Roman Catholic Church special immunities and privileges. They will have to stand fast by the common-school system, and to discover some means of preventing the bishops from violating the spirit of American law, which is hostile to the unlimited appropriation of property to ecclesiastical uses."

Mr. Dale reminds America that in the Middle Ages the struggle with the Papacy taxed the

strength of the greatest kings; and that it remains to be seen whether the strength of the greatest republics will be equal to the conflict. America has put down the superstitious tyranny of Puritanism, and will know how to protect itself from the undue dictation of any Church. Without the aid of a censorship it has stamped out "The Passion Play," and without the government of a bench of bishops it has covered the land with schools and churches. The property belonging to the latter is estimated at $56,191,600. The school system of the United States is admirably organized and administered. Mr. Dale, in his objection to the dictation of Roman Catholicism in America, does not think it worth while to refer to the barbarities which were perpetrated by the founders of the present Church in America. There were no ignorant, tyrannous persecutors more brutal than the Puritans of New England. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Demonology," repeats historical facts that vie with anything Rome did under the mask of the Inquisition. America will do well to let no Church, no sect, no creed get the upper hand, for they have all persecuted and shamed the God whom they worship. The Presbyterians, Calvinists, and Independents of New England filled the land with "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." To-day education holds superstition in check; and nobody can be fined or imprisoned for entertaining religious or other opinions contrary to those accepted of the majority. Any religion that cannot stand investigation and inquiry is not worth troubling about.

Mr. Beecher and Mr. Talmage, two eminent preachers whose names are familiar in England as well as America (Mr. Talmage having lately made a very profitable tour of English dissenting pulpits and English platforms), evidently no longer rely upon "the saving truths" of Christianity as sufficient attraction to their congregations. They occasionally introduce into their churches the hysteric sensations of so-called "revivalism"—a public display of the nervous debility of weak intellects under the thunder-threats of brimstone and fire, and the strikingly contrasted promise of an everlasting Paradisian holiday. Recently Mr. Beecher allowed a company of "Palestine Arabs" to occupy a temporary stage erected over his pulpit. Two thousand spectators were kept in a continual flutter of amusement and mirth at the lively illustrations of life in the Holy Land. The manager of the troupe is one "Professor Rosedale," said to be a Christianized Arab. He speaks English like a native, and manages his show with great skill. There were seven men and one woman among the company, all converts to Christianity, with one exception, and this exception was a Mohammedan, and "a whirling dervish," and a "tremendous prayer" to Allah. One was a sword-dancer and tambourinist; another was a reed-player, seven feet high; and another was a young chief of eighteen who had, it was stated, married when he was eight, and was a happy father at twelve. These barbarians, dressed in all kinds of strange costumes, were permitted to howl and dance and enact all manner of supposed incidents of Arab life, including the performance of a marriage ceremony, in Mr. Beecher's church. The congregation was eminently sympathetic; it encored the sword-dance. One feature of the entertainment was the performance of Eastern prayer. "The dervish," said the manager, "is the only Mohammedan in the party. He will now come out and pray with just as much earnestness as if there was no audience here. I hope that none of you will laugh at him, for it makes him very angry, and he will stop praying." The praying dervish then came forward, knelt down, and chanted in a very dolorous fashion. After this he bowed himself out and returned as a "howling dervish," with several companions in white robes. They joined hands, and "out-shakered" their American imitators of the singular but honest and industrious community of Oneida Creek. On the whole, the entertainment was not uninteresting, and might attract a crowd at the Westminster Aquarium, where we have had Zulu troupes and Norwegian troupes, and where we shall possibly see the Nautch girls, if they have really any success at Mr. Daly's theatre. Many years ago, however, a company of this kind proved disastrous to the management of a London theatre. It would be quite a new idea to introduce them into the "little Bethel" of England, just as Mr. Beecher might show them off in illustration of Eastern manners and the dancing of David before the Lord at the big Bethel of Brooklyn.

II.

Among the people in America who acknowledge no Church and attend no religious services, it is a good thing that the materialist, infidel, or whatever he may be called, Mr. Ingersoll, is a teacher and a missionary, for while he is grinding at creeds and dogmas he is preaching a gospel of kindness, of charity, of domestic love, of manly duty, the gospel of Christ without the ecclesiastical conditions and threats of the Churches. I am not upholding his opinions, nor is it my business or inclination to controvert them. A good deal of what he says is a straightforward explanation of the views of many good men, both inside the Church and outside, in America and in England. Unknown in England, except by those who regularly and attentively study the American papers, I take pleasure in acquainting the English public with his existence, and with some of his opinions. He is not to be confounded or mixed up with commonplace blasphemers who have of late years made themselves heard in England in connection with socialism, communism, malthusism, and other kindred filthy isms. He is a man in the best and broadest sense of the word. "I do not pretend," he says, "to tell what all the truth is. I do not pretend to have fathomed the abyss, nor to have floated on outstretched wings level with the heights of thought. I simply plead for freedom. I denounce the cruelties and horrors of slavery. I ask for light and air for the souls of men. I say, take off those chains, break those manacles, free those limbs, release that brain. I plead for the right to think, to reason, to investigate. I ask that the future may be enriched with the honest thoughts of men. I implore every human being to be a soldier in the army of progress. I will not invade the rights of others. You have no right to erect your toll-gates upon the highways of thought. You have no right to leap from the hedges of superstition and strike down the pioneers of the human race. You have no right to sacrifice the liberties of man upon the altars of ghosts. Believe what you may; preach what you desire; have all the forms and ceremonies you please; exercise your liberties in your own way, and, extend to all others the same right."

It was in a lecture on "Ghosts" that the eloquent preacher said these words; and I recall some of the notable points of his belief and the purpose of his lectures. He is doing, according to his idea, what he can to make this world just a little better, to give a little more liberty to men, a little more liberty to women. He believes in the government of kindness; he believes in truth, in investigation, in free thought. He does not believe that the hand of want will be eternally extended in this world; he does not believe that the prison will forever scar the ground; he does not believe that the shadow of the gallows will forever curse the earth; he does not believe that it will always be true that the men who do the most work will have the least to wear and the least to eat. He believes that the time will come when liberty and morality and justice, like the rings of Saturn, will surround the world; that the world will be better, and every true man and every free man will do what he can to hasten the coming of the religion of human advancement.

"Let me give you," he said, after a long disquisition on the history of the past governing the present, the rule of the ghosts, "let me give you my definition of metaphysics—that is to say, the science of the unknown, the science of guessing. Metaphysics is where two fools get together, and each one admits what neither can prove, and both say, 'Hence we infer.' This is the science of metaphysics. For this these ghosts were supposed to have the only experience and real knowledge; they inspired men to write books, and the books were sacred. If facts were found to be inconsistent with these books, so much the worse for the facts, and especially for the discoverers of these facts."

III.

Ingersoll has an aptitude of anecdotical illustration which carries all before it. I have seen nothing like the enthusiasm which his oratory invokes—not in multitudes of thoughtless people, but in vast assemblages of educated and responsible men and women, who have paid four shillings each for their seats. One of his rhetorical episodes occurs to me. It was to point his argument against eternal punishment:

"A house is on fire, and there is seen at a window the frightened face of a woman, with a babe in her arms, appealing for help. Humanity cries out, 'Will some one go to the rescue?' They do not ask for a Methodist, a Baptist, or a Catholic; they ask for a man. All at once there starts from the crowd one that nobody ever suspected of being a saint—one, maybe, with a bad reputation; but he goes up the ladder and is lost in the smoke and flame; and a moment after he emerges, and the great circles of flame hiss around him; in a moment more he has reached the window, in another moment, with the woman and child in his arms, he reaches the ground and gives his fainting burden to the by-standers; and the people all stand hushed for a moment, as they always do at such times, and then all the air is rent with acclamations."

So, also, is the atmosphere of the great hall in which he is speaking. When the surging crowd is still again, he exclaims, "Tell me that that man is going to be sent to hell, to eternal flames, who is willing to risk his life rather than a woman and child should suffer from the fire one moment! I despise that doctrine of hell! Any man that believes in eternal hell is afflicted with at least two diseases—petrifaction of the heart and petrifaction of the brain."

This blow at superstition having gone straight home, he delivers another in the same direction. "I have seen," he says, "upon the field of battle a boy sixteen years of age struck by a fragment of shell. I have seen him fall. I have seen him die with a curse upon his lips and the face of his mother in his heart. Tell me that his soul will be hurled from the field of battle where he lost his life that his country might live—where he lost his life for the liberties of man—tell me that he will be hurled from that field to eternal torment! I pronounce it an infamous lie! And yet, according to these gentlemen, that is to be the fate of nearly all the splendid fellows in this world."

It is not necessary that I should repeat his arguments or his facts; they are indicated in his rhetorical flights. Nor do I care to bring down upon my humble head the thunders of orthodoxy by what may be considered an undue exploiting of the logic of an unbeliever. Of course the churches can answer him and do. They are answering him all this time from one end of the States to the other. Sermons precede and follow him wherever he goes. He acknowledged this attention in the very opening of the lecture to which I have been calling your attention. He said:

"In the first place, allow me to tender my sincere thanks to the clergy of this city. I feel that I am greatly indebted to them for this magnificent audience. It has been said, and I believe it myself, that there is a vast amount of intolerance in the Church of to-day; but when twenty-four clergymen, three of whom I believe are bishops, act as my advance agents, without expecting any remuneration or reward in this world, I must admit that perhaps I was mistaken on the question of intolerance. And I will say, further, that against those men I have not the slightest feeling in the world. Every man is the product of his own surroundings; he is the product of every circumstance that has ever touched him; he is the product to a certain degree of the religion and creed of his day, and when men show the slightest intolerance I blame the creed, I blame the religion, I blame the superstition that

forced them to do so. I do not blame those men."

And the following was his peroration:

"Why should we sacrifice a real world that we have for one we know not of? Why should we enslave ourselves? Why should we forge fetters for our own hands? Why should we be the slaves of phantoms — phantoms that we create ourselves? The darkness of barbarism was the womb of these shadows. In the light of science they cannot cloud the sky forever. They have reddened the hands of man with innocent blood. They made the cradle a curse and the grave a place of torment. . . . Let the ghosts go—justice remains. Let them disappear—men, women, and children are left. Let the monster fade away—the world remains, with its hills, and seas, and plains, with its seasons of smiles and frowns, its spring of leaf and bud, its summer of shade and flower, its autumn with the laden boughs, when

'The withered banners of the corn are still,
And gathered fields are growing strangely wan,
While Death, poetic Death, with hands that color
Whate'er they touch, weaves in the autumn wood
Her tapestries of gold and brown.'

The world remains, with its winters, and homes, and firesides, where grow and bloom the virtues of our race. All these are left; and music, with its sad and thrilling voice, and all there is of art and song, and hope and love, and aspiration high. All these remain. Let the ghosts go—we will worship them no more! Man is greater than these phantoms. Humanity is grander than all the creeds, than all the books. Humanity is the great sea, and these creeds and books and religions are but the waves of a day. Humanity is the sky, and these religions and dogmas and theories are but the mists and clouds changing continually, destined finally to melt away. Let the ghosts go! We will worship them no more! Let them cover their eyeless sockets with their fleshless hands, and fade forever from the imagination of men!"

IV.

It is, as I said before, curious that, in presence of so much orthodoxy and so much enlightened unorthodoxy, the superstition of spiritualism should have planted its mystic throne right in the very heart of the great republic. The chief apostle of the new "black art," or "divine revelation," as some churchmen call it, is Mr. Charles Foster, an amiable gentleman, who kindly intimated through a friend that he would be pleased to give me an opportunity of investigating "the new religion," or in other words that he would "give me a *séance*."

My first visit to his handsome brown-stone fronted house was ill-timed. Another and a more interesting arrival was daily expected. Mr. Foster was in a state of morbid excitement. He rubbed his hands and looked at me in a vague, wandering fashion, that did not harmonize with my idea of a calm and self-possessed medium. When I knew the cause of his emotion he went up considerably in my estimation. He was greatly concerned for the fate of his young wife. The next day he was the happy father of a son, and Mrs. Foster was as well as could be expected. The spiritualist received me with distinguished courtesy; and, on my second visit, I was accompanied by a lady who believed in him, a Mrs. M., and by a gentleman well known in dramatic circles as Mr. C.

Now, Mr. C. was not a spiritualist: he was an inquirer like myself. Mr. Foster was well known to him, it is true, and before the *séance* commenced he entertained Mrs. M. and myself with the following remarkable narrative in illustration of Mr. Foster's strange and mysterious powers:

"I was with Captain F.," said Mr. C., "when he visited Foster soon after the war. F. was a fine, powerful, handsome fellow—a Southerner, who had done great deeds as a cavalry officer. He was bitten with a desire to have a *séance* with Foster. I introduced him and stated his wish. The spiritualist stipulated for a considerable fee. He did not seem to care about us or our object. Indeed, I thought he rather tried to put us off. 'Do you believe in spiritualism?' Foster asked. 'No,' said Captain F.; 'but I would like to.' Foster lighted his meerschaum pipe, and the *séance* was opened with knockings, and went on a little tamely at first. By-and-by Foster grew excited, and looking F. full in the face, said, 'There is present the spirit of one who loved you dearly and died of a broken heart.' 'Take care!' said Captain F., half rising from his seat, and nervously clutching the back of his chair. 'She was a deeply-injured woman,' went on the medium, without appearing to notice the startled officer, and speaking as if communing with the dead—'she was a deeply-injured woman, and when she died—' 'By thunder!' exclaimed F., 'stop! Be cautious, or I may kill you!' He leaned over the table, his white face close to the spiritualist's. I tried to interpose, but Foster's calmness reassured me. He simply looked straight at the soldier and said, 'Shall I repeat her last dying words?' F. pulled himself together, though the perspiration was streaming down his face. 'No living soul but myself,' he said, in a trembling voice, 'heard those last dying words; they were whispered into my ear. If you are tricking me—if you make any mistake —I will kill you where you stand!' By this time he had grasped his revolver, and the situation had become too critical for me even to think of interfering. 'Shall I deliver the words to you aloud, or shall she write them?' I had sufficient presence of mind, uninfluenced by curiosity, to say, 'Write them,' and F. acquiesced with a nod. Foster passed a slip of paper under the table, and in a few seconds handed it to the captain, who, uttering a cry of surprise and remorse, fell back into his chair, and did not speak again until we were walking down Broadway. All that day he was like a man possessed, and even now we hardly ever meet without his recalling the circumstance to my mind."

V.

Thus was our *séance* inaugurated with a personal narrative sufficiently dramatic to put one in a proper state of mind for revelations of startling power.

We were assembled in a plainly but well-furnished room, on a fine morning in October, with the Indian summer sunshine stealing through the window and making the apartment anything but ghostly. Mr. Foster, a gentleman with somewhat of an Oriental cast of countenance, and by no means unprepossessing in manner or appearance, was smoking a meerschaum pipe, for which habit he apologized and asked our indulgence. He chatted about London, and expressed his admiration of the English people, and his detestation of jugglers who profess to produce similar manifestations to his own by trickery and sleight of hand.

"It is only right to tell you," I said, "that I am not a believer in spiritualism; but I am willing to be a patient inquirer, and anxious to have some proof of the peculiar power which you are said to possess."

"How do you account for the facts which Mr. C. has just spoken of, if the incident he related was not the result of spiritual influence?" asked the famous medium.

"Firstly, that you may have known Captain F.'s story beforehand."

"Impossible!" said Mr. C.

The medium smiled with an expression of patient pity for my ignorance.

"Secondly," I continued, "that through the influence of mesmerism you may perhaps have been able to take possession of his mind and to read his thoughts."

"No, sir," responded Foster; "you are quite wrong. The information came without any will or influence of mine—came from the spirit of that poor dead woman who stood beside him, as I now see spirits standing by you."

Knockings were heard near the table—mysterious knockings calculated to impress one by their strange, unmaterial character—sounds that appeared to be made by aerial concussions, knocks that were odd and unnatural.

"Write as many names as you please on the slips of paper before you," said Foster—"names of persons who are dead or living, and names of fictitious people. Write them as you please, and fold up the slips tightly."

I wrote thirty or forty names. I crushed each slip into the semblance of a pea. Foster did not touch them.

"Think of some person from whom you would like to hear."

I thought of my father.

Foster took up the paper pellets one after the other, asking, as he picked up each one, "Are you here?"

Presently there were loud and irrepressible knocks.

"Take down the letters as I spell out the name," said the spiritualist, who with great rapidity spelled out the Christian and surname of my father.

"Your father would like to write a message to you," said the spiritualist, and almost immediately he produced the following:

"It is true that I am with you—true that I am always by your side, and that I love you as ever.—F. A. HATTON."

"Do you see any jugglery in that?" Foster asked.

"None," I replied; and the very simplicity of the incident was impressive.

"Think of some one else," he said.

I thought of a sister long since dead, and with the same prompt and rapid result, including the writing down of her pet name; and no one in America could possibly have known it, though a shrewd guess might, of course, have been made that Mary would be converted into "Polly."

"Now let your friends throw in a number of names to mix with yours."

This was done, and the knockings increased considerably.

"There are persistent knocks close to me," said Mrs. M.

Foster consulted the paper pellets.

"Are you here? are you here?"

The knocks were furious. Foster spelled out, "Mary G——."

"Who is Mary G——?" he asked.

There was no response. I preserved a stolid countenance.

The pause was ultimately interrupted by Mrs. M. "Mary G—— is my aunt," she said, tearing up the pellets and smiling at me.

During the remainder of the *séance* "Mary G——" was the noisiest of all the ghosts, eliciting frequent recognition from the medium. "Mary G—— is still with you," he would say; "your aunt is still by your side, Mrs. M." "Mary will not leave you." I said nothing, but I kept my mind on Mary G——, as I wish my readers to do. Don't let Mrs. M.'s aunt escape you.

A ghost was now raised for Mr. C., and the medium declared he could see it.

"May I ask it a business question?" inquired my friend.

"Certainly. Ask a question the answering of which will be useful to you," said Foster.

Mr. C. put his question in writing, and was answered aloud at his own request, and the words were also written, as follows:

"You will return to the theatre."

Mr. C. accepted the answer without remark.

VI.

The *séance* went on with varied results of no moment. It is one of Foster's specialities that the spirits write their names on his arm, and he promised us the manifestation at a future day. I have seen it done reasonably well by an amateur. Mark on your flesh with a blunt instrument, a pencil, or a knitting-needle; rub the place a few minutes afterward, and you will find the initials come out red and distinct. I don't know whether this is Foster's method, or whether it is a burlesque upon it. I leave the question between himself and his clients, whom he counts by hundreds. He is consulted on all kinds of delicate and serious matters by strong men and by weak women, who travel long journeys to see him for his spiritualistic advice.

"You are thinking of two dead persons at this moment," said Foster.

"Pope and Dr. Williams," he said, "they are in the room?"

"I was not thinking of Pope," I said, "and the Pope whose name I wrote is not dead."

This confused the medium, but he insisted that I was wrong in saying I had not thought of these two persons together.

It occurred to me afterward that I wrote these two names together on a slip of paper. An expert may see an explanation in this significant fact.

"There is another dead friend, however, of whom I am thinking," I said.

The medium consulted the paper pellets.

"Yes, he is here," he said, spelling out the name of a once well-known English *litterateur*, whose reputation in America is associated with wit and humor.

"I see the two standing beside you, one on your right, one on your left. One is tall, and wears spectacles; the other is short and fat."

"I would like to hear from the last-named gentleman, the *litterateur*," I said.

"He wishes to send you a message," replied the spiritualist.

"I am very anxious to have it."

Foster passed under the table a slip of paper, which came forth with the following word written upon it in a bold hand: "*Spooks.*"

I looked at the word in amazement. "Spooks," I said, and handed the paper round.

"Spooks," said Foster, carelessly, and looking at his watch.

"What does Spooks mean?" I asked.

"It is slang for a ghost," said Mr. C.

"Not English slang?" I said.

"American," suggested Mrs. M.; "it is common enough here."

"I never heard it before," I said, "and I am sure my dead friend had not; he was never in America. Moreover, why should he send me such a profitless message as Spooks?"

I was just about to ask the medium to demand an explanation from the little fat ghost—who was supposed to be still standing at my side, when Mr. Foster said we must now excuse him, he had several clients waiting. We thanked him for his courteous reception; and he bowed us out with pleasant, gentlemanly ease, which was not ruffled when we inquired after the baby.

VII.

I told the reader not to forget Mrs. G——, to have his attention fixed upon Mrs. M.'s aunt, who attended her so persistently in the *séance*. Listen. Mrs. M. was anxious that I should be pleased with my visit to Foster. Indeed, my American friends were wishful to make my entire visit pleasant to me, and I can never repay their kindly hospitality. Mrs. M. seemed to be a bright, clever woman. She professed to be a disciple of the spiritualistic faith, but it occurred to me more than once that she only cultivated it for the sake of amusement. So I asked her a question about her aunt which brought the color to her cheeks, which may possibly annoy Mr. Foster when he reads this; but I am only telling the truth, and I have no doubt the medium will explain my difficulty with readiness and success to his patients, clients, and friends.

"What do you mean by claiming Mary G—— as your aunt?"

"Was she not my aunt?"

"Was she?" I asked. "Had you ever an aunt named Mary G——?"

"Well, no," she said, with manifest confusion; "but I had an aunt with similar initials, and one never knows what happens to one's friends — I thought she had, perhaps, married again."

"But why were you so quick to claim her?"

"Because nobody else did," she said, "and I did not want a decent, respectable woman going about begging for a relation. Who was she, then?"

"She was my grandmother," I said, "an eccentric old lady, who in life or spirit would not for a moment have been pushed off as the aunt even of so charming a lady as yourself, in lieu of communicating with her grandson."

"That's unlucky," said Mrs. M. "But why didn't you stop him when he kept saying, 'Your aunt is still with you,' 'Mary is still by your side,' 'Mary G—— persists in remaining with you.' and all that kind of thing?"

"Why didn't my grandmother stop him?" I exclaimed.

Mr. C. smiled significantly. Mrs. M. noticed his amused expression. He also had something to say. "What is it?" she asked.

"I asked the ghost introduced to me a question?"

"Yes."

"You heard the answer?"

"Yes."

"That I should return to the theatre. Now, the question I asked referred to the probable success of a certain big gun. I have recently retired from theatrical management, as you know; and 'You will return to the theatre' is rather a blank shot in reply to a question about the gun-trade."

"Spooks!" was my irreverent rejoinder; and "How's your aunt?" fell gently from the lips of Mr. C.

We had a picturesque-looking luncheon at Delmonico's, and during the repast "Why didn't his grandmother stop him?" developed into one of those catch-phrases which often live for years without rhyme or reason. When we were leaving the place Mr. C. asked the cashier why his grandmother didn't stop him. "Because she wasn't there," was the remarkable random repartee of the Irish official. I print the result of this *séance* (as it was understood I should be permitted to do) with all due respect to Mr. Foster, and publicly thank him for his courteous efforts to amuse an English traveller.

VIII.

Spiritualism as practised by the Slades, Fletchers, and some other leading professors, affords ample proof that neither in the Old World nor in the New are we anything like free from the body-snatching and soul-enslaving influence of superstition. It is not a little singular to see men of otherwise strong common-sense and cultured judgment in the leading-strings of spiritualists occasionally ignorant of the proper spelling of the messages they are intrusted with by the spirits of the illustrious dead. I met a gentleman of position and influence out West who believes that he is in communication with an Indian spirit which claims to be the attendant of a woman who acts as his medical adviser. A friend in New York informed me that some of the hardest-headed men in the State would enter into no great business enterprise without consulting certain spirits supposed to be controlled by Mr. Foster. Mr. S. C. Hall, late editor of the London *Art Journal*, declared to me on his word and honor that he saw Mr. D. Home float out of a window at the height of about seventy feet in Victoria Street and float in again at another window, having in the course of his evolution been suspended in the air right above the traffic of Victoria Street. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall used to spend portions of every day conversing with spirits. In the American papers mediums advertise their hours of consultation, and Sunday services are regularly held, similar to those over which Mr. Fletcher used to preside at Steinway Hall, in London. These moderns are the witches, astrologers, and "wise folk" of the nineteenth century. They are the warlocks, charmers, fortune-tellers of the past, with the added faculty of a new commercial instinct. They levy toll in the name of the dead; they tax the purses and annex the jewels of their dupes on the authority of spirit messages from generous ghosts. In the wilds of Roumania, among benighted Servians, beyond civilization in the interior of Russia, on lonely coasts even in England and America, one can understand the ignorance that accepts the spirit doctor, the witch, and the "medicine-man" of Indian tradition; but in London, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, it is wonderful that the spirit medium can find monetary profit in the business of middle-man between this world and the unknown. He is, indeed, a power to-day everywhere, in trade and commerce—"the middle-man." He understands the stage, the studio. He sits high on 'Change. Financier, broker, theatrical agent, art-dealer, the middle-man lives, thrives, and makes money. It would seem to be fitting to the topsy-turvydom of most things that there should be a middle-man between the confiding living and the harmless dead.

In the days of James of England and the Puritan fathers these spirit middle-men would have been burnt or drowned, probably hanged and quartered. Our stupid and blood-thirsty ancestors were afraid of them. We of to-day desire to utilize their supposed knowledge. So, instead of entertaining scaffold audiences with their red trunks and quivering flesh, they give social receptions in æsthetic drawing-rooms. Now and then they fall into the hands of the English police. Occasionally they win a cheap and profitable martyrdom by their legal detention and mild punishment. If any man exposes their operations by doing tricks even more startling than their own, they get out of the difficulty by declaring the demonstrator to be a medium. When they are caught in some act of knavery, believing dupes credit the criminal acts to evil spirits. A friend of mine tells me that the other day he met one of the leaders of the faith in England, and asked him what the charmed circles thought of the Fletchers now. "Mr. Fletcher," he answered, "is undoubtedly one of the strongest and greatest mediums in the world; but, unhappily, for some time past he has been entirely under the control and influence of bad and malicious spirits. This led him to do and say things he would not otherwise have said or done. He is often quite unaccountable for his actions. The fact of his evil 'possession' was well known to all spiritualists, and he was frequently prayed for, but unavailingly."

A few years ago Mr. Home was a constant visitor at a little country-house of mine. The late Dr. Phillip Williams and the Rev. Digby Cotes, of Worcester, met him there, as did also Mr. Sherriff, the late member for Worcester, the late Mark Lemon, and others. He had *carte blanche* to astonish us with manifestations of his powers, but he never at any time availed himself of the opportunity to make converts of us. He was an accomplished young man, and an agreeable and amiable guest; but he could call no spirits from the vasty deep whenever he was at my house. During the famous suit, which he met honorably by paying into court the money that had been settled upon him, he called one morning to ask my advice upon a particular question that had arisen on the previous day. "If you possess the supernatural power you claim," I said, "give the court an example of it. You floated in and out of the windows in Victoria Street; to-morrow morning sail round the Court of Queen's Bench, tweak the nose of the foreman of the jury, flick off the judge's wig, make the place resound with wild knockings, send banjoes and accordions banging at the heads of barristers and lawyers, and make yourself generally and obnoxiously known." He appeared to be somewhat offended at my levity, and we have not met since, I believe, though the late Czar of All the Russias received him on several occasions with much consideration, which should fully compensate him for any want of appreciation of his spiritualistic powers on the part of so humble an individual as myself. His book of "Confessions" is as startling a collection of ghost stories as can be found in modern literature, and many of them are "authenticated" by witnesses. Dr. Gully, of Malvern, was a great spiritualist.

A leading journalist in the Western States of America, and a gentleman of great intelligence and force of character, declared to me the other day that, though he "takes no stock in it," spiritualism has cured him of a malady which had defied all the doctors. I think, in this case, my friend has mistaken mesmerism and medical rubbings for spiritualistic influence. There seems to be an inclination, both on the part of the Press and the Pulpit, in America, to be peculiarly tolerant of modern spiritualism. I have not ob-

served that Colonel Ingersoll has included it in his list of degrading superstitions. He cannot be ignorant of its growing power, nor of the evident intention of its believers to give it, if possible, the status of a new religion. Referring to Appleton's excellent "Guide to New York" (founded upon the plan of Dickens's "Dictionary of London") I find "spiritualism" duly posted up as one of the institutions of the city, and it is thus recorded: "There are several societies of spiritualists which hold meetings more or less regularly every Sunday, but they have no fixed quarters. A small hall on the north side of West Thirty-third Street, just east of Broadway, is frequently used, as is also another hall in Thirteenth Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues. Besides these meetings, *séances* are given at private houses, to which admission is generally procurable by the payment of an entrance fee of one dollar or less. Both meetings and *séances* are advertised in the religious columns of the daily papers."

IX.

The latest development of spiritualism in the United States is a newspaper, the contributors to which are eminent ghosts. These include famous Romans of the classic days, and modern Americans as late as the dead chiefs of the *New York Herald*, and the *New York Tribune*. Among the longest articles in a recent number is one by Claudius Appius, an eminent Roman censor, "who formerly," says a humorous critic in the *New York Times*, "wrote his name Appius Claudius, but who for supernatural reasons has evidently thought proper to reverse it." This Roman spirit gives us an account of Rome as it was in the days of Augustus. It is a curious circumstance, and one which the sceptical will probably use to cast doubt upon Appius's history, that certain errors committed by the author of a *Murray's Guide* (which takes no note of certain recent discoveries) are repeated in the Roman censor's "facts." Pliny, and Belshazzar, King of Babylon, both write for this spiritualist paper, and they are singularly inefficient in respect to descriptive power and historical accuracy. Mr. Horace Greeley and Mr. James Gordon Bennett are among the newest members of the spirit staff. Mr. Greeley writes that the present is "an age that is destined to eventuate in all the glories." The ribald unbeliever of *The Times* says, "Mr. Greeley is evidently at the present time in a world where the laws of grammar are not binding, and this fact will fully account for the remarkable change which has come over his style."

There is also a living contributor to the new paper: he is a Western judge. The town of Terre Haute seems to have the honor and privilege of his wise supervision, unless his title is a complimentary one, for "Judge" and "General" are often used as terms of endearment or nicknames by our lively cousins. Finding myself on one occasion titleless in a company of gentlemen "down-town," in the office of a famous New York "sport" and banker, where every man was either a "colonel" or a "general," I elected myself to be a judge. The title was confirmed in bumpers of champagne, and I maintained it certainly with not less credit than the judge who describes the wave of ghosts which recently swept over Terre Haute. Everything in America comes and goes in "waves." There are waves of heat and cold and wind; waves of prosperity and speculation; waves of good trade, and waves of bad. If it is not a wave it is a "boom," and Terre Haute has had both a "wave" and a "boom" of spirits. The judge describes how at various local *séances*, and through various local mediums, he conversed with the daughter of Pharaoh, the wife of Abraham, the Witch of Endor, Mary Queen of Scots; likewise Moses and Saul, and Lazarus, "who licked the dog." The last-mentioned actor in the varied scene was materialized and made to bark, probably under the influence of the "licking" which Lazarus readministered for the entertainment of the company. One of the female spirits in lifting her ghostly dress showed her legs. The judge saw them, and they were partially covered by pantalets. I wonder if the judge is an Irishman? He says the daughter of Pharaoh "raised her skirt so that he could see her bare limbs and the pantalets which covered them."

This is not burlesque. The paper is a reality, and its contents are put forward to be accepted in good faith.

We have in London a spiritualistic journal; but it is far behind its contemporary of the United States. Class journalism generally is of a bolder and more original character on the other side of the Atlantic than in England. Many leading trades in England have their organs. *The Ironmonger* is a great property, and *The Grocer*, and *Chemist and Druggist*, both flourish. *The Hair-dresser*, I think, is not so prosperous as some of its class contemporaries, but *The Licensed Victualler*, I am told, "drives its carriage and pair and keeps its yacht." New York, nevertheless, leads the van of progress in trade journals with a paper that may be fittingly mentioned as the *finale* to this article on ghosts. It is *The Shroud*, a journal devoted *to the interests of undertakers*. The title-heading is illustrated. On one side is a funeral parading a cemetery, heralded by the motto, "The hour cometh;" on the other is "Father Time," in an excited condition, with his scythe in one hand and his glass in the other. The contents of the paper are varied with trade notes and humorous articles. One column is devoted to a long list of very old people and their doings. It is related of one old lady, a widow, of Savannah, that at ninety she is cutting a new set of teeth; of another that at one hundred and eight she is still doing her own housework; of a Sioux squaw that she lived to be nearly one hundred, after being successively the wife of an army officer, an Indian chief, a border highwayman, and a Methodist missionary. The names and all particulars of these and other examples of longevity are given, and the column is headed "No Show for Undertakers." But in the advertising pages of the paper the undertakers have a grim "show" which is suggestive enough to sadden the spirits of the most hilarious citizen of any country, not excepting the merry inventors of all the funny stories that flood the facetious departments of the funniest of Transatlantic journals. Three pages of *The Shroud* are filled with illustrated advertisements, which glorify in big letters and lavish engravings the splendid and unequalled advantages of certain "Metallic Burial Caskets," "Burglar-proof Boiler-iron Vaults," "Embalming Tables," and other undertakers' specialities. One of the burial firms, setting forth the beauties of its "Imitation Walnut Caskets," invites the reader to "send for a sample," and the inventor of the new "Embalming Table" commends it as a practical exemplification of "embalming made easy." Six enormous black coffins fill the back page of the paper. I believe that the receipt of a copy of this journal would, in the height of the recent troubles of Ireland, have even shaken the nerves of the Secretary of State for "that distressful" but picturesque and historic country. To me it brings the idea of ghostliness far closer to the imagination than the journal that claims to carry us much farther than embalming-tables, and burglar-proof vaults that guarantee patent "immunity from body-snatchers."

VI.

ART AND AUTHORSHIP.

American Artists.—An Evening with the Salmagundi Club.—Studies in Black and White.—Remarkable Sketches.—Art Badly Paid.—French Influence.—America's True Mission in Art.—Subjects for Painters.—Sketching Grounds.—Mountain Lakes.—Fall Colors.—On the Hudson.—"Sleepy Hollow."—The Copyright Question.—Capital and Authorship.—America's Proposals to England.—"A Sop to Cerberus."—Counsels of Moderation.—A Suggestion for the Exhibition Year of 1883.

I.

I call to mind an evening with the Salmagundi Club, in New York, and wonder why the clever draughtsmen of that society, with their brethren of the Tile Club, do not open negotiations for an exhibition of their work at one of the London black-and-white galleries. I am satisfied the London men would be glad to receive the work of their New York contemporaries. *Harper's* and *Scribner's Magazines* have shown us what American artists can do on wood, and they do not fall short in the broader spaces that belong to the Black-and-White Exhibition. There were some "time sketches" made the night they honored me with their hospitality; and there was a rare delicacy of conception in each case, coupled with firmness and vigor of execution.

The club met in Mr. N. Sarony's gallery, which is furnished and decorated with European taste, but also with some admirable examples of native art. Mr. Sarony is himself a master in black-and-white portraiture, which accounts for much of his remarkable success as a photographer. On the night in question he stood before an easel, in presence of the club, and "rubbed in" with charcoal the figure of a lady walking by the sea. The work occupied twenty-five minutes, and it had all the *chic* of a first sketch by a French artist studying a French model. Sarony is quite a remarkable draughtsman in his way. He was one of the men who helped to make the success of that picturesque water party of Tilers, described and illustrated some time since in *Scribner's Magazine*. The decorative work of this club, the elder of the Salmagundi, is full of quaint originality, none the less original that it obtains its best inspirations from classic schools. With this there is also a notable freshness of design which is very fascinating, Mr. E. Abbey, a young artist who is seen at his best in *Harper's Magazine*, being particularly conspicuous for poetic fancy and technical finish. "The Tile Club at Work" and "The Tile Club at Play" are among the best things that have appeared in *Scribner's*, Mr. Laffan's and Mr. Hopkinson Smith's still-life studies being not more admirable than are Mr. Reinhart's figure subjects and Mr. Swain Giffard's dainty bits of landscape. Several of the Salmagundians are also Tilers, and there can be nothing more pleasant or instructive than their "evenings." At one end of Sarony's gallery is an extemporized refreshment counter, lager beer and biscuits and cheese representing the Spartan-like fare. There are pipes, tobacco, and cigars. In the centre of the room there are two or three easels with sketching-boards upon them and a handy supply of chalks. There is a piano in the room, and the Salmagundians count among their numbers artists who, failing at the easel, might fairly count on success in the concert-room. Mr. Osborne, one of the designers whose cultured taste is seen in the brass and gold work of Tiffany's, sung to us "Twickenham Ferry," in a manner that would have delighted the composer. The familiar song with its thorough English inspiration made one feel at home three thousand miles away from home among these American pioneers of American art. Between songs and recitations a member of the Club would stand forward and sketch; occasionally he would be accompanied by a piano-forte solo; and the time occupied would be found twenty minutes to half an hour. Twenty minutes was the regulation time, but on this occasion it was permitted to interpret the rule with extra liberality. When the artist had finished, the work being satisfactory, he was requested, amid the applause of the club, to sign his sketch. Mr. Vance in fifteen minutes produced a moonlight effect of trees and water that was full of weird suggestiveness, and Mr. Richards a companion study of evening, which would have tickled the critical intellect of the Grosvenor. Another artist, Mr. Volksmark, made a study of ducks by a pond, with a willow on the margin, that was a marvel of suggested and real effects, the ducks full of life, one of them taking a header into the water, the others pluming themselves, the pond rich with strong shadows, the sky laced with willow branches. One of the best works of the evening was two men sailing a boat; the artist, Mr. Burns, who has been called the American Hook. He is a well-known illustrator of Transatlantic books and magazines, and has that kind of sympathetic feeling for marine subjects which appeals directly to the English fancy. Burns often wan-

ders away upon the American coast, sketching everything that pleases him, without the remotest purpose of financial reward, though he may surely one day count upon its coming, by reason of this devotion to his art.

II.

I gathered from my interviews with the Salmagundians that neither socially nor in a money sense does the American artist occupy anything like so good a position as his brother of London. America seems to have no standard of judgment in regard to native art. The local artist must leave his own country and make a name in Paris, Rome, or London, before his own countrymen believe in him. This is no doubt a proper tribute to the Old World, but it leaves no room for the foundation of an American school. How a Frenchman reading this article would laugh at the bare idea of America founding a school, since the all-sufficient Gaul does not even credit England herself with an art status in Europe! At present, it seems to me (setting aside the new company of workers in black-and-white called into existence by the commercial enterprise of the great publishers) that America is very much in the position of the Dutch before they broke away from the Spanish yoke. The Hollanders, under Spain, studied in foreign schools. They painted like Belgians, Germans, and Italians; they were imitators and followers. "With the War of Independence," says Edmondo de Amicus, a charming Italian critic, recently translated by Caroline Tilton, "liberty, reform, and painting also were renewed. With religious traditions fell artistic traditions; the nude nymphs, Madonnas, saints, allegory, mythology, the ideal —all the whole edifice fell to pieces. Holland, animated by a new life, felt the need of manifesting and expanding it in a new way. The small country became all at once glorious and formidable: she felt the desire for illustration; the faculties which had been excited and strengthened in the grand undertaking of creating a nation, now that the work was completed, overflowed and ran into new channels. Holland, after many sacrifices and much suffering, issued victoriously from a tremendous national struggle, and lifted her face among her people and smiled. And that smile is art." Similarly one may regard America. She has had her two great wars, one for Independence, one for the Union; she has gone through the troubles and hardships of campaigns for existence; she has had to live; she has had to build herself up into a nation; to pay off her obligations; to create manufactures; to get gold for her produce, and to become commercially successful. All this time what little art she has had has been foreign and imitative; it has not been natural in any sense; and her gratitude to Lafayette and the French, coupled with her old hatred of the English, now dying out, led her to seek in France for her pictures and for her artistic inspiration. The influence of French art, until very lately, pervaded every nook and corner where art was to be found. It was to be seen, and is so still, in American furniture, dress, decorations, and in the bald house architecture of town and country. Our American cousins were like the Dutch, except that they did not imitate so many varieties of foreign art; and they left out of consideration the one school which, of all others, is closest to their instincts and aspirations. I mean the English school, with its earnestness, its grand solidity of intention, its breadth, its aspirations after the heroic and the true, not alone on battle-fields, but in the virtuous humility of domestic life.

To-day America is rich. She has done with fighting. She has put her national house in order. She has leisure for art, and inclination for it. Why not settle down to illustrate herself as the Dutch did when they were free? Let the American take pattern by the Dutch and the English, and be national. He has no sympathy at heart with the tricky French pictures which are continually forced upon him; his inspirations are not classic; he looks with a wondering irreverence upon old masters whom modern critics go mad about, often thereby obtaining a meretricious reputation for wisdom; he prefers to these ancient works the engravings from popular English pictures that are scattered through the States. At the great American Exhibition, the English gallery of art was crowded from day to day, and the paintings were liked infinitely more, both by the cultured and the uncultured, than those of all the rest of the world put together. America has no school of painting as yet; but she is marching in a line with France and Germany and England in book illustration. As the Dutch artists, when their country became prosperous, began by tracing what they saw before their eyes, so let the American painters accept the material that is around them, and illustrate their period, its "form and pressure." They have a multitude of subjects, a wealth of national incident, a strange world of waters, multitudinous seas and lakes crowded with the shipping of the world; they have curious nationalities invading every shore of their vast territories; and they have all the climates of the Old World, with their special vegetation and varying modes of life. You can travel from winter into summer on one great railway journey in America; they have at their doors Germans, Irish, Dutch, English, Chinese, seeking the protection and freedom of their Great Republic; they have mountains and forests, rivers, cataracts, prairies of never-ending variety; and for the past they have stories of colonizing adventure, of struggles with savage tribes, of mining manias, of agricultural progress, of exploration, of battle, flame, and tempest. They have no need to seek for subjects in lands they do not know, nor for effects they do not understand. Their instincts, their life, their regrets, are not with the past, as ours are in an old country; let them paint the present, and in the present shape out the glories of the future.

III.

The sketching-grounds of America offer a splendid field to the landscape painter and to the artistic student of nature. Some day a great European master will paint American scenery, and a great English critic will proclaim the new work. Then the Hudson and the Mississippi, the lake shores of Erie and Michigan, the hills of the Sacramento, the fir-clad heights of the Alleghany Mountains, the picturesque pilot-boats of New York, the clam-fishers on the flat reaches of the Long Island coast, the tropical scenery of the Southern States, the vast dream-like prairies of the West, and the weird sierras of the "sun lands," will inspire the genius of the Old World, and give a new set of landscape studies and seapieces to the galleries of Europe. The mountain lakes of California present probably more strangely beautiful aspects to the lover of nature and to the out-door artist than any water-scenes on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Munger, an American artist, who sojourned a year or two among the Californian hills for the purpose of painting them, took home a number of sketches that might well tempt an enthusiast to pack up his impedimenta and start for the West by the next steamer. Yet these subjects are so new and so unfamiliar to the European eye, that the artist finds his chief reward in studies of better-known scenery. His English works are hung upon the line at the Royal Academy, but he keeps his Yosemite Valley pictures in his private portfolio, hoping that some day he may repeat in England an experiment which he made with success at Boston, in the United States, namely, the exhibition of them as a whole in a West-End gallery. Mr. Munger travelled for some time with the Geological Survey of California, one of the results of which important expedition was Mr. Clarence King's delightful book on "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada." I have lying before me while I write a pen-and-ink picture, not from this work, but from a reliable source, which at the moment I regret I cannot recall. It was given to me by a Western traveller only the other day. It will convey to the artist what I mean about subjects for the pencil. It is a sketch of one of the partially filled-up mountain lakes of California. "The curving shore is clearly traced by a ribbon of white sand upon which the ripples play; then comes a belt of broad-leaved sedges, interrupted here and there by impenetrable triangles of tall willows; beyond this groves of trembling aspen; then a dark, shadowy belt of two-leaved pine, with here and there a round convex meadow ensconced nest-like in its midst; and lastly a narrow outer margin of majestic silver fir two hundred feet high. The ground beneath the trees is covered with a luxuriant crop of grasses, trilicum, bromus, and calamagrostis, with purple spikes and panicles reaching to one's shoulders, while the open meadow patches glow throughout the summer with showy flowers — heleniums, golden-rods, lupines, castilleias, and lilies, forming favorite hiding and feeding grounds for bears and deer."

Perhaps there is a deterrent suggestion in the mention of bears; but Mr. Munger tells me he was never disturbed by wild animals of any kind. Sometimes he would have felt glad of such a relief from the awful solitudes in which he pitched his tent. Often he saw no living soul for weeks at a stretch, and his horse would often come to him from its feeding-ground and stand staring at him as if it too felt the solemnity of the magnificent stillness in the midst of which they were abiding together.

This sense of solitude seems to take a strange hold upon you in American woods and among American mountains. I have experienced it even in the railway cars when travelling through unoccupied wastes. The feeling has been intensified by the familiar sight at long distances of the solitary farmer's little family, a graveyard with its lonely tombstones. "Let us be silent," says Emerson, "that we may hear the whispers of the gods." The gods have little interruption in American solitudes. If they speak to man where silence most reigns supreme, they should be eloquent in an American forest, or on the shores of a mountain lake.

Says Mr. Munger, in the course of a conversation I had with him about his experiences in the Sierras, and his wanderings with the Government expedition: "There is nothing more extraordinary in the world than the group of extinct volcanoes, some of which I have painted. They begin with Mount Shasta, in the northern part of California, which rise 1440 feet above the sea, and contain a living glacier. Then you go on to Mount Hood, in Oregon, and to Jefferson and Adams and Reinier, in Washington Territory. The latter contains a living glacier twelve miles long and from one to four miles wide."

"I thought there were no remarkable living glaciers on the North American continent," I remarked, "and you speak of the most extensive ones I have ever heard of or read about."

"A few years ago," he replied, "scientists, I believe, declared that there were no living glaciers in the country we are discussing. I do not think the details in figures I am now giving you have ever been published; but they are geological facts. The range of mountains with these groups of extinct volcanoes and living glaciers ends with Mount Baker at Puget Sound."

"One of your lake and mountain studies," I said, "gives remarkable detail of strata and foliage, although it must have been made many miles away from the subject. I know that the pure and rarefied air of these mountainous countries appears almost to annihilate distance. How far can you see on favorable days in the Sierras?"

"I have seen a mountain by moonlight one hundred and fifty miles away, and, in the day, distinctly where the tree-line stops and the snow begins."

"Do not exaggerate even a mile or two in the exuberance of your imagination," I said, "for the other day, when I mentioned to some friends that at a Chicago fire-station they can receive an alarm of fire, harness their horses, learn where the fire is, and be on their way to the spot, fully equipped, in less than seventeen seconds, some friends of mine thought I was joking, whereas at the Pioneer engine-house they did all this in my presence in less than ten seconds, indeed while I was in the act of setting my stop-watch to 'time' them."

"I will only give you simple, incontrovertible facts," said the traveller-artist. "A group of

these extinct volcanoes can be seen with the naked eye three hundred miles away. One of Mr. King's topographers measured the distance in my presence. The lake and mountain picture which you admired just now is a scene itself 6000 feet above the sea, and the mountain chain of which it forms part is 9000 feet high. The mountain rising up snow-capped is the Wahsatch, one of the most interesting formations in the world. Scientists say that it embraces nearly every prominent feature known in the wide field of geological study."

"The Wahsatch is near Salt Lake?"

"Yes; if the town were put into my picture, it would seem almost part of the mountain, but it is seven miles away. Salt Lake City is situated in one of the most picturesque and impressive spots the world can show. Among the mountains and plains for months together you might sleep and take no harm in the open air, which is filled with the aromatic perfume of the pine forests."

IV.

It is the very beauty of an American landscape, painted in the autumn, that makes it at present unacceptable in an English art gallery. The floral and leafy year in England dies with the undazzling blush of a gentle decay. In America it goes out in a blaze of splendor. In England it is a flickering candle, in which there is no sudden leap of life at the last. In America it is the death of a ruddy light, that flashes out like a final signal-flame of glory. Travelling a year ago westward on the Pennsylvania Railway early in the autumn, I saw every now and then branches of the sumach, the young oak, and the maple, that looked like bouquets of giant flowers—positive reds and yellows, and rich burnt umbers. They stood still and lonely upon shadows which repeated every leaf and branch on the sterile soil. Anything like a faithful representation of natural incidents of this kind is regarded in England as exaggeration, except, of course, by travellers who have seen the reality. Last year an American artist sent several plaques to the art pottery exhibition of a famous London firm. They were covered with studies of autumn leaves painted from nature. Several connoisseurs and collectors with whom I visited the gallery at the "Private View" day regarded them with wonder, when I explained that the vivid reds and orange colors were rather under tone than over. It needs some great artist to familiarize us with these effects, these examples of the gorgeous colors of the fall of the leaf, before American landscapes and studies painted in the autumn will become popular. There is no reason why this period of the year should always be selected by American painters for out-door work. Their works would have a far better chance of appreciation and sale on this side if they accepted the inspiration of summer-time rather than autumn.*

Later in the year, when the cessation of vitality in the leaf was complete, and the woods only required the first cold snap of winter to strip their branches, I stood upon the terrace of Mr. Bierstadt's house on the Hudson, and watched the sun drop red and sudden behind the distant hills. Before it disappeared, the picture at my feet was bewildering in its glory of color. The trees spread away tier upon tier round a circular bend of the river. The foreground was a clump of huge shadowy firs. The middle distance was the river, dotted with the white wings of yachts and the broad sails of sloops and barges. They looked like toy-craft on a silent lake, and afar off there was a misty line of hills against the sky. A friend of mine, a New York banker, has a pretty residence at Tarrytown. He drove me round about this suburban retreat of New York wealth and fashion. It was home-like to see highways with stone-wall fences, park-like gates, and at last a real old church—the Dutch church at Sleepy Hollow. A bridge, too, across a rippling brook took me straight away to English lanes; for nothing is more unpicturesque, nothing more unlike the old country, than the country districts of America, with their slovenly wooden houses or their slovenlier garden-patches. Says Washington Irving: "Not far from Tarrytown there is a little valley, or rather a lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley." The church was built in 1699, and is the oldest religious house in the State. Close by Irving has found his great repose; for in the shadow of the church, in the valley and within sound of the brook, he sleeps the last long sleep of all.

There is a world of pictorial wealth on and about the Hudson; Fort Lee, Jeffrey's Hook, the Palisades, Yonkers, Sunnyside, Nyack, Croton Point, the entrance to the Highlands, Iona, West Point, Kosciusko's Garden, Indian Falls, Cro' Nest, Newburg, the Highlands, Catskill Mountains from Tivoli, Albany, and Troy are worthy of any canvas. If Turner had only been among some of the glorious reaches of the river, or even to-day had Vicat Cole or Leader given us bits of the wooded banks or hilly distances, New York would have seen ere this many an English artist at work on the American Rhine. Next to the pleasures of a steamboat voyage from New York to Albany is a ride on the Hudson River Railway, which is the most picturesque route to Niagara. This line may also be commended for its excellent appointments and well-laid track. The Pennsylvania Railway to Pittsburgh, *en route* for Chicago, the Hudson River, or the Erie to Niagara, are the smoothest and best-appointed roads upon which I travelled in the United States; and the way-side pictures to be seen from all of them are superb.

V.

I am also reminded, while I am writing, of many picturesque subjects for the sketcher that presented themselves to my mind during a special day of pleasure on and about the waters of the Long Island Sound, and during several days of happy rest and recreation at Sea Cliff. The hospitality of Mr. John Foord, the editor of *The Times*, and the especial courtesy and consideration of Mr. Congressman John H. Starin, enabled me to see the marine and landscape pictures that Nature and the hand of man have scattered about the harbors of New York and New Rochelle, the low-lying shores of Glen Island, Glen Cove, and the once savage regions of Long Island. Mr. Starin placed one of his many vessels at our disposal; and it was a right merry company that made up the party on board the *Blackbird*, under the flag of the varied fleets of the well-known owner, bearing its familiar device, "* in." It would be to dwell unduly upon one's mere personal doings to say much about the purpose of the excursion, which will always remain in my mind a subject of gratitude and pride. The gentle presence of ladies, the company of men distinguished in statecraft, in letters, and in journalism, gave illustrious emphasis to the splendid hospitality.

We coasted round the lower portion of Manhattan Island for some hours. The infinite variety of shipping was full of pictorial suggestions. As we sailed into the harbor of New Rochelle, to land at Glen Island, a Vice-presidential salute of seven guns was fired in honor of General Arthur. It was the eve of the Presidential election, and I had the pleasure later on of hearing the cheers of Republican crowds which greeted the return of President Garfield and Vice-president Arthur. On Glen Island Mr. Starin's band of instrumentalists struck up "God Save the Queen," the Union Jack was flung out against the sky amid a cluster of Union banners; and I suspect there was an Englishman and his wife among the company who felt to the full the patriotic sensations which men and women of all countries experience when, as tribute to their particular nationality, they hear in a distant clime the anthem of their native land, and see its banner unfurled in token of respect and honor.

It reminded me of English fields, and English gardens, and English festivities, some hours afterward, when, on the lawn newly rescued from primeval forest at Sea Cliff, that pleasant company took hands and sung "Auld Lang Syne." In Douglas Jerrold's garden, years ago, and at Charles Dickens's too, the *Punch* staff of the old days have played leap-frog—Thackeray, Hood, Tenniel, Lemon, Shirley Brooks. Alas! to think that only the brilliant cartoonist remains of all that gallant company! The men most regarded as necessarily circumspect and stiff by the outside public are often most boyish in their gambols when laying aside restraint. I do not know whether, under similar circumstances, a distinguished English statesman would have led the frolics of an informal party; but General Arthur did not lose one jot of his natural dignity by a country jig with the bonniest of his host's daughters, an American "Scotch lassie," who, on our arrival, met us in a boat which she pulled across the bay with a graceful vigorousness and *chic* which, seen on the Upper Thames, would have commanded a round of applause on a Henley Regatta day. It was a notable company; and "Auld Lang Syne" travelled over the still waters, to be re-echoed back by the wooded coast, which in olden days had resounded to the war-whoop of North American Indians.

I would fain give the details of this pleasant time, but this is not the place; and I must be content to mention the shores about the Sound and many portions of Long Island inland as admirable and but little explored sketching-grounds. Indeed, within a day's journey of New York you may find long stretches of country just in the condition that the Indian, "going down toward the setting sun," has left it. Says the *Brooklyn Eagle*: "There are children now born who will be able to tell, to the surprise of those who hear them, that in their youth there were 500,000 acres of land in Long Island, within between one and two hours' railroad ride of New York, already one of the great cities of the world, that had not up to that time contributed anything to the support of man." This "anomaly of a metropolis at one end of Long Island and a wilderness at the other" will now, however, soon cease to exist. Capital and Labor are beginning to join forces for settling large tracts of Long Island. In addition to the inducement of cheap land, the Long Island Railroad Company offers the privileges of half-tariffs for the transportation of building materials, household effects, and produce of all kinds, with free passes to heads of families to and from New York for a whole year after settlement. The nearest comparison to this

* On "Picture Sunday," in England, one day this year, I was face to face with this interesting subject of landscape-painting in the two countries. It was in the studio of Mr. Ernest Parton, an American artist, who has established himself in London. He had painted two subjects, both equally excellent in their way, each in powerful contrast with the other. The English subject was gray and green—gray clouds, grayish trunks of silver-birch-trees; down in a valley of woodland banks ran a smooth English river; over all there was a calm, harmonious tone. It was a picture on which the eye rests and the mind reposes gratefully. You often come upon scenes in nature that seem to have a sort of cradle-song for you, lulling you with an unexplainable music, under the influence of which you stand in silent worship. In a delightful little book, "The Higher Life in Art," by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the author, I remember, in one of his chapters, says the poor never talk of scenery, but that the finer spirits among them sometimes sit and watch it reverently, with placid hands crossed or folded as in the act of devotion. They have nothing to say, but somehow it speaks to them things half understood—strange snatches of suggestion of wider life and thought—as they gaze in grave loneliness. Millais's "Chill October" affects me in this way, and so did Parton's English landscape, but not until I had stood before his companion picture of an American autumn scene, which he calls "The Land of Hiawatha." It depicts the early days of autumn, with its great bright patches of splendid colors—red and yellow and golden-bronze. Mr. Parton has dared to reproduce this, and a chorus of English voices on the day I was there said of the blaze of color, "Impossible!" The effect on my mind, looking at this work, was exciting. Contrasted with the English landscape of gray and green, while the latter might be compared to a pastoral symphony played on stringed instruments, the other was like the crash of a grand march on the brass of a military band.

in England would be the Isle of Wight, a wilderness offered in cheap lots for building purposes, with passes by rail and boat, and half-rates for garden-stuff grown on the island and brought to London for sale. As an example of the way in which clever men in the United States "turn their hands" to a variety of work, let me add that the General Passenger Agent of the Long Island Railway is a journalist, and one of the most artistic of the graphic delineators of the picturesque in America. He is a "Tiler;" his sketches often adorn the leading magazines, and I believe that some of his business inspiration has entered into the creating of the gigantic hotels of Long Branch and Long Beach. On this side of the Atlantic the Irish name of Laffan is honorably and widely maintained by the artist's sister, whose novels are characterized by a certain masculine strength that induced several critics to treat "O'Hagan, M.P.," as the work of a man. Ireland should feel proud of this son and daughter, famous both of them, one in England, the other in the United States.

VI.

From the art of the draughtsman to the art of the writer is an easy step. The question of the moment as regards literature is a practical one—the question of copyright. It is also an urgent one—urgent now in America as well as in England. The Government of the United States have made overtures to England in the interest of international copyright, and more particularly this time in the interest of the author. The capitalist is left out a little in the cold, and it might do no harm to leave him there. Mr. Bright, in a speech on the Land Bill the other day, näively remarked that he is not a land-owner, and therefore he is strongly on the side of the tenant. I am not a capitalist, and my sympathies are strongly with men who live from hand to mouth. In England capital dominates intellect somewhat unduly. It has often occurred to me that in a country like ours, where writers have so much real power in moulding the destinies of the empire, it is strange that they themselves are always at "the beck and call of capital." Journalists, who are continually doing something for one class or another; who are ready to become enthusiastic over this or that national question; who, as the media of Public Opinion, practically govern the country—these men are rarely, if ever, found combining to help themselves or their order. To-day nearly every prominent journalist is also a writer of books; and yet he remains the slave of capitalists and publishers.

There is nothing more sad in the history of intellect than the fact that the anonymous Press of England has literally ground up, body and soul, some of the brightest and most capable men of the century. Think of the brain-power with which the great daily newspapers have cemented their reputations and built up their enormous fortunes! Statesmen, philosophers, novelists, and poets, whom the world has never heard of, have gone down to their graves poor and unrecorded, broken on the wheel of the daily Press. The great leader writers know this; they know they are effacing themselves under the Juggernaut-car of the anonymous in the interest of the proprietor, who otherwise would have to share some of his income with them, while their fortune would be secured and their names honored. In France it is the writer who keeps the paper, not the paper who keeps the writer. A famous pen leaves a journal there as an actor leaves a theatre here, and takes with him his readers and patrons. The Americans associate names with journals, so that powerful and popular writers become known there as well as the papers they serve. In England the great newspapers absorb the writing-power of the time like sponges. Some of the brightest and wisest brains of the day are exhausted in the editorial pages of the daily newspapers at the pay of first-class mechanics, to die and be succeeded by others, without their names ever being known to the public. They have, however, contributed their bricks and mortar to the proprietary edifice of the capitalist, and the more giants that are effaced in the work the firmer is the golden basis of the newspaper-owner's property.

The capital of the book publisher has not proved quite as powerful as the money of the newspaper proprietor; yet it is notorious that its material rewards have been far in advance of those of the author. Property is a very sacred thing in England, when it is property that has been acquired by money; but property which is the result of an intellectual operation is harassed by laws and limitations. Inventors have got on a little better of late years (thanks to joint stock speculators) than heretofore. When Charles Dickens first began to write, to have invented something worthy of being patented was to have become a sort of lost soul, an intellectual Peri at the gate of Protection, but without the chances of the Peri in the fable. If you had invented something new in those days, you had as good as sold yourself to the devil in the estimation of most people; for you had surely sacrificed your peace of mind. To-day, even, it is ten chances to one that the new and useful invention gets into the hands of the capitalist, who makes a fortune, while the originator goes to the wall. Publishers are still protected by the law in various ways to the disadvantage of the author, though the leading houses have, as a rule, fairly shared their profits with their successful writers. The public may, nevertheless, be said to be endowed by the State out of his hard and useful work. For example, by what right, divine or human, is an author's property alienated from his family? A land-owner transmits his estate from sire to son, through generations and centuries. An author may live to see his property, the creation of his brain, taken from him in his lifetime—his family positively left to starve, while publishers are still driving their splendid teams and sailing their luxurious yachts out of the proceeds of his works. To-day, while the children of the late Charles Dickens are still young, the copyrights of many of his works have lapsed, and have become the common property of publishers who have not had to pay a single penny for them. While saying this, it is pleasant to recall the late Charles Dickens's letter to Messrs. Chapman & Hall on the occasion of his first visit to America. "Having disposed of the business part of this letter," he says, "I should not feel at ease in leaving England if I did not tell you once more with my whole heart that your conduct to me on this and all other occasions has been honorable, manly, and generous, and that I have felt it a solemn duty, in the event of any accident happening to me while I am away, to place this testimony on record. It forms part of a will I have made for the security of my children; for I wish them to know it when they are capable of understanding your worth and my appreciation of it." This appears in the "Letters of Charles Dickens," recently given to the world by his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter.

It must be said on behalf of the publishers that they would favor a liberal extension of the period of copyright. One of the chiefs of the trade is in favor of treating copyright in a book on the same lines as property in a freehold. The book-trade in England is not, I am told, flourishing. Probably that is to be accounted for by over-production; and, in regard to modern works, by the existence of certain publishers, who will place anything upon the market for which a person who is ambitious to see his or her name in print is ready to pay. There are so-called essayists and novelists in these days who pay certain minor publishers for their services instead of being paid. The result, it is true, is not very satisfactory to either, but it crowds the public libraries with unprofitable reading, and the book-market with useless works.

All this is wrong; and the worst of it is that authors are continually accepting and perpetuating the disabilities under which they suffer. It is to be feared that, in spite of an effort of co-operation that is being made, they are about to commit a new mistake in regard to the movement now on foot for an International copyright with America. Hitherto the leading Transatlantic publishers have been dead against every scheme of International copyright. They have "lobbied" many an honest proposal out of Congress. But latterly a race of American publishers has sprung up who have not respected the sort of "unwritten law" which formerly existed in the States. The established American publishers paid handsomely for early sheets of English books; and the courtesies of the trade protected the purchaser. This was all very pleasant and satisfactory, until the understanding was broken by traders outside the ring. It came to pass, by-and-by, that, when Harper's or Appleton's, or the other great houses, published a new volume at several dollars by "George Eliot," or some other popular author to whom they had paid a large sum, the new traders stole the American edition and issued a transcript of it for a few cents. This is now going on every day; and it has so crippled the enterprises of the leading publishers that they want an International copyright law, not so much in the interest of the English author as to protect themselves from the piracies of their own countrymen. Saying this casts no reflection upon such firms as Harpers, Appletons, Osgoods, and others, who have paid English authors, in the absence of an International copyright law, probably as much as they would have done had a protecting enactment been in existence. It is owing to the unanimity of the leading American firms in the interest of copyright that a draft bill has been sent over to the American Minister in London with a view of eliciting the ideas of England; and it is to be hoped the scheme will not collapse because English authors are too unselfish to look at the question from their own point of view.

There is one leading stipulation which America makes in her proposals for a coypright law between the two countries, namely, that the English books claiming International copyright shall be printed in America. This will protect the industrial trades of printing and book-binding from being flooded by cheap English editions, and will divide the profits of a successful English book between the American and the English publisher. America is not a free-trader. She looks carefully to the interests of her manufacturers, and the present writer knows enough of the tone and temper of public opinion to state authoritatively that no Washington Government will give way upon this question of production. Now, it is of no moment whatever to the English author whether his book is printed once or twice, and it is of great importance to him that he should be left to make his own arrangements with America. This is exactly what the United States draft does for him. The idea is that of *an author's copyright.* It is a proposal in the interest of the author. It may, in some cases, confine the operation of the English publisher to his own country, but it gives to the English author the free and unfettered range of the United States. It is a proposal which every author in Great Britain should endorse, the more so as it is the only chance at present of International legislation.

At a conference of authors held in London the other day a resolution was passed accepting the American draft treaty, "subject to the substitution of twelve months for three, which in the opinion of this meeting is the minimum period within which satisfactory arrangements could be made by British authors for the reproduction of their works in the United States under the proposed treaty." The English Board of Trade has not only endorsed the draft with a similar stipulation, but has added a suggestion which America in her wildest flights of literary annexation would never have dreamed of proposing. It is that all prints or reprints of books by British authors, which are published by or with the consent of the author in the United States, shall be freely admitted into the United Kingdom and into all parts of her Majesty's dominions. This suggestion has a strong protest from the conference. Whereas Mr. Fraser Rae and Mr. Bentley proposed the resolution just mentioned, Mr. James Payn and Mr. Charles Wood did like duty for a motion declaring that this Board of Trade suggestion is "detrimental to the interests of British authors and publishers, and not

required by the United States Government in their draft treaty." Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens, in supporting this view, considered that the suggestions of the Board of Trade had been conceived in a perfunctory spirit, and in his opinion were calculated to degrade and humiliate the country in its own esteem if they came to be put in force. This is evidently not the view of Mr. Marston, of Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., who has pointed out in a letter to the *Times* that, as the law stands, there is nothing to prevent an English author going over to America and having his works published there and circulated here. It seems to me that the Board of Trade is not entitled to the denunciations of English authors for its suggestions. Publishers may have great reason to be dissatisfied with it, not authors. The Board of Trade guards its proposal by excluding the circulation of surreptitious editions here by stipulating for the author's consent. If the conference of authors had considered this point more carefully, they might have seen in Mr. Chamberlain's Board of Trade addenda to the Washington draft a sop to Cerberus, carefully prepared, with a view to pushing on a settlement of the copyright question. In this case the Western States of America stand for Cerberus. They are farther away from the civilization of London and Europe than New York, Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, and at present are the only probable obstructors to a reasonably fair measure of International copyright. Let them once get up a cry against the present legislative effort, and the prospect of doing anything is over for another twenty years. It must be remembered that, after all, the draft bill sent to the American Minister, and by him submitted to the Board of Trade, is not a definite step in the settled path of legislation; it is only a "feeler" for a treaty, and it is questionable whether a treaty is a sufficiently complete legislative act to establish an unquestionable International copyright; and I have the very best reasons for urging English authors to let the Washington Government understand that they are ready and willing to accept the present proposed instalment of legislation, and also to bring their influence to bear on the Board of Trade in its favor. The existing proposals in the main, though especially in favor of authors, would in the end materially advance the interest of publishers. At present, in spite of the constant "making of books," there are few authors who really live by the profession of authorship. If the historian, the essayist, the poet, the novelist were better protected, and had the "run" of that great English market which an International copyright law would open up to them, they would be more inclined to concentrate their labors in the production of books. As it is, but few of the popular authors of England can find a sufficient pecuniary reward for their labor in the profits of mere authorship. You may count them on your fingers. In America, authors, as a rule, supplement their book-work with trade and commerce, and by writing for the Press. Inherited affluence, trade, or hard daily-newspaper work, are the forces to which the English public are indebted for many of the most delightful books in the language. An author must live, or he cannot write. It is quite possible the admiring world would never have heard of Carlyle himself if he had had to earn his living while the publishers were rejecting his books. A professorship or the Press would practically have absorbed his genius had not a happy marriage raised him above the necessity of truck-work. America was the first to acknowledge his power. Think of the future he would have left to his heirs if the present proposed international copyright had been in existence. Messrs. Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Samuel Smiles, Anthony Froude, Blackmore, Black, Payn; and Mrs. Cross, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Wood, Miss Broughton, and a host of other English authors would have realized large sums. They have been paid for advanced sheets, it is true, but nothing like the amounts they would have commanded otherwise. On the other side, think what Longfellow, Emerson, Wendell Holmes, Mark Twain have lost in England by the absence of an International copyright. Artemus Ward would have died rich if he had been paid a royalty on his English editions. But this is an old story. Argument is almost an impertinence upon a question that is voted beyond the necessity of discussion. "I hold," said Mr. Blackwood, the eminent publisher, in his evidence before the Copyright Commission, "that an International copyright with America would be the greatest boon to authors and to literature, both in England and in America, that could possibly be conferred, and every effort should be made to obtain it. All other questions are small in comparison with that."

If only the authors and publishers of the two countries will "give and take" in this matter, the greatest blot in modern civilization will be erased, and America and England will be drawn closer together in the ties of friendship and mutual interest and esteem than they have ever yet been.

VII.

CHINESE PUZZLES.

Celestials under the Stars and Stripes.—John at San Francisco and in New York.—Opium Dens at Five Points.—A Chinese Gambling Saloon.—Servants and Slaves.—The New Treaty of Washington.—Tea in America.—Medical Missions to China and Japan.—The Influence of Race upon Race.—Chinese Books at San Francisco.—Revelations of a Joss House.—The Faith and Opinions of Chang Wan Ho.—The Greatest Puzzle of all.

I.

THE Five Points of New York is the Seven Dials of London. Poverty and vice ebb and flow there night and day. But there are elements strangely different under the two flags. London has ancient corners that have been dedicated to filth for centuries. New York is newer in her muddy ways, though equally dark in her shadows. The island city has also varieties of race in concentrated numbers which London does not possess. Within the shadows of Five Points, for example, her lower classes include the negro and the Chinaman. If the Celestial has his head-quarters at San Francisco, he is characteristically represented in New York, where we recently made his acquaintance in the hours of his leisure, during his recreative exercises. Smoking and gambling are the two indulgences in which the Chinaman takes the greatest delight; he has no home comforts. The domestic joys of married life represent a luxury which he does not permit himself. Out of the 4000 Chinese women in San Francisco 3900 are prostitutes, and throughout the State there are nine males to every woman. In the early days of the coolie emigration the Mongolian confined his settlements to California, but he is now gradually spreading himself over the whole of the United States; and already, as he monopolizes boot-making in the city of the Golden Gate, so is he taking unto himself the washing of New York.

The system of Chinese emigration into the United States is a system of complete slavery. It is conducted by six companies as wealthy as they are powerful. Each company is protected by the Chinese Government. Their home agencies are in Canton and Hong Kong. They are represented all through the interior of China by coolie traders. These agents, as the Hon. C. E. De Long, late Minister to China, reported to his Government, find, for example, a family of old people with sons and daughters. As is common enough, the poor creatures have had a constant trouble to keep body and soul together. The trader offers to buy the services of a son or a daughter, agreeing to give to the old people a sum of money down, and stipulating to feed and clothe the boy or girl, and to return him or her, dead or alive, to the parents in China, after the term of service has expired. In consideration for this, the young man or woman signs a contract which is absolutely frightful in its conditions. He or she agrees to give faithful service to his or her master for a term of six, eight, or ten years, as the case may be, and for a guarantee of faithful service, father, mother, brother, sister are mortgaged with a thousand penalties in case the service is not properly performed. The result is, that the coolie is bound body and soul, and hence, when the inspector asks, "Are you leaving China of your own free will?" the answer is, "I am;" and, when called upon to testify on the spot, he answers just as may please his master. The men toiling day after day in a strange land are simply paying a debt to keep their fathers and mothers from starving. Mr. Thomas J. Vivian published a financial view of the companies, which shows that they receive from the Celestials in America a yearly stipend in proportion to the money they earn, and that the result represents an enormous profit to the emigration contractors. Of the six companies, Mr. Vivian tells us the Sam Yup is the most powerful organization and the most enterprising. Sam Yup men may be found not only in California, but in other States and Territories, from Tucson to Puget Sound, and from San Francisco to Massachusetts and New York. "Sam Yup lays new railroads in the Southern countries, hews timber in the North, makes cigars in Sacramento, and washes in Boston. Sam Yup is ubiquitous and all-powerful; paternal in the care of its members, and lynx-like in the watchfulness of its own interests." It is wonderful to see how completely the system works. Then, too, the Chinaman owes no loyalty to any one outside his company. He has to pay taxes to the "Red-haired Devils," who imprison thieves and murderers; but he owes them no further obedience, and, while all the money he earns goes back to China, he remains to feed on the stranger, and cheapens labor to such an extent as to keep the whites out of their natural quarters of colonization. But here we are trenching upon the political aspect of the subject, which is beyond our intention or purpose.

II.

In company with an intelligent detective of the New York police I paid a visit to the opium-houses and gambling-dens which the Chinese have set up within the shadow of Five Points. Near Donovan's Place we found ourselves in a labyrinth of narrow passages off the main street, very much like a back slum of the East-End of London. Some twenty years ago this was a famous loophole for pursued thieves, who had a means of exit from one street to the other, which has recently been barred up with bricks and mortar. Feeling our way along dark and slippery paths, we at length ascended a rickety staircase and entered a genuine opium saloon, far more picturesque in its grim reality than that which Dickens found in London and put into "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." The room was partially divided. Lighted by a dim lamp, we could see at the farther end two narrow compartments, with shadowy figures lying on benches, their square, pallid faces indicated by a fitful glimmer of light. A sickly smell pervaded the apartment. We were received by a shrivelled little Mongolian, who looked ugly enough for the idealized conscience of a slanderer.

"Captain John Chinaman," said the detective, "this is a friend of mine from England, who is anxious to know you."

"Tanky—you comey see smokee?" said the shrivelled figure, shuffling toward us.

"Yes," we replied.

"Captain John is the oldest Chinaman in New York," said the detective.

"You comey see smokee?" said John again, pointing to a powerfully-built Celestial, who was lying on a bench on our right, and preparing a a pipe for use. He took the preparation of opium from a tin case little larger than a thimble, and cooked a small portion of it by blowing the flame of the lamp upon it through a tube. The action was like that of a plumber soldering a gas-pipe. He placed the dried paste upon a small aperture in the bowl of his pipe—a thick, primitive-looking implement—and commenced to inhale the smoke. Pulling vigorously at the pipe, he concentrated all his mind upon it, now and then stopping to re-cook and re-fill. Presently the inhalation went on to his complete satisfaction, and there stole over his passionless features a quiet calmness, which Captain John contemplated with a contented nod and grin. Leaving the dreamer to dream his way to a transient happiness, we entered the compartments at the farther end of the room. Four Chinamen, in

various stages of insensibility, were lying there, the principal luxury of their hard couches being wooden pillows. One man writhed and moaned in his sleep, and they all looked hideous; the ghastly light from the lamp we carried throwing a lurid ray upon the scene, which helped to heighten the common horrors of the den and make up a Dantesque picture.

The Celestial does not drink, but he smokes with a vengeance. The drug is used privately and publicly, and a smoke in a regular opium shop costs from eighteen to twenty-five cents. From Captain John's establishment we went to another next door, and there found quite a family party just beginning to "lie off," in honor, as it seemed to us, of a new arrival from China, a bright-eyed young man, evidently of more than ordinary position. He was in full Chinese costume, whereas the others wore a mixture of European and Eastern garments, all, however, having pigtails; but this full-dressed Oriental was the only one whom in the complete garb of his country we encountered during our midnight inquiries. It is not impossible that he was an inspector on duty for one of the companies to which his fellow-countrymen belonged.

III.

A short ramble through tortuous alleys and streets brought us to a flight of dark steps leading into a cellar, the door of which opened upon a scene even more interesting than that we had just left. It was a Chinese gambling saloon. Some twenty or thirty natives were standing round a table breast-high, upon which were scattered dice, buttons, cents, and dollars in little proprietary heaps. The banker stood at the head of the board, and as we entered he glanced at the face of the detective. Several of the players looked up for a moment with their dreamy, unspeaking eyes, and then paid no further attention to us. There were no chairs nor seats in the cellar, but the walls were covered with "Notices" and "Regulations" written in big, sprawling characters, like extracts from half-forgotten tea-chests in the London Docks. In one corner of the room there was a Joss altar, lighted with a pair of brass candlesticks of very English manufacture. There was a show of gaudy decoration on the altar, and an inscription in Chinese; but, when we came to examine the thing more closely, we found that it had been converted into a wash-stand, unless cleansing the hands with soap is part of the religious devotions at a Joss altar. Seeking in an odd, amused way for some clew to this, we looked at the hands of several of the gamblers, and found that they carried their real estate with them, as the Americans say of a person who neglects his finger-nails. "Tan" is the game mostly played. A large heap of buttons is rapidly divided into three or four lots, and the players bet upon odd or even numbers; but at the den in question, whatever the game might be, it was played with dice and double dominos. The numbers of the latter were regulated in some way by the numbers thrown in the dice. A player shuffled the dominos and gave one to each of his fellows. Then the banker threw the dice and the game was decided, the bank paying or receiving. It was worth while to watch the flat Tartar faces. They betokened little or no interest in the game beyond a calm attention to it. There was no excitement, no gesticulation, no talk. Now and then a player would smile and show a set of white teeth. They were dressed like Europeans, and some of them had their hair cut close to their heads. There seemed to me to be food for a world of reflection in the fact that these descendants of a people so ancient and so mysterious should be clustered together in this modern city, thousands of miles away from the Flowery Land, gambling in a cellar by the light of a Birmingham lamp blazing under a French shade, and surrounded with tokens of their strange home to which they or their bones are booked to return.

"They make excellent servants," said a doctor, who was one of our midnight party, and who knows them well; "as cooks they are very successful—you can teach them anything—but they are wofully superstitious. They stay with you for a very long time, and seem to be perfectly happy: suddenly they have a dream, and they must go. I will give you a case in point. I had a Chinaman cook, who not only prepared the dinner but served it himself. When he had dished it up, he would slip another garment over his kitchen clothes and wait at table with the quiet perfection of a Frenchman. One evening I noticed that he had put on his Sunday coat, and that while he waited at table he looked anxiously round as if a ghost were at his side. Dinner was hardly finished, when he said, 'Me leave you.' 'When?' I asked. 'Now, this minute,' he said, looking round as if Death were at his elbow. 'Another China boy comee; better China boy than me.' Before the night was over he had introduced his successor and vanished."

"In regard to their imitative powers and their docility under tuition," said an amiable colonel who had joined us after our visit to the gambling saloon, "I can give you a fair illustration. My brother-in-law had a house at Tarrytown. He went to Saratoga in the summer, and left his place in charge of two French maids and a Chinese butler. I called there occasionally in my brother-in-law's absence, and found that the butler went through his daily routine in every particular, even to ringing the bell for dinner, when there was no dinner served, as if the family were at home."

It was now the detective's turn. "I guess I can tell you a better affair than that. I knew a lady who taught a Chinaman to cook, and she showed him how to make coffee for breakfast, clarifying the coffee with an egg. The first egg she broke was a bad one; she threw it away, and went on with the next. She only learned, three months afterward, that her imitative cook regularly threw away the first egg, and only used the second."

New York is too cosmopolitan ever to have any great difficulty with the national peculiarities of her various classes of foreign citizens; but San Francisco finds herself face to face with a Chinese puzzle, which one day she will break in pieces and solve with judicial calmness. There are thirty thousand of this strange people in San Francisco, herding together like pigs, living in open adultery, cleanly only during the daily employment they get from the whites, but living in indescribable filth at home. The slaves of companies in China, they do not develop into citizenship. They cheapen labor to such an extent that they kill competition. The Asiatic settler earns money from the white man and trades only with his own race. He does not remain longer than he can help. If he dies, he goes home all the same. Supposing he has money enough to pay the cost of such a luxury, he is embalmed and sent to his friends. If he is poor, his remains are buried until his bones can be gathered together and forwarded as luggage. He has no sympathy for his new home, nothing akin to the Europeans among whom he settles; but, like a rat, he is gradually burrowing his way into street after street, encompassing the best and most picturesque of the sites upon which San Francisco should extend itself, and turning a garden into a wilderness. Time solves all problems, wipes out all difficulties. The only danger is that San Francisco may grow tired of time's slow but certain progress, and try her hand at solving this Chinese puzzle herself.

IV.

Since this was written, on my first visit to America, the scenes which I have described remain the same as my last tour a few months ago. In the mean time, however, the need of legislation in regard to Chinese emigration has been seriously pressed upon the Government at Washington. The danger to which I referred has been active for several years, and only recently it threatened a social war of races. The present year opened with a fair prospect of a solution of the Chinese problem. The key to the puzzle, it is believed, has been found in a treaty just concluded with the Celestial Empire. Washington is accorded the right to regulate the admission of Chinese subjects into the United States. The powers thus obtained are very complete, and will no doubt tend to an immense reduction of the number of Chinamen in America. It will not content California, indeed, if it does not almost stop Chinese emigration altogether. Seeing how harmless he appears to be in his exclusiveness, it is not a little singular that the Chinaman is universally disliked out of his own country. The Australians will not have any more of his society than they can help. Even the negroes of the West Indies and Spanish America reject his companionship. At Labuan he proved treacherous and cruel. Hitherto he has not been aggressive in America, as he was in the experience of Rajah Brooke. On the other hand, he has consented to be cuffed and kicked about, reserving what viciousness there is in him for the exclusive behalf of his brothers. General Garfield nearly lost his election through his supposed sympathy with the Chinese. Just at the time when the workmen of the Eastern and other States were beginning to exhibit a strong partisanship against the Chinese who were troubling the trades of California, a forged letter was published in which General Garfield was made to favor the Chinese. Before there was time to counteract the ill effects of the letter thousands of votes were turned against the Republican candidate, and it is asserted that he lost two States on this ground of supposed active sympathy with the foreigners against whom the Californians were vowing vengeance. The London *Economist* starts an important suggestion in regard to the new treaty between Peking and Washington. "The incident shows that the Americans and the Chinese Government are on friendly terms, and gives some foundation to the apprehension that China may yet elect to arrange a special alliance with the only power which she does not dread, and which is strong enough to assist her." In some recent and special advice which Colonel Gordon gave to the Chinese Government he impressed upon them that this was their wisest policy, and it goes without saying that such an alliance would make China a very important power. "A dozen American engineers, artillerymen, and mechanicians would quadruple the effectiveness of the army in Kashgar, while exciting no jealousy in Peking, which could arrest them by a sign, and American naval officers would at once make the Chinese fleet a formidable force. There is no likelihood, now that the great cause of quarrel has been settled, of any conflict between China and the Union serious enough to compel the latter to require her subjects to withdraw, as might happen if officers were furnished by any European State, and the Government of Peking would therefore be able to rely on their fidelity. Such a course of policy is possible enough to demand anxious watchfulness, more especially if it be true that China has ordered a first-class iron-clad of 6500 tons to be built for her in Europe. The ministers are certainly not going to officer such a vessel with Chinese, and it looks very much as if they had decided to accept Colonel Gordon's advice. In that case, as they will not choose officers of any of the first-class powers, because they may be recalled, or of Holland, because she would be amenable to European pressure, or of Spain or Portugal, because neither are respected in China, their choice is extremely likely to fall upon Americans, who are competent, adaptable, beyond pressure from any Government but their own, and exceedingly unlikely ever to find their nation at war with the Chinese Empire. That change of policy may, we fear, very seriously alter the place of China among the nations of the world." *The Economist's* view is as ingenious as Colonel Gordon's advice is excellent for the Chinese, and in some respects for America; but the contracting of foreign alliances is altogether outside the spirit of American policy. There is no probability that the Government of Washington will engage itself in a treaty involving responsibilities of "offence and defence" with any country beyond the seas. A great and growing interest is felt by Americans in the people of China and Japan, and from both countries considerable quantities of goods are imported through San Francisco. Though there is a cu-

rious feeling of amity toward Russia observable among Americans generally, many of them expressed to me their unqualified condemnation of the aggressive policy of the Czar's Government toward China.

V.

The treaty which America has negotiated with the Chinese Government is singularly one-sided. It may be taken not only as an example of American cleverness, but as a Chinese tribute to American honor. John has placed himself in the hands of Jonathan just as completely as if Jonathan had won his conscience at the cannon's mouth. The Chinese Government give all the American Commissioners asked almost without conditions. The Government of the United States is to contract and regulate the emigration of Chinese laborers to America. It may not only limit the emigration, but it may stop it altogether. It may not only check the advance of the coming, but it may send back those who have arrived. "Do as you please" is, in brief, China's authorization for Washington to act upon the one point of difficulty between China and America; and the wonderful liberality of the Celestials in this matter, and the child-like trust in the Government of the United States, is not likely to be outraged by a people whose pride and interest it is to open her ports to the emigration of the world. It would be a curious sequel to the increasing amity of China and America for the United States to wake up some fine morning and find the action of Russia inimical to American interests. Europe has been told over and over again that Russia has settled the Kuldja question with China by a treaty which has been duly signed and ratified. Nevertheless Russian war-ships are still in unusual force in the Pacific, and it is whispered in diplomatic circles that there are certain clauses in the new treaty which pledge China not to interfere with Russian action in the Corea. Would America any more than Europe relish the supremacy of Russia in the waters of the Pacific?

VI.

The relations between America and China and Japan are becoming closer every day. The opening of the Pacific Railway and the establishment of the American lines of steamers to Japan and China have built up an important trade between the two countries. My friend, Mr. Thomas W. Knox, who writes as well as he talks about his travels round the world, says "the New Yorker may now sip his morning or evening tea in little more than a month from the day the leaves were plucked from the plants on Chinese hill-sides." The two lines of steamers running between San Francisco and China and Japan carry out American goods, and bring back tea, silk, and porcelain. "When a tea-laden steamer arrives in San Francisco," says Mr. Knox, "a railway train is drawn up at her side, and the chests are transferred as rapidly as possible from ship to cars. In a few hours the work is complete, and the train whizzes away to the eastward. It has the right of way over everything but a passenger train, and its halts are so arranged as to lose the least possible amount of time. It climbs the sierras and winds through the snow-sheds; rattles over the long tangents that stretch like sunbeams across the alkali plains of Utah and Nevada" (and so on), and pulls up at New York twelve days after it has left the Golden Gate. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago I found that the citizens pride themselves upon their tea; though, strange to say, the best you get is called "English Breakfast Tea;" and, asking for this particular class of tea in any hotel or restaurant, you may count on a cup of tea far superior to anything you can get in any English hotel at home.

American intercourse with China and Japan is more or less promoted by the active missionary enterprises of the United States. Some curious revelations were made at a missionary service recently held in New York by the Rev. William B. Stevens, Bishop of Pennsylvania, in an address on "Medical Missions: their origin, scope, and influence, especially in connection with China, Japan, and Mexico." The bishop pointed out that it is necessary not only to teach and preach the Gospel, but to heal the sick. This is a Divine command. Hospitals were founded in the earliest times. In nearly every land where early hospitals were founded they came in with Christianity, and Christian charity supported them. China and Japan hold a third of the population of the world, and yet they have no medical science. They have quacks and magicians. They know nothing of anatomy or physiology. They do not know of the circulation of the blood; they know nothing of the lungs, the eye, the ear, or the brain. All their medical works contain doctrines long since exploded by science. The medical profession there is a very low one. The first missionaries to those countries saw the necessity of introducing medical service. In 1835 the first medical attendance by missionaries was given in China by an American missionary, Dr. Parker. At first there were no patients, but they soon came in crowds. The hospitals were overtaxed, principally by people with diseases of the eye and tumors. Nearly 800,000 patients have since been gratuitously treated in the missionary hospitals of China, and the Chinese appreciate the treatment. No presents are received and no pay is taken. The wife of one of the Viceroys was saved from death, and the Viceroy presented a heathen temple to the mission, to be used for a hospital. The bishop stated that there are now two distinct medical missions in China, under the care of the Episcopal Church of the United States. It is proposed to establish a medical department in St. John's College, in Shanghai. This step would give to China the first medical school ever established in the empire. In Asiatic cities all sanitary laws are disregarded. In Japan a young physician from Philadelphia gave the first lesson in anatomy, in 1878, to a class of fifty students, the Government letting him have the bodies of criminals to dissect. He organized hospitals and dispensaries and treated thousands of patients. Lately the Government promised him its aid in the establishment of a refuge for lepers, where they may be kept together and skilfully treated. There is a mission hospital in Japan, and a physician who exerts himself in teaching the native doctors as much about medicine as he can.

Thus it will be seen that America is earnestly attacking the mysteries of the various Chinese puzzles which increased international intercourse brings before her. That her solution of them will be an advantage to civilization there is no room for doubt.

VII.

It has been said, and I believe soundly demonstrated, that "man is a living power, acting and reacting on his fellow through a natural law; the strong act upon the weak, the weak react upon the strong." What influence will the Chinese have upon the Californians? At present San Francisco looks down with contempt upon its Mongolian colony, but it will unconsciously absorb some of the characteristics of Chinatown. So say the philosophers, and Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in "New America," hunted up illustrative endorsements of the theory from the earliest period of history. He did not, however, "count in" the action of Chinatown upon San Francisco. Ten years ago the Chinese question was not a burning topic. It was only beginning to take its place as a subject of legislative importance. To-day I have a copy of "Confucius and the Chinese Classics; or, Readings in Chinese Literature," published in English, by A. Roman & Company, at San Francisco. It is edited and compiled by the Rev. A. W. Loomis. There has, it seems, been quite a demand in California for books on China. The increasing commerce between San Francisco, and the close proximity of the Western coast to the Celestial Empire, has excited a local desire to know all about the country and its strange people. This miscellaneous volume, with its life of Confucius (compiled, by-the-way, chiefly from the "British Encyclopædia"), and its metaphysics and ethics of Mencius, is the first of a series of Chinese classics published in popular shape and at a cheap rate. "China," says the compiler, "is the oldest kingdom on the globe; the wise statesman will, therefore, avail himself of the means here afforded for learning what causes may have operated toward the preservation of this one nation, while in all other parts of the earth thrones have been set up and demolished, and kingdoms have arisen and decayed, in constant succession." There is nothing more powerful than books. Here is an invitation to the American to study the tenets of John Chinaman. His faith and worship are not, however, set forth so clearly in this volume as in an "Interview" which Mr. Eli Perkins published in the *New York Times* three years ago. He visited Chang Wan Ho at a joss-house in San Francisco, accompanied by an interpreter in the person of a young student from Yale College. The heathen priest talked somewhat in the strain of Ingersoll in regard to the Christian religion, except that he believed in God, and declared that every denomination of worshippers in the world were addressing the same Supreme Being, only under another name.

Chang Wan Ho considered all the prophets impostors—every one since Moses, all who claim a spiritual connection with God. Confucius and Moses and Socrates were not prophets. They were great writers, great leaders. The prophets have all been ignorant men and adventurers. They make all the trouble, all the wars. Christ and Mohammed were the cause of the Russo-Turkish conflict. The world is cosmopolite as to God — people only differ when they come to the prophets. In two thousand years Brigham Young will be just as much respected as a prophet as Zoroaster, Buddha, or Mohammed. Six-and-twenty different nations worship God under six-and-twenty different names. This same God has the same attributes—omniscience, omnipresence, potentiality. As to Christ, the Chinese think of him as they do of Zoroaster, Buddha, and Mohammed. He had the same miraculous birth as is claimed for them. He taught indolence. He never did a day's work in his life. He was a law-breaker, and rebelled against the government of Pontius Pilate. He made Judas believe he was a God. Judas said to the policeman who came to arrest Jesus for blasphemy, "There he is, arrest God if you can." When he saw that he too was deceived, and that the impostor was only a man subject to arrest and trial like other law-breakers, Judas, broken-hearted, went out and hanged himself. There are 200,000,000 believers in Mohammed, and 300,000,000 believers in Christ, the latter divided into 180,000,000 Catholics, 75,000,000 Protestants, and 50,000,000 Russian or Greek Catholics. The prophets have all taught a similar code of morals; but they were all human: Confucius, Socrates, Humboldt, Huxley—no honest philosopher would pretend to inspiration. The Chinaman would throw out all the prophets, and have all the world unite in one God. It is absurd for 300,000,000 Christians to damn 10,000,000,000 outsiders, who believe in the Christian's God but reject his prophets. And it is still more absurd for 350,000,000 God-loving, God-fearing, God-worshipping partisans of Confucius to damn 9,500,000,000 God-fearing and God-worshipping Christians and Buddhists because they do not believe in the inspiration of the great Chinese law-giver. What is wanted is a cosmopolite religion that everybody can endorse, so that, instead of a lot of priest-ridden little towns, people could gather together in a grand temple and listen to words of instruction, and pray straight up to God, without any prophets or mediators to make men and women wrangle over their ritualism and antagonistic doctrines.

Eli Perkins professes to have been greatly shocked at some of Chang Wan Ho's profanities, the worst of which I have omitted in the above brief sketch of the "Interview;" but I suspect that there is a good deal of the Oliver Goldsmith idea of "The Citizen of the World" in the revelations of the heathen priest of the Chinese joss-house of San Francisco.

If the theory of race acting on race, even the weak on the strong, is to have practical exemplification in San Francisco, the Anglo-Saxon

has as hard a nut to crack in the way of assimilation in the case of the Chinaman as in the absorption of the Indian. The result would not tend to enhance the race, though the ethics of Confucius are irreproachable. But the Mongolian who cheapens white labor lives a dirty life (though a good washer of other people's linen), smokes himself into idiocy, despises the domestic institution of matrimony, eats dog, and only hopes to make money enough to go home to China a free man, or packed in a box like salt pork; this is not the sort of emigrant the United States requires; this is not the person whom Americans should, on the Dixon hypothesis, absorb as the Chinese did the Mantchoo Tartars, as the Israelites contracted the customs and ideas of the heathen Hittites and Amorites, the Canaanites and Jebusites; and it is therefore a good thing for Washington to have the power to exclude him as rigidly as Yellow Jack or small-pox. The English are a mixture of many races; but they never, to paraphrase Cooper, "wrapped a Mongol in their blanket;" and America can hardly afford to absorb, with the industrious German, the impulsive Irishman, and the artistic but wayward Italian, the red Indian and "the yellow Chinee."

VIII.

THE STAGE.

English and American Audiences.—First Night of a New Piece.—Play-going Made Easy.—Mr. Edwin Booth and other Eminent Actors.—Miss Clara Morris.—French, English, and American Art.—The late Mr. Sothern's Last Reception in London.—A Tragic Ballad.—The late Mr. Henry J. Montague.—The Englishman Abroad.—"Wanted a Dramatist."—The Author of "Home, Sweet Home."—American Dramatists.—Lack of Earnestness in Modern Playwrights.—London Society and the French Stage.

I.

American audiences differ greatly from English audiences. They are more unsophisticated. They often appeared to me to be more easily pleased. They certainly behave better. They are more respectful to the actors. However bad the play, they never hiss. There is no pit in an American house. The entire floor, from the entrance to the orchestra, is occupied by what in England would be a stall audience. There is no "gallery," and there are no "gods." The house is not "dressed," from an English point of view; that is, there are no feminine chests exposed to draughts and opera-glasses, no men in swallow-tailed coats and white ties. An English audience, therefore, looks more imposing, but not more comfortable. The American audience at night is dressed something after the manner of the English at a morning performance. It is well dressed in all parts of the theatre. People in the upper seats wear clothes as good as those in the lower, and behave as well. On the first night of a new piece there are no running comments on the play. If the spectators do not like the play, they do not go to see it any more; if it is particularly bad, they leave before the last act. But they make no noisy protests. Joining issue with the managerial judgment, they are dignified and quiet. The success or failure of a play is not left long in doubt; though, from the general and national habit of going to the theatre, a failure at some houses will yield almost as much money as a so-called success at some of the London theatres.

First-night audiences in New York are very odd: it is as if they were actuated now and then by the spirit and impulse of one man. I went to the first night of a comedy. Everybody knew the play was a failure, yet everybody on this occasion stayed to the last, and called for a speech from the author. The curtain went up on all the company. The artists were applauded, the author made a speech. The audience, with a broad, genial smile on its face—the smile as of one person—clapped its hands, and went out afterward, never to return. On the next night the theatre was empty. There is often a singular unanimity in the actions of an American crowd.

The theatre being a national amusement, playhouses are made easy of access. Evening dress is not a necessity; gentlemen "down town" (in the city) can meet their wives at a restaurant, dine, and walk into the play-house afterward, without any fuss. Thousands of persons go to the theatre by tram-car. It is not necessary to make a serious fixture of an engagement to go to the theatre. You can go on the shortest notice—drop in on your way home. If the play you wish to see is a very great success, there are speculators who buy up good seats, and you can be sure of getting what you require for a small premium from these persons in the neighborhood of the entrance. Despite her popularity and the large sums of money she drew, there were "choice seats" to be had in this way even to see Mademoiselle Bernhardt. The moment you enter an American theatre with your numbered ticket you are free of the house. There are programmes lying in trays at the door. You pick one up as you go in. Nobody bores you for your cloak or hat. You are not worried for fees of any kind. Refreshment venders are not continually at your elbow. You have come to see the play, not to be annoyed by licensed plunderers who have bought from the manager the right to tax your patience and your pocket.

II.

The New York stage may be taken as representative, from an art point of view, of the American stage generally. Each great city, particularly as you go West, professes only to be guided by its own judgment; but, as a rule, New York largely influences the theatrical taste of the other States. Moreover, most of the New York actors have been endorsed in turn by the other cities. There are many excellent artists on the New York stage. Mr. Edwin Booth has done much to maintain the standard of taste in regard to the legitimate drama. Booth's Theatre is a handsome and elegantly-proportioned house. In the direction in which Mr. Irving is working in the English metropolis Mr. Booth has already labored in New York, so far as Shakspeare is concerned. The American tragedian has not the versatility of Irving, some of whose admirers prefer his comedy to his tragedy; others preferring his melodrama to both. While Irving has covered the entire ground of play-acting in his varied representations, in his production of new works, and in his revival of old ones, Mr. Booth has confined himself to established classic rôles. He is a great actor, and, artistically, his career has not been unlike that of Mr. Irving, inasmuch as he has been both severely criticised and enthusiastically praised by the press, and he has harsh detractors as well as enthusiastic and devoted admirers. Fortunate artistically, Mr. Booth has not been lucky financially. The temperament of the artist is strong in him; he is not a business man. He has probably earned as much money as any living actor, and lost no doubt a great deal more. He is the fourth son of the Booth who was contemporary with Edmund Kean. He was born in Maryland, November 13th, 1833; made his début at Boston, 1849; went to California as a stock actor; in 1854 he "starred" in Australia; and later, in partnership with his brother-in-law, John S. Clarke, he bought the Philadelphia Theatre, and at the same time had a share in the Winter Garden Theatre of New York. In 1861 he made a tour in England, and in 1867 the destruction of the Winter Garden by fire involved him in serious losses. Nevertheless, he built Booth's Theatre, at a cost of a million and a quarter of dollars, and in the end was practically ruined. The inscrutable demon of Finance would not work well in harness with Idealism. To make matters worse, the actor had his arm smashed in a carriage accident. He was broken physically and commercially. But he is a brave man. He soon set out to earn emancipation from debt, and in three years paid off his liabilities. To-day he is acting once more in England, and prominent among those who have received him with friendly and cordial greeting is Mr. Henry Irving.

Mr. M'Cullough, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, and Mr. Keene are the other leading tragedians of America. They are all more popular in the other great cities than in New York, though Mr. M'Cullough in his last engagement in New York seems to have made a sudden and tremendous stride in public favor. His "Virginius" is an eminently interesting performance, and was hailed as a revelation by some of the best New York critics, and notably by Mr. William Winter. Mr. M'Cullough has a fine, robust appearance, and revives in the memories of old play-goers the best characteristics of Edwin Forrest. He dresses with artistic taste and discernment. His last tour through the States was a "dramatic progress." Enthusiastic crowds welcomed him everywhere. Personally and socially he is one of the most popular artists in America. On the night when I sailed for England I saw him in one of the gentler scenes of "Virginius," and was touched by his artistic calmness and repose. Conscious that my time was short (for my bark was by the shore, and my mind was chiefly with my baggage, which was in charge of "van-demons" and "baggage-smashers"), I was hardly in the humor for critical observation. It was M'Cullough's birthday. His friends knew it; and this, as well as his return to New York for a short season, brought out the sympathetic recognition of his admirers. Great floral trophies were handed to him from various parts of the house, and he received an ovation of which any artist might well feel proud. The audience were far more excited and enthusiastic than they were on the first night of Sarah Bernhardt's appearance at a neighboring house.

If, like our own, the American stage were not handicapped with the "star" system, New York and London would have no cause to envy Paris, where they do not suffer from the splitting-up of high-class companies into star leaders of inferior organizations. Imagine the strength and perfection of a company in one theatre consisting of Booth, M'Cullough, Jefferson, Lester Wallack, Gilbert, Fisher, Charles Thorne, Raymond, Florence, Lewis, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Maud Harrison, Rose Eytinge, Genevieve Ward, Mrs. Ponisi, Sara Jewett, Miss Claxton, Mrs. C. H. Gilbert, and Miss Rehan. What would the Comédie Française be in comparison with such a company? Similarly, what would it be against a company including Irving, Terriss, Brooke, Bancroft, Neville, Vezin, Ryder, Warner, Conway, Cecil, James, Thorne, Wyndham, Toole, Terry, Coghlan, and Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Bancroft, Lydia Foote, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Eastlake, Miss Hollingshead, Miss Illington, Miss Larkin, Miss Bishop, Miss Farren, and Mrs. Vezin?

III.

In my reminiscences of the American stage two women make a special impression upon me: one as the finished artist, the other as the promising comédienne. The first is Clara Morris, the second Miss Rehan, a stock actress at Mr. Daly's theatre. Miss Rehan has the vigor and brightness of Nellie Farren, with more delicacy of finesse and a higher sense of genuine comedy; Clara Morris has no counterpart on the English stage, nor on the French. She is of native growth. She has the fervor of a Southern nature, with the naturalness of a born actress. It was no mere affectation that drew from Sarah Bernhardt an outburst of admiration as she sat for the first time in a New York theatre witnessing the performance of an American actress. Mademoiselle Bernhardt herself is eminently natural. That she is so is the great secret of her success. Clara Morris is natural. Her own personality is in every character she plays; but it is lost in the part. It is her own heart and feelings that are at work, her own sense of injury and wrong for the time being, her own joy and sorrow, infused into the character she is impersonating. She has that electrical power which dominates an audience, takes possession of it, plays on it as if it were an instrument. So long as she is on the stage the audience has no wandering thoughts; it is wholly engrossed in her, as she is in the action of the drama and the motive for passion which holds her. It has often been said that Clara Morris would not be successful on the English stage be-

cause she has "a Western intonation," otherwise an "American accent," as it is called in England. My own opinion is that her emotional power, the vigor and truthfulness of her art, would obliterate all thoughts of accent in any audience, just as Salvini's genius has proved too much even for the incongruity, not to say absurdity, of playing Shakspeare in Italian, supported by a company of English-speaking actors. My friend Mr. Joseph Cowen has the Northumbrian accent. Years ago, at a public meeting in the North, I sat near a bishop while Mr. Cowen was proposing a resolution. "Who is that man?" asked his lordship, as the first few rugged tones and single words fell from the orator's lips. Presently his inquiry changed to "Who is that eloquent speaker?"

Mr. Charles Thorne, Mr. Steele Mackaye, Mr. Raymond, and the Florences have made successful appearances in London. Miss Morris, Miss Davenport, Miss Rehan, Miss Jewett, Miss Claxton, Mrs. Gilbert, and many other notable lights of the American stage have not yet been seen here. Unfortunately for the reputation of American dramatic art, the native plays which have been brought to England have been inferior ones. Mr. Rankin travelled with the best American melodrama, "The Danites," which has been seen in England, and he had some excellent actors in his company. But England has yet to see a thoroughly representative troupe of American comedians. The Union Square Theatre has a very excellent company. I saw "Daniel Rochat" there admirably represented. Apart from a somewhat risky incident which an English gallery would be inclined to laugh at — the scene where the husband visits his wife at night, and offers, there and then, to go through the clerical ceremony upon which she insists, and refusing which she has left him—there is no reason why the work should not prove a great success in London. Miss Jewett is the leading actress at the Union Square, Mr. Charles Thorne the leading man. The company includes a remarkable character-actor in Mr. Stoddard (who is not unlike Mr. Odell when Mr. Odell is in earnest), and Mr. John Parselle, an Anglo-American who has the dignity and presence of an English comedian of the old school.

IV.

It cannot be said that, artistically, the New York stage at the present moment is equal to our own; but, morally, it has a higher tone, and is in more complete harmony with the decencies of social and domestic life. There is no theatre in New York as handsome as Her Majesty's, or as well conducted as the Lyceum; while, on the other hand, there is not a theatre in Europe which combines so many novelties and excellences of construction and arrangement as Mr. Steele Mackaye's little house near Madison Square.

Since I first visited the United States two distinguished representatives of the drama in America—Mr. John Brougham and Mr. Sothern (the one an Irishman, the other an Englishman)—have died. Mr. J. Branden Matthews, writing of the Transatlantic stage in *Scribner's Magazine*, says: "Acting was the first art in which America was able to hold her own, or even make headway, in any contest in comparison with the more mature life of Europe. There are as good actors in America as in France, or Germany, or England. Since the success of Miss Cushman in 1845, and of Mr. Jefferson in 1865, the quality of the best American dramatic art has not been doubtful. Some of the most popular and skilful of the favorites of the British public have received their professional training on the American side of the Atlantic. Foremost among these is Mr. Sothern." This is rather the reverse of the true position, and one may say so with all respect. The best American method is clearly the outcome of English training and English tradition. America necessarily built up her theatre on British foundations. The comedy-house of New York (Wallack's) is even to-day essentially an English theatre, with an English company. The late Mr. John Brougham, in discussing this very subject with me, found satisfaction in the reflection that the tone of the American stage is British rather than French; and, for my part, I think our cousins may congratulate themselves that it is so. The influence of French art upon our own stage is by no means an unmixed good. Mr. Matthews says, "You may see just as bad acting in Paris as in New York"—and I will venture to add, "just as good acting too." But I did not see in New York a company as efficient as that of the London Haymarket. My experience of the Continental stage is not extensive; but neither in France, nor Holland, nor Germany have I seen anything to excel the comedy representations at the Prince of Wales's, under the late management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and in no country more artistic stage-pictures than those of the Lyceum, under the management of Mr. Henry Irving. London has much to learn from New York in the construction and management of theatres, but nothing as yet in regard to the business of the stage or the art of acting. It is possible that in the future London may occasionally sit at the feet of New York and Boston. Our cousins are making progress in every branch of art; and as acting is with them the most popular of the arts, there is every reason why it should become the most efficient. London is ready to be instructed; and, seeing how abjectly she is content to accept the haughty snubs of France (as well she may, since her dramatists have settled down into mere translators of her plays), there is no reason why she should be ashamed to learn anything that New York can teach her. At present the Empire City and the Athens of the States can only teach us the utilitarian lessons of the builder, the machinist, and the manager. But these are well worthy of study and consideration; and the day may come when the art-laurels of London will not be secure, for there may be a future in which actor-managers with cultured instincts, like Irving, Booth, Hare, and Bancroft, will find their reward at the hands of New York and Boston audiences. At present the variety-show class of entertainment, with some honorable exceptions, is supreme in the United States, and the condition of the stage is not one for congratulation. This is the verdict of leading actors and critics. But ten or a dozen years ago America could hardly engrave a wood-block; she now leads the world in the smaller class of book and magazine illustrations. There are indications of a bright future for theatrical art in America. Progress in any direction, when it sets in earnestly, is very rapid on the other side of the Atlantic.

V.

Mr. Stephen Heller, a remarkable artist in his way outside theatres, and a great friend of Sothern's, died shortly before the famous comedian. The double demise forcibly recalls to me Sothern's "reception" at his chambers in Vere Street. It has become historic. Death and the public chronicles have made it so. Several journals, English and American, had reports of it at the time. One of these was written at Sothern's personal request, he was so pleased with the success of the party. There is, therefore, no breach of good-manners in printing these reminiscences of the event. It was Sothern's last social gathering; and within the two years that have elapsed the host, his friend Heller, and his guests, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Lionel Lawson, and Mr. John Clarke, have died. It was a Sunday reception. The weather was most unpropitious. It rained in torrents, it hailed ice in lumps, it lightened, it thundered; but all the same, Sunday found Mr. Sothern's rooms thronged with interesting and distinguished men. I remember among these Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist; Mr. Lewis Wingfield, who used to write sparkling dramatic notices in *The Globe*, under the signature of "Whitetyghe," and whose recent novel had proved a great success; Mr. Joseph Knight, the genial critic of *The Athenæum* and *Sunday Times;* Mr. Clement Scott, the dramatic pen of *The Telegraph;* Mr. Bancroft, the accomplished conductor of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and husband of Marie Wilton, the leading comedy actress of the English stage; Mr. George Grossmith, "the humorist lecturer," who read "Dickens" better than any "reciter" I ever heard. Presently, when the storm cleared off, and the sun came out bright and hot, these gentlemen were joined by Lord Londesborough, "my noble partner" of the Boucicaultian days at Covent Garden; Mr. Levy and Mr. Lionel Lawson, proprietors of *The Telegraph;* Mr. Howe, of the Haymarket Theatre; "Johnny Clarke," the English low comedian; and many other equally representative men, who came in and went out from one in the day to seven or eight at night.

A breakfast of well-chosen viands was spread "all over the place," and a more attractive menu could hardly have been devised even at Delmonico's. The rooms were daintily furnished. Bric-à-brac, pictures, books, South American birds, exotic plants; and, pervading the rooms, the genial presence of the actor playing the part of host with the tact of a diplomatist, and the hearty bonhomie of a kindly and good fellow. It was a delightful meeting in every way. The right men came together. They never lacked topics of conversation. Everybody had something to say to everybody else. A piece of news or a witty remark met you at every point. It was a touching incident when a well-known provincial journalist and art-critic, who had physically broken down some years ago, was led in, blind, and placed in a chair. This was "Joe Nightingale," of Liverpool, around whom came Howard Paul, Sothern, Grossmith, Heller, and a host of others, to shake his hand. It was only a gathering of men, this party at Sothern's. The tender influences of woman were absent, but there was not wanting romance enough for a score of dramas if you had hunted up the details. Mr. Robertson, the manager of the Aquarium, was there. Robertson built the Vaudeville and Court Theatres, and is the author of the Westminster Aquarium. Chevalier Wikoff too. This "butterfly of society" is surely a modern "Rip Van Winkle." He knew men who seemed to me to have been dead for centuries. An intimate friend of the late H. L. Bateman, he looked just as young as he did twenty years ago.

"Hush!" says Sothern. "Gentlemen, Mr. Heller has consented to sing us 'Sam Hall.' When first I heard this song I thought it was funny; the second time I thought it was sad and tragic."

And so it is. "Sam Hall" is one of the most dramatic of songs. In the time of the London night-houses a famous free-and-easy vocalist used to sing it in the early hours of morning at Evans's. It delineates the fears, passions, and depravity of a wretched man condemned to be hanged, and going through the last sad minutes of the fatal hour. He is supposed to be looking through the grating of his prison and apostrophizing the crowd that is waiting to see him "turned off." Sothern himself could sing the ditty with wonderful effect; but Heller at the piano gave it with a grim dramatic humor that was strangely impressive. In his hands it was a sort of wild recitative, accompanied with musical language that seemed to repeat the doleful story. Sam Hall is a degraded, uneducated, miserable ruffian; and the objection to the song for a mixed audience is, after all, only in the realistic imprecation that closes each verse. In Charles Reade's version of "Foul Play," at the Olympic, the audience was at first shocked and then impressed at a dying sailor, urged by the heroine to forgive a comrade who had wronged him, exclaiming, "Yes, I forgive him; —— his eyes!" This was repeated every night as long as the piece was played; it was a bit of realism upon which Mr. Reade insisted. It is this same imprecation that makes "Sam Hall" difficult in general society; but Heller had a way of slurring over the words so as to make them comparatively unobtrusive. The song begins something in this way:

> "My name it is Sam Hall;
> I've murdered great and small;
> But now I pay for all."

[Here occurs the "optical imprecation" referred to above.]

A doleful strain the music, a weird melody, full of wailing that grips you. The crowd repeats some of the lines in an awe-inspiring chorus:

"But now he pays for all." You can hear them chant it in a hushed way, anticipating the show. Heller's moaning chords in minor keys, and his hushed, hoarse voice, realized the whispering of the surging crowd collected to see Sam Hall die. At last come the closing lines:

> "But now I go up-stairs,
> And there ends all my cares;
> Kind friends, give me your prayers—
> All your cursed prayers."
> [Closing lines as before.]

The admiring, half-stricken wonder and horror of the crowd breaks out, following Heller's eloquent fingers on the piano. "All your cursed prayers!" he repeated in a low voice; and there was a sobbing cry of a savage agony in those last words that haunted one long after they were drowned by the applause of Heller's appreciative audience. I do not expect to convey to the reader a complete idea of the weird, dramatic force of this strange song; if I succeed, then the realism of it will be forgiven in the awful picture of the murderer's last moments, when thousands of degraded men and women found a savage delight at the foot of the gallows. "The Ingoldsby Legends" and the works of Jerrold and Dickens did a great deal toward the abolition of public executions. The ballad of "Sam Hall" is a reminiscence of the days of "Tom and Jerry," the Fleet Prison, oil-lamps, and ancient watchmen.

VI.

Leaving Sothern in the midst of his admiring friends, with the wail of this wretched Sam Hall in my mind, I encountered a local antiquary who had followed me out.

"Startling ballad that!" he remarked.

"It is indeed; it has made me feel miserable."

"An appropriate spot for such a song!" said the shrivelled, gray-haired, starchy-looking gentleman. "Oxford Street was the way to Tyburn. Scores of unfortunate wretches have passed through it on the road to death. The place of execution for criminals convicted in the county of Middlesex was formerly situated in this parish, at the west end of this very street."

"Let us talk of the gallows," I said, smiling.

"Tyburn Tree was not far from where we are standing."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I assure you we are on classic ground. In 1626 Queen Henrietta Maria did penance under the gallows at Tyburn, and in 1628 Felton, who stabbed the Duke of Buckingham, was executed here. I have a bit of the old gallows in my possession."

He took me to his house close by, and showed me this treasure, together with a bit of the tanned skin of a malefactor who had been gibbeted not very far from the scene of Sothern's party.

"Dr. Dodd was hanged in this parish for forgery, and so was the infamous Catherine Hayes, who lived in the parish, and murdered her husband in a house two or three streets from here. She was sentenced to be hanged, and then her body was to be burnt. The murder was of such an atrocious character that the mob fell upon the executioner, lighted the fire before she was hanged, and literally burnt her alive. Will you take a glass of wine?"

"No, thank you; I must be going."

"I thought you wanted to talk about Tyburn. I am compiling a history of the subject. You could not have fallen in with a man who knows more about it. When Tyburn ceased to be the place of execution, in 1783, the gallows was bought by a carpenter, who converted it into stands for beer-butts at a public-house in Adam Street, close by here. In 1758, when Dr. Hennessy was to be executed for high-treason, a reprieve came at the last moment, and the mob was so disgusted that those who had paid for seats on "the grand stand" created a riot, and one man was killed. A felon named Ryland was the last person hanged in this neighborhood. His crime was forgery. We were a blood-thirsty lot in those days. On June 23d, 1784, when they transferred the business to Newgate, fifteen persons were hanged there by 'the new drop,' which worked so well that in December, 1785, they executed ninety-six persons."

My antiquarian friend seemed to revel in these incidents; I spare him the mention of his name. If he had lived in the days of Sam Hall he would have been one of the gloating crowd; in the time of Hennessy he would have rioted in disgust when the reprieve came. I could not drink his wine; it would have choked me. I slipped out while he was looking for a piece of the chain used on a gibbet at Hampstead. I went back to Vere Street, and found a tenor singer telling the vocal story of his love for "Pretty Sally." It was a comfort to feel that I was out of the immediate control of the antiquary who had taken me at my word, and talked of the gallows and of kindred horrors. But not all my tenor friend's rhapsodies about Sally, nor all Sothern's dry champagne, would drive Sam Hall out of my mind. His last moments would make a grim scene for an opera! The gallows, the prison-cell, the face at the bars, the awful, mocking crowd, the arrival of the sheriffs, the going up-stairs, that awful ballad (with a suitable orchestral accompaniment), and the sad, weird, savage chorus of the London crowd!

VII.

When one begins to think of the actors and artists who are gone, one is surprised and saddened at their number. During my first visit to New York, Mr. Henry J. Montague was in the enjoyment of a rare popularity. Socially and publicly, he had a position that was unique in the history of the stage. I was often asked, on my return home, to explain this, and it was continually quoted by captious critics as evidence of a primitive condition of taste and experience in American audiences. Soon afterward poor Montague died, and he was buried with something like national honors, and mourned with a general and sincere sorrow. This young actor's career may be studied with profit by the struggling beginners on the stage of to-day, and it has other international lessons that are not without point.

It is as difficult for the average London playgoer to realize the high position which the late Henry J. Montague reached in America, as it is to understand by what special merit he was enabled to achieve the topmost height of popularity in the critical city of New York.

In London he was little more than a clever walking gentleman. He had a growing circle of admirers, it is true, and many friends. By these, however, he was only counted a refined and promising actor of light comedy. He was handsome. He made love with an earnest politeness becoming a true gentleman. He had an educated voice and manner. If his impersonations were sometimes wanting in force, they never lacked earnestness. A rare quality, earnestness, it is absolutely necessary to success in any walk of life. Dickens said there was no substitute for it, and he knew. Irving's earnestness often wholly conquers studied and premeditated detraction. It is his honesty of purpose as much as his undoubted power and personal magnetism that has surrounded him with cultured friends, and placed his name side by side with the greatest of English actors. Montague had sufficient of this fine quality, to win the confidence and respect of an audience, but not enough to be aggressive in his domination of its feelings. He might lead it, he could not drive it, he could not hold it without its own consent and desire. A great artist plays upon his audience, sounding its deepest notes, probing the very heart of its mystery. Montague had this power only in a minor degree. He possessed the best characteristics of an actor, but they were not accentuated by physical power. His desire on and off the stage was rather to conciliate criticism than to challenge it. He had what phrenologists call the organ of "a desire to please" largely developed. He liked to be liked. He had not the courage of conscious power which prompts genius to aim at the conquest of public opinion, that fickle tyrant which the English Press leads hither and thither, not by a silken thread, but as a bear is led, sometimes with a muzzle, always in a halter. He was the sort of artist, as we remember him in London, who fears to ruffle critical susceptibilities. Genial, amiable, sensitive, he was as careful to avoid opposition on the stage as he was at his club, and his "desire to please" led him into promises and responsibilities of courtesy which he sometimes found it so difficult to redeem. He was, in short, the kind of man who is known as a good fellow, and in art he might be called the ideal walking gentleman of the Robertson School of Comedy.

America is just the country to bring out all the better qualities of a nature such as this; just the country to develop any latent power which might have remained dormant in London. The real equality which obtains in New York society would give strength to the tender impulses of Montague's disposition. Free from the blighting influences of lordly patrons, who too often narrow the aspirations of young actors, leading them to lavish upon the hollow shrine of society time and talents which belong to art, Montague could not fail to gain courage in the island city. His gentleness, his handsome face, his suavity of manner, would be sure to win him friends. That he went to America unheralded was in his favor. It is a mistake to think that "preliminary puffs" are necessary to secure a successful début in the United States. They have a habit of judging men and things on their merits, our cousins of America, and they offer to actors fair, not to say generous, opportunities of demonstrating their powers. Though they have not yet learned the civilized practice of hissing an artist or play, they know how to show their disapprobation by rows of empty benches, and they have a wealth of applause and support for an entertainment which they like. Montague was fortunate in the theatre where he appeared, and in the parts he played. He pleased the New York people. They liked his appearance; he realized their ideal of a gentleman, his elocution betrayed no objectionable mannerism, and his method recommended itself to them by its modesty and intelligence. The Press treated him with marked consideration, and he became a favorite at the clubs and in social circles.

Thus encouraged, the young actor no doubt found the love for his art lifted into a higher range of hope and effort by the successful practice of it among sympathizing spectators. Then an Englishman, I fancy, tries more than ever he tried before to be at his best when in presence of the public of another country. Like Professor Doyle's private of the Buffs, he feels it incumbent upon him to uphold the British name. Montague had every inducement of interest, necessity, and kindly encouragement to put out all his strength, and, prompted by generous applause, he attempted higher flights than he would have dared to venture upon in London. If he failed in his assumptions of classic rôles that were beyond his powers, he was commended for his industry, and not snubbed for his temerity, as he might have been in London. He dared do all he could in America, and the result was that he reached farther and climbed higher than ever he might have hoped to do in the older country. Then it must not be forgotten that he had been in America several years before his position was thoroughly established. It is only reasonable to credit him with progress in his profession during that period. He had undoubtedly advanced. When I saw him in New York his style had greatly matured. He made his effects with more finish than hitherto. The confidence of success had given more robustness to his creations. They were less dependent upon accuracy of dress and pose of figure than heretofore. There was more spontaneity in his style. He had a firmer grasp of his work. He had a command of the pardonable tricks of the art, its technicalities, its mechanism, in fact, for there is no art without them; and in his case there had not been time for the practice of these subtleties to degenerate into staginess. Young as he was, he had possibly achieved the height of his knowledge and his power, when he died, admired and beloved by troops of friends, men and women. A colder social atmosphere than New York would have chilled his ambition at the outset; rough treat-

ment would have broken him. If New York society could be typified by a big, strong, generous man, it might be said that this consciousness of power made it a pleasant task to foster and help the amiable, gentlemanlike, pleasant actor. No artist ever received, from first to last, more hospitable treatment than America bestowed upon Montague; and in his death it almost seems as if the nation itself found a cause of sorrow. The papers recorded his death in universal terms of regret. The manner of it was attended with affecting pathos; and what is more sad than to die young in the midst of prosperity, on the high-road to fame and wealth? The Press of San Francisco and New York rivalled each other in reports of the funeral arrangements. It was like reading of the obsequies of a prince, some of these accounts of the last ceremonies attending the remains of the young Englishman. England surely owes an especial debt to our cousins over the water in regard to this touching solicitude for her young artist, who left home to better his fortunes, landing in a strange city unheralded, almost unknown, and having left the friends of his youth three thousand miles behind him. His last words, "It is no use—God bless you all!" are a pathetic tribute to the affection of his new friends, and they were the key-note to a generous and a grateful heart.

VIII.

In England as well as in America it is said we still want a dramatist. I only know of two American dramatists who can be said to make a living by their plays. These are Mr. Bronson Howard and Mr. Fred Marsden. It may be said that in London the professed dramatists who devote themselves solely to the work of play-writing are Mr. Byron, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Albery, and Mr. Paul Merritt, though large sums of money have rewarded the dramatic fame of Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. Wilkie Collins, and the late Mr. Tom Taylor. In America Mr. Fred Marsden supplies "star pieces" to "star actresses." He has also written a comedy of considerable merit called "Clouds," which was originally produced at the Park Theatre, New York. Mr. Bronson Howard's best work is "The Banker's Daughter," which was successful in London under the title of "The Old Love and the New." Mr. Steele Mackaye and Mr. Augustin Daly combine theatrical management with authorship. Mr. Runnion of Chicago has made a creditable mark as a translator and adapter. Mr. Clemens and Mr. Dudley Warner (an essayist as graceful as Lamb, and far more humorous) have found a large pecuniary reward in their joint dramatization of the former author's "Gilded Age." Mr. Steele Mackaye has paid for the building of Madison Square Theatre out of the profits of "Hazel Kirke." Excellent work has also been done for the stage by F. G. Maeder, T. B. MacDonough, Leicester Vernon, J. C. De Leon, A. C. Wheeler, A. E. Lancaster, B. E. Woolf, A. R. Cazauran, Leonard Grover, and W. D. Howells. There are other writers who may be entitled to mention, but I do not know of one who stands out simply as a dramatic author entitled to rank, on the score of original work, with Talfourd, Lytton, Jerrold, Planché, Byron, Gilbert, Collins, Albery, Reade, or Wills. It must, however, be remembered that several of them are eminent in other fields of literature—in fiction, poetry, and journalism. Neither in London nor in New York are there many authors who can afford to run the risks of delay and failure that belong to the service of the dramatic muse. I have not ventured to class Mr. Dion Boucicault. He should be regarded, I presume, as an Anglo-American author. His "London Assurance," "The Colleen Bawn," "Rip Van Winkle," "Corsican Brothers," and other works, are fully entitled to their large measure of success.

The native drama of the United States has a history which is not without points of interest. The first American play was written and produced about a hundred years ago at New York. It was called "The Prince of Parthia," and the author was Thomas Godfrey. But Mr. William Dunlop has been called "the father of the American drama." He flourished about 1787, and he is credited with some dozen or fifteen pieces, the best of which is a comedy called "The Father of an Only Child." Mr. John Burk wrote a successful and profitable play called "Bunker Hill." He had an accomplished contemporary in Charles Jared Ingersoll, author of "Edwy and Elgiva" and "Julian the Apostate." But it was not until 1809 that a dramatist of real power and practical skill appeared, and this was John Howard Payne, an actor of brilliant talent, and a librettist and dramatic author of distinguished merit. "Brutus" was one of his first and best works. Among his others, American critics mention with commendation "The Italian Bride," "Charles II.," "Paoli," "Clari," "Mazeppa," and "Love in Humble Life." "These and other productions of his pen," writes one of his friends, "had a longer or a shorter life on the stage, and their pecuniary returns kept him for most of the time during nineteen years' residence abroad far above the feeling of want. But there were times when he was reduced so low that he was even obliged to take the position of master of the *claqueurs* at the Drury Lane Theatre to obtain a subsistence. During one of these seasons of want, while living in Paris, he wrote "Sweet Home." The popularity of this sweetest of songs will always preserve Payne's memory green; his "Brutus," which has good acting qualities, still holds the stage. Payne died in 1852.

The Tile Club of New York (which has been previously mentioned) hunted up the house in which Payne was born. It is at Easthampton, on the Eastern coast, not far from New York. They sketched the old place, and the chronicler of their doings says of the scene of the poet's early home, that "not the Warwickshire landscape, not that enchanted sketch from Stratford to Shottery, which was Shakspeare's lover's walk, is more pastorally lovely."

Following Payne the dramatist next in importance was James V. Barker, who adapted the story of Pocahontas, under the title of "The Indian Princess." Mr. M. Noah, however, was a far more popular writer for the stage than Mr. Barker. He was an author of great versatility, and I have heard men of discriminating judgment talk of him and his work with admiration. "The Fortress of Sirento," "Paul and Alexis," "She Would be a Soldier," "The Siege of Tripoli," and "The Grecian Captive" were among his best works. Mr. Carr, Samuel Chapman, and Charles Breck were dramatic authors of the Noah period, about 1815. Later, Mr. Charles P. Clinch, author of "The Spy," "The Avenger's Vow," and "The Expelled Collegians," took a high position. Then came James A. Hillhouse and James Kirke Paulding; the first a poet, the second a comedy writer, and author of "The Lion of the West." N. H. Bannister wrote a melodrama, entitled "Putnam," which ran for a hundred nights at the old Bowery Theatre. Mr. Forrest, the famous tragedian, paid John Augustus Stone five hundred dollars for a piece called "Metamora." Half a century ago a hundred pounds was, no doubt, looked upon as liberal payment for a play. A comedy held in high esteem in the history of the American stage of the last half-century is "The Wag of Maine," by Cornelius A. Logan. James H. Kennett of New Orleans, Caroline Lee Hentz, Samuel Woodworth, F. C. Wemyss, were names honorably known in dramatic literature. Robert F. Conrad, of Philadelphia, obtained a wide popularity for "Jack Cade" and "Aylmer," the former furnishing Edwin Forrest with one of his strongest parts. "Nick of the Woods" was a novel by Robert M. Bird, a dramatist, and the play of third-rate melodramatic theatres in the English provinces is a stage version of this American novel. "Fashion," a comedy by Anna Cora Mowatt, was played with success both in New York and London five-and-thirty years ago. Nathaniel P. Willis wrote several creditable plays. About the year 1850 John Brougham gave a fillip to dramatic writing in New York. J. Lester Wallack produced "Fortunes of War" about this time, and J. Pray a tragedy, called "Poetus Cœccina," H. O. Prudey "Nature's Nobleman," George H. Baker "Leonora di Guzman." Then came a succession of pieces of moderate merit by Julia Ward Howe, E. G. P. Wilkins, and G. H. Miles. The War was the real tragedy that followed the mimic scenes invented by these industrious authors, and it is questionable whether the art of dramatic writing has made very much progress since: it certainly has not when compared with the twenty years before the War.

IX.

It is not a little singular, it may be thought in America, in face of the names of living as well as deceased authors whom I have mentioned, and admitting the fact of other writers for the stage springing up, that it should be said that England still wants a dramatist. It *is* said, and often said, by critics, by managers, and by the public. The men who think they can supply the demand languish for the chance to show their powers; so they say, at least. Even Mr. Charles Reade recently appealed by public advertisement inviting managers to give "Dora" a fair trial. Fancy Reade and Tennyson literally going a-begging! "Dora" is an excellent work, I believe. When it was originally played, it was ruined by bad stage management. Mr. Reade has revised it, and he feels certain of its ultimate success. It lies upon the shelf, as do many other works, while managers try experiments. They prefer to produce adaptations of French successes. Their position is no doubt difficult and delicate, for they occasionally make conspicuous failures with original pieces; but, as a rule, they do not spend, in time or money, upon native works anything like that which they lavish upon adaptations. The truth is the managers of to-day are fearful of trusting to their own judgment in the selection or production of plays. The London successes are mostly made with pieces that have been often rejected, and are finally brought out as forlorn-hopes. This was notably so with Wills's "Jane Shore" at the Princess's, and with "The Bells" at the Lyceum.

One of the great drawbacks of the age in regard to dramatic work is a want of earnestness, which, indeed, obtains to a large extent in literature also. Society is satirical; it scoffs at love-making; it no longer believes in virtue. Love-matches are left to the unsophisticated provincials, or to the middle and lower classes. Women talk slang. Commercial honor is no longer absolutely necessary to commercial fame. Circe drives in the Park, and princes attend her receptions. The manners of the age are loose. Sons who are educated beyond their trading fathers look down upon the old people. A young man inclined to be soberly religious is gibed by his acquaintances. Dramatists, it is to be feared, work down to this degenerate epoch; and when they somehow or other tumble upon a theme in which heart and soul and real flesh-and-blood manliness have to be portrayed, their low standards of humanity are so fixed and firm that they cannot rise to the nobler instincts of true men and women. I believe that more than one of our dramatic authors would be positively ashamed if they found themselves moved into writing a good, honest, heartfelt line of pure, self-sacrificing love. They evidently do not believe in it, or they have worked in the grooves of farce and burlesque so long that their fancies are out of gear for the common-place impulses which actuate real heroes and genuine martyrs. This want of earnestness is also apparent in modern acting. Artists are afraid to accentuate their feelings, lest they should be charged with ranting. They resist the impulse to give full force to a fine poetic line when they get one, for fear it should be thought they believe in it. Therefore we have a crowd of well-dressed men and women moving about on the stage just as you see them in the streets and at home, without the smallest effort of idealism. Cynicism is the order of the day. When a Scotch laddie in "Engaged" sold his simple Scotch lassie to a rich Englishman for a five-pound note, everybody in the theatre screamed with laughter.

In literature the same tendency to a vulgar realism is equally noticeable — a readiness to scoff at the higher virtues, a general doubting

of noble motives, and a sort of instinctive horror of eloquence. To be earnest, eloquent, poetic, is "to gush," and to be branded as a "gusher" is to be ticketed as a fool. It is as if the selfish men of the world had entered into a conspiracy against the good, and had obtained power. And yet every now and then some big, arrogant genius, full of human strength and earnestness, comes to the front and shakes this degenerate world of London, wets its eye, and fires its heart, just as Salvini did in "Othello," as Elizabeth Thomson did in "The Roll Call," as Joseph Cowen did in the House of Commons, when he spoke words of eloquence and power that made every Russophile of them feel for a moment the passion of patriotism..

A philosopher in morals might easily trace much of the degeneracy of London society to the stage. Nothing sinks so deep into the national heart as the lessons of the drama. What has the stage been teaching in England for years past? It has drawn its principal lessons from France. They are subversive of all that is holy and pure in the relationship of the sexes. They teach, as morality, the righteousness of dishonoring a married man. A cuckold in the French drama is the butt of everybody in the play. In the good old English drama the wronged husband had the deep sympathy of the audience, and his vengeance, when it came, was the dénouement of the story. The luxurious aspect of French vice has been incorporated with the new-born cynicism of English dramatic work. Even the grandeur of "Patrie" lies in the patriotic husband condoning the dishonor of his wife. When the Franco-English play is earnest, its earnestness has a morbid and unwholesome direction.* When it is funny it is nasty. Things are said and done now on the stage which, twenty years ago, would have brought an audience upon the boards with the seats in their hands, to "club" the offenders. "La Marjolaine," which had a long run at the Royalty, presented to the public a married woman undressing in her bed-chamber, while a member of a society of men sworn to undo "woman, wife or maid," was watching her from a chest in which he had been secretly conveyed into the room. Great, earnest men in Europe saw in the fall of France before the Germans the punishment of a second Sodom and Gomorrah. The simile was far-fetched, and France ought not to be answerable for the sins of Paris. The industry and thrift of the people have been splendidly manifested in striking exhibitions of patriotism on many occasions since the war. But it is, nevertheless, a sad and humiliating fact for our French neighbors to reflect upon, that the most appalling orgies which go on to-day in the stews of New York and London are the inventions of, and are presided over by, the houris of *la belle France.*

IX.

"LANDS OF PLENTY."

"To the West."—The Attractions of Kansas.—Land Giants.—Topeka.—A City Directory with a Humorous Preface.—The Story of a New City.—How to "Settle."—Stock-raising.—Arizona.—Emigration to Minnesota.—Information for Intending Settlers.—Official Facts and Figures.—Canada's New Land of Promise, Manitoba.

I.

"Go West, young man, and grow up with the country," was, as everybody knows, Horace Greeley's standing advice, no matter what the young man wanted. "To the West" was the popular song in "hard times" when I was a boy. Mr. Henry Russell made a fortune by singing it.

* Mr. Swinburne, in the new number of the *Fortnightly Review*, describes M. Zola as the owl-eyed head of the sect of bestialists in whose noses stinks are as sweet odors, and whose ears find harmony in echoes too horrible for hell. Those who have witnessed the death-scene of the heroine in the dramatized version of "Nana" will not be disposed to quarrel with the vigor of Mr. Swinburne's invective. It is described by one who witnessed it as a ghastly and revolting exhibition: "Nana comes forth *en chemise* from her bed and reveals the ravages of the disease over her face, smirched over with pustules. Her death-agonies were far more horrible than those of Mlle. Croisette in the 'Sphinx' or of Adrienne Lecouvreur."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Thousands of English people emancipated themselves from the galling chains of poverty by acting upon the vocal suggestion. Some came home again disappointed, as they do to-day; but, as a rule, the industrious emigrant finds that there is a place in the world for him.

Once again let me repeat the advice of the famous journalist and the popular song-writer: "Go West." Not you who have carriages and horses, and balances at your banks. Not you who have pleasant homes slumbering among ancestral trees. Not you who command Pactolian streams flowing from golden reservoirs made by commercial fathers. You who can live comfortably, and without fear of the future, stay in England. There is no country that has a more equable climate, no country where the grass is so green, no country where home life is so sweet and pure; nowhere else can you get so much enjoyment out of existence, if you know how to order your time and your desires. But you poor, you who see ahead no change for the better; you who stand by the roadside to be splashed by the high-mettled steeds of Dives; you toilers and moilers, who know what it is to earn a pittance by "the sweat of your brow;" you honest poor, who know all about the bitterness of the labor that is done under the sun—Go to the West! Not you who are sots and drunkards; not you miserable wives who drive men to gin and children to the kennel—you are better off in England, where national charities will foster your folly and the workhouse degrade your declining years.

"To the West!" There is wealth for everybody yonder, under blue skies and laws that are a premium to strength and labor. You may not stand on the dignity of a dead ancestor there; you must answer for yourself. It is not "What are you—who was your father?" there; it is "What can you do?" If you can say, "I have a little money, and I can work as well," so much the better. The independence of "a little money" brings the wealthy future nearer, that is all; for the wealthy future is a certainty to every young, honest, intelligent, and industrious man in the West. And when I say the West I do not only refer to the mining and agricultural States of America, but to "the lands of plenty" in our own America—in British North America; for we still divide with our cousins of the United States the possession of the New World.

II.

Let me collate a few facts about the districts where the prospects of becoming rich are greatest. First, we will keep our eye on the United States and the American flag. Kansas for the agriculturist has many attractions. It is the exact centre of the American Union. It is a country of rolling prairie and splendid rivers. The soil is a rich black loam that needs no artificial aid for profitable working. In modern days it was the Indian's hunting-ground. To-day it is a land of emigrant homes and homesteads, of prosperous towns, railways, schools, and churches. Though I obtain most of my information and statistics from a pamphlet written and compiled with the express intention of promoting emigration, and, therefore, in some respects a little highly colored, I have taken some pains to verify the figures. The author is a journalist on *The Chicago Times*, and eminently qualified for the position of "guide, philosopher, and friend" in the exploitery of the new districts of the Great West. The following details will be interesting, as supplementing the notes which appear in my first chapter of the present work: "Kansas," says my Chicago authority, "lies between the thirty-seventh and the fortieth parallels, the district which, the world round, controls the destinies of the globe, and the time will come when the State will be the powerful centre of the most powerful nation on earth. In 1790 the centre of population of the United States was in Maryland, on the thirty-ninth parallel, and at every new census it has moved westward very nearly along that line, until now it is just west of Cincinnati, and on its way to Kansas. The thirty-ninth parallel, which has been the thread upon which, as upon the necklace of the world, have been suspended the jewels of wealth, culture, plenty, luxury, and refinement, passes directly through the southern portion of the State, through the fertile Arkansas valley."* This is the only outburst of descriptive eloquence which the writer allows himself, and I give him, the English reader, the benefit of it in full.

The following table shows the progress of population, property, and taxation in Kansas:

Year.	Population.	Per cent. of increase.	Taxable property.	Per cent. of increase.	Taxes for State purposes.	State taxes per capita.	State debt.	State debt per capita.
1865	135,807	—	$36,126,000	——	$216,756	$1 60	$455,275	$3 35
1870	364,399	168	92,000,000	154·67	809,620	2 22	1,342,275	3 68
1875	531,156	45	121,544,000	32·11	729,265	1 37	1,385,775	2 61
1877	650,000	23	137,480,000	13·11	756,137	1 16	1,235,900	1 91
1878	708,497	9	138,698,810	·89	762,843	1 08	1,181,975	1 67
1879	849,978	19	144,803,673	4·42	942,046	1 11	1,181,975	1 39

The climate is far more genial than in the Eastern States. The temperature does not rush to the usual American extremes. During the year 1879 the mean temperature was 54.67°. The highest temperature was 99.5° on August 4th; and the lowest was 16° below zero on January 4th, making the range for the year 115.5°. The mean temperature of the winter months was 27.93°, which was 1.94° below the average winter temperature; of the spring, it was 58.04°, which was 4.83° above the average; of the summer, 76.05°, which is 4.7° below the average; and of the autumn, 56.71°, which was 3.9° above the average.

The principal inhabitants are Germans, Irish, English, Welsh, Scotch: at all events, they led the rest five years ago, when the population was 528,349. To-day it is 849,978. Kansas City in less than a decade has increased from 500 inhabitants to 65,000. Its yearly receipts of wheat from the surrounding districts are 2,000,000 bushels; of corn, 5,000,000; and other cereals, 1,000,000 bushels. Its annual receipts of wool are 20,000,000 lbs.; of coal, 200,000 tons; of hogs, 500,000 head. Then there are other flourishing cities—Atchison, Topeka, Emporia, Florence, Newtown, Hutchinson—and a score or two villages or links between the larger places, each village growing up into a town. Taking the industries of the whole of Kansas, we arrive at the following startling results: the total acreage of all crops since 1860 has increased from a crop of 271,663 bushels to a million odd in 1870, four millions odd in 1875, and so on to 7,769,926 in 1879. For the seven years from 1872 to 1878 the average yield per acre of winter wheat was 16.66 bushels, and of spring wheat 12.70; for 1879 the average yields were 11.55 bushels of winter and 7.25 bushels of spring wheat per acre.

III.

Now in Kansas there are thousands of acres open to settlement for those who have a small capital; while there are continual opportunities for the laborer and the domestic servant to get employment. If I were a poor, unprotected woman, or a strong, young, unendowed female,

* There is a matter, however, that does not enter into the writer's description of Kansas, and concerning which it is necessary that the intending emigrant should be informed. The authority in question only deals with the fertile districts of Kansas. Now, the western portion of Kansas belongs to what is called the alkali region, where nothing can be grown except with the assistance of irrigation, which is a difficult and expensive work. There are a few streams here and there by the sides of which there are "good bottom lands" for grazing purposes, but the ordinary stretches of land in the western part of Kansas are useless. The same may be said for vast portions of Colorado.

with no other prospect than service or marriage, I would go to the West by the next steamer. For £200 you can buy 160 acres of land on a system of repayment over a number of years. You must be careful how and of whom you buy, but a man does not want his "wits about him" in America any more than he does at home. Kansas is teeming with natural wealth. They who are steady and wise and brave can gather it. Stock-raising is one of its greatest sources of wealth, as it is also in New Mexico and Colorado; both "lands of plenty" for the sober, industrious, and brave.

Topeka is the leading city in Kansas, and capital of the State. It has a population of 16,000. It has a "City Directory," which has, of course, a prefatorial history of the capital. The native *penchant* for humorous writing in America does not even stop in presence of "the Muse of History." The following is the story of Topeka, which introduces the prosaic facts and figures of the "City Directory:" "Topeka was born of poor but honest parents (Giles and Holliday); and she sits upon the banks of the Kaw, the empress of that or any other navigable water that leaves the soil of Kansas. She commands the whole internal maritime trade of our State. Her future is secure, as the judge said when he sentenced the man to the penitentiary for life. Lawrence has recently stolen a bridge from Babcock, and its citizens are rapidly wearing it out in travelling over it, and trying to get through their noggins the spirit of public enterprise which spans our turbulent currents with magnificent structures free to all. We have a free bridge at Topeka that was paid for. We have also a lunatic asylum. Here resides the Governor; and also his recently-appointed military staff; as also their new clothes; and which are ornamented with more genuine metal, distributed around promiscuous like, than a brass kettle. Here they investigate our senators.

"Atchison has published the statement that it has built six hundred houses the last year. Thank fortune, it is our last say. We have had a thousand built if we have had one; and our opportunities and resources for counting, in that number, newly weather-boarded cabins on the Missouri bottoms are vastly inferior to that of our neighbor. The Federal Court-house is in process of erection, at a cost none of us can guess at, or approximate, or wish to limit. It will be sandwiched between one-dollar-a-day hotels for the especial convenience of Elevenworth patronage. Topeka has stores until you get tired of looking at them, and customers to buy everything they have got. She has the Capitol. She has the Legislature, or did last winter, on the Capitol appropriation. She has the Santa Fé Railroad, the big boss thing of the West. She will have in the next two years direct communication with Popocatapetl and Chimborazo. She has the Lunatic Asylum. Hotels without number, where you pay for all you get. It will have the State Fair next year, at which, if there are any fast horses, they will be under the surveillance of Brother Monjeau, and who will make that feature so unobjectionable that even the Puritans of Lawrence will visit it. We have machine-shops, railroad-shops, and the finest printing-offices in the West.

"We have the scarlatina, typhoid, and other game in its season; we have two shows, first-class moral entertainments, stopping over with us this winter. We have, in connection therewith, a full menagerie—lions, bears, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, jackasses, hyenas, the What Is It, and What Not Else, all under one canvas, and at one price, and which will be, we hope, a greater source of profit to our people than any equally moral political investigation. We have a straw-lumber manufactory, where was made the first lumber out of straw that was ever produced. We have the huge, monstrous rolling-mills yet waiting for work. We have also some fellows here who would like to get us to put our foot into it and vote for street horse-cars, to disfigure our boulevards and avenues, and crowd and hamper our already overburdened streets. We have a gem of a library that no citizen should fail to foster and patronize. We have some members in the City Council who stood against the appropriation to make it free, who deserve and will receive, we hope and pray, a speedy retiracy at the hands of their constituency. We have half a dozen loan-offices, which, in the aggregate, loan $3,000,000 yearly, and through whose humane and philanthropic endeavors each flaw in every title to real estate in Kansas will be ascertained and made known. We have Bethany College, where hundreds and hundreds of fair-haired, beautiful girls are becoming fitted for their stations as the coming women of Kansas. We have Washburn College, and, goodness alive! the free public schools! They are on this corner and on that; they are here and there and everywhere! And then the children! A bee-hive struck with a club is not half so numerous. They are our only natural sources of increase; other than them, we are largely compelled to obtain the balance of our population from abroad. We spend $10,000 a year for new school-books, with four book agents to hear from. There are more babies born in Topeka than any other town in Kansas; and there is more raw bird's-eye whittled up into diapers, by a thousand yards, than in all of Atchison, Lawrence, or Elevenworth. This much for statistics; and in this connection you may go to almost any portion of the West—Kansas, Colorado, or New Mexico—and as you behold the mother applying the corrective slipper to the wayward child, exposed to view, shrouding a part of the infantile form from exposure, there can be seen and read: 'XXX Best Family Flour. 50 lbs. Smith, Jones & Co.;' or 'Sampsonian Mills, Topeka'—evidence at once of the enterprise and extensive trade of our manufacturers, as well as the close economical views held by the maternal parent. And of this take due notice and be governed accordingly—we have over three hundred bright, blushing widows living within the corporate limits of this city, and suicides on account of unrequited love are almost unknown or unheard of in its history."

Surely life must be always a pleasant experience in a city where the prosaic details of existence take such bright colors and lively aspects as those which even make topography, municipal politics, and civic statistics a gay and merry theme.

Here is some valuable advice to those proposing to go to Kansas. How to get there you may learn from any steamship company or emigration agency in the chief cities of Great Britain. When you are in the United States, or before you go, my Chicago authority advises you to write to A. S. Johnson, Topeka, and ask him to furnish you any information that you need. He is land commissioner of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Road; he surveyed the lands and knows every foot of them, and whatever he tells you you can implicitly rely on. He will tell you of the disadvantages and drawbacks as well as of the advantages, and inform you of what you must guard against and provide for as readily as what you may hope for. In short, he will tell you the facts exactly as they are. Decide where you will go; make up your mind fully to that, and avoid the land agents and other sharks who seize upon you in the railway stations in Kansas City and other points, and torment you to look at their maps and schemes. Follow your plan as laid down. Go and select your lands, and get ready to move. In the early part of the year immigration is light, and you can take your family with you; but if you go in the summer you had better precede your family a few weeks, and get a place ready for them. In the summer towns are so crowded that accommodations are with difficulty procured. If a man has $1000, arriving in Kansas he can purchase 160 acres of land from the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway, on the six-year plan, by paying down $150; and his other necessary expenses will run—house-building, $250; team and harness, $180; breaking-plough, $22; harrow, $10; cow, $30; interest, payment on land one year from purchase, $35; total, $677. This will leave him $323 for seed, and to carry him through till the crop can be raised.* Men have gone there with even less than $1000, and got along nicely. The cost of agricultural implements and provisions, clothing, etc., is but little higher than in the East, but rents are heavier; so he had better build a small house, as indicated.

Also find out and "interview" the land authorities of the United States Government.

IV.

Sheep-raising and cattle-raising are the great industries of this Western country, and that appertains not alone to Kansas, but to New Mexico and Colorado alike. The following are local notes concerning Kansas: Cottonwood Valley, which includes Chase, Marion, and Morris counties, is one of the best sheep districts. If a man have but a small capital, it is better to buy one hundred and sixty acres of land to begin with, for his home and ranche, and work up from that. Such land can be had at $1 50 to $2, $2 75, and $5 per acre, according to location. Farther back from the railroad he can find all the free range that he wants. Wheat-growing can be profitably combined with the business of wool-growing in that section of the State.

The Spanish merino are the best sheep for Western Kansas. They can be bought in Michigan, Wisconsin, or Iowa, and delivered in Kansas, for $3 per head. Thorough-bred bucks will cost $40 to $50 each. If a man have $5000 to start with, he may figure as follows: the first step necessary will be to secure a farm. The first payment on 160 acres of good land at (say) four dollars per acre, on six years' time, will be $144; a house will cost (say) $500; team, wagons, farm implements, etc., $600; total, $1244. By combining wheat-growing with the sheep business, enough can be realized from the farm to pay for it and support the family. This leaves a balance of $3756 to invest in the sheep business, which would be expended as follows:

INVESTMENT.

800 grade merino ewes, at $3	$2400
8 pedigreed merino bucks, $40	320
Corrals and sheds for 1000 sheep	250
Windmill, well, and watering-troughs	125
Total	$3095

EXPENSES.

Hay	$ 70
Corn	150
Shearing and other expenses	300
Shepherd, one year	300
Total	$820

RECEIPTS.

By 640 lambs, at $3	$1920
By wool, 4800 lbs., at 25c	1200
Total	$3120
Less expenses	820
Net profit for one year	$2300

This gives a net profit of 74 per cent. on the sheep investment. Everything is figured at outside prices. A handy farmer can put up sheep-sheds himself that will cost less than $100, and half the items charged to expenses he can do himself, or produce on his farm, without any actual outlay of money. The increase in the flock is estimated at 80 per cent. only, so as to leave a wide margin for losses or mishaps. Good sheepmen in South-west Kansas average 90 to 95 per cent. increase, and the figures quoted in this statement have been repeatedly exceeded by them.

Cattle-raising, it may be said generally, is as profitable as sheep-farming. The returns are not so quick, but the risks are not so many. There is in operation in Kansas a statute, known as the "herd law," which, in the counties where it is enforced, enables the farmer to cultivate the soil without protecting his crops with a fence. "It compels the stock-raiser to herd his stock, making him liable for all damage it may do to the fenced or unfenced crop of his neighbor. It is a law passed in the interest of those engaged in raising grain, and it operates particularly against those who, having some stock, are not extensively engaged in the business. If a farmer has a large herd of cattle, he can afford to hire them herded; if he has but a few, he cannot. The consequence is that in the 'herd-law counties'

* See page 35 as to first year's work.

the small farmer keeps but a cow or so for the use of his family. What he does keep he is compelled to keep shut up or 'lariated out.' Being unable to keep his calves, he is compelled to sell them to the stock-raiser. The law is in force generally in the western part of the State. Those counties in the south-eastern part of the State which have the law, viz., Crawford, Cherokee, Labette, Neosho, and Montgomery, are particularly adapted to grain-raising. The stock-raising interest predominates in those counties where the law does not exist. Here the farmer can combine the profitable business of stock-raising with his farming. The extensive stock-raiser has no advantage here. The unimproved lands are free to all for grazing purposes. The poor man's cow or the rich man's herd has equal and free access to the rich, nutritious grass that annually covers the fertile prairies."

New Mexico offers advantages to the emigrant in the way of land grants; but the country has not those "settled and protectant" attractions which appeal to the English agriculturist. Arizona, on the other hand, is a fine territory for the seekers after homes in the West. It is 325 miles square, and contains 113,916 square miles, or 72,906,240 acres. Its valleys are washed by the Colorado, Chiquito, Diamond, and Gila rivers. Its mountains rise to the stupendous altitude of 11,000 feet. A fair climate, said by travellers with whom I have conversed to be neither extremely hot nor excessively cold at any time, fertile lands, and settled towns. Arizona has also a busy mining region; but, if mining be your idea of getting wealth, Colorado is the modern Peru, the new California. Boulder County alone produces £200,000 a year of gold and silver. Gilpin County, during twenty years, has produced £6,000,000 worth of gold, silver, and copper. Leadville, a mining town, has grown from a population of a mere handful of people in 1876 to 40,000. In 1879 the Leadville mines yielded 122,483 tons of ore, representing a total value of £2,225,409. In nineteen years Lake County has produced £3,000,000 worth of mineral wealth, chiefly gold and silver; and right through this Rocky Mountain region settlements are springing up with wonderful rapidity, making fresh openings for the employment of labor and the general occupation of workmen of all kinds—diggers, delvers, traders, and skilled men. In these mining regions one or more persons may "locate" a claim free, equalling 1500 feet in length along the vein or lode, and not extending over 300 feet on each side of the middle of the vein at the surface. There are certain easy regulations to be observed, and the property belongs to the locators and claimants who can register and possess it.

Arizona is 325 miles square, and contains 113,916 square miles, or 72,906,240 acres; being as large as New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware combined. The mountain ranges run north-west and south-east, except the Mogollon Mountains, which run east and west. The highest peak is the San Francisco, 11,000 feet. The Colorado River, formed by the union of the Green and the Grand, in Southern Utah, runs along the western border for more than five hundred miles, being joined by the Chiquito, Diamond, and Gila. In the northern part of the Territory the Colorado flows through awful cañons, whose walls rise to the perpendicular height of 6000 and 7000 feet. The territory is divided into seven counties—Apache, Yavapai, Maricopa, Peral, Puma, Yuma, and Mojave. The climate is mild, and the temperature is marked by extremes of neither heat nor cold. The valleys of the uplands and the alluvial bottom lands of the southern part of the Territory are quite fertile, and, upon irrigation, the land is very productive. In the mountains and other arid sections a great deal of cactus grows, and a group of it is sometimes called an "Arizona bouquet." The finances are in an excellent condition. The Navajo Indians, on their reservation in the north-eastern part of the territory and the north-western part of New Mexico, are well-behaved, and do a good business raising sheep and wool.

I have before me the consular reports of the United States Congress to the year 1880. Mr. Hoppin, writing from the Legation in London to Mr. Evarts, dwells upon the fact that the depression of trade and industry in England have turned the attention of a class of people in the United Kingdom, "who have not heretofore entertained such ideas, to the advantage of emigrating to the United States." These people are not mere day-laborers but "well-informed, respectable persons, many of them in possession of a little money, which they are willing to invest in the United States." They, however, seek for information, "and particularly they ask for pamphlets on stock-farming in Nebraska, Colorado, California, and Texas," with details of expenses, climate, and other matters. With a passing allusion to the importance to America of emigration, he suggests that the Government of Washington should undertake the compiling and publication of pamphlets which shall fully answer the questions of intending emigrants. "It is remarkable," he writes, "how ignorant even the educated classes in this country are of the geography, history, and the agricultural, industrial, and vital statistics of the United States, and how few books can be found within the reach of persons intending to emigrate which will satisfy their reasonable curiosity in respect to routes, building of houses, the locality of unimproved lands," etc. Some of the States have anticipated the action of Government in this respect, notably in Texas, Missouri, Wisconsin, Florida, and Virginia; and the first-mentioned State is duly represented in London. There are numerous agencies, as I have said before, throughout Great Britain for the promotion of emigration, and the intending emigrant should consult his parish parson, priest, or minister, or some local journalist, in regard to the particular part of the world which may best suit his requirements.

Recently Mr. C. C. Andrews, late United States Minister at Stockholm, wrote to the London *Times* setting forth many interesting facts in regard to Minnesota, and the extensive "wheat belt" beyond, and the way to obtain land on the cheapest terms for immediate occupation and cultivation. The leading points of this valuable contribution to a most important subject may be briefly summed up. The figures serve also as a check upon the less authorized ones in regard to Arizona.

"The advantage of acquiring land under the Homestead Law of the United States is the cheapness by which it can be thus obtained. Under this law the land must be taken in contiguous 'government subdivisions' of 40 acres each. The minimum quantity which a person can take is 40 acres, unless the tract happens to be fractional, from adjoining a body of water that has been meandered in the public survey, in which case a smaller tract may be taken; 40, 80, 120, or 160 acres may be taken at the person's option. It is usual for a settler to take 160 acres for his homestead, because the cost of obtaining such a quantity is but a trifle more than for obtaining 40 or even 80 acres. The only money which a person has to pay in acquiring a homestead is $5 (£1 0*s.* 6½*d.*) to the Government, if the tract be 80 acres or less, or, if it exceeds 80 acres, $10 (£2 1*s.* 1¼*d.*), and $4 (16*s.* 5¼*d.*) to the register and receiver of the land-office ($2 to each) at the date of the 'entry' of the homestead tract on the records of the office, and a like sum of $4 to those officers at the date of final proof, making in all for a maximum tract of 160 acres the sum of $18 (or £3 13*s.* 11¾*d.* English money). Besides, the register and receiver are allowed jointly to receive at the rate of 15 cents per 100 words for testimony reduced by them to writing, consisting of the homestead applicant's own affidavit and the depositions of two witnesses, showing his compliance with the Homestead Law. This is offered at the end of the five years' occupancy, is called the 'final proof,' and the fees which the land-officers receive for such service amount to about $2 25 (9*s.* 3*d.*). The whole amount of money, therefore, from first to last, that the homestead settler would be required to pay at the Government office would be about $20 25 (£4 3*s.* 2*d.*). All foreigners, except the Chinese, who are not eligible to citizenship, can take the benefit of the Homestead Law. But, before a foreigner can proceed in the matter, he must have duly made his declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States.

"A person having made entry of his homestead tract at the land-office of the district in which the land is situated is required, in order to hold it, to commence improvements upon it in good faith as soon as he reasonably can, and to reside upon it. He is not permitted to leave it for more than six months at a time; but there is no specified value of improvements required to be made. Everything depends on the circumstances and facts showing the party's good faith.

"Whether a settler obtains an ordinary or a first-rate tract of land depends on his enterprise. If he will go a little farther upon the frontier than those who have preceded him, he has a wider field for selection. For those who will make careful search there are yet, in all frontier States and Territories, very many excellent tracts, whether of woodland or prairie, that are open to homestead settlement, and not many miles distant from railroads. Besides the lands belonging to the United States, there are, in Minnesota, several million acres of good land belonging to the different railroad companies, and which they are ready to sell at an average price of about $5 (£1 0*s.* 6½*d.*) per acre. If one buys railroad land, he can naturally accommodate himself better in respect of being near older settlements.

"Assuming that a person is in possession of 160 acres of prairie land, which, in its original state, is ready for the breaking-plough, and purposes cultivating 100 acres in wheat, what expense must he incur in order to proceed with his work to the best advantage? The breaking is usually done in the months of May and June, and would cost $2 50 per acre (or say £50) for breaking the 100 acres. As the seed cannot be put in till the following spring, no further expense will be required for the first year, unless it be in the erection of buildings. The next year, then, he will need to buy a harrow, costing $14 (£2 17*s.* 6*d.*); a pair of horses for $250 (£51 7*s.* 5*d.*); a pair of harnesses, $28 (£5 15*s.* 1*d.*); 125 bushels of seed wheat, $125 (£25 13*s.* 8*d.*); a roller, $12 50 (£2 12*s.*); a seed-sowing machine, $65 (£13 7*s.* 1*d.*)—which will sow ten acres a day; a harvester machine, $150 (£30 16*s.* 5*d.*)—which, with two men to ride and bind, will cut ten acres a day; a double wagon, $60 (£12 6*s.* 7*d.*); a cross-plough, $18 (£3 13*s.* 11*d.*); and buildings, $1000 (or say £200), making altogether £398 9*s.* 8*d.* There will, of course, be some additional items for labor, subsistence, and for a few small tools. If the land has been taken under the Homestead Law, the outlay for that, as we have seen, will have been but a trifle. The crop should yield at least 15 bushels to the acre, and it might reach 25 bushels to the acre.

"In case, however, one practises a diversified agriculture, which has advantages over exclusive wheat-raising, crops of hemp, maize, potatoes, and the like could be grown on land the same season it is broken. The abundance of natural meadows renders the dairy, stock-raising, also wool-growing (peculiarly favored by the dryness of the atmosphere), profitable branches of agriculture. Hop-raising, bee-keeping, etc., are also remunerative.

"The European who settles in the North-west can very soon acquire as independent a standing politically, and, if he is well-behaved, socially, as if his ancestors had come over in the *Mayflower.* Such a person, being a male and twenty-one years of age, and having resided in the United States one year, and in this State four months, can enjoy the privilege of voting at any public election in this State, provided he has duly declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States. He thus becomes also eligible to any office in the State, from constable up to governor. He exercises his political privileges with perfect freedom and security, and without the slightest manifestations of jealousy or ill-will on the part of any native American. Two or three foreigners usually hold State offices in this and other of our North-western States; quite a number are re-

turned to every legislature; and they are largely represented in the well-paid county-offices of trust. The United States granted to Minnesota, when she was organized as a Territory, two sections of land—being 1280 acres—in every township, in aid of common schools. These lands are sold at auction from time to time, but not under five dollars per acre; and the permanent fund arising from them thus far amounts to $4,000,000, and will eventually amount to $12,000,000. The interest from this fund is annually allotted to the different districts in proportion to the number of children therein of school age. The school fund has hitherto been faithfully administered, and common schools sustained principally by local taxation are, as a rule, well maintained. There are in this young State three well-equipped normal schools for the training of teachers, a State university, also well-sustained, and a flourishing college. There is one State superintendent of public schools and a superintendent for every county."

V.

There are lands of promise and of plenty in our Canadian colony which are lying waiting for the plough, the axe, and the pick. Mr. Hepple Hall issued a volume about these the other day, and he is deservedly sarcastic on the ignorance of English people in regard to their superior prosperity. One cannot help feeling that ministers of state often know too little about the empire of which this island of Great Britain is but the head-quarters. Mr. Hall says that hitherto we have known more of the North German Ocean or the Mediterranean than we have known of the North Atlantic or the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Yet Canada has more imposing scenery than is possessed by Switzerland or Italy; and to-day Ontario, Manitoba, North-west Territory, and British Columbia are the best fields open to the settler in the Dominion. He says they are positive "lands of plenty," and, so far as the outlook beyond Quebec goes, I can fully endorse his declaration. Here there are "wild lands" which can be purchased at a nominal price, and free grants can also be obtained; and here is an advantage put forward by Mr. Hall: "The English emigrant who selects as his home the eastern townships or land north of the Ottawa will find himself in the midst of his own countrymen, and in sections of Canada which in every respect are unsurpassed on the continent of America." But Manitoba, the youngest province of the Canadian group, is the province to which all eyes are turning. The extension of the American and Dominion railways to its borders is the principal cause of its sudden rise as a field attractive alike to the capitalist and the poor emigrant. Its population is 50,000—over 20,000 whites, 10,000 Indians, 10,000 French, English half-breeds, and Scotch, and 8000 Russian Mennonites, and 1000 Icelanders and Scandinavians. The Russians are hardy, honest, industrious settlers, possessing 10,000 acres of well-cultivated land, and are distributed through fifty villages. Winnipeg is the favorite point of settlement, and it is predicted that it will one day be the centre of British bread-stuff production, just as London is already the centre of British consumption. Here in this glorious wheat-producing country the Dominions Lands Act provides that free grants of land to the extent of 160 acres be made to every head of a family, male or female, and a further grant of 160 acres to every child, boy or girl, on their attaining the age of eighteen, on simple and easy conditions, the object of the Government being to establish a population of permanent settlers on the land. People from all parts of the world are going thither, but not in great numbers. There is plenty of room in this and other favorable farming and mining districts of Canada to take all our poor surplus populations of England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, and give them a chance of happiness and fortune. There are several societies for assisting emigrants, and free passes as well as free lands can be obtained.

There are thousands of men and women in England who have no prospect before them but an ill-fed life of drudgery, and thousands who must faint and starve on the highway. In Heaven's name, if they have no "lookout" there, it cannot be much of a risk to go to the lands of promise beyond the sea, which may turn out to be real lands of plenty. There is wealth for everybody in the English-speaking countries of the world, if everybody would not insist upon elbowing each other to death in the smallest corner of Great Britain's vast empire.

X.

CANADA AND THE UNION.

Roman Catholicism in Quebec.—American Influences in Canada.—Independence or Annexation.—British Rule.—Fifteen Hundred Lakes and Rivers.—English Statesmen on Canada's Position.—Mr. Bright's View of Canadian Duties.—The United States Seeking Reciprocal Tariffs with the Dominion.

I.

If the late Mr. Whalley had paid a visit to Quebec, he might have found food for a whole session of Protestant orations. Even an English statesman of broad and enlightened views could not feel flattered while contemplating the conditions under which the British flag floats over that historic city. The ultra-Protestants of the English Parliament excite themselves to madness at the unpretentious but certain progress of Roman Catholicism in the mother country, where it makes no show of power and affects no desire to be aggressive. They should live in Quebec, where the authority of the Crown covers the ecclesiastical government of a priesthood not less powerful than that of Spain. Under no check of superior authority, with a large majority in numbers, and possessing, as Church-lands or private property, the best part of the city, the Roman Catholics have no reason to disguise their hand, and they do not. Quebec is crowded with their churches and convents. Their religious processions are on a scale of magnificence that equals the clerical pageantry of the Roman Catholic countries of Europe. The Host is elevated in the streets, and the people fall down on their knees in the roadways. Nearly every second store or shop is devoted to the sale of Biblical pictures, images, and tracts. The priests promenade the city with the firm tread of possession. Local advertisements for servants stipulate that the applicants must be Catholics. They are founded on the now happily extinct and vulgar English insult, "No Irish need apply." Juries are packed in the interest of Catholic criminals. Protestantism is not only in a minority, but it has to meet an active and trained majority. In the suburbs the roadside cross meets your eye almost as frequently as in the Catholic districts of Belgium, France, and Italy. No theatre is allowed to flourish in the atmosphere that enshrouds the Gray Nunnery, the Black Nunnery, and the Ursuline Convent; but that which is called in England "the social evil" flaunts gayly in the streets, and holds high carnival even in its own special temple between Quebec and the Indian village of Lorette.

This chapter is not a theological treatise. It attacks no article of faith. I have great respect for the learning and pious devotion of the Catholic priesthood, and they have an honorable and a romantic record in the early history of Canada. But these pioneers and founders of a new France in the wilderness no longer train men to be industrious and robust. Their teaching takes self-reliance and enterprise out of the colonist. They cultivate sentiment, they appeal to feeling alone; while the freedom of Protestantism strengthens the reason, is muscular in its education, and fosters that self-reliance which makes men, builds up colonies, and cements and "grouts in" the foundations of states. I have recently visited the leading cities of the New World, and I write this paper under the shadow of the old Jesuit college of the oldest and most picturesque settlement of the American continent. It is here that the enterprise of the New World should be an example of energy and fortitude, struggling against climate, advancing with the general progress of Christendom. The example of enterprise and labor is wanting. In the most important of Canadian cities, and under the most stringent of Catholic rule, the world stands where it did a hundred years ago.

Quebec has every natural advantage (with the one drawback of a hard winter) to make a city great. For nine months in the year it has sufficient water-power to drive ten thousand mills. It has at its command forests of timber which have not yet echoed to the stroke of the woodman's axe. It has the most magnificent river of North America at its doors, and the Grand Trunk Railway on its opposite shore. It has lakes and streams that water fertile plains and valleys. But while Toronto, Montreal, and Ottawa advance in commercial importance, while Toronto plans new suburbs and boulevards, while Montreal vies with New York and the Old World in magnificent buildings, Quebec stands still and moulders. A few years ago some thousands of people were rendered houseless by a terrific conflagration almost in the heart of the city. The fire was fed by streets of wooden houses. A law is passed that wooden structures shall not succeed the flimsy shells that are gone. Fire and law in many cities of the New World build up real stone buildings on the ruins of the forest-built huts. But not in Quebec. The houses which are growing up on the blackened ruins are no better than wood. They are timber shanties in disguise, faced with a single brick. No building of importance is projected in the devastated quarter. The great fire of Quebec is no pioneer of architecture or sanitary reform. The fire of London was a blessing to posterity. New York has built palatial avenues on the wrecks of her wooden houses. Chicago rose again from the flames, and challenges the world for the splendor and perfection of her public and private edifices. Quebec simply reconstructs on the old lines, and does not even regard the safety of the city in her reconstruction. Lord Dufferin pressed his Government to grant money for the purpose of building wharves and quays, to promote the trade of the city; but a community that does not help itself can hardly hope that the Government will show any special alacrity in pushing its interests.

"Half a dozen English capitalists," I said to a prominent trader, "could make Quebec one of the most prosperous cities on this side of the Atlantic."

"The English won't settle here," he replied; "they come, capitalist and laborer, but they do not stay; they go either to the States or to the more English districts of Canada. There is no chance here unless you are a French Canadian or an earnest Catholic. The language of the city is French; the instincts of the people are alien to the Anglo-Saxon."

"What will happen, then?"

"Nothing. We shall go on as we are. This place has moved backward since Great Britain withdrew her troops, and I suppose it will smoulder on until the day of judgment."

My friend is wrong. Canada has a destiny to fulfil, in the glory of which no single city can be left out. Her lakes and rivers, her hills and dales, her vast spaces, her natural advantages, point to a future of crowded cities busy with trade, to a future of high farming, and of residential palaces on the margins of lakes which still mirror the lovely foliage and the tangled undergrowth of uncleared forests. Europe has some forty sovereign states. At least thirty of them even now contain less population than can be counted in the United British North American provinces. Lovell's *Gazetteer* of this wonderful region contains descriptions of over 6000 cities, towns, and villages, and the names, localities, and extent of 1500 lakes and rivers. It is a guide to the sea-side resorts that fringe the line of the "Intercolonial" railway; it gives us topographical glimpses of Gaspé and Labrador, notes on the gold-mines and coal-fields of Nova Scotia and British Columbia; it takes us to the salmon rivers of the Lower St. Lawrence and New Brunswick, and gives us statistics of the fisheries of Newfoundland and Cape Breton; it pilots us to the fair and fertile plains of Prince Edward Island, the youngest daughter of the Dominion, and promises stores of wealth in the copper and silver mines of Lakes Huron and Superior. It is only a formal gazetteer; but, reading between the lines, the book is a romance. The earliest settlement attempted at Quebec was

in 1608. Only 269 years have, therefore, gone by between the period when the first settler pitched his tent in Canada and to-day, when Queen Victoria exercises her royal authority over the biggest and broadest colony in the world, inhabited by four millions of people, confederated under the title of the Dominion of Canada, which covers more than four millions of geographical square miles, extending from the Atlantic on the east to the shores of the North Pacific on the west. Its extreme breadth on the parallel of 49° north latitude is 3066 geographical miles, and the greatest depth from the most southern point of the province of Ontario to Smith's Sound, in the Polar regions, rather more than 2150 miles. Even when the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada comprised her entire territory, it was said of Canada that, with the exception of coal and a few of the less important metals, she contained within herself a supply of all the most useful minerals sufficient for home use and for an extensive commerce. Since those days, in her growth from two provinces into a confederation of provinces, Canada has acquired the gold and coal mines of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and the enormous coal area of the North-west. In nine-tenths of the territory included within the limits of the Dominion the mineral treasures have not been explored, but evidence of their vastness is not wanting. Nova Scotia has coal enough to supply the marine of the whole world. Along the line of the American coast from the Isthmus of Panama to Behring's Island, a distance of 3000 miles, few harbors equal, and none are superior, to those found in British Columbia, giving natural outlets for the minerals of Vancouver's Island and Saskatchewan. The regions extending from Lake Superior to the Pacific, averaging 600 miles in width by 2000 in length, are peculiarly adapted for agriculture. This splendid country of British Columbia offers every variety of soil and climate, and is capable of supporting a greater number of the human race than is contained in France and Germany combined. "It revels," says Mr. Crossby, "in the enjoyment of a Devonshire temperature; while, up to sixty degrees of north latitude, the seasons, owing to the warm winds of the Pacific, are more genial than those of Sweden and Norway." This magnificent country, watered by majestic streams, stored with mineral treasures, is a very paradise, but at present a "lone land," as it has been well described, awaiting the settler and the colonist. The steamer and the rail must ere-long carry willing and worthy tenants to the vast wastes of plains and rivers, adding to the strength and greatness of the Dominion, which must one day stand in the front rank of wealth and power.

Will this come about under the British flag, or under the republican laws of the United States? As an Englishman, I am free to confess that my pride would be hurt to see Canada made a State of the Union. If I were a Canadian, influenced by the eternal laws of progress, I should desire that closer intimacy with the States which only comes with amalgamation. No natural boundary separates the two countries. In the winter Canada is dependent upon the United States to give her commerce an outlet. Every day the influence of America manifests itself on the life of the Dominion. The English monetary system is abolished, and cocktails have become a national institution. If Toronto takes its fashions from England, Quebec and Montreal look to America and France for *la mode*. The Canadian railroads find their termini in American cities. Nearly all the lumber operations of the country are in the hands of Americans, to whose enterprise Canada is mainly indebted for the development of her mineral wealth. Wall Street holds the financial barometer of the Dominion. The removal of all excise and customs restrictions between the two countries would give Canada a leap upward that would astonish the whole world.

It is plain that in the course of time Canada will become independent, or part and parcel of the United States. In either case England would settle down to a calm recognition of the situation. Already the British Government has offered the Dominion her freedom, and for some years past the policy of Downing Street has evinced a looking forward to the inevitable separation.

The Canadians who favor secession from England, as a rule, have not the courage of their opinions. They are ready to go alone if England will guarantee their independence. In time of war they feel that some day they may have to fight a foreign foe of England, simply because they are an English colony. They think the mother country should fortify them against such a contingency. They hesitate about declaring their independence, having the fear of America before their eyes. Not that they would hesitate to place confidence in the integrity of the Government at Washington, but they are nervous that they might have a good deal of trouble with those miscellaneous organizations which are possible in a country made up of so many different elements, not the least important of which is that of Fenianism. But even this difficulty has to be solved; and, if I have rightly gauged the political atmosphere of the Dominion, Canada is gradually sliding into that corner which means a choice of two things, absorption by the United States or independence.

II.

At present the Bristish rule is an anomaly. England gives but little, and receives nothing in return. It would be better to give more, and claim the reward of protection and material help. The French Canadians say they do not progress in wealth and importance because they are under an alien flag. While the priest dominates the upper town of Quebec, and the people speak a foreign tongue, our brothers of Ireland, in the lower part of the city, paint their houses green, and exhibit mottoes intentionally offensive to the Saxon conqueror. While the British flag floats over the citadel, the English Church is reviled by the Franco-Canadian, and the English Government is hated by the Irish settler.

At Toronto and in the other commercial centres shrewd colonists say that they labor under a disadvantage, because, with all their boasted freedom, they are, after all, only tacked on to Britannia's apron-strings, and that whenever they have a difficulty with America the English Government sacrifices them to British interests. The Fisheries Question is a perpetual grievance, and social Canada complains of the withdrawal of the British troops, more particularly from Quebec and Montreal. Politicians think England does not care for Canada, and they do not forget that the Dominion has been referred to in the Imperial Parliament as a burden. "What I want the Canadians to understand," said Mr. Roebuck, not many years ago, in the House of Commons, "and what I want our Government to make them understand, is that we do not care a farthing about the adherence of Canada to England. We have never drawn from our colonies anything like tribute. Other nations do; we do not. The only chance of benefit we ever expected from our colonies was perfect freedom of trade, and the Canadians have put twenty per cent. upon the introduction of English manufactures." In this same debate Sir George Cornewall Lewis said he looked forward without apprehension, but without regret, to the time when Canada might become an independent State; but he thought it behooved England not to cast Canada loose or send her adrift before she had acquired sufficient strength to assert her own independence. The remarks of Mr. Disraeli on that occasion are in keeping with his views of British imperialism as recently set forth with so much eloquence on the Eastern Question: "I cannot contemplate with the same feeling as the Secretary of State a separation taking place between this country and Canada. I think that a great empire founded on sound principles of freedom and equality is as conducive to the spirit and power of the community, and as valuable as commercial prosperity or military force."

Lord Palmerston agreed with Mr. Disraeli; but *The Times* attacked the colony with a rough vigor that has still left a rankling wound in the colonial heart. The occasion of these remarks was the possibility of England going to war with America over the Slidell and Mason affair. All that is forgotten now in England; but Canada has a longer memory for things that more immediately concern her welfare, and her public men are continually talking of the future of the Dominion. Some of them are firm in their belief that the welfare of Canada will only be maintained by remaining an integral portion of the British Empire; but others see their country's reward in perfect freedom, or annexation to the United States. Still at the bottom of all thought and speculation as to the future there is a strong layer of old English sentiment. Outside the province of Quebec the great pioneers of Canada, the English and the Scotch, look across the broad waters of the Atlantic and think of home. They feel proud of the flag which is not only to them a national symbol, but a link between the far-off settlement and the church-yard where their forefathers sleep beyond the sea. Year by year, however, this impulse of patriotism is being transferred to the adopted land; and unless the natural association and influence of her great neighbor sucks her up like a sponge, absorbs her as the larger flood absorbs the smaller, Canada must ere-long govern herself entirely under her own flag, stimulated by the music of her own hymn, and made strong by those dangers and sacrifices which belong to the common growth of great and independent nations.

There was something almost pathetic in Toronto's recent offer to England of a battery of artillery for service in the East. Canada thinks she sees much trouble ahead for England, and she offers to the mother country her money and her blood. America has sufficient on her hands just now in the management of her own vast and growing population. Her ambition finds its outlook in the West. She never coveted Canada; and she would care less than ever at this moment to have such an additional responsibility thrust upon her as the great British colony would be. It is sufficient for the Government of Washington to consolidate the Union; to weld together the factions of North and South; to work out the great problem of races which she has tried to solve on the field and in the Senate; and to bring into social, political, and commercial harmony the varied and contrary forces of that grand Republic which is a glory and an honor to the English-speaking people of the world. Now is the time for Canada to emulate the example of America, warned by her mistakes, encouraged by her wisdom, or to lay in the foundations of her new life on the model of our English constitution, which combines republican freedom with monarchical strength and dignity. Let the Dominion take a king from the English princes, and join the great family of nations.

III.

I recall a visit to the English House of Commons on a night upon which Canada's attitude toward the Home Government and our possible attitude toward her is significantly illustrated. It is early in the session of 1879. Mr. John Bright is to ask an important question. A Speaker's pass gives me a good place in the gallery. Presently the fine, white-haired old man rises. He wants to know if the Secretary of State for the Colonies can lay upon the table a copy of the new tariff now before the Canadian Parliament; if any communication has taken place between her Majesty's Government and the Governor-general or Government of Canada on the subject of the proposed increased customs and protective duties in Canada; whether it is intended to represent to the Canadian Government the impolicy of a war of tariffs between different portions of the Empire; and whether it is true that the "instructions" to Lord Lorne omitted, for the first time, the clause requiring that bills imposing differential duties should be reserved for her Majesty's approval. He speaks in a conversational tone, and hardly seems to have been on his legs a minute, when Sir M. Hicks-Beach answers him. A summary of the proposed tariff has been received by cable; he will lay it on the table of the House. It came

on the 11th of March. With it he was informed that the tariff was to be brought before the Dominion Parliament on the 14th. He telegraphed to Lord Lorne to the effect that her Majesty's Government regretted to observe that the general effect of the tariff was to increase duties already high, but deemed that the fiscal policy of Canada rested, subject to treaty obligations, with the Dominion Legislature. "The Canadian Government are, of course, fully aware of the financial policy of this country," he continues, "and I may state, though I cannot speak positively until I have seen the actual tariff, that it contains no principles which have not been already sanctioned by the Canadian Legislature. There was, in the years 1876 and 1877, a considerable amount of correspondence between my predecessor and the Dominion Government with respect to the instructions which should be issued to Lord Dufferin's successor. Those instructions were then thoroughly revised, and that clause struck out which specified certain classes of bills that should necessarily be reserved for the decision of the Government here, among them being bills imposing differential duties. As the right honorable gentleman is aware, the Government then in office in Canada were Free-traders, and therefore I think it is clear that that could not have been done with any special reference to a Protectionist policy."

There is a short pause, and John Bright rises again. This is what he says:

"Perhaps I may be allowed to ask a question which I ought to have asked at the moment the right honorable gentleman sat down. It is whether it is understood that, notwithstanding the omission of the clause to which my question referred in the instructions to the Governor-general, in case any proposition to enact differential duties is made by the Canadian Government, it will be submitted to the Government here before it is allowed to come into force? And I may ask further, whether he is aware of any case now pending in which the Government of Canada is engaged in negotiations with some foreign Government, with a view to proposing differential duties in order to increase the commerce between Canada and that country? If the right honorable gentleman has not heard of it, of course he cannot give a reply."

"I am not aware of any negotiations going on at the present time," said Sir M. Hicks-Beach; "and with regard to the first question I can only refer the right honorable gentleman to the telegram which I sent to Canada, quoted by me just now."

That "foreign Government," to which Mr. Bright referred, is America, and *The Daily News*, in an editorial article upon these questions and answers, says the United States deal harshly in the fiscal sense with Canada, chiefly because they wish to prevent the possibility of British goods getting cheaply in through the Dominion. The writer further says that Canada is apparently not quite certain whether to proclaim a war of tariffs with the American States, or to go into a sort of Customs union with them. But there is one thing which the *News* thinks Canada is quite settled about, that is, to act with an absolute indifference to any interests or inclinations or principles of England. This in spite of what "we do for the Dominion," and *The Daily News* is eloquent upon the obligations Canada is under to Great Britain.

But the leading organ of the Liberal party is evidently at variance with Mr. John Bright's views of the situation. The great Free-trader would clearly exercise an imperial control over the colony. He would not have objectionable tariffs endorsed by the mother country. He would exercise the imperial veto. He would say: "Your principles are opposed to the fundamental laws of British trade and commerce. You shall not do this thing, which injures us, and flies in the face of our dearest wishes and our most cherished principles." Mr. John Bright, with all his radicalism, has a touch of the Cromwell spirit in him. If he were president of a British republic he would stand no nonsense from British colonies, which ask all and give nothing; which will not even defend themselves; which take the maternal blood and money, and favor every commercial ship that swims in preference to those which fly the British flag. At least so say and feel a large number of English traders.

The Daily News, however, would not think of any interference by the Crown with the decisions of the Canadian Legislature. The bare idea of the English Government overriding the decisions of a great Colonial Parliament is repugnant to the *News*. Whatever fiscal policy Canada sets her heart on, she must be allowed to adopt. But the Liberal organ warns Canada that, while it is the cordial desire of the vast majority of Englishmen to have the bond of relationship between England and Canada always maintained, such connection must be kept by virtue of some cohesive power a little stronger than mere sentiment. The *News* thinks it quite possible that a time may come when the question will be raised, whether we shall permit the Canadians to put upon the mother country all the responsibilities and obligations of continued union, and leave to Canada the right of doing as she pleases, at England's risk; for it must not be forgotten that Great Britain holds itself absolutely responsible for Canada's protection and defence against all foreign countries.

IV.

With the apparent failure of an incomplete free-trade rankling in their minds, with every nation raising its tariffs against England, and with Canada once more raising the standard of protection against the mother country, the Liberal party feel very bitter about certain Canadian tariffs; and if John Bright ruled the destinies of the empire, he would evidently deal roughly with Canada for her obstinacy and ingratitude.

It must be confessed that England is suffering considerably in the interest of the distant portions of her empire. The Cape is a heavy tax of blood and cash. Our Indian frontier is an expensive business. Canada's battery of artillery in case of war with Russia, what would it have been worth? Mrs. Partington's mop against the ocean. The truth is, the best interests of Canada are bound up with the United States, except, perhaps, in the Utopian event of a confederation of England and her colonies for commercial purposes, involving a mutual free-trade, with mutual protective tariffs against all other countries.

The latest news of this new year of 1881, in regard to the trade of America with Canada, is to the effect that a joint resolution is pending in Congress, providing for the appointment of three commissioners, to confer with a similar body to be appointed by the British Government, for the purpose of ascertaining on what basis an arrangement for reciprocal trade between the United States and the Canadian provinces can be established. Petitions in favor of this resolution are to be circulated for signature in all the principal cities of the North Atlantic coast, and those located near the Canada border. "While the proposition," says *The New York Times*, "is one for inquiry only as to what can be done in the direction of reciprocity, the motive for its support is a conviction that a policy of reciprocal trade is desirable for this country. Of this we entertain no doubt, and probably the object can be promoted only by some such international conference as is proposed. Whatever may be said of our general policy in regard to trade with foreign countries, it is certainly an anomaly that we should endeavor to keep up a rigid tariff barrier between ourselves and the strip of country that extends along our northern border. We are in no need of protection against the competition of Canada, whereas we are favorably situated for an interchange of commodities with the provinces which would be mutually profitable. It is a little strange that while no one questions the advantages which result from freedom of intercourse between the various sections of our own country, with their varying products and industries, it should be supposed that no gain would come from its extension, even in a modified form, to the territory north of us, which is separated from our own domain chiefly by imaginary lines." It has often occurred to me as a fact, which is a good deal overlooked in international discussions of tariffs, that the United States enjoys the advantages of free-trade over all her own vast area of country from New York to San Francisco; and in this respect, with varying agricultural, manufacturing, and mineral States within the Union, each producing interchangeable commodities, America is in a far better position than England for maintaining a system of protection as against other nations. Since the abrogation by the United States of the old reciprocity treaty with Canada, the trade with America has considerably decreased, though the Union sells more to Canada than it buys from the Dominion. But the most recent Canadian statistics show that her general trade has improved under the influence of the extension of those protective tariffs, the proposal of which elicited the indignant protests of Mr. Bright in the Session of 1879. It cannot be doubted that the present "War of Tariffs" between the United States and Canada is a bad thing for both countries. The fault, it is authoritatively said, does not lie with Canada; and, indeed, the commercial history of the United States gives ample proof of a certain narrowness of vision in regard to the markets that lie close to their own borders—at their very doors, one may say. *The New York Times* was awakened to an acute sense of this weakness. "Canada, Mexico, and the Central and South American States, ought to find in the United States the best market for their products, and in return to obtain mainly from them their supplies of foreign commodities. That their dealings should be more largely with Europe is an anomaly for which our short-sighted policy on commercial matters is responsible."

One day, when the American Press begins to write in this strain as regards its trade dealings with England, there will be legitimate hope for a real revival of our manufactures. It is a serious fear among the practical authorities of the North of England that, when the Republic is ready to adopt the broad principles of Free-trade, England may find that her former business has drifted into so many fresh channels that she will be in no position to take advantage of a fair competition and an honorable reciprocity, the absence of which between England and the world at large is exhausting British capital, and sending British skilled labor to other lands.

XI.

ENGLAND'S COMMERCIAL DECLINE.

A World in Arms.—Exports and Imports.—The Ancient God of Protection.—Overtrading.—Obstructive Working-men.—America Sends Cutlery to France.—Emigration.—America in the Future Threatens to Overshadow English Supremacy.—The Claims of Reciprocity.—A Sheffield Opinion.—Protectionist America.

I.

A STRANGE darkness appears to have fallen upon the earth. Progress halts in her onward march. Civilization pauses. Despite philosophy, Europe falls behind the simple laws of ethics. Notwithstanding the priest, she lags in the rear of the sublime teachings of Christianity. Bad harvests and bad advisers have driven Ireland to the very borders of insurrection. England is on the war-path in South Africa. The friends of progress believe that out of this evil will come good. At present the evil is omnipotent. Liberty is crucified in Germany. Freedom groans on the rack in Russia. The track of war in Turkey is still black with a great desolation. In the name of Liberty, Prussia has enchained Germany. Socialism is attacked with the weapons which Bomba used in Italy. Prince Bismarck has revived in the fatherland the tyrannical devices of Europe's darkest days. Berlin is practically under martial law. You cannot say your soul is your own in the capital of the great and enlightened German nation. New prisoners daily enter the political jails. In St. Petersburg and Moscow police officials rival the deeds of their predecessors in the days before Nicholas. The late Czar, having wiped out the benignant memories of abolished serfdom by reviving the cruelties of Siberia, has fallen a victim to the barbarous action of Nihilism. Yet

the weary march to the Siberian hell upon earth goes on day and night. The victims are young and old, gentle and simple, men and women, university students, persons of distinction, the lowly and the great. They are happiest who fall by the way and feed the wolves. It is better, this speedy death, than to drag on to the icy regions only to drop at last upon ground already consecrated to thousands of martyrs whose blood cries in vain to Heaven. Progress! Christianity! France increases her armaments, her heart beating with the hope of one day winning back her annexed provinces. Italy makes big guns. Greece rests upon her drawn sword. Bulgaria is a blood-hound held in the leash by Russia until it suits the new Czar to let her loose upon Turkey. England is building new war-ships and torpedo-boats. "Peace with honor," truly. But "Peace" with arms in both her hands; "Honor" fortified with eighty-ton guns and floating batteries.

With sword and rifle and war-ship in the ascendant as arguments and details of international controversy, it is not surprising that Europe should tighten the bonds of Protection. Prince Bismarck lays his iron hand upon the foreign trader, and, strange to say, in direct sympathy with his views, Switzerland, the model State, raises its tariffs too. Prince Gortschakoff and his imperial masters keep the work of protection going in Russia, taking frequent new departures, with a view of crippling England. France subsidizes her sugar trade, and ruins the refiners of Bristol and London. Spain puts up her tariffs against Great Britain; and America, not yet certain whether her time for free commerce has come, keeps her Customs guards firmly at their posts. The United States stands, morally and commercially, on different ground from that of European states. A new country, she has had her industries to create and maintain; and, if the consumer has suffered, he has had the happy consciousness that he has paid toll on foreign commodities for the sake of the future prosperity and greatness of his country. This is an argument which root-and-branch Free-traders will not allow, but it is a very good argument, nevertheless, like many others that do not come within the strict ken of modern political economists. Standing erect, though sorrowful and perplexed, in a world bristling with protective tariffs, England still holds by the principles of Cobden and the Manchester school. How long she will continue to do so depends upon how much more suffering she has to undergo. The country is passing through strange and bewildering times. On the war-path at the farther outposts of the empire, uncertain how soon the roar of the guns may come nearer home, there is a suspicion of a strain upon the Constitution which alarms nervous people. "Imperialism," however, is a mere party phantom. Mr. Gladstone put goggle eyes and grinning teeth into the thing to frighten us, and has been forced by Mr. Parnell and his friends to erect barriers against freedom of debate in Parliament, to dream of which would have cost imperial Beaconsfield his premiership at any period of his reign.

There is a stern reality, however, in the danger that threatens us from the worship of the false god Protection by our neighbors and customers. The hope that our adoration of the true commercial deity, Free-trade, would convert the nations, was apparently never farther from realization, and there is reason to fear that the missionaries themselves may be converted back again to the old mercantile faith. Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Russia cannot come under the increasing shadow of Protection without affecting England, staunch free-trader though she be. Indeed, there is already an outspoken call for the dethroned monarch. The leading manufacturers of the North want him. Every trade that suffers cries aloud for him. The working-classes are worshippers of Protection. Traders of all grades want the old god set up again. It is called by various names. Some speak of it as "Reciprocity;" others, as "Self-defence;" some call it "Expediency;" others, a "Check upon foreign competition." "Without it," said a London manufacturer to me, "England will go to the wall. It is all very well to say that it is better that we, the producers, should suffer than you, the consumers; but what is to become of us as a manufacturing nation? What is to become of our mills, our machinery, our workshops?" I suggested emigration for the workmen, and the transference of capital to more favored countries. "Yes," he replied, "you may think that remark a clever bit of cynicism; but it hits the point—you have pointed out too keenly the only remedy I can see. Lord Derby advises the operatives to emigrate; he says nothing about the employer. You are right; we must go too; and unless things change very quickly you will find this firm with a new address, and it will be somewhere in America, where iron and coal are boundless, where labor is no dearer than it is here, where the resources of the earth are illimitable, and where capital is a bigger power than it is at present in England." A merchant in Mark Lane whom I met shortly afterward looked at things from a different point of view. "The depression is now over: it was exaggerated," he said; "look at the trade returns for the past quarter, and you will see a great improvement. Now I'll tell you what will happen. We shall frighten America into reducing her tariffs. She can't prosper unless we prosper, and she can't do much better than she is doing without Free-trade. Look at England; we have suffered a frightful depression; so has all the world. Trade is not good anywhere in Europe, and that is why all these silly foreigners are increasing their protective duties. Well, what is the result? Look at our own country, I repeat: cheap food, cheap bread, cheap clothing, moderate taxes. The great bulk of the people are not suffering any more than the middle and upper classes can relieve them from. Look at other countries. A few refiners are ruined at Bristol because of the French sugar bounties; but you and I get cheap sugar. Some of our farmers and bloated landlords are worried about their rents; but bread is cheap, and meat is not dear. Where should we be with a heavy duty on wheat and beef—upon all the products that America is sending us? I tell you America is no better off than we are, and never will be until she embraces Free-trade; and then the two countries will leap into prosperity together and 'wipe the eye' of Europe."

A melancholy feature of the public utterances of public men in regard to the universal attack on our commercial supremacy is the evident nervousness of statesmen in discussing the subject. They are afraid to look the difficulty straight in the eye. Sir Stafford Northcote, while he stands firmly by Free-trade, when he visited the Midlands during the recent great commercial distress hesitated to enter fully into the question of our trade disabilities, the disputes between capital and labor, and the reason why we are falling back in our competition with other States in manufactures which we once monopolized. My friend in the City, whom I have just quoted, will find that the last returns of *exports* from the United States is the largest in her history, while our return of *imports* is the largest in ours; two facts significant enough to make the most sanguine Englishman pause. Lord Derby, addressing the members of the Working-men's Club at Rochdale, had no new suggestions to make in regard to the causes of our commercial decay. We have overtraded; we have tried to get rich too quickly; we have lent our surplus moneys to foreigners who don't pay; Honduras, Turkey, Spain, Egypt, have gulled us; we have lent hundreds of millions sterling to States that will never return the money; and the unsettled condition of Europe is dead against a revival of trade. "Until we can have some evidence that peace will be kept in Europe, it is idle to expect that trade will revive." Lord Derby seemed to be more hopeful of the revival of commerce than of the maintenance of peace. It is a notable fact that no statesman lectures his constituents upon leading questions without references to America; and when comparisons of wages, climate, resources, have to be made, no public speaker omits to go for his best illustrations to the United States. Lord Derby does not hesitate to express his opinion "that in this little land of ours we are getting packed too close, and that we have suffered from the stoppage of emigration during the past few years. So long as there are two working-men for one job, no laws will ever prevent one of them from being badly off." Trite and true, your lordship, and the remedy of emigration is a rough-and-ready one. "The Americans have their troubles as well as we; but with their boundless soil they are rapidly accumulating capital, and with their exceptional energy they are sure to rally before long; indeed, I believe the rally has already begun. There are children living who will probably see the United States numbering 200,000,000 inhabitants; and I don't think there is any subject to which leaders of working-men can more usefully turn their attention than the supplying to those who want it here accurate and trustworthy intelligence as to their chances beyond the Atlantic, either north or south of the Canadian boundary-line. We shall always have men enough left at home; and even if emigration were to go the length of checking the increase here, which it almost certainly will not, surely it is better to have 35,000,000 of human beings leading useful and intelligent lives, rather than 40,000,000 struggling painfully for a bare subsistence."

Why are we to go and try our fortunes in America? If men will only look into it honestly and fearlessly, without caring what a Liberal thinks of his views, unconcerned as to the opinions of Conservatism, free altogether from political bias, he will find that the causes of our trouble are briefly these: manufacturers overstocked themselves, regardless of increasing competition at home and abroad; trades-unions have destroyed the friendly relations that used to exist between capital and labor, which are necessary to successful commerce; we have taught the world to make the things we used to make for it, and the world is manufacturing for itself; to try and fight the high protective tariffs of other nations, we have sold inferior articles, and discredited our goods; we have put honest English names on the worthless productions of Continental manufacturers for the sake of an ill-gotten profit; a general policy of dishonesty has crept into our trading; while our workmen have been out on strike, commerce has drifted to other centres and remained there; some of our special trades have been utterly and completely destroyed by the new protective tariffs of countries which had created the very industries they have killed; and we have, for the time being, broken down under the competition which we have ourselves promoted and fostered. The everlasting expectation of a great war has more or less paralyzed enterprise; but the causes of our commercial decline lie far deeper than the shallow pretence of interested politicians, that it is caused by the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield. What has the Eastern Question or the Afghan War to do with the cruel tyranny of trades-unions? How could the occupation of Candahar affect the destruction of a British trade by an aggressive foreign tariff which shuts it out of a particular market? What has the Berlin Treaty to do with the industrial progress and inventive power of America, which is selling cheaper long-cloths and better ironmongery in England than we can make on the spot? What has foreign politics to do with loaded cottons, with trade outrages, with the local details of the working of labor-clubs? The truth is, the British working-man has been pampered to his own destruction by weak philanthropists and by designing politicians. Both the great parties in the State have rivalled each other in bidding for his vote. In Parliament and out of Parliament the working-man has been flattered, and his path smoothed. He has been told so often that he is the bone and sinew of the land, the most virtuous and industrious of toilers, the only means of employing capital, the pivot on which our entire commercial and social system works, that he has come to believe the world cannot go on without him. He has come to the conclusion that there are no working-men but those who carry shovels and pickaxes, who stand by the lathe, who hammer on the anvil, who

watch the flying shuttle, who dig and delve and hew and saw; and that mills are built and mining shafts sunk in his interests; that, being built and sunk, they shall be compelled to work according to his rules and on his terms; that neither the machinery nor his fellow-men shall do more than a certain amount of work; that they shall only move during a certain number of hours; that the skilled mechanic shall not be allowed to earn more than the inferior workman, that he shall be turned off and on at the will of a trade-union; that the employer may be a Free-trader, but the employed a Protectionist; that the master shall be a mere thing to pay wages, and the man the regulator of the amount to be paid.

II.

Recently at Sheffield a new invention in connection with the manufacture of carriage-springs was tabooed by the trade. The machine had to be sent to Belgium, and the springs are now imported. A Sheffield manufacturer recently called his foremen together and showed them a large contract which had been offered to him at ten per cent. higher terms than the estimate of a German contractor. At this price the English maker would lose twenty per cent., owing to the difference of wages. He was willing to lose ten per cent. for the sake of keeping a special department at work. He invited his men to share the loss with him, and keep the trade. They refused. The business has gone to Germany; the English workmen are on half-time. Recently, in the midst of the colliery depression in the North, the Londonderry pits received a large order. The managers invited the men to work over-time on "pay-day" to complete the contract. They refused. A Sheffield grinder, a few weeks ago, worked beyond the union hours; the next day his apparatus, stones, and straps were destroyed. The spirit of Broadhead still lives in the Midlands. Even the old ignorant opposition to machinery has not died out. A few months ago Stephen Gambril forfeited his life on the scaffold to restrain the working of a steam-plough. The tragedies of English trade disputes, even since the days when Charlotte Brontë wrote, would make a volume as terrible as the current romances of love and jealousy.

All honor to honest labor! It is the strength and glory of a nation. But fustian and corduroy are wrong in thinking they have a monopoly of the fulfilment of "the primal curse," which has been "softened into mercy" by present rewards and hopes of future blessings. "Two men I honor, and no third," says Carlyle. "First, the toil-worn craftsman;" second, the "inspired thinker, who conquers heaven for us. If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return that he may have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality?" Then the merchant, the master-builder, the banker, the clerk, the artist; shall not these be considered in the general system of our social economy? Judged by his acts, the British working-man says not. The enterprising capitalists who have put all their fortunes into those splendid mills in the North, are they not to reckon in the scheme of industry? When they have for years been giving out their money and racking their brains to keep their hands employed even at a loss, are the men to make no sacrifices when the hard times come, and the master is in danger of bankruptcy and ruin? The trades-unions say "No," and the men "turn-out," to complete the masters' discomfiture and their own. Thousands of honest toilers would say "Yes," if their individual desires were consulted, but they have built up a tyranny of their own. They are puppets in the hands of vast trade conspiracies, which vainly seek to check the world's advance.

The inventor, the capitalist, the skilled mechanic who hopes to raise himself to the dignity of employer, will carry their brains, their money, their labor to other countries. Already many of them have done so. What is the result? We are beaten in our own markets. France opens ironmongery stores in Birmingham. Belgium sends manufactured iron to the North. Germany takes away from us contracts for locomotive engines. America exports cutlery to Sheffield and electro-plate to Birmingham. Our London shops are full of foreign goods. It is but the thin end of the wedge in some cases, but it will be driven home while the English working-man is disputing with his master. It will be driven home while questions of capital and labor make themselves more paramount than international policy.

Ministers sit down to think about the operations of hostile tariffs, to hammer out sound opinions relating to the working of a one-sided Free-trade, to consider how best to meet "the wave of Protection" which is flowing over Europe, and they find the subject hampered with local disputes, clogged with bitter feuds at home between capital and labor, clouded with sophistical questions of rates of wages, working-hours, trade-union laws, and a host of artificial troubles which so befog the issues of the great national question that the mind is paralyzed; and even statesmen of the calibre of Lord Derby can only hope the trouble will pass, and, until it does, advise us to get out of a country where there are too many of us to earn a living.

Emigration is a blessing to England and a boon to other countries; but we should go forth with money in our hands, with willing hearts, cheerful, and carrying with us the happy experience of our skill and labor; not as paupers, not as beggars and outcasts; for there can be no need of that when we have mills and factories and workshops and mines sufficient to occupy every unemployed hand in the kingdom, if the local disputes between labor and capital could be settled, "and skill enough to maintain our commercial supremacy, too," say the manufacturers, "if certain disabilities of tariffs and duties were ameliorated." This is a question which I propose to illustrate with the practical evidence of practical men and notable facts for and against Free-trade; premising, however, in the mean time that the decay of English commerce is no alarmist cry. It has set in, like a dry rot. It is not an evil of the moment. It has been coming on for years. It threatens to go on, and the hour has arrived when it behooves every man to make personal sacrifices in the interest of his country. The darkest feature of the situation seems to be in the determined resistance of the working-classes to admit the necessity of reduced wages. The British workman on strike, while his master is only trying to keep his factory open for their mutual benefit in the hope of better times, is a picture of folly, not to say ingratitude, which one can only contemplate with wonder and amazement. The English mechanic, in his insular pride and strength, cannot realize to-day that he has any compeer in his own line under the sun. His contempt of foreigners is proverbial, and it was at one time excusable through the English workman's triumphs over every other working people. All trades have legends of the ease with which he has beaten the foreigner whenever they have come into competition. The English workman has been all over the Continent making railways, putting up machinery, and building ships. Wherever you travel you find traces of his skill and genius, his industry and his powers. But the world does not stand still. It learns, it applies its knowledge. It is no longer dependent on England. It can make machines and work them without the aid of the Englishman.

Times have changed. When I was a boy English engineers and mechanics were continually being sent for by foreign governments and companies to erect machines and preside over foreign works. Foreigners come to England now on similar missions. It was a Frenchman who (under the direction of Mr. Macdonald, the able chief in *The Times* office) recently showed me the working of the electric light in that famous establishment. It is chiefly "foreigners" who are manipulating this new light in London. The City is full of Germans. They are a colony at Bradford. But the British mechanic does not learn; and, when the supreme hour of trial comes, he is helped by public subscriptions to weather the storm at home, or he is assisted to carry his experience and his labor to other lands. When the capitalist imitates him and does likewise, England will become a residential country, and London the pawn-shop of the world. Our manufacturing districts will decay like those out-of-the-way old towns that lived on the coaches of former days, and the commercial supremacy of England will be "as dead as a door-nail"—a thing to write about, and look back upon with wonder and with regret.

III.

It is in this direction that we appear to be drifting. Mr. Gladstone thinks America will take our old place in the world's business. The United States is already shutting out our wares by tariffs and home enterprise. France and other Continental nations are beating us in open competition at our very doors. If we would not realize for our children the picture I have suggested, we must no longer trifle with the situation, but look it in the face. If free-trade pure and simple has done its work for us, and is impeded by the hostility of the whole world, we must take what good we can get out of a modification of its principles. "All or none" is a foolish cry; and it is ridiculous to ignore in our commercial studies the possibility that England, having reached the height of her prosperity, begins, like the classic nations, to descend the hill. Playfair has an apt illustration, in which he discusses the mighty events that have removed wealth and commerce from the Euphrates and the Nile to the Thames and the Texel. The sun rises and the seasons return to the plains of Egypt as they did three thousand years ago; the principles of vegetation have not altered; the subordinate animals do not refuse to assist man in his labor and supply him with food. It is not nature that is less bountiful, and man has more knowledge and more power than ever he had; "but it is not the man of Syria or of Egypt that has more knowledge or more power. There he has suffered his race to decay, and, along with himself, his works have degenerated." May it not be that the present falling back of English trade, the universal distress, the hopeless prospect in the future, the failing banks, the dishonest financiers, the growing wealth of lawyers, the increase in the consumption of luxuries, the profligacy of our cities, the conspiracies of labor in the interest of idleness, the loading of our cottons, the inferiority of our once splendid hardware and cutlery, the divisions in our councils, the selfish partisanship of our statesmen, and the legalization of Exchange gambling, are all details in the general aspect of a great nation that is suffering its race to decay and its works to degenerate? If this view of the situation would only take hold of the public mind, it might lead to reformation in a race famous for its native vigor, its broad-mindedness, its patriotism, and its historic triumphs over difficulties. Look, in comparatively modern days, from what a height the Dutch have fallen. Except that the distance from Europe places America at a disadvantage in the race, there is something not unlike the English competition with the Dutch in the old days in America's competition with England in the new. First, there were fisheries questions, including English jealousies, which resulted in the revocation of Dutch licenses to fish in English waters; then there was the whaling business; and next, the fight for the carrying-trade of the seas; and it may be mentioned as an argument for the Protectionists, that Cromwell crushed foreign competition and the Dutch carrying-trade by imposing heavy customs upon foreign produce, and making the employment of British-built vessels compulsory. Then the Dutch, just as England has done, went into stock-jobbing and foreign loans. In the year 1700 the Dutch were the bankers of Europe. They had claims upon foreign debtors to the amount of 3,000,000,000 guilders. At the height of their prosperity their decline began. During the wars with France and Spain, Holland lost much of her trade to France, and England progressed in industrial work and commerce. England presently competed with the Dutch for their trade with other countries, just as America is now entering the race with England. First, we got hold of the Dutch trade with

Russia; then we secured most of her Swedish and Danish trade; then we imposed fierce duties on foreign fabrics and shut out Dutch linens; we fought her for the commerce of the Mediterranean. France and England beat the Dutch in their competition for the Indian trade. Oriental linen came to Europe, and still more reduced the demand for Dutch. The West Indies yielded to English and French enterprise, sugar, coffee, and spices overtopping the Dutch imports from Java. The Dutch did not retaliate with heavy duties, neither will the English. Holland continued to be rich on account of her accumulated wealth; England will never be poor. Where is Holland now? This comparison might be followed up, if not profitably, at least as suggestive of interesting parallels between the competition of America and England; and the idea is not far-fetched, for even in the days referred to the United States was a factor in the world's commercial contests. She appeared as a rival to Holland, sending to Spain, Portugal, and Italy, in exchange for the commodities of those countries, great store of fish and flour.

Whatever England's future may be, she is at the moment passing through a supreme crisis, or rather she is in the midst of great national troubles. How she will get through them depends as much on the mutual forbearance of masters and men as upon the wisdom of our statesmen. But we shall not promote a beneficial change in our prospects by refusing to inquire impartially into the arguments and opinions of those who claim that a modification of our present practice of Free-trade is one of the essentials to an extension of a profitable commerce with the world. Some of the soundest heads in the North are in favor of a duty on certain classes of imports; in the South there is an increasing demand for an inquiry into the present operation of foreign tariffs, and the prospects of continued Free-trade at home in the face of rising protective duties abroad. To turn a deaf ear to these views, or to answer them with stereotyped maxims in political economy, is not the way to get at the bottom of the causes of the present crisis. In theory, with the consumer as the only person entitled to consideration, Free-trade is the perfection of commercial policy. In theory, a republic is the best and purest system of government; England prefers a monarchy nevertheless; and we have shown to the world how perfect and free a constitution can be formed and worked by a wise and judicious adaptation and amalgamation of that which is good in the two most opposite methods. Since even now we levy heavy tolls upon certain commodities, thus discounting somewhat the full operation of Free-trade principles; since Mr. Cobden himself acknowledged the importance, if not the necessity, of reciprocity by his negotiation of the French treaties; since chambers of commerce throughout the country alternately coax and bully foreign governments in the everlasting struggle of British enterprise against foreign tariffs, surely some concession may be made to those who, while they acknowledge the theoretical truths of Free-trade, deny that it can live without compromise in a ring of protection. It is a beautiful plant in a bed of thorns. Of late the weeds have grown apace, and they threaten to choke the good seed; shall we not consider how we may protect it? Shall we refuse to listen to those who have watched over it, and who depend for sustenance upon the fruit thereof?

IV.

Until I had conversed freely with business men interested in the trade of Sheffield, I did not fully realize the importance of the change which is taking place in the commercial condition and trading prospects of England. I had visited Birmingham. The midland capital had not hesitated to say that her export trade with the United States is practically dead; that the leading American merchant there, who used to export hardware to the States, now *imports* similar goods to England; that America even sends electro-plate to Birmingham, which also supports a French ironmongery store; but here was a certain amount of hopefulness in the tone of some of the local manufacturers, that seemed to leave room for discounting the gloom of others. Birmingham does not rely upon any particular trade. She has so many strings to her industrial bow that one might be forgiven for thinking she exaggerated her woes. Then, on the day of my visit, she looked bright and busy. The sun was shining on the hardware city, the streets were clean, the burgesses were active in the election of town councillors, lines of carriages were "setting down" at a morning concert; there were picture exhibitions and tea-meetings; builders plying their trade on new public works; at night the theatres were crowded, and electric lamps illuminated the front of Curzon Hall. But Sheffield! I entered it amid a downfall of rain. Nothing could be more depressing than the railway entrance to this famous centre of British industry. This is not the fault of the Midland Railway Company, which has a fine station here, but the railway runs into the town at its busiest and blackest end. Flash of furnace, clash of hammer, cloud of smoke. This is your welcome. The roar and tramp of trade is the music of Sheffield, and it comes to you through a pall of smoke. Now and then, when the wind is brisk and the weather fine, there is a blue sky to be seen even here, and on autumn evenings fine studies of cloud-land and distant hills. The smoke of the great factories makes a background for picturesque effects of the sun. Turner might have conjured grandeur out of such scenes; but on the day of my visit it was darkness. At the hotel dinner the guests talked of depressed trade.

"At Birmingham," I said, "they told me the American export trade is dead."

"We are approaching that condition here."

"How is it?"

"The pressure of foreign tariffs, the want of reciprocity, and the disputes between the employer and employed."

"Have bad harvests nothing to do with it?"

"Something, but unfair competition most."

"Does Sheffield suffer much from the decrease in exports to America?"

"Greatly; but in that matter, if the working-men would lower their demands, we could no doubt recover much of our trade; but they say, supposing they did, America would only increase her duties on English manufactures, and they would be just where they were at starting."

"The working-men of Sheffield are Protectionists, then?"

"No doubt of it. They have two remedies for the present depression in trade — protective duties and limiting the supply. Professor Bonamy Price tells them our troubles arise from over-production. But the growing idea is that Free-trade is the root of the evil."

"I have been talking with Mr. Leng, the able editor of *The Sheffield Telegraph*. He confirms your belief that the future threatens a worse prospect than the present; but, like yourself, he was reticent in suggesting a remedy. He is a brave man too. He was the friend of the North in the American war; he supported the present government against the leaders of his party in the late Russo-Turkish troubles.

"The Eastern Question occupies his chief attention, and it is not unlikely that, with many of his townsmen, he believes that nothing can or will be done in this country to relieve trade until that question is really settled; and that day will only arrive when we have had a war with Russia."

"There was one thing which Mr. Leng said," I replied, "that struck me as a novel and intellectual view of the present phase of the relationship of England with other countries. 'Our pig-iron exports,' he said, 'are looking up, I believe, but there is no credit in that. To supply the foreigner with pig-iron is simply to do laborers' work and empty our cellars, while we give to the foreign buyer the material to enable him to occupy himself in arts of skill and cleanly employment, and to bring the fruits of his handicraft to England. The foreigner takes from us our coal and iron—the coal as it is hewn out of the pit, the iron as it comes from the furnace. Small thanks to him for that. I count these things as much a reserve of national wealth as the gold in the cellars of the Bank of England. The spendthrift heir, who sells the timber on his estate, knows that in a generation or two new trees will replace the old ones, but he does not boast about cutting down the old trees; and neither am I disposed to exult over the swelling figures which show the rate at which England is emptying her beds of iron and clearing out our coal-cellars. The foreigner takes our coal and iron, and sends us in return articles which represent taste and skill—articles the value of which consists less of the material used than of the value added by the workman—in one word, wages. But take a Protectionist foreign tariff, and see how carefully its rates of charge rise just in proportion to the amount of labor bestowed upon each article. The mercury in the tube of a thermometer does not more sensitively indicate the heat that enters into it than do some of the foreign tariffs indicate the purpose of the framers to shut out the products of British labor. Now, I object to this. Coarse work makes coarse men. It does so in England; it does so all the world over. The kinds of labor which reduce the toiler to the condition of a sweep while tasking to the uttermost his brute strength react upon the laborer; and it is precisely these kinds of work to which the hostile tariffs of the foreigners are shutting up too large a section of our working-people. Our workmen hereabouts feel this, and so do a large and an increasing number of our manufacturers. A silent change, broad and deep, has taken place, and the notable thing about it is that it *is* silent and spontaneous. There has been no agitation, no action of the platform, of the Press. The dumb instincts of the people — instincts, mark you, often wiser than the finely-spun systems of the philosophers—are in revolt against a state of things which is felt to be unjust, and which operates like a hostile blockade. With this dissatisfaction I have a certain sympathy. I do not believe that England is powerless to help herself in the matter. England is the greatest and richest of buyers, and where is the great buyer whose practical displeasure is regarded by the sellers with indifference? Her market is indispensable to more than one of the nations which have been experimenting upon her forbearance. The Free-traders of France, Germany, and the Southern States earnestly advise England to desist from giving their Protectionists the aid, comfort, and encouragement involved in the assurance that, do what they may, England will never retaliate. They strenuously entreat England to threaten retaliation, and they do so in the confident assurance that the mere threat would immensely strengthen their hands. There, you see, we have a direct issue between our own Free-traders and those of America and the Continent. Whom shall we believe? For my part, I am inclined to believe the Free-traders outside. They are on the ground; they understand what they have to contend with; they know much that we cannot know; and, as I neither doubt their sincerity nor question their intelligence, I cannot disregard their counsels.'"

"You nearly surprised the *Telegraph* into a confession of the failure of Free-trade," said my host for the time being, "though I imagine Mr. Leng would hardly let himself be persuaded that we ought to protect even our staple commodities. But mark me, the day is not far distant when leaders of the country like Mr. Leng will be found swelling the ranks of Protectionists; and once a man of courage and power comes to the front in Parliament to advocate the Christian maxim, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you,' Free-trade, as it stands, is doomed."

"What is your opinion?"

"That we should at once meet Spain and Italy with heavy duties, and tell the United States frankly that we must, in self-defence, tax her manufactures and put a duty on her corn."

When I left this gentleman I tested his views by figures which I compiled with some care from the Board of Trade Returns of such articles as would affect Sheffield trade. I found startling proofs of the steady reduction of exports in the class of manufactures in which Sheffield excels. The returns are for Great Britain, but they bear particularly on this great centre of industry:

Exports.	1872.	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.	1877.*
Hardware and cutlery	£5,089,481	£4,938,537	£4,403,399	£4,264,331	£3,483,286	£3,335,837
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Steel, unwrought	44,000	39,000	31,000	29,000	25,000	24,402
Railway iron	945,000	785,000	782,000	545,000	414,000	
Total iron and steel, wrought and unwrought	3,382,000	2,957,000	2,487,000	2,458,000	2,224,000	

Couple with these figures the fact that France, Belgium, Germany, America now export to England goods which compete with our home manufactures, and the statistics become still more impressive. In illustration of the influence of American industry upon the trade of such towns as Sheffield, I take simply two years of business. In 1876 Great Britain exported to the United States only £350,809 worth of hardware and cutlery; in 1877 this was reduced to £324,126. In 1876 £83,107 were the figures for armor-plates, and £52,651 for 1877. Cast or wrought iron in 1876, £87,846; in 1877, £52,558. In tin plates there was, however, an increase, namely: 1876, £1,937,203, and in 1877, £2,074,785. Pig-iron was not seriously affected, 1876 showing £171,331; 1877, £144,081; and bar-iron had gone up from £28,326 (1876) to £56,950 in 1877, which increase and the improving position of pig-iron bear remarkably on Mr. Leng's view, that the United States, as well as other countries, is using England as the mere laborer, the digger and delver, though America, it should not be forgotten, has all the mineral treasures she can desire in her own country; and, unless trade recovers in England, British capital will go to the other side in much greater force than hitherto, and British labor will naturally follow the trade. The day is possibly not far distant when the United States will not want our raw material; they have found coal and iron in close proximity, and Yorkshire ironmasters are erecting smelting furnaces on the spot. The total quantity of iron and steel exported in 1877 was 2,344,651 tons as against 2,224,470 in 1876, the respective values being £20,094,562 and £20,737,410.† Steam-engines used to enter largely into our trade with the United States. Neither in 1876 nor 1877 did Great Britain send a single engine across the Atlantic to her once liberal customer. Iron rails and steel rails also once represented a large trade. In 1876 England sent no steel rails to America; in 1877 she only sent £2833 worth. In 1876 America took from us iron rails to the value of £1422, and in 1877 the trade jumped up to £10,301, an amount as insignificant compared with the past as that of 1876 by the side of 1877. But let us take a more than local glance at the changes in English exports to the United States, put the figures into dollars, and go over a wider period. Mr. Frederic Brittain, a distinguished Sheffielder, who has written and spoken much upon the subject, will help us. The following are his figures for a period of ten years:

English Exports to the United States.	1867.	1872.	1875.	1876.
Clocks, watches, and materials	$2,583,000	$3,886,000	$2,282,000	$1,456,000
Clothing, including hosiery	3,224,000	9,370,000	7,455,000	7,081,000
Cotton manufactures	22,817,000	29,855,000	22,709,000	18,042,000
Earthenware and china	5,309,000	5,270,000	4,303,000	4,304,000
Manufacture of flax	20,464,000	21,220,000	16,602,000	14,446,000
Glass and glass-wares	3,996,000	5,834,000	5,805,000	4,806,000
Iron—bar, rod, hoop, etc	5,325,000	5,814,000	1,764,000	1,584,000
" pig	1,831,000	5,122,000	1,457,000	1,918,000
" railroad bars	3,403,000	15,778,000	69,000	6,000
" sheet, old and scrap, anchors, hardware, etc.	4,594,000	15,239,000	2,296,000	1,486,000
Silk manufactures	18,357,000	36,341,000	24,295,000	23,668,000
Steel	3,269,000	4,033,000	2,539,000	1,808,000
Cutlery and manufactures of steel	6,917,000	8,891,000	6,131,000	5,363,000
Woollen carpets	3,851,000	5,727,000	2,643,000	1,521,000
Worsted and dress goods	19,397,000	20,439,000	19,759,000	14,216,000
Other manufactures of wool	21,509,000	25,583,000	22,602,000	17,472,000
Total	$146,846,000	$218,402,000	$142,711,000	$119,177,000
Steel railway bars	——	6,277,000	2,863,000	314,000
Total	$146,846,000	$224,679,000	$145,574,000	$119,491,000

In an interview which Mr. Brittain gave to a local journalist, on my behalf, he dwelt upon these figures as demonstrating with strong conclusiveness how enormously manufacturing has lately been developed in the United States. The table shows that the value of the imports of these principal manufactured articles fell from $146,846,000 in 1867 to $119,177,000 in 1876, notwithstanding the enormous increase of population during that period. But the most remarkable decline has occurred since 1872. In that year the imports of the same articles, with the addition of steel rails, amounted to $224,679,000, and in 1876 to $119,491,000. Questioned further on the immediate aspect of American competition with England, Mr. Brittain, in spite of the gloomy outlook, appeared to think generally that the imports of American hardware and cutlery into England are greatly exaggerated; that, indeed, these imports are at present hardly worth consideration. He believed the United States to be more hampered and menaced by dissensions between masters and men than England, and that Great Britain has most to fear in America's competition for the trade of our English colonies, Canada more particularly, the proximity of which, combined with the advantages of a common tongue and the fiscal facilities of trade with the Dominion, render her peculiarly susceptible of American influence. Recently, at Sheffield, Mr. Mundella in a speech insinuated that America is bent, if not on a policy of free-trade, at least on important modifications of her fiscal laws. This Mr. Brittain regards as "the roseate sophistry of a vain politician."

I should have stated that Mr. Brittain was one of the committee of the British Associated Chambers of Commerce who were deputed to investigate the condition of French industries, in connection with the renewal of the commercial treaty negotiations. Mr. Brittain represented the iron and hardware trades. In this capacity he made a report to the Chambers of Commerce. Since then he has extended his inquires, and published a very valuable *brochure* on "British Trade and Foreign Competition," which he has been good enough to send to me, and from which I propose to condense some points of interest bearing upon the great trade questions which are now agitating nearly all civilized countries. He was told, when he visited France, that on account of the war with Germany French manufacturers had been compelled to seek fresh markets, and that they had discovered it was possible to compete with England upon neutral territory. He ascertained that foreign houses were buying from France, Germany, Belgium, and other countries goods which they formerly bought from England. He found that the official returns of exports of the French Government indicated an increase, which established the veracity of the statements that had been made to him; and, on the other hand, he saw that the English returns of the annual statement of trade showed a corresponding decline in British exports. This led him to believe that there had been a considerable displacement of trade, and that foreign countries are supplying what England used to supply. Subsequent investigation has abundantly confirmed this.* Now, in making an inquiry into the conditions of the commerce and manufactures of the country, Mr. Brittain remarks that it is exceedingly important to distinguish between England's position as capitalist and her position as manufacturer and exporter. In recent controversies many statements have been made to prove how wealthy England is. Is it possible that not a single writer has erred in these estimates on the side of exaggeration? To give more than an idea of the wealth accumulated in Great Britain during the last thirty-eight years would be impossible. In 1840 the construction of railways was beginning. In 1876 the total capital paid up (shares, loans, etc.) of the railways of Great Britain and Ireland was £544,831,000. In 1840 the merchant navy belonging to Great Britain consisted of sailing vessels of a tonnage of 2,680,000 tons, and steam vessels of a tonnage of 87,000 tons. In 1876 it had risen to a tonnage of 4,126,000 of sailing vessels and 1,870,000 of steam vessels. The immense factories, mills, and works, with their costly machinery, the docks, bridges, telegraphic and public works, the dwelling-houses and their furniture, the gas and water works, with their mains and property of all descriptions, represent a prodigious capital, a large proportion of which has been saved since 1840. "A great part of this property may be considered an enormous engine for the production of further wealth. Not only has this great saving been effected, but during the period referred to taxation has been mitigated, and the comfort and well-being of the people, particularly the poor, have been greatly promoted." The difference of the conditions of life in England to-day from those which existed thirty-eight years ago is shown by the quantities of certain articles of food retained for home consumption per head of the total population of the United Kingdom then and now. For example:

Articles of Food.	1840.	1878.
	Pounds.	Pounds.
Butter	1.05	5.54
Cheese	0.92	5.03
Raw sugar	15.20	50.16
Tea	1.22	4.50
Currants and raisins.	1.45	4.73
Rice	0.80	10.27

* This investigation was made in 1878. Trade in some respects has revived in various departments since then, but not sufficiently to influence the principles and general facts herein displayed and their bearing upon the changing commercial relations of England and foreign countries. For example, the hardware and cutlery exports for 1878 were £3,297,937; for 1879, £3,028,271. The exports of unwrought steel were, for 1878, £24,131; for 1879, £31,061; railway iron, for 1878, £439,392; for 1879, £463,878. Total iron and steel, wrought and unwrought, for 1878, £2,296,860; for 1879, £2,883,484. The total increase is made up chiefly by the exportation of unmanufactured iron, namely, from £947,827 in 1875 to £1,223,436 in 1879. The Board of Trade returns for 1879 and 1880 have no material bearing upon the other figures relating to Sheffield; and the latest revenue returns, according to Mr. Gladstone, do not show that substantial advance in English prosperity which some writers have claimed for them.

† The general imports for 1880 show an increase of 14.1 per cent. over 1879, and the exports an increase of 15.0 per cent.

* Though an upward movement in trade has been noticed, and the revenue returns have proved eminently satisfactory to the Government for the past year, the following figures will show that nothing has occurred during the years 1878 and 1879 to materially change the calculations and consequent inference made in this chapter. The total imports for 1875 were £373,939,577, and they have varied but little since. In 1879 they were £362,991,875. In 1875 our exports were £281,612,323, and they have fallen an average of about £30,000,000 a year to £248,783,364 in 1879. *The Economist*, of December 11th, 1880, has the following notes on the financial and commercial history of 1880, which justify the maintenance of the figures already quoted as unchanged, so far as they illustrate the condition of British trade and commerce: "The very considerable improvement and general rise of prices which marked the close of 1879 and the first three months of 1880 was not maintained during the summer of the year. It is now clear that, stimulated by the sudden and large American demand, first for iron and steel, and then for other commodities, which appeared after September, 1879, there arose, in nearly all the considerable markets in this country, a violent speculative fever. Thousands of persons who had no knowledge of business became buyers of commodities for present, and still more for future, delivery, in the expectation that a continued rise of price would enable them to pocket a large margin of 'difference' with little or no real outlay of capital. The operation was, of course, overdone, as nearly all wild operations of the kind always are; and ended in producing severe losses in numerous quarters, and a relapse of prices, which even in the early weeks of 1881 has not been corrected."

Many writers on trade are apt to allow a survey of past prosperity to blind them to the first symptoms of the decay of that trade from which it has been to a great extent derived. They make the mistake of regarding income derived from capital as revenue resulting from commercial transactions. England's commercial start in the world, her merchant navy, her colonies, gave her an advantage over all rivals. She is like an old-established house with a large capital competing with young houses without capital. These advantages may be neutralized, if they conceal from view the first indications of industrial decay. That it has set in is a general opinion in Sheffield; and Mr. Brittain does not disguise his fears that British supremacy is being shaken to its foundations, though he discusses the situation with the philosophic calmness of a statesman. There are authorities, on the other hand, who point to "wars and rumors of wars" as the causes of depressed trade. The Franco-German war, the Servian war, and the Russo-Turkish conflict, had their blighting influences, no doubt; but, to whatever extent these and other general causes may have contributed to paralyze our commerce, a comparison of the trade returns of exports of foreign conntries with those of England show that one of the chief reasons for the present anxiety is, that Great Britain is exposed to a foreign competition which has been recently and rapidly developed. Then, England is not in the same position as the United States and some other countries, which produce food in sufficient quantities for the supply of their own wants and leave an immense surplus for export. To them manufacturing is only subsidiary; to England it is all-important. When English exports amounted to £256,000,000 the nation was prosperous. With exports at £198,000,000 come poverty and misery. It is to the colonies that the only hopeful writers on trade look for the future great markets for English goods. The health and vigor of the colonial trade has helped to conceal from superficial observers the very serious inroads which competition has made into British foreign trade. Exports to the colonies rose from £60,000,000 in 1872 to £65,000,000 in 1878, while those to foreign countries fell from £195,000,000 to £126,000,000 in the same time. The United States compete with England in the colonies upon far more equal terms than any country in Europe; and America is quick to utilize her advantages. The exports from the United States to all parts rose from $392,771,768 in 1870 to $835,793,924 in 1880—the highest total in the history of the States.

I notice in a recent number of *The British Trade Journal* a "rebuke to croakers" in these words: "People who are losing their heads and wagging their tongues inordinately about the terrible encroachments of American competition—citing more particularly the growing popularity of American hardwares in the markets of the world—may be usefully reminded of the fact that, whereas in a recent year the value of hardware goods exported from the United States was $16,200,000 (£3,240,000), British exports of the same class of wares aggregate annually about £30,000,000." Encouraging figures in their way; but does *The British Trade Journal* see nothing significant in the fact that America, who used to buy her hardware in England, now not only makes enough for home consumption, but has to spare for sale in Europe? It should also consider this: until recently the United States was an immense purchaser of all kinds of British manufactures, while she is now not only a competitor in her own but in neutral and British markets. Hitherto American exports of manufactured articles have not been important; "but," says Mr. Brittain, emphatically, "those who know the excellence of some of the productions of the United States will recognize in her a formidable antagonist *in her infancy*.* In 1868 the value of the saws, files, and tools exported from the United States was $5088; in 1877 it had risen to $757,321. The value of the clocks exported rose from $536,700 in 1868 to $1,025,000 in 1877. In 1870 America had 157,310 looms at work in her cotton factories; to-day (1881) she has 230,223. One of the alarming conditions of American competition, which Birmingham men referred to during my visit to that town, was the trade with Canada. Sheffield also did not forget it; and Mr. Brittain supplies me with some valuable statistics. In the fiscal year of 1867–'68 the imports into Canada from the United States amounted to $28,053,000. Since then they have steadily increased, reaching, in 1876–'77, $51,312,000. Meanwhile, the exports of British goods to Canada rapidly declined. The values of goods entered for consumption into Canada from Great Britain have been: 1873, $68,522,000; 1874, $63,076,000; 1875, $60,347,000; 1876, $40,743,000. While the United States continue to send increased supplies to Canada, the exports from Canada to the States decrease, falling from $42,072,000 in 1873 to $29,916,000 in 1876. With this competition, and the growing tendency of Continental nations to increase their Customs tariffs, Free-traders in England begin to find men falling away from their ranks, though Professor Fawcett's latest work in support of it, *from a theoretical point of view*, is almost unanswerable. There is hardly, however, any country with which England's exchange of merchandise is so disproportionate as the United States; but no one would think of imposing heavy duties upon raw cotton, wheat, and bacon because English manufactures are taxed on the other side. "Some writers believe that we might meet the difficulty by what is known as Reciprocity; that is to say, by imposing retaliatory duties upon the manufactures of those nations which tax ours, while we admitted those of more liberal nations upon better terms. It would be possible for Great Britain to inflict prodigious injury upon other nations by hostile tariffs, but it is not probable that such measures would produce a good result. If, for example, we imposed heavy duties upon French goods while identical articles of Belgian manufacture were admitted free, a surreptitious trade would spring up which we should be powerless to suppress. There is great difficulty in applying differential duties." So there is; and it will go hard with England before she gives up the practice of free-trade; *and it will go hard with us;* for, while we chivalrously maintain it, the world has entered upon a period of transition, during which nearly all the nations of Europe are making alterations in their tariffs, and every alteration promises to be especially unfavorable to England.

VI.

In the mean time one of our greatest difficulties is to be found in the ostrich policy which refuses to recognize the fact that the character of our competition has entirely changed. While America, taking lessons out of our experience, has been fostering her manufactures and improving her processes by an almost feverish activity in the adoption of new ideas, we have been too often content with old methods and antiquated machinery. There was a time when we could sell anything we made. Then we had not a single competitor in some of our busiest industries. We pursue the old arrogant system of business as if we still enjoyed the old monopoly. America sent Sheffield an order for axes "as per sample." A pattern was handed to the foreman of the local shop, with instructions to reproduce it in fulfilment of the order. Presently he came into the counting-house with the information that the men refused to make that kind of axe. The pattern they had always worked from was good enough, they declared. They would not make the new shape, anyhow. An American consul tells me that a Glasgow furrier objected to place farther back the ear-laps of some imitation fur caps he was making for a Montreal firm, "because his workmen had never done them that way before." All the important improvements in machining daily newspapers have had to be made and tested surreptitiously. Masons have refused to work stone that has not been purchased at a local quarry. When Butler & Co., a firm of wrought-iron bridge builders in the North, determined to reduce wages, the men in conference refused the reduction, but offered to drive five more bolts per hour than formerly—a gross confession that the men had wilfully done much less work than they could. Any man who has had plumbers, painters, or carpenters at work in his house must have come to the conclusion that their chief desire is to do as little work as possible in the longest possible time. Said a distinguished American, writing home to a friend, aghast at the obstinate way in which we resist new ideas: "If you want to know why inventors are more numerous in America than they are here, come and live six months in England. If you wish to know how it feels to be brimful of ideas, and yet be unable to have one of them executed, come to England. If you wish to know how it feels to have to wait for a month to have the simplest thing made, and then to be charged a man's wages for two months, come to England. You will here be unable to see the interior of a workshop, or to come into direct contact with your workmen, who labor in the ruts worn down by their predecessors. They cannot calculate the work of any new design without the most laborious oversight from the inventor. Their masters, instead of encouraging invention, do all they can to stop it, and charge exorbitantly for experimental work. Everything is done to obstruct an inventor; and you have to wait so long for the simplest thing that your ideas cool, and you live in a constant state of irritation at your inability to do anything." This is the experience of a practical and clever man, who is taking out some new patents in England. Our patent laws require readjustment. Some improvements have been made since Dickens wrote about them. A poor man who is a professed inventor is still, however, looked upon as a sort of romantic idiot, just as professed free-traders look at men who question the continued efficacy of the policy in the present altered state of European competition as dolts who wish to revive the brass-button and port-wine school of Toryism. The English free-trader of to-day, who refuses to discuss the question, reminds my American friend of the dying gambler, who, having ruined himself by following a certain method of play, exclaimed, with his last breath, "The system is right, nevertheless!"

XII.

AMERICAN OPINIONS OF ENGLISH FREE-TRADE.

"I guess them's our Hogs."—American and English Farmers.—A Policy of Sentiment.—America Strong enough to Reduce her Tariffs.—English Colonies and the Trade in Cereals.—England in the Old Days.—No Mr. Gladstone in America to Cheapen Wines.—"Lunatics!"—Theory and Practice.

I.

"Boy," said a New York traveller to a Yankee stripling who was sunning himself on a country fence—"boy, the hogs are getting into your

* The *New York Herald* of a recent date says: "We now have the 1880 census returns of silk manufacturers in the United States, given in the preliminary report of Mr. William C. Wyckoff, the special agent. The exhibit shows a bright prosperity in this department of industrial activity, while a comparison with the census figures of 1870 reveals a rise in the American silk industry which is as striking as it is gratifying. In 1870 the value of all products of silk establishments in the United States was $12,000,000. In 1880 finished goods to the amount of $34,000,000 were produced, while the gross value of all products was $41,000,000. During this period the capital invested in the business was increased from $6,000,000 to $19,000,000, and the value of materials used in a year from less than $8,000,000 to more than $22,000,000. These figures show that the industry has trebled in ten years. The enlargement of productive capacity seems to have been even greater. Since 1870 the factories have increased in number from 86 to 383, looms from 1500 to 8000, hands employed from 6600 to 31,300, and the amount of wages paid during the year from $2,000,000 to $9,000,000. Another noticeable feature of the report just issued is, that several States which did not appear in the returns of 1870 are now represented as having silk factories. These are Maine, Rhode Island, California, Illinois, Kansas, and Missouri. But, while silk is manufactured in fifteen States, the industry is as yet practically confined to New Jersey (where its greatest development has taken place), New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. If the rapid strides of progress we are making in this department shall be kept up, how long will it be till the looms of Lyons need weave no more silks for American wear?"

potatoes." "Well, I guess them's *our* hogs," replied the boy, grinning. "But see, they'll spoil your whole crop of potatoes." "Well, I guess they are *our taters* too," retorted the youngster, without stirring. This seems to be the backbone of Mr. "John B. Wise's" answer to the Cobden Club tract entitled "The Western Farmer of America." The Cobden Club is an association of free-traders. It counts two hundred Members of Parliament among its members, and several of the Ministers of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet. The very essence of Liberalism would seem to be dictation, and free-trade is the backbone of the Liberal party. It is true a large number of Conservatives are free-traders; but not in the aggressive spirit of the Cobden Club, which sends its arrogant missives to all the countries of the earth, forgetful of the proverb that "what is one man's drink is another man's poison."

"Jonathan B. Wise" is the *nom de plume* of Dr. John L. Hayes, of Cambridge, Mass., and he has hit the Cobden Club very hard in his demonstrations of the difference between the position of the American farmer and the English farmer. There is unquestionably a good deal of meddling impertinence in the Cobden Club's voluntary advice to Western farmers "to give their support to no candidate for the House of Representatives who does not pledge himself, if elected, to vote for a reduction of five per cent. every successive year on the import duties till the whole are abolished." Nobody doubts that the time has arrived when certain tariffs can be reduced, but the time will never arrive when any country, much less America, will accept with patience the dictatorial interference of the Cobden Club. Trying to compete with America, in America, and to equalize prices as against high tariffs in other lands, English manufacturers have made "shoddy" goods, and so the country sustains a double blow. The worst of John Bull is his extremes. Given a principle accepted, in carrying it out he "goes the whole hog." His proper course to-day and for years past would be found in a modification of free-trade comportable with existing circumstances. He should have admitted food free always and have taxed luxuries. He should have fought "bounties" with "Customs tariffs." Then he would not have had to lament the annihilation of his silk and other kindred manufactures and the ruin of his sugar trade. If all the rest of the world positively refuses to accept his views, Mr. Bull's proper course is surely to fit them to the necessity of the times; not to stand and "bully creation" because creation will not dance to his pipe. Free-trade is a fine thing in theory. Protection for new countries with industries to build up is equally fine in practice. A reasonable and expedient combination of the two is the "happy mean" which governments quite as enlightened as that of England recognize; and I am glad to see that America does not allow the Cobden Club to indulge its *penchant* for "warning" and "cautioning" the Universe without a reply. The story of the boy and "our hogs" is quite answer enough even without being backed by argument; though Mr. Wise has propounded some unanswerable "points" in defence of the policy of the Government at Washington.

Dr. Hayes's pamphlet was handed to me with copies of three "Bulletins of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers," which contain important and valuable essays in defence of protective tariffs. These subjects are of intense interest to both countries; and, so soon as England can find a little rest from foreign politics and colonial troubles to consider them, a new movement will crop up in favor of a revision of the present regulations. Not that there is any prospect of a complete reversal of the policy of free-trade, but the arguments *pro* and *con* must always have considerable value in the United States, where free-trade is pretty certain to become one day a burning question. The English proposition to America is a trifle one-sided, not to say childish: "You farm, and we will manufacture; you send us corn and beef, and we will send you clothing and knives and forks." America has a laudable ambition to be something more than a mere tiller of the soil; and one of these days, if their cousins in the Old Country are not careful, they will find that free-trade has reduced the people to be mere "diggers and delvers in the bowels of the earth;" for England is emptying her iron mines into the lap of Belgium and France (not to mention America and other countries), and receiving her own raw material manufactured into iron goods of all kinds, which in her own markets undersell her own manufactures. It is a fact that hundreds of Englishmen earn their livelihood by getting iron ore and smelting it into bars for Continental workmen ("artists in metals," compared to the English miners) to manufacture into useful and ornamental articles for English markets. It is just as well to remind American Protectionists that there are thousands of intellectual men in England who are anti-free-traders, and who see in the Cobden Club the "dry rot" of a great and glorious country. At the same time, wise and thoughtful men see the faults of both extremes, rigid protection and severe free-trade. There is a "law of expediency" represented in the axiom of "cutting your coat according to your cloth," which both sides are too apt to ignore.

II.

Recently, at Bradford, in Yorkshire, my business being to gauge its commercial condition and prospects, and gather information as to the effect of foreign competition (American more particularly) on the local mills, I lost no time in using my introduction to the chief merchant in the town, dealing principally with the United States. A frank, outspoken Englishman, I had no difficulty in at once eliciting his testimony upon the state of trade in Bradford, and his views concerning the policy which should be pursued to restore its waning prosperity. I venture to reproduce, if not the exact words, at least the spirit, of our interview:

"You want to know what I think about the commercial relations of England and America. Well, I wish we had to fight on more equal terms, that's all."

"You think the United States selfish in her tariffs, probably? But you were not always free-traders in Bradford."

"I wish we were not now. Free-trade is ruining us. Americans have a right to stick up their duties; I don't complain of that. What I want is for us to do the same. I want to meet them on equal terms. Protection for protection, free-trade for free-trade. There is not a merchant anywhere who has a higher opinion of America than I have. That is the reason I do not think we can hold our own on the present conditions."

"Yet your house has the reputation of flourishing?"

"And so it is, but only by dint of personal attention and everlasting energy. My profits have not decreased during the depression of the last few years. Why? I make my money out of specialities. But that means a continual strain on inventive power, and how long it may be successful I can't say. Let me give you some examples of the changes which have taken place in my establishment. We used, in the fall, to do a large trade in 7¼ Coburgs—30,000 to 40,000 pieces; we don't do 1000 now. Once we had a fine business in low muslin-de-laines. We sent them to America by the ship-load; not a yard of it goes out now. Then we did a great deal in what is called 'low figures,' at from 4*d.* to 5*d.* per yard. These goods commanded a business all the year round. I don't suppose 5000 pieces a year go out now, all told. As for staple goods, our business is not worth talking of. We make a hit every now and then in specialities which America has not got, and which there is no time to imitate to keep pace with fashion. But of course everybody can't live on specialities. There are splendid mills in Bradford at this moment that I would not have at a gift, if I was compelled to work them. There is a lot of money in this place, and many of our capitalists and manufacturers can afford, year after year, to lose large sums in the hope that better times are coming; but the better times may be too long postponed, and men do not care to go on forever sinking money and waiting. So far as I am concerned, the year my business does not pay I go out of it. Free-trade is, no doubt, a good thing if you can get plenty of it; but a free-trade that hampers my goods for export with heavy duties that my competitor is free from is rather a one-sided business. It is all very well to say we are suffering from bad harvests and Indian famines; but I fail to see how they bear upon the fact that America and other countries are invading our foreign trade. The United States are making goods for themselves which we used to sell them, and they are also exporting to our home markets. I don't complain of that. Americans are of the same stock as ourselves. I would like to see them prosperous. But the time has arrived when they should meet us on equal terms; and, if they won't, I am for having our Government equalize the competition by duties on England's staple manufactures."

These political views of the American merchant—men in the North are American or Indian merchants, according to the country with which they trade—are not shared in by the leading Liberals of Bradford; and there are also Conservatives who still remain staunch Free-traders. The local Chamber of Commerce is very pronounced in its free-trade principles. It was only the other day that Mr. Bright unveiled a statue of Cobden at Bradford, upon which occasion the council of the Chamber presented an address to Mr. Bright, in which they said: "Mainly to you, and to the great and good man whose memory we are met to honor, it is that England owes the repeal of the Corn-laws, which conferred on her toiling millions the boon of untaxed bread. The great measure was followed by a treaty with which the name of Cobden will ever be associated. By it the barriers were forever thrown down which, until then, had closed France and other countries against British fabrics, as if their importation was an evil to be guarded against by the whole power of the State. Thanks to the teaching of experience, those, even, who formerly were strongly opposed to free-trade, are now compelled to admit that a less restricted interchange of commodities has already benefited the importing as much as the exporting countries. We may, therefore, hope that before long all civilized nations will recognize the truth that the interests of the producers and consumers, as well as those of employer and employed, can alone be permanently secured by the unreserved application of free-trade principles to international commerce."

If this hope could be realized, I suppose the lion would lie down with the lamb, and all would be peace and good-will. I shall not stop to consider how free-trade, pure and simple, would affect struggling countries in their efforts to establish manufacturing industries. But it is pretty clear that the philanthropical hopes of the Bradford Chamber are a long way from fulfilment. The very report of the Chamber, in which the address to Mr. John Bright is printed, is full of complaints about foreign tariffs, and at the same time shows how earnestly and energetically the Chamber works in trying to influence those foreign governments which persist in managing their own affairs in their own way. The Franco-Italian treaty is discussed; and the Council hopes it will be able to enforce a consideration of the claims of the Bradford worsted district. "The council, and, indeed, the whole country, were amazed and irritated when it became known that the Spanish Government had issued a tariff by which all countries, except England, France, and the United States, were to enjoy much lower duties than those three countries, under the pretext that Spain did not there enjoy the most-favored-nation treatment." Then, again, says the Bradford Chamber, "even free-trade Switzerland, which owes all her industrial prosperity to her export trade, has not resisted the universal mania for imposing higher duties on the importation of textiles." Here is their view of the state of affairs in the United States: "Although," says the Bradford Council, "there is no tariff treaty between this country and the United States, yet it appears that the highly pro-

tective tariff of that country has produced its necessary result of impoverishing this country, and destroying the export trade, without, apparently, being accompanied by the enrichment of the monopolists. There appears to be in the United States a spreading desire for removing these shackles off her industry, and signs are everywhere apparent of the principle of free-trade being adopted daily by increasing numbers."

This is hardly the case. The signs are rather to the contrary; and I may mention in this place, without any disrespect to the earnest upholders of Free-trade, that, as a rule, they show a tendency to shirk facts, and put a false color upon figures that tell against them. The addresses which they publish, the letters they print, the speeches they make, indicate a stronger effort to maintain their arguments than to arrive at the truth. Like the police with a pet theory concerning some particular crime, they are apt to put aside evidence which is unfavorable to the one idea; and in doing so they sometimes sacrifice truth on the broad altar of error. Let me instance a case in point. There are two gentlemen at Bradford who are respectively authorities on the great question of the day. Mr. Behrens is a Free-trader in practice and in theory (I found no Protectionists even in Bradford who were not willing to have Free-trade the law of the whole world); and Mr. T. H. Mitchell is in favor of the enforcement of certain retaliatory tariffs against protectionist competitors, which is, I take it, the meaning of reciprocity. Now, Mr. Behrens, in support of his arguments against any change in the present trading regulations, stated that the English imports of foreign manufactured goods in 1877 amounted only to £34,000,000. Whereupon Mr. Mitchell compiles from the Blue-book (and I have carefully revised his abstract) the following interesting details, which not only put Mr. Behrens out of court, but show us exactly where the industrial shoe pinches:

IMPORTS OF MANUFACTURED ARTICLES FOR 1877.

Article	Value
Arms, ammunition, etc.	£222,905
Works of art	120,820
Beads	70,516
Books	157,293
Bronze	85,765
Caoutchouc manufactures	86,676
Chemical manufactures	1,056,466
Porcelain-ware	279,888
Clocks	513,387
Cable yarn	542,048
Cork manufactures	491,503
Hosiery	1,278,495
Earthen-ware	85,231
Embroidery and needle-work	84,609
Manufactures of farinaceous substances	500,077
Artificial flowers	588,828
Yarn stocks	16,039
Manufactures of hair	116,510
Hats and bonnets	216,581
Iron and steel	2,845,872
Lace	521,384
Other manufactures	19,124
Leather manufactures and gloves	2,246,348
Linen yarn and manufactures	575,401
Manufactured metal	80,281
Musical instruments	615,702
Painters' colors	759,552
Paper	1,283,455
Perfumery	104,894
Pictures, photographs, etc.	544,675
Prints	50,309
Silks, velvets, etc.	12,969,496
Manufactures of skins and furs	160,102
Manufactures of stone and marble	636,503
Stationery	100,212
Toys	444,829
Watches	504,164
Yarn and manufactures of wool	6,989,666
Zinc manufactures	416,135
Manufactures of furniture and veneers	489,455
Manufactures of tobacco and snuff	329,278
Manufactures of gold	105,232
Fittings and joiners' work	120,524
Confectionery	373,970
Buttons and studs	569,698
Candles	478,659
Unenumerated manufactures	5,748,653
Cotton, yarn, and manufactures	866,108
Total	£47,463,227

IMPORTATION OF ARTICLES PARTLY MANUFACTURED AND OF DOUBTFUL CLASSIFICATION.

Article	Value
Copper, unwrought and part wrought	£2,888,371
Drugs	481,501
Dye stuffs	658,885
Hides, tanned	2,029,502
Hides curried and japanned	797,562
Hides enamelled	126,658
Carried forward	£6,982,479

IMPORTATION OF ARTICLES PARTLY MANUFACTURD AND OF DOUBTFUL CLASSIFICATION.

Article	Value
Brought forward	£6,982,479
Chemical or perfumed oil	237,484
Dressed and tanned goat-skins	643,867
Sheep and lambs' skins	356,298
Tin, in bars or slabs	961,398
Pig and sheet lead	2,016,803
Wood, planed and dressed	12,405,729
Stoves	738,928
Refined sugar	5,794,232
Cheese	4,771,393
Butter	9,543,332
Total	£44,451,943

Let it be noted that we make all these things in England, and that we used to export many of them to the very countries which are now selling them to us. Whether such facts tell for or against the practice of English Free-trade or not, it is folly to ignore them. The area of political discussion is something like Mark Twain's mountain, where the cold is so intense that you can't speak the truth there. There is a sentiment, too, in the faith of Free-traders which even carries away the judgment of John Bright himself. I hope to say this with all respect for the reputation of the most successful politician of our time. But in a letter which he has written to a citizen of Bradford he says he is not afraid that the "heresy or lunacy" of "reciprocity" will "make much way among the working-classes." Surely Mr. Bright ought to know that the working-classes are Protectionists, root and branch, tooth and nail. In every action of their lives, public and private, they are Protectionists. There is no port-wine Tory, even in caricature, so severe a Protectionist as your British working-man. His trades-union is the very heart and soul of Protection. His shop regulations are as far from the principles of Free-trade as Mr. Bright from argument when he calls those who differ from him lunatics. This everlasting toadying to the working-man has ruined many honest and worthy toilers. It has placed them in the hands of professional agitators. It has created a self-elected tyranny over skilled labor. It has brought about a rule of King Stork. It has levelled skill and industry down to incompetency and idleness. It has made Mr. Eccles a possibility and Mr. Broadhead a reality. It has handicapped British industry in a race in which it already carried weight; and, before we get back again anywhere near to the place we have lost, it will put the working-classes on a level, in hours and wages, with the toilers of the Continent, and drive millions of them to seek a living in other lands.

There is another point in Mr. Bright's letter which is not ingenuous. He says: "The 'distress' in the country was ten times greater in the period from 1839 to 1842 than it has been from 1877 to the present time, or than it is at this moment, although in the former period we had protection as much as Parliament and the law could give." This argument is weakened when, on the other hand, Mr. Bright is reminded that in the period from 1847 to 1851, when Protection was dead and buried, there was even more distress than ever. Government had lent to Scotland and Ireland £8,000,000 to relieve the poor. One in seven of the population received extraneous help. We are only, in 1881, just at the end of the latest Irish famine. It is as absurd to credit all our prosperity to free-trade as it is to say that all our present trouble arises from the want of protection. The arrogance of the Free-trader who flings the epithets "simpleton" and "lunatic" in the teeth of men who unostentatiously ask for "Reciprocity" is only equalled by the utter weakness of his one great argument. "Look at the success of Free-trade," he says. "It has done everything both for consumer and producer: it has advanced our manufactures; it has increased wages, cheapened bread; it has made the country rich; it has pushed trade to an increase beyond all competitors." We are in the habit of accepting this without inquiry; and it rarely occurs to an opponent even to venture a suggestion that education, political freedom, increase of population, inventive genius, the progress of science, the development of steam-power, railway accommodation, steam shipping, and the world's general advance, have also had something to do with England's prosperity. The truth is, we are all Free-traders in theory, and nobody cared to question the proud authors of its acceptation in England when they attributed every blessing under heaven to Free-trade. But this popular fiction is exposed statistically by a writer in *Blackwood*, who shows that between 1850 and 1873, while British trade (counting exports and imports) rose from £186,000,000 to £570,000,000, Protectionist France went up from £74,000,000 to £291,000,000. During the same period the trade of the United States ("the most protected of countries") rose from £60,000,000 to £235,000,000. During the time of these advances France had her great war with Germany, America her internecine strife of North against South, and in the latter encounter England obtained many special and exclusive trading advantages. Now, if Mr. Bright and his friends claim that British trade progress was the result of Free-trade, the "lunatics" and "simpletons," who ask if it is really true, have a right to say that the greater commercial strides made by France and the United States were due to Protection. There is an impatience of argument in the Bright school which has borne down all opposition at home, but which has not influenced the foreigner or the colonist, both of whom, so far from helping the Manchester party to fulfil its prophecy that all other countries would eventually imitate the example of England, are increasing their protective duties. From this stand-point Mr. Bright, were he inclined to compromise with "Reciprocity," might say that Free-trade is now unfairly handicapped; that the evident disadvantages under which certain industries are suffering demand investigation; but this would be to discredit the time when he preached cheap bread, and had a large loaf carried before him to the meetings at Durham, where he quoted the "Corn-law Rhymes," and made the multitude alternately weep and cheer under the influence of his eloquence. One almost envies the men who had the privilege of listening to him in those days of his strength. It is a pity he cannot be prevailed upon to visit America, where he is so much admired. They are naturally eloquent, our cousins of the United States; but John Bright has a tongue unmatched for its cunning sweetness and its manly strength. It would be as well for him if he were not entrapped into letter-writing. He thinks better on his legs than through his pen. He has lived long enough to show that he is not a writer, nor a statesman; but he is the most successful politician of his time, and probably the greatest orator that ever dominated the passions of a crowd or took prisoner the reason of a multitude. Expediency, I expect, is not in his vocabulary. It is, nevertheless, open to question whether the thing that is good for a nation at one period may not be bad for it at another.

The points which Free-traders, who refuse inquiry into the present condition of things, persistently ignore are, the gradual falling off of our exports, and the equally certain and steady rise of our imports, coupled with the improved manufacturing methods of other countries, which for the first time in the history of English industrial supremacy have shown that they can make the very goods upon which we pride ourselves better and cheaper than we do—I do not say than we can.

The duties of the two periods before and after Protection was not aggravated by the fact that the world had shown itself capable of manufacturing for itself; nor had the foreigner, while shutting us out of his ports, come into our own with competing wares. The situation to-day has no parallel in the past, and the difficulties of it are not to be pooh-poohed.* If England is to become

* One part of Mr. Gladstone's Budget speech is likely to be of permanent interest. The parallel which he drew as to the relative progress of public wealth, population, and expenditure in recent years, compared with former periods, is calculated to arrest attention, if not by the force with which it is drawn, at least by the authority of the speaker. To have a financier of Mr. Gladstone's authority asserting as a fact that the public wealth is not advancing as formerly, and that public expenditure is growing faster, is something entirely unexpected, and different from the general notions of our national progress which are current. . . . Mr. Gladstone's statements were briefly as

a mere residential country, then the fate of our mills and factories is of no great moment; but, if we are to maintain our position as a great manufacturing nation, the traders who pay taxes at home and duties abroad should be heard and legislated for when they say, "Place the foreigner on an equality with us in our home markets at least." This seems to me to be as far as "the simpletons" go at present. Their first request is only for official inquiry into the entire question. That they are entitled to this, and possibly to much more, is shown by the figures previously quoted.

In further illustration of the justice of their demands, I propose to instance an interview with Mr. Shepard, the American consul at Bradford. He received me with the frank courtesy which invariably characterizes officials of the United States. Charged with all kinds of information belonging to his department, I found him better informed than most of the gentlemen I had met in the Midlands, so far as the trading relations of America and England are concerned. It will be convenient to publish the result of my inquiries in the shape of question and answer, having received the consul's permission to do so:

Q. As to the trade of Bradford, what is its position and prospects?

A. It is gravely depressed—I am speaking of exports—and there are no signs that it is likely to recover. The English policy of philanthropy seems to me to be proving unsuccessful. There should be secrets in all trades. England has not thought so. She has shown every stranger everything. The world has learned in English shops and factories. England has appeared to have thought the capacity of her workmen, the power of her machinery, the ingenuity of her inventors, and her general wealth sufficient to defy competition. But the world advances. Moreover, England has made vast preparations for increasing trade, and put up more machinery than she can use. As for Bradford, a great deal of her trade has gone never to return, though necessarily there will always be a vast industrial life in the town and neighborhood.

Q. It has often occurred to me that there is an undercurrent of sentiment in regard to our enthusiasm about free-trade; and your phrase, "The English policy of philanthropy," borders on the same idea. We are proud of our enlightenment, proud to stand before the world the only nation that has the courage of its opinions; and our success hitherto has no doubt been a high moral justification.

A. No doubt. I think I put it more liberally when I call it a policy of philanthropy.

Q. It is the habit of an Englishman to underrate his country, the privilege of a foreigner to be complimentary. The Bradford Chamber of Commerce believes that there is a great Free-trade community growing up in America. Is that so?

A. I do not know; but I think the time has arrived when the United States may safely and profitably lower her duties on many classes of English goods.

Q. What are the articles of trade in exported goods from the Bradford Consular District to the United States?

A. They are very numerous. They include buntings, card clothing, carpets and mats, China grass, cotton and worsted warps, cotton goods, cured sheepskins, glass, hair, iron and steel, leather, linen, machinery, roller-cloth, sewing-cotton, shawls, silk-work, dry-salters' goods, stuff goods, velvets, wool, woollen goods, worsted and cotton, worsted goods, and yarns. For the quarter ending September, 1878, as compared with that of 1877, there is a decrease in exports of these goods of $16,173.

Q. Can you give me the totals for a number of years past in English sovereigns?

A. Yes; here they are for eleven years:

From Oct. 1,	1867	to Sept. 30,	1868..	£1,769,764	8*s.*	2*d.*
" "	1868	" "	1869..	2,670,482	3	11
" "	1869	" "	1870..	2,866,315	14	5
" "	1870	" "	1871..	3,240,561	1	6
" "	1871	" "	1872..	3,687,269	1	11
" "	1872	" "	1873..	3,267,574	5	8
" "	1873	" "	1874..	2,844,512	8	1
" "	1874	" "	1875..	2,409,790	7	4
" "	1875	" "	1876..	1,479,150	1	8
" "	1876	" "	1877..	1,463,128	17	4
" "	1877	" "	1878..	1,140,024	2	0

Q. These are startling figures; and it appears to me that, without looking to other displacements of Bradford trade, they are sufficient to account for much of the current distress.* And now will you kindly tell me in what way you conceive America will further promote her trading on this side?

A. There is still a wide field for agricultural implements and mechanics' tools, which are more and more liked in England. We ought to do a trade in American choice woods. The black walnut-wood, properly introduced, would speedily grow in favor here. I think we could face competition between American lumber and Norwegian woods, which find such a constant market in England. Watches, butter, cheese, beef—we are doing all we can in that way. Dried and preserved fruits is a trade which ought to be greatly increased: the exports to England are already large; but this trade is quite in its infancy.

Q. Have you any plan for extending the sale of American goods? It seems to me that the manufactures of the States are, after all, comparatively little known.

A. The same idea has occurred to me; and I have proposed that several leading United States merchants and manufacturers should combine, and pay the expenses of a clever, reliable man to travel continually from one end of England to the other, introducing and making known to dealers the various American articles which are cheaper and better than the same or similar things in England; a vast increase would immediately take place in sales. Though our exports are rising, our manufactures are not sufficiently known. As this knowledge grows the sale of American manufactures in England will increase.

Q. Do you find any prejudice against American goods?

A. A little here and there; but it is dying out daily, and my experience is that there is a genuine kindly feeling for America on the part of the English people.

Q. Now, in regard to Free-trade, which once more threatens to become the burning question of the day in England, if not also a subject of first-class importance in the United States, what are your views as an American?

A. I have no hesitation in saying that I think America is strong enough to make a considerable revision of her tariff.

Q. Upon what goods more particularly?

A. On the raw material of woollen manufactures, including dye-stuffs such as are not made in the United States. I would abolish those duties altogether. It would enable the American manufacturer to compete with England in foreign markets, and render a protective duty on worsted and all woollen goods unnecessary. A simple *ad valorem* duty might be retained for the purposes of revenue.

Q. Have you said this in your reports to Washington?

A. I have, with all respect, of course, to the superior wisdom of my Government. Trade, I hold, must to a certain extent be reciprocal; and it is only natural that England should the more freely buy our goods as we become more profitable to her. If it is a fact that America is suffering from superabundance rather than poverty, her greatest boon would be increased facilities for selling her surplus products in foreign countries. I recently put a series of questions to the Tariff Committee of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce which bear upon these questions, and I transmitted the answers in a special report to Washington, without further comment than an endorsement of the honesty and honorable position of the gentlemen who answered them. They are all more or less Free-trade arguments; and, without committing ourselves in support of them or against them, you may like to examine the documents.

III.

I did so, and with the following results: Mr. Jacob Behrens, Chairman of the Chamber, is of opinion that "a revival of mutually advantageous interchange of commodities is not to be expected while a prohibitory tariff prevents commercial enterprise from fulfilling its legitimate functions; but commercial enterprise on both sides of the Atlantic will certainly be ready to step in the moment that legislation shall give free scope to the merchants' operations. It is well understood that England levies no duties upon either the raw or the manufactured produce of the United States, and is willing to buy her raw cotton or bacon, as well as her shirtings, watches, locomotives, or sewing-machines, provided they are as cheap or cheaper than they can produce at home." The present exports to the United States consist, in a great measure, of fancy articles worn by the rich, who look more to fashion than to price, and of light and high-priced cloths, which are subject to varying duties at from 60 to 100 per cent. "Woollens intended for the great mass of the people are taxed so highly that they are virtually excluded. Thus a superfine black broadcloth may possibly be bought in New York at not more than double its price in Europe; while a good quality of black pilot, worth 1*s.* 8*d.* per yard, cannot be sold to the American laborer at less than four to five times the price at which an operative in England may procure that good, useful, and warm material for his coat. It may safely be assumed that the law-making powers never contemplated such consequences when they framed the present tariff, and yet the above is merely an example among many, and an illustration of its practical results." On Bradford dress-goods the general American duty charges vary from 60 to 80 per cent. In many cases the exigencies of the tariff, which in buntings reaches 125 per cent., are met by the manufacture of inferior goods. Touching heavy woollen goods, the Chairman of the Chamber goes on to say that the duty on every kind of cloth is uniformly 50 cents per pound weight, and 35 per cent. of the value; and, taking the average value of mixed woollens at 1*s.* 4*d.* per pound, the duty amounts to 156 per cent. of the cost, and with 35 per cent. added, the total of the combined duties amounts to 191 per cent. *ad valorem.* These are a few only of the instances set forth which seem to call for an early revision at Washington. Mr. William Brown, of the well-known firm of Stansfield, Brown, & Co., makes the following indictment against the United States: "The duties levied on serge de Berri and lasting, used largely in the manufacture of boots and shoes in America, have to submit to a duty of 50 cents per pound, and 35 per cent. *ad valorem.* A piece of serge de Berri, weighing 14 pounds and costing 50*s.*, pays duty £1 10*s.* 4*d.* for weight and 17*s.* 6*d.* for value, or £2 7*s.* 10*d.* per piece, or about 94 per cent. on cost in this market. Now mark! the consumer has to pay a profit to the importer and to the boot and shoe maker, not only on the cost here, but also on the cost there, after payment of the duty, rendering the price enormous, to the great detriment of the customer and injury of trade. This duty is levied on an article—I had almost said a raw material—for the manufacture of boots and shoes, in which America employs so

---

follows: In the sixteen years from 1842 to 1858 the population increased 1-3d per. cent. per annum, the revenue 1¼ per cent. per annum, and the expenditure 2½ per cent. per annum. In the following fourteen years, 1859 to 1873, the population increased 1 per cent. per annum, revenue 3 per cent. per annum, and expenditure 1¼ per cent. per annum. But since 1873 the sun of our prosperity has set. . . . —*The Times*, April 6th, 1881.

* Worsteds, alpacas, silks (the former more particularly), are among the chief trades of Bradford. The following figures will tell their own story: The *imports* of silks were £12,264,532 in 1875, and they have maintained these figures, the returns for 1879 being £12,841,918. The *exports* were in 1875, £1,734,519; and they have gradually fallen to £1,697,209. Even the little trade the French Treaty left us is gradually falling away. In 1875 we *imported* £4,308,357 woollen manufactures. This has gradually increased to £5,637,675 in 1879. In 1875 we *exported* woollen manufactures, £21,659,325. This business has gone down year by year to £15,861,166 in 1879. Bradford seems especially fated to suffer from French treaties. The proposed change from *ad valorem* to specific duties in the new tariff will handicap the cheap alpaca and woollen trades to the extent of an added 15 per cent.

many thousands of hands, and in making the machinery for which she beats almost all other nations. This system has ruined their large export trade, as attested by General Francis A. Walker, chief of the Bureau of Awards at the Philadelphia International Exhibition, in his report on the boot and shoe exhibit. The natural results of such a system have been the gradual strangling of the trade between the two countries, or the transference of what is left into the hands of the smuggler, the briber, or the perjurer, a system which robs the exchequer and impoverishes the consumer. Every respectable house on this side of the Atlantic has been compelled to abandon the trade, and I regret to state that this condition of things has been produced by the high import duties of the United States." Mr. Brown concludes by recommending, in the mutual interests of America and England, a total abolition of the duties on weight or measure, and the imposition of such a moderate *ad valorem* duty "as will make fraud not worth risking, and which, I am satisfied, will in time produce the largest revenue to the American Government."

"Very interesting documents these," I said: "Free-traders of Bradford seem rather to despair of the situation. A course of that policy of threat and intimidation which was originally proposed for the Turk might possibly induce the American Government to give way?"

A. You gather an indication of something of the kind from these papers? Or from local opinion?

Q. From both. You must have heard a good deal about retaliatory measures?

A. Yes; half in earnest, half in banter, and not without desire on the part of some. I hear arguments used in favor of putting a tariff on American produce, while admitting that from British colonies free. Even men who have formerly been staunch Free-traders favor this idea. Some of these gentlemen say that such a measure should be passed in retaliation for the high duties of the United States; others argue that if England is to help any one gratuitously, it should be her own subjects, and that a duty on American produce and free imports to the colonies would benefit and encourage the British dependencies, and make England independent of American cereals and provisions; and they say if the trade once left the United States it would never return again. In that case they would urge the Government to use its influence upon Australia, New Zealand, and India to devote themselves to the production of cereals and wool, while Canada, being nearer the mother country, should turn her special attention to beef, pork, butter, and cheese.

Q. Do you think such legislation is seriously contemplated?

A. No, not at present; but things are culminating to a point at which something has to be done. Extreme cases require extreme remedies.

Q. And you think America might fairly make the first move?

A. I am of opinion—take it as my individual opinion, for what it is worth—that America has been quite right in fostering and protecting her manufactures; but that the time has arrived when she is strong enough to stand an open competition in regard to many of her productions, and that she would do well to reduce her tariffs.

Since this interview Mr. Mitchell has been elected to the presidency of the Bradford Chamber, and Mr. Shepard has called my attention to that gentleman's report as judge at the Paris Exhibition. "We cannot," he says, "hope to resume our position of supremacy on the old lines. If we would be successful we must adapt ourselves to the changes of taste and fashion that are forever occurring, and not seek to keep the world bound to the acceptance of the same kind of goods from year to year." On this point I have returned to my inquiries.

Q. I have only one desire in my investigations—to arrive at the truth. Do you think a change of fashion has done all the mischief from which Bradford is suffering?

A. No. The taste for lustreless goods has, without doubt, been a great immediate cause of the local gloom, the alpaca, mohair, and other lustre wools having represented a large manufacture; but were lustre goods again reinstated in favor England would have nothing like the old demand from America, France, or Germany, for the reason that these countries are manufacturing so largely themselves.

Q. In short, the trade has found another channel?

A. Just so.

Q. Inasmuch as a new country is justified in promoting manufactures by protective duties, do you think that a decaying trade should be similarly bolstered up?

A. I don't think England can afford to carry any extra weight. With the whole world protecting, England could win in the commercial contest so long as she monopolized the manufactures. Formerly it mattered not how late she started in the race, or how heavily she was loaded with wages and short hours; but now, instead of a walk-over, she has a hotly-contested race to run. She has to face a wonderfully close-pressing competition, with the addition of hostile tariffs against her everywhere. The majority of the people of England still believe in Free-trade. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, it would seem that their doctrines are getting very much discredited at present.

Q. Some months ago I had a conversation with an iron proprietor and manufacturer, who is, I believe, transferring his capital from England to Belgium or America. The absence of reciprocity in our Free-trade and the tyranny of trades-unions combined had beaten him.

"I have," he said, "recently been travelling on the Continent. I went through some large iron manufacturing and engineering works in France. I found one man attending to three lathes. In England the trade societies compel us to have one man to each lathe. Our regulation working time is nine hours a day. In France they work twelve. Our wages are from five to six shillings per day. The man working three lathes is paid in France from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings and fourpence. They were building at these works locomotive engines for the South-eastern Railway of England. Calculating the difference of wages, hours, lathes, etc., I found that in England we are paying twenty shillings for what the French manufacturer pays two shillings and sixpence."

To this must be added the fact that we export iron to France free of duty, and we let into England the manufactured article free; so that we give France the raw material, which she can manufacture and send back at a price that beats English enterprise in its own market. Belgium takes our pig-iron and manufactures it into rails, which she sells in Yorkshire below the English manufacturer's price.

"In England," continued my friend, "you are aware that in every contract there is a clause inserted protecting the contractor from penalties in case of a strike. Now, Krupp, the great gunmaker, has no necessity for this clause; he gets cheap and free labor, and he is manufacturing steel rails for England at a very much less price than we can make them, even when he has paid freight and other charges."

A. An endorsement, in fact, of our mutual views as to the way in which England is handicapped by unreciprocal Free-trade and the worst form of Protection practised in her midst by her working-men.

With the tendency already noticed to create protective tariffs against England on the part of Italy, Spain, France, and Russia, the entire world bristling with high import duties, and at the same time increasing their own powers of production, invading our own markets, and fighting us abroad, it is idle to talk merely of over-production and trade disputes. The dispute between capital and labor, laxity of commercial honor, the production of inferior goods to meet high tariffs, too extensive a preparation for trade that has not come to us—these and other things have to be considered, no doubt; but the one great, glaring fact which has to be accepted in England before anything is done to repair the past and legislate for the future is, that the world no longer depends on England for iron and steel manufactured and unmanufactured, for cotton and woollen goods, for hardware and cutlery, and the thousand and one things in which England has had a practical monopoly for so many years, while England does depend on foreign countries for food. When British politicians and political economists will look this thing squarely in the eye it will be possible for that "something" to be done which everybody is beginning to say must be done.

IV.

Cities have physiognomical characteristics, as men have. The streets answer for the faces; you can read them both. You might idealize Sheffield as a grimy smith, strong, sinewy, with frowning brows, leaning upon a broken anvil; Bradford as a factory operative, with keen eyes and hollow cheeks, sulkily contemplating the silent works of a model factory, with its spindles that no longer spin, and its shuttles that have ceased to fly. Birmingham, in contrast, would be the handy man of the workshop, the Whiteley of industries, who makes his warehouse a universal store, and, one line of business being depressed, turns his attention to another. Jack-of-all-trades, Birmingham is the Cheap John of commerce. These similes are not used disrespectfully; they are intended to signify variety, activity, many-sidedness. There is no room for the cynic to rejoin to Jack-of-all-trades, "Master of none;" and in the other figure the parallel would be to a trader who studies his customers and supplies their wants; who watches the market and obeys its demands; who, manufacturing a locomotive, is still not above doing business in pins; who makes an idol for Indian worshippers, and laughs at the credulous; though he sets up a shadow which he calls principle, and falls down before it himself with Oriental devotion.

It is a notable fact, taken in connection with trade depression at any time, that Birmingham will usually look busy and be busy. The civic authorities rarely pause in their work of local improvements. Recently, when I visited the town, while Sheffield and Leeds and Bradford and Liverpool were sadly quiet, the Birmingham authorities were building a magnificent municipal hall, designing and constructing new streets, decorating the town buildings up to the artistic spirit of the age. The leading idea seems to be to go ahead and not look back; the reckoning will come later. Sober burgesses shook their heads when one talked to them about the prospects of trade.

Nevertheless, Birmingham manufactures such a variety of articles that the town manages to hold its own at all times better than its neighbors. No district is so independent of trade crises, because—unlike many English industrial centres—it is not confined to one or two staple manufactures. It is difficult to mention a single commodity which is not made at Birmingham—from a needle to a railway train. Guns, buttons, nails, locks, wood-screws, railway bolts and spikes, needles, pins, Indian idols, saddles, watches, jewellery, bedsteads, pots and pans, bronzes, electro-plate, and a thousand other things, come handy to the manufacturers of Birmingham. From 1804 to 1815, 1,743,382 muskets were made here for the Board of Ordnance, in addition to 84,507 of a new pattern from 1814 to 1817, making a total of 1,827,889. Besides these, from 1804 to 1817 Birmingham made for the Board of Ordnance 3,037,644 gun and other fire-arm barrels, 2,879,203 locks for rifles and pistols, 1,000,000 guns for the East Indies, and 500,000 fowling-pieces for the home trade. Belgium, France, and America have greatly interfered with this trade. It is a startling fact that, during the late war between Russia and Turkey, Birmingham did but a small trade for either country, while America supplied both with vast stores of arms. Russia felt the superior quality of the American rifle in the hands of the Turk on many a bloody field.

In 1830 Birmingham employed 50,000 men, women, and children in the nail-trade; in 1861, 26,000; in 1874, 23,000; and in 1877, about 21,000. The adjacent towns of Willenhall and

Wolverhampton probably make more locks than any other two towns in the world. The average production is estimated at 4,500,000 locks per year, including all varieties — pad, cabinet, till, box, and other kinds. The oldest and principal lock firm in Willenhall is that of Messrs. Carpenter & Co., who commenced business in 1795. Messrs. Chubb, the principal Wolverhampton manufacturers, date their operations from about the same period. The wood-screw trade is a great industry in Birmingham. In 1873 one firm alone (Nettlefold & Chamberlain) made 7,200,000 gross of screws. The aggregate quantity annually turned out in all England is 9,000,000 gross, or 1,296,000,000. Time was when this article was exported to the United States. America has now her own screw company, which holds, on the other side, a similar position to Nettlefold's here and Jaffy Brothers in France.

The Birmingham Screw Company (Limited) also does a large trade in ordinary times; and here let me premise that the figures I am about to quote represent the normal condition of the local manufactures. The nut and bolt trade is usually on a vast scale, occupying about 3500 hands. Darlaston also does a large trade in this business, though at present the industry is under a cloud.

Birmingham is the great button-market. Millions of buttons are turned out monthly. From 1865 to 1870 pearl buttons annually used 1000 tons of mother-of-pearl shells. The failure of the Central American fisheries has reduced this to 300 tons; and the trade would have been literally extinguished but for the discovery of the necessary shell on the east and west coast of North Australia. In addition to these shells, the button trade consumes annually 800 tons of ivory nuts (vegetable ivory), 500 tons of brass, 1000 tons of latten and other iron, the value of which, with tinned plate and the mother-of-pearl shells previously mentioned, reaches the enormous sum of £241,000 per year for button materials. It is calculated that England manufactures 50,000,000 pins every day, of which 37,000,000 are made in Birmingham. The saddles made here are pre-eminent and famous all over the world. Electro-plating had its rise in Birmingham, and at a recent date employed 21,530 men and women. A kindred industry —the manufacture of all kinds of vessels, cups, teapots, etc., in white metal—is now greatly extending in America.

Perry & Co., Mason, and Gillott are familiar names as penmakers. A "Gillott" is often used as the opposite to a quill, the name of the famous maker having become synonymous with steel pen. Their manufactories are all here; and they make 900,000,000 pens a year. The glass trade is an enormous one. In three local glass-works £120,000 a year is paid in wages. The 2500 workmen employed use 165,000 tons of coal, 10,000 tons of sand, 4500 tons of alkali, 3500 tons of limestone, producing 17,000 tons of glass. In five and a half years, at the mint of Messrs. J. Watt & Co., were made 606,379,848 bronze and copper coins, or 3317¼ tons of money. Webster & Horsfall produced 30,000 miles of steel telegraph wire in eleven months. The town turns out 500 tons, or 100,000 miles, of wire a year, for tying corks. A year or two ago 6000 iron bedsteads per week represented a local industry; and the brass trade uses up over £2,000,000 of material a year, and employs 10,000 hands. In these days, when it is too much the fashion to run down the warlike power of England, it is worth while to refer to the time between 1804 and 1815, when France, having command of all the workshops of Italy and Belgium in addition to her own, could not equal Birmingham alone in the manufacture of guns. Papier-maché is a special trade: it employs about 750 hands in Birmingham and 600 in Wolverhampton. Ironmongery and edge-tools, pencil-cases, and a miscellaneous class of jewellery and fancy goods, go to keep the town more or less busy; but foreign competition is just now beginning to be seriously felt, and well-founded apprehensions of a steady decline in trade are expressed by all the local authorities with whom I have conversed; and the importance of the subject is pretty well demonstrated by the interesting figures just enumerated.

"Our export trade with America is dead." This was the observation made to me by an eminent member of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce. "A large firm of American merchants, who used to do a large export trade in ironmongery with the United States, no longer sends out a single article, but, instead, sells here American merchandise imported from the States."

"That is," I replied, "a remarkable instance of change, truly. And what is your opinion of the American wares?"

"Excellent," he replied; "they include many ingenious notions; this tap on my gas-burner is an American invention."

He turned on the gas-light as he spoke, and seemed lost in reflection.

"They are a clever people," he said, presently, "and beat us on our own ground; but the tariffs kill us. There was once a famous firm here—Van Wart, relatives of Washington Irving; they did an extensive trade in exports to the States: they closed up their business some time ago. The truth is, the American trade is over; and what a trade it was when I was a boy! Why, sir, the Americans are actually sending us electroplated goods, and there is a French ironmonger in the town! I am a free-trader, but really I think we might try a little protection on countries which trouble us most. I don't know about America, but Spain is abominable. They have made a dead set against us there—28 per cent. worse than any other country they think a fair thing for John Bull."

"But is it not," I asked, "the labor question which hampers the manufacturer in England as much as the want of reciprocity of tariffs?"

"No doubt, no doubt," said the free-trader, as if glad to put the question of protection aside. "Trade-unions and their absurd regulations have done us serious mischief. An instance of this came under my notice recently. A plasterer was at work, attended by a laborer whose wages are 32*s.* a week. The actual labor of that man was not worth half that sum; a boy could have done it; but the trade-union says a man must do it, and his wages be 32*s.* In the building trade bricklaying is regulated to a nicety. A man must only lay a certain number of bricks per day. He must have each brick handed to him by a laborer. The bricklayer must never lay down his trowel; he is to be waited on hand and foot."

"That would be funny in a farce," I suggested. "'Will your honor please to take a brick?' It might be handed to the chief workman on a silver tray."

"That," said the Birmingham trader, "would hardly be an exaggeration of the real state of things in this country."

Mr. J. C. Tildesley, a gentleman who is known in the fields of both journalism and manufactures, in reference to this conversation tells me that it was at Mr. Van Wart's house in Edgbaston that Washington Irving wrote his "Sketch-Book;" and that the partners in Van Wart's old firm are still in business, trading chiefly with America in their own names. As a set-off to the statement that the export trade with America is dead, the same authority informs me that there are two exceptions at least, namely, padlocks and curry-combs; although subject to a heavy duty of something like 40 per cent., these two articles are being sent out in fair quantities to the States from Willenhall. My one desire in these papers is to arrive at the truth, whether the fact be for or against free-trade, in favor of or against reciprocity, opposed to or in support of protection. It goes hard with the export question at Birmingham when its life can only be claimed on the score of padlocks and curry-combs.

There is no safer guide to the condition of local trade than the reports of the Chambers of Commerce. Taking up a recent official record of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, I find the Council declaring that "it is painful to observe that, after so many years' experience of the beneficial operation of free-trade in this country, many foreign governments, and our own colonies, are adopting more restrictive duties. Especially is this the case with Spain and Italy, who seem deliberately to make their tariffs as hostile as possible to England." But, as if to neutralize this first note of the trumpet of protection, the report adds, "Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, your Council desire to record their firm adherence to the principles of free-trade."

There is something truly admirable and eminently characteristic in the firmness with which free-traders, even in the midst of ruin, adhere to their principles; though a leading inhabitant of Birmingham said to me, "I heard Mr. Wright, the leader of the 600 Liberals here (the caucus) declare 'that if he undertook it he could produce such facts and figures as would compel any government to cancel free-trade.'" When the future historian comes to tell the story of free-trade in England he will have to pay tribute to the dignity with which the farmers during the last twenty years have borne their fall from comparative affluence to poverty. To-day, while the American agriculturist is accumulating wealth, the English farmer is a ruined man. The chief source of a nation's prosperity, the cultivation of the soil, is "a played-out industry" in England; while in Ireland hundreds of tenant-farmers, having paid no rent for years, are on strike against paying any more at all. Free-traders who take credit for every kind of industrial and material progress must surely debit themselves with some portion of the general bankruptcy and distress of the cultivators of the soil. To-day Ireland asks for relief with bitterness in her heart and a gun in her hand; to-morrow England will follow suit, but without the gun. Neither of them dare blame free-trade, which is a sort of fetish to the Liberals, and a something the Tories dare not touch, lest they be pointed at and called "lunatics" and "retrogrades;" and so the political world attacks landlords and the present land tenure. But the English farmer knows that he cannot grow wheat in competition with his American rival, and that he is even hit in the matter of stock-raising, and no amount of "tenant-right" and land reform will help him; but he and his family will go to the workhouse, or act on Lord Derby's advice and emigrate, with the happy consciousness that they are victims to the maintenance of a glorious principle, martyrs to the virtue of that self-denying Christianity which, struck on one cheek, turns the other to the smiter.

In the height of our manufacturing distress the honorable member for Birmingham himself spoke with some serious misgivings about the future of England. It was on the occasion of some celebration at Manchester. Mr. Bright was the chief guest at a great banquet. No wonder that, standing on the downhill of life, though at the summit of his greatness, the friend of Cobden, and joint founder of the famous Manchester school in politics, Mr. Bright should experience sensations of sadness as well as of pride. In the great prose writer's "American Note-Book" there is a pathetic suggestion for a story or an essay: "An old man, on a summer day, sits on a hill-top, or on the observatory of his house, and sees the sun's light pass from one object to another connected with the events of his past life—as the school-house, the place where his wife lived in her maidenhood—its setting beams falling on the church-yard." Mr. Bright at Manchester reminded me of Hawthorne's thumb-nail picture. The great politician looked back over his past career and the sun which has set on his political work—for John Bright is white-haired and totters somewhat in his gait, though the lamp of his eloquence burns brightly as ever. There was something peculiarly sorrowful in the anecdotical episode of his speech, in which he referred to a visit to the ruins of Tantallon Castle thirty-five years ago: "As I walked among these ruins my friend Mr. Ashworth stopped me, and turned round, with a look of sadness, and said, 'How long will it be before our great warehouses and factories in Lancashire are as complete a wreck as this castle?' I have thought of that several times—thought of it with sadness, as I think of it now." Then he wandered in eloquent reflection to the great cities that

had fallen in the old days, before Manchester and Liverpool—great mercantile cities on the shores of the Mediterranean, the cities of Phœnicia, the cities of Carthage, Genoa, and Venice. He quoted the words of the poet, singing of the people of Venice:

> "Her daughters had their dowers
> From spoils of nations; and the exhaustless East
> Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers."

While his voice rung out these lines of triumph he was modulating it to the closing words, which he spoke with a pathetic sadness that drew tears from the eyes of a man who related the incident to me with a quivering lip:

> "Venice lost, and won,
> Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
> Sinks like a sea-weed into whence she rose."

The speaker thereupon glanced at the difficulties and dangers, as well as the commercial power and material glory, of England's empire in India, and altogether the "old man eloquent" found in the aspect of affairs little other than thoughts of waning strength and decaying greatness. The *Daily News*, in an editorial article upon the commercial gloom in the midst of which Mr. Bright spoke, refused to lend any sanction to the speculations as to the possible decadence of England, "which has always been beginning in every period of trade depression, and is always forgotten when trade revives." Nevertheless, the signs of a dark and difficult future for England are too numerous and too apparent to be ignored. That the old country will go through the fire, and come out perhaps even the purer and better for the ordeal, may be fairly hoped, when one looks back to find that her past history has been one long triumph over obstacles and troubles sufficient to practically annihilate any other than an Anglo-Saxon nation.

V.

In the autumn of 1878 I paid a visit to the Midlands. I conversed with many farmers in Derbyshire. They were talking a good deal about the comparative failure of the harvest. "The worst of it is," said one of them, "we don't get an increase price for our wheat, as we did years ago when we had a bad harvest; on the contrary, we shall get much less, because not only is the supply short but the quality is bad; we have to stand the open competition of foreign wheat, which is better and more abundant than our own." I asked him what the farmers thought the Government ought to do under the circumstances. "Why," he answered, "it seems to me that the Duke of Rutland was about right in the proposal he made at the Farmers' Club meeting last week." Being asked what his Grace had said, he replied, "The duke was for putting a five-shilling duty on American wheat, and a one-shilling duty on Canadian; and it appears that is the idea which the Mayor of Sheffield also advocated, only the mayor would make it five shillings on all foreign wheat, whether it came from Canada or Russia, America, or anywhere else, and he calculated that the bread-buyers would only suffer by such a tax one-tenth of a penny on the four-pound loaf. But the contribution to the revenue would be very large, and the farmers would only, after all, be benefited to this extent, that the competition between him and the importer would be a little bit more even." I asked him, talking of the opinions of dukes, if he had seen his Grace of Beaufort's letter, expressing an opinion that the British farmer had better give up growing wheat. "Yes, I have seen it, and I don't know but he is right; our weather has for years past made the harvest such an uncertainty that corn-growing has become a sort of lottery, not depending on skill and industry, little influenced by good land, so that the investment of money in it is now just a toss-up as to results. Raising beef and mutton is a certainty compared with wheat, and I intend myself to put every acre which I have had in corn for the last twenty years into pasture."

At Chesterfield, the centre of a vast mineral district, I met a very intelligent and observant merchant, who answered my inquiries as to the improvement in the iron trade somewhat in these terms: "Yes, there is a decided advance within three months; we have received a lot of orders from America at prices which they can't touch on the other side. Even against their tariffs we can go in and beat them; but there is a good deal of artificial activity in the iron trade. There is a ring. We are learning from your American friends. The philosophy of rings is being mastered here with great aptitude. A number of wealthy men in this district and still farther north have clubbed together and put down an enormous sum of money to be invested in pig-iron. Scores of furnaces have been relighted, and already the intelligent and patriotic working-man is harassing the master with applications for increased wages and threats of new strikes. This eminently clever toiler and the scamps who lead him pretend to think that the tide has now fairly turned, and good things have come back again. This laborer is a fool, his adviser a knave, and those who go about honestly expecting the present bit of revival to last are ill-informed. The increasing quantities of iron that are being turned out are not by any means needed for export; some of it, of course, is going away. America has taken a lot, but the remainder is being bought up by the iron ring, which consists not merely of speculators, but of men who are unwilling to see England exhausting her stock of raw material." In order to emphasize his views and crystallize his information, I asked him if he was of opinion that the present revival of trade might possibly last. "No, sir," he replied, "that was the idea I intended to convey to you. Iron will go up in price, because the world must have it, and because we make the best in the world, but the ring will get the biggest pull out of the business; they will make a million or more between now and the spring."*

This same gentleman told me some amusing anecdotes of the colliers, ironstone getters, and puddlers of the district, during the inflation period. "The very men," he said, "who are now having parish relief, and whose families are almost starving, were then earning easily their pound a day, and as a rule they spent every farthing of it. I was in a spirit merchant's shop, when a ganger, a man who had a few others under him, came in and bought for Christmas-day three bottles of port-wine, two of brandy, two bottles of curaçoa, one of cherry brandy, and two bottles of rum. He had a cab at the door, and when he got into it he was the centre of a pile of goods—a turkey, two geese, a sirloin of beef, a hamper of oranges, apples, and nuts, a sack of potatoes, and a great twelfth-cake. That man was earning a little fortune then, and this was the way it went. He is now a pauper. As a general thing neither the pitmen nor the iron-workers saved a penny during the good times. In a public-house not far from here there was a room set apart for a sort of business and convivial meeting of iron-masters once a week. They met, dined, and talked over trade matters, and this habit of using a particular parlor obtained for it the appellation of 'the gaffers' room.' Gaffer is slang for master, just as boss is in the States. Well, one 'off night' four pitmen called at the house and said they would like to have the gaffers' parlor for a few hours; they'd got some brass to spend, and they'd like to sit in gaffers' chairs and at gaffers' table. The favor was granted. They ordered half a dozen of port-wine to begin with. Having drunk that, they said to the servant-girl, 'What do our gaffers generally drink?' 'Oh, sometimes one thing, sometimes another; they has champagne, and they has hock, and they has burgundy.' 'Well, let's have four bottles of 'ock wine.' They drank the 'ock wine, and said they didn't think much of it; there was no strength in it. They tried the champagne, and thought it nice drinking for a hot day, but too much like ginger-pop. They then ordered three bottles of burgundy. After the girl had taken this last order up to the gaffers' room the mistress of the house discovered that the servant had committed a slight mistake; the hostess had been making walnut ketchup or sauce, and had put it into burgundy bottles. This was the 'burgundy' that had gone into the gaffers' parlor. The girl went up to explain, and was aghast to find that the sauce had been all drunk. 'That last wine thou brought us was something like,' they said; 'it's gotten some strength in it—it's hot in the throat; we'll have some more of that the next time we come!' They spent five pounds in that short and foolish drinking-bout. It was a common thing for a pitman, who was a dog-fancier, to buy legs of mutton for his animals. Luxuries of fish and game in the local markets were bought up by the colliers. They had the first salmon of the season, the first cucumber, the first bit of lamb, the first partridges, the first pheasants. I cannot think there is a more improvident set under the sun, and I question if their days of poverty would leave behind any lasting lesson, supposing a great revival of trade should restore their former prosperity."

I pointed out to my friend that at all events the next generation of iron-workers and pitmen would not be likely to repeat the errors of their fathers; for wherever I went I saw the buildings of the School Boards, and everywhere the schoolmaster seemed busy. The next generation of toilers will be able to read and write; they will be men who have read books, who can take up their newspapers and get their opinions first hand, instead of through the distorted channels of agitators and political clubs.

VI.

So far as I can estimate the results of my inquiries, they are unfavorable to the continuation of a one-sided arrangement which is establishing foreign manufactures, and crippling those of England. Hostile tariffs against us in every land, met with free imports at home, is not free-trade. If it is, then the sooner we return to protection the sooner will England see her working-people once more fully employed and her great factories busy with profitable orders. If giving the Continent our pig-iron, and receiving back free of duty the raw material manufactured to undersell our own artificers, while the Continent closes her markets to our manufacturers, is Free-trade, then Free-trade is no longer a boon to England. It was all very well when England had a monopoly of machinery and mechanical power; but to-day we are fighting our own inventions; to-day we are competing with the very machines we have sent abroad; to-day the pupil is as clever as the teacher; to-day Jack is as good as his master. The Free-traders, in those past days when England was the chief workshop of the world, told us that America would give us her produce and we should give her our own manufactures. But to-day we are paying for that produce, not in hardware, not in machinery, not in cottons, not in silks, not in carpets, but in gold. Mr. Bright told us that the other nations, seeing our prosperity, would emulate us. France is held up as one of our converts. Yet France goes beyond the ordinary lines of protection. She gives bounties to her sugar-refiners, who undersell us in our home markets, and sugar-refining in England is a ruined industry. The so-called Free-traders say the few must suffer that the many may be happy. But surely we are passing that ancient land-mark. Not the few, but the many—are they not beginning to suffer for the few? We are importing £12,000,000 a year of French silks; £1,518,557 of gloves, chiefly French. Why should we not balance the sugar question by a duty on silks and gloves? "Because then," the Free-trader will reply, "sugar will go up in price." So it may a trifle per pound; but what is the good of cheap sugar to the poor wretch who can hardly buy bread, and to whom sugar is an unattainable luxury?

This continual separation of the producer and consumer in an industrial country such as England is folly. We import beads, china, clocks, embroidery, lace, fur, sealskins, and many more luxuries. Tax them, and give the poor that free breakfast-table we have heard so much about. Luxuries of all kinds might bear a duty for the

---

* This forecast has been fulfilled, and to-day there are signs of another depression in the iron trade.

general good. It would not hurt the rich; it would help the poor, who are not confined to the laboring classes, as those who know anything about the small shopkeepers, clerks, countermen, and the middle walks of English life can testify. The French treaty is the one triumph of the Bright school; and England is congratulated to-day because there is a prospect of a renewal of it. Mr. Lister, a practical authority on the question of textile manufactures, answers this in a few telling lines:

"Seeing that they have under the former treaty entirely destroyed our silk trade, and have under that treaty increased their exports of silk manufactures to England from £580,000 before the treaty to from nine to ten millions last year, while we have the additional blessing of about five millions from other countries, I think they may well be content with their share of that trade, as practically we have now got none left. And now for worsted and woollens. In 1877 they sent us £3,858,000, and we sent them £3,073,000, so that in this branch of industry they sent us more by £800,000 than we sent them; and the returns for 1878 show, as do those of 1879, that while they have been gaining ground we have been losing; and as they charge duty upon all we send them, and "the craze" admits all their goods free, I think they may well be content with that part of the bargain also. But we must come to cotton. We sent them in 1877 £2,649,000 against their £692,000, or two millions more than they sent us. Now, it is these two millions of cotton goods that they intend to handicap with farther duties, and then they think they will almost be Free-traders. And this is Mr. Forster's promising convert! They have destroyed our silk industry under the old treaty, and have further shaken Bradford to its foundation; for it will only require another decade to make it a second Coventry. We might as well fight against the winds and the waves as fight against seventy-two hours with fifty-six."

"But," say the Free-traders, "we have given you cheap wines; and Mr. Gladstone has blessed the country with Free-trade in wines and spirits." In America, where they have no Mr. Gladstone to give them cheap wines, they have established an enormous trade in cheap and wholesome ale, lager-beer. The rich, who drink wine, are content to pay a duty for the benefit of the country; and the poor, who drink the mild, wholesome beer of the country, are soberer than our poor, who cannot afford claret, and have no cheap form of mild, invigorating ale to drink. It is questionable whether the English are morally or constitutionally better for the forcing upon them of the thin wines of France. The old 'ale-conning' in modern shape, under modern administration, and the fostering of the national beverage, would possibly be more beneficial than the philanthropic development of French industry and the advancement of the French wine trade. In America you rarely, if ever, see a girl or woman go into a bar to drink. This kind of promiscuous tippling used to be confined in England to the lower classes. But Mr. Gladstone, from the highest motives, no doubt—for all he does, is of course, eminently conscientious—made every confectioner's shop a drinking-shop, so that the women of the middle and of the upper classes could go out and tipple as well as their poorer sisters. And they do it. Mr. Gladstone's famous Free-trading measure has increased drunkenness among the women of England to an alarming extent; and the evil was in no wise neutralized by the very opposite principle of restriction applied to men drinkers in the Licensing Act of Mr. Gladstone's Government. The "principle" of Free-trade in that case did not prevent Mr. Gladstone from "protecting" the subject against the publican; and to that extent he is to be commended for not letting the bogy of so-called "principle" frighten him from an alliance with "national expediency."

The English people have been so brow-beaten with "principle" in the matter of Free-trade, that, in accepting the "theory," they have not discriminated about the "practice," so long as the country was prosperous.

Until quite recently, if one dared to question the results of so-called Free-trade, it were to have your life made a misery to you by the sneers and set arguments of aggressive politicians of the Bright school (and how aggressive they are, except when the national honor abroad is concerned!), who could always theorize you off your legs; because in theory Free-trade is as beautiful as republicanism, as noble as turning your other cheek to the smiter, as sweet as humility, and as successful as sweet, no doubt, if you could only find a world of sympathy and sentiment in which to practise it. But Free-trade as it is practised in England is a just man fallen among thieves; a virtuous woman in a community of free-lovers; a Daniel in the lions' den; and the age of miracles is past. Mr. John Bright may shake his grand, wise old head, and murmur "lunatic." But in fifteen years, from 1864 to 1878, to quote Mr. Lister's figures, which I have verified, "our exports have increased by little more than a million and a half, or about 2½ per cent., and that, excluding cotton, which has special advantages, from having the key of the Custom House of India; but, taking all our other textile manufactures, we are actually exporting less than we did fifteen years ago by about half a million. And what is still more surprising is, that during those very fifteen years our imports of textile manufactures have increased by £13,026,000; so that, taking all our textile industries, while our exports have only increased 2½ per cent., our imports have increased 126 per cent."* And I fling back in his teeth Mr. Bright's epithet; for they who wish to have this thing argued out and arrive at the truth are not lunatics, but brave and wise as Mr. Bright was when he stood before his fellow-men to preach unwholesome truths, and was called "madman" in his turn.

"Free-trade" is not "Free-trade," if only confined to buying; you must have Free-trade in selling as well. That is reciprocity. But it does not matter whether you call it "Reciprocity," "Free-trade," or "Protection," if it is a just thing, and proper to the happy and prosperous government of the country. The other nations of the world will not consent to be governed by England; they will not consent to confine themselves to growing or making what they can do best; they prefer a variety of occupations; they like a many-sided life. If each country would confine itself to its own staple commodity, and each interchange its goods with the other, one giving wheat for implements, another wool for cloths, and so on, then we should get along to Mr. Bright's satisfaction; we should rule our lives with a beautiful Quaker-like simplicity, and go to heaven to a certainty. But neither America, France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Russia, nor any of the nations of the world, will play at this saint-like game; not even the colonies will take a hand in it. How, then, shall we go on playing, giving foreigners all the trumps and court-cards?

Let us have a new shuffle and a fresh "cut in." Mr. Bright, with all his theoretical worship of freedom, would coerce the colonies. Perhaps a confederation of England and her possessions for commercial purposes would be a better expedient than vulgar coercion. Our experience is not in favor of dictation, and "the liberty of the subject" should not be forgotten even when "free trade" principles are in question. A special duty on luxuries imported into England, or a 10 per cent. duty all round on foreign importations; a retaliatory tariff against everything brought in under the "bounty" system; and 1*s.* per quarter on wheat—the sum is too small to hurt the consumer, and it is large enough to influence the revenue considerably—these, I hold, are duties worth consideration. A registration-tax on imports and exports, helping the revenue and giving us valuable details of trade, published every week, would enable us to judge how trade is going, into what channels it is moving, and keep manufacturers and traders on the alert to its changing fortunes. I throw out these suggestions with all humility; but at the same time, standing on a basis of hard facts, I confidently ask every elector in the United Kingdom to consider the question fairly for himself; to form his own honest judgment about it on its merits, not from a party point of view (for this question of the hour should not be judged from that narrow ground), and make the candidate for whom he votes explain beforehand clearly and explicitly what he means to do when Parliament has to revise our commercial policy. When you have thought it out, I think you will come to this conclusion: If England is to become a mere residential country for well-to-do foreigners and Britons, then let us continue our present miscalled system of Free-trade. If England is to continue a manufacturing country, and maintain her place in the van of commerce and civilization, she must give her industries fair play in competition with rival nations. If you are content to look at England from the mere consumer's stand-point, you may, in the cynical philosophy of dilettanteism, vote for the residential view; if you are not ashamed of being called a patriot, you will say, "If I am to be benefited as a consumer to the destruction of my brother the producer, I will make a little sacrifice, if necessary, for his welfare, and for the happiness and glory of our common country." In either case put it to the candidate for your suffrages, and have a clear understanding with him. You will probably find that he knows exactly how Russia should be governed; in what relationship Turkey should stand to Europe; at what age a Zulu should marry; but he will hum and haw about Free-trade and Protection. Do not let him. Settle with yourself what you think is right, and then settle with him; and at the next election let the subject of "England's commercial decline" have the first place in your thoughts. Do not be hoodwinked by theories, and let your vote upon this subject be above party and beyond prejudice.

XIII.

CROSSING THE FERRY.

On board the *Arizona*.—An Ugly Companion on the Deep.—Travelling with a Hurricane.—Atlantic Storms.—Naval Hotels.—Wonders of the Sea.—What London Looks like after Absence and Travel.—Strangers in the Metropolis.—Busy City.—A Rising against the Fogs.—An English Spring as a Set-off against an American Autumn.—London in the Spring-time.—Circe at Piccadilly.

I.

If you are not what is called a "good sailor," cross the Atlantic in the quickest ship. At the moment her name is the *Arizona*, of the Guion line. How soon she will be eclipsed by some newer steamer is only a question of time. Her owners are building a splendid companion for her in the *Alaska*, which will make her first voyage this year (1881); while the Cunard Company will take up the competition with the *Servia*, a steamer of magnificent proportions; and the Inman Company with the *Rome*, a vessel of similar size. When the vessels are completed they will offer, with the *Arizona*, the *City of Berlin*, the *Germanic*, and the *Gallia*, an ocean fleet such as should satisfy even the most sanguine dreams of constructors and travellers.

How we slipped our anchor with tender good-byes in our ears; how the morning broke brightly; how the flowers in our state-room were fresh and glowing; how the *Arizona* steamed away through a calm sea day and night; how the sec-

---

* The full figures are as follows:

EXPORTS.

	1864.	1878.
Cotton	£45,799,000	£48,086,000
Worsted and woollen	15,333,000	16,723,000
Linen	8,172,000	5,834,000
Silk	1,460,000	1,921,000
	£70,764,000	£72,564,000
		70,764,000
Increase		£1,800,000

Showing an increase of 2½ per cent.

IMPORTS.

	1864.	1878.
Cotton	£833,000	£2,058,000
Worsted and woollen	1,849,000	5,996,000
Silk	7,481,000	14,986,000
Linen	140,000	289,000
	£10,303,000	£23,329,000
		10,303,000
Increase		£13,026,000

An increase of 126 per cent.

ond morning dawned as hopefully and as fair as the first; how it was all like a sweet dream—this I remember as parallel with the idea of the pleasant opening of a man's life. That was how we started from New York, bound for Liverpool, on the 16th of November. On the third came indications of a storm, and before night the storm itself. Henceforward, day after day, night after night, we found we had a companion on the deep, a companion going northward by our side. It was a hurricane. In the day we could see it: in the night we could feel it. Captain Murray gave it as wide a berth as possible. But it would not accept "the cold shoulder." It would travel with us. Now and then it would take our arm, as it were, and its grip was the grip of a treacherous enemy. We staggered under it. Brace ourselves as we might, the hurricane had a forty-fold strength compared with ours. Idealizing and personifying the travelling storm, we might have seen in it that roaring monster seeking whom it might devour, identical with "the very devil himself." Happily, we generally had the wind behind or across our quarter. That, coupled with the strength of our ship and the experience of our captain, was our safety; for now and then it blew from every quarter—blew great guns. At one time our mainsail would go, her blocks and ropes come thundering upon deck. At another time our trysail would be seen in ribbons, the wind screaming among the ragged tatters. Then the sea would break over us with a roar like the bursting of ten thousand reservoirs. The ocean was white with foam. It had now and then the appearance of being covered with delicate white lace. It made mountains of itself, line upon line, hill upon hill, snow-clad and torrent-beaten! It was as if the sea had broken itself up in a vast company of liquid mountains, all engaged in a conspiracy to overcome and engulf the ship.

It was a picture of courage and manliness to see the crew at work fighting the waves, to see the brave first-officer heading them in every difficult operation, now in the rigging, now on the yards, now aloft, now below, the captain, cool and collected, directing every operation. More than once the storm assumed such alarming proportions that the faces of old travellers were blanched. All day on Sunday they sang hymns in the smoking-room, except when they prayed at the service held by Bishop Niles in the saloon. Not that there was any morbid fear or alarm among the passengers; only a manly recognition of the tremendous power of the gales through which we were steaming. We did not get clear of the hurricane until we passed the misty outlines of the Irish coast and steamed into the Channel. Even within sight of Ireland we received such a rough welcome that we did not venture to call at Queenstown, but went straight ahead to our dock at Birkenhead, having, "in spite of wind and weather," made the fastest trip on record "from point to point"—that is, from the dock at New York to the dock at Liverpool.

II.

The winter of 1880–'81 will long be remembered in the history of storms and shipwrecks. The "White Star" boats, the "Cunarders," the "National," the "Allan," the "Anchor," the "Inman," all the lines of steamers had their individual and collective troubles. Several steamers had to "lay-to" for long, weary hours. The *Germanic* had a terrible time; the *Batavia* was, after many anxious days, towed into port by an "Anchor" steamer. The record of the time is full of instances of gallant lifeboat services all round the English coast; and the fact that no Atlantic steamer was lost is a tribute to the build and seamanship of the boats that almost warrants the title of "the ocean ferry" applied to the passage from Queenstown to Sandy Hook. If a person could have seen from an elevation a concentrated picture of the Atlantic when the *Arizona* fought the hurricane, he would have seen ships in sore distress all around her. He would have seen the wreck of one stout vessel, with the crew clinging to the masts, and in the height of the storm a rescue party starting to their assistance from an ocean steamer. The "liner" herself had been for hours almost at the mercy of the sea; but her captain would not leave the shipwrecked men to perish, nor would his crew, even at the risk of their own lives. That person, elevated as before suggested, would have seen a famous ocean steamer rudderless lying in the trough of the sea. He would have seen more than one or two ships founder, with all hands, off the Banks of Newfoundland. He would have seen the ocean in such agitation, with the wind screaming among its liquid mountains, that he might be forgiven for thinking that the mightiest ship ever built by the art of man must go under. But the confidence of travellers is great, and the wonderful power of a well-found ocean steamer is worthy of their trust. If the imaginary being, with the privilege of the concentrated view we have suggested, could have looked close into the *Arizona*, he would have seen, in the height of the storm, parties of ladies and gentlemen dining in a well-furnished saloon, or old sea-companions smoking over games of whist in the "social hall" on deck. There were men on board who had crossed the Atlantic as often as forty times, and who, in spite of experiences of winter gales, regard the ocean ferry from Liverpool to New York as safer than a long railway journey. On fine days (and if you select the summer-time for your voyage you may count on fair weather all the way) life on board a steamer like the *Arizona* is full of a blissful rest. The giant steamer is a naval hotel, a marine mansion. The newest vessels, as a rule, combine all that is good and safe and useful and luxurious within the experience of the builders of those that have gone before. The appointments include everything that luxury and comfort can desire. Well-ventilated berths, ladies' retiring and public rooms, a smoking-room on deck, promenades with awning, a saloon eclipsing in magnificence the dining-room of a first-class hotel, lighted from the deck by a glass dome, under which exotic plants are blooming; nothing is wanting to make life a daily delight. It is a pleasure to walk over the ship and take note of her varied novelties and wonders of modern construction. She is simply a small city on the ocean, with her streets of shops and stores. There are the butcher, the baker, the barber, the druggist, the bath-house. Nothing you can desire ashore but what you can find afloat, except your morning letters and daily paper, the absence of which constitutes the main feature of your perfect rest. The wonder of the great ship is her engine power, which in sunshine and in storm, day and night, beats time with the regularity of the ship's clock, insuring a speed of travel that hitherto has not been eclipsed. To-day she leads the van of the mighty fleets that bridge the Atlantic, a model for other builders, the forerunner of another great advance in the speed with which "the multitudinous seas" are navigated.

To a thoughtful mind there is no monotony in a sea voyage. The ocean offers a never-ending subject of reflection. Students of color find in it continual changes. Those who only look at it superficially see that it is blue or green. Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, who has written delightfully about it, finds the sea a vast kaleidoscope, representing in many combinations all the colors of the rainbow. To him the Homeric passage, "the innumerable smiles of the many-voiced sea," is the finest definition of the ocean in the whole range of literature. Then there are sunsets and sunrises, moonlights and mists, a thousand grand and weird effects of light and shade, which are a perpetual happiness to artists. The naturalist, and the man of science, and the practical person, who is ready to weigh everything and put it into figures—for these men there are the strange insects that cover the waves with gold and silver hues; the fishes that "come up to look at you" on calm days; the birds that follow in your wake; the fact that the sea is 146,000,000 square miles in superficial extent, and its contents 778,000,000 cubic miles, and the calculation that the ocean contains a very appreciable quantity of silver, sufficient to leave a deposit in the metal sheathing of sunken ships, the amount being estimated at 2,000,000 tons. Then the sea itself as a fact—what a world of speculation lies there! Where does all the constant supply of water come from? What is under the ever-restless waves?—hills and dales, trees of weed, fresh-water rivers, mountains of coral, "grottoes of amber." And what treasures of gold and silver and precious gems that have gone down in the naval battles of the great powers, and in the storms of the greatest power of all!

Then the phenomena of the sea—the mirage, the magnificent electrical exhibitions, the fireworks of a storm of lightning, the splendid roll of the thunders! Apart from its strange realities, the imagination and superstition of those who dwell upon it have made it a world of mysteries and ghosts, of curious fables and romance; and, if you are so inclined, there is not a captain nor a crew that "sails the watery main" from whom you may not extract strange histories of personal experiences. Taking a practical turn, as you reflect on the traffic of the seas, you may find food for reflection upon the present position and possible future of the great water-carrier of the world. Turn back to the history of Holland, and try and think what may be the future of English shipping if America subsidizes her mercantile marine and taxes British bottoms. I hope I have a sufficient faith, whatever happens, in the present power and ultimate destiny of England; but it is just as well not to be over-confident in our strength; just as well to study the precedents of history.

When the wind had blown itself out, and the storm was only a memory, the smoke-room, the saloon, the deck became lively. A committee was formed for the purpose of presenting an address to the captain and owners of the steamer, touching the excellence of both, and recording the gratitude of the passengers for being safely piloted through the storm, and well cared for in regard to "creature comforts." On the day of our last dinner on board, Mr. Meaney ("a rebel according to English law, and an Irishman by the grace of God," as he described himself in a neat speech), who had drawn up the declaration of the committee, read it amid much applause. I proposed its adoption, the Rev. Bishop Niles, of the Episcopal Church of the United States, seconded it: the passengers accepted it with a cheer, and the captain received it in his cabin with becoming modesty. Then we lapsed into international compliments. The English proposed the toast of "The Americans;" they drank to the English; we sung "The Star-spangled Banner" and "Rule Britannia," and at last glided into the mists and fogs of Liverpool, *en route* (the majority of us) for the mists and fogs of London.

III.

Despite the vastness of London, a wilderness of brick, populated by over 4,000,000 of people, it looked dark, dingy, and small, on arrival, compared with New York. The streets are better paved, yet they look muddier, than those of New York. The houses appeared to be smaller, the thoroughfares narrower, the stores meaner. There is no street in London more picturesque than Broadway. There is no restaurant as bright (or as dear, thank goodness!) as Delmonico's. One misses the oyster saloons, the clean, luxurious-looking drug stores, the drowsy tinkling of the street-car bells, the lucid atmosphere, the bright blue sky. The London poor are poorer than the New York poor; the street Arabs are more ragged and more numerous; the drunkards are drunker, and the crowds crueller, than those of New York. We are a great, grand city, with a splendid history; but Manhattan has many delightful features which London does not, and never can, possess; while London, of course, has social delights and artistic attractions unknown and undreamed of in New York.

Mr. F. B. Wilkie, a Western journalist of distinction, recently published, for the information of the American public, a volume of "Sketches beyond the Sea," which are not only worth reading for their genuine raciness and *chic*, but that they enable an untravelled Englishman to understand much that is hazy to him in regard to

America by the very things that make an impression upon the Transatlantic author. Take, for example, his description of a stranger's first sensations in the English metropolis:

"London roars like a hundred Niagaras. The new-comer is stunned by the tremendous clamor. It takes a week to become used to this uproar. Meanwhile, thought is suspended, the perceptions are dulled, the senses become as if chloroformed.

"A stranger who enters into this diabolical region of racket goes about as helpless as a blind man lost in an interminable forest. I have lost myself at least a thousand times since I have been here. Sometimes others have found me when thus lost, and sometimes I have found myself. Rarely the latter, however, because after having gone up one street and down another, and through four others, and then discovered I was just where I started from, instead of being, as I supposed, two miles away, I have been bothered with the idea that it perhaps might not be myself, but somebody else, whom I have found going about thus lost and bewildered. Generally, under such circumstances, I have referred the matter to arbitration—let it out to a policeman."

Having been away from England for some months, I tried, on my return, to realize my Western friend's impressions. The noise was there, the rush and roar of traffic, the vast multitude, but the ways were familiar, and within twenty-four hours even the dinginess had worn off, and the charms of "home" were once more reasserted. Nothing is more indicative of the immense and busy character of London than the utter impossibility of anything short of a universal explosion or general collapse making any change in its aspect or movement. You may even have an extensive circle of friends and acquaintances, and yet you may go away, travel round the world and come back again, without being much missed. Returning, they know you have been on a voyage, and are "glad to see you back." But they too have been travelling; and, if they have not, the days, and weeks, and months pass away more quickly in London than in any other city of the world. While you have been away one man has been occupied with his picture for the Academy, another with his new book, a third with his play. One has just returned from fighting the Afghans, another is packing up to go to Australia, a third has been killed out in Africa. One family has been "doing the Alps," another letting life slip away in a cottage by the Thames, a third we meet at the railway station after a tour through Egypt. One man whom we left, months ago, smoking a cigar at his club we encountered on Lake Michigan; and we meet him again at home, as if he had only been down to Brighton. Each man and woman in London is so much more actively occupied with their own affairs, and every day supplies so many engagements, the morrow so many others, that yesterday is quickly left behind, and you with it, unless you reappear at the social gathering, the fashionable reception, the club reunion on the morrow, to maintain the link of interest and knowledge.

If this is so among the people who know you, what is it among the crowds who do not? They do not know you; they have therefore not missed you. One day, not long after Sedan, I called a hansom in a West-End street: when it drove up I was conscious that some other person had called it. Turning round to consider the rival claim, I found that Napoleon the Third was my competitor for the cab. A few years before I had seen him at the head of his troops in Paris; a little later I saw him lying dead at Chislehurst, the rural home of his exile. The London crowd elbowed him, as it would any other man whom it did not know. The emperor was strangely altered, or his photographs in the shop-windows would have given him a little knot of spectators in the West-End street as I opened the cab doors for him.

Cannot you imagine poor Goldsmith, after his Continental travels, wandering "without friend or acquaintance, without the knowledge of even one kind face, in the lonely, terrible London streets?"

The most powerful of all illustrations of the vastness of London, and the solitude there is in crowds, is Nathaniel Hawthorne's story of a man who, making a pretence of going on a long journey, took lodgings in a street near his own house, and lived there nearly twenty years, during which time he saw his home nearly every day, and frequently his wife and children, without their ever discovering him.

Coming home again, I was glad to find that the atmospheric conditions of the metropolis are beginning to occupy the serious attention of scientists and governing bodies. If New York burnt soft, smoky coal, such as is in general use here, the blue sky would often be clouded. On calm days, when the currents of air above were comparatively quiet, you would have a curtain of smoke between you and the sun, and a shroud of "blacks" on your windows. The natural atmosphere of New York being clearer than ours, the nuisance could never become very serious, as it is in London, but it would be a trouble, nevertheless. With us it is often a positive plague; it is equal to that of the darkness which afflicted Egypt when Pharaoh would not let the children of Israel go. The smoke combines with our fogs (the exhalations often of low lands on the Thames), and the result is horrible. During the week of my return to London, a conference upon the subject was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, between special committees of the National Health and Kyrle Societies. They propose to take action for mitigating "the evils resulting from the excessive production of smoke in and about the metropolis." In the grate of the room a fire of anthracite coal was burning, "to show that, with the aid of a 'blower,' this not easily ignited fuel may be utilized in ordinary English grates." It is generally believed that the English supply of anthracite coal is very limited. An American coal-owner informed me a few days since that we have only enough to supply our brewers, who need it for their works. A Welsh authority asks me to say that the Principality in three counties has sufficient to supply London for ten thousand years. The general use of anthracite, or some other comparatively smokeless fuel, would bring about a climatic change, the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. The fogs of London become year by year more serious, and, as the smoke of the metropolis is the chief cause of their density, this must necessarily be the case, since the growth of the population is as great in proportion as that of the new cities of the New World. There seems to be no limit to the spreading of London. It is going out day by day farther afield, swallowing up towns and villages in its march, covering green meadows with new buildings, and only pausing now and then to bridge water-courses, and make new railways and new high-roads. The London fog is not only a grave trouble to the metropolis, but now and then it has a habit of travelling into the country. It has been known to push its way before a gentle breeze as far as twenty-five miles, a moving mass of smoke and dirt, the flavor of which cannot be mistaken.

IV.

But by-and-by spring comes to London; and America has no spring. A country of extremes, she has no twilight, and, compared with the gradually developing beauties of our budding time, no spring. Her sun rises with a bound, and goes down with a plunge. Her winter comes with a sudden icy blast. Summer follows winter with almost equal abruptness. I call up in comparison the English spring, and set it off against the radiant beauty of an American autumn.

Away from towns and cities, Spring makes her first joyous appearance in the fields. The grass puts forth young shoots. Trees glow with promised buds. There is a fresh, earthy smell from fallow ridges. Green spikes of young wheat make long, faint streaks in the brown uplands. Light shadows come and go athwart the meadows. The lark is heard overhead, as if carrying a grateful message from earth to heaven. The brooks run merrily along their pebbly channels. All the land is stirred with new life. There is promise of summer flowers in every balmy breeze. Spring comes in the country with sweet breath and hopeful whisperings. She endorses with her radiant wand the Bible promise of a resurrection.

V.

The countryman wonders what the Londoner knows of spring. Hemmed in by bricks and mortar, what can he care for Nature's awakening after her winter sleep? He knows nothing of the return of the fieldfare and the woodcock to their winter quarters; he does not see the rooks begin to build their new nests; he does not hear the ring-doves cooing in the woods; he does not see the young lambs in the meadows; he does not hear the hum of the bee nor the thrush's earliest song. No rural lane, with cottage gardens, brightened by snow-drops and crocuses, tempts him to a ramble and a chat with peasant gardeners. The tinkling gear of the farmers' team brings no music to the citizen toiling within the sound of Bow bells; but, for all that, spring comes to London with a lilt as catching, in the way of seasonable excitement, as that which sets the country agog with new life and healthy animation. Spring is heralded in London by the Oxford and Cambridge colors. They decorate the windows of milliner and tailor. They bloom at the florist's, springing with glorious perfumes from bulbs that have lain dormant during the winter winds. Covent Garden displays by the side of floral trophies of the greenhouse primroses and violets fresh from the fields. The wallflower fills grassy courts and alleys with sweet smells. The parks are full of life. There is a perpetual flutter among the water-fowl in Regent's Park and on the Serpentine. Then, how vigorously the tradesman heralds the vernal season! "Spring goods" come in with the first sunbeam of March. The London sparrow no sooner finds a handful of dust to roll in than "Easter excursions" are announced by the railway companies. Spring in the great stony world of London is as full of pleasant promise as spring in the forest: less beautiful, tainted like the snow in a city street, but nevertheless bright with new life, with new hopes. Spring in town means the opening of the season. It means that "the gay time of the year" has come round again for those who are rich; it means flirting and intriguing; it means courting and marrying; it means tuft-hunting on a large scale; it means picture exhibitions, concerts, balls, routs, a crowd in the Row. It means pleasanter Sundays than they have had for months in the work-a-day world; excursions down the Thames, and visits to Kew and Hampton Court. For shopkeepers it means increased trade; for beggars and crossing-sweepers it means additional coppers and warmer nights; and for everybody it means glimpses of blue sky where dun clouds have lowered upon our houses of dirty brick and smoke-begrimed stone.

VI.

Glorious in the country, spring is hardly less pleasant, I say, in London. The first tokens of the return of Nature's hopeful season are to be seen in the streets. They almost make one's heart ache with memories of past days and hopes of that which is to come. The earliest signs of spring are the flower-baskets of the women who sell "button-holes" in the City and at the West-End. It says something for the reign of more tender sentiments than we give them credit for in the neighborhood of Threadneedle Street that the women who sell flowers near the Bank of England find hundreds of customers every day among City merchants and City clerks. You have seen violets in Covent Garden nearly all the year. They have not stirred your memory much, for you know that they are "forced," or that they are the production of some sunny land beyond the sea. But the first basket of violets and primroses at Piccadilly Circus or in the City is full of gladness. How refreshing the familiar flowers look on their beds of green moss! Your mind wanders back straight to shaded nooks and corners of the old boyish days. Look at that faded beau — the gentleman with the tasselled cane. I wonder if he was once a boy in our Western counties! He has evidently had a pleasant promenade on

the sunny side of Piccadilly, and is bending his footsteps to Leicester Square, where he will lunch presently, and, perhaps, think of the primroses he gathered forty years ago in the green meadows of his school-days. He smiles kindly upon the flower-girl, accepts her aid to pin the bouquet in his coat, and makes way for a new purchaser. The finical old gentleman with the eye-glass is cast in a mould of less sensibility. His intentions are adornment. He has visions of past seasons, when he was a "lady-killer" in Rotten Row. With a fresh flower in his coat he will imagine himself young again. Poor old gentleman! let him do so. I remember one night a few years ago parting with a friend who had just left the company of some dear old fellows, one of whom had suggested, in as blithe a chirrup as he could command, "Now, boys, let us fancy we are all young again." It was Thackeray who made that daring proposition, and he tried to play the juvenile part; but the past would grow up and fling a shadow over proposer, seconder, and supporters, and they found youth a difficult *rôle* for graybeards.

Disraeli, in likening hansoms to gondolas, turned the London streets into rivers. If the idea is far-fetched, it nevertheless tempts one to see the river's banks through the nosegays of the modern flower-girl. The mossy baskets plant the wilderness of brick and stone with primroses, violets, and daffodils; and one may easily imagine the sound of the river in the distant hum of the streets:

> "Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
> One who dwelleth by the castelled Rhine,
> When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
> Stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

I often wonder, when the night comes on, and Satan lights his garish lamps near that same Piccadilly, whether the flower-girl and her basket ever excite tender thoughts in the sultry haunts of sin and shame. For at night the baskets bloom afresh, and often with rarer flowers than violets and primroses—exotics that have never felt the pure breath of heaven on their fragile leaves. The victim lavishes on Circe these heat-forced blossoms, the outcome of artificial nourishment—weakly plants, that will be dead and withered on the morrow, leaving not even the memory of their unhealthy beauty in a fleeting breath of perfume. They are emblems of the poisonous light that glows in the siren's bowers, symbolizing also her hollow and artificial passion.

Oh, those poor draggled human flowers that blossom in the gas-light! From midnight until near upon dawn the flower-girl's basket is in request at that famous West-End Circus. The pavement is alive with the rustle of silks and satins. Folly holds her court at every corner. No city in the world can show a more deplorable picture of magnificent vice, in spite of the notorious prudery of this modern Babylon. In the daytime "butter would not melt in the mouth" of Piccadilly Circus, it is so respectable; while on Sundays the pealing organ takes up the devil's music of the Circean halls next door to the church.

XIV.

HOME AGAIN.

Massachusetts on the Fog.—The Irish Question and English Peculiarities.—The Difference between "Booking" and "Taking a Ticket."—English and American Police.—"Put Yourself in His Place."—English and American Railways.—The Homes of the Two Countries.—Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Henry Irving.—The Old and New Princess's Theatres.—Booth's "Richelien."—Mr. Irving and American Artists.—Booth and Irving at the Lyceum.—Booth's Reminiscences of Management.—A Story from Behind the Scenes.—A Plea for International Amity.—Finis.

I.

"Do you call this a London fog?" asked a newly-imported citizen of the Great Republic, as he stood by my side at a window of the American Exchange.

"Yes, something of that kind," I answered.

"Well," said the little fellow, looking upward with a sigh, "I wouldn't live in London if you would give it to me."

"No?"

"No, sir! I think I have met you in Massachusetts?"

"Perhaps."

"You are an American?"

"No, unfortunately," I said.

"Well you may say that," replied my casual acquaintance, "though, mind you, there is plenty to admire in this country. I have only been here a week; most of that time I have spent at Westminster Abbey. We've got nothing of that kind home. That Westminster Abbey is a thing to be proud of, I tell you. But what has astonished me most is your banking-houses; must have been a thousand clerks in the one I was at this morning, and they was shovelling the gold about in scoops as if it was dirt. Never seen so much money in my life as I see them chucking about in that office; no, sir!"

"In what vessel did you come over?"

"The *Parthia;* fifteen days; sick all the way; they gathered round to see me die, but I concluded to come on. It was a pretty bad storm, but 'safe, if slow,' is the Cunard motto. And this is a London fog, is it? Well, how do you manage to live here? that's what I can't understand. There's one thing that I like, that's the civility you meet with. Now, in America, you wouldn't have sat down and talked to me like this. No, sir, you bet! And that's what is very pleasant here. Now, at Liverpool, when I landed, I wanted to get on to Cardiff, so I asked my way of a gentleman in the street, and he says, 'By Birkenhead;' but another comes up, and he says, 'That track is blocked with snow,' and he gives me another direction, and in a civil, nice way. I shall have some funny things to tell them home. I see a notice about tickets, and I asked for one to Cardiff, and he says, 'It's a pound and two.' I give him two pound, and he hands me the change. When I get into the depot I says, 'Where's the train?' 'Here,' says a sort of policeman, pointing to a row of things like second-hand coffins. 'The cars, I mean,' I answers, and he says, 'Them's them.' So I says, 'Which for Cardiff?' And he says, 'This; are you booked?' and I says, 'No.' 'Then you can't go in unless you're booked,' he says, and I began to think that I had neglected something in the way of papers, and would have to go to the American consul about it. 'That's very awkward,' I says. 'It would be very awkward for you if you got in and went on without being booked,' he answered, in a way that made me feel timid, and I began to think of the high-handed style you Britishers have of dealing with foreigners, and so I thought I would make a clean breast of the affair and tell him that I did not know what he meant; and he says, 'Come this way and I'll show you,' which, he being a big fellow and me a little one, as you see, and a stranger, rather increased my trepidation, and the weather so bad and all; but he only took me to the place where I had bought my ticket, and he says, 'There; that's the bookin' office,' and I says, 'What shall I do?' 'Why, take your ticket,' he says, and I answered that I had bought a ticket. 'Why didn't you say so afore?' he says, and I said, 'Why didn't you say so before?' and he says, 'I did ask you if you was booked, and you said "No;"' and then I laughed and told him I was an American and didn't understand, and then he laughed, and we had a drink, but the difference between what you call things and what we call them is wonderful."

"Do you stay long in England?"

"Mean to stay till it's clear enough to see it—summer, I suppose, is fine—want to see your hedges and meadows in bloom, and something of the country. Your police is a grand system. Yesterday I calls a hansom cab, and I says, 'What will you charge to drive me to Regent's Park?' and he says, 'A crown.' Well, that's $1.25, which is nothing much with us for a cab, and I was getting in, when a policeman standing on hand says, 'Hi! cabbie, you take that fare for 2*s.*; and if you try on this game again, and I see you, I'll have your license withdrawn.' That would never have occurred in Boston or New York—a policeman interfering to see a person righted.* He drives me like mad to Regent's Park, and I gave him 2*s.*, and I says, 'Here's an extra shilling for you if you'll walk that horse back,' and he says, 'All right.' I'm given to horses myself, and I don't like to see them ill-treated. I think of going to Ireland, and I'm surprised to hear so little about Ireland. Our people home jump to conclusions about these things. 'War sure,' they said, when I came away, and I expected to find all England up in arms, and I find London going ahead as if nothing was the matter. And a gentleman smiled at me in the smoking-room of the Golden Cross, and he said, 'Oh, it's nothing; they want to have the land given to them and not to pay any rent, and it can't be done;' and I said, 'I should think not.' Fact is, we don't understand these affairs on our side, until we come over and study them for ourselves. Isn't it so?"

"Yes," I answered, "it is a good thing for Americans and Englishmen to visit each other and form their own judgment upon great questions."

"It is surprising how civil everybody is—servants especially in the hotels. Home they chuck things at you, as much as to say, take it or leave it. Here it is 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' all the time, and I find it quite soothing. So far as I can see I don't know what the Irish have to complain of. Seems to me Englishmen are fair enough. Never was in a country that seems so solid—all your buildings solid, St. Paul's and the railway depots, solid cabs, omnibuses solid, and I suppose it's solid under the mud and slush of the streets when you get to the bottom. I tell you there's a good deal to admire, and everybody looks healthy—don't see the consumptive faces and sunken eyes you see home; you take things easy, and something is to be allowed for what you eat; and we are so tarnation fast home—our climate does it, they tell me. But, after all, home's home, and I couldn't stand this fog—it's getting worse, I think—or has my watch stopped?—no, it's half after three—hope I'll see you again. It's very kind of you to sit down and have a talk—it's worth $10 to come in and see an American face—I would have bet $100 yours was one—well, good-afternoon!"

And so we parted, the stranger to continue his experiences of English life, I to my club, where I jot down this characteristic conversation, which contains in a short space the genuine first impressions of a middle-class citizen of the State of Massachusetts. A great Spanish painter gave one lesson to his pupils, "Go to nature." In this simple sketch I have acted upon his advice, and I hope the unconscious model will not object to the result. It was pleasant to watch his intelligent face and the eagerness of his unsophisticated eyes, as he gave me his account of learning the meaning of being "booked," and to note the smile of superiority which spread over his pleasant face when he likened the London and North-western Railway cars to second-hand coffins.

II.

Sitting calmly at my own fireside, and counting up the pictures I have seen, the people I have met, the pleasant things that are now only memories, I am tempted to set down a few of the remaining points of contrast between England and America which impress themselves with prominent distinctness on my mind. I find so much to admire in the life and manners of the United States that I am fearless in mentioning anything that does not commend itself to my taste or judgment. The advantages possessed by America in comparison with England that are most manifest at first sight are natural, the gifts of

* The London policemen are not so fine in their physique as our Chicago guardians—who, by-the-way, are probably the finest appearing body of men in the world. But the London policeman, although rarely a giant, has some compensating traits. He can be found occasionally when he is wanted. He is always civil when applied to for information. He is not hampered by interests of ward politics. In fine, his life is so arranged that he has some little time each day to devote to his business as a policeman. Upon the whole, I think he has an occasional point of superiority over the average policeman of the States.—*Sketches Beyond the Sea.*

the Creator—a glorious sky, enormous tracts of country, splendid rivers, and unbounded mineral and agricultural resources. I never cease to remember the blue heavens of America, the electricity of the climate; and yet the other day when my eyes rested on the soft, misty outlines of the Welsh hills, as the *Arizona* steamed for Liverpool, an instinct of repose and peace took possession of me. The gray clouds, the undefined mountains, the very mist that floated between them and me, seemed restful; the effect was as good as a night's sleep. Arrived at Liverpool, this gave place to one of disappointment, the same kind of disappointment one experiences when arriving in London from the Continent on a rainy day in autumn.

III.

I tried once more to put myself in the place of an American arriving in England for the first time. He has come from New York, with its bright streets, its clean-looking hotels, its Broadway with miles of gilded signs, its light and gay theatres, its attractive oyster saloons and restaurants, and its tinkling cars traversing every street. His memory is full of blue skies and fall tints, and in their place (the month being November or December) he comes upon streets blackened with smoke, and overhead a sky as grimy as the houses, and as wet as the streets, where the rain has left pools here and there in which to reflect the surrounding ugliness. He finds some relief, perhaps, in the courtesy and submissiveness of the waiters at the hotel where he eats his dinner, but a sense of "the littleness of things" strikes him as he strides upon the platform, and sees for the first time an English railway train. "Why, it looks like the toys I used to play with when a boy!" exclaimed an American gentleman, as he and I stood watching a train go out of the Midland platform. The carriages were, no doubt, the same original models from which the toys were made. The enormous driving-wheel on the engine, however, surprised him, and he was more astonished still by the speed of the train which carried him to St. Pancras; for on a portion of the line the Midland express runs at the rate of seventy miles an hour. My American friend went to bed in a Pullman car, and I was content with a first-class compartment in a "bogie" carriage, so called from its American wheels. The English railway depots are better built, the waiting-rooms better appointed, than those of America, though there is no smoother travelling in England than that on the Pennsylvania Railway or the New York Central. On the whole, one feels a greater sense of security on a first-class American railway than on an English line, the speed being much less, the carriages larger, and the construction of the wheels such as to adapt the cars to sharp curves. There are Englishmen who find travelling in America far preferable to railway journeying in England, on account of the absence of the fee system. For my own part, I prefer to be waited upon, to have my hand-bag carried, and to be generally watched over by the railway guard and porter. The services they render you are useful and pleasant, and are very cheap at a small gratuity. Compared with the haughty independence with which you are treated by the servants of a great American railway, the conciliatory courtesy of the fee'd officers of the English lines is comforting and refreshing. The degree of heat at which the negro guards and porters are permitted to maintain the atmosphere of the Pullman cars is a serious trouble to English travellers, and Americans themselves often suffer from the want of ventilation in which the darkey revels. The "colored gentleman" revenges himself for the past slavery of his race by torturing the white travellers in the Pullman cars, who wonder that, after a night's so-called sleep, they get up with parched lips, aching heads, and a general derangement of their faculties. The colored official has kept them all night in a suffocating atmosphere of heated stoves and pipes that consume the oxygen without any means being taken for renewing it. Though not practised to such excess in private houses, this habit of heating apartments of all kinds and excluding the outer air is a source of misery to European strangers in the United States, and must be injurious to the health of the people. Better far the airy coldness of some English houses than the asphyxiating heat of the majority of American homes.

IV.

At present there is no comparison between English and American homes. America has not the houses, the servants, nor the inducements that belong to the home-life of England. In the first place, the wooden house of the country districts of America is a poor substitute for the English cottage or villa. This will be strikingly apparent to Americans travelling for the first time through Great Britain. There is no exaggeration of sentiment in the tributes which poets have invariably paid to "the cottage homes of England." The humblest peasant householder in the country districts has often a picturesque little home, with a flower and kitchen garden, altogether superior to the American villa one sees at outlying places along the railway routes. To have a house of his own is the chief ambition of an Englishman. Except in London and other large cities, no young man dreams of marrying until he has furnished a house, and can literally take his wife "home." Even in large cities it is a most rare and unaccustomed thing to see a family dining out at a restaurant. "Home" means more in England than in America, and the home-life of New York bears no comparison with that of London. The lack of a thoroughly settled class of men and women devoted to domestic service in America has much to do with this; so also, of course, have the heavy rents of good houses. The artisan's cottage and the middle-class house of England are almost unknown in the great cities of America. Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago have more to show in this direction than New York. Yet with these advantages on the side of England, where the sanctity of home is a sort of religion, we exhibit to Americans at every street corner a sight which is peculiarly sad and loathsome—women drinking at public bars, women with babies in their arms taking gin at all hours of the day, women often reeling into the streets in a state of drunkenness. There is no deeper stain on the moral escutcheon of Great Britain than this public scandal, except it be the open and shameless solicitation by a crowd of prostitutes in the West-End streets from dusk till long after midnight of every day that comes. It would seem as if the highest virtues and the lowest vices travelled along, side by side, in the English metropolis. Poverty and wealth meet here oftener face to face, and exist closer together, than in any metropolis the world has ever seen.

V.

While I was in America Mr. Edwin Booth, the representative actor of the United States, made his reappearance in London. The criticisms of his Hamlet were cabled at length to the American journals, and the event was regarded by all classes with the greatest interest, the more so as it was reported that Mr. Henry Irving, England's representative actor, had evinced a discourteous jealousy of the American. There was no truth in this report, but it gave piquancy to the situation. I promised some New York friends of both these eminent artists that on my return to London I would investigate the statements that were circulating to the detriment of Mr. Irving, and append to my report Booth's position and prospects in London, more particularly in connection with his representation of "Richelieu." I saw both Booth's impersonation of Lord Lytton's dramatic portraiture and the new Princess's Theatre together for the first time. I can now understand how heavily the American tragedian was handicapped by circumstances, and how much greater his success is than it appears to be. During Mr. Gooch's management of the Princess's Theatre the old house was the home of melodrama—not classic melodrama, but strong, realistic, I had almost said "blood and thunder," melodrama; it was practically an East-End theatre at the West. A Bowery theatre in Madison Square is the parallel idea for New York. "Guinea Gold," "Jane Shore," "It is Never Too Late to Mend," "Drink," "The Streets of London," were its most successful plays. In the height of its money-making history in this line Mr. Gooch pulled the theatre down. It was old, dusty, inconvenient; it smelled of sawdust, orange-peel, and gas; it was draughty, afflicted with rats, and the stage was positively dangerous; but the cheap parts were crowded every night. Tom, Dick, and 'Arry were there always; they "cat-called" to each other from pit and gallery. Now and then the better class of play-goers came; but the "money" was in the pit, gallery, and upper circle, not in the boxes or stalls. "The masses" were the chief supporters of the theatre. Mr. Gooch catered for them, and was successful; but his ambition is to have a theatre that shall attract all classes of play-goers.

To-day the old house is no more. On the historic site has arisen a clean, comfortable, and handsome theatre, with a beautiful entrance-hall, artistically decorated corridors, pleasant waiting-rooms, a cheerful saloon, and everything else in harmony therewith. The auditorium looks rather cold; perhaps the decorations are heavy, but the arrangements for the comfort of the audience are admirable. When Conquest rebuilt his tumble-down theatre at the East-End "the boys" would not go there any more, because it was "too nice;" it was unfamiliar; they no longer desired to wipe their feet on the cushions, and "shy" orange-peel at their friends. I wondered, as I sat for the first time in the new Princess's, if Mr. Gooch, too, had exorcised the "gallery" by his clean, well-conducted house. The old "pitites" who used to swarm into their narrow seats, and clap their hands and crack their jokes, they were not here now. The gallery boys in their shirt-sleeves, leaning over the rails, and making you tremble for fear that they should fall into the pit, they were not even represented. In their places were two small crowds of respectable, orderly people. They were attentive to the play all the time, and evinced a quick and cultivated taste. They led the applause over and over again during the actor's magnificent scenes in the fourth act. In the stalls and dress-circle of the theatre there was also a different class of play-goers to that which had been in the habit of attending the old theatre in its last days. These parts of the house were occupied by persons of a higher grade than one usually sees at the Princess's. Evidently attracted by the actor himself, they manifested a thorough appreciation of his method, joining their hearty plaudits to the cheers of pit and gallery under the electrical influence of his outburst of passion in the strongest dramatic scenes of the play. Mr. Gooch, it will be seen, has not only dispersed his old constituency, but he has appealed to a new set of play-goers, not only in the sweetness of his new house but in the class of entertainment he offers to the public. Under the circumstances Mr. Booth was as much handicapped as if he had to make the reputation of a new theatre. He gained nothing by the early traditions of the old house; and in producing classic plays he had to contend against the modern fashion of gorgeous scenery and costly furniture; for Mr. Gooch had no stock of scenery and properties in his new theatre that would enable him to carry out the Booth policy of a frequent change of programme from one historical work to another. In addition to all this, it is impossible, without long training and association together, to be secure of a good all-round company equal to the claims of "Hamlet," "Richelieu," "Macbeth," and "Othello." The old provincial schools of acting in England are no more. The travelling companies have made of Bath and Bristol, of Manchester and York, mere ordinary circuits for star companies; while "opera bouffe" and the "teacup and saucer" eras have left us with only a handful of artists who can speak blank verse. Mr. Booth did not light upon this handful, though he counted in his company one excellent and competent actor in Mr. John Ryder. To carry a new house with a new policy, a poor company (the best that could be hurriedly collected), and come through creditably, would have

been a great thing; but Mr. Edwin Booth has done more than this, he has made a distinct artistic success. Under more favorable circumstances he might have counted his triumph in piles of gold; but he has done all that an artist could desire on the score of fame; and when he leaves London he will leave behind a great name, troops of admirers, and the right to return to reap the harvest of his courage and his genius.

VI.

No heartier, no more sincere applause ever greeted an artist than that which acknowledged the merits of Mr. Booth's Richelieu on Tuesday night. It came from every part of the house, and when the curtain fell on the last scene the actor was "called" with an enthusiastic renewal of the demonstrations of approval which had accompanied him from the first, going along with him in characteristic companionship, and breaking out into cries of "Bravo!" when Richelieu hurled the thunders of Rome upon his presumptuous persecutor. I have seen all the great modern actors play Richelieu, but Mr. Booth's representation, especially in the fourth act, was as great a revelation to me as it was to John Ryder, who played Joseph to Macready, and regarded Macready's Richelieu as the most stirring realization of the character until he played the part with Booth in London. The famous old English actor went into Booth's dressing-room and told him so, with tears of excitement running down his cheeks. Many distinguished persons have attended Mr. Booth's representations. The late Lord Chief-justice Cockburn was in the stalls three nights before his death, and expressed great pleasure at his Hamlet. Mr. Anthony Froude wrote to him, and said of it that he had never liked Hamlet on the stage before. Sir Theodore Martin and Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) were delighted with "Richelieu." They told Mr. Booth so, both of them, and Lady Martin wrote him a letter in which she gave his interpretation the palm (as Ryder does) even against Macready's. This is immense praise, for Lady Martin was the original heroine of the play. The present Lord Lytton, the Countess Granville, Lady Lonsdale, Lady Colville, Sir A. Grant, Earl of Dunmore, Lady Trevelyan, and the Queen's friend and Lady-in-Waiting the Marchioness of Ely, are among the most notable persons who visited the Princess's during Mr. Booth's engagement there. Mr. Gooch and his company are full of admiration of the artist's work, and the management offers him a three years' treaty to remain in London. But there is, I fancy, a longing look in Booth's expressive eyes as he mentions this to me, a look that means rest or home.

VII.

I called on Mr. Booth at his hotel—the St. James's — and found him delightfully placed in two parlors commanding that part of Piccadilly where the park begins. Mrs. Booth and he received me after breakfast in a cosy room, with an English fire in the grate and an English fog gathering at the windows. You could see the park trees standing in dun-brown outlines against a streak of gray, smoky clouds, with a thick curtain gradually closing in upon them from above. It was noon, and Mrs. Booth's first experience of a London fog in the day-time. We sat talking in comparative darkness for half an hour, and the great thick curtain of mist and smoke did not, after all, compel us to light the gas. Mr. Booth speculated a little as to the pictorial treatment of the subject by his friend Mr. McEntee, as we stood at the window and watched the clouds trail off to the east, and the leafless trees of the park come out again clear and sharp against the gray sky, from which the rain now began to pour. Along Piccadilly cab and 'bus and brougham drove through the wet, and we turned to look at the soft-coal fire and talk of the great city.

"It was not my intention to act at all for a year at least," said Booth, "but at Queenstown I received a pressing invitation from Mr. Gooch's manager to open the new theatre. My first idea was that my wife, who was sick, should obtain the medical advice she had been counselled to seek here; that then we should make a long Continental tour, for a year at least. I thought I might possibly act in Germany, *en route*, coming or going, then play a short time in London, and go home. The Lyceum was suggested to me a year or two ago, and I did communicate with Mr. Irving. It occurred to me that he might have Booth's Theatre if he wished to visit America, while I could have appeared simultaneously on his stage here in London. Nothing came of that idea, and it was urged that, as Drury Lane was taken for the spring, I should have no opportunity so good for an appearance in London as the opening of the new Princess's Theatre; so I came, and here I am playing every night, and working harder than I have done for years."

"And you are satisfied with the result?"

"Quite. It has not been all smooth sailing, but it has been full of very pleasant incidents. Nothing has been more gratifying than the individual and collective kindness I have received from the profession. It is quite unusual in my experience for actors to send complimentary letters and telegrams to each other. Since I have been in London I have had quite a number of both from members of the English stage. They have gone out of their way to be kind to me. So also have a great many persons of note. My relations with the ladies and gentlemen of Mr. Gooch's company are most agreeable. They have all shown a real personal interest in my success."

"I see that you have a portrait of Mr. Irving hanging on the wall. Gossips and pretended friends have no doubt told you all manner of stories about his jealousy of you. I know busybodies have reported to him that he might look for all manner of rivalry at your hands."

"Oh yes. I hope I know as well as Mr. Irving how to judge this kind of gossip. I need not say to you that I have the highest respect for a gentleman who has done so much to elevate the profession to which we both belong. But for the inadvertent overlooking of a letter he received a long time since, we might possibly have carried out the project of an interchange of theatres."

"Has Mr. Irving called upon you?"

"Yes; I do not like to discuss even the idea of jealousy or rivalry. On my part, those who know me know that competition of the sort indicated by paragraphists in the newspapers and elsewhere does not exist in my mind for a moment. Mr. Irving, I know, has always spoken well of me, and he has no reason to do otherwise, nor I of him."

"I believe, if you were intimately acquainted with him, you would like him very much."

"I feel sure I should."

"It has always occurred to me that it would be an international good, an instance of artistic amity and professional friendly feeling, to have you two gentlemen—each representing the best aspect and mission of the drama in the two great English-speaking countries of the world—on intimate terms: the Englishman acting at Booth's, the American at the Lyceum, or both playing for a season in the same theatre on alternate nights."

"New York friends of mine have often talked in that strain, and I should be glad to carry out their wishes, supposing Mr. Irving were also anxious for such international courtesies."

"Do you think it is too late?"

"I cannot tell."

"I am convinced that Mr. Irving is only actuated by the most friendly and sympathetic feelings toward you, and, indeed, all American artists, as a rule, speak of the kindly attentions they have received at the hands of the Lyceum management. Do you propose to play a long engagement at the Princess's?"

"I have not decided. At home I am accustomed to take a rest now and then. Mr. Gooch is anxious that I should go on beyond the date of our first arrangement, but I am hardly willing to undertake a long responsibility of a nightly appearance in the arduous parts that make up my *répertoire.*"

"What are your forth-coming pieces?"

"'The Fool's Revenge,' 'Macbeth,' and 'Othello,' I believe. I was most unfortunate in losing poor Mr. Harcourt as my leading man. On the first night of 'Richelieu' Baradas fell sick, and Mr. Swinburne had to take his part at a moment's notice. On Tuesday night Mr. Ryder was taken ill, and Mr. Swinburne had to play Joseph. He did exceedingly well under the circumstances; but I have had many troubles of this kind. On the first night of 'Hamlet,' the theatre being new, the scenery did not run smoothly; then the principle of keeping the auditorium almost in darkness had a gloomy aspect from the stage that depressed me; I had been warned that many of the gentlemen in front had come to write me down. These and other matters, all small, no doubt, in themselves, affected my spirits, and I really did not play Hamlet at all to my own satisfaction until the last nights, when I had become used to the company, the scenery, the audiences, the theatre. Of course I did not expect to please all the critics; I don't do so in New York, and I did not come to take London by storm; but in private letters, in personal calls, and in a hundred ways, I have received courtesies, kindnesses, compliments which I shall never forget, and my audiences every night are as warm, and hearty, and enthusiastic as one could possibly desire."

We chatted for some time much in this strain, Mrs. Booth coming now and then to her husband's aid where his natural modesty kept back the many individual compliments he had received. Mr. Booth is really a shy man, and sensitive to a fault. In the hackneyed meaning of the term, he is not genial—not in the ordinary social interpretation of the phrase—not genial as Mr. John M'Cullough is; not "a night bird," sacrificing his rest to his friends, as most actors do who cultivate society during a London season. It is Booth's habit, after acting, to go home; and it is not his practice to lunch at clubs or pay complimentary visits, except once in a way on Sundays. He cannot do it. His nervous system is too highly strung for any claims upon it beyond the hard work of his business as an actor. He rarely takes wine; and he lives the life of a student, almost of a recluse, outside the theatre. This is well known in New York. He does not feel disposed to change his habits here, and success on the English stage without the aid of the small change of social amenities is rare in these days. Mr. Jefferson achieved it on his individual merits, and Mr. Booth is steadily mounting the same ladder. Genius which is well directed, and sustained power, can do without the aid of Society, but can get along more quickly with it. Mr. Booth is entitled to stand alone, and if he had opened in "Richelieu" he would have drawn the town, instead of only an intellectual and cultured portion of it. "Hamlet" just now offers too many points of controversy for the critics to be able to resist the temptation of exhibiting their own knowledge at the expense of any or every new Hamlet with which they might be challenged.

I predict for Mr. Booth new laurels in "The Fool's Revenge" and "Macbeth." It is not unlikely that these works may bring back to the theatre some of Mr. Gooch's deserters. Hitherto the imaginations of the pit and gallery folk have been inflamed by startling posters and window bills. Mr. Booth, so far, has not deigned to supplement the ordinary announcements with these pictorial aids to publicity. Jealous of his position, and not willing to lower the dignity of his art, he has been satisfied with the kind of announcement that contented the Keans, Macready, and Phelps. But other times, other manners. It is a London tradition of New York that, to do anything there, you must stand on the sidewalk, and, beating your breast, declare to the passers-by that you are a devil of a fellow. It seems to me that this kind of thing is much more necessary in London than in New York. If Mr. Booth could be persuaded to see this he would hasten the general acknowledgment of his powers. But there is much genuine satisfaction in the pleasures of self-respect. Mr. Booth has made a permanent and honorable impression upon the history of the London stage.

VIII.

A few weeks after the above sketch had appeared in *The Times* I called upon Mr. Booth again, by appointment, to discuss the development of our previous conversation. It was understood that, apart from other considerations, the visit had a business aspect from a journalistic point of view; but my object was chiefly to give the American public sufficient data upon which to form its own judgment of the relations between Mr. Booth and Mr. Irving, and to correct the impression which had been fostered there by pens and gossipers on both sides of the Atlantic, that the great English actor had been any other than kindly in his treatment of his great American contemporary. Anything relating to the alliance of these two artists, anything illustrative of their positions, their individualities, appears to be so attractive to the readers of the current journalistic histories of the time, that I venture to think this record of an interesting event will not be deemed out of place in these volumes.

The first week in March, 1881. A bright spring day; the sunshine as warm as in summer. Clean, dry streets. Buds on the lilacs in the open spaces of the town. A thrush was piping a loud, joyous song on an elm-tree as I passed by Regent's Park Road. The West-End streets were crowded with splendid equipages. I called by appointment on Mr. Edwin Booth, at the St. James's Hotel. The sun was streaming in at his windows; yet he looked worn and tired. His wife was very ill. Her condition gave him cause for the greatest anxiety. It is hardly possible that she can recover. She was ill when she came to London; and, though at first it seemed as if change of air and English medical advice were benefiting her, she has lately appeared rapidly to lose strength. Those who know Mr. Booth will understand how great a trouble it is to him to be without her advice and business assistance; those who know how devoted a wife he has in Mrs. Booth will understand what a deep grief may possibly await him.

"I am sad about my wife," he said; "she is, I fear, a very sick woman."

I led him on to talk about the events of the day. Conversation seemed to be a relief to him. Presently, lighting cigarettes, we sat down, and came back to the subject of our first conversation about Irving, which I had published in the interest of both artists during the early days of the Princess's engagement.

"What seemed vague and uncertain then," I said, "has come to pass?"

"Yes; I am to play with Mr. Irving at the Lyceum."

"The suggestion of *The New York Times* was, then, not the foolish idea some people chose to think it?"

"No; it was sound. As you know, Mr. Irving asked me to luncheon or to sup with him, and I was to name my day. I played at a *matinée* recently for the benefit of Mr. Chatterton, at the request of some good people. Mr. Irving also acted. I named the day for the luncheon. He invited me to his rooms. We spent quite a long time together, talking of subjects in which we were both interested. I found him charming and sympathetic. During our conversation I intimated that I would like to give some *matinées* at his theatre, engaging my own company, so that I could present to the London public with satisfaction to myself some of the pieces in which I had not yet appeared, as well as those in which they had already seen me. It has been said so often by the Press, and reiterated to me so much in private letters, that the company and surroundings at the Princess's have been detrimental to the proper production of Shakspeare during my engagement there, that, prior to my provincial tour, I thought I would really like to have the satisfaction of appearing in at least one or two good all-round performances. Mr. Irving consented at once, and left the matter in my hands to propose further what I wished. And so we said *au revoir*, having spent a most agreeable day."

"I felt sure you would like him, and that he was anxious to show you some courtesy."

"Soon after I had reached my rooms," continued Mr. Booth, "Mr. Irving called. He said he had been thinking the question of morning performances over. The *matinée* is not popular in London. Once a week, not more, could be relied upon for large audiences, and that morning was occupied by himself. It was Saturday. My idea was, of course, to play on other mornings. 'I cannot advise you,' he said, 'to risk *matinées*; suppose you come and play in the evenings, say three nights a week, with me in 'Othello?' I replied that I should be delighted to do so. He at once mentioned terms that were most liberal, and we closed the arrangement."

"And when do you appear?"

"On the 2d day of May. After the 8th of April Irving withdraws 'The Corsican Brothers' and produces 'The Belle's Stratagem.' He will play this, with 'The Cup,' three nights a week, and 'Othello' on the other three. He opens the engagement with Iago, which he will play for three nights. In the week following he will play the Moor and I Iago, and so on."

"Have you spoken of any other piece for consideration during the engagement?"

"Mr. Irving mentioned 'Venice Preserved,' but only as a matter of conversation, though I see something has been said about it in the papers. It is an old-fashioned tragedy, and was laughed at when produced in New York. I do not think Mr. Irving has any idea of reviving it at the Lyceum. Our arrangement only has reference to the production of 'Othello.'"

"When do you conclude your Princess's engagement?"

"On the 25th of the month."

"You are now playing 'Lear;' you must find that a most arduous impersonation, a great tax upon your energies?"

"Yes, I have never played the part for so many consecutive nights as here in London. In fact, it is hardly within my recollection that I have played so long an engagement as the present one without a rest. I shall be enabled to take a month's holiday between my close at the Princess's and the opening at the Lyceum. During the last week at the Princess's I shall play 'The Merchant of Venice.' Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, with whom I have acted in the United States, are engaged to support me, Miss Bateman as Portia. I think London will like her reading of the part, more particularly in the trial scene."

"Have you seen Miss Terry in the part?"

"I saw her in the isolated scene at the benefit performance. She is very graceful. I liked, too, Mr. Irving. He played the first part of 'Richard III.' and the trial scene of 'The Merchant of Venice.' His repose is delightful. It was a very fine and intellectual performance. I quite look forward to seeing him act in his own theatre during my month's holiday. The faculty of repose is a great thing. McCullough has it. I sometimes think it is lacking in my own performance."

"It would be a capital arrangement at some future day if you could have Irving's theatre here for a short season while he appeared in the United States."

"I should shrink from the idea of having to carry on, even for a season, his splendid policy in the mounting of Shakspeare. I went through all that at Booth's Theatre. When I left that house it seems to me as if my hopes and ambitions in the way of stage display, Shakspearean revival, artistic spectacle, and all that, had ended. There was a time when I had the energy, and experienced all the evident delight in those things which Mr. Irving feels. I do so no longer. I am an actor, not a manager. I used to think of nothing else but the work of mounting and dressing pieces. If I took a holiday, questions of the color of this material and the historical correctness of the other were continually before me. When first I began to produce Shakspeare on grand historic lines I had no precedents in the United States, and could obtain very little assistance, but I found a never-ending pleasure in hunting up authorities, consulting my artist friends upon points of costume, getting designs made for dresses, and seeing the artistic business growing under my hands. I should dread to attempt a revival of this kind of work now, and it is necessary to the Lyceum Theatre. Moreover, Mr. Irving has no present intention of visiting America. I feel a deep interest in my engagement with him."

"So do the public. It is the one popular topic in theatrical circles. All the Americans whom I have met are greatly pleased. Seats are already being booked in advance, in spite of the doubled prices. The cast will be very strong, including most of the late Lyceum company who appeared in "Othello," with the addition of Mr. Ferris as Cassio. A good deal of Mr. Irving's business of the stage as Othello is new, and he has not yet played Iago, though the part has often been mentioned as one likely to suit him admirably. When do you rehearse?"

"Not yet for some weeks. At Booth's Theatre I introduced 'The Willow Song' for my wife, who played Desdemona. Miss Terry, I am told, sings in 'The Cup.' I think I shall propose the introduction of 'The Willow Song' to Irving."

"When do you begin your provincial tour?"

"In September. I think the first place is Birmingham. Engagements are made with all the leading cities, and the tour will go on close up to Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Bateman, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Ryder, and other leading artists, are in the company."

"Irving tells me that he played with you at Manchester when you were in England on your first visit. The piece he remembers best was 'Richard III.' The manager of the theatre was Richmond, and he had given himself a splendid new set of armor, and had provided the best the theatre afforded for his army. He was popular with the public in front, and did not mean to have his position unduly interfered with by the star in 'Richard.' He interpolated the prayer scene, the invocation to the god of battles, from 'Henry V.' While Richard's army was clothed in the most ordinary costumes, Richmond's was ablaze, partially in new armor and in old armor cleaned up and polished. When the manager came on, the extraordinary display of magnificently appointed men was loudly applauded. Everything appeared to be going as he could wish, and at last came the invocation to the god of battles. Down on his knees went Richmond; his army tried to follow suit. The property-men had not oiled or greased the joints of their armor. Going to kneel, they struck all kinds of comic attitudes, one or two fell on their faces, all of them looked ridiculous. The stiff joints of the armor would not work. The audience screamed with laughter. A more absurd stage-picture was never seen. The invocation over, the army attempted to rise. This was a more silly-looking business than trying to kneel. The men on their faces could not get up again. Those who did get up made far more to do about it than Rip Van Winkle after his long sleep, so admirably represented by Jefferson. Richmond went off amid howls of laughter and chaff from the gallery. Apart from any question of ability, Richard had the best of that arrangement."

Mr. Booth remembered the incident, and recalling it amused him, and set him talking of other interesting episodes of his early career, which went back to the early days of his father, and to the time when, following in his father's footsteps, he produced "The Apostate" and other old dramatic works in the leading theatres of the United States; and so presently we parted; and I was met in Piccadilly by the newsboys crying their varied and startling announcements of the day's intelligence.

It has been stated in an American journal that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has presented Mr. Irving with a lease of the Lyceum Theatre. The baroness never owned the lease or any other property connected with the house except her private box, which she paid for at the ordinary tariff, as she would pay for her box at the Opera. Another American journal states that she was Mr. Irving's business partner in the responsibility of "running the Lyceum." There is not the slightest truth in this. I have previously said so, and I have now Mr. Irving's special request to further contradict it. The Lyceum,

from the first day of his management, has been entirely his own undertaking. He borrowed a large sum of money on business terms and security. He has been enabled to pay the entire sum off, though not wholly out of profits. During his management Mr. Irving inherited a considerable legacy, which he promptly put into the theatrical treasury. He made his first payments on behalf of the theatre out of the large receipts of his provincial tour, and ever since the Lyceum has yielded him large profits, but not out of proportion to his heavy expenditure. While controlled by good judgment and great thoughtfulness, Mr. Irving's management is lavish in every department. He pays the highest salaries in London. His chiefs of departments are skilled and experienced men. Expense is no consideration where an outlay is considered desirable. His orchestra is the best we have; his theatre the most comfortable. When Mr. Gladstone went behind the scenes on the first night of "The Cup" he was introduced to Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Irving's chancellor of the exchequer. "And do you find that all these great expenses yield you a proportionate return?" asked Queen Victoria's Chancellor of the Exchequer. "We do," was Stoker's prompt reply, and he gave the Premier some interesting financial examples in point. Mr. Gladstone was much interested in the figures. Indeed, it may be said for the Premier that everything interests him. There is not a more versatile mind in the empire.

It is worth while recalling, in conclusion, the first night of Mr. Irving's management of the Lyceum, in the winter of 1878. There are a few critics who have stood by Mr. Irving from the commencement of his career, and who felt a personal concern in the success of his first managerial night, when he played "Hamlet" in his own theatre and in his own way, with artists selected by himself, with a new leading lady, with a new arrangement of scenes, and, in so far as decorations and fittings are concerned, in a new and beautiful house. There are other critics who have more than once turned upon the popular idol, and it would seem, when you are opposed to Mr. Irving and his method, you must be bitter and personal; you must attack his legs, you must sneer at his gait, and, if you are a caricaturist as well as a critic, you must draw hideous pictures of him, forgetting that mannerism is individuality, and that a man does not make his own legs. But to-day it is all sunshine. The courageous artist, the thoughtful actor, the conscientious student, has conquered. It would be eccentric, nay clownish, to stand apart amid the general congratulations. During this new era in his career not a journal of note but has paid tribute to the actor and the manager, who, on the recent reopening of the Lyceum, was welcomed in the double capacity by a brilliant and enthusiastic audience, which in the stalls waved handkerchiefs at him, and in the pit raised hats and cheered with one voice. It was a scene not to be forgotten when Mr. Irving came on, for, apart from his own personal popularity, he had abolished the fee system, he had cushioned the seats of both pit and gallery, he had made each stall a comfortable and elegant chair, and transformed the heavy-looking house into a very temple of art. Behind the scenes, as in front, the manager-actor had introduced notable reforms. The dressing-rooms had been decorated and properly furnished, hot and cold water being provided, and everything done to uphold the decencies and promote the comforts of life on the actors' side of the curtain. Until very lately, the conditions under which artists have had to dress in London theatres, as a rule, have been simply disgraceful. Strange to say, the provinces set the example of reform in this direction; but even now, behind the scenes of some of the London theatres is worthy of a back slum in Seven Dials or a Bowery gaff. The Lyceum, Prince of Wales', Covent Garden, the Gaiety, the Court, and the Haymarket, St. James', are more or less exceptions to this; and now that managers are in the humor to "reform it altogether," we shall soon have no reason to complain, for the managers of London are like sheep—they follow a bell-wether pell-mell. Mr. Irving has shown them the way, and in due course things will be pushed to extremes, changing from Seven Dials' rooms to West-End boudoirs, from a Bowery gaff to a Fifth Avenue theatre.

The Lyceum scenery for the new version of "Hamlet" is of the highest order of stage art, and it moved on the first night with the regularity of clock-work and with the silence of greased wheels and list shoes. No *entr'acte* music was set down, no prompter's bell rung, the play went on without warning, the curtain went up and down with a mysterious regularity; and when, after each act, calls were made for the artists, they did not come on before the curtain, but received their honors on the scene. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Campbell Clarke, was out of sight, and the church-yard scene was played to a characteristic organ accompaniment. The interview between Hamlet and the Ghost took place on a wild, rock-bound coast, the apparition addressing the prince from the summit of a rock, and afterward gradually fading out, as it seemed, among the cliffs, as the russet morning broke over the sea. The court of the King was a fine, solid-looking set; and the furnishing of the Queen's room was an archæological triumph, full of well-studied mediæval detail, hung with tapestry, and suggesting an atmosphere of superstition and religious exercise grimly suitable to the incident of the play which belongs to the scene. The funeral of Ophelia was performed at even-tide, which is defended by Mr. Frank Marshall, on the ground of the "maimed rights" accorded to a supposed suicide; though this view of the time when the ceremony should take place is not borne out by the text, for neither Hamlet nor Horatio see anything unusual in a funeral taking place at such an hour; but this is a small matter. The scene is laid on the slope of an old-fashioned burial-ground, in the solemn twilight, the processional chant of the monkish choir breaking out at intervals to the requiem strains of the organ. The business of Hamlet's leaping into the grave is cut out, and the Prince's exit is made behind the group of mourners, who represent a rare picture, both as to composition and color, as the curtain goes down. There is something incongruous, yet curiously impressive, in playing the last tragic incidents in a hall of the palace looking upon a pastoral scene of lawn and birch-trees in their first spring leaves.

With this brief outline of scenery, which omits several exquisitely painted cloths for front scenes, the reader will have sufficient notes for realizing the fact that, without loading the tragedy with gorgeous pictures, Mr. Irving has had the work mounted in a worthy setting, in which the poet and the artist have worked cordially together. When the audience insisted upon the new manager saying something at the end of the performance, Mr. Irving in a short address said he had been working all his life to realize that night's Shakspearian performance. London is agreed that the effort is honorable to the manager-actor, and not unworthy of the great poet's immortal work.

* * * * * *

XI.

And now farewell! If these few papers shall, in ever so small a degree, help to strengthen the friendly ties of America and England I shall consider them "a good-conduct notch" on my record of usefulness. This is not the sort of work that always "pays" an author. I do not know that it enhances his reputation. I do not myself think it a good book, inasmuch as I feel that the matter falls short of the subject. There is little the critic can say against it that I cannot endorse, except he denounce the good intention; except he dispute the duty of every Englishman and every American, who wields a pen, to promote the brotherhood of America and England; except he favor the wretched habit of intolerance of national peculiarities, the poor, thin jealousies that make men on both sides of the Atlantic traduce each other, and try to maintain that wall of caste and hatred which King George erected between us, and which the electric cable and the Philadelphia Exhibition should have scattered to the four winds of heaven. I appeal to our common language, to the old English songs which are the lullaby of cradled infancy in both countries, and the joyous outpourings of its manhood; I appeal to our common interest in the works of Shakspeare and Longfellow, and all the other great Anglo-Saxon writers; I appeal to the mutual laughter that has banished sorrow at many a lonely hearth over the humor of Ward and Twain; I appeal to the mutual tears that have fallen on the story of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and the childish troubles of Tiny Tim and Little Nell; I appeal to the natural love of freedom and justice for which men have laid down their lives on both sides of the Atlantic; I appeal to all that is good and true and noble in the character and deeds and aspirations of the two great English-speaking peoples, for the exercise of mutual forbearance one with the other. If ever the time should come when these two nations can act together as two great men and brothers bent on the advancement of human happiness all over the world, then you may see the end of war and the millennium of peace; for England and America, allied heart and soul in the unselfish duty of controlling the destiny of the world in the interest of the peace and love and truth of the Christian dispensation, could dictate to the universe a policy of honor and righteousness, a policy of letting every man have his own, a policy of right being might, a policy in which Justice should take the place of Diplomacy, and in which there should be no room for Tyranny, and therefore none for insurrection, rebellion, the lash, the knout, the gallows, and Siberia. "Utopia!" exclaims the cynic. "A dream!" says the more pitiful student of history. Well, let us dream, let us erect our castles, let us imagine on earth something of the paradise we are promised in the skies. There is no harm in dreaming if our dreams are good, and we can do ever so little toward bringing them to pass. In every American heart that takes count of the historic past, and finds there an ancestry of fame and glory, there is a little corner sacred to England, a little spot wherein is cherished a vague instinct of undulating meadows, blooming hedge-rows, green lanes, moss-grown graveyards, ancient churches, and village chimes. There is in the heart of every Englishman a sentiment of brotherly affection for America, a sense of family pride in her progress and prosperity, a feeling of wonder at her vastness, her mighty rivers, her rolling prairies, her storm-tossed lakes, and her multitudinous resources. That corner in the American heart is our cousins' Westminster Abbey of dead heroes and living history, his legacy of romance dating back to the ages before and after the sailing of the *Mayflower;* while his own New World, with its great unoccupied spaces, is the land that fills the thought and aspirations of thousands who, toiling in the shadow and in the rain for the crust which they eat in the criminal atmosphere of poverty, look forward with the pathos of a doubtful hope to the promise of golden treasures in the great mining States of the Republic and to the sunshine of Western harvest-fields. There are more feelings in common between England and America than between any other two nations; they have each more reciprocal advantages to offer to the other; they have the American admiral's reason, that "blood is thicker than water," for mutual fraternization, for mutual confidence and trust; and the closer and more unitedly they march on together in the van of Peace, contesting, none the less for their friendship, in an active rivalry of trade and commerce, of science and art, so much the better will it be for themselves, so much the better for the world at large.

THE END.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send* "THREE RECRUITS, AND THE GIRLS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM," *a novel, by* JOSEPH HATTON, *to any address in the United States, postage prepaid, on receipt of Fifteen Cents.*

WILLIAM BLACK'S NOVELS.

HARPER'S POPULAR EDITIONS.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
A PRINCESS OF THULE. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY. 8vo, Paper, 50 cts.
IN SILK ATTIRE. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
KILMENY. 8vo, Paper, 35 cents.
LOVE OR MARRIAGE? 8vo, Paper, 30 cents.
MACLEOD OF DARE. 8vo, Paper, Illustrated, 60 cents; 4to, Paper, 15 cents.
SUNRISE. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.
MADCAP VIOLET. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
THE MAID OF KILLEENA, The Marriage of Moira Fergus, and other Stories. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.
THE MONARCH OF MINCING LANE. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
THREE FEATHERS. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
WHITE WINGS. 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

HARPER'S LIBRARY EDITION.

12mo, Cloth, $1 25 per Volume.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH.
A PRINCESS OF THULE.
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.
IN SILK ATTIRE.
KILMENY.
MACLEOD OF DARE.
MADCAP VIOLET.
SUNRISE.
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.
THREE FEATHERS.
WHITE WINGS.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Any of the above works sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD EDITION.

Harper's Household Dickens, *Complete.* In 16 volumes, Paper, $14 00; Cloth, $22 00. In 8 volumes, Cloth, $20 00; Imitation Half Morocco, $22 00; Half Calf, $40 00

Oliver Twist.

The Adventures of Oliver Twist. With 28 Illustrations by J. Mahoney. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

Martin Chuzzlewit.

The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit. With 59 Illustrations by F. Barnard. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

The Old Curiosity Shop. With 54 Illustrations by Thomas Worth. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 25.

David Copperfield.

The Personal History of David Copperfield. With Portrait of Author, and 61 Illustrations by F. Barnard. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Dombey and Son.

Dombey and Son. With 52 Illustrations by W. L. Sheppard. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Nicholas Nickleby.

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. With 52 Illustrations by C. S. Reinhart. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Pickwick Papers.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. With 52 Illustrations by Thomas Nast. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Bleak House.

Bleak House. With 61 Illustrations by F. Barnard. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Little Dorrit.

Little Dorrit. With 58 Illustrations by J. Mahoney. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Barnaby Rudge.

Barnaby Rudge. With 44 Illustrations by F. Barnard. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

A Tale of Two Cities.

A Tale of Two Cities. With 41 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

Our Mutual Friend.

Our Mutual Friend. With 58 Illustrations by J. Mahoney. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Christmas Stories.

Christmas Stories. With 27 Illustrations by E. A. Abbey. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Great Expectations.

Great Expectations. With 30 Illustrations by F. A. Fraser. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

The Uncommercial Traveller, &c.

The Uncommercial Traveller, Hard Times, and the Mystery of Edwin Drood. With 45 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Pictures from Italy, &c.

Pictures from Italy, Sketches by Boz, and American Notes. With 64 Illustrations by Thomas Nast and Arthur B. Frost. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

We have no doubt that an edition of Dickens which has so much to commend it to public favor, in form, paper, type, press work, illustrations, and price (for it is really a marvel of cheapness), will meet with a very extensive sale.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The type is large, the paper and binding very handsome, and the illustrations excellent. This edition will be a charming accumulation, in new dress, of the works of that indispensable and immortal photographer of life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

THACKERAY'S WORKS.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD EDITION.

Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25 per Vol.; $12 00 per set.

Barry Lyndon, Hoggarty Diamond, &c.
The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.—The History of Samuel Titmarsh, and the Great Hoggarty Diamond.—Burlesques.—A Plan for a Prize Novel.—The Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche, Esq., with his Letters.—The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan.—A Legend of the Rhine.—Rebecca and Rowena.—The History of the Next French Revolution.—Cox's Diary.

Four Georges, English Humorists, Roundabout Papers, &c.
Four Georges.—English Humorists.—Charity and Humor.—Roundabout Papers.—The Second Funeral of Napoleon.—Little Travels and Roadside Sketches.—The Fitz-Boodle Papers.—Critical Reviews.—The Wolves and the Lamb.

Henry Esmond, and Lovel the Widower.
The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty Queen Anne. Written by Himself.—Lovel the Widower.

Paris and Irish Sketch-Books, &c.
The Paris Sketch-Book.—The Memoirs of Mr. C. J. Yellowplush.—The Irish Sketch-Book.—A Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo.

Book of Snobs, Sketches, &c.
The Book of Snobs.—Sketches and Travels in London.—Character Sketches.—Denis Duval.—Men's Wives.—Stories.

Catherine, Christmas Books, Ballads, &c.
Catherine.—Titmarsh among Pictures and Books.—Fraser Miscellanies.—The Christmas Books.—Selections from Punch.—Ballads, &c.

The Adventures of Philip
On his Way through the World: showing who Robbed him, who Helped him, and who Passed him by. To which is now prefixed A Shabby-Genteel Story.

The History of Pendennis.
His Fortunes and his Misfortunes, his Friends and his Greatest Enemy.

The Newcomes.
Memoirs of a most Respectable Family. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq.

The Virginians.
A Tale of the Last Century.

Vanity Fair.
A Novel without a Hero.

HARPER'S POPULAR EDITION.

Denis Duval.
Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

Henry Esmond.
8vo, Paper, 50 cents; 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

Henry Esmond.—Lovel the Widower.
With Illustrations by the Author. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

English Humorists.—Four Georges.
12mo, Cloth, $1 25.—*English Humorists*, separately, Cloth, $1 00; Half Morocco, $2 00. *Four Georges*, separately, Half Morocco, $2 00.

Lovel the Widower.
With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 20 cents.

Roundabout Papers.
12mo, Half Morocco, $2 00.

The Adventures of Philip.
With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents; Cloth, $1 10.

The Great Hoggarty Diamond.
8vo, Paper, 20 cents.

The History of Pendennis.
With Illustrations by the Author. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

The Newcomes.
Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 90 cents; Cloth, $1 40.

The Rose and the Ring;
Or, The History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo. A Fireside Pantomime for Great and Small Children. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. Numerous Illustrations. Small 4to, Cloth, $1 00.

The Virginians.
With Illustrations by the Author. 8vo, Paper, 90 cents; Cloth, $1 40; Half Calf, $3 75.

Vanity Fair.
With Illustrations by the Author. 8vo, Paper, 80 cents.

An Elegant Library Edition of Vanity Fair, with Illustrations by the Author, and a Portrait on Steel, engraved by Halpin after Lawrence's Picture. In Three Volumes, Post 8vo, on Toned Paper, $7 50. Half Morocco, $12 75.

Thackeray's Novels, 3 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $6 50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER'S LIBRARY OF AMERICAN FICTION.

This series is proving to be good, and deserving of popularity.—*Troy Times.*

Their cheapness, and clean, neat appearance, as well as their literary merits, will make them attractive to readers of fiction.—*Lutheran Observer*, Philadelphia.

A series which is drawing upon evidently the best literary talent in the country.—*N. Y. Express.*

To this series one looks with confidence for fresh, readable, and well-selected novels.—*Portland Press.*

The habitual reader must be delighted with the large, round, open-faced type and beautiful paper with which these novels are printed, as they deal most kindly with the sight. The promise of the publishers, that only works of a very high order of literary merit and of unexceptionable morals will be admitted to the series, is being conscientiously fulfilled.—*San Francisco Post.*

---

1. ESTHER PENNEFATHER.

By Alice Perry. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A story of considerable strength and originality.—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y.

2. JUSTINE'S LOVERS.

8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

One of its minor merits is a happy gift of expression, a knack of crystallizing a thought in its most compact, precise, and translucent form. —*N. Y. Sun.*

3. MIRIAM'S HERITAGE.

A Story of the Delaware River. By Alma Calder. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

It has many strong recommendations to favorable notice, but none more worthy than the pleasing unconventionality that distinguishes the conduct of the plot.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

4. MAG.

A Story of To-Day. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Is entitled to a place among the most pleasing works of American fiction.—*Rochester Express.*

5. COLONEL DUNWODDIE, MILLIONAIRE.

A Story of To-Day. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

An American novel worth reading. * * * All the characters are alike strongly drawn, and the book is well written.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

6. KILROGAN COTTAGE.

By Matilda Despard. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

Full of pleasant incidents. It is sufficiently exciting to hold the attention of the most exacting novel-reader.—*Albany Journal.*

7. BLUSH ROSES.

By Clara Francis Morse. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Anything more natural and picturesque has not been written for a long time.—*N. Y. Express.*

8. OLD SLIP WAREHOUSE.

By Mary A. Denison. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

Written with more than ordinary power and effectiveness.—*Philadelphia Item.*

9. LIKE UNTO LIKE.

By Sherwood Bonner. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

One of the most original, brilliant, and natural novels of the day.—*Portland Press.*

It is the American story of the day *par excellence.—Boston Transcript.*

10. COUSIN POLLY'S GOLD MINE.

By Mrs. A. E. Porter. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

A beautiful and varied picture of New England life.—*N. Y. Mail.*

It has a very interesting plot and a healthful moral. * * * Lively and spirited.—*Albany Press.*

11. THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.

A Story for Young Old Folks and Old Young Folks. By William M. Baker. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A brisk, lively story of adventure, well told and readable.—*Boston Traveller.*

A very spirited and readable description of life in Texas.—*Philadelphia Press.*

12. CAPTAIN NELSON.

A Romance of Colonial Days. By Samuel Adams Drake. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

An historical romance of the period of the English Revolution of 1688, designed to reflect the influence which the Revolution had upon colonial life. The period is rich in materials for such use as this, and Mr. Drake has made uncommon good use of them in this work.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Has a delightful flavor of olden times. * * * The whole story holds the interest from the first page to the last.—*Churchman*, N. Y.

13. A FOREIGN MARRIAGE;

Or, Buying a Title. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

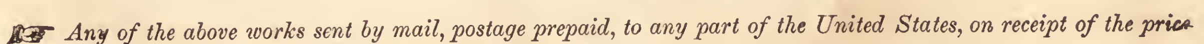
"An interesting story. A knowledge of Continental life has enabled the author to enrich the narrative with many beautiful pictures."

14. VIRGINIA BOHEMIANS.

By John Esten Cooke. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

"The work is in Mr. Cooke's best style, abounding in vivid pictures of the mountain scenery, sketches of quaint native character, and local descriptions of great freshness of coloring."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



☞ *Any of the above works sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

"Harper's Library of American Fiction" will be supplied in half-leather binding, paper sides, at 25 cents, net, per volume, in addition to the price of the respective volumes in paper covers.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	**$4 00**
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year	**4 00**
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year	**4 00**
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year .	**1 50**

A COMBINATION OFFER.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE . . . . HARPER'S WEEKLY . . . . . HARPER'S BAZAR	One Year	$10 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE . . . . HARPER'S WEEKLY	One Year	7 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE . . . . HARPER'S BAZAR	One Year	7 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY . . . . . HARPER'S BAZAR	One Year	7 00

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, the Volumes of the *Young People* with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

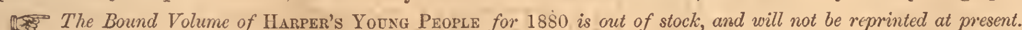
Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the *Magazine*, each Volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf.

Bound Volumes of the *Weekly* or *Bazar* from 1870, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of $7 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $10 50 in Half Morocco.

Harper's Young People for 1880, handsomely bound in Illuminated Cloth, will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of $3 00.



☞ *The Bound Volume of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for* 1880 *is out of stock, and will not be reprinted at present.*

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, and *Harper's Young People* render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:—In the *Weekly*, Outside Page, $2 00 a line; Inside Pages, $1 50 a line: in the *Bazar*, $1 00 a line: in the *Young People*, Outside Cover Page, 50 cents a line; Inside Cover Pages, 40 cents a line. Average, eight words to a line, twelve lines to an inch. Cuts and display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Address:

HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

REC'D LD
JUN 28 1963
15Jul...X
REC'D LD
REC'D LD
AUG 18 1964
AUG 18 1964
INTER-LIBRARY
LOAN
DEC 4 1969
REC. CIR. APR 18 '80
15'65 -3 PM
REC. CIR. APR 18 '80

LD 21A-50m-3,'62
(C7097s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley