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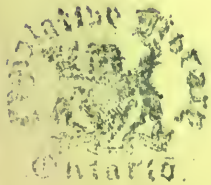
TO-DAY IN AMERICA.

STUDIES FOR THE

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

BY

JOSEPH HATTON.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE BEGINNING.

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"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 idealised 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.

"Aye, 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 "Aye."

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

"Aye," 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.

"Aye, 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?"

"Aye," they said they did. They always said "Aye," 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 mantelshelf, 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

grey 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 Col. 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, Col. 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 pathethic 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*

* *While these volumes have been passing through the press, Mr. John McCullough has made a distinct success in "Vir-*

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 now-a-days 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

ginius," 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.*

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 downwards, 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 towards 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 favour, I venture to commend to their friendly reception the rapid sketches and social studies which make up these volumes of To-Day in America.

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

ERRATA.

Vol. I. page 23, line 1, *for* "Paget," *read* "Puget."
„ „ „ 4, *for* "yews," *read* "hews."

TO-DAY IN AMERICA.

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 towards 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 towards 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 existance, 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 towards 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 neighbourhood 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 8,601; in 1879 it was 849,978; so that in 24 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 senti-

ments 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 towards the tradespeople, or the county gentry in regard to the tenant farmer. All through

American cities and in the best society the tendency is towards 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 standpoint 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 further.

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 towards the rich that magistrates and judges have come to an exaggerative re-

cognition 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 parlours 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-a-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-a-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 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 favour 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 "humour" 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 standpoint 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 Haverleys 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 towards 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 Sanfranciscos and Haverleys in New York are pleasant enough in their way and in their proper places; but one has a right to object to Haverley's coloured people at Her Majesty's just as one feels that they have no business to monopolise 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 woods and pastures new," leaving his beautiful theatre to "Cinderella" (an English pantomime out of season); while Mr. Leicester 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, colour, 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 honour 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 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 what I have already mentioned in another publication,* the work which Mr. Mackaye has done for the United States. When Londoners first heard of Madison Square Theatre they treated the story 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

* Warne's *International Annual.*

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 sumuner 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 45 seconds, two minutes between second and third, eight minutes between third and fourth. There is a "ladies' parlour" 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 revolutionise 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 favourable 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 each other. 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 specialities 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 colour, 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 colours."—"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 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 lady 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 towards her. I am reminded of Pro-

fessor 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 steam-boats, 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 a criticism of a "home-thrust"

from a New York paper at an American lady who returns to her native land with English manners and some 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 neighbourhood 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," &c.; 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 honours 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." That 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, and women and sentiment, 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 adjectievs had embraced each other till they were in a state of hopeless confusion, and whose manners were as odious as their neck-ties were flashy and vulgar. I have seen well-bred English women 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 invented grievances and exaggerated blemishes being dragged into the general account.

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 *edition 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 re-publication 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 grey 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 for ever 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 inwards, and disappear going outwards. 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 barque 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 homewards 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 their country 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 common place," to raise a people's aspirations above sordid ambitions, and which hand down to posterity humanising 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 honour 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 towards 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 towards women in omni-

* "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-

buses 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 depôt 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

baby. I wonder honest men with wives and sisters, honest men who honour 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).

World, in spite of its toil and drudgery, notwithstanding the absence of the civilising 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 civilisation 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 neighbourhood 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 cosenage 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 humour. 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?"

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 200 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 realise 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 Pittsburg. "I aint no right to be here, and I'll have to make tracks you bet if the conductor comes along," he said, "but I cant 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 dispatches 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 bearskin coat and cap, buckskin leggings and mocassins, and in his belt was a big knife and two revolvers. There was lightning in his eye, destruction in his walk, and 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?" whispered 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 law-suits to bother me just as spring is coming."

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

"Well, the law will bury you, but 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," softly 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, and I see I must finish you. I never fight around a depôt 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 dead broke."

"Here's a gold piece!" called 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?" demanded 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. Just before the train started, and after all the passengers had taken their seats, the "first man" re-appeared 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 carpainter, as he opened a window. 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 pocketbook, 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 recognise 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 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 downwards. "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 it 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 colour. 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 was not 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 organisations. 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. It is to be feared that much of this invasion fever is kept up by unscrupulous agents 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 sympathise 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 in earnest among the Irish in America, and printed in their journals for general circulation.

V.

I talked to many Irishmen upon what is called the Irish Question, and 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 towards 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 for ever the question of "prospective" and "retrospective" im-

provements. 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

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

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 300 years, and the fact of their existence must be recognised and dealt with. For 300 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 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 dispatch 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 estab-

lish 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 favoured 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, 3,000 acres in Tyrone; Earl Abercorn, 3,000; Duke of Lennox, 3,000; and Lord Minto, 1,000 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 1,000 and 2,000. 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 staid 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 dispatched 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 plowing 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 saleable 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 labour 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 or his faction 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

* 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."

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; and they are in close sympathy with England in regarding any attempt to break up the union of the three kingdoms as entitled to be severely and promptly dealt with 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 a 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 station. 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 Spec-*

tator 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 greatest oppressor of perishing races, and with her we should have chiefly to deal. But this is too absurd even for a 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 for ever 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 goodwill 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 civilised of all her neighbours." 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 honour 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 civilised in thought and sentiment to desire hostilities; America knew that at the bottom of the English heart there was no ill feeling towards the United States; that the people only desired a fair and honourable 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 civilised 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 aggrandisement and the satisfaction of a royal, a military, or a ministerial ambition. If the so-called Great Powers were really in Christianlike 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 common-place 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.

VI.

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 over-estimated. 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.

VII.

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 afterwards; 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 dollars 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, Pittsburg, and even Johnstown 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 sympathises 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 *Scribner's Magazine* and *Harper's* on our bookstalls, and American literature taking an honoured place by the side of our own in English households, it behoves 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.

VIII.

San Francisco is a remarkable example of rapid growth. In 1847 its population was 450. To-day 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 dollars. 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 out-

side 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 armchair 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 civilisation. 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 excellence 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, civilisation 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 dollars. More than 3,000 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 600 oysters in an hour, some have opened as many as 900 in that time. "Saddle-rocks" are the favourite 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 Saddlerock. 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 Civilisation 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 Col. 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 civilisation. 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 civilised 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 civilised 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 housekeeper, 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 civilisation that has leisure for amusement, while the trotting horse of America is the product of a new civilisation 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 First Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and Captain Henry de la Chère, of the Thirteenth 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 neighbours, 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 favourable 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 14½ to 15½ hands; clever, useful horses, full of energy and vigour. They were not stylish nor handsome, but strong and willing, and capable of performing much labour 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 blood-like, 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 labour of only three or four horses, there are eight or ten on his place, thus keeping an un-

usually 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 churnlike 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 labour, 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 favourably 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 prond 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 Kentncky. 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 thoroughblood. Their style, fine snits, 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 nnmber 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 libe on horseflesh, says it is all the more surprising that such should be the case, "considering how thoroughly utiii-tarian" 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 racecourse 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. Colours are necessary to mark the various competitors. These are indicated in the cap only, and the colours 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 coloured 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 sweep-

ing 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 towards 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 Appollinaris 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 : 11¼.

"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 : 11¼, 'Hopeful' 2 : 14¾, 'Smuggler' 2 : 15¼, 'Hattie Woodward" 2 : 15½, 'Darby' 2 : 16½, 'Charley Ford, 2 : 16¾."

By this time the mare had passed under the wire at the ery of "Go!" She went along with a still body and quiek legs; head erect, shoulders and trunk immovable exeept for their forward motion. It was like an opera daneer 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 evenness 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 darky 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 gaily as if they were *en route*

for Jerome Park. Occasionally I meet a conveyance, something like the American buggy, in the neighbourhood 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 upwards through the Alleghany mountains; I have assisted at a big gunpowder explosion, and been swamped in the "race" of a suddenly unmasked milldam; 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 powerfu trotter for a two or three miles "spin" along the well-known track, outside New York, in the direction o

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 afterwards 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 colour, 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 homewards 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 editor-

ship 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 out-door 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 footrace against time. Football 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 road-side 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 are 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—"What shall we do to be Saved?"—A funny Story well adapted—The Preacher's Logic—The Evangelical Alliance—Laughter and Tears—Pathetic Profanity—Freedom that tolerates Tyranny.

I.

The smugly honest English hotel-keeper puts the Bible in your bed-room, 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 wilder-

ness." It seemed to me that the other day I realised 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 mention 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 vigour 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 anecdotal 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 dispatches, 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 neighbour to the flames. But had the American journalists given undue importance to the man and his audiences? Recognising 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 ealls 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 McVicker'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 dishonourable 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 favour of absolute freedom of thought. In the realm of the mind every one is a monarch. Every one is robed, sceptered, 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 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 harbour 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.

"The Christian system," he said, is this:—

There is an Infinite God! I don't know how many Gods there are, but I hope there is more than one, for if there is not what a lonesome time he must have. Well, this God made the earth. He made it out of nothing, rather than waste material. Then he made a man and a woman, and he put them in a garden, and said to them: "Do as you

please, but don't eat that apple." Why didn't he put his apple-tree outside the garden if he didn't want his apple eaten? If I didn't want people to eat my apples I wouldn't lock them up in my orchard. Then God made the devil, and let him tempt the man and woman, and when they yielded he put them out of the garden. Things went on from bad to worse. The first child born was a murderer, but God did nothing to remedy the evil he had created. He never built a school-house, never started a Sunday-school, did not even institute a Young Men's Christian Association. He just let them get worse and worse, until he made up his mind to drown them, and then he drowned all but eight. These eight were depraved, and he knew it; still he kept them to start again with. Why didn't he get a new stock altogether?

There was a rough, bludgeon-like logic in his analyses of the Gospels, and he showed to the evident satisfaction of his hearers where churchmen had tampered with them, and how they had overloaded the simple teaching of Christ with commandments and promises which he never gave. He carefully criticised every Gospel. "I made up my mind," he said, "to see what I had to do to save my soul according to the testament, and thereupon I read it. I read the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. But I found that the Church had been deceiving me. I found that the clergy did not understand their own book. I found that they had been building upon passages that had been interpolated. I found that they had been building upon passages that were entirely untrue. And I will tell you why I think so." His reasons are too many to be printed in this

sketch. They were put with great force. They were full of analyses, the kind of searching inquiry which belongs to the legal examination of evidence before a bench of English judges. Mr. Ingersoll is himself a lawyer of eminence. After an exhaustive review of the Gospels, and the exhibition of a remarkable list of so-called interpolations into the original text, and referring generally to the powers which the interpolators had made Christ profess to have given to his disciples in the way of casting out devils, and the necessity of men who would be saved giving away their money and leaving father, mother, wife, and child to follow him, he said:

"Keep the Commandments," said Christ to one inquiring for a way of salvation. "Which?" answers the inquirer. Christ didn't tell him to keep Sunday, nor to believe in the Bible. He did not mention Jonah, not a word about snakes swallowing each other for exercise. But He told him to go and sell what he had and give to the poor. I think the man who wrote that must have been pretty hard up, although the Church has always been willing to swap off treasures in heaven for cash down; and I think the Church must have been dead broke when it interpolated these words: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." Did you ever know a Christian to unload on this account? Oh, no; your Christian millionaire hangs on to his gold to the last minute, and then lets it out at five per cent. to start a theological seminary, and thus compromise with God. But I don't believe Christ ever said any of these things. The commandment to forsake all things for Christ's sake I for one will not follow. I will not desert my wife at the bidding of any Christ or any God. Love your children more than Christ. If he is a man, he is dead; if he is a God, he doesn't need your love. According to this doctrine an applicant for admission into the realms of bliss is

asked by the Recording Secretary, "What have you done to be saved?" "I deserted my wife and six children," answers the applicant. "Go right in!" says the Secretary. I notice that the men with the smallest souls make the most noise about their salvation. When the great ship of life goes down I won't desert my wife and friends, and sneak ashore in some orthodox canoe. No, I will stand by them and go down with the ship.

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.'"

Presently after, dwelling upon the inconsistencies of the religions of the churches and the difficulties they offer to the existence of an earthly as well as a spiritual love, he said:

The Evangelical allianee, made up of all orthodox denominations of the world, met only a few years ago, and here is their creed: They believe in the divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the holy scriptures, the right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of holy scriptures, but if you interpret wrong you are damned. They believe in the unity of the Godhead and the trinity of the person therein. They believe in the utter depravity of human nature. There can be no more infamous doctrine than that. They look upon a little child as a lump of depravity. I look upon it as a bud of humanity that will, under proper circumstances, blossom into rich and glorious life. Total depravity of human nature! Here is a woman whose husband has been lost at sea; the news comes that he has been drowned

by the ever-hungry waves, and she waits. There is something in her heart that tells her he is alive. And she waits. And years afterwards as she looks down towards the little gate she sees him; he has been given back by the sea, and she rushes to his arms and covers his face with kisses and with tears. And if that infamous doctrine is true every tear is a crime, and every kiss a blasphemy. It won't do. According to that doctrine if a man steals and repents, and takes back the property, the repentance and the taking back of the property are two other crimes if he is totally depraved. It is an infamy. What else do they believe? "The justification of a sinner by faith alone," without works, just faith. Believing something that you don't understand. Of course God cannot afford to reward a man for believing anything that is reasonable; God rewards only for believing something that is unreasonable, if you believe something that you know is not so. They believe in the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and in the eternal punishment of the wicked. Tidings of great joy! They are so good that they will not associate with Universalists. They will not associate with Unitarians; they will not associate with scientists, they will only associate with those who believe that God so loved the world that He made up his mind to damn the most of us.

In the religious newspapers and among orthodox Christians Ingersoll is asked, What do you propose? You have torn this great Christian structure down, and what do you propose to give us in the place of it? He replies:

I have not torn the good down. I have only endeavoured to trample out the ignorant cruel fires of hell. I do not tear away the passage, "God will be merciful to the merciful." I do not destroy the promise, "If you will forgive others, God will forgive you." I would not for anything blot out the faintest stars that shine in the horizon of human despair, nor in the horizon of human hope, but I will do what I can to get that infinite shadow out of the heart of man.

"What do I propose?" Well, in the first place, I propose good fellowship—good friends all around. No matter what we believe,

shake hands and let it go. That is your opinion; this is mine; "let us be friends." Science makes friends; religion, superstition, makes enemies. They say, "Belief is important." I say: No, actions are important. Judge by deed, not by creed, good fellowship. We have had too many of these solemn people. Whenever I see an exceedingly solemn man, I know he is an exceedingly stupid man. No man of any humour ever founded any religion, never. Humour sees both sides, while reason is the holy light; humour carries the lantern, and the man with a keen sense of humour is preserved from the solemn stupidities of superstition. I believe in the gospel of cheerfulness, the gospel of good nature, the gospel of good health. Let us pay some attention to our bodies. Take care of our bodies, and our souls will take care of themselves. Good health! And I believe that the time will come when the public thought will be so great and grand that it will be looked upon as infamous to perpetuate disease. I believe the time will come when man will not fill the future with consumption and insanity. I believe the time will come when we shall study ourselves and understand the laws of health. I believe in the gospel of good living. You cannot make any god happy by fasting. Let us have good food, and let us have it well cooked—and it is a thousand times better to know how to cook it than it is to understand any theology in the world. I believe in the gospel of good clothes; I believe in the gospel of good houses; in the gospel of water and soap. I believe in the gospel of intelligence, in the gospel of education. The school-house is my cathedral. The universe is my bible. I believe in that gospel of justice that we must reap what we sow.

And so he went on with his beliefs and with illustrations of their good amidst thunders of applause, the vast audience holding him silent for some seconds at his references to the school-house, to the cathedral, and to the gospel of justice. "I don't believe in forgiveness," he said, suddenly coming forward as if under the inspiration of the ringing cheers of his congregation. "No, I do not. If I rob Smith and God forgives me how is

that going to help Smith? If I by slander cover a poor girl with the leprosy of some imputed crime, and she withers away like a blighted flower, and afterwards I get forgiveness, how does that help her? If there is another world we have got to settle. No bankrupt court there. Pay down. The Christians say that, among the ancient Jews, if you committed a crime you had to kill a sheep; now they say 'Charge it.' 'Put it upon the slate.' It won't do; for every crime you commit you must answer to yourself and to the one you injure. And if you have ever clothed another with unhappiness, as with a garment of pain, you will never be quite as happy as though you hadn't done that thing. No forgiveness. Eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice. This is what I believe in. And, if it goes hard with me, I will stand it, and I will stick to my logic and I will bear it like a man."

Then turning back again to pick up his gospel theme, he said his doctrine of good living, his gospel of good fellowship, would cover the world with happy homes. His doctrine would put carpets on their floors, pictures upon their walls. His doctrine would put books upon their shelves, ideas in their minds. His doctrine would rid the world of the abnormal monsters born of the ignorance of superstition. His doctrine would give them health, wealth, and happiness. "That is what I want," he exclaimed. "That is what I believe in. Give us

intelligence. In a little while a man may find that he cannot steal without robbing himself. He will find that he cannot murder without assassinating his own joy. He will find that every crime is a mistake. He will find that only that man carries the cross who does wrong, and that in the case of the man who does right the cross turns to wings upon his shoulders that will bear him upward for ever. He will find that intelligence, self-love, embraces within its mighty arms all the human race."

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 for ever with those we love and those who have loved us, next to that is to be wrapt 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 under-

stood 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 favourite 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 indorse 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 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 neutralise 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 colours 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.

I.

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 coloured 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 strait-laced than an ordinary fellow traveller if you met him on the cars, on a steamer, or at an 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 in 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 wel 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 toilettes. 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 popu-

larity 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 Nonconformist 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 Christianlike 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 towards 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 organisations. 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 organisation 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 dollars. The school system of the United States is admirably organised 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 Presby-

terians, 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 Christianised 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 18 who had, it was stated, married when he was 8, and was a happy father at 12. 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 Mahommedan 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 chaunted 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 Moses 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 common-place 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 for ever scar the ground; he does not believe that the shadow of the gallows will for ever 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." Referring to witchcraft, he traced this terrible superstition to the Old Testament. Describing the strange contradiction of the human mind that induced persons charged with the crime to confess it, he said—

In the first place, they believed in witchcraft as a fact, and when charged with it they became insane. They had read the account of the witch of Endor calling up the dead body of Samuel. He is an old man; he has his mantle on. They had read the account of Saul stooping to the earth and conversing with the spirit that had been called from the region of space by a witch. They had read a command from the Almighty, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and they believed the world was full of witches, or else the Almighty would not have made a law against them. They believed in witchcraft, and when they were charged with it they probably became insane, and in their insanity they confessed their guilt. They found themselves abhorred and deserted, charged with a crime they could not disprove. Like a man in a quicksand, every effort only sank them deeper. Caught in this frightful web, at the mercy of the devotees of superstition, hope fled, and nothing remained but the insanity of confession.

The whole world was insane. In the time of James I. a man was burned for causing a storm at sea, with the intention of drowning one of the royal family; but I do not think it would have been much of a crime if he had been really guilty. How could he disprove it? How

could he show that he did not cause a storm at sea? All storms were at that time supposed to be inspired by the devil; the people believed that the storms were caused by him, or by persons whom he assisted. I implore you to remember that the men who believed these things wrote our creeds and our confessions of faith, and it is by their dust that I am asked to kneel and pay implicit homage, instead of investigating; I implore you to recollect that they wrote our creeds.

III.

Ingersoll has an aptitude of anecdotal 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, may be, 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 bystanders, 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 hit the mark hard, 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 for ever. 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 springs 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 colour
> 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 for ever 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 that 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 opportuity 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 harmonise 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 apologised 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 aërial 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 spelt 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 afterwards, 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 afterwards 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 humour.

"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 colour 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 elaim her?"

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

"She was my grandmother," I said, "an eccentrie 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 eommunieating with her grandson."

"That's unlueky," 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 signifieantly. Mrs. M. notieed 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 eertain big gun. I have reeently retired from theatrieal 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 entrusted 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 honour 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 civilisation in the interior of Russia, on lonely coasts even in England and Ameriea, one can understand the ignoranee that aecepts the spirit doctor, the witch, and the "medieine man" of Indian tradition; but in London, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chieago, St. Louis, San Franeiseo, it is wonderful that the spirit medium ean find monetary profit in the business of middleman between this world and the unknown. He is indeed a power to-day everywhere, in trade and commeree, "the middleman." He understands the stage, the studio. He sits high on 'Change. Financier, broker, theatrieal agent, art-dealer, the middleman, lives, thrives, and makes money. It would seem to be fitting to the topsy-turveydom of most things that there should be a middleman between the eonfiding living and the harmless dead.

In the days of James of England and the Puritan fathers these spirit middlemen would have been burnt or drowned, probably hanged and quartered. Our stupid and blood-thirsty aneestors were afraid of them. We of to-day desire to utilise their supposed knowledge. So instead of entertaining scaffold audienees with their red trunks and quivering flesh, they give social receptions in æsthetie drawing-rooms. Now and then they fall into the hands of the English poliee. Oeeasionally 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 honourably 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 banjos 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 observed that Col. 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 33rd Street, just east of Broadway, is frequently used, as is also another hall in 13th Street, between 3rd and 4th 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 Greely and Mr. James Bennett are among the newest members of the spirit staff. Mr. Greely writes that the present is "an age that is destined to eventuate in all the glories." The ribald unbeliever of

The Times says, "Mr. Greely 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 honour 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 nick-names 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 materialised and made to bark, probably under the influence of the "licking" which Lazarus re-administered 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 pantelets. I wonder if the judge is an Irishman. He says the daughter of Pharaoh "raised her skirt so that we 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 Hairdresser* 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 90 she is cutting a new set of teeth; of another that at 108 she is still doing her own housework; of a Sioux squaw that she lived to be nearly 100, 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 further 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 Colours—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 a delightful 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. It is possible that there may be in the way of this obstructive regulations as regards the qualification of a residence in town. Otherwise, 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 honoured me with their hospitality; and there was a rare delicacy of conception in each case, coupled with firmness and vigour 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 extemporised 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, sang 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 pianoforte 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, amidst 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 wanders 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 natural 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 uneultured than those of all the rest of the world put together. Ameriea has no sehool of painting as yet; but she is marching in a line with Franee and Germany and England in book illustration. As the Dutch artists, when their country beeame prosperous, began by tracing what they saw before their eyes, so let the Ameriean painters aeeept the material that is around them and illustrate their period, its "form and pressure." They have a multitude of subjeets, a wealth of national incident, a strange world of waters, multitudinous seas and lakes erowded with the shipping of the world; they have eurious nationalities invading every shore of their vast territories; and they have all the elimates of the Old World, with their speeial vegetation and varying modes of life. You ean travel from winter into summer on one great railway journey in Ameriea; they have at their doors Germans, Irish, Duteh, English, Chinese, seeking the proteetion and freedom of their Great Republie; they have mountains and forests, rivers, eataraets, prairies of never-ending variety; and for the past they have stories of colonizing adventure, of struggles with savage tribes, of mining manias, of agrieultural progress, of exploration, of battle, flame, and tempest. They have no need to seek for subjeets in lands they do not know, nor for effeets they do not understand. Their instincts, their life, their regrets, are not with the past, as ours are in an old eountry; 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 sea-pieces to the galleries of Europe. The mountain lakes of California present probably more strangely beautiful aspects to the lover of nature and to the outdoor 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 studies of better known scenery. His English w[illegible] are hung upon the line at the Royal Academy, b he keeps his Yosemite Valley pictures in his priva portfolio, hoping that some day he may repeat i England an experiment which he made with success a Boston, in the United States, namely, the exhibition o them as a whole in a West-end gallery. Mr. Munge travelled for some time with the Geological Survey o 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

eneath the trees is covered with a luxuriant crop of fu'ses, trilicum, bromus, and calamagrostis, with ·ple spikes and panicles reaching to one's shoulders, nile the open meadow patches glow throughout the ummer with showy flowers—heleniums, golden-rods, ıpines, castilleias, and lilies, forming favourite hiding ıd feeding grounds for bears and deer."

Perhaps there is a deterrent suggestion in the mention f 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 1,440 feet above the sea, and contain a living glacier. Then you go on to Mount Hood in Oregon, and to Jeffreson 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 end 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 rarified air of these mountainous countries appears almost to annihilate distance. How far can you see on favourable 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 6,000 feet above the sea, and the mountain chain of which it forms part is 9,000 feet high. The mountain rising up snow-capped is the Wahstach, 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 Wahstach 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 splendour. 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 shumach, 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 colours were rather under tone than over. It needs some great artist to familiarise us with these effects, these examples of the gorgeous colours 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.*

* 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 grey and green, grey clouds,

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 colour. The trees spread away tier upon tier round a circular bend of the river. The foreground was a clump of huge

greyish 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' "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 colours—red and yellow and golden bronze. Mr. Parton has dared to reprodnce this, and a chorus of English voices on the day I was there said of the blaze of colour "Impossible!" The effect on my mind, looking at this work, was exciting. Contrasted with the English landscape of grey 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.

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 Pallisades, Yonkers, Sunnyside, Nyack, Croton Point, the entrance to the Highlands, Iona, West Point, Kosciusko's Garden, Indian Falls, Cro' Nest, Newburg, the Highlands, Katskill 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 Pittsburg *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 wayside 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 New York Sound, and during several days of happy rest and recreation at Sea Cliff and on Long Island. 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 harbours 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 harbour of New Rochelle, to land at Glen Island, a Vice-Presidential salute of seven guns was fired in honour 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 amidst 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 honour.

It reminded me of English fields and English gardens, and English festivities some hours afterwards, 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 rocky coast which in the 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 towards 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 Labour 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 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 honourably and widely maintained by the artist's sister, whose novels are characterised 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.

V.

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 naïvely remarked that he is not a landowner, 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 honoured. 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 landowner 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 splended 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 and 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 honourable, 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 favour a liberal extension of the period of copyright. One of the chiefs of the trade is in favour 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 copyright 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 bookbinding 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. McCullagh 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, and 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 further away from the civilisation 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 favour. The existing proposals in the main, though especially in favour 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 labours in the production of books. As it is, but few of the popular authors of England can find a sufficient pecuniary reward for their labour 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 inter-

national 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 realised 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 civilisation 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. There is to be a new International Exhibition in New York in 1883. That would be a fitting time to celebrate the endowment of authors with civilised rights.

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 4,000 Chinese women in San Francisco 3,900 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 monopolises 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, brother, mother, sisters, 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 Paget Sound, and from San Francisco to Massachussetts and New York. "Sam Yup lays new railroads in the Southern countries, yews 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 labour 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 ricketty 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 further 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 idealised 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 towards us.

"Yes," we replied.

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

"You come see smokee," said John again, pointing to a powerfully-built Celestial, who was lying on a

bench on our right, and preparing 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 gaspipe. 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 further 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 18 to

25 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 honour, 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 washstand, unless cleansing the hands with soap is part of the religious devotions at Joss altar. Seeking in an odd amused way for some clue 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 dominoes. The numbers of the latter were regulated in some way by the numbers thrown in the dice. A player shuffled the dominoes 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 exeitement, no gestieulation, 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 eut elose to their heads. There seemed to me to be food for a world of refleetion in the faet that these descendants of a people so ancient and so mysterious should be elustered together in this modern eity, thousands of miles away from the Flowery Land, gambling in a eellar 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 exeellent servants," said a doetor who was one of our midnight party, and who knows them well; "as cooks they are very sueeessful—you can teaeh them anything—but they are woefully superstitious. They stay with you for a very long time, and seem to be perfeetly 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 elothes and wait at table with the quiet perfection of a Frenchman. One evening I noticed that he had put on his Sunday eoat, 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 learnt, three months afterwards, 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 develope into citizenship. They cheapen labour 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 meantime, 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 com-

panionship. 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 favour 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 Pekin 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 Pekin, 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 Pekin 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 ironclad of 6,500 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 Col. 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 curious feeling of amity towards Russia observable among Americans generally, many of them expressed to me their unqualified condemnation of the aggressive policy of the Czar's Government towards China.

V.

The treaty which America has negociated 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 honour. 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 labourers 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 authorisation 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 connexion 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 tumours. 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 50 students, the government letting him have the bodies of criminals to dissect. He organised 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 civilisation there is no room for doubt.

VII.

It has been said, and I believe soundly demonstrated, that "man is a living power, acting and re-acting on his fellow through a natural law; the strong act upon the weak, the weak re-act 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 and 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 Encyclopedia), 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 in the globe; the wise statesman will therefore avail himself of the means here afforded for learning what causes may have operated towards 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 Mahommed 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, Budda, or Mahommed. 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 Mahommed 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 cosmo-

polite 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 labour, lives a dirty life (though a good washer of other people's linen), smokes himself into idiotcy, 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."

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